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POLITICAL BALLADS

VOL. II.

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NEW-STREET SQUARE

POLITICAL BALLADS
OF THE
SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES

ANNOTATED

BY W. WALKER WILKINS

*"More solid things do not show the complexion of the times so well as
Ballads and Libels"*—Selden's Table-Talk

In Two Vols.

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POLITICAL BALLADS



WILLIAM III.



ROME IN AN UPROAR ;
OR,
THE POPE'S BULLS
BROUGHT TO THE BAITING-STAKE
BY OLD FATHER PETRE'S.

[The object of this street ballad is too obvious to need comment. It was written shortly after the final flight of James II., and is a *pean* upon the downfall of that sovereign and his jesuitical advisers, who had systematically labored to bring this kingdom once more under subjection to the See of Rome.]

To the tune of "Packington's Pound."



WHEN England half-ruin'd had cause to be
sad,
The Pope's bloody Bulls they begun to
run mad ;
Because we had given them pasture awhile,
They ran about ranging all over the Isle ;
These merciless Beasts, their rage for to feast,
They gored and had like to have murder'd our Test ;
But just in the interim there came in a Friend,
Who did the poor Test from their fury defend.

These Bulls they were kept by that Bear in the Tower *,
 And chiefly were nourish'd by Dispensing Power ;
 But sometimes to feast their devouring jaws,
 Their Keeper would give them some scraps of the laws :
 These Bulls have been found in other men's ground,
 But now we have put them in *Packington's Pound* ;
 O never were bulls so baited about,
 For certain, as these will be, e'er they come out.

Thus in our Nation a great many fools
 Endeavor'd to fatten his Holiness' Bulls ;
 The Judges almost out of every cause
 Allow'd them a pension of Penal Laws ;
 These Bulls had such power, they'd like to devour
 Our Church and our laws, but they now are brought
 lower :

Was ever such impudent Bulls ever known,
 To toss sacred Majesty out of the throne !

Their Keeper who was no less man than a Lord,
 Was by these mad Bulls most notoriously gor'd ;
 They had on their heads such a Sampson-like power,
 They cast him at one clever toss in the Tower :
 And some they are jealous that he and his fellows
 Will be toss'd from the Tower to a scaffold or gallows—
 O what a sad sight would it be for to see
 So many blest martyrs to swing on a tree !

* The brutal Jeffreys.

We've done with the Keeper, and now for the driver,
 Who valued Religion no more than a stiver :
 These Bulls being wanton, and at no command,
 They tost their poor driver quite out of the land ;
 This is a sad matter to lose *Observer* *
 Who has a *strange* name, but is stranger by nature :
 'Twould be a sad thing, should he dance the long jig
 For making division 'twixt Tory and Whig.

These Bulls were so wanton and masterless grown,
 They broke into pastures that lay nigh the throne ;
 They fatted themselves, and they ranged about,
 And undid the owner before they came out ;
 He was forc'd out of hand, to leave all his land,
 (Such damn'd Popish Bulls deserve all to be hang'd,)
 More mischief they did which must not be exprest,
 I'll leave you alone to imagine the rest.

But now these sad beasts for the mischief they'd done,
 Will be to the slaughter brought every one ;

* Alluding to Sir Roger L'Estrange, the originator of a paper so called, the design of which was to vindicate the measures of the court of Charles II. and the character of that king from the charge of being popishly affected. L'Estrange had also strenuously defended the dispensing power claimed by James II., for which reason he was adjudged, on the accession of William and Mary, to be "a disaffected person." Queen Mary showed her contempt of him by the following indifferent anagram she made (or rather attempted) on his name :—

Roger L'Estrange,
 Lying strange Roger !

And if that they were but well order'd and drest,
'Twould make Pope and Devil a delicate feast ;
Their Bulls nor their Bears shall breed no more fears,
Nor set us together again by the ears,
We'll out of our land quickly drive out such beasts,
As popular rogues and disquieted priests.

You that are minded to purchase a hide,
Pray lay by your coin while the Bulls they are tried,
For then at the gallows you'll see such a heap,
An excellent pennyworth's fold very cheap :
Stay but while Sessions, you'll hear such confessions,
As subtle as ere was the Old Declarations ;
But we shall have now a much honefter state,
And be no more Bull'd at so simple a rate.



PANDORA'S BOX;

OR,

THE MISCHIEVOUS EFFECTS OF THE WORD
"ABDICATE."

[On the 28th January, 1689, the Commons resolved "That King James II. having endeavored to subvert the Constitution, by breaking the original contract between king and people, and by the advice of Jesuits and other wicked persons, having violated the fundamental laws, and withdrawn himself out of the kingdom, hath *abdicated* the government, and that the throne is thereby vacant." This memorable resolution was carried up to the Lords by Mr. Hampden, and occasioned long and warm altercations between the two Houses. The writer of the following ballad exhibits the Jacobite view of the dispute, as well as exposes the tergiversation of the clerical and other parties in the State.]



HAVE often admired what should be the
cause,

That some of all Sects have deservèd the
laws;

Their reason, religion, nay, everything,

That good and just is, as well as their King;

I thought 'twas a plot,

By a Jesuit begot

On an Amsterdam wench, or other Court trot,

At length hard scratching brou't into my pate,
'Twas the Devil wrapt up in the word "*abdicate*."

For since this d—d word has grown into fashion,
It has strangely bewitch'd a great part of the nation ;
Made statesmen turn rebels, judges rank traitors,
Common fools and grand knaves commence legislators :

King James is undone,
And robb'd of his Crown,

The Queen and Prince banisht for what none dares own,
Unless for the racking and ruin o' the state,
By tyrants that taught us the word "*abdicate*."

'Twas this made the double-tongued rooks that take fees,
To cheat all they trade with for honor and ease,
So suddenly silent, then loudly did bawl
For the rights of King James in Westminster Hall ;

'Twas their common theme,
That he was supreme ;

But when traitors succeeded, 'twas all but a dream ;
They helpt to dethrone him, and laws abrogate,
To set up a Dutch Fop on the word "*abdicate*."

Swearing clergy (God bless us !) came in for their share,
In deposing their King, their Church, and their Pray'r,
A sin ne'er heard of till those show'd their feats,
And ruin'd the nation by sanctified cheats ;

What they preach'd up of yore
 They have lately forswore,
 And instead of God their new idol adore :
 Perjured apostates ! who keep their estate
 Have swallow'd damnation with the word "*abdicate.*"

Jack Presbyter promised King James to defend,
 And in Addreffes most wretchedly penn'd,
 Serv'd up their cant, gave thanks with non-sense,
 For the exploded makebate called Liberty o' Conscience ;
 But when the Dutch Fray
 Had wrought his decay,
 They turn'd to th' Ufurper and for him did pray,
 Whence, my dear friends, this use we may gather,—
 Had he stay'd, he'd been served as they served his father.

The brethren, too, of the Independent persuasion,
 When flatt'ring the King was too much in fashion,
 Show'd a zeal for James and his royal line,
 But his extirpation was the Court design ;
 For in a few weeks
 They show'd him their old tricks
 And play'd the devil on Medea's two sticks ;
 A new league they formed, and did jointly create
 An hook-nosed new Nothing* from the word "*abdicate.*"

* An allusion to the Roman nose of William of Orange.

An English Jesuit first started the word,
 And fanatics have giv'n't the pow'r o' th' sword ;
 Nay, more than divine, it all ills can do,
 Make treason allegiance, contradictions true ;
 Would you have a wench,
 Or be judge on the bench,
 Be lord, duke, or knight, or beat Scotch or French ;
 All are your own, Hell itself can't gainsay it,
 If you fast and pronounce the word "*abdicate*."

This made convention 'gainst Scripture and Law,
 Unmade their King, and set up Jack Straw ;
 Which bold undertaking he to requite
 Lick'd into Parliament by the same Right,
 A Communion Prayer,
 An eternal lord Mayor,
 And hungry Dutchmen to keep the land bare,
 Were all forc'd upon us, as we see too late,
 Legions of devils in the word "*abdicate*."

But when the curst word had worried the loyal,
 Upon their own party it 'gan to make trial,
 Schomberg and Deering and Grafton it kill'd,
 And a hundred thousand men's blood it has spill'd,
 For the sake of a few
 Of the factious crew
 That God, nor religion, nor honesty knew,

Poor souls, I lament their delusion and fate,
To perish like fools for the word "*abdicate*."

Cornbury and Churchill have had a disaster,
Who, like cowardly villains, betray'd their master,
Delamere's frowned upon, and Norfolk's unpaid ;
* * * * *

Danby looks back,
Nottingham slack,
Forfeeing their Babel must needs go to rack ;
Old Wiltshire and Bath, too, as stories relate,
Are sick o' the new king, and the word "*abdicate*."

Ruffell's unchanged, and grown very poor,
The rogue can't advance 'bove one tattered wh—,
Commonwealth Wildman is Jack out of office,
Sidney and Norfolk are grown very snuffish ;
Jackboots is blamed,
By Tillotson shamed,
And mock-bishop Burnet lives but to be damned,
For pimping and plotting for Will and his mate,
And blaspheming God with the word "*abdicate*."

Now curst be the word ! and no less the knaves
That ruin our traffick to render us slaves,

† A line here has been omitted, unfortunately, by the transcriber.

That fend English money to Holland by barrels,
And spill English blood in foreigner's quarrels ;
 May they all repent 'um,
 And to Holland be sent home,
On condition we lose all the money we lent 'um ;
May King James return to his primitive state,
In spite of the Devil, and the word "*abdicate!*"



A LITANY RECOMMENDED TO THE EC-
CLESIASTICAL COMMISSIONERS.

[In 1686, James II. revived the terrible Court of High Commifion, from which the nation had been freed by the Long Parliament. The Commiffioners whom he appointed were the brutal Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury (who declined to act), the Bifhops of Durham and Rochefter, the Lord Treafurer, the Lord Prefident, and the Lord Chief Juftice of the King's Bench. The whole government of the Church was committed to them. At the infatigation of Sancroft, in 1688, the infatuated King confented to abolifh the Commiffion ; but the confeffion was made too late to fave his throne. It was formally done after the acceffion of King William and Queen Mary.]



FROM impudent Town that was ever unjuft,
From Rebellion and Perjury, and Betrayers
of Truft,
And from our new Reformation that's as
bad as the worft,

Libera nos, Domine.

From Treafon, pretended for felf-prefervation,
From his Honor * that at firft infected the nation,
But above all from a Dutch prefervation,

Libera, &c.

* The Earl of Shaftesbury, who had fo obftinately contefted James II.'s right to the throne.

From undutiful children, and subjects ungrateful,
 From Wildman and Churchill's * crews equally hateful,
 And from the outlaw'd bishop †, who hath his patefull,
Libera, &c.

From a credulous House of Commons and Peers,
 From a clergy that well deserve losing their ears,
 And from his new-made Lordship ‡, whom his master
 fears,
Libera, &c.

From Commissions containing a strange apprehension,
 From those that promoted his Grace's § suspension,
 And from the useful gentleman || with the liberal pension,
Libera, &c.

* John Wildman, the noted republican and opponent of the Stuarts, a man of whom it was said, that he "had a wonderful skill in grazing the edge of treason;" and Lord Churchill, subsequently Duke of Marlborough.

† Dr. Henry Compton, Bishop of London, who was suspended from his spiritual functions for refusing to comply with James's un-constitutional behests.

‡ Vice-Admiral Arthur Herbert, who was, in this year, created Earl of Torrington.

§ Dr. Wm. Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, who, for refusing to take the oaths to the new government, was suspended and deprived.

|| Titus Oates, who, for his pretended discovery of a Popish plot, in the time of Charles II., was rewarded with a pension of 1,200*l.* a year, a fourth of which was renewed to him upon the accession of William III.

From undoing of bishops, and senates uncivil,
From a Kirk and a Covenant that are equally evil,
And from a Country enacting to go the Devil,

Libera, &c.

From the loss of our Surplice, and Mitre, and Cross,
From the loss of our liturgy (an incurable loss),
And from the loss of our King, which is certainly worse,

Libera, &c.

From being the shame of all ages to come,
From robbers abroad, and worse thieves at home,
And from being by friends and relations undone,

Libera, &c.

From our present confusions, and prospects of more,
And those that commanded the King out of door,
From a Dutchman that serves instead of a wh—,

Libera, &c.

From the French, the Dane, and the nasty Myn-heer,
From Bob-tail his fro, that so long hath been here,
And from all the worst evils we have just cause to fear,

Libera, &c.



THE TRIMMER.

BY TOM D'URFEY.

[The word "Trimmer" was a political term in use in the reign of Charles II. and William III. "The party of Trimmers (remarks Scott), properly so called, only comprehended the followers of Halifax; but our author (*i. e.* Dryden) seems to include all those who, professing to be friends of monarchy, were enemies to the Duke of York, and who were as odious to the Court as the fanatical republicans. Much wit and more virulence was unchained against them." According to Macaulay, instead of quarrelling with this nickname, Lord Halifax assumed it as a title of honor, and vindicated, with great vivacity, the dignity of the appellation. It came at last, as in this ballad, to be applied exclusively to the most profligate of time-servers.]



RAY lend me your ear, if you've any to
 spare,
 You that love Commonwealth as you hate
 Common Pray'r,
 Which can in a breath, pray, dissemble, and swear;
 Which nobody can deny, deny,
 Which nobody can deny.

I'm first on the wrong side, and then on the right,
 To-day I'm a Jack*, and to-morrow a mite,
 I for either King pray, but for neither dare fight;
 Which, &c.

* In the political slang of the day the Jacobites, as well as the Tories who sympathized with the ex-royal family, were thus designated.

Sometimes I'm a rebel, sometimes I'm a faint ;
 Sometimes I can preach, and at other times cant ;
 There is nothing but grace I thank God that I want ;
 Which, &c.

Old Babylon's whore, I cannot endure her ;
 I'm a sanctified faint, there's none can be purer,
 For swearing I hate like any non-juror ;
 Which, &c.

Of our gracious King William I am a great lover,
 Yet I side with a party that prays for another ;
 I'd drink the King's health, take it one way or t'other ;
 Which, &c.

Precisely I creep like a snail to the Meeting,
 Where fighting I sit ; and such sorrowful greeting
 Makes me hate a long prayer and two hours' prating ;
 Which, &c.

And then I sing psalms as if never weary,
 Yet I must confess when I'm frolic and merry,
 More music I find in *A Boat to the Ferry* ;
 Which, &c.

I can pledge ev'ry health my companions drink round ;
 I can say "*Heaven bless,*" or "*the Devil confound ;*"
 I can hold with the hare and run with the hound ;
 Which, &c.

I can pray for a bishop, and curse an archdeacon ;
 I can seem very sorry that Charleroi's taken ;
 I can say anything to save my own bacon ;
 Which, &c.

Sometimes for a good Commonwealth I am wishing—
 O Oliver, Oliver, give us thy blessing !
 For in troubled waters now I love fishing ;
 Which, &c.

The times are so ticklish I vow and profess,
 I know not which party or cause to embrace,
 I'll side with those to be sure that are least in distress ;
 Which, &c.

With the Jacks I rejoice that Savoy's defeated * ;
 With the Whigs I seem pleased he so bravely retreated ;
 Friends and foes are by me both equally treated ;
 Which, &c.

Each party, you see, is thus full of great hope,
 There are some for the Devil and some for the Pope,
 And I am for anything — but for a rope ;
 Which nobody can deny.

* Alluding to the defeat of the Duke of Savoy at Marfiglia. The victory of the French marshal, Catinat, was attributed to the undaunted conduct of his Irish mercenaries, particularly the men of Limerick.

THE WEASEL UNCAGED ;

OR,

THE IN AND THE OUTSIDE OF A PRIEST

DRAWN TO THE LIFE.

[“ In consequence (says Macaulay) of the elevation of Tillotson to the see of Canterbury, the deanery of St. Paul’s became vacant. As soon as the name of the new dean became known, a clamour broke forth, such as perhaps no ecclesiastical appointment has ever produced, a clamour made up of yells of hatred, of hisses of contempt, and of shouts of triumphant and half-insulting welcome : for the new dean was William Sherlock.” At the Revolution, Dr. Sherlock not only refused to take the oaths to the new government, but influenced others to follow his example. He was therefore deprived, and discontinued preaching from Aug. 1, 1689 to Feb. 3, 1690-1, when he suddenly resumed his labors, pleading that he had permission to do so from “ his superiors ;” hence the extraordinary clamour to which Lord Macaulay refers. Calamy says that when Ireland was subdued the doctor took the oaths, and that the convincing argument was the battle of the Boyne. Be that as it may, the contemporary satirists, to a man, chose to attribute Dr. Sherlock’s final resolution to the persuasions of his wife. Thus, in *The Weasels, a Satirical Fable* (4to. Lond. 1691), the doctor’s wife is represented arguing the point ; and the argument of the first section explains its character :

- “ Husband and wife at variance are
 • About the oaths, till female art
 Informs his conscience he must swear,
 And brings him over to her part.”

The doctor is represented as arguing against the oaths on the ground

of character. She then alludes to certain of his writings, which, she contends, favor her view. To this he replies :

“ Opinions variously the wife indite ;
 Ne'er build too much on what I write ;
 Thou art my own, and I may boldly say,
 My pen can travel this and t'other way.”

Ultimately the lady prevails, and the doctor's palliation of his trimming conduct is found in the argument of the second section of the *fable* :

“ A weefil of his former flock
 Our convert's double-dealing shows ;
 Who patiently receives the flock,
 And lays the fault upon his spouse.”]



PROTESTANT Priest, a man of great
 fame,
 To be rich and great was his only aim,
 It was Doctor Weasel the very fame ;
 Which nobody can deny.

This weasel at first to get him some grub,
 A little small girl, and a little good bub,
 Diogenes-like he preached in a tub ;

Which, &c.

Yet in those days he was very fickle,
 And tho' he was head of a great conventicle,
 Yet he had a month's mind to be higher a little ;

Which, &c.

And finding ambition to grow with his pride,
 And if he'd be great, he must change his side,
 He left all his flock, and his first faith denied ;
 Which, &c.

By which they perceiv'd his heart was grown evil,
 They put forth a book, which he thought uncivil,
 The title was *Weasel's Dispute with the Devil* * ;
 Which, &c.

In which learned piece, they there did discover
 That, like unto Judas, he was a false brother,
 And of a full bag he is a great lover ;
 Which, &c.

To which bloody charge he answered in season,
 And why he left them, told 'em his reason,
 And prov'd all their tenets border'd on treason ;
 Which, &c.

And then, like a hero, he did lay about,
 And swore he would preach all their tub-bottoms out,
 And prove them to be a phanatical rout ;
 Which, &c.

* Alluding to a scurrilous pamphlet entitled *A Friendly Debate between Satan and Sherlock*, written by Thomas Danfon in 1677.

And truly he was as good as his word,
 And writ a fine book, tho' by them abhor'd
*The Case of Resistance**, which stands on record ;
 Which, &c.

In that loyal piece, against the precise,
 He prov'd by all the grave, learned, and wise,
 Obedience is better than all Sacrifice ;
 Which, &c.

And then he proceeded by Scripture and reason,
 To prove non-Resistance always in season,
 And its opposite doctrine no less than treason ;
 Which, &c.

And having observ'd the laws o' th' nation,
 With those of the Gospel, had a relation,
 Said, those that resist would receive just damnation ;
 Which, &c.

To strengthen this point he quoted St. Paul,
 St. Peter, St. Jude, our Saviour and all,
 Proving none could be saved who from that faith did fall ;
 Which, &c.

* *The Case of Resistance of the Supreme Powers stated and defended.*
 8vo. Lond. 1684.

But what will you say of this Weasel stout,
If after all this he should face about,
And in print tell the world in truth he was out ;
Which, &c.

Yet Reason and Conscience a war did begin,
And struggled with Pride and Ambition within,
To take the new oaths he long thought a sin ;
Which, &c.

His spouse, like Job's wife, to ease his heart-aching,
Did press him to swear that he was mistaken,
Though some think it was for to save his bacon ;
Which, &c.

At first he did doubt, and therefore did pray,
That heaven would instruct him in the right way,
Whether Jemmy or William he ought to obey ;
Which, &c.

The Pass at the Boyne determin'd that case,
And Precept to Providence then did give place,
To change his opinion he thought no disgrace ;
Which, &c.

For tho' he had done the same thing before,
 Yet now for his comfort he need change no more,
 For his *Cafe of Allegiance* * will serve for a score ;
 Which, &c.

For there he has plainly made it appear
 That strength gives a right, therefore we may swear
 To him in possession, though not the right heir ;
 Which, &c.

And should a fray happen betwixt Father and Son,
 If the boy beat his father, and so make him run,
 Providence has appointed that thing to be done ;
 Which, &c.

Besides he has prov'd the mighty convenience
 Of subjects transferring their faith and allegiance
 To those that can crush 'em all into obedience ;
 Which, &c.

So let O. P.† or P. O.† be King,
 Or any one else, it is the same thing,
 For only Heaven does that blessing bring ;
 Which, &c.

* *The Cafe of Allegiance due to Sovereign Powers.* 4to. Lond. 1690. And its *Vindication*, published in the same year.

† Initials referring to Oliver Protector, and Prince of Orange.

But this with the Scripture can never agree,
 As *Hosea* the *eighth* and the *fourth* you may see,
 "They have set up Kings, but yet not by me ;"
 Which, &c.

Now what need the prophet there to complain,
 If the people's Anointed and God's were the same,
 If so, David's friends they all were to blame ;
 Which, &c.

For though God permitted the people to bring
 Good David's son forth, and proclaim him King,
 Yet all the world knows how he punisht the King ;
 Which, &c.

And may all such sons enjoy the same fate,
 That dethrone their father, and him abdicate,
 No doubt it will happen in time, soon or late ;
 Which, &c.

With one remark more I'll end this dull song,
 And his fulsome Republican arguments strong,
 Which make *wrong* to be *right*, and *right* to be *wrong* ;
 Which, &c.

That famous old priest, the Vicar of Bray,
 Who in all change of times knew how to obey,
 Was an ass to the Weasel, if I may so say ;
 Which, &c.

And truly I think no more need be said,
By a penny we know how a shilling is made,
For Priest and priest-craft is all but a trade,
Which, &c.

And thus I in little have drawn to the life
His flesh and his spirit always at strife,
But the flesh did prevail by the help of his wife ;
Which nobody can deny, deny,
Which nobody can deny.



LAY BY YOUR REASON.

[The Jacobite author of this ballad, whilst satirising the government of William, affects a sympathy for the non-jurors, whose clamour upon the appointment of bishops to the vacant sees revived for a season the expiring hopes of James's adherents.]

To the tune of "Love lies Bleeding."



LAY by your reason,
 Truth's out of season,
 Rebellion now is loyalty, and loyalty is
 treason ;
 Now forty-one, Sir,
 Is quite undone, Sir.
 A subject then deposed a King, but now 'tis by a Son,
 Sir.
 The Nation's salvation
 From mal-administration
 Was then pretenc'd by the Saints, but now 'tis abdication.
 And now the case, Sir,
 Bears another face, Sir ;
 Billy had a mind to reign, and Jemmy must give place,
 Sir.

Rais'd Insurrections,
 With base Reflections,
 And labour'd tooth and nail to perfect his projections.
 Rebellion in fashion,
 Declar'd throughout the nation,
 Then turn'd his father out, and call'd it abdication.

A Declaration *
 For self-preservation
 Was spread abroad, wherein he prov'd a father's no relation.
 Monarchy haters,
 With Abdicators,
 Did swell into a league of Dutchmen, Whigs, and traitors:
 They enter indenture,
 Soul and body venture,
 Whilst at royal Jemmy's head their malice still did center.

What have we gain'd?
 Grievances retain'd,
 The Government is still the same, the King is only
 chang'd.
 Was ever such a bargain!
 What boots it a farthing,

* Alluding to the famous Declaration of William, which was published a few hours only before his descent upon our shores.

Whether Father Petre rules, or Bentinck * and Carmarthen * :

Distressed, oppressed,
With empty hopes caressed,

We still remain in *statu quo*, there's nothing yet redressed.

The bill for Treason †
Now's out of season,

And judges must be courtiers, still 'gainst all right and reason ;

* Bentinck, the first Earl of Portland, and the Earl of Carmarthen, subsequently Duke of Leeds. The former stood highest in William's favor, and, being a foreigner, excited the jealousy of the English nobility. His influence over the King may be judged from the following contemporary epigram, entitled a "Description of a Hampton Court life :"—

"Man and wife are both one
In flesh and bone ;
From hence you may guess what they mean ;
The Queen drinks chocolate
To make the King fat,
The King hunts to make the Queen lean.
Mr. Dean, he says grace,
With a reverend face—
'Make room,' cries Sir Thomas Duppa :
Then Bentinck uplocks
The King in a box,
And you see him no more till supper !"

† Alluding to the clause in the bill for regulating trials in cases of high treason, which enacted that no person should be convicted of that crime committed more than three years before the indictment was found.

Nay more I'll mention,
 The Senate has a pension,
 Which overthrows the Contract made with the blest Con-
 vention.
 Thus we, you see, Sir,
 Come off by the lee, Sir,
 And gave our money to be slaves, instead of being free,
 Sir.

Was ever beetle
 Blind as his people,
 To think that God will own a Church with a Soci'an
 steeple* :
 Of wits bereav'd,
 By priests deceiv'd,
 Who've bro't themselves unto that pass ne'er more to be
 believ'd.
 They lear, Sir,
 For fear, Sir,
 And then they'll all repent that e'er they took the swear,
 Sir.

* Archbishop Tillotson, who succeeded the nonjuring Sancroft in the archbishopric of Canterbury, was most unjustly suspected, on account of his friendship for and correspondence with Locke, Limborck, Le Clerc, and others, of entertaining Socinian views. "All considerate inquisitive men," as he once observed in his own defence, "that are above fancy and enthusiasm, must be either Socinians or atheists," in the estimation of men of his own day.

'Las ! what's conscience
In Sherlock's own sense *,
Where interest lies at stake, and oaths with him are non-
sense.
The Temple's master
Fears no difaster,
He can take a hundred oaths and yet be ne'er the faster ;
He'll wrangle and brangle,
And all the cause entangle,
Nothing now can serve the wretch except the old triangle.

For holy cause, Sir,
You may break laws, Sir,
Not treason then, nor perjury, will signify two straws, Sir.
So sad our fate is,
Worser far than papists,
For Socinus rules the Church, and is ruled by an Atheist.
The Nation's damnation
Was this last Reformation,
For you must either take the swear, or starve, or lose your
station.

* See the preceding ballad.



THE POLL ACT.

[This ballad was suggested by the following extraordinary resolution of the Commons, 20th Oct. 1696: "That the supplies for the service of 1697 should be raised within the year;" which was effected by a land-tax of three shillings in the pound, and a heavy capitation tax, in addition to the existing burthens. A contemporary wit thus lampoons both King and Commons for their extravagance in connection with the perpetual wars of the former:

"Six winter months our Senate sits
 Five millions for to raise;
 And all the while they wrack their wits
 To find out means and ways.
 Six summer months our hero spends,
 In what you'd please to say,
 In finding out of ways and means
 To squander all away."]



POLL and Land Tax are now coming
 forth

For our deliverance, they travel in birth,
 But 'tis hard to pay more for a thing than
 'tis worth;

Which nobody can deny.

To pay our just taxes was once thought too much,
 But now extraordinary charity is such,

We bankrupt ourselves for maintaining the Dutch;

Which, &c.

A Tax for the land, and a Poll for the head,
In this both the Houses are justly agreed,
For our estates and our heads are all forfeited ;
Which, &c.

If we tax and poll on for a year or two more,
The French, I dare swear, will ne'er touch on our shore,
For fear of the charge of maintaining our poor ;
Which, &c.

Seeing nothing is done for't, a quarterly Poll
Is like taking ill physic which gives one no stool,
Makes the doctor a knave, and the patient a fool ;
Which, &c.

Since 'tis for Religion we make such a-do,
There's no way to prove our pretensions are true,
Like parting with our goods and consciences too ;
Which, &c.



ENGLAND'S TRIUMPH FOR HER CON-
QUEST IN FLANDERS.

BY TOM BROWN.

[In these sarcastic stanzas, the author celebrates the two most unfortunate continental expeditions undertaken by William III.— the first, in 1692, when the British and their allies not only failed to relieve the maiden fortrefs of Namur, which was besieged by Louis XIV. in person, but also suffered a signal defeat in the battle of Steinkirk : the second, in 1694, when an attempt was made to surprize the harbour of Brest, and the English commander for his temerity paid the penalty of his life.]



WHEN people find their money spent,
They recollect which way it went,
The like in order to prevent
For future.

That money's spent, I need not tell,
The French King's tyranny to quell ;
I'm sure we must remember well,

'Tis true, Sir.

But lest that we should think it vain,
Our English fleet I will proclaim ;
And what we did the last campaign

In Flanders.

With money flush'd, and arms good store,
 We'd touch the French to th' quick, we swore,
 With that in haste we hurried o'er

Commanders.

But scarce they'd set their foot on shore,
 But news was brought that Luxembour'
 Had actually besieged Namour,

'Nigh Liege, Sir.

This action put 'em in amaze,
 And yet if they should make delays,
 They thought they hardly e'er should raise

The Siege, Sir.

With that they summon all their force,
 Full four-score thousand foot and horse,
 That never flinch, nor think of loss,

When fighting.

But yet all this did prove in vain,
 They not an inch of ground cou'd gain,
 There was such storms of thunder, rain,

And light'ning.*

* The rain (says Macaulay) fell in torrents. The Sambre rose and covered many square miles on which the harvest was green. The Mehaigne whirled down its bridges to the Meuse. All the roads became swamps. The trenches were so deep in water and mire that it was the business of three days to move a gun from one battery to another.

The season bad did make 'em fret,
 Not that they fear'd the French a bit,
 But that it was such curfed wet

Raw weather.

And raise the siege they cou'd not do't,
 It was so dirty under foot ;
 The French were strong intrench'd to boot,

Together.

On this they frequent councils call,
 In which they voted, one and all,
 That left the French shou'd chance to maul

The army,

'Twas better let the town be taken,
 Provided they could save their bacon ;
 The weather, too, in time might happen

Let's stormy.*

Thus being, as you hear, distrest,
 They think it now high time to rest,
 And full two months they took at least,

To do it.

* The town of Namur surrendered on the eighth day of the siege, the citadel about three weeks later.

When thus refresh'd, then up they rose,
 And swore if none did them oppose,
 They'd be reveng'd, and make their foes
 To rue it.

Away they march, with full intent
 To pay these French a compliment,
 And drub them to their heart's content,
 But mark, Sir.

The French their coming understood,
 And therefore lin'd a little wood,
 Where they their party did make good
 Till dark, Sir.

These cunning rogues had manag'd so,
 That we receiv'd another blow *,
 Which might have prov'd our overthrow,
 Pray mind it.

Here our poor English go to pot,
 Because, forsooth, it is their lot
 To undergo all service hot,
 We find it.

* At the battle of Steinkirk, where the English and their allies, led by William in person, were signally defeated by the Duke of Luxembourg.

We had about seven thousand slain,
 But that is nothing in the main,
 Considering what we hope to gain

Next battle.

Then we'll recover all agen,
 For one of ours we'll kill them ten,
 Till we have wasted all their men,

Mere rattle.

But now tho' this attempt did fail,
 We had still a trick that wou'd prevail,
 And make *Monsieur* his stars bewail

With sorrow.

We had a project under hand,
 That soon wou'd make him understand,
 He must not longer keep the land

He'd borrowed.

This noble whim to execute,
 A mighty fleet was fitted out,
 And Talmash * is the man must do't,

Or no man.

* Lieut.-Gen. Thos. Talmash, who was mortally wounded in Camaret Bay, whilst attempting a descent upon the harbour of Brest.

Away he goes with might and main ,
 To try if he could footing gain,
 But there the gallant man is slain—

Brave Roman !

Namur we saw to France submit ;
 At Steinkirk w' had enough of it ;
 And the descent shew'd less of wit

Than ever.

Our conquest thus at length you view,
 And how the French we did subdue ;
 Our triumphs next I will to you

Discover.

The Tower-guns were all prepar'd,
 And fire-works on lighters rear'd ;
 But what came on 'em I ne'er heard

A verbum.

In houses all folks set up lights,
 Only some faucy Jacobites,
 Who were all put to mortal plights

To curb 'um.

First came the guards to clear the way,
 And next a squire in boots of hay,
 Upon a nag most miserably

Jaded.

Masons and bricklayers, with their rules,
 Join with the other rout of fools,
 Who were to be the party's tools

Perfused.

Next those, in droves the rabble come,
 In one hand club, in t'other stone,
 Those windows that had candles none

To batter.

Last came a coach, in which there sat
 Four lords, who went, as people prate,
 The general to congratulate

And flatter.

But after all, it must be said,
 Our conquest was not quite so bad,
 But they these triumphs merited,

And more, Sir.

For never yet, as I presume,
 Was British Prince, or Emp'ror of Rome,
 With farthing candles lighted home

Before, Sir.



BALLAD ON THE CAPITATION.

BY J. HOW.

[This ballad was suggested by the imposition of the most obnoxious of all taxes, namely a Poll-tax, in 1694, to meet, in part, the extraordinary deficiency in the revenue of that year. The author of the ballad was the celebrated "Jack Howe," who had formerly held the office of Vice-Chamberlain in the Court of William and Mary. "Howe (says Macaulay), latterly the most virulent of the Whigs, had been, by the loss of his place, turned into one of the most virulent of the Tories. The deserter brought to the party which he had joined no weight of character, no capacity or semblance of capacity for great affairs, but much parliamentary ability of a low kind, much spite, and much impudence. No speaker of that time seems to have had, in such large measure, both the power and the inclination to give pain."]



LAST year in the Spring
 The life of the King
 Was threaten'd with assassination ;
 This year they'll bring down
 The life o' the Kingdom
 By a curfed De-capitation.

France with England combin'd,
And were plaguily join'd,
 That single king's death to secure ;
But England alone
Does to all the world own,
 That none but herself shall undo her.

When a Nation submits
To be govern'd by chits,
 If she looks for wise acts she's mistaken ;
If the Parliament House
Must be ruled by a mouse,
 Who the devil can save his bacon !

The projects they advance
To save us from France,—
 But can France have more than *all*, Sir ;
If we must be undone,
I think it all one,
 Into what lion's paws we fall, Sir.

O James ! were thy party
As wise as they're hearty,
 And thou thyself fit to be trusted ;
What a blest occasion
Gives this Capitation
 For matters to be rightly adjusted.

But since thou'rt not he
Whom we took thee to be,
Whom nor age, nor experience has mended,
Let us look once more
To some foreign shore
For a prince who has never offended.



THE BELGIC BOAR.

[From internal evidence it would appear that this Jacobite Jeremiad was immediately occasioned by the severe taxation of this country to support the interminable foreign wars of King William. The author insinuates, rather than draws, a comparison between the respective governments of William and his predecessor, and not very flattering, of course, to the first-named.]

A new Song, to the old tune of "Chevy Chase."



OD prosper long our noble King,
 Our hopes and wishes all ;
 A fatal landing late there did
 In Devonshire befall.

To drive our Monarch from his throne,
 Prince Nafø * took his way ;
 The babe may rue that's newly born
 The landing at Torbay.

The stubborn Tarquin void of grace
 A vow to Hell does make,
 To force his father abdicate,
 And then his crown to take.

* An allusion to the most prominent feature of King William's face.

And eke the royal infant prince
To feize or drive away ;
These tidings to our Sovereign came,
In Whitehall where he lay.

Who, unconcern'd at the report,
At first would not believe
That any of his royal race
Such mischiefs could conceive.

The Time, which ripens all things, did
The villany disclose ;
And of a nephew and a son
Forg'd out the worst of foes.

Who, by infernal instinct led,
A mighty fleet prepares,
His father's kingdom to invade,
And fill his heart with cares.

Our gracious King desires to know
What his pretensions were ;
And how, without his leave, he durst
Presume on landing here.

Declaring what was deem'd amiss,
Should soon amended be,
And whatsoe'er should be desired
He would thereto agree.

And for a speedy Parl'ament
He doth forthwith declare ;
The *Surly Brute* not minding this
Does to our coast repair.

With several thousand Belgic Boars,
All chosen rogues for spight,
Join'd with some rebels who from hence
And justice had ta'en flight.

Who, arm'd with malice and with hopes,
Soon threw themselves on shore,
Crying our religion and our laws
They came for to restore.

Then Declarations flew about
As thick as any hail,
Which, tho' no word was e'er made good,
Did mightily prevail.

We must be Papists or be Slaves,
Was then the gen'ral cry ;
But we'll do anything to save
Our darling Liberty.

We'll all join with a foreign Prince
Against our lawful King,
For he from all our fancied fears
Deliverance doth bring.

And if what he declares proves true,
As who knows but it may ;
Were he the Devil of a Prince,
We'll rather him obey.

Then our allegiance let's cast off,
James shall no longer guide us ;
And though the French would bridle us,
None but the Dutch shall ride us.

And those who will not join with us
In this design so brave,
Their houses we'll pull down or burn,
And seize on what they have.

These growing evils to prevent,
Our King his force does bend ;
But amongst those he most did trust
He scarce had left one friend.

O how my very heart does bleed,
To think how basely they
Who long had eaten royal bread
Their master did betray !

And those to whom he's been most kind,
And greatest favours shown,
Appear'd to be the very first
Who fought him to dethrone.

O Compton * ! Langston ! and the rest
 Who basely from him ran,
 Your names for ever be accurst
 By every English man.

Proud *Tarquin* he pursues his game,
 And quickly makes it plain,
 He came not to redress our wrongs,
 But England's crown to gain.

And o'er his Father's mangled fame
 His chariot proudly drives,
 Whilst he, good man, altho' in vain,
 To pacify him strives.

But he, ungrateful, would not hear
 His offers though so kind,
 But caus'd the noble messenger †
 Forthwith to be confin'd.

* Dr. Henry Compton, Bishop of London, who was most unjustly suspended by James II., in 1686, for refusing to proceed against one of his clergy by command of the king. At the Revolution, Compton was one of the two bishops who made up the majority in the House of Lords "for filling the vacant throne by a king." Langston was a colonel of a royal regiment of horse, and went over to the Prince of Orange whilst the latter was advancing from Exeter.

† The Earl of Feverham.

He brings his nasty croaking crew
Unto his Father's gate,
Dismiss his own, makes them his guard —
O dismal turn of Fate!

Also at midnight drives him thence —
O horrid, impious thing!
Were such affronts e'er offered to
A *Father* and a *King*!

A King so great, so good, so just,
So merciful to all,
His Virtue was his only fault,
And that which caus'd his fall.

Who now is forc'd his life to save,
To fly his native land,
And leave his sceptre to be graspt
By an ungracious hand.

Hell's journeymen are straight conven'd,
Who rob God of his pow'r,
Set up themselves a Stork-like King,
The subjects to devour.

And to secure his lawless throne,
Now give him all we have,
And make each free-born English heart
Become a Belgic slave.

The Bar, the Pulpit, and the Press
Nefariously combine,
To cry up an usurped pow'r,
And stamp it right divine.

Our loyalty we must melt down,
And have it coin'd anew,
For what was current heretofore
Will now no longer do.

Our fetters we ourselves put on,
Ourselves, ourselves do bubble ;
Our conscience a mere pack-horse make,
Which now must carry double.

O England ! when to future times
Thy story shall be known,
How will they blush to think what crimes
Their ancestors have done !

But after all, what have we got
By this our dear-bought King ?
Why that our scandal and reproach
Throughout the world does ring.

That our religion, liberties,
And laws we hold so dear,
Are more invaded since this change
Than ever yet they were.

Our coffers drain'd, our Coin impair'd,
That little that remains ;
Our *person seized*, nay, *thoughts arraign'd*,
Our freedom now is — chains.

Our traffic ruin'd, shipping lost,
Our traders most undone ;
Our bravest heroes sacrificed,
Our ancient glory gone.

A fatal costly war entail'd
On this unhappy Isle,
Unless, above what we deserve,
Kind Heav'n at last does smile ;

And bring our injur'd Monarch home,
And place him on his throne,
And to confusion bring his foes,
Which *God grant may be soon !*



A NEW BALLAD ON THE LATE HORRID CONSPIRACY.

[In this Jacobite production the author ridicules the well-known plot, hatched in the Court of St. Germain's, to assassinate William, and to invade this country with a French army. The first design of the conspirators was to waylay the King on his return from hunting in Richmond Park. It was frustrated by a timely communication from a Roman Catholic gentleman named Pendergrafs.]



WHEN William the Wise
Was inform'd by his spies
That the House a Remonstrance would
draw ;

He said to the crew,
Zounds ! what shall we do,
These turbulent members to awe ?

If we have not a care,
They'll finish the war,
And stop the new coin's * exportation ;
And will rudely demand
That the tax upon land
Shall circulate now in the nation.

* Alluding to the coin substituted, at a cost of 2,000,000*l.* to the nation, for that which had been fraudulently "clipt."

So that all our design
 Of new-making the coin
 Thus quite disappointed will be ;
 For had I not meant
 It abroad should be sent,
 The devil would mind it for me !

Some way must be found
 Their device to confound,
 What think you of starting a plot ?
 That trick will prevail,
 The English ne'er fail
 To be frighted they know not for what.

Full sixty shall join
 In a horrid design
 Against our own Person and Crown ;
 And then we will find
 Four amongst them so kind,
 To make the black villany known.*

* Authentic history relates that *three*, and not four, of the persons privy to the Assassination-Plot betrayed their fellows to the government of William ; these were Fisher, a busy Papist, who suggested the mode by which the King was to be despatched, Mr. Pendergrass, a gentleman of known probity and courage, and De la Rue, a French gambler and bully.

In the Plot men of three
Religions shall be,
And the scum of four several nations :
A pretty conceit,
English idiots to cheat,
Shall be join'd in our Assassination.

Then a foreign express
Shall increase our distress,
With accounts of the French coming over,
That Bouffler will soon
(That bloody dragoon)
Bring his fire and faggots to Dover.

This terrible news
The crowd will amuse,
And will busy the politic mimics ;
Each ignorant soul,
With discovery full,
Will forget what he loses by guineas.

The Commons will cease
From their project of peace,
And, alarm'd by this Assassination,
Their fortunes will stake,
And lives for my sake,
Still ready on such an occasion.

Then, under pretence
Of the kingdom's defence,
Since daily men's humours grow worse,
Fresh troops we will call,
Of foreigners all,
And settle our empire by force.

Thus William the Third,
All the minions that heard
The great depth of his wisdom commended ;
And straight undertook
For villains to look,
That would witness what ne'er was intended.

•
For converts and bullys,
And play-ruin'd cullys,
And Irish on purpose brought over ;
A miscreant crew,
That nothing e'er knew,
But whatsoever you please to discover.

Then about Warrants flew,
And all to light drew
That absconded, whate'er was the reason ;
None ill of the p—
Could enjoy his flux,
But sweating was construed into high-treason.

The Commons did more
Than was hoped for before,
For who would have thought 'em so filly,
To make, in despite
Of Reason and Right,
A lawful Vicegerent of Billy !

Nay, in heat of their passion,
An Association
Was drawn and subscrib'd to by many ;
Who thereby were loath
To trust to an Oath,
Because they had never kept any.*

Thus everything went
To William's content,
Who now with his able commanders,
With our men and our treasure,
May follow his pleasure,
And fail to no purpose to Flanders.

* Upon the discovery of the plot the Commons not only suspended the Habeas Corpus Act, and provided that the Parliament should not be dissolved in the event of William's life being shortened by violence, but also, at the instigation of Sir Rowland Gwynn, entered into an Association for the defence of their sovereign and country, and for the support of the order of succession as settled by the Bill of Rights.

A BALLAD ON THE TAXES.

BY EDWARD WARD.

[The following extracts from John Evelyn's Diary not only represent the inconveniences which the English public suffered at this period from a defective coinage, but more than confirm the justice of Edward Ward's complaint of oppressive taxation in this ballad.

"June 11, 1696.—Want of current money to carry on the smallest concerns, even for daily provisions in the markets. Guineas lowered to twenty-two shillings, and great sums transported to Holland, where it yields more, with other treasure sent to pay the armies, and nothing considerable coined of the new and now only current stamp, cause such a scarcity that tumults are every day feared, nobody paying or receiving money; so imprudent was the late Parliament to condemn the old, though clipt and corrupted, till they had provided supplies.

"July 26.—So little money in the nation that exchequer tallies, of which I had for 2000*l.* on the best fund in England, the Post-office, nobody would take at 30 per cent discount.

"Aug. 3.—The Bank lending the 200,000*l.* to pay the army in Flanders, that had done nothing against the enemy, had so exhausted the treasure of the nation, that one could not have borrowed money under 14 or 15 per cent on bills, or on exchequer tallies under 30 per cent."']



GOOD people, what, will you of all be
bereft—
Will you never learn wit while a penny is
left?

You are all like the dog in the fable betray'd,
To let go the substance and snatch at the shade;

With specious pretences, and Foreign expenses,
We war for Religion, and waste all our chink,
'Tis nipt, and 'tis clipt, 'tis lent, and 'tis spent,
Till 'tis gone, 'tis gone to the Devil I think.

We pay for our new-born, we pay for our dead,
We pay if we're single, we pay if we're wed ;
To show that our merciful senate don't fail,
They begin at the head and tax down to the tail.
We pay through the nose by subjecting foes,
Yet for all our expenses get nothing but blows ;
At home we are cheated, abroad we're defeated,
But the end on't, the end on't—the Lord above knows!

We parted with all our old money, to shew
We foolishly hope for a plenty of new ;
But might have remember'd, when we came to the push,
That a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush :
We now like poor wretches are kept under hatches,
At rack and at manger like beasts in the ark,
Since our burgessees and knights make us pay for our lights—
Why should we, why should we be kept in the dark ?





A N N E





QUEEN ANNE ;

OR,

THE AULD GRAY MARE.

[This humorous allegorical ballad indicates the popular feeling north of the Tweed at the period of the legislative union of England and Scotland. That famous measure was approved by a great majority, first in the House of Commons, and afterwards by the Peers, in July, 1706; was ratified by the Scottish Parliament 16th January, 1707; and became a law on the 1st May in the same year.

The abhorrence of the Jacobites to the Act of Union is displayed in many of their songs, of which the following is an admirable specimen:—

“ It was in old times, when trees composed rhymes,
And flowers did with elegy flow ;
It was in a field that various did yield,
A Rose and a Thistle did grow.
In a sunshiny day, the Rose chanced to say,
‘ Friend Thistle, I’ll with you be plain ;
And if you wou’d be but united with me,
You wou’d ne’er be a Thistle again.’

“ Says the Thistle : ‘ My spears shield mortals from fears,
Whilst thou dost unguarded remain ;
And I do suppose, though I were a Rose,
I’d wish to turn Thistle again.’
‘ O my friend (says the Rose) you falsely suppose —
Bear witness, ye flowers of the plain !
You would take so much pleasure in beauty’s vast treasure,
You would ne’er be a Thistle again.’

“ The Thistle at length, preferring the Rose
 To all the gay flowers of the plain,
 Throws off all her points, herself she anoints,
 And now are united the twain.
 But one cold stormy day, while helpless she lay,
 Nor longer could sorrow refrain,
 She fetch'd a deep groan, with many an ohone !
 ‘ Oh, were I a Thistle again !

“ ‘ For then I did stand, on yon heath-cover'd land,
 Admir'd by each nymph and each swain ;
 And free as the air, I flourish'd there,
 The terror and pride of the plain.
 But now I'm the mock of Flora's fair flock,
 Nor dare I presume to complain ;
 Then remember that I do ruefully cry,
 O were I a Thistle again ! ’ ”]



YOU'RE right, Queen Anne, Queen Anne,
 You're right, Queen Anne, Queen
 Anne,
 You've tow'd us into your hand,
 Let them tow out wha can.
 You're right, Queen Anne, Queen Anne,
 You're right, Queen Anne, my dow,
 You've curried the auld mare's * hide,
 She'll funk nae mair at you.
 I'll tell you a tale, Queen Anne,
 A tale of truth ye'fe hear ;
 It's of a wise auld man †,
 That had a good gray mare.

* Scotland.

† The sovereign of Britain.

He'd twa mares * on the hill,
 And ane † into the sta',
 But this auld thrawart jade,
 She was the best of a'.
 This auld mare's head was stiff,
 But nane so weel cou'd pu' ;
 Yet she had a will o' her ain
 Was unco ill to bow.
 Whene'er he touch'd her flank,
 Then she begoud to glowr ;
 And she'd pu' up her foot,
 And ding the auld man owre.

And when he graith'd the yaud,
 Or curried her hide fu' clean,
 Then she wad fidge and wince,
 And shaw twa glancing e'en.
 Whene'er her tail play'd whiff,
 Or when her look grew skeigh,
 It's then the wife auld man
 Was blithe to stand abeigh.
 "The deil take that auld brute,"
 Quo' he, "and me to boot,
 But I fall hae amends,
 Though I should dearly rue't."

* Ireland and Wales.

† England, which the author concludes enjoyed the principal fruits of the Union.

He hired a farrier stout *
 Frae out the west countrys,
 A crafty selfish loon,
 That lo'ed the white moneye :
 That lo'ed the white moneye,
 The white luit and the red ;
 And he hath ta'en an aith
 That he wad do the deed.
 And he brought a' his smiths †,
 I wat he paid them weel,
 And they hae seiz'd the yaud,
 And tied her head and heel.

They tow'd her to a bauk,
 On pulleys gart her swing,
 Until the good auld yaud
 Could neither funk nor fling.
 Ane rippit her wi' a spur,
 Ane daudit her wi' a flail,
 Ane proddit her in the lisk,
 Anither aneath the tail.

* The Duke of Queensberry, commonly called the "proto-rebel," because he was the first Scotchman that recognised and took part in the great revolution of 1688. He was the principal agent in bringing about the legislative union of England and Scotland, and on that account rendered himself doubly obnoxious to his countrymen.

† Lords Seafield, Mar, Leven, Wemyss, Glasgow, and the other Commissioners for the treaty of Union.

The auld wife man he leugh,
 And wow but he was fain !
 And bade them prod eneugh,
 And skelp her owre again.

The mare was hard bested,
 And graned and raufted fair * ;
 And aye her tail play'd whiff,
 When she dought do nae mair.
 And aye they bor'd her ribs,
 And ga'e her the tither switch ;
 " We'll learn ye to be douce,
 Ye auld wanfonfy b—ch ! "
 The mare right piteous stood,
 And bore it patiently ;
 She deem'd it a' for good,
 Some good she couldna see.

* No sooner was the 1st of May, 1707, past than the ministry sent down from England (remarks Lockhart) " vast numbers of surveyors, collectors, waiters, and, in short, all or most of the officers of the customs and excise, and these, generally speaking, the very scum and canalia of that country ; which remembers me of a good story. Sometime thereafter a Scots merchant travelling in England, and showing some apprehension of being robbed, his landlady told him he was in no hazard, for all the highwaymen were gone : and upon his inquiring how that came about, ' Why truly,' replied she, ' they are all gone to your country to get places.' These fellows treated the natives with all the contempt, and executed the new laws with all the rigour imaginable ; so that before the first three months were expired there were too apparent proofs of the truth of what had been often asserted in relation to the bad bargain Scotland had made."]

But desperation's force
Will drive a wife man mad ;
And desperation's force
Has rouf'd the good auld yaud.
And whan ane desperate graws,
I'll tell ye true, Queen Anne,
Nane kens what they will do,
Be it a beast or man.
And first she shook her lugs,
And then she ga'e a snore,
And then she ga'e a reirde
Made all the smiths to glowre.

The auld wife man grew baugh,
And turn'd to shank away ;
" If that auld deil get loofe,"
Quo' he, " we'll rue the day."
The thought was hardly thought,
The word was hardly sped,
When down came a' the house
Aboon the auld man's head.
For the yaud she made a brooft,
Wi' ten yauds strength and mair,
Made a' the kipples to crafh,
And a' the smiths to rair.

The smiths were smoor'd ilk ane,
The wife auld man was slain ;

The last word e'er he said
 Was, wi' a waefu' mane,
 "O wae be to the yaud
 And a' her hale countrye!
 I wish I had letten her rin
 As wild as wild could be."
 The yaud she 'scap'd away
 Frae 'mang the deadly stoure,
 And chap'd away hame to him
 That aught her ance afore.

*Take heed, Queen Anne, Queen Anne,
 Take heed, Queen Anne, my dow;
 The auld gray mare's oursel',
 The wise auld man is you.*



THE AGE OF WONDERS.

[The writer of this ballad does not exaggerate in the least the extraordinary excitement produced in the public mind by the total dissolution of the Whig ministry, and the consequent dissolution of the Parliament, in the summer of 1710. The elections which followed were greatly in favour of the Tory or High Church party. The canvassings were said to have been carried on with such feuds and violence as had never before been known in England. Boyer, the annalist, remarks:—"The mobility, whose tumultuous risings in favour of Dr. Sacheverell seemed, if not allowed, at least connived at, by the impunity of their leaders; and whose spirits had wonderfully been inflamed by a multitude of licentious writings, in which the Whigs were represented as *atheists* and *republicans*; appeared now with unusual confidence, and, as it were, arm'd with authority, at the elections on the side of the Church and Monarchy; and not only by reproachful language, and odious epithets, but even by blows, deterr'd those who came to vote contrary to the *voice of the people*: infomuch that if the Whigs had not on this occasion practis'd what they ever pretended to, *moderation*, these new elections might have ended in, what was by many apprehended, a civil war."]

To the tune of "*Chevy Chase*."



HE Year of wonders is arriv'd,
 The Devil has learn'd to dance;
 The Church from danger just retriev'd
 By help brought in by France.

Nature's run mad, and madmen rule,
The world's turn'd upside down ;
Tumult puts in to keep the peace,
And Popery the Crown.

In all ages of the world
Such wonders ne'er were seen ;
Papists cry out for th' English Church,
And rabbles for the Queen.

The pulpit thunders death and war,
To heal the bleeding Nation ;
And sends Dissenters to the Dev'l,
To keep the Toleration.

The High-Church clergy, mounted high,
Like fons of Jehu drive ;
And over true religion ride,
To keep the Church alive.

The furiosas of the Church
Come foremost like the wind ;
And Moderation, out of breath,
Comes trotting on behind.

The Realm from danger to secure,
To foreign aid we cry ;
With Papists and non-jurors join,
To keep out Popery.

King William on our knees we curse,
And damn the Revolution ;
And to preserve the Nation's peace
We study its confusion.

With treacherous heart and double tongue
Both parties we adhere to ;
Pray for the side we swear against,
And curse the side we swear to.

To Heaven we for our Sov'reign pray,
And take the Abjuration ;
But take it *hocus pocus* way,
With juggling reservation.

Sachev'rel like, with double face,
We pray for our Defender ;
To good Queen Anne make vile grimace,
But drink to the Pretender.

With Presbyterians we unite,
And Protestant Succession ;
But, if the Devil came for both,
We'd give him free possession.

Our scheme of politics is wise,
Good Lord ! that you'd but read it ;
'T pulls Marlbro' down to beat the French,
And the Bank to keep our credit.

Because our Treaſurer was juſt
 And Houſe of Commons hearty,
 And neither would betray their truſt
 Or ſell us to a party,

Our buſineſs is that neither may
 Their places long abide in,
 But get ſuch choſen in their room
 As no man can confide in ;

Who ſhall deſerve your mighty praiſe
 For Fund and eke for Loan,
 And may the Nation's credit raiſe,
 But never can their own.

Because declaring Rights to reign,
 Our Parliaments have put in ;
 We'll have the Queen that claim diſown,
 For one that's more uncertain.

The Reſtoration to make plain,
 That Perkin* mayn't miſcarry,
 We've wiſely wheedl'd up the Queen
 To Right Hereditary.

The dignity of Parliaments
 The ſtronger to imprint in 's ;

* The Pretender,

We hug the priest* whom they condemn,
And ridicule their sentence.

In order to discourage mobs,
And keep the people quiet,
The rabblers we condemn for form,
But not a rogue shall die yet.

The Duke of Marlborough to requite,
For retrieving English honor ;
His Duchefs shall have all the spite
That fools can put upon her.

For battles fought, and towns reduc'd,
And popish armies broken,
And that our English gratitude
May t' future times be spoken ;

While fighting for the Nation he
Looks danger in the face,
We strive t' insult his family,
And load him with disgrace.

Because he's crown'd with victory,
And all the people love him ;
We hate the man for the success,
And therefore will remove him.

* Sacheverell.

And now we're stirring up the mob
Against a new Election,
That High-Church members may be chose
By our most wise direction.

That Queens may Parliaments dissolve,
No doubt 'tis right and just ;
But we have found it out that now
Because she may, she must.

The bankrupt nation to restore,
And pay the millions lent ;
We'll at one dash wipe out the score,
With sponge of Parliament.

Then we can carry on the war
With neither fund nor debit ;
And Banks shall eat us up no more,
Upon pretence of credit.

If not, we'll close with terms of peace,
Prescrib'd by France and Rome ;
That war, being huddl'd up abroad, ..
May then break out at home.



A NEW BALLAD.

[The chief person here so bitterly satirised was the Queen's bed-chamber-woman, Abigail Masham, who, notwithstanding the meanness of her origin and parts, succeeded in supplanting her kinswoman and benefactress, the imperious Duchess of Marlborough, in the affection and confidence of Anne, of whom Swift said, that she "had not a stock of amity to serve above one object at a time." In a curious pamphlet of the day attributed to Ralph the Historian, and entitled *The other side of the Question; or, an Attempt to rescue the Characters of the two Royal Sisters Queen Mary and Queen Anne*, which was published in answer to the Duchess's Account of her Conduct, the writer says that it was the regular plan of the Whig faction "to enclose the Queen from access by planting around her none but such as were the creatures of the Marlborough family." Of this number was Mrs. Masham, "and (adds the pamphleteer) to answer this very purpose was she preferred, though the affair is set forth in so different a light by your grace: it was impossible for you to be always upon duty: it was necessary for the Queen to be always observed: Mrs. Masham you had taken out of the dust; and you was not, it seems, enough acquainted with yourself to reflect or apprehend that the creature would ever presume to rival its maker. It was not, therefore, the effects of your confidence in Mrs. Masham, but the presumption of your own strength and importance, lulled you into security so long." Mrs. Masham's intriguing resulted in the dissolution of the Godolphin cabinet, and the termination of the war which had ravaged the Continent during the whole of Anne's reign.]

To the tune of "Fair Rosamond."



WHEN as Queen Anne of great renown
Great Britain's sceptre sway'd,
Besides the Church, the dearly lov'd
A dirty chamber-maid.*

O! Abigail, that was her name,
She starch'd and stitch'd full well;
But how she pierc'd this royal heart
No mortal man can tell.

However, for sweet service done,
And causes of great weight,
Her royal mistress made her, oh!
A Minister of State.

Her Secretary she was not,
Because she could not write;
But had the conduct and the care
Of some dark deeds at night.

* Abigail Hill, before her marriage with Mr. Masham, had been a servant-maid in the family of the Lady Rivers, of Chapford, in Kent, and prior to her appointment in the household of the Queen, when Princess Anne.

Th' important pass of the back-stairs
 Was put into her hand,
 And up she brought the greatest Rogue *
 Grew in this fruitful land.

And what am I to do, quoth he,
 O ! for this favor great ?
 You are to teach me how, quoth she,
 To be a slave of State.

My dispositions they are good,
 Mischievous and a liar ;
 A faucy, proud, ungrateful one,
 And for the Church entire.

Great qualities, quoth Machiavel !
 And soon the world shall see,
 What you can for your mistress do,
 With one small dash of me.

In counsel sweet, oh ! then they sat,
 Where she did griefs unfold
 Had long her grateful heart oppress'd,
 And thus her tale she told :

* Robert Harley, first Earl of Oxford, whose Tory friends made no secret of his constantly going up the back-stairs under the escort of Abigail ; but, on the contrary, justified this clandestine conduct, in order, as they said, to rescue the Queen from the thralldom in which she had been so long held by the Marlborough faction.

From shreds and dirt in low degree,
From scorn in piteous state,
A duchess bountiful has made
Of me a Lady great.

Some favors she has heap'd upon
This undeserving head,
That for to ease me from their weight,
Good God, that she were dead!

Oh! let me then some means find out
This teasing debt to pay.
I think, quoth he, to get her place
Would be the only way.

For less than you she must be brought,
Or I can never see
How you can pay the boons receiv'd,
When you are less than she.

My argument lies in few words,
Yet not the less in weight;
And oft with good success we use
Such in affairs of State.

Quoth she, 'tis not to be withstood,
I'll push it from this hour;
I will be grateful, or at least
I'll have it in my power.

Quoth he, since my poor counsel gains
Such favor in your eye,
I have a small request to make
I hope you won't deny.

Some bounties I like you have had
From one that bears the wand *,
And very fain I would, like you,
Repay them, if I can.

Witness, ye heavens ! how I wish
To slide into his place ;
Only to show him countenance,
When he is in disgrace.

Oh ! would you use your interest great
With our most gracious Queen,
Such things I'd quickly bring about,
This land hath never seen.

Give me but once her royal ear,
Such notes I'll in it sound,
As from her sweet repose shall make
Her royal head turn round.

He spoke, and straitway it was done,
She gain'd him free access ;
God long preserve our gracious Queen,
The Parliament no less !

* Lord Godolphin.

Now from this hour it was remark'd,
That there was such resort
Of many great and high divines
Unto the Queen's fair court.

Myfterious things that long were hid
Began to come to light,
And many of the Church's fons
Were in a zealous fright.

'Twas faid, with fighs and anxious looks,
A General abroad
Had won more battles than their friends
The French could well afford.

That fo much money had been fent,
Such needlefs things t' advance;
It fure was time, as in reigns paff'd,
Some now fhould come from France.

At laft they fpoke it out, and faid,
'Twas of the laft import,
That there fhould be a thorough change
In Army, Fleet, and Court.

For wicked Johnny Marlborough
So madly puff'd things on,

That, should he unto Paris go,
The Church was quite undone.

The wise and pious Queen gave ear
To this devout advice,
And honest sturdy Sunderland *
Was whipt up in a trice.

Avaft ! cry'd out the Admiral †,
No-near, you rogues, no-near ;
Your ship will be amongft the rocks,
If at this rate you steer !

With that the man that kept the cash ‡
Slipt in a word or two,
Which made an old acquaintance shrink,
This game would never do.

* Upon the earl's sudden dismissal from office, 14th June, 1710, the Queen propos'd to compensate him for the loss of his secretaryship with a pension of 3000*l.* per ann., which he declined in these terms : — " He was glad her Majesty was satisfied he had done his duty ; but if he could not have the honor to serve his country, he would not plunder it."

† George Churchill, brother to the duke, and representative of Portsmouth.

‡ Harley had just been appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the satirist in this and the following stanzas taunts him with being a Whig at heart, although the leader of the Tories.

He but one eye had in his head,
 But with that one he saw
 These priests might bring about his ears
 A thing we call club-law.

He on his pillow laid his head,
 And on mature debate,
 With that, and what his wife resolv'd,
 To play a trick of state.

Like Dr. Burgess * much renown'd,
 Of one he did take care ;
 Then flipt his cloak, and left the rest
 All in most sad despair.

The consequence of this was such,
 Our good and gracious Queen,
 Not knowing why she e'er went wrong,
 Came quickly right again.

* Daniel Burgess, the facetious divine and tutor of Bolingbroke. Like his father, the Doctor quitted the Established Church, and was re-ordained as a Presbyterian minister. His style of preaching may be judged from the following extract from his sermon on "The Robe of Righteousness:" — "If any of you would have a good and cheap suit, you will go to Monmouth Street; if you want a suit for life, you will go to the Court of Chancery; but if you wish for a suit that will last for eternity, you must put on the robe of righteousness."

However, taking safe advice
From those that knew her well,
She Abigail turn'd out of doors,
And hang'd up Machiavel.*

* The wifh here is father to the thought : neither Abigail nor Harley was *suspended* ; but, on the contrary, both were, shortly after the publication of this satire, ennobled and advanced to higher offices, the first succeeding the Duchess of Marlborough as Lady Privy Purse, and the second as one of the Commissioners for the execution of the office of Treasurer, from which Godolphin was driven.



THE AGE OF MAD FOLKS.

[The extraordinary results produced by the intemperate zeal of Dr. Henry Sacheverell, when he preached before the Lord Mayor and citizens of London, in the pulpit of St. Paul's Cathedral, on the 5th Nov. 1709, are thus tersely summed up by the greatest of our modern essayists:—"A foolish parson had preached a foolish sermon against the principles of the Revolution. The wisest members of the Government were for letting the man alone. But Godolphin, inflamed with all the zeal of a new-made Whig, and exasperated by a nick-name which was applied to him in this unfortunate discourse, insisted that the preacher should be impeached. . . . The impeachment was brought; the doctor was convicted; and the accusers were ruined. The clergy came to the rescue of the persecuted clergyman. The country gentlemen came to the rescue of the clergy. A display of Tory feelings, such as England had not witnessed since the closing years of Charles II.'s reign, appalled the ministers and gave boldness to the Queen. She turned out the Whigs, called Harley and St. John to power, and dissolved the Parliament." The writer of this ballad remarks the conduct of the mob, which looked upon the persecuted doctor as the champion of the Church, and shouted round the chair or carriage of the Queen, as often as her Majesty appeared in public, "God bless your Majesty; we hope you're for Sacheverell!" The popular feeling is well expressed in the following contemporary lines:—

"Invidious Whigs, since you have made your boast,
That you a Church of England priest will roast,
Blame not the mob for having a desire
With Presbyterian tubs to light the fire."]



THESE nations had always some token
 Of madness, by turns and by fits,
 Their senses were shatter'd and broken,
 But now they're quite out of their wits.

Can any man say the Lord Mayor *,
 Of Parliament likewise a member,
 Did wisely to set up a bear
 To preach on the fifth of November.

Was the Doctor less touch'd in his brain
 To stuff his harangue with gun-powder ;
 Or Dolben † who fired the train,
 And made it crack louder and louder.

* Alderman Sir Samuel Garrard, at whose request Sacheverell both preached and printed his inflammatory sermon.

† John Dolben (son of the Archbishop of York), who moved the impeachment of Sacheverell in the Commons, and carried the bill up to the Lords. For the active part he played in these memorable proceedings, he became the common butt of the wits of the age, one of whom penned the following epitaph upon him : —

“ Under this marble lies the dust
 Of Dolben John, the chaste and just ;
 Reader, tread softly, I beseech ye,
 For, if he wakes, he'll straight *impeach* ye !”

Even He *, who wrought all underhand,
 So thinking to save his own bacon ;
 Some doubt, if for all his white wand,
 For a conj'rer he ought to be taken.

But our Senate hath outdone 'em all
 By their solemn and grave proceeding
 On a pageant in Westminster Hall,
 When the Nation lies almost a-bleeding.

In such a nice and critical state,
 When of weighty affairs there were several,
 To spend their sweet lungs in debate
 About Hoadley † and Henry Sacheverell ;

Of the danger that threaten'd the nation
 From the scandalous term of Volpone ‡,

* Alluding to the Lord Treasurer, Godolphin, who had instigated the prosecution of the High Church doctor.

† The same day on which the Commons voted the impeachment of Sacheverell, they also resolved "That the Rev. Mr. Benjamin Hoadley, Rector of St. Peter's Poor, London, for having often strenuously justified the principles on which her Majesty and nation proceeded in the late happy Revolution, hath greatly merited the favor and recommendation of this House." Accordingly an address was presented to the Queen, praying her Majesty "to bestow some dignity in the Church on the said Mr. Hoadley for his services to the Church and State!"

‡ It is asserted by Swift that Sacheverell's real offence, in the eye of the Whig ministry, was his having, in one of his two discourses, pointed, as was conceived, at the Lord Treasurer, Godolphin, in a passage about "the crafty insidiousness of such wily *Volpones*." Volpone was the popular nickname of Godolphin.

Thrown on the man of high station,
Who so freely supplies us with money.

So as the rare frolic went round,
It seiz'd at last upon the people ;
Who swore they would pull to the ground
The churches that wanted a steeple.

They rebell'd in the Doctor's defence,
Who so boldly had cry'd their pow'r down,
And freely gave up their pretence
To fight for the Church and the Crown.

On the folks who so zealously strive
For their pow'r they outrageously fell,
And by force of arms fain would they prove
They had no right to rebel.

The Commons by arguments keen,
From the sense of the Doctor's expressions,
Prov'd some words that nothing could mean
To be damnable crimes and transgressions.

The Peers, having all things regarded,
Affirm'd he had highly offended ;
Then vote he ought to be rewarded*,
And so the rare farce was ended.

* The mild sentence (namely deprivation for three years) passed upon Sacheverell by the Lords was regarded by the populace as tantamount to an acquittal.

Thus I've prov'd that the Mayor who invited,
And the zealous Doctor who preached,
The men whom the Commons incited,
And those that the Doctor impeached,

All those who the question did handle,
The mob, and all such who did gainfay;
The Peers (be it said without scandal)
To be all in a desperate phrenzy.

What remedy then in the nation
For this madness that really so much is,
But some sober and wise application
From Sunderland and the wife Duchefs.*

* Sarah, Duchefs of Marlborough.



THE WESTMINSTER COMBAT.

[This, like the preceding ballad, refers to the ill-advised impeachment of Sacheverell.]



IS odd to conceive what a war has been
 wag'd
 Among the late Commons of Britain,
 Where Whig and Law plyers so hotly
 engaged,
 Good principles soon to get rid on.

They fought and did battle a certain divine
 So furious in Westminster Hall,
 That the trophies and triumphs from Danube and
 Rhine
 Hung shatter'd and ready to fall.

He preach'd, as 'tis said, at the City's St. Paul,
 With a wicked and vicious intent,
 To stir up the people to break down the wall
 Of peace and just government.

For not to resist you know is the way
 To destroy the peace of the nation ;
 And not to rebel is truly to say
 You spurn at *true moderation*.

Therefore to prevent such a mischievous blunder,
 Which the parsons so often commit,
 The *posse* is rais'd, and the Commons out-thunder
 New votes to guard the pulpit.

The Doctor's arraign'd of high crimes and transgressions,
 For preaching such damnable things,
 And the rest of the Order must hate all expressions
 Which encourage obedience to Kings.

And quite to suppress such a pestilent notion,
 Which scandals the rights of the people,
 Their armies are marshall'd, and now upon *motion*,
 To pull down the churches with steeples.

The first that assaulted was valiant Sir James *,
 A warrior of famous renown ;
 Who fir'd a volley of words without mean,
 Then trembling sat himself down.

* Sir James Montague, Attorney-General.

Then Dolben, his second, quite out of his reason,
 To see the chief attorney such a buffle,
 With lion-like rage, endeavours to feize on,
 The Doctor and 's cause in the scuffle.

The next that appear'd was the learned Sir Peter *,
 In antiquity skilful and great,
 Who pour'd such charges that wounded much deeper,
 But yet he was woundily beat.

Then him to relieve does Lechmere † aspire,
 With Jekyll‡, a judge in the West,
 Who bluster'd and rav'd, and swore they would fire
 The doctrine as well as the priest.

Lord William § comes next, most nicely equipt,
 With musket and ball in his hand ;
 But, alas ! of his powder and flint he was stript,
 And therefore was put to a stand.

Stanhope || impatient, no longer could bear
 To see his own troops disappointed,
 But storms, and discharges, and rattles in th' air
 Against Kings and all that's anointed.

* Sir Peter King, Recorder of London.

† Nicholas Lechmere, afterwards Lord Lechmere, and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

‡ Sir Joseph Jekyll, who, in the succeeding reign, was made Master of the Rolls, and ably supported the power and independence of his office against the Lord Chancellor King.

§ Lord William Paulet

|| General Stanhope.

Then comes Mr. Cowper *, as part of the rout,
 Well known in an eminent cause,
 And fights with his friends most brave and most
 STOUT,
 Against loyalty passive and laws.

But the fiercest and keenest of all the commanders
 Was trusty Sir Thomas of Derby †,
 Whose prowess and courage surpris'd the bystanders,
 Because a Chief Justice was hard by.

For Walpole ‡ and Smith ‡, and the rest of the clan,
 Who the Doctor so bravely accosted,
 Their exploits were so mean, and their actions so vain,
 That they all deserve to be posted.

* Wm. (afterwards Lord Chancellor) Cowper, brother to Spencer Cowper, who was honorably acquitted of the charge of having murdered a beautiful and opulent quakeress named Sarah Stout, to whom he had been paying his addresses. The future Chancellor greatly distinguished himself in defending his brother in the "appeal of murder," sued out, subsequently to his trial, by the heir-at-law of the unfortunate quakeress.

† Serjeant Sir Thos. Parker, M.P. for Derby. Lord Chief Justice Holt having died whilst the impeachment of Sacheverell was pending, Serjeant Parker was instantly appointed by Godolphin to succeed him—both the Attorney and Solicitor-General, who had showed less zeal in the prosecution of the Doctor, being passed over.

‡ Robt. Walpole (afterwards Earl of Orford), Treasurer of the Navy, and John Smith, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

To these may be added another brigade,
 Of Bishops and Temporal Lords,
 Whose weapons were ready, whose speeches were made,
 Full charg'd, not with sense but with words.

These all, with a fury becoming their zeal
 For Liberty and Moderation,
 Did fight, and were beat, their arguments fail,
 To the pleasure and joy of the nation.

The Doctor whose army was small, but surprising,
 Did totally them overthrow ;
 They smote him behind, but still his uprising
 Is owing to that lucky blow.

The Mob of his side, the Ladies appear
 All over the town in his favor ;
 Which galls the poor Ministers, hanging their ear,
 Like Garrard *, or a false brother.

* Sir Samuel Garrard, Lord Mayor of London, being a member of the House, was asked whether he had encouraged the publication of Sacheverell's sermon, to which he answered "No;" and the House deemed it prudent to give him credit for sincerity, notwithstanding the reiterated assertions of the Doctor to the contrary.

"He's frighten'd when th' others in custody taken,
 The orders he gave, has wisely forsaken,
 So the Doctor was lurch'd, and the May'r saved his bacon,
 Which nobody dares deny."

Dejected and scorn'd they wander about,
Poor wretches ! forlorn and forsaken,
Upbraided and banter'd with jeer and with flout,
Because they were haply mistaken.

And may all the Ministers meet with such chance,
And be laught at in country and town,
Who so basely intend, and so rudely advance,
To beat loyal principles down.



SALISBURY STEEPLE REVERSED;

OR,

THE TURN-SPIT BISHOPS.

[This ballad also relates to the celebrated Sacheverell impeachment. The writer of it satirises the Low-Church or moderate party, of which Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, was undoubtedly the most consistent as well as the most distinguished member. The following lines, addressed "To the Right Reverend the seven guilty Bishops," as they were designated by the High-Church party, for discountenancing the vulgar pretensions of Sacheverell, and voting for his condemnation in the Lords, afford another specimen of the temper of the times:—

"For shame, ye doating fools, for shame be wise,
 Shake off your lethargy, and ope your eyes:
 What! will you calmly sit, and tamely see
 Hell's engineers subvert your prelacy?
 The Church's danger, though you will not own,
 Nor fear the second part of "Forty-one,"
 Yet let your own security prevail,
 Which loudly calls for timely help of all;
 For the same pow'r that pulls Sarchev'rell down
 Will first your mitres seize, and then the Crown.
 But why, alas! why do I speak to you,
 Half to your God and to yourselves untrue.
 Go,—bravely break your sacerdotal Test,
 And all turn chaplains to the Calves-Head Feast;

See poor Sacheverell sacrificed through hate,
 The certain harbinger of your own fate ;
 Like Laud, the dire forerunner he's become
 Of your own ruin, and the Sovereign's doom."]



WHEN the twenty brave pleaders, cull'd out
 of the throng,
 For their quickness of parts and their voluble
 tongue,
 Had read all their speeches and rehear'd all their wit,
 And left their wise Lordships in judgment to fit :
 A Prelate * adroit
 At text or debate
 Summon'd eight trusty brethren in Council to meet,
 They whipt on their cloaks and to Hockley † they go,
 To know what his kirkship wou'd have 'em to do.
 When they came all the waiters were order'd away,
 And they drank to Low Church in a gallon of tea ;
 Quoth he, I've long wish'd to see you all here,
 For matters of moment require your care :
 The godly Lay-Five,
 Who all methods contrive
 That the Protestant Church may still flourish and thrive,
 By me their sure nuncio do send you this greeting,
 And pray'd me to tell you how to vote the next meeting.

* Dr. Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury.

† Hockley-in-the-Hole, Clerkenwell, where originally were bear,
 and afterwards tea, gardens.

Our friends have now routed this priest and his cause,
 In spite of his homilies, lawyers, and laws ;
 Strong Lechmere show'd art, gentle Dolben had grace,
 And oil on his tongue, and a blush in his face ;
 Stanhope *, soft as a dove,
 Form'd for arms and for love,
 With sweetest persuasion the Ladies did move ;
 But, oh ! what a spirit, what a rhetoric divine,
 In lofty Sir James † and Lord William † did shine !

Let us then, my good lords, to each other be true,
 And show in Church matters what bishops should do ;
 I'll tell what by me and great William was done,
 And prove him a traitor that calls folks Volpone ;
 I'll tell them a tale,
 That to meet 'em shan't fail,
 Of a Dame made a victim to high-flying zeal :
 'Twould move flesh and blood to see her undrest,
 And hack'd all to pieces by a hot-headed priest.

For us 'twould be shameful in silence to sit,
 When a priest is a-roasting, and we turn the spit,

* The famous general and minister (subsequently known as Earl Stanhope), who was no less distinguished for the irascibility of his temper than for his great administrative talents.

† Attorney-General Montague and Lord Wm. Paulet, the Commons' managers of the Sacheverell impeachment.

Do you, my Lord Oxford*, against monarchs be keen,
But as you love Worcester, except the good Queen ;

This perhaps, by the bye,

In your way may not lie,

But my West and the Hoadleys will matters supply ;
That you're for a gentle mild sentence give out,
When the Question is put you'll know how to vote.

On you, brother Norwich†, we chiefly depend,
The right of our Puritan friends to defend ;

Now strive to excel both your patrons' renown,
Be as just as the father, and as wise as the son ;

From you, honest Chitch ‡

We should claim a fine speech

On this ranting high-fermon the Commons impeach :
But, now Easter's at hand, we expect not a word,
Since the parish bids more than we can afford.

Of the rest here the Junto § no questions do make,
For on this only card their *all* lies at stake ;
Some say, Peers they doubt not will be apt for to flinch,
But are sure that your Lordships will budge not an
inch :

* Dr. Bagot.

† Dr. Trimmell.

‡ Dr. Mainwaring, Bishop of Chichester.

§ A term used to designate the principal leaders of the Whig party, namely, Lords Somers, Godolphin, Somerfet, Wharton, Sunderland, and Halifax.

What though we all once
Did Resistance renounce,
And for not being Passive, poor Julian did trounce ;
Sure we never took up our opinions for life,
For better or worse, as a man takes his wife.

Thus incens'd at the Doctor, these reverend fathers
Vow'd they'd make him a warning to all High-Church
preachers ;
But oh ! how they look'd when their friends fail'd, alas !
And their deep-plotted Tragedy turn'd to a Farce !
 With amazement they found
 Their cause at a ground,
And the Hall with loud echoes of joy to resound ;
Then slunk to their coaches, the Doctor did follow,
They went off with a whoop, and *he* with a hollow.



THE TRUTH AT LAST.

[This ballad, obviously penned by a tool of the lately discomfited *Junto*, reviews, as the first stanza in it intimates, the initiatory acts of the new Ministry, presided over by Robert Harley, in the capacity of a joint Commissioner of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer.]

To the tune of "Which nobody can Deny."



OME, all ye brave boys, and High Church-
men draw near,
I'll tell you a story will delight you to
hear,
'Tis of Minister's changes, trade, peace, and war,
Which nobody can deny.

Some two years ago, the poor Church, sick at heart,
Look'd as wan as if she and her friends were to part,
Till a pulpit-physician * gave a cast of his art,
Which, &c.

"My brethren," quoth he, "I think 'tis no wonder
The Church is in such a sad case (blood and thunder!)
The Whigs are triumphant, and we are kept under,
Which, &c.

* Sacheverell.

“ Now I do affirm t’ye these men do design
To un-king the Queen and keep out the Right Line,
Damn passive obedience, and our dear right divine,
Which, &c.

“ Should their damnable doctrines be once understood
That Princes and Priests are mere flesh and blood,
You will be apt to obey them but just while they’re good,
Which, &c.

“ Whereas a good subject and Christian, ye know,
The more he’s abus’d the more loving should grow,
As the cuff-and-cloak text most fully does show,
Which, &c.

“ Then let us all join with heart and with voice
To cry down these rogues, and cry up a new choice,
So we shall have all the new places, brave boys,
Which, &c.”

When the people had heard the doctrine so found,
Which the Doctor on proof and good profit did found,
They resolv’d one and all the Whigs to confound,
Which, &c.

How this Doctor was baited, and how he got clear,
What feats he did since, and were done elsewhere,
No mortal that had ears that could, but did hear,
Which, &c.

Now as soon as the true sons of the Church got ground,
You cannot think how much better all things were
found,

For mother and sons look'd fresh, brisk, plump, and
found,

Which, &c.

Now to prove our dear mother is out of her pain,
To miracle-working she's taken again,
She never wrought such in the late Whiggish reign,

Which, &c.

You must know, with a debt of ten millions at
least,

They found the poor nation most sadly oppress'd,
And if they could pay't without money the best,

Which, &c.

For this end they gave them a rich South-Sea trade*,
And told them by that twice as much might be paid,
For who could e'er doubt but 'twas there to be had,

Which, &c.

* Alluding to Harley's scheme "to satisfy all public and national debts and deficiencies, by allowing the proprietors of those debts and deficiencies an interest of 6 per cent per annum, redeemable by parliament, and incorporating them to carry on the trade to the South Seas"—a scheme that led to unparalleled gambling and ruin in the succeeding reign.

This coming from one ne'er thought a deceiver,
 Made the faithful all think the project was clearer,
 And surely 'tis payment to every believer,

Which, &c.

In another point, too, we all settled have been,
 That by passive obedience and right divine,
 King James was turn'd out, and King William brought
 in,

Which, &c.

But since in true Catholic paths we have trod,
 There's another position of Case given in mode,
 As true as the rest, tho' it seems something odd,

Which, &c.

That a certain great Duke*, we have reason to fear,
 Has a devilish design to prolong this sad war,
 As by beating our foes does most plainly appear,

Which, &c.

For this very reason brave Hill † and Argyle †
 Have done nothing yet, tho' abroad a great while,
 Since projects of peace all fighting does spoil,

Which, &c.

* Marlborough.

† General Hill, better known as "Jack Hill," brother to the Queen's favorite Abigail, Lady Masham: he commanded the unfortunate expedition to Canada in this year. The Duke of Argyle was the companion in arms of Marlborough, and commander and ambassador in Spain.

However if any more conquests we need,
 Each hero no doubt to Quebec and Madrid
 With equal despatch and success will proceed,
 Which, &c.

But now (God be thank'd!) the war's near an end,
 If on what great ones say little ones may depend,
 For old Louis himself is grown our fast friend,
 Which, &c.

For whatever notions some people maintain,
 King Charles and his allies are gainers, 'tis plain,
 For we give poor Phil nought but Indies and Spain,
 Which, &c.

May all quarrels at home and abroad then cease,
 May High-Church flourish and Low-Church decrease,
 For the Abbott has brought a good Protestant peace!
 Which, &c.

May we all with the Queen may enliven our hearts,
 By giving our friends their proper deserts!
 We know who'd enjoy axes, halters, and carts,
 Which nobody can deny.



THE THANKSGIVING:

A NEW PROTESTANT BALLAD.

[In his journal to Stella (17th Nov. 1711) Swift writes: "This is Queen Elizabeth's birthday, usually kept in this town by apprentices, &c.; but the Whigs designed a mighty procession by midnight, and had laid out a thousand pounds to dress up the Pope, Devil, Cardinals, Sacheverell, &c., and carry them with torches about and burn them. They did it by contribution. Garth gave five guineas; Dr. Garth I mean, if ever you heard of him. But they were seized last night by order from the Secretary: you will have an account of it, for they bawl it about the streets already. They had some very foolish and mischievous designs; and it was thought they would have put the rabble upon assaulting the Lord Treasurer's house and the Secretary's, and other violences. The militia [*i. e.* the London train-bands] was raised to prevent it, and now, I suppose, all will be quiet. The figures are now at the Secretary's office at Whitehall."

This scheme seems to have been the revival of one which Shaftesbury's party played off with great effect against the court party in 1682. The ministerial organ, *The Post Boy*, of 22nd Nov. 1711, charged the Kit-Cat Club, which contained the most distinguished of the Whig party, with "a conspiracy to raise a mob, to confront the best of queens and her ministry, pull down the houses of several honest, true, worthy English gentlemen, having had money distributed to them some time before for that purpose by G. G. G. S. S. S. W. H. M. [*i. e.* Grafton, Godolphin, Dr. Garth, Somerset, Sunderland, Somers, Wharton, Halifax, and Montague], an insatiable *junto cum multis aliis*, who made the subscription, and gave out that the queen was very ill, if not dead, in order to have acted their trea-

sons with greater freedom!" Such were the excuses which the Tory government put forth for spoiling the show. Their arbitrary proceedings created no little speculation and ill-feeling in the public mind, no similar interference with the pageants of the people having been attempted since the days of James II.]



LET'S sing the new Ministry's praise,
 With hearts most thankful and glad,
 For the statesmen of these our days
 Are the wisest that ever we had.

But not to wander too far
 In the maze of their endless merit,
 I'll give you an instance most rare
 Of their vigilance, wisdom, and spirit.

They heard, on Queen Bess's birthday,
 The 'prentices had an intent
 Th' old Protestant gambol to play,
 Which Churchmen, they thought, should prevent.

The frolic, it seems, was no less
 Than to carry about in procession,
 A Pope in ridiculous dress,
 And to burn it by way of diversion.

Besides these turbulent folk
 (Than their ancestors much more uncivil)
 To their pageant had added the joke
 Of a Perkin, and eke of a Devil.

With Cardinals, Jesuits, Friars,
 A cart-load together at least,
 Intended to crown their bonfires,
 A very unseaf'nable jest.

For sure there could be no sense,
When a Peace is coming upon us *,
 T' affront such a powerful Prince
 As the Pope—why, it might have undone us.

Then if the most Christian King
 Should have taken it ill at our hand,
 Such a very unmannerly thing
 Might have put the Peace to a stand.

The Jacobites next, to be sure,
 Would have ris'n to defend their Master
 And who could have told where a cure
 Could be found for such a disaster ?

Besides it would bear a doubt,
 Whether burning the Pope and the Devil,
 Might not be design'd to flout
 At High-Church and Doctor Sachev'rell.

* Alluding to the anticipated peace by which Spain and the West Indies should be left in the hands of a prince of the house of Bourbon.

Furthermore, in these days of fin,
'Twas fear'd by folks that were hearty,
A numerous mob might have been
E'en rais'd for the Devil and 's party!

'Twas therefore expedient found
To send the Foot-Guards on the scout;
To search all the suburbs round,
And find the bold Pageant out.

They took it, and, as it was fit,
A magistrate wife and great
The criminals straight did commit,
That the Law might determine their fate.

Then for fear of a rescue by night,
At which we should all ha' been troubl'd,
'Twas order'd (and sure that was right)
That the Guards should be ev'rywhere doubl'd.

Besides that no harm might come nigh us,
The bands so well train'd were drawn out,
And as long as those heroes stand by us,
The Devil himself we may rout.

What though some people did sneer,
And call'd 'em the Pope's Life-guard,
They stood to their arms and their beer
All night, and kept watch and ward.

So God save our gracious Queen,
And her ministers every one ;
And he that don't say *Amen*
Is a churl—and may let it alone.

The Hanover House God preserve,
And blast the Pretender's hope ;
The Protestant cause let's serve,
And give to the Devil the Pope !



AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

[It having been publicly announced that a treaty of peace with France had been agreed upon by the Queen and her allies, all classes became naturally anxious to know what were the precise terms of it, and more particularly how the succession in Spain and the disposition of the Indies were proposed to be settled; but when the parliament, which met on the 10th July, was prorogued on the following day to the 21st August, and again to the 9th of October, and finally to the 7th of December; so many prorogations at so critical a conjuncture, and so late in the year, occasioned no little suspicion regarding the real intentions of the anti-Hanoverian ministry.]

To the memorable tune of Lillibullero.

I.



H! Brother Tom, dost know the intent,
 Lillibullero Bullen a la,
 Why they prorogue the Parliament?
 Lillibullero Bullen a la.
 Lero, lero, lero, lero, &c.

II.

I think it is plain to be understood,
 Lillibullero, &c.
 That by that same they mean us no good.
 Lillibullero, &c.

III.

For what can they mean who do not take care,
Lillibullero, &c.
In time preparations to make for the war?
Lillibullero, &c.

IV.

And how without money can we in the Spring,
Lillibullero, &c.
Get early to Flanders, and drub the French King?
Lillibullero, &c.

V.

Then is it not pity when Marlboro' so far is,
Lillibullero, &c.
To stop his career, and not let him take Paris?
Lillibullero, &c.

VI.

Now all these delays came not from town-takers,
Lillibullero, &c.
But oh! what is worse, they come from Peace-
makers.
Lillibullero, &c.

VII.

If Spain and the Indies they yield unto France,
Lillibullero, &c.

Then we may go whistle, and eke also dance.*
Lillibullero, &c.

VIII.

And then poor old England must lose all her trade,
Lillibullero, &c.
Whene'er such a scandalous peace shall be made.
Lillibullero, &c.

IX.

Oh lack and a day! I am ready to cry,
Lillibullero, &c.
To think how it favours of Popery,
Lillibullero, &c.

X.

'Tis not come to that already, I hope,
Lillibullero, &c.
Tho' we might not burn the Pretender and Pope.†
Lillibullero, &c.

* Bishop Burnet gravely relates, that when the Queen asked his candid sentiments on the proposed peace, he told her "that it was his opinion that any treaty by which Spain and the Indies were left to King Philip must, in a little while, deliver up *all Europe into the hands of France*; and if any such peace were made she was betrayed, and we were *all ruined*: in less than three years she would be murdered, and the fires would be again kindled in Smithfield!"

† See the preceding ballad.

XI.

Therefore let it be our particular care,
Lillibullero, &c.
For Spain and the Indies to keep on the war.
Lillibullero, &c.

XII.

Which, if we do roundly, I cannot but think,
Lillibullero, &c.
John Marlboro' at last will make Lewis stink.
Lillibullero, &c.

XIII.

So God bless the Queen and the House of Hanover,
Lillibullero, &c.
And never may Pope or Pretender come over.
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.



A NEW SONG.

[This, like the preceding ballad, refers to the celebrated treaty of peace subsequently ratified at Utrecht. It exhibits the temper of a large part of the nation, when it became convinced that the Tory ministry was resolved to conclude a peace with France upon any terms.]



TREATY'S on foot, look about, English
boys,

Stop a bad peace as soon as you can ;
A Peace which our Hanover's title de-
stroy,

And shakes the high Throne of our glorious Queen
Anne.

Over, over, Hanover, over,
Haste and assist our Queen and our State ;
Haste over, Hanover, fast as you can over,
Put in your claims, before 'tis too late.

A bargain our Queen made with her good friends,
The States, to uphold the Protestant line ;
If a bad Peace is made, that bargain then ends,
And spoils her good Majesty's gallant design.

Over, over, &c.

A creature there is, that goes by more names
 Than ever an honest man could, should, or would ;
 And I wish we don't find him an arrant King James*,
 Whene'er he peeps out from under his hood.
 Over, over, &c.

The Dauphin of France to a monast'ry went
 To visit the mother of him aforesaid ;
 He wish'd her much joy, and he left her content
 With a dainty fine Peace about to be made.
 Over, over, &c.

What kind of a Peace, I think we may guess,
 So welcome must be to her and her lad :
 And let any man say it, if we can do less
 Than be very sorry, when they're very glad.
 Over, over, &c.

Who'er is in place, I care not a fig,
 Nor will I decide betwixt High Church and Low ;
 'Tis now no dispute between Tory and Whig,
 But whether a Popish successor, or no.
 Over, over, &c.

Our honest Allies this Peace do explain,
 Of which our French foes so loudly do boast ;

* James Frederick Edward Stuart, the only son of James II. by his second wife, Mary of Modena.

But I hope, if they reckon on India and Spain,
They reckon without consulting their host.
Over, over, &c.

Or else we must bid farewell to our trade,
Whatever fine tales some people have told ;
For whene'er a Peace of that nature is made,
We shall send out no wool, nor bring home no gold.
Over, over, &c.

Then wage on the war, boys, with all your might,
Our taxes are great, but our danger's not small ;
We'd better be half undone, than be quite—
As half a loaf's better than no bread at all.
Over, over, &c.



ON GUISCARD'S STABBING ROBIN.

[The Count or Abbé de Guiscard, a malcontent Frenchman, was taken into some favor during the ministry of Lord Godolphin, had a foreign regiment in British pay, and a pension from the Queen. But having fallen into indigence, partly from his own prodigality, and partly from being neglected by the new administration, he resolved to improve his finances by opening a treasonable correspondence with France. Being detected, apprehended for high treason, and brought before the Privy Council for examination, he stabbed Mr. Secretary Harley with a penknife in a fit of despair, and received himself so many wounds and bruises from the councillors present, and the messengers who rushed in to apprehend him, that he died in Newgate, whither he had been conveyed, a few days afterwards. As another instance, remarks Scott, of the power of faction at this time in perverting and ridiculing whatever makes against her cause, and as a justification of the charge brought by Swift against the Whigs (*vide* his *Examiner*, No. 33), which we may in vain look for in their more formal publications, the following ballad is worth preserving.]



ATTEND, good people, give an ear,
 Listen awhile, and you shall hear
 What strange account Guiscard's affair
 Will make in future story ;
 How he was taken up and tried,
 And how he all the facts denied ;
 How he was wounded, how he died,
 To Britain's endless glory.

If fame be not mistaken, he
 Taking a turn, one, two, or three,
 By order of the Ministry,
 Was seized in the Park, Sir ;
 And thence convey'd to a room of state,
 Where Privy Councillors debate
 The grand affairs of Church and State,
 As some make their remark, Sir.

Young Cato first a letter shows,
 Of correspondence with our foes,
 Which by experience he well knows
 Will no small profit bring, Sir ;
 In this the proverb true, we see,
 Two of a trade can ne'er agree,
 For Guiscard was no more than he,
 A spy to the French king, Sir.

The Abbot saw himself betray'd
 By those who all the scheme had laid,
 Whose tool he all along was made,
 To serve young Perkin's ends, Sir ;
 And, therefore, boldly out he drew
 A knife, whose metal prov'd untrue,
 And at good Robin's breast he flew,
 Resolv'd to fall with friends, Sir.

As soon as the noble Harley found
The knife in his breast had made a wound,
The Council did to battle found
Like claps of summer thunder :
Chairs and standish, inks and pen,
To fly about the room were seen,
But valiant St. John he stept in,
And made the Count knock under.

In the article of danger he
Was so compos'd, that all agree,
For presence of mind and bravery,
He could be out-done by no man :
And by the greatness of his soul,
Which did the passion of fear controul,
And kept his spirit sound and whole,
He sure must be a Roman.

A noble and a valiant peer *,
Prompted by reason more than fear,
Thought fit some time to disappear
Under the council-board, Sir ;

* The Duke of Ormond, who, out of respect for the assassin's brother, had befriended the former, and therefore abstained from taking a more active part in the fray.

And reason for his elopement gave,
 That sure no person that was brave
 A hand in such a fray would have,
 Or draw his rusty sword, Sir.

Another duke*, to see fair play,
 Which he had never done, some say,
 Thought it the most convenient way,
 To mount upon the table :
 And when their safeties he had seen,
 Put up your swords (cried) gentlemen,
 For what can one man do to ten?
 To hurt you he's not able.

And now, my friends, I should do wrong,
 Could I forget in this my song
 To tell t' which side he did belong,
 Before I end my story :
 Some say he was a Whig, but I,
 By 's being bred in popery,
 And being call'd Monsieur L'Abbe,
 Declare him a rank Tory.

* The Duke of Newcastle.



PLOT UPON PLOT.

[The following ballad (says Scott), which enumerates all the various charges of plots against the ministry, seems worthy of preservation. It enumerates first what was called the screw-plot, being the withdrawing of certain screw-bolts from the timbers of St. Paul's, from which was inferred an intention of destroying the Queen and Ministry, who were to attend service there on the thanksgiving day for the peace. This proved to have arisen from the neglect of some of the workmen. The third stanza refers to the intended pope-burning on Queen Elizabeth's night; and the fourth to the ravages of Mohocks, which the Tories interpreted as a thing devised by the enemy. Lastly, there was the band-box plot, which, after all, seems either to have been the work of a madman, or designed for a jest. From considering these various alarms, the reader will probably be satisfied that the era of sham plots did not conclude with the reign of Charles II., although in that of Queen Anne they were not driven to the same sanguinary conclusions.]

To the tune of "Hey, boys, up go we!"



WICKED Whigs! what can you mean —
 When will your plotting cease
 Against our most renowned Queen,
 Her Ministry and Peace?

Your Protestant succession's safe,
 As our great men agree;
 Bourbon has Spain, the Tories laugh:
 Then hey, boys, up go we!

Some of your Matchi-villian crew,
 From heavy roof of Paul,
 Most trait'rously stole ev'ry screw,
 To make that fabric fall :
 And so to catch her Majesty,
 And all her friends beguile ;
 As birds are trapt by boys most fly,
 In pitfall with a tile.

You for your bonfires mawkins dress'd
 On good Queen Befs's day,
 Whereby much treason was express'd,
 As all true Churchmen say,
 Against the Devil and the Pope,
 The French, our new ally,
 And Perkin, too, that youth of hope,
 On whom we all rely.

You sent your Mohocks * next abroad,
 With razors arm'd, and knives ;
 Who on night-walkers made inroad,
 And scar'd our maids and wives :
 They scour'd the watch, and windows broke,
 But 'twas their true intent,
 (As our wise ministry did smoke)
 T' o'eturn the Government.

* A club of dissolute young men, who paraded the public streets by night, and attacked indiscriminately men and women.

But now your laſt and blackeſt deed,
What mortal can rehearſe ?
The thought of 't makes my heart to bleed—
O Muſe, aſſiſt my verſe !
A plot it was ſo deeply laid,
So diabolical,
Had not the ſecret been betray'd,
In *one* 't had flain us all.

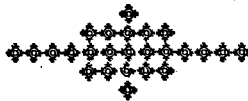
Two inkhorn tops your Whigs did fill
With gunpowder and lead ;
Which, with two ſerpents made of quill,
You in a band-box laid :
A tinder-box there was beſide,
Which had a trigger to't,
To which the very ſtring was tied,
That was deſign'd to do't.

As traitors ſpare not care nor coſt,
Theſe crackers dire were ſent,
To th' Treafurer, per penny-poſt,
And ſafely ſo they went :
And if my lord had pull'd the thread,
Then up had blown the train,
And th' inkhorns muſt have ſhot him dead,
Or elſe have burſt in twain.

But fortune spar'd that precious life,
 And so fav'd Church and Queen ;
 Good Swift was by and had a knife,
 For corn or pen made keen :
 Stand off, my Lord ! cried he, this thread
 To cut I will not doubt ;
 He cut—then op'd the band-box lid,
 And so the plot came out !

Now God preserve our gracious Queen,
 And for this glorious deed,
 May she the Doctor make a Dean,
 With all convenient speed !
 What though the *Tub* * has hinder'd him,
 As common story tells,
 Yet surely now the *band-box whim*
 Will help him down to *Wells*.

* The Queen's objections to Swift's religious principles, as indicated in his celebrated *Tale of a Tub*, were insurmountable. It is almost superfluous to add that he never got the Deanery of Wells here referred to, or any other high ecclesiastical preferment in this country.



SOLDIERS' LAMENTATION
FOR
THE LOSS OF THEIR GENERAL.

IN A LETTER
FROM THE RECRUITERS IN LONDON TO
THEIR FRIENDS IN FLANDERS.

[The Tory ministry, after vainly endeavouring for some time to obtain the Duke of Marlborough's recognition of their foreign policy, at length persuaded the Queen (Dec. 30, 1711) to dismiss from all his employments the most illustrious man in her realm, with every circumstance of indignity and contempt. As a pretext for this disgraceful proceeding, an information was laid against the Duke by the Commissioners for Public Accounts, touching his receiving five or six thousand pounds yearly from the contractor for furnishing bread to the army in Flanders.]

To the tune of "To you, fair Ladies, &c."



O you, dear Brothers, who in vain
Have curb'd the pride of France,
And over Flanders' fruitful plain
Made *Monsieurs* skip and dance ;
We send the news of grief and woe,
You've lost your gallant Marlboro',
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Refolv'd to conquer once again,
 We came to raise recruits,
 But to what purpose serve our pains,
 If these be all the fruits ?
 Since Marlboro' must no more command,
 We can't do better than disband.

With a fa, la, &c.

Ambitious Lewis thought by war
 All Europe to enslave,
 But Heaven, with indulgent care,
 To us great Marlboro' gave ;
 To fight against Popish tyranny,
 For Laws, Religion, Liberty.

With a fa, la, &c.

Near strong Nimeguen's well-wall'd town
 We first heard war's alarms,
 And there we made the Frenchmen own
 The force of English arms.
 No town, no castle, could withstand
 Where valiant Marlboro' did command.

With a fa, la, &c.

When false as proud Bavaria, grown
 By thriving treason great,
 The Roman Eagles had o'erthrown
 And forc'd them to retreat ;

The sinking Empire's hopes were loft
Till Marlboro' brought his conq'ring host.
With a fa, la, &c.

First Schellenberg in blood embu'd
His eager valor try'd,
Where they who Eagles had subdu'd
By Lion's fury dy'd :
French and Bavarians all did yield,
In fatal Blenheim's glorious field.
With a fa, la, &c.

In Flanders then the traitor Duke,
By spite alone made brave,
A valiant resolution took,
And fairly battle gave :
But fight once more his honor stains
In fam'd Ramily's bloody plains.
With a fa, la, &c.

Altho' brave Marlboro's generous care
His faithful soldiers spar'd ;
Yet all the strongest towns of war
In vain 'gainst him were barr'd :
In thrice three days he forc'd Ostend,
Which Spain could scarce at three years' end.
With a fa, la, &c.

Hereat the grand Monarch perplext,
 By force not like to thrive,
 With treacherous Ghent and Bruges next
 A project did contrive :
 But all their great designs were marr'd
 By meeting him at Oudenard.

With a fa, la, &c.

Bruffels to save, both fair and fast,
 From base Bavaria's might,
 The guarded Scheld was to be pass'd
 Ev'n in their army's fight :
 But soon the Frenchmen all were flown,
 When noble Marlboro' led us on.

With a fa, la, &c.

But oh ! the wonders which were seen
 At Blangeis drench'd in blood,
 Where men entrench'd up to the chin
 As in a castle stood :
 Led on by Marlboro' the Great,
 Ev'n there the Briton storm'd and beat.

With a fa, la, &c.

Behind their stronger lines they got
 Last year encamp'd again,
 But there he pass'd without a shot,
 And took the strong Bouchain :

So would he beat them o'er and o'er,
 Could Villars stand at every door.

With a fa, la, &c.

Brave leader, with such vast success
 By bounteous Heaven crown'd,
 Who can your valiant acts rehearse,
 Or praises justly found?
 Who ne'er your back turn'd to your foes,
 Nor from a town untaken rose.

With a fa, la, &c.

But who for British honor will,
 Or safety, more take heed,
 Since he who goes French blood to spill,
 Himself at home must bleed?
 Who popish Lewis has undone,
 By Jews and Turks is overthrown.

With a fa, la, &c.

Ungrateful England sav'd from harms
 By heroes most renown'd,
 Who for their matchless deeds of arms
 Have with affronts been crown'd:
 So fared it once with great Nassau,
 So fares it now with Marlboro'.

With a fa, la, &c.

Should Anjou now his crown forego,
 We still should losers be,
 Yea, should he give the Indies too,
 Still more than that was he ;
 If neither, then in him we must
 Have more than twice the Indies lost.

With a fa, la, &c.

No more melodious hoboy now,
 Or warlike trumpets found,
 Take off the wreaths from ev'ry brow,
 Your arms and laurels ground ;
 And you who now lie round Bouchain
 Haste to Nimeguen back again.

With a fa, la, &c,

Let Lewis give the peace we crave,
 'Tis plain we have been beat ;
 A greater blow we could not have,
 'Tis high time to retreat ;
 For since we're of our head bereft,
 No hopes but in our heels are left.

With a fa, la, &c. .

And thou, brave Eugene, with him join'd
 In conquest and in love,
 Your former friendship bear in mind,
 And mourn his fad remove.

What, though your glorious part'ner's gone,
 Persist to conquer now alone.*

With a fa, la, &c.

'Tis true, his foes have gain'd their ends,
 It cannot be denied;
 But neither France's slaves nor friends
 His name can lay aside:
 True English hearts will still proclaim
 Great Marlboro's with Eugene's fame.

With a fa, la, &c.

* The Duke of Ormond was appointed to succeed Marlborough in the command of the English troops; but, in obedience to instructions communicated from home, he abstained from taking any active share in the campaign of 1712, when the Prince Eugene sustained one defeat after another, till all the fortresses which the genius of Marlborough had wrested from them were recovered by the enemy.



NOTHING BUT TRUTH.

A BALLAD.

[This ballad also refers to the unpopular and, as many thought, inglorious Treaty of Utrecht. It was signed with France by the ministers of England, Savoy, Prussia, Portugal, and the States-General, on the 30th March, 1713. The Treaty recognised the Protestant Succession in England; secured the separation of the crowns of Spain and France; demolished the harbour of Dunkirk; ceded to England, Acadie, Hudson's Bay, Newfoundland, and St. Christopher's; severed Sicily from Naples, and transferred it to the Duke of Savoy; and ceded to the Dutch, Namur, Charleroi, and other strong places for a barrier. The splendid victories of Marlborough, it was thought, more than counterbalanced these numerous concessions on the part of Louis XIV. of France.]

To the tune of "A Beggar of all trades is the best."



HERE was once a glorious Queen
 That fill'd Great Britain's Throne,
 She fought for all her good Allies,
 And to preserve her own.
 When a fighting we did go, did go, did go,
 When a fighting we did go.

She had a certain General
 That almost conquer'd France,

Both lov'd at home, and fear'd abroad
Where'er he did advance.
There a conq'ring we did go, &c.

At Blenheim on the Danube
He did the Empire save,
And at Ramillies each Briton
From being made a slave ;
When to Paris we did go, &c.

This Queen, when she had saved thus
All Europe from its fate,
She thought she must save France, too,
And thought 'twas not too late.
When to U-trick we did go, &c.

We still had beat the French so,
The Queen most wisely thought,
They were not worth the conq'ring,
If they were not worth a groat ;
For to U-trick we did go, &c.

To raise them a new Conquest
Fit for her arms and fame,
Whate'er she won of France
She gave them up the same.
When to U-trick we did go, &c.

Let no one e'er reproach her,
 That honor or that gain
 Invited her to Battail,
 For there she gave up Spain.
 When to U-trick we did go, &c.

She gave up all in Europe
 For castles in the air,
 Great Britain for the South Sea,
 And we may all go there ;
 If a trading we will go, &c.

She gave up all her honor,
 Her treaties, and her word,
 In quitting of her allies,
 And Charles for James the Third ;
 And to Lorraine we may go, &c.

What strange contradictions
 We of late have seen,
 A conquering and a glorious,
 And yet a loving Queen ;
 When to U-trick she did go, &c.

King Jemmy fights for England,
 Queen Anne did die for France,
 And he that at Saint James'
 His interest would advance,
 To Paris straight must go, &c.

Now who can sing her praises
For all her pity shown,
If Charles should lose the Empire,
And James should have his own ;
Then a whistling we may go, &c.

If France should take away our trade,
And James should take our Crown,
And Popery come in to pull
Our Church of England down ;
Then to Paris we may go, &c.

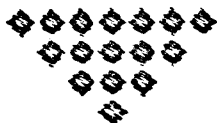
But these are all but follies
Devil'd by Whiggish men,
For when our trade and all is gone,
We ar'nt worth taking then ;
For a begging we shall go, &c.

Then God bless our wise Ministers,
Who give up all our trade,
That of France and the Pretender
We may not be afraid ;
Since a starving we may go, &c.

To keep out Rome and Popery
Is easy, if we will,
But acting for his interest
We may be Churchmen still ;
And with Tories we may go, &c.

Then God bless our wise Ministers
Who have found out the art
Of cheating them with fancies,
But hate them in their heart ;
Then with Tories we may go, &c.

Go on, then, with your fine sets,
You men of British Isle,
To save your sinking Church and State,
Make neither worth your while ;
'Tis no matter where we go, we go,
'Tis no matter where we go.



THE MERCHANT A-LA-MODE.

[The person here satirised was the Duke d'Aumont, ambassador extraordinary from France, who came to London on 2nd January, 1713, and was lodged at Powis House in Ormond Street. The contemporary historian, Rapin, relates that there was a general clamour among the people against him, on account of great quantities of wine, silks, and other goods, which his domestics were supposed to have imported duty-free, and which they openly retailed to the prejudice of the native tradesmen. "Although the duke, upon his arrival in town, forbade the selling of wines or any other commodities in his house, yet the people put up the sign of a 'bunch of grapes' before it in the night-time; and several ballads were writ both in French and English. One of them, called *The Merchant à la Mode*, containing many severe reflections, not only against the ambassador, but against the Queen's ministers, strict search was made after the publishers of it, one of whom was committed to Newgate." This is the ballad alluded to by the historian.]



ATTEND and prepare for a cargo from
 Dover,
 Wine, silk, turnips, onions, with the Peace
 are come over,
 Duke D'Aumont has brought — to make room for a
 Rover;

Which nobody can deny, deny,
 Which nobody can deny.

A fwaggering crew rode on horseback before him,
 He threw out his cash, that the mob might adore him,
 So Tag-rag and Bob-tail made up the decorum ;
 Which nobody, &c.

Our great men they bought with pensions and rattles,
 Our Gen'ral they had hir'd to fight no more battles,
 And the Rabble they wheedle with shillings and rattles ;
 Which nobody, &c.

The Train is made up with the scum of St. Germain,
 Priests, porters, and fiddlers, pimps, laqueys, and chair-
 men,
 Who are all the Great Whore of Babylon's vermin ;
 Which nobody, &c.

His house is a chapel, where the Jesuits range ;
 'Tis a Court for our Statesmen, and yet, which is strange,
 'Tis a tavern, a warehouse, a garden, a change ;
 Which nobody, &c.

The Queen had a present, we know very well ;
 But we must to market, as all folks can tell,
 For they that can buy, they also can sell ;
 Which nobody, &c.

Here Barons may talk, and Squires may fuddle,
 The House can provide both tobacco and bottle ;
 They've a seat for each guest, and a pipe for his noddle ;
 Which nobody, &c.

But theſe parcels of wine that go by retail,
Come unluckily over to hinder the ſale
Of his brother D. Hamilton's * barrels of ale ;
Which nobody, &c.

Here's a number of ſuperfine onions, which ſhows
That the merchant who ſells them has ground to ſuppoſe
His trade lay with ſome that are led by the noſe ;
Which nobody, &c.

Then out came the ſilks, and the muſty brocades,
That the liv'ry of France may be laid on the maids,
A good preparation for wild Irifh plaids ;
Which nobody, &c.

What a jumble of ſounds do we hear altogether,
From trumpets and fiddles to the clangs of a cleaver,
Confounded with the groans of Spital-field Weaver ;
Which nobody, &c.

To raiſe up a maſs-houſe they're making great haſte,
But when all this raree-ſhow muſic is paſt,
Poor England muſt pay the piper at laſt ;
Which nobody, &c.

* Duke of Hamilton, ambaffador extraordinary to France.

What pity 'tis now that Gregg* was truss'd up ;
 Had he liv'd to this time, there was reason to hope,
 He had come in for a ribbon instead of a rope ;
 Which nobody, &c.

The duke that he wrote to would have given him
 quarter,
 And so would the earl for whom he was martyr,
 But he got the halter, and Robin the garter ;
 Which nobody, &c.

O Lewis ! at last, thou hast play'd the best card,
 Lay heroes aside, and tricksters reward,
 Thou hast got by d'Aumont what thou lost by Tallard ;
 Which nobody, &c.

Remove all the war to Versailles and to Marley,
 'Tis fighting more surely, tho' somewhat unfairly,
 What a Churchill has won is restored by a Harley ;
 Which nobody, &c.

May the great hand of Justice now brandish itself
 On 'em all in a lump, from that double-tipp'd elf †
 To the fag-end of peerage, the last of the twelve !
 Which nobody, &c.

* *Vide* note p. 141.

† Alluding to the double title of Harley—viz. Oxford and Mortimer.

Haſte, Hanover, over, and reſcue our laws
From a raſcally medley of cowards and fools,
W —, cuckolds, and pimps, bawds, bullies, and beaus ;
Which nobody can deny.



THE RAREE SHOW.

[This ballad, which also relates to the memorable Peace of Utrecht, "shows up" more particularly the chief managers of it.]

1st PART.



HERE be de var pretty show juft come from
 Parie,
 Me show you, fhentlemens, to make you
 merrye.

O raree show, &c.

Here be de great fpring dat dance de mafhien,
 On which the lo'-dores be moft plainly feen.

O raree show, &c.

Here firft me present you with a difmal difafter;
 De farvant be hanged for faving his mafter.*

O raree show, &c.

* Alluding to William Gregg (a clerk in the office of Secretary Harley), who was executed at Tyburn, April 28, 1708, for communicating to the French Minister, Chamillard, the proceedings of both Houses of Parliament with respect to the augmentation of the British forces, &c. It was generally thought that his dying speech was prepared by his master, the Earl of Oxford.

Here be de great Marlbro', who, all de world knows,
Was banish'd for saucily beating his foes.

O raree show, &c.

Here be de great Ormond, made general in season,
Prohibited fighting to bring France to reason.

O raree show, &c.

Here Britain, with sacred regard to alliance,
Breaks treaties to strengthen de bond of affiance.

O raree show, &c.

Here be de var vine politicians despatched
To Paris, to treat of a peace da dar hatched.

O raree show, &c.

Here be de congrafe at *Utrick*, var nothing is brooded ;
De plenipoes meet to do vat is concluded.

O raree show, &c.

Here be anodar more pretty tranfaction,
To give Lewis all, gives allies fatiffaction.

O raree show, &c.

Here be de politique *Harli-quin**, mind him ;
You never shall twice in the same posture find him.

O raree show, &c.

* Harley (Earl of Oxford), who, the Duchess of Marlborough alleges, had a "constant awkward motion, or rather agitation of his

Here be de addressors to de trone of Great Britain,
 Say, *Here-da-tory* right will make Hanover fit on*,
 O raree show, &c.

Here be good Protestante dat loves no priest jerkin,
 To fave his religion looks to Lewis or Perkin.
 O raree show, &c.

Here be de wife politicians dat fed it,
 Dat sinking of debts was restoring of credit.
 O raree show, &c.

Here, to preserve de consultation of Britain,
 A whole dozen of lords was made at one fittin'. †
 O raree show, &c.

head and body," which betrayed "a turbulent dishonesty within, even in the midst of all these familiar airs, jocular bowing, and smiling, which he always affected to cover what could not be covered."

* Alluding to the two Houses' address of thanks to the Queen for her Majesty's speech on the opening of Parliament in 1712, in which she averred that "the Protestant succession in the House of Hanover to these kingdoms was what she had *nearest at heart*."

† The ministry having been several times outvoted in the Upper House prevailed on the Queen to create twelve new peers (Dec. 30, 1711),—an addition to that assembly which enabled them to carry forward their project of peace. The memorable Gazette, by which this vigorous exertion of prerogative was announced to the public, concluded with the following significant notice:—"Her Majesty has removed the Duke of Marlborough from all his employments."

Here be de cabal of Whigs dat are brought on,
A-hatching of plots dat no foul ever thought on.

O raree show, &c.

Here be fifty pounds vor one of Paul's screws*,
Which, had da been all gone, had ne'er hurt de pews,

O raree show, &c.

Here be de five hundred pounds vor de taking Macartney†;
Dis muft be anodar plot, de rewards bid so hearty.

O raree show, &c.

Here be de band-box and ink-horns‡ : since de good man'
surviv'd it,

Dis not vorth one brafs vardin to know who contriv'd it.

O raree show, &c.

Here be de Duc D'Aumont's whole cellar of claret§,
Burnt by de plot laid as high as de garret.

O raree show, &c.

* See introductory note to *Plot upon Plot*, p. 120.

† General Macartney, who had been Lord Mohun's second in the duel with the Duke of Hamilton, when both those noblemen fell.

‡ See introductory note to *Plot upon Plot*, p. 120.

§ The Duke d'Aumont, ambassador extraordinary from France, whose house was destroyed, it was thought, by an incendiary, Jan. 24, 1719. The duke was not only suspected of furthering the designs of the Pretender, but had rendered himself extremely obnoxious to the populace by permitting his retainers to sell wines and other foreign commodities, to the prejudice of the London tradesmen.

Here be de vive hundred pounds var de letter dat told
it;

Do his ftraw garreteers can most likely unfold it.

O raree show, &c.

Here be de Skelton, do no more dan his licensé intended,
By advertifements and fwearing is nobly defended.*

O raree show, &c.

Here be also de good folk dat on no plot did tink,
Until Skelton and Lewis thus stirr'd up a flink.

O raree show, &c.

Now give a laarjon, and when we have got 'em,
Me show you de Shevaler de St. George at de bottom.

O raree show, &c.

* The supposed Jacobite plot alluded to in this and the following stanza created considerable sensation at the time, and is thus referred to by Swift, in his Journal to Stella, Jan. 27, 1713:—"My friend [Erasmus] Lewis [Secretary to the Earl of Dartmouth] has had a lie spread on him, by the mistake of a man [Richard Skelton, Esq.], who went to another of his name, to give him thanks for passing his privy seal to come from France. That other Lewis [a Jew] spread about that the man [Skelton] brought him thanks from Lord Perth and Lord Melfort (lords now with the Pretender) for his great services. The lords will examine that other Lewis to-morrow in council." Swift also wrote *A complete Refutation of the Falsehoods alleged against Erasmus Lewis, Esq.* Vide his works by Scott, vol. iv.

2nd PART.



INCE, shentlemens, my Raree Show hit fo
 pat,
 Me brought you anoder more pretty dan
 dat.

O raree show, &c.

Here be de great spring dat dance de mashien
 Is vorced by de spirit enclosed vidin.

O raree show, &c.

Here first me present you peace-makers vor hire,
 Who make de place fet all de nashon on vire.

O raree show, &c.

Here Hermodactyl* looks vid visage uncoute,
 Acause he laughs bot on von fide of his moute.

O raree show, &c.

Here be de gold goblet sent to de old vox,
 Var more plagues containing dan Pandora's box.

O raree show, &c.

* Harley, Earl of Oxford.

Here Codicil * fets down his hand vor de King,
Ven von veek afore he tought on no fuch ting.

O raree show, &c.

Here he vid convulfions does matter impart,
And fpeaks vid his moute vat he damns vid his heart.

O raree show, &c.

Here Gambol † shows a var ftrange revormation,
Vid papers at door, ven he'd bullied de nafhon.

O raree show, &c.

Here Wildfire ‡ and he all deir fury retrench,
Cool'd more dan at Greenwich bevore my dear vench.

O raree show, &c.

Here Plenipo Rummer §, who dafh'd vine of late,
Is arriv'd at de art of dafhing de State.

O raree show, &c.

And here, having run round de ring, Atty Brogue ||
Returns to his primitive effence, a rogue.

O raree show, &c.

* Lord-Keeper Harcourt.

† Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke.

‡ Sir William Wyndham, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

§ Matthew Prior, the poet, who arranged the preliminaries of the peace of Utrecht.

|| Bifhop Atterbury.

Siere, fays de monarch to de fon of a —,
 Since you can no more help me, me'll help you no
 more.

O raree show, &c.

Here Perkin, since no von his title espoufes,
 Ascends from de trone to de tiling of houfes.*

O raree show, &c.

Here be de bishop vor Bungey † contrives a new speech,
 To vard off vat t'oder prepar'd vor his breech.

O raree show, &c.

Here Bungey does Britain vor her choice commend her,
 In da vary fermon made vor de Pretender.

O raree show, &c.

Here Tories to Vrance gives de trade, and to Spain,
 And vill grow vary rich ven dey give't back again.

O raree show, &c.

And here dey all join vid von heart and von voice,
 Vor vat, had it miss'd, dey vould var more rejoice.

O raree show, &c.

* The Tories affected to believe that the Pretender was the child of an Irish bricklayer or tiler.

† Sacheverel; who, when at the height of his popularity, was flattered with the prospect of a bishopric.

See here deir old vriend de diable appears,
And bids dem to bravely difmiss all deir fears.

O raree show, &c.

Bot dat de poltrone may have no more to brag on,
Here be brave Saint George a-flaying de dragon.

O raree show, &c.





GEORGE I.





A LAMENTATION FOR THE LATE TIMES.

[During the last four years of Queen Anne's reign, the Tories, including the chief members of her cabinet, had been secretly and actively engaged, with her privity, if not with her sanction, in preparing the way for the ultimate restoration of the exiled Stuarts. The queen's sudden death (Aug. 1, 1714) put a stop to their ill-advised scheme; and George I. succeeded to the throne in the same quiet and undisputed manner as if it had descended to him by hereditary right. No sooner, however, had the Whigs, who had always been consistent supporters of the Hanoverian succession, regained their old ascendancy in the government of the kingdom, than they proceeded to retaliate upon their political opponents, by impeaching the ministry of the late queen for having precipitated the treaty of Utrecht. By this factious proceeding, the Tories were driven, in self-defence, to overthrow, if possible, the new dynasty. The Duke of Ormond and Lord Bolingbroke escaped to France, where they openly joined the Pretender; the rest, including Harley, Earl of Oxford — "the Head," as Walpole designated him — remained at home, and ventured to stand their trials. *A Lamentation for the late Times* is a pæan of the now triumphant Whigs.]

To the tune of "To you fair Ladies now at land."



Y E filly Tories, now give ear
To what I shall advance,
Who lately, without wit or fear,
Your measures took from France :

But who might now have happy been
 (Were ye not fools) in your own King.
 With a Fa, la, &c.

The like was never seen before,
 Since the first fall of man ;
 That Jemmy was not hasten'd o'er,
 Before the fall of Ann :
 Since she was thoroughly inclin'd,
 And sick of body, sick of mind.
 With a Fa, la, &c.

Your schemes, I own, were all well laid,
 Your proper measures took ;
 And all that could be done or said,
 Was done by hook or crook :
 But, tell me, with what confidence
 Could you depend on Providence ?
 With a Fa, la, &c.

No doubt you must conclude on fight,
 And think, as you thought then,
 That God's *hereditary right*
 Can never fail with men :
 But he, you see, is well content,
 To explain this Right by *Parliament*.*
 With a Fa, la, &c.

* Alluding to the Act of Settlement passed in the reign of William III. (June 12, 1701.)

And now suppose (as you have done
 In all your Acts of late)
 That Providence was neuter grown,
 And left us *tête à tête* ;
 Yet, I'll be hang'd if Common men
 E'er did or will do thus agen.

With a Fa, la, &c.

For when the premisses were laid,
 With all your main and might,
 Yourselfs expos'd, your friends betray'd,
 And France in heart and plight ;
 Then, not to hurry Perkin in —
 O fie! the like was never seen!

With a Fa, la, &c.

And yet to lay this deep-laid scheme,
 Four kingdoms fam'd in story,
 Employ'd their wisest, ablest men,
 Both Jacobite and Tory:
 Great Britain, France, and Ireland,
 And Spain, too, all join'd hand in hand.

With a Fa, la, &c.

Nay Robin Harley *, he was there,
 Fam'd both for wit and sense ;

* Earl of Oxford, who, when Ormond and Bolingbroke fled, was committed to the Tower, and there detained for two years.

Endow'd with ev'ry tricking air,
 With politics and pence ;
 And yet, as tho'f it were not he,
 The plot it could not, would not gee—
 With a Fa, la, &c.

No ; not tho' it was pushed on
 (And without any thinking)
 In heat and hurry by Saint John,
 Warm'd both with love and drinking ;
 Tho' these were for't, I say, 'tis clear,
 That we have baulk'd the *Chevalier*.
 With a Fa, la, &c.

And now to name some men of God,
 And many men of sin,
 Who all engag'd in schemes most odd
 To bring this youngster in,
 I think it vain, but can't but laugh
 That Ormond's duke should prove an oaff !
 With a Fa, la, &c.

Then God preserve our brave King George,
 And all his royal race ;
 And may all those who dare to forge
 A Papist for his place—
 O may all men who have such views—
 O may they die in wooden shoes !
 With a Fa, la, &c.

THE VAGABOND TORIES.

[This is one of innumerable songs occasioned by the flight of the Pretender's Tory adherents to join him, preparatory to his meditated descent upon the British shores. See introductory note to the preceding ballad.]

To a well-known tune.



WHAT a racket is here

With your fugitive Peers,

Two dukes and a viscount * that led 'em ;

'Tis plain that the sages

Are gone for their wages,

That he who employ'd 'em may feed 'em.

But if I'm not mistaken,

They'll scarce save their bacon,

Old Lewis will quickly abhor 'em ;

'Tis always his nature

To bilk a poor traitor,

When he finds he can do no more for him.

* The Duke of Ormond and Viscount Bolingbroke. As the stanzas were penned immediately after their flight, the report that two dukes were gone over to the Pretender was probably erroneous ; unless the writer meant to include the Duke of Berwick.

The high-mettl'd Harry *
 Began the vagary,
 But you'll hear he's all on the fret ;
 When the diamond he wore
 Is pawn'd to a wh—,
 Or the giver has feiz'd it for debt.

This couple and half,
 Two rakes and one calf,
 Went off with the first fair wind :
 But as sure as a gun,
 There are others will run,
 Tho' at present they're lagging behind.

One Lord keeps a rout ;
 With his guns jutting out,
 Another lies peeping and groping ;
 A third says he'll make
 "The Sceptre to shake,"
 But they'll all scour away from a chopping.

The knight † of such fire
 From Somersetshire,
 Who for High-Church is always so hearty,

* Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke.

† Sir William Wyndham, member for Somersetshire, and a Tory leader, who, amongst others, was arrested on suspicion of intending to join the Jacobites on the Continent.

Tho' in England he tarries,
Is equipping for Paris,
To prevent any *schism* in the party.

Frank Scammony's fate
May be something more late,
For his swearing and lying full store :
But should the Church Brawn
Be secure in his lawn,
Yet Bungey * must make a grand tour.

O Oxford, † ! thy fame
Shines out in his name,
With a Chancellor Ormond profound ;
And eke in Sir William ‡,
That leather-jaw'd villain,
Thou'rt in Blue-frings and Shoe-frings renown'd.

There's no one denies
They're learned and wife,
Since the choice they made is not common :

* Sacheverell.

† Upon the bill of attainder being passed against Ormond, the Chancellor of the University, the latter unanimously appointed his brother the Earl of Arran to succeed him, although it was well known that the Prince of Wales aspired to the vacant office.

‡ Wyndham.

Grave members* they've sent
 To the Parliament,
 An old man, and eke an old woman.

They furnish'd out once
 A bellowing Dunce,
 Unlearned, ungodly, uncivil ;
 Who in college and school
 Was always a fool,
 But in politics raves like a devil.†

The impudent Phipps‡
 Must come in for snips,
 Who at Oxford so lately was dubb'd ;
 Tho' instead of degree,
 Such a bawler as he
 Deserv'd to be heartily drubb'd.

Young Perkin, poor elf,
 May promise himself
 Two things from the face of that man ;

* William Bromley and Doctor Charles Clarke, the representatives of the University in 1715.

† Sacheverell.

‡ Sir Constantine Phipps, ex-Chancellor of Ireland, who for his Jacobite sympathies had been removed from his office immediately upon the accession of George I. On the King's coronation-day (20th Oct. 1714), the University of Oxford had conferred a doctor's degree, in a markedly factious manner, upon him.

There's brags within reach
 To furnish a speech,
 And the lid of a *warming-pan*.*

The King of Spain sent to,
 About th' Assento,
 Atty Brogue † the harden'd and brawny ;
 Away let him flee,
 Full drive to South Sea,
 That the Blacks may be match'd with a Tawny.

A certain peace-maker ‡
 Is a doughty wife-acre,
 His spelling and talking will prove it ;
 On his side a great star
 Does glitter most rare,
 But, alas, 'tis all darkness above it !

One Tom, Earl of Strafford§,
 Already has suffer'd
 For treason, we know very well ;

* Alluding to the utensil in which it was vulgarly believed that the Chevalier had been conveyed, by a Romish priest, to the bed-chamber of Queen Mary of Modena, on the morning of his birth. The "warming-pan" figures in innumerable ballads, broadsides, and caricatures of this period.

† Dr. Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, who was as remarkable for his diminutive stature as for the swarthiness of his complexion.

‡ Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, who effected the peace of Utrecht.

§ Alluding to the fate of the great minister of Charles I.

Tho' of him it is said,
 He once had a *head*,
 But this is no more than a *shell*.

What Ormond with fraud
 Long ago did abroad,
 With fear he does over again ;
 'Tis but an old dance
 To leave England for France,
 He play'd the same trick at Denain.*

Tho' his name is so high,
 He was there but a spy
 To Villars ; and now the French Bully,
 To quit off old scores,
 Shall find him with wh—,
 And serve as a pimp to his cully.

For the Peers gone away,
 For the parsons that stay,
 They tell us new laws are preparing ;
 The laymen we fainted
 Must now be attained,
 And their clergy kept honest by swearing.†

* Alluding to the desertion of the Allies by the English army, which the duke commanded (after the recall of Marlborough) in 1712.

† The high-church party almost to a man sympathized with the Pretender, conscientiously believing that the Church was in danger under a Whig rule.

But 'tis all a jest
To hamper a priest,
For abjuring they care not a fig ;
They'll take without fail
An oath like a whale,
If they get but a Living as big.

Their doubts they can banish,
All scruples will vanish,
The cloudiest case will be clear ;
An oath vile and woful
Appears very lawful
In the light of a hundred a-year.

Grand asseverations,
Severe imprecations,
Are as easy as reading their pfallter ;
They swallow all up,
Without ere a gulp,
There's nought chokes a priest but a halter.



A NEW SONG.

[The subject of this ballad was John Erskine, eleventh Earl of Mar, who headed the formidable insurrection in Scotland against the new government (1715). His political tergiversation is thus summed up by Mr. Chambers, in his history of that Rebellion. "He had entered into public life, early in Queen Anne's reign, as a partizan of the Court; in other words, a Whig or Revolutionist. Afterwards, in 1704, on the country or Jacobite party coming into power, he wheeled about, and imposed himself upon his late opponents as one of the most zealous of their friends. Previous to the union, when the Whig party again became triumphant, he turned once more; and he was conspicuous in the list of commissioners for carrying that measure into effect. . . . At the change of the Whig for the Tory Ministry in 1710, he had the address to make still another change, and to be made one of the Secretaries of State. He would have willingly been converted back to Protestant succession, if King George could have only assured him of a continuance in office. Finding himself rejected in that quarter, he was finally, at least for the present, settled down into a friend of the exiled House of Stuart."]

To the tune of "Which nobody can deny, or Rare Doings at Bath."



ATTEND, and I'll tell you a story that's
new,
'Tis somewhat that's strange, but yet it is
true,

To change a black hat for a bonnet that's blue;

Which nobody can deny.

A rogue of a Scot pretends to declare
 Against King and Country a traitorous war ;
 A perjur'd false loon*, and his name it is Mar ;
 Which nobody, &c.

This crooked disciple pretends he will bring
 A Popish Pretender, whom he calls a King,
 For which both himself and his Master may swing ;
 Which nobody, &c.

By oaths he has sworn, and the Sacrament took,
 His hand and his lips have been laid to the book,
 And then, like Judas, his Master forfook ;
 Which nobody, &c.

But first, like true heroes, the rebels we'll bang,
 We've axes and halters to serve the whole gang,
 And then, too, like Judas himself he may hang ;
 Which nobody, &c.

In tumults and treason the Jacobites cry,
 The King's a Fanatic, I tell you for why,
 Because he is not of a Church they call *High* ;
 Which nobody, &c.

* On Aug. 1st, 1715; the earl appeared at the levee of King George; on the 2nd he set off to raise the Highlands for King James!

What Church 'tis they mean, 'tis plain we can tell,
 A Church that the Jacobites know very well,
 The true Church of Rome, that teach knaves to rebel;
 Which nobody, &c.

To prove this assertion, ye very well know
 Three traitors that swung for 't, and not long ago,
 One said he was High-Church, but would not be low;
 Which nobody, &c.

But when at old Tyburn he came to the rope,
 He told 'em his Church did belong to the Pope,
 But still would be High-Church as long as there's hope;
 Which nobody, &c.

A true Popish project their scandal to show
 On a Protestant Church, with their high and their low,
 But hang up such rogues, or *the* Church they'd o'er-
 throw;
 Which nobody, &c.

For shepherds and wolves to be in our cause,
 Against our Religion, our Country, and Laws,
 When must the poor Church thus heal up her flaws?
 Which nobody, &c.

When Oxford, that eminent structure of study,
In riots and treasons their heads are turn'd giddy,
The streams must be foul when the fountain is muddy*;
Which nobody, &c.

A Protestant King and a Protestant Prince,
Three Protestant kingdoms invited long since,
But now like old tricksters the matter they'd mince;
Which nobody, &c.

King George and the Prince, about let it pass,
The Princess and issue, with all the whole race—
To traitors and villains confusion of face;
Which nobody, &c.

* Alluding to the disloyal conduct of the students, who, when the King's officers, in the summer of 1715, were beating up for volunteers, fell upon them so fiercely that they hardly escaped with their lives.



ORMOND THE BRAVE.

[This is a traditionary ballad, and was taken down by Mr. Roach Smith in 1841, from the mouth of an itinerant fisherman in the Isle of Wight, who knew no more about it than that it had been sung by his father and grandfather before him. I have transferred it from the pages of *England under the House of Hanover*, by that eminent antiquary, Mr. Thomas Wright, who justly esteems it one of the most curious relics of Jacobite literature extant. "It was, no doubt," observes the last-mentioned gentlemen, "one of those sung about the country on the eve of the rebellion of 1715. It is evidently much corrupted, as here given from the mouth of the singer."

The personal history of the Duke of Ormond, after his ineffectual attempt to raise a rebellion in the West of England, presents no features whatever of interest. For several years he continued to intrigue for the restoration of the Stuarts, and died at last neglected and almost forgotten, in his retirement at Avignon, Nov. 16, 1745.]



AM Ormond the Brave—did you ever hear
of me?

A man lately banish'd from his own
country,

I fought for my life, and I pawn'd my estate,

For being so loyal to the Queen and the great.

You know I am Ormond, I am Ormond the
Brave;

You call me Jemmy Butler, but I am Ormond
the Brave!

Between Ormond and Marlboro' there arose a great dispute :

Says Ormond to Marlbro, "I was born a duke,
And you but a foot-page to wait upon a lady ;
You may thank the kind fortune, since the wars they
have made ye."

And sing hey, &c.

"O," says Marlbro', "now do not say so ;
For if you do, from the Court you shall go."
"Oh, then," says Ormond, "do not be so cruel,
But draw forth your sword, and I'll end it with a duel."
But Marlbro' went away, and he came no more there ;
When the brave Duke of Ormond threw his sword into
the air.

And sing hey, &c.

"Begone, then," says Ormond, "you cowardly traitor !
To rob my soldiers it never was my nature,
As you have done before, we well understand,
You fill'd up your coffers, and impoverish'd your own
land."

And sing hey, &c.

"I never was a traitor, as you have been saying :
I never damn'd Queen Anne, as her grave she lay in ;
But I was Queen Anne's darling, and Old England's
delight,

And for the crown of England so boldly I did fight."

And sing hey, &c.

BISHOP BURNET'S DESCENT INTO HELL.

[For the share Bishop Burnet had in the memorable revolution of 1688, he was not only pursued to the last hour of his life with inveterate malignity by the Jacobites; but his memory was loaded with every epithet of reproach by his almost equally bitter enemies, the loyal Tories. The bishop died March 17, 1715. How the Jacobites treated him may be judged, in some measure, by the following epitaph they composed upon him:—

Here Sarum lies,
Of late as wife
As learned Tom Aquinas:
Lawn sleeves he wore,
Yet was no more
A Christian than Socinus.

Oaths *pro* and *con*
He swallow'd down,
Lov'd gold like any layman;
Wrote, preach'd, and pray'd,
But yet betray'd
God's holy Church to Mammon.

Of every vice
He had a spice,
Altho' a reverend prelate;
Yet liv'd and died,
If not belied,
A true dissenting zealot.

If such a soul
To heav'n has stole,
And 'scap'd old Satan's clutches;

We'd then perfume,
There may be room
For Marlbro' and his Dutcheſs.

What his other opponents thought of him may be gathered from the *Deſcent into Hell*. This piece, it is ſaid, was written by the biſhop's youngeſt ſon, Sir Thomas Burnet (who died one of the Juſtices of the Common Pleas), in anticipation of the Tory ſatiriſts; which, if true, confirms (as Scott remarks) his early character for graceleſſneſs and ingenuity.]



HE Devils were brawling
At Burnet's deſcending;
But at his arrival,
They left off contending:

Old Lucifer ran
His dear biſhop to meet,
And thus the Arch-devil
Th' Apoſtate did greet: —

“My dear Biſhop Burnet,
I'm glad beyond meaſure;
This viſit unlook'd for
Gives infinite pleaſure;
And, O! my dear Sarum,
How go things above;
Does George hate the Tories,
And Whigs only love?”

“Was your Highneſs in
Propriâ perſonâ to reign,

You could not more justly
Your Empire maintain.”
“ And how does Ben Hoadley ? ”
“ Oh ! he's very well,
A truer blue Whig
You have not in hell.”

“ Hugh Peters is making
A sneaker * within,
For Luther, Buchanan,
John Knox, and Calvin ;
And when they have tofs'd off
A brace of full bowls,
You'll swear you ne'er met
With honefter souls.

“ This night we'll carouse,
In spite of all pain ;—
Go, Cromwell, you dog,
King William unchain ;
And tell him his Gilly
Is lately come down ;
Who's just left his mitre,
As he left his crown.

“ Whose lives, till they died,
In our service were spent,

* A small bowl of punch.

They only come hither,
Who never repent ;
Let heralds aloud, then,
Our victories tell,
Let George reign for ever ! ”
Amen ! cried all hell.



THE PRETENDER'S CHARGE AGAINST THE TORIES.

[When his chief partizans in England were disperfed, or in captivity; when his adherents in Scotland were overawed by the fuperior forces of Argyle; and when a reward of 100,000*l.* was fet upon his head, Prince James Edward Frederick Stuart, the Pretender, landed with half a dozen attendants almoft unexpectedly at Peterhead, in Aberdeenshire, on December 22, 1715. His arrival only added to the confufion and defpair in the ranks of his followers. After making a brief tour in the northern parts of Scotland, and exercifing a few of the prerogatives of majefty, he departed for France as fuddenly as he came (Feb. 4, 1716). Such pufillanimous conduct difgusted the hardy clans in the Highlands. The Chevalier's prefence in the ancient kingdom of his forefathers is nowhere better defcribed than in a Rebel's *True Account of the Proceedings at Perth*: "I muft not conceal (fays this follower) that, when we faw the man whom they call our King, we found ourfelves not at all animated by his prefence; and if he was difappointed in us, we were tenfold more fo in him. We faw nothing in him that looked like fpirit. He never appeared with cheerfulness and vigor to animate us. Our men begun to defpife him; fome asked if he could fpeak. His countenance looked extremely heavy. He cared not to come abroad amongft us foldiers, or to fee us handle our arms or do our exercife. Some faid the circumftances he found us in dejected him; I am fure the figure he made dejected us; and had he fent us but 5000 men of good troops, and never himfelf come amongft us, we had done other things than we have now."

The caufe of the Pretender, after his abortive attempt in Scotland, became fo manifefly hopelefs, that the Whig fupporters of the Hanoverian rule could now afford to banter the difcomfited Jacobite Tories in lefs ferocious ballads than they were wont to indite before the iffue of the dynaftic conteft was known.]



FROM distant lands your wand'ring King
 With mournful voice does call ;
 Ye Tories hear the heavy charge
 I have against you all.

The non-resisting doctrine was
 The mark to know you by,
 And all false brethren call'd, who dare
 This article deny.

Full thirty years this was the cant
 To royal sovereignty ;
 Passive obedience we will give,
 Like Essex calves we'll be.

The scaramouches everywhere
 With open throats bawl'd out,
 Ye loyal sons of our High-Church,
 This is the truth, no doubt.

Th' Oxonian doctors farther went,
 And gravely did aver,
 A damning sin it was to set
 Aside a popish Heir.

Late Jemmy, who my father was,
 If I'm his son be true,

Three kingdoms lost by trusting to
This swearing perjur'd crew.

You swore that you believ'd that I
Came from the royal line ;
So you my subjects were, and I
Your King by right divine.

You boasted that the Whigs were less
In number ten to one ;
And so with ease, if I'd come o'er,
You'd set me on the throne.

Your words I took, deceived by
Lesley*, that flattering tool,
But found you prov'd the greatest knaves,
And I the greatest fool.

One King you swore to, yet him hate,
And for another long,
Let which of us be in the right,
You must be in the wrong.

You're false to him, to whom you swore,
And are to me not true ;
The worst of men that ever liv'd,
Are fain't compar'd with you !

* The well-known author of the *Rehearsals*.

If curfing oaths and lies, like fwords
 And guns, the Whigs would kill,
 Your Jemmy soon might come again
 The British throne to fill.

But fighting Whigs my rival guard,
 The thundering din of war
 Fills Tory hearts and mine with fear—
 This, this our cause does *Mar.*

Pray beg my rival generously
 To give me up his throne;
 For by your fighting I've no hopes
 It e'er will be my own.

But if, like fools, you'll try once more
 The Whigs' superior power,
 Your King turns prophet, and foretells
 You'll rise to fall down lower.

This is the dreadful curse I wish
 On all the Tory race;
 'Twould ease my raging heart to hear
 It speedily took place.

May ye again rebel, and may
 This doom upon ye fall;
 Be routed, thousands slain, the rest
 Taken and hanged all!

I by my royal word now swear,
 Since I must poor remain,
 By you false cowards once betray'd,
 I'll ne'er trust you again.

This is your charge, none can deny't,
 'Tis truth which I here tell —
 Ye traitorous Tories now farewell,
 Eternally farewell !



THE TORIES' ANSWER.



GR^{EAT} Sir ! we Tories were amazed,
 Your heavy charge to hear ;
 Who are the cowards, you or we,
 These lines will make appear .

We own'd you for King James's son,
 And pray'd you to come over ;
 Tell us what mighty things you've done
 Your kingdoms to recover ?

When you embark'd, the roaring waves
Fill'd your faint heart with fear,
Your courage—if you any had—
Was left behind you there.

When you into the harbour got,
And safely was unshipt,
You trembled like a naughty child
Just going to be whipt.

Ah! did the piercing northern cold
The shaking ague bring?
O no, it was a timorous heart
That lodg'd within our King.

You came and view'd your highland clans,
And rode from front to rear;
You lik'd not them, nor they lik'd you,
Your looks betray'd your fear.

Argyle drew nigh, with furious speed,
The fate of war to try;
Three kingdoms could not make you stay,
But you as fast did fly.

I shall be caught or kill'd (you cried)
When murd'ring bullets fly;
Or thund'ring noise will make me deaf,
Or smoke inflame my eye.

Your valiant clans then wisely thought,
Since you were fled and gone,
They would not be such fools to fight ;
And thus you were undone.

But they with swords and targets arm'd
Could make your foes to bleed,
And drive them back (had you but staid)
Into the River Tweed.

Had you but boldly marcht to us,
In Britain's southern parts,
Great numbers would have joined you,
With courage in their hearts.

Your name in histories will be
Reverse to Cæsar's fame ;
You came and saw—then ran away
Much faster than you came !

Turn priest ; the ladies then will come
To you to be confest ;
Sing *Ave Marias*, and say *Mafs*, —
That suits your temper best.

Were ever faithful subjects serv'd
So base as we have been ;
Slighted and left, and bullied too,
By one we call'd our King ?

All, but we Tories, are aſham'd
To own thee for a King —
Thou crying, flying runagate,
Thou down-lookt puny thing !

Pray croſs the ſeas no more to us,
We ne'er will come to thee;
Thy weeping, diſmal, laſt farewell
Eternal then will be.



THE PRETENDER'S FLIGHT, AND
SORROWFUL LAMENTATION
FOR HIS LATE DISAP-
POINTMENT IN
SCOTLAND.

[Previously to the breaking out of the Scottish rebellion in 1715, many of the Londoners exhibited their loyalty to the House of Hanover by arming and constituting themselves the guardians of the public peace within the limits of their own city, and by meeting and carousing periodically at certain taverns, or *mug-houses*, as they were called from the vessel in which the liquor was sold. These loyal societies ultimately became the greatest pests of the town; for at their convivial gatherings the members of them, in drinking confusion to the Pretender and his Tory adherents, usually confounded themselves, and whilst in that state sallied forth and attacked indiscriminately all whom they met in the streets. The turbulence and bloodshed that followed at length compelled the government to interpose and suppress them. The following is an average specimen of the once popular "mug-house songs." Both in point of wit and expression they are very inferior to the Jacobite relics of the same period.]

*Let Tories in this Ballad view
What silly Whigs believe not true,
Perkin is surely James's son,
He does so naturally run:
So foolish is he, and mild-hearted,
I do sincerely wish him carted;
And, if his stars do not mistake,
He must in time the halter take.*

To the tune of "What d'ye call it."

I.



WAS when the Seas were roaring
 With blasts of northern wind,
 Young Perkin lay deploring,
 On warming-pan reclin'd ;
 Wide o'er the roaring billows
 He cast a dismal look,
 And shiver'd like the willows
 That tremble o'er the brook.

II.

" Three weeks are gone and over,
 And five long tedious days,
 Since I, unhappy rover,
 Did venture o'er the seas.
 Cease, cease, thou cruel Ocean,
 And let young Perkin rest ;
 Ah ! what's thy troubled motion
 To that within his breast ?

III.

" Mar, robb'd of place and pension,
 Rebels through Fortune's frown ;

His loss deserves no mention
To the losing of my Crown :
Would he regain his pension,
He need but cross the main ;
But, ah me ! no invention
My Crown can e'er regain.

IV.

“ Why was it said the Tories
For me did try amain ?
Why then are all the roaries,
Why are they all in vain ?
No eyes their use discover,
They mobb'd on bonfire-night
To tempt me to come over,
Then leave me in a fright ! ”

V.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd he for his Crown,
Continually fighting,
The tears his cheeks run down :
Then mounting High-Church steeple
Argyle's approach he spied,
And leaving High-land people,
He fled to the sea-side.

VI.

Where finding of some shipping
Which lately came from France,
The first he met he slipt in,
For fear of Highland clans;
Leaving behind young Tinmouth,
And divers friends beside,
Cry'd "Devil take the hindmost!"
And so th' Impostor died.



THE CHRISTENING:

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD.

[The marked preference shown by the Electress Sophia of Hanover for her grandson, Prince George Augustus, whom alone she consulted in all matters relating to the English succession, naturally produced in the mind of his father, George I., a strong feeling of jealousy; which, shortly after his arrival in this country, unhappily ripened into an absolute dislike of him. The first public display of this ill disposition was exhibited at the christening of the Prince's first-born son in England, when the King, without having given any previous intimation of his intention, thought proper to substitute the Duke of Newcastle (who was particularly obnoxious to the Prince) for his royal brother, the Duke of York, as one of the sponsors on that occasion. The Prince of Wales restrained his indignation till the conclusion of the ceremony, and then, raising his hand menacingly to the Duke, vowed vengeance, and heaped the coarsest epithets upon him. For this ebullition of temper the King not only demanded an apology from his son, but sought at the same time to reduce him to a state of the most abject dependence. Failing, however, to obtain his entire submission, his Majesty summarily ejected both the Prince and his household from the palace of St. James'. This untoward affair was equally astonishing to the public and perplexing to the government. The adherents of the Pretender, as this ballad shows, took immediate advantage of it.]

To the tune of "Chevy Chase."



OD prosper long our noble King,
His Turks and Germans all;
A woful Christ'ning late there did
In James' House befall.

To name a child, with might and main,
Newcastle took his way;
We all may rue the child was born,
Who christened was that day.

His sturdy sire, the Prince of Wales,
A vow to God did make,
That if he dared his child to name
His heart full sure should ake.

But on a day, fraight to the Court,
This duke came with a staff—
Oh! how the Prince did stamp and stare!
At which this duke did laugh.

Hereat the Prince did wax full wroth,
E'en in his Father's hall:
"I'll be reveng'd on thee, (he cry'd)
Thou rogue and eke rascal!"

The duke ran straightway to the King,
Complaining of his son;
And then the King sent three dukes * more
To know what he had done.

* The King, supposing that his son had challenged Newcastle to fight, sent the Dukes of Roxburg, Kent, and Kingston, to know the exact words used by him, which the Prince said were not "You rascal, I will *fight* you!" but "You rascal, I will *find* you!" meaning that he would at some future time retaliate upon him.

“Then,” quoth the Prince, “he is a rogue
 Against my will to stand ;”
 Then Roxbro’ said, “Great Sir, indeed,
 He did it by command.”

“By G— ! thou liest, I know thy heart,
 And thy presumption, too ;”
 And then he added words of wrath,
 So to the King they flew.

“We saw the Prince,” quoth Roxbro’ — “*Bon.*”
 “T’appease him we’re not able ;
 He gave me, Sire, the lie,” — “*Comment ?*”
 “And bid us kifs” — “*Diable !*”

The King then took his gray-goose quill,
 And dipt it o’er in gall,
 And, by Master Vice-Chamberlain,
 He sent to him this scrawl : —

“Take hence yourself, and eke your spouse,
 Your maidens and your men ;
 Your trunks and all your trumpery, —
 Except your chil-de-ren.”

These heavy tidings being told,
 Each snatched up what was useful ;
 The Princess first to Clayton cried,
 “Oh ! don’t forget the close-stool.”

The Prince secured with mickle haste
 The Artillery Commiffion * ;
 And with him trudged full many a maid,
 But not one politician.

Up leapt Lepel † and frisk'd away,
 As though she ran on wheels ;
 Miss Meadows ‡ made a woful face,
 Miss Howe§ took to her heels.

But Bellenden ||, I needs must praise,
 Who, as down stairs she jumps,

* The Prince, as Regent, during his father's absence in Hanover in the preceding year, had made himself extremely popular with the army, which was thought to have confirmed his father's jealousy of him.

† Mary Lepel, the accomplished and vivacious daughter of General Lepel, and one of the maids of honour to the Princess, of whom Lord Chesterfield has written :—

“Should the Pope himself ever go roaming,
 He would follow dear Molly Lepel.”

‡ Miss Meadows, another of the Princess' maids of honour, “whom (says Dr. Doran) the fine gentlemen called a ‘prude,’ light poets sneered at as ‘chaste,’ and whose self-respect afforded as much amusement to the licentious courtiers as the startling wit of Lepel or Bellenden.”

§ Sophia Howe, another of the Princess' attendants; she was daughter of General Howe, and equally distinguished for her beauty and frivolity.

|| Mary, daughter of Lord Bellenden; she rejected the addresses of the Prince and espoused, in 1720, Colonel John Campbell (afterwards Duke of Argyle), then groom of the bedchamber to his Royal Highness.

Sang "O'er the hills and far away,"
 Despising doleful dumps.

Then up the street they took their way,
 And knockt up good Lord Grant-ham *
 Higgedy-piggedy they lay,
 And all went *rantam scantam*.

Now Sire and Son had play'd their part,
 What could befall beside?
 Why the poor babe took this to heart,
 Kickt up its heels and died. †

God grant the land may profit reap
 From all this filly pother,
 And send these fools may ne'er agree,
 Till they are at Hanover.

* Earl Grantham was chamberlain to the Princess of Wales, and when she and the Prince were ejected from St. James', they found a temporary refuge in his lordship's private residence in Albemarle Street, whilst Leicester House was preparing for their reception.

† The Prince (George William) was born on the 2nd Nov. 1717, and died on the 6th of Feb. 1718. The Duke of Newcastle, being Lord Chamberlain, had the unenviable duty of superintending the funeral; so that the court wits said of him, that he had not only introduced the infant prince into the bosom, but also into the bowels, of the church!



THE SEVEN WISE MEN OF ENGLAND.

[The precipitate removal of Lord Townsend from the government (the result of Sunderland's and Stanhope's intrigues on the Continent, whilst the King was visiting his Hanoverian dominions) was shortly afterwards followed by the voluntary retirement of the disgraced minister's principal colleagues and friends, who thenceforward constituted an Opposition much more formidable to the new ministry than the united factions of Tories and Jacobites. The excuses alleged for the summary treatment of Townsend were, that he and some others in the Cabinet were caballing with the Duke of Argyle and the Earl of Illy; that their repeated remonstrances to draw his Majesty from Hanover were only so many feints to cover their own insidious designs; that their great desire was to detain him abroad, and by urging the necessity of transacting the public business, to induce him to invest the Prince of Wales with fuller powers, and enable him to open the parliament, and to obtain an increased, permanent, and independent interest. Several of the parties satirised in this ballad were known to be personal friends of the Prince; but it may be doubted whether they approached him *in a body*, as here indicated. The ballad is curious, as exhibiting the unhappy state of feeling that existed between King George and his heir.]

To the tune of "To all you ladies," &c.

I.



EVEN Planets they do grace the skies,
 Seven Bishops grac'd the Tow'r;
 In Greece were only Seven Wife Men,
 In England are no more:

The Eighth, to make the number even,
 Is he that's govern'd by the Seven.

With a fa la, &c.

II.

Now shall I tell each title o'er,
 Each different degree ;
 The Peers they are in number *four*,
 The Commoners but *three* ;
 Which peerless three they don't see why
 They mayn't be peers before they die.

III.

There's Oxford (Sunderland's fast friend),
 There's Townsend fam'd for speeches,
 Earl Cowper never known to bend
 While he did wear the breeches ;
 But I should name his Grace of Devon,
 Almost the tallest of the Seven.

IV.

The Walpoles twain * but *one* I count,
 For say whate'er they can,
 Although two wags, they do amount
 But just to one Wife Man :
 The next are Edgcombett, short and comely,
 And the son of Muster-master Gumley.

* Sir Robert and his brother Horace.

† Richard Edgcombe, the political agent of Walpole.

v.

To Richmond * these Seven Wife Men went,
 Gall Walpole's barge it bore 'em,
 Our Hope his course to meet them bent,
 Six footmen march'd before him :
 In his embroider'd coat they found him,
 With all his strutting dwarfs around him. †

vi.

“ Welcome, my lords and gentlemen,
 I'm glad to see your faces ;
 First kiss my Royal hand, and then
 Walk in and take your places :
 Set me my chair, on either hand
 I give you Wife Men leave to stand.”

vii.

The Lord of Chatworth ‡, that grave peer,
 Attempted first to speak,
 For wit renown'd thro' Derbyshire,
 The wonder of the Peak ;
 Whose wisdom, o'er his visage spread,
 Lies on the outside of his head.

* The Prince of Wales, after the quarrel with his father, kept his court alternately at Richmond and Leicester House in London.

† The Prince was remarkable for the diminutiveness of his person.

‡ William Cavendish, fourth Duke of Devonshire.

VIII.

His words were few, his bows were low,
 He lik'd this meeting well,
 But why they did come here, or how,
 The Wife Man could not tell :
 " Let Townsend say the reason why,
 He knows my mind much more than I."

IX.

" Full thirteen *fools* (quoth Townsend then)
 They are who rule this Realm,
 The which shall fall by us Wife Men,
 That you may steer the helm ;
 My brothers both, your cause to aid,
 ve brought their faces, I my head."

X.

" Hold ! hold ! " all foaming out with rage
 Wife Oxford then did cry,
 " I t' impeach them will engage,
 Though heart nor head have I —
 For such poor fools, I've something better ;
 Impeach, and I'll produce the *Letter*." *

XI.

To this Earl Cowper's smiling face
 Seem'd pretty well inclined ;

* Alluding to the letter which the earl addressed to the Court of St. Germain's during his incarceration in the Tower, and in which he made a tender of his services to the exiled family.

But since he wisely dropt the mace,
 He don't well know his mind :
 " Sir, (quoth the Prince,) we fear some strifes,
 Let's go, my lords, and ask our wives."

XII.

Quoth Robin next, in mighty glee,
 Of whom it is much doubt,
 Whether more wife, or how e'er 't be,
 Doth now at last shine out —
 " To lay these thirteen fools quite flat,
 We must do something wise — but what ?

XIII.

" We'll say the King's in possession ;
 Ergo, 'twill plainly seem,
 They're enemies to the succession,
 Who're just and true to him :
 And therefore, Sir, we Seven Wife Men,
 Do pray for you know *what* — Amen !"

XIV.

To purpose Horace * said not much,
 But made a heavy splutter
 Of treaties when he beat the Dutch
 In the famed point of butter ;

* Horace Walpole, during Townsend's tenure of office, had been the British minister at the Hague.

With noify tales and bawdy sham,
And jokes, he fettled Rotterdam.

xv.

When Edgecumbe spoke, the Prince in sport
Laugh'd at the merry elf,
Rejoic'd to see within his Court
One shorter than himself:
"I'm glad (cries out the quibbling squire)
My *lowness* makes your Highness *higher*."

xvi.

"Somebody's son of rueful hue
Did his wife head advance;
Next session I'll be true to you,
Unless I sneak to France;
Meanwhile I'll make your maidens merry,
With bargains, puns, and *Hey down derry!*"

xvii.

Thus wisely spoke these Seven Wife Men,
And thus the Eighth replied:
"O! what reward, good Friends, and when
Shall I for you provide? —
And yet I must, to save expenses,
E'en starve you, as I starve my wenches."

XVIII.

“ Though you should fail to gain the prize,
Mistaken in your rules,
Ye Wife Men, hear what I advise,
Go fright these thirteen fools ;
For next to hearing of a drum beat,
I should delight in such a combat.

XIX.

“ But twice ten long years hence and more,
When 'tis my turn to reign,
If you don't die or doat before,
And I these thoughts retain,
You that have lost your places — then,
Perhaps, may have them all again !”



A SOUTH SEA BALLAD;

OR,

MERRY REMARKS UPON EXCHANGE ALLEY BUBBLES.

[The speculative or "bubble" mania that prevailed in the year 1720, and resulted in the aggrandisement of a few unprincipled individuals at the expense of thousands of families, many of whom were reduced to irretrievable beggary, offered an unusual, tempting, and fertile field to the wits and satirists of that day. Their songs, squibs, and pamphlets, whilst, no doubt, they added not a little to the mental anguish of the sufferers, by mercilessly exposing the general infatuation, nevertheless served to bring stock-jobbing and gambling into discredit. No scheme, however, during "the mania" was too extravagant for reception. Projectors innumerable pandered to the public credulity; public credulity quickened the inventive genius of projectors. When the South Sea Company were voting dividends of 50 per cent, and 100*l.* of their stock were selling for 1100*l.*, a thousand kindred bubbles were blown into existence; such, for instance, as the Periwig Company, the Spanish Jackass Company, the Quicksilver Fixation Company, and another for melting down saw-dust and chips, and casting them into clean deal boards without cracks or knots. Beranger's witty stanza, in reference to our neighbours' famous Mississippi scheme of 1718, is equally applicable to our infatuated countrymen two years later:—

“ C'était la régence alors
 Et sans hyperbole,
 Grâce aux plus drôles de corps,
 La France était folle ;
 Tous les hommes s'amusaient,
 Et les femmes se prêtaient
 A la gaudriole au gué,
 A la gaudriole.”

Of all the ballads referring to the disastrous South Sea mania, the

following was the most popular. It was published originally in the month of September, 1720, and was sung for months together about the streets of London.]

To a new tune called "The Grand Elixir; or, The Philosopher's Stone discovered."

I.



IN London stands a famous pile,
And near that pile an alley,
Where merry crowds for riches toil,
And Wisdom stoops to Folly.

Here sad and joyful, high and low,
Court Fortune for her graces ;
And as she smiles or frowns, they show
Their gestures and grimaces.

II.

Here stars and garters do appear,
Among our lords the rabble ;
To buy and sell, to see and hear,
The Jews and Gentiles squabble.
Here crafty courtiers are too wise
For those who trust to Fortune ;
They see the cheat with clearer eyes,
Who peep behind the curtain.

III.

• Our greatest ladies hither come,
And ply in chariots daily ;

Oft pawn their jewels for a sum
To venture in the alley.
Young harlots, too, from Drury Lane,
Approach the 'Change in coaches,
To fool away the gold they gain
By their impure debauches.

IV.

Long heads may thrive by sober rules,
Because they think, and drink not ;
But headlongs are our thriving fools,
Who only drink, and think not.
The lucky rogues, like spaniel dogs,
Leap into South-sea water,
And there they fish for golden frogs,
Not caring what comes a'ter.

V.

'Tis said that alchemists of old
Could turn a brazen kettle
Or leaden cistern into gold, —
That noble tempting metal ;
But if it here may be allow'd
To bring in great and small things,
Our cunning South Sea, like a god,
Turns nothing into all things !

VI.

What need have we of Indian wealth,
Or commerce with our neighbors?
Our constitution is in health,
And riches crown our labors.
Our South-sea ships have golden shrouds,
They bring us wealth, 'tis granted,
But lodge their treasure in the clouds,
To hide it till it's wanted.

VII.

Oh! Britain, bless thy present state,
Thou only happy nation;
So oddly rich, so madly great,
Since bubbles came in fashion!
Successful rakes exert their pride,
And count their airy millions;
While homely drabs in coaches ride,
Brought up to Town on pillions.

VIII.

Few men, who follow reason's rules,
Grow fat with South-sea diet;
Young rattles and unthinking fools
Are those that flourish by it.
Old musty jades, and pushing blades,
Who've least consideration,
Grow rich apace; whilst wifer heads
Are struck with admiration.

IX.

A race of men, who t'other day
Lay crush'd beneath disasters,
Are now by stock brought into play,
And made our lords and masters.
But should our South-sea Babel fall,
What numbers would be frowning!
The losers then must ease their gall
By hanging or by drowning.

X.

Five hundred millions, notes and bonds,
Our stocks are worth in value;
But neither lie in goods nor lands,
Or money let me tell you.
Yet though our foreign trade is lost,
Of mighty wealth we vapor;
When all the riches that we boast
Consists in scraps of paper!



THE SOUTH-SEA BALLAD.



CHANGE Alley's so thin that a man may
 now walk,
 And if he'll but listen may hear himself
 talk,

For since the suppression of Bubbles in June
 Those clamorous catches are quite out of tune.
 No more of the Hubbles nor Bubbles we see,
 But all the whole nation attends the South Sea.

The Salts and the Fisheries likewise are gone,
 All the Stock of the Bubbles is swallow'd in one,
 Which (barring the ruin of all other trade)
 Is the cleverest project that ever was made :
 For now the contrivers are tipt with a fee,
 If they soufe the subscribers into the South Sea.

What numbers have got that insatiable itch
 And endless ambition of still growing rich :
 The man that was formerly not worth a plumb,
 Till he makes it a million keeps gnawing his thumb;
 For that is the least, as the wise men agree,
 Can content an adventurer in the South Sea.

All the Town is so eager their fortune to try,
 That nobody can the temptation deny ;
 So craftily laid is the scheme of the gin
 That some of the parsons themselves are drawn in :
 Which of these would accept an arch-bishop to be,
 To refuse a Directorship in the South Sea ?

What numbers of upstart'd figures we meet
 Set up by stock-jobbing in every street ;
 They're so fond of their arms, when they come t' ap-
 proach,
 They can hardly for staring get into their coach ;
 But when we examine their true pedigree,
 We trace their original from the South Sea.

This gold-faded ocean is not like the rest,
 But is quite of a different nature possest ;
 It has such as no other sea yet ever had,
 Instead of preventing, 'twill make people mad :
 Distracting their reason to such a degree
 That headlong they throw themselves in the South Sea.

'Tis a comical sight to behold the deceit
 Of all ranks of men met each other to cheat,
 To see my Lord Duke make a rout and ado
 In a coffee-house crowd with a politic Jew,
 The most orthodox now-a-days reckon'd is he
 Whose stock is all capital in the South Sea.

This mystery some would pretend to explain,
While those that get money but laugh at their pain ;
The wisest of all, with their racket and rout,
Find it just like a tub with the bottom knockt out ;
The cream of the jest is with those that make free,
With the general scramble amidst the South Sea.

Like Pharaoh's lean kine that devour'd the fat,
It has knock'd down the puny contrivances flat ;
But if I mistake not I've read that his host
And himself in the Red Sea were utterly lost :
He thought to get riches, and why should not we
Remember the Red, when we cross the South, Sea?



THE DEVIL O'ER LINCOLN.

[It is almost superfluous to state that this is a Jacobite squib, suggested by the elevation of King George the First's statue on the steeple of the newly erected church of St. George, Bloomsbury, in the year 1724. The author takes occasion not only to expose the King's ignorance of the language of his new subjects, but also the want of sympathy, on the part of the higher clergy, with the Hanoverian succession.]

To the tune of "A cobbler there was."



AS the Devil o'er Lincoln was looking one
 day —
 For when Satan looks sharp he can see a
 long way —
 He spy'd an odd figure on Bloomsbury steeple *
 With his horns high exalted surveying the people.
 Derry down, &c.

* "The steeple (says Walpole) is a master-stroke of absurdity, consisting of an obelisk, crowned with a statue of King George I., and hugged by the royal supporters." A contemporary wit has also ridiculed it in the following epigram: —

"When Henry VIII. left the Pope in the lurch,
 The Protestants made him the head of the church;
 But George's good subjects, the Bloomsbury people,
 Instead of the church make him head of the steeple."

“How now,” quoth the Devil, “what spy I at London?
Should I suffer a rival, myself would be undone.”
And whilst a man scarce could tofs off his flagon,
The Devil was mounted on Bow steeple Dragon.
Derry down, &c.

From thence Satan kenn'd the sweet face o’ the creature,
He knew his old Friend in each line and each feature :
Without further preface he address’d his ally,
With a, “How the plague, George, came you mounted so
high?

Derry down, &c.

“Speak, how got you up? I shall humble your pride—
What, have you now learn’d on a broomstick to ride?”
“No, softly,” quoth George, “you be vastly mistakon,
Me be ne’er por de vitch, nor the conjuror takon.
Derry down, &c.

“But to tell you de trute vas plac’d here by my brewer*,
Ven I vas as ignorant of it as you are ;
But do’ I’m a fool, as you plainly may see,
You have not von more humble servant dan me.
Derry down, &c.

* A Mr. Hucks, who presented the statue of the King to the newly designed parish, of which he was a vestryman.

“ Do’ your highness have place your own council about
me,

Yet you still must acknowledge you cannot do wid-
out me ;

’Tis I who to all your vile projects give birt,
And each plotta form’d in hell, go in my name on eart.
Derry down, &c.

“ Vat has lately been done may convince you full vell,
Dat in my reign you should ne’er vant subjects in hell ;
Our late fwearing Act * you’ll allow was a trap-a,
Me leave not a loop-hole for von to escap-a,
Derry down, &c.

“ Vo ter Divel could e’er done more in my station,
Since vit one single Acta me damm de vol nation ;
Men of ev’ry degree, women rich and poor,
From her highness of Wales † to de street-walking w—.
Derry down, &c.

“ Vere it not for me you’d be plagu’d vit de clergy,
And some of dem, Sir, would confoundedly scourge ye ;
Should me souffre dere daum Convocation ‡ to fitta —
O den, Broder Satan, we bote might be bitta.
Derry down, &c.

* Alluding to the Act, passed in the ninth and tenth years of George I., by which all persons were required not only to take the oaths of allegiance, but also to register their estates.

† The King entertained a singular contempt for his daughter-in-law, whom he commonly called “that she-devil.”

‡ The two Houses of Convocation were deprived, in 1717, of

“ But my bishops from all dere attempts will secure ye,
 And dey are your best vrends on eart, I’ll affure ye ;
 Dere is but very few on dat Rev’reud bench
 But adore you as much, Sir, as me or my vench.

Derry down, &c.

“ Dere is but Chester and Bat, now Rochester’s * fled.”—
 “ Zounds ! ” quoth the Devil, “ their names make me
 dread ;

If you muft prate of bishops, you fool, can’t you
 think on

York, Winchefter, Salisbury, Durham, and Lincoln.

Derry down, &c.

“ Or the bishop of Afaph, that dear little whorefon,
 Who’s as like them in foul as he may be in perfon ;
 He propagates vice, religion pulls down,
 Which, you know, is the only fupport of your crown.

Derry down, &c.

“ Thofe, thofe are brave fouls, worthy Satan’s alliance,
 With fuch troops I’d boldly bid Heaven defiance ;

their privilege to difcufs ecclefiaftical matters, on the occafion of the lower houfe taking exception to the doctrines contained in the writings of Bifhop Hoadly, and more particularly in a fermon which he preached before the King on the 31ft of March in that year.

* Dr. Atterbury, who was deprived of his fee and banifhed the kingdom by act of parliament, 1723. The Bifhop threw himfelf immediately afterwards into the fervice of the Pretender, and became his confidential agent.

Since you make such bishops, George, you may reign on,
For the Devil can't find such a pack when they're gone."
Derry down, &c.

The monarch of Hell flew away in a trice,
Th' Elector of Britain look'd wondrous wise :
Thus ended their Treaty, as most people say,
He'd be glad to come off half so well at Cambray.*
Derry down, &c.

* Alluding to the abortive congress held at Cambray, 1711. The policy of King George was to secure (with the consent of France and Spain) Bremen and Verden to Hanover, for which he would have surrendered Gibraltar; but when the proposal became known it excited so much indignation at home that he was obliged to withdraw it.





GEORGE II.





THE STATESMAN ;

A NEW COURT BALLAD.

[The unexpected intelligence of the death of George I., whilst on a visit to Hanover, had no sooner reached this country than a general belief prevailed that the administration would be totally changed. It was credited that Walpole had hopelessly offended the new King, when Prince of Wales, as his Royal Highness had been frequently heard to protest that, when he came to the throne, "that minister should never have his confidence." In proof of this determination, the King at once appointed Sir Spencer Compton to draw up the usual declaration to the Privy Council, and intimated that he would place him at the head of the Treasury. But Compton had the honesty to confess his incapacity to undertake so arduous a trust, whereupon, to the surprise of all, both Walpole and his brother-in-law Townshend, were readmitted to their former offices. The Opposition seems to have been stunned with the reappointment of the first-named minister, whose disgrace they had so fondly anticipated. Unknown to every one beyond the walls of the King's palace, the arrangement for the retirement of Compton, and the nomination of Walpole in his stead, had been quietly brought about by the tact of Queen Caroline, who succeeded in mitigating, if not at once in removing, the prejudices of the King. *The Statesman* is an epitome of Walpole's political career up to this period.]



SOME years ago from Norfolk
There came a gallant wight,
And though it is most strange, yet
He could both read and write :
So to London he would go, would go, &c.

He understood accounts, too,
 And thought himself most fit,
 Because well vers'd in *figures* *,
 In Parliament to sit:
 So to London he would go, &c.

For why? whilst at his father's he
 Had heard it often said,
 That some there were that fat there,
 That strange *queer figures* made:
 So to London he would go, &c.

But first he thought it fitting
 To Lynn to go and try
 Their votes if he could beg,
 Or their votes if he could *buy*:
 Ere to London he would go, &c.

To Lynn, then, straight he trudges †,
 And as soon as he gets there,

* Alluding probably to Walpole's tracts on *The Debts of the Nation stated and considered*, and *Thirty-five Millions accounted for*, in which he ably defended the ministry of Godolphin against the charge of not accounting for the public expenditure during their tenure of office. Arthur Mainwaring styled him "the best master of figures of any man of his time."

† Walpole was first elected at Castle-Rising (Lynn), on the death of his father in 1700, and represented that borough in seventeen successive parliaments.

He to a cuckold goes,—

“ Good-morrow, Mr. Mayor :

To London I would go, &c.

“ I have a mind, good Sir,

In Parliament to fit,

If that you'll please to think me

To represent you fit :

For to London I would go, &c.

“ To London I would go, Sir,

My fortune for to try ;

Therefore, if you won't give your votes,

Your votes, Sir, I would buy :

For to London fain I'd go, &c.

“ I hear the people there

Soon ample fortunes make ;

And I'll make mine as soon,

Or else I'll much mistake :

When to London I do go, &c.

“ Some persons who are there, I hear,

And make a gallant show,

Soon raise an ample fortune,

By saying *aye* or *no* :

So to London I would go, &c.

“ For if to raise a fortune

That is the only way,

I think I can say *aye* or *no*,
G—d zounds ! as well as they :
• So to London I would go, &c.”

“ Friend Robin,” quoth the Mayor,
“ You speak like a man of sense ;
I would not give a fig for him
Who cannot get the *pence* :
So to London you shall go, &c.

“ And to be chosen here, I’m sure,
That is your only way ;
For he who cannot get the pence
To us no pence can pay :
So to London you shall go, &c.”

The Mayor he spoke full wisely,
For he mostly rightly thought
He was not worth the choosing, if
He was not worth a groat :
But to Strombolo might go, &c.

“ Then hey for Westminster,” quoth Bob,
“ And when I am got there,
I soon shall be a great man,
That, friend, I need not fear :
So to London I will go, &c.”

“ You need not fear,” says Mr. Mayor,
“ For, if you go to that,
He needs must be a *great* man
Who has a ton of fat* :
So to London you may go, &c.”

To London then he came,
And to St. Stephen’s went,
For there to raise his fortune
It was his full intent :
When to London he did go, &c.

Being got to St. Stephen’s
A mighty noise he made,
For that to raise a fortune
Is the only way, ’tis said :
So to speaking he did go, &c.

So to *speaking* he did go,
And, like a man of sense,
He certainly said *aye* or *no*
Just as he got his pence :
When to voting he did go, &c.

* Walpole was an extremely corpulent and unwieldy person, the result, in a great measure, of his gross habits of living from his earliest years.

Says Marlbro', " This is *somebody*
 That makes this mighty noise,
 And therefore he shall have a place —
 Ay, that he shall, my boys * :
 And to speeching he shall go, &c."

He had not long enjoy'd his place,
 But, being mad or drunk,
 To show he hated money
 Five hundred pounds he sunk † .
 So to the Tow'r he did go, &c.

* Through the influence of Marlborough, Walpole was appointed Secretary of War under the Whig government that succeeded the downfall of Harley, in Feb. 1708. Three years previously he had been one of the council to the Lord High Admiral, Prince George of Denmark.

† Alluding to the charge of corruption preferred against him whilst he was Secretary at War, and for which he was most unjustly expelled the House and committed to the Tower in 1710, by his Tory opponents, who had returned to power and failed to win him over to their new administration. The strength of Walpole's popularity at this time may be judged from the following ballad, attributed to Eastcourt the player, and entitled, *On the Jewel in the Tower* : —

If what the Tower of London holds
 Is valu'd far more than its power ;
 Then, counting what it now enfolds,
 How wondrous rich is the same Tow'r !
 I think not of the armoury,
 Nor of the guns and lion's roar,
 Nor yet the valu'd library, —
 I mean the jewel in the Tow'r.

To make him some amends, then,
 For being thither sent,
 A Paymaster of the Guards he's made*,
 But yet he's not content :
 So to speaking he does go, &c.

This jewel late adorn'd the Court
 With excellence unknown before ;
 But now being blown upon in sport,
 This jewel's case is now the Tow'r.

State lapidaries there have been,
 To weigh, and prove, and look it o'er ;
 The very fashion's worth being seen,
 Th' intrinsic, more than is the Tow'r.

'Tis not St. George's diamond,
 Nor any of his partner's store ;
 It never yet to such belong'd,
 Which sent this jewel to the Tow'r.

With thousand methods they did try it,
 Whose firmness strengthen'd ev'ry hour ;
 They were not able all to buy it,
 And so they sent it to the Tow'r.

They would have prov'd it counterfeit,
 That it was right 'twas truly swore ;
 But oaths, nor words, could nothing get,
 And so they sent it to the Tow'r.

Its brilliant brightness who can doubt,
 By Marlborough it was sometimes wore ;

* He was appointed Paymaster of the Forces in 1714, and again in 1725. In the interval he had filled the offices of First Lord Commissioner of the Treasury, Chancellor, and Under-Treasurer of the Exchequer.

To still the noodle next
 He's made Minister of State *,
 And Treaties makes by wholesale,
 For which he'll meet his fate :
 When to the Tower he goes, &c.

They turn'd the mighty master out,
 Who turn'd this jewel into the Tow'r.

These are the marks upon it found,
 King William's crest it bears before,
 And Liberty's engraven round,
 Though now confin'd within the Tow'r.

Nor France in it an interest has,
 Nor Spain with all its golden ore ;
 For to the Queen and High Allies,
 Belongs this jewel in the Tow'r.

The owners modestly reserv'd
 It in a decent Norfolk bower,
 And scarce yet think it has deserv'd
 The Cæsar's honour of the Tow'r.

The day shall come to make amends,
 This jewel shall with pride be wore ;
 And o'er his foes, and with his friends,
 Shine glorious bright out of the Tow'r !

It is related, on the authority of her son Horace, that Lady Walpole used to sing this ballad with great spirit and effect, and was particularly fond of dwelling on the last verse, when the prophecy of her husband's ministerial greatness was fulfilled.

* Upon the accession of George II., Walpole and his friend Lord Townsend became the principal advisers of the King by the intervention of Queen Caroline.

But yet not being satisfied,
He needs must have a *string* *,
And it must be a blue one —
'Cause that's a pretty thing :
When to Norfolk he does go, &c.

However let him have his whim,
And dangle the *Blue-string*,
So he's but doom'd at last
In a *hempen* one to swing :
When to Tyburn he does go, &c.

* The riband (or "string") which the minister wore, first as one of the knights of the revived Order of the Bath, and afterwards as a knight of the Garter, was adopted by the satirists of the day to symbolise his great political influence.



THE NORFOLK GAMESTER ;

OR, THE ART OF

MANAGING THE WHOLE PACK,
EVEN KING, QUEEN, AND JACK.

[Since the Great Rebellion, the country had never been so deluged with political ballads as in the years 1730 and 1731, when Sir Robert Walpole was, in more than the ordinary acceptation of the term, Prime Minister. His insatiable love of power not only alienated from him all his old political associates, but drove every rising man of talent into opposition ; hence the many and bitter attacks upon his *private* as well as his public character. At this time Walpole was held forth (says Mr. Wright) "as the betrayer and oppressor of his country, the selfish encourager of corruption in the nation ; one who fattened and grew rich upon the public money. Insinuations and rumours of all kinds relating to his domestic life, which were likely to render the minister unpopular with the unthinking part of the community, were industriously propagated." *The Norfolk Gamester* is an average specimen of the personal attacks made upon him, when the measures of his government afforded no better opportunity of exposing him. It was quite the *mode* at this time to accommodate satire to an imaginary game of cards, in which the political *finesse* of one or more players could be easily illustrated.]

1.



Y E good Christian people, I pray you draw
near,
A tale to a pleasant old tune ye shall hear ;
In Norfolk the scene, 'tis reported, was
laid,
And *cribbage* 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.

II.

Attention, each gamester avers, must be paid
 To each sort of game that has ever been play'd ;
 And a judgment profound, with a mind that's not fir'd
 Or ruffled with passion, are also required :
 Moreover, if art
 Perform not her part,
 What by playing is got will be scarce worth a — ;
 And, if to attention you do not add thought,
 You may game on till doom's-day, 'twill signify nought.

III.

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 fums so immense he could ne'er have amass'd,
 And now for the wealthiest subject he pass'd.

* Houghton Hall, in Norfolk.

IV.

At shuffling and cutting as dext'rous was he
 As any old gamester or sharper could be ;
 They oft *set* the cards, but, his eyes were so quick,
 The cheat he discover'd, and laught at the trick :
 He soon got a name,
 Abroad flew his fame,
 And took special care not to forfeit the fame ;
 But whether he play'd (as some doubt) on the square,
 Not a man in the kingdom with him could compare.

V.

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 would back,
 And had such a knack,
 He knew how to manage each card in the pack ;
 He *pair'd*, or *pair-royal'd*, one after another —
 Their passion no longer the losers could smother.

VI.

Besides, in his hand he kept often a flush,
 But not of a color resembling a blush,
 For he was to blushing a stranger, 'tis known,
 Which, when he was ask'd, he would never disown.

He usually said,
 The 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.*

VII.

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 cribbage could be?
 Who never did lose but one game in his life,
 And laugh in his sleeve to see 'em all in a strife.

VIII.

Their language opprobrious he calmly did take,
 Rememb'ring the proverb that "losers will speak:"
 His temper was even, unruffled his mind,
 To passion their taunts could not make him inclin'd;

* The perpetual smile on Walpole's countenance was noted as well by his enemies as by his friends. In the *Craftsman* (No. 16.) he is thus described: "There entered a man dressed in a plain habit, with a purse of gold in his hand; he threw himself forward into the room in a bluff ruffianly manner, a *smile*, or rather a *sneer*, upon his countenance. Sir Charles H. Williams said of him, that 'he laughed the heart's laugh.'"

But though they were rude,
 His game he purfued,
 And thence great advantages to him accrued ;
 He bilk'd all their cribs, but his own he secur'd,—
 Such fortune, said they, could be never endur'd.

IX.

To single-hand *cribbage* he'd sit night and day,
 But would not a partner admit into play ;
 To tell ye the truth, Sirs, he never could bear
 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 could do it more hearty.

X.

Twice or thrice in a year he did keep open-house † ;
 But his house-keeping did not stand him in a soufe ;

* " Sir Robert Walpole (remarked his son Horace) loved power so much that he would not endure a rival."

† Walpole's style of living (says Coxe) was consonant to the magnificence of his mansion. He had usually two annual meetings at Houghton. The one in the spring, to which were invited only the most select friends and the leading members of the cabinet, continued about three weeks. The second was in autumn ; it continued

Tho' lib'ral he was, and unloaded his purse,
He knew he with ease could himself reimburse:

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.

fix weeks, or two months, and was called "the congress." At this time Houghton was filled with company from all parts. He kept a public table, to which all gentlemen in the county found a ready admission. The expenses of these meetings were computed at 3000*l*. The noise and uproar, the waste and confusion, were prodigious.



AN ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

WRITTEN BY COLLEY CIBBER, ESQ.

POET LAUREATE.

[Having contributed the following ballad to the pages of *Notes and Queries*, I shall repeat in this place a portion of the note which I have there prefixed to it: —“Gay himself had established the precedent of writing ‘volunteer Odes;’ and had by such means at first attracted the favourable notice of the Queen, whilst she was Princess of Wales. The authors of the accompanying *Ode for the New Year* intended as well to retaliate upon the presumptuous laureate as to expose the foibles of the principal personages in the Court. Both the hand and kindly nature of Gay are discernible in it; in those stanzas, I mean, which refer to that truly excellent, but oftentimes much abused lady, Queen Caroline. For whilst the ballad hints at the parsimonious and irascible disposition of the King, the weak-mindedness of his voluptuous and dependent son, Frederic Louis Prince of Wales, and their mutual and disgraceful squabbles, the allusions to her Majesty are rather complimentary than satirical; evidencing, in fact, her steady patronage of the most distinguished men of her day, without regard either to their religious or political creeds.”]



OD prosper long our gracious King,
 Now sitting on the throne;
 Who leads this nation in a *String**,
 And governs all but *One*.†

* His minister, Sir Robert Walpole.

† Vide page 221.

This is the day when, right or wrong,
I, COLLEY BAYS, Esquire,
Must for my sack indite a song,
And thrum my venal lyre.

Not he who ruled great Judah's realm,
Y'cleped Solomon,
Was wiser than Qur's at the helm,
Or had a wiser Son.

He raked up wealth to glut his till,
In drinking, w—s, and houses ;
Which wiser George can save to fill
His pocket, and his spouse's.

His head with wisdom deep is fraught,
His breast with courage glows ;
Alas, how dreadful is the thought,
He ever should want foes !

For, in his heart he loves a drum,
As children love a rattle ;
If not in field, in drawing-room,
He daily sounds to battle.

The Queen, I also pray, God save !
His comfort plump and dear ;

Who, just as he is *wise* and *brave*,
Is *pious* and *sincere*.

She's courteous, good, and charms all folks,
Loves one as well as t'other ;
Of Arian and of Orthodox
Alike the nursing-mother.

Oh ! may she always meet success
In every scheme and job ;
And still continue to care
That honest statesman, Bob.*

God send the Prince†, that babe of grace
A little w—— and horse ;
A little meaning in his face,
And money in his purse.

* The Queen had such unbounded confidence in the political integrity of Walpole, that she not only prevailed upon the King to make him his Prime Minister, but at her death formally consigned his Majesty to his care. Gay attributed, most unjustly, his ill-success at court to the opposition of Walpole.

† Prince Frederick of Wales (father of George III.), who died, after a very brief illness, on the 20th March, 1751, had other enemies besides those in his father's house, and amongst them none so bitter, perhaps, as the Jacobites. One of the last-mentioned penned the following epitaph upon him : —

“ Here lies Prince Fred,
Gone down among the dead :
Had it been his father,
We had much rather ;

Heav'n spread o'er all his family
 That broad illustrious glare,
 Which shines so flat in ev'ry eye,
 And makes them all *fi stare*.*

All marry *gratis*, boy and mis,
 And fill increase their store ;
 "As in beginning was, now is,
 And shall be ever more."

But oh ! ev'n Kings must die, of course,
 And to their heirs be civil ;
 We poets, too, on wingèd-horse,
 Must soon post to the devil :

Then, since I have a son, like you,
 May he Parnassus rule ;
 So shall the Crown and Laurel, too,
 Descend from Fool to Fool !

Had it been his mother,
 Better than any other ;
 Had it been his sister,
 Few would have mist' d her ;
 Had it been the whole generations,
 Ten times better for the nation :
 But since 'tis only Fred,
 There's no more to be said !"

* George II. was remarkable for the prominence of his eyes and nose, as well as for the smallness of his person.

THE HONEST JURY;

OR,

CALEB TRIUMPHANT.

BY WILLIAM PULTENEY (EARL OF BATH).

[The following passage, from Lord Campbell's *Life of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke*, affords the best explanation of this famous ballad : "He (Sir Philip Yorke) was not so fortunate in his prosecutions for libel. In his time sprung up the controversy respecting the rights of juries, which was not settled till the close of the eighteenth century. He contended for the doctrine that the jury were only to decide upon the sufficiency of the evidence of publication, and upon innuendoes ; *i. e.* whether particular words or abbreviations in the alleged libel had the meaning imputed to them by the indictment or information, as whether "the K—g" meant "our Sovereign Lord the King ;" but that the lawfulness or criminality of the writing prosecuted was pure matter of law for the opinion of the court. The judges coincided with him in their directions, but juries were sometimes rebellious. The obnoxious journal of that day was the *Craftsman*, conducted by Bolingbroke, Pulteney, and the principal leaders of the opposition to Sir Robert Walpole. Sir Philip Yorke succeeded in obtaining a conviction in the case of the famous Hague letter, written by Bolingbroke (2nd Jan. 1731) ; but he was foiled in his prosecution of a subsequent violent attack upon the government, supposed to be from the pen of Chesterfield ; for though the Chief Justice laid down the same law, and there could be no doubt

about publication or innuendoes, the jury, very much approving of the sentiments of the supposed libel, and thinking them not only innocent but laudable, found a general verdict of *not guilty*. It was then that Pulteney composed his famous ballad, with the oft-quoted stanza, —

‘ For Sir Philip well knows,
That his innuendoes
Will serve him no longer
In verse or in prose ;
For twelve honest men have decided the cause,
Who are judges alike of the facts and the laws.’ ”]



REJOICE, ye good writers, your pens are
set free,
Your thoughts and the Pens 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 tried by his peers :
Twelve good *honest men* shall decide in each cause,
And be judges alike of the facts and the laws.

'Tis said Master Caleb a paper did print,
Which sometimes at *some folks* lookt slyly a-squint ;
He weekly held forth of no *Peace*, and no *War*,
So was forc'd from his trade to appear at the *bar* ;

Thus talking so free,
 Master Attorney*,
 Strain'd his lungs for to fet him in the Pillory ;
 But pillories now shall be rais'd for the shame
 Of *some rogues* as yet 'tis not proper to name.

You may call the man *fool* who Treaties does blunder,
 And style him a *Knave* who his country does 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 his *innuendoes*
 Will serve him no longer in verse or in prose ;
 For twelve honest men have decided the cause,
 Who are judges alike of the *facts* and the *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 honefter cannot be found,

* Sir Philip Yorke, Attorney-General.

† “The two last lines were misrepresented in the *Dean of St. Asaph's* case by Lord Mansfield, who, to suit his purpose, or from lapse of memory, said Pulteney had admitted that ‘libel or no libel?’ was a question only for the court, by saying in his ballad—

‘For twelve honest men have decided the cause,
 Who are judges of fact, though not judges of laws.’”

Than this fame Jury
 Which set Caleb free,
 And brought in their verdict, *He was not guilty* :
 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* ;
 But 'tis true in this nation (O why is it so ?)
 Men the *honester* are as the lower you go ;
 So a fish when 'tis dead,
 I have often heard said,
 May be sweet at *the tail*, tho' it stink 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 our Seven Bishops alive from the Tower,
 They saved our religion from Jacobite fury,
 Both that and King George 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*.*

* Alluding to Sir Robert Walpole, one of whose many nick-names was "Sir Blue-string," from the fact of his wearing the blue riband as a knight of the garter.

Thus far honest Duncan hath prophesied right,
 And prov'd himself blest with true *second-fight*,
 Who, tho' 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 rescued 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, the year is not out,
 And a month or two more may bring it about.
 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.

• Walpole.



BRITANNIA EXCISA : BRITAIN EXCIS'D.

[No measure proposed by Sir Robert Walpole, during his long tenure of office, excited such a popular ferment as his famous EXCISE SCHEME (1733). "The public (says Tindall) was so heated with papers and pamphlets, that matters rose next to a rebellion." Before Sir Robert formally proposed to bring the tobacco and wine duties under the laws of excise, and to remodel and improve the last-mentioned, Pulteney, the leader of the opposition, thus incidentally alluded to the scheme in his speech on alienating the Sinking Fund: "But, sir, there is another thing, a very terrible thing, impending! A monstrous project! Yea, more monstrous than has ever yet been represented! I mean, sir, that monster the EXCISE! That plan of arbitrary power which is expected to be laid before this house in the present session." The populace were taught to believe that every article of daily use was to be excised under the new plan, and that Walpole's principal object was to increase his control over elections, by immeasurably adding to the number of excise officers and agents in his pay. He ultimately determined to relinquish his scheme, observing to his most zealous supporters, "that in the present inflamed temper of the people the act could not be carried into execution without an armed force; that there would be an end of the liberty of England if supplies were to be raised by the sword." This decision was received with unbounded joy by the populace. Bonfires were lit in the streets, the Monument was illuminated, and the discomfited minister was burned in effigy.]

Tune of "Packington's Pound."



E 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-String * declares (as you know he ne'er lies !)
 He'll dismiss the whole Custom-House rascally crew,
 And fix in each town an Exciseman or two.

Excisemen 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 everyone 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 ;

* Vide p. 235.

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 sour, or our victuals mayn't
stink ;

To such a commerce
None can be averse,
Since every 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 trials 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 prolific Excise
Will beget their supplies,
And Great Britain blefs with two ftanding armies,
Our freedom and properties fafe to defend,
And our fears of the Pope and Pretender to end.

An Excise for all knaves yields places moft fit,
And will furnifh our fools with ftore of bought wit ;
'Twill enable each juftice t' opprefs or protect
All who vote, or vote not, as he fhall direct :

'Twill increafe the fupplies
And the number of fpies,
And ftrengthen Sir Blue's hands to bribe our Allies ;
What to all forts fuch bleffings does freely difpenfe,
Muft furely be figh'd for by all men of fenfe.

Moreover, this project, if right underftood,
Will produce to the nation abundance of good ;
In coffee and tea how our trade is increaf'd,
If not the fair dealer's, the fmuggler's, at leaft !

Civil Lift 'twill amend,
By fining falfe friend,
And the nation's true *finking-fund* prove in the end ;
Then South-Sea, and India, and Bank never fear,
Your fecurity's certain for more than one year.

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 Blue-String 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 COUNTRYMAN'S ANSWER TO THE
BALLAD CALLED "BRITANNIA EXCIS'D."

["Sir Robert seeing," observes Lord Hardwicke in his *Walpoliana*, "what an ill-use was made of the press against him, spared no expense to defend his conduct in the same way. The writers he employed were by no means of the first-rate; but when he and his brother took the trouble to direct or overlook their performances, the case was very different." This ballad is an average specimen of the wit employed on the ministerial side; and the reader will probably conclude with Lord Hardwicke, that it is "by no means first-rate." To curry favour with the country gentlemen in the House, Walpole intimated, when introducing his famous excise scheme to their notice, that the expected large increase of trade, and of money levied, would presently enable him to abolish altogether the land tax; an intimation, however, that produced only a temporary effect. The ballad writer here makes the most of the ministerial promise.]

I.



FOLKS are mad with the cries
 Of *No General Excise*,
 Imposed on factious designs;
 Yet, for all their dull jokes,
 We will tax the rich folks,
 And clap an Excise upon wines.

(*Chorus.*) Lords of manors and yeomen,
 Freeholders and gem'men,
 Drink a health to King George, your friend :
 'Tis his gracious intent,
 With his good Parliament,
 To bring the Land-tax to an end.

II.

By faucy petitions *,
 That stir up seditions,
 Sham Patriots would fain do their job ;
 Yet the land shall be eaf'd,
 And the landowners pleaf'd,
 Maugre our Sovereign Lord the Mob.
 (*Chorus.*) Lords of manors, &c.

III.

An honest countryman,
 With fifty-pounds *per ann.*
 (By juft calculation 'tis found)
 Pays more taxes for that,
 Than an Alderman fat
 For a plum hundred thousand pound.
 (*Chorus.*) Lords of manors, &c.

* Alluding to the violent petitions againft the excife fcheme, presented by the Common Council of London, and the inhabitants of Coventry, Nottingham, &c.

IV.

Shall we still tax the earth
 That gives all things their birth —
 And return her good gifts with oppression ?
 Thy chapel, Saint Stephen,
 Shall make all things even,
 And take off the land-tax next session.
 (*Chorus.*) Lords of manors, &c.

V.

Should the wine merchants chatter,
 'Twould be no great matter,
 A tax upon wine is a wise one ;
 It will hinder the tricks
 Of the vintners that mix,
 And save half the kingdom from poison.
 (*Chorus.*) Lords of manors, &c.

VI.

Tho' the money'd men roar,
 "Tax the land more and more,
 Our interest will still be the stronger ;"—
 But a wise Norfolk Knight,
 Who has found out the bite,
 Will let us be burthen'd no longer.
 (*Chorus.*) Lords of manors, &c.

VII.

Tho' a party mob roars,
And talks big without-doors,
With menaces hard of digestion ;
Give them their fongs and noise,
And mad apprentice-boys,
So we can but carry our question.
(*Chorus.*) Lords of manors, &c.



THE MODERN PATRIOTS.

A PROPER NEW BALLAD. HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE
ELECTORS OF MEMBERS FOR THE ENSUING
PARLIAMENT OF GREAT BRITAIN.

[When, in 1724, Pulteney quarrelled with his old friend and colleague Walpole, and resigned the office of Cofferer to the Household, the great Whig party was divided shortly afterwards into two sections, of which those eminent statesmen became the respective leaders. Pulteney's party was distinguished by the name of "The Patriots;" and, as he ostentatiously eschewed the exclusive policy of his rival, it included all the most talented and ambitious youth who at this time entered into public life. The Patriots "conceived (says Macaulay) that the theory of the Tory Opposition, and the practice of Walpole's government, were alike inconsistent with the principles of liberty; they accordingly repaired to the standard which Pulteney had set up. While opposing the Whig minister, they professed a firm adherence to the purest doctrines of Whiggism. He was the schismatic, they were the true catholics, the peculiar people, the depositaries of the orthodox faith of Hampden and Russell, the one sect which, amidst the corruptions generated by time and by the long possession of power, had preserved inviolate the principles of the Revolution."

This ballad was written in anticipation of the general election of 1734, and it warns the electors of the evil designs of the self-named "Patriots." In the struggle that followed these were doomed to disappointment; the ministerialists returned to the House as powerful as ever.]



THE muse of good Patriots now virtuously sings,
 Who are lovers of freedom, and haters of
 kings ;
 Bad ministers, too, they both hate and
 despise,
 For 'tis by their downfall these good men must rise.
 With a hey derry, &c.

Old Rome, it is said, had of patriots great store,
 Who so well lov'd their country, that by it they swore ;
 Nay some, we are told, were so gallant and brave,
 They leap'd into gulphs, their country to save.
 With a hey derry, &c.

But Britain, Great Britain, the queen of the Isles,
 On whose barren mountains fair Liberty smiles,
 Hath Patriots who out-do these Roman out-doings,
 And pull down their country to lie in its ruins.
 With a hey derry, &c.

Of all these fam'd Patriots, so tight and so true,
 It would take too much time for a thorough review ;
 But a few of these worthies 'tis fit we record,
 And the first is a squire, that once was a lord.*
 With a hey derry, &c.

* Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke.

This pink of all squires, while yet but a lad,
 The habits of business most perfectly had ;
 But he rambled so much, that these habits were torn,
 And out of the elbows, when scarcely half worn.

With a hey derry, &c.

The Treaty of Peace *, which was made in his time,
 Hath often administer'd matter for rhyme ;
 It is therefore a jest, and quite out of season,
 To say that he made it without rhyme or reason.

With a hey derry, &c.

Whate'er were its faults, they have taught him the wit,
 The blots of his neighbours the better to hit :
 As oftentimes poets, whose writings were damn'd †,
 Have after for critics been notably fam'd.

With a hey derry, &c.

Ye obstinate Whigs, oh ! do not mistrust
 A Statesman so wise, and a Patriot so just :
 All sides he hath fold ; so we safely may say,
 That now he hath none but himself to betray.

With a hey derry, &c.

The next is a Squire, who once roasted a bishop ‡,
 And an excellent feast to the courtiers did dish up ;

* The Treaty of Utrecht.

† An allusion to his friend Pope's failure as a dramatic writer.

‡ William Pulteney (afterwards Earl of Bath), who had drawn up the report of the parliamentary committee against Bishop Atterbury.

But he turn'd cat in pan, as soon as debarr'd
 Of the perquisite fauce, which he thought his reward;
 With a hey derry, &c.

And now ever since he hath warmly espou'd
 The cause of his country, and liberty rous'd :
 And he'll rouse it again, for he that's possess'd
 With the spirit of envy can let nothing rest.
 With a hey derry, &c.

Of all that are in it no man in the realm
 Is so proper as he to sit at the helm ;
 For he knows all those secrets which some would keep
 dark,
 By possessing th' estate of a treasury-clerk.
 With a hey derry, &c.

But were he its head, he would be a good one —
 Ah ! then we should surely grow rich on a sudden ;
 For riches have wings, old philosophers say,
 And he'd certainly clip them, to purchase their stay.
 With a hey derry, &c.

To these worthies the next that in rank doth succeed
 Is a worshipful Knight of the West-Saxon breed* ;

* Sir William Wyndham, M.P. for Somersetshire, a noted Jacobite and leader of the Tories.

A corner that famous of old time hath been
For railing at courts, and all folks that are in.

With a hey derry, &c.

With this Knight oft is join'd an honest Sir John *,
Of whom some folks say, that he only makes one ;
But to hear him expose the Minister's blunders,
You'd swear he's the wonderful wonder of wonders !

With a hey derry, &c.

Sir John † of the City's the next on our card,
Who surely deserves a Patriot's reward ;
A man of great honour, who damn'd the Excise,
To hinder the progress of Custom-house lies.

With a hey derry, &c.

That he and his brethren did cry the scheme down
Was meant in great duty, no doubt, to the Crown,
Which many a brave brother-trader must twice
Have been forc'd to cheat by this wicked device.

With a hey derry, &c.

* Sir John Rushout, M.P. for Evesham, is probably here alluded to. He opposed the excise scheme, and was nominated by Pulteney a Lord of the Treasury, upon the dissolution of the Walpole cabinet in 1742.

† Alderman Sir John Barnard, M.P. for the city of London, who severely rebuked the minister for characterising those who clamoured about the doors of Parliament as no better than "sturdy beggars."

The next is a squire of remarkable note *,
 Who, during his life, an excise ne'er will vote,
 Unless that himself (ay, that's the condition),
 All frauds to prevent, be the first in commission.

With a hey derry, &c.

He who brings up the rear (till next dissolution)
 Is famous for zeal to the late revolution ;
 And he loves it so well, that most people agree,
 Nought he longs for so much as another to see. †

With a hey derry, &c.

These, these are the Patriots, ye British freeholders,
 Whom ev'ry man ought to exalt on his shoulders,
 And send to St. Stephen's to pay off our taxes,
 And bully base courtiers with halters and axes.

With a hey derry, &c.

A senate like this, in the space of seven years,
 Would quite put an end to all factions and fears ;
 And leave us the comfort (fools call it a curse),
 That matters must end, when they can be no worse.

With a hey derry, &c.

* Sir Paul Methuen.

† Alderman Perry ?



THE TINKER TURN'D POLITICIAN ; OR,
CALEB'S METAMORPHOSIS.

[The weekly *Craftsman*, edited by the poet Nicholas Amhurst, under the pseudonym of Caleb d'Anvers, was the most ably conducted, the most unscrupulous, and the most influential political paper of the age. Colley Cibber states that as many as 10,000 or 12,000 copies were sold in a day. Amhurst was assisted by Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, William Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, and other leaders of the Opposition, but principally by those two noblemen. The downfall of the Walpole ministry was accelerated, if it was not directly brought about, by the fierceness of "Caleb's" assaults. To the disgrace of Pulteney, when he had succeeded in getting his party into power, he ignored the twenty years' services of Amhurst, and suffered his drudge to die of a broken heart in absolute want.

This ballad, which is one of the best that emanated from the ministerial party, is principally directed against Pulteney, and exposes the inconsistency of himself and followers in their attacks upon the Government. "With respect to Walpole's foreign policy" (observes Mr. Wright, in his *History of England under the House of Hanover*), the factious character of the Opposition was becoming so apparent, that it now caused little embarrassment or uneasiness to the Government, and exhibited itself publicly in a way not likely to produce much effect. At the beginning of 1734, when a peace seemed to be securely established, the 'Patriots' had clamoured for war. A few months after this a war appeared imminent, and then the same Opposition cried out for peace, and complained that the Government was unnecessarily involving the nation in hostilities

with its neighbours. Before the end of 1735 the danger had vanished, and then the Opposition became as warlike as ever, and the English people was told daily and weekly of the puffinimity of its rulers."]



IN the island of Britain, an isle of great fame,
 There once liv'd a Tinker, and Caleb his
 name ;
 So curious his tools, and so nice was his
 stroke,
 That all artists beside he out-did, and he broke.
 Derry down, &c.

No workman but he did his work understand,
 But all was quite finish'd that came from his hand ;
 Tho' he did what most tinkers are wont for to do,
 And each hole that he mended he always made two.
 Derry down, &c.

His wares cost him little for any design,
 And for metal, 'twas seldom he travell'd the mine ;
 No merchant he needed to find him in brass,
 For whatever he wanted he took from his face.
 Derry down, &c.

Our artists, and learn'd virtuosos of old,
 Could tin or could copper convert into gold ;

So each metal he used, would, in ev'ry degree,
When rubb'd on his front, turn as brazen as he.

Derry down, &c.

Now tir'd with his trade, his profession he hates,
And from patching of pans, falls to mending of States;
His shears not so keen as the journals he writ,
For there's nothing like starving to make you a wit.

Derry down, &c.

Now our tinkering scribe, with the dash of his quill,
Without help of a reason can prove what he will;
While his essay each week that the law doth defy,
Into truth, when he pleases, can tinker a lie.

Derry down, &c.

If you ask his advice, the new statesman with ease
Can strike out a war, or can plan out a peace;
By turns he can prove them a blessing or curse,
And a peace shall be bad, yet a war shall be worse.

Derry down, &c.

Your Lords and your Commons may vote what they will,
If the tinker's learn'd senate is pleas'd with their bill;
For in spite of your Hardwick, your Willes, and your
Strange,
There is nothing good law but what's lik'd at the
'Change.

Derry down, &c.

If you libel your sov'reign, 'tis honest and fair ;
 But 'tis treason, or worse, if you laugh at the may'r :
 A king on his throne you may safely reproach ;
 But never, ah ! never, a sh'rieve in his coach !

Derry down, &c.

'Tis hanging, or worse, 'gainst mobs to protest,
 While the fur is quite sacred, the ermine's a jest ;
 A certain good sign of a citizen's grace,
 If he laughs at the sceptre — and bows to the mace.

Derry down, &c.

In his list you may read a new patriot each week,
 And much better than any from Latin or Greek,
 Where the breast of his St. John is grac'd with a star —
 For his head is not yet to be seen on the Bar.*

Derry down, &c.

* Temple Bar, where the heads of traitors were usually exposed. The ingratitude of Bolingbroke to the King, in return for his life and liberty, was the subject of many severe epigrams; but none, perhaps, comparable with the following, written in 1733 :—

Aye and No.

When from the axe good D'Anvers flew,
 And to his King for mercy cried ;
 His generous King the axe withdrew,
 And *yes !* to all he ask'd replied.
 His monarch's goodness to repay,
 When mov'd to act against the foes
 Of him who gave him life — 'twas *may !*
 And all his voice could breathe were *noes !*
 O George ! had'st thou this *Craftsman* known,
 The sentence had not seem'd amiss,

See there is his sword, and his spurs, and his George,
 All polish'd quite nice at the tinker's own forge ;
 Tho' the artist was out, as most heralds agree,
 Who instead of his neck, ty'd the string to his knee.
 Derry down, &c.

With quiet, and fighting, by turns he is vex't,
 And what saves us this summer shall sink us the next ;
 'Tis bad in the morning — 'tis better at noon ;
 And our wisdom in May shall be madness in June.
 Derry down, &c.

Our sage, with a set of new morals now fraught,
 Makes faction the virtue, and duty the fault ;
 'Gainst the foes of his country his pen does employ,
 Gives the halter to Freeman *, the wreath to Molloy. †
 Derry down, &c.

For life when cringing to thy throne,
 Had'st thou said *no!* instead of *yes!*
 Yet tho' his pen so long has rav'd,
 Let him in time chastise his quill ;
 That law whose *aye!* has often sav'd,
 May one time have a *no!* to kill.

* Alluding to the author of a pamphlet published in 1734, and entitled, *The Merits of the Craftsman considered; or a Display of the Injuries offered by that Party, not only to the Ministry but to their Majesties and the Constitution.*

† An Irish Jesuit, and conductor, conjointly with Lords Chesterfield and Lyttleton, of *Common Sense; or the Englishman's Journal.*

Ye wits, and ye witlings — plebeians or peers,
 Who squirt out your spleen in your dull Gazetteers ;
 You may laugh till you burst, if the Court is your theme,
 But to laugh at the City, you almost blaspheme.

Derry down, &c.

If you follow his counsel, he'll show you a way,
 How Cadiz or Brest may be won in a day —
 If you break but old Haddock, the Spaniards must fall,
 And give his commission and flag to brave Hall.*

Derry down, &c.

Of a navy this captain can save you the charge,
 And can sink you a fleet with a lighter or barge ;
 Who wants no battalions for fighting — nor more
 To storm you a town, than an army of four.

Derry down, &c.

'Twas wrong in Sir Robert to suffer our foe,
 A gale from the west, a whole summer to blow ;
 That he kept not the winds, like the Senate, in pay,
 To drive both the fleet and Sir John from Torbay.

Derry down, &c.

* Captain Richard Haddock, who, for fifteen years, was Comptroller of the Navy, and died at a very advanced age in 1751. Captain Hall was an officer who had greatly distinguished himself during the Spanish war by capturing a fort with the aid of four men only.

Oh! George — if you find any weakness or flaws
In the schemes of your closet, or make of your laws,
Our tinker to show you his art is not small,
With a folder he makes ye, can close 'em up all.

Derry down, &c.

Tho' not with a hammer, his genius is still
At work, full as busy, with ink and a quill;
Since in ev'ry profession, a statesman or quack,
He is much better pleas'd that his work should be black.

Derry down, &c.

If his tricks you still like, you may have him agen,
Who has nothing now left him to sell — but his pen;
From the foe, for a guinea, may steal him away —
For he fights, like a Switzer, alone for his pay.

Derry down, &c.

For a bribe (that he hates!) he will prove what you will,
And you're sure of his heart, if his pocket you fill;
Then the Senate and King shall their duty discharge,
And their schemes shall be wise, if his pay is but large.

Derry down, &c.



ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST.

BY THOMAS GLOVER.

[No declaration of war ever gave greater satisfaction to the populace than that against Spain in 1739, and no war was ever more languidly conducted. The only event that threw any lustre upon it was the capture of Porto Bello, on the 22nd of November in the same year, by Admiral Vernon, with six ships of the line. This partial success was in no way attributable either to his superior courage or skill as an officer; nevertheless, being cried up by the Opposition as a "patriot," he obtained for a season a professional reputation infinitely beyond his deserts. His vanity led him to complain that he was checked in his victorious career by the neglect of ministers at home; and the Opposition insinuated, in prints and caricatures, that the Government would willingly see Vernon's armament perish in inactivity, just as they had suffered that of Admiral Hosier, on the same station, in 1726. To the factious proceedings of Pulteney and his party, we are indebted for one of the best and most pathetic ballads in our language.]



AS near Porto Bello lying
 On the gently swelling flood,
 At midnight with streamers flying,
 Our triumphant navy rode ;
 There while Vernon sat 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 watery grave.
 O'er the glimmering wave he hid him,
 Where the Burford * rear'd her sail,
 With three thousand ghosts beside him,
 And in groans did Vernon hail.

“Heed, O 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!
 Though in Porto Bello's ruin
 You now triumph free from fears,
 When you think on our undoing,
 You will mix your joy with tears.

* The name of Admiral Vernon's ship.

" 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 this 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 achiev'd with six alone.
 Then the bastimentos never
 Had our foul dishonour seen,
 Nor the sea the sad receiver
 Of this gallant train had been.

“ Thus, like thee, proud Spain difmayng,
And her galleons leading home,
Though, condemn'd for difobeyng,
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 fuccesful arms we hail ;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hofier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languifh,
Think what thoufands fell in vain,
Wafted with difeafe and anguifh,
Not in glorious battle flain.

“ Hence with all my train attending,
From their oozy tombs below,
Thro' the hoary foam afcending,
Here I feel my conftant woe :
Here the baftimentos viewing,
We recall 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 ! ”



THE LATE GALLANT EXPLOITS

OF A

FAMOUS BALANCING CAPTAIN.

[Horace Walpole, writing to Sir Horace Mann, and Nov. 1741, says: "The Neutrality begins to break out, and threatens to be an *excise* or *convention*. The newspapers are full of it, and the press teems. It has already produced three pieces: 'The Groans of Germany,' . . . 'Bedlam, a poem on his Majesty's happy escape from his German dominions, and all the wisdom of his conduct there.' . . . The third piece is a ballad ['The Balancing Captain'], which, not for the goodness, but for the excessive abuse of it, I shall transcribe."

The following circumstances gave rise to this offensive ballad. By the "Pragmatic Sanction," which was guaranteed by all the great European Powers, Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary, and eldest daughter of Charles VI., Emperor of Germany, was to succeed to all her father's hereditary states; but being opposed, first by the Elector of Bavaria, and then by the King of Prussia, she appealed to England. The English parliament voted her a subsidy of 300,000*l.*, with which King George hastened over to the Continent. Suddenly, however, fearing that his Hanoverian dominions might be sacrificed in the forthcoming struggle, he determined to abandon the cause of the unfortunate Queen, and so concluded with her enemies a neutrality for one year. His own people felt quite as indignant as the Queen at such conduct.]

To the tune of "The King and the Miller."

I.



'LL tell you a story as strange as 'tis new,
Which all, who're concern'd, will allow to
be true,
Of a Balancing Captain*, well known here-
abouts,
Return'd home (God save him !) a mere King of Clouts.
Return'd home, &c.

II.

This Captain he takes, in a *Gold*-ballasted ship,
Each summer to Terra Damnosa a trip ;
For which he begs, borrows, scrapes all he can get,
And runs his poor *Owners* most vilely in debt.
And runs, &c.

III.

The last time he set out for this blessed place,
He met them, and told them a piteous case,
Of a Sister † of his, who, though bred up at Court,
Was ready to perish for want of support.
Was ready, &c.

* King George II. was usually designated "the captain" by the Jacobites.

† Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary.

IV.

This *Hun-gry* Sifter, he then did pretend,
 Would be to his *Owners* a notable friend,
 If they would at that critical juncture supply her :
 They did—but, alas ! all the fat's in the fire.

They did, &c.

V.

This our Captain no sooner had finger'd the *cole*,
 But he hies him abroad with good Madame Vole—
 Where, like a true tinker, he manag'd this metal,
 And, whilst he stopt one hole, made ten in the kettle.

And whilst, &c.

VI.

His Sifter, whom he to his *Owners* had sworn
 To see duly settled before his return,
 He gulls with bland messages sent to and fro,
 Whilst he, underhand, claps up a Peace with her foe.

Whilst he, &c.

VII.

He then turns this Sifter adrift and declares,
 " Her most mortal foes were her father's *right heirs* ;"
 God zounds ! cries the world, such a step ne'er was
 taken,—

" O ho ! " says Noll Bluff, " I have fav'd my own bacon ! "

O ho ! &c.

VIII.

“ Let France damn the Germans, and undamn the
 Dutch,
 And Spain, on old England, pish ever so much ;
 Let Ruffia bang Sweden, or Sweden bang that,
 I care not, by Robert ! one *kick of my hat !**
 I care not, &c.

IX.

“ So I by myself can Noun Substantive stand,
 Impose on my *Owners*, and save my own Land ;
 You call me Masculine, Feminine, Neuter, or Block,
 Be what will the gender, Sirs, *hic, hæc, or hoc.*
 Be what, &c.

X.

“ Or should my chous'd *Owners* begin to look four,
 I'll trust to mate Bob † to exert his old pow'r,
Regit animos dictis, or nummis, with ease ;
 So, spite of your growling, I'll act as I please.
 So spite, &c.

* The immense cocked-hat which George II. wore was no less the sport of the wits of the day than his Majesty's extreme frugality.

† Walpole.

XI.

Yet worse, in this trait'rous Contract, 'tis said,
Such terms are agreed to, such promises made,
That his *Owners* must soon feeble beggars become—
Hold! cries the Crown-Office, 'ware slander, — *so mum!*
Hold! cries, &c.

XII.

This secret, however, must out on the day
That he meets his poor *Owners* to ask for more pay;
And, I fear, when they come to adjust the account,
A naught for a Balance, will prove their amount.
A naught for a, &c.



ARGYLE'S ADVICE
TO
SIR ROBERT WALPOLE :

A COURT BALLAD.

[At the meeting of Parliament in Nov. 1740, the Opposition, mindful of the approaching elections, strained every nerve to aggravate the difficulties and blacken the character of Sir Robert Walpole, whose tenure of office had now lasted nearly twenty years. But the grand attack upon the envied minister was reserved for the 13th Feb. 1741, when Sandys in the Commons, and Carteret in the Lords, simultaneously arraigned both his foreign and domestic policy during the whole course of his long administration, and ended by moving that he should be dismissed from his Majesty's presence and counsels for ever. After lengthened debates in the two Houses, in which the most distinguished speakers took part, the respective motions were rejected by overwhelming majorities. Walpole's triumph was complete. How intensely he was envied, or rather hated, by his opponents, both within and without the walls of Parliament, may be judged from this and other contemporary ballads levelled against him, which for grossness of personality and threatenings of vengeance far exceeded anything of the kind practised even in the days of Queen Anne or her predecessor.]

To the tune of "The King and the Miller."



N days of yore, when Statesmen wore
Clean hands and honest faces,
No feuds were then among great men,
Nor striving for high places.

Their only aim was lasting fame,
 Their virtues made them great, Sir ;
 But now, friend BOB, 'tis who shall rob
 The British Church and State, Sir.

Of that good fare thou'ft had thy share,
 And feather'd well thy nest, Sir ;
 Then don't provoke the German folk
 To sacrifice the rest, Sir.*

Remember that the rod comes pat,
 Its lashes thou shalt feel ;
 Although thy back was, like thy face,
 Case-harden'd well with steel.

If Pulteney fail, what will prevail,
 He hath not low to fall, Sir ;
 If thou art beat, thou'ft no retreat,
 Thy *neck* must pay for all, Sir.

Now since, alas ! thus stands thy case,
 Robin, look sharp about thee ;
 Stow thick thy gold, but purse fast hold,
 Or the Parliament will rout thee.

* Alluding to the Treaty of Hanover (1725), concluded between England, France, and Prussia, to counteract the Viennese alliance. The danger of war was imminent, but the pacific policy of Walpole, seconded by Cardinal Fleury, the French minister, preserved the peace of Europe.

If thou art wise thou'lt rub thy eyes,
To make thy fight more clear, Sir ;
That thou mayst see what's like to be
Abroad as well as here, Sir.

Consider well, the road to hell
Is wide and free to all, Sir ;
But heaven it hath narrow gates,
Where few can pass at all, Sir.

Therefore take care, and still beware,
That thou art not misled, Sir ;
If thou shouldst miss the way to bliss,
Thou'rt d—d when thou art dead, Sir.

See, Robin, pray now while you may,
Save your neck as well as soul, Sir ;
For you are pray'd for night and day,
To see your head on pole, Sir !



A NEW COURT BALLAD.

BY LORD HERVEY.

[“For want of news (writes Horace Walpole to his cousin Mann, 16th Oct. 1742), I live upon ballads to you. Here is one that has made a vast noise, and by Lord Hervey’s taking great pains to disguise it, has been thought his own. If it is, he has taken true care to disguise the niceness of his style.” Elsewhere he adds, “It was certainly written by Lord Hervey.” His Lordship was Privy Seal under the government of Sir Robert Walpole, and was forced to retire with that minister in 1742. The ballad describes the embarrassments of the King, who had, upon being reconciled to his son in the year just mentioned, unwillingly acceded to the Prince’s request to receive the Lords Carteret, Wilmington, and other Whig coalitionists, into his Cabinet. The second-named nobleman was the nominal head of the new ministry, but the first engrossed the chief power. In the following extract from a letter containing a conversation he had had with the King relative to these ministerial changes, addressed by Lord Hervey to his father, the Earl of Bristol, we have not only the author’s gloss upon his own satirical composition, but also a clue to the motives by which he was actuated when he penned it: “As to government, the present posture, or rather no-posture, but chaos of things, cannot deserve the name, for government there is none. The titles of government belong not to persons who exercise all the authority of it. Your Majesty bears the name of King, and wears the crown, whilst all the authority of the one, and the power of the other, is exercised by another. My Lord Carteret has the credit in your closet and the name of your minister, whilst Mr. Pulteney possesses and exercises the power of both. Parliament there

is none : the Secret Committee [appointed to examine into the conduct of Walpole] has absorbed and engrossed the whole power and authority of that body into their narrow faction.”]

I.



ENGLAND, attend, while thy fate I deplore,
Rehearsing the schemes and the conduct of
pow'r;

And since only of those who have power I sing,
I am sure none can think that I hint at the King.

II.

From the time his son made him old Robin depose,
All the power of a King he was well known to lose;
But of all but the name and the badges bereft,
Like old women, his paraphernalia are left.

III.

To tell how he shook in St. James' for fear,
When first these new ministers bullied him there,
Makes my blood boil with rage, to think what a thing
They have made of a man we obey as a King.

IV.

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

V.

At laſt Carteret arriving ſpoke thus to his grief,
 “ If you’ll make me your Doctor, I’ll bring you relief ;
 You ſee to your cloſet familiar I come,
 And ſeem like my wife in the circle — at home.”

VI.

Quoth the King, “ My good lord, perhaps, you’ve been
 told,
 That I uſ’d to abuſe you a little of old ;
 But now bring whom you will, and eke turn away,
 Let but me and my money, and Walmoden * ſtay.”

VII.

“ For you and Walmoden I freely conſent,
 But as for your money I muſt have it ſpent ;
 I have promiſ’d your ſon (nay, no frowns) ſhall have
 ſome,
 Nor think ’tis for nothing we Patriots are come.

VIII.

“ But, however, little King, ſince I find you ſo good,
 Thus ſtooping below your high courage and blood,
 Put yourſelf in my hands, and I’ll do what I can
 To make you look yet like a King and a man.

* The Counteſs of Yarmouth, the King’s miſtreſs.

IX.

“ At your Admiralty and your Treasury-Board,
 To save one single man you shan't say a word,
 For, by G— ! all your rubbish from both you shall shoot,
 Walpole's ciphers and Gasherry's * vaffals to boot.

X.

“ And to guard Prince's ears, as all Statesmen take care,
 So long as yours are—not one man shall come near ;
 For of all your Court-crew we'll leave only those
 Who we know never dare to say boh ! to a goofe.

XI.

“ So your friend booby Grafton † I'll e'en let you keep,
 Awake he can't hurt, and is still half-asleep ;
 Nor ever was dangerous, but to womankind,
 And his body's as impotent now as his mind.

XII.

“ There's another Court-booby, at once hot and dull,
 Your pious pimp, Schutz‡, a mean Hanover tool ;
 For your card-play at night he too shall remain,
 With *virtuous*, and *sober*, and *wife* Deloraine.§

* Secretary to the Admiralty.

† Charles Fitzroy, second Duke of Grafton, who long held the post of Chamberlain of the King's household.

‡ Augustus Schutz, Keeper of the Privy Purse and Master of the Robes to George II.

§ The Countess-Dowager of Deloraine, governess to the young Princesses.

XIII.

“ And for all your Court-nobles who can't write or read,
As of such titled ciphers all Courts stand in need,
Who, like Parliament-Swifs, vote and fight for their pay,
They're as good as a new set to cry *yea* and *nay*.

XIV.

“ Though Newcastle's as false as he's silly, I know,
By betraying old Robin to me long ago,
As well as all those who employ'd him before,
Yet I leave him in place, but I leave him no pow'r.

XV.

“ For granting his heart is as black as his hat,
With no more truth in this, than there's sense beneath
that;
Yet as he's a coward, he'll shake when I frown :
You call'd him a rascal, I'll use him like one.

XVI.

“ And since his estate at elections he'll spend,
And beggar himself, without making a friend ;
So whilst the extravagant fool has a sou,
As his brains I can't fear, so his fortune I'll use.

XVII.

“ And as miser Hardwick, with all Courts will draw,
He too may remain, but shall stick to his law ;

For, of foreign affairs when he talks like a fool,
I'll laugh in his face, and will cry, "Go to school!"

XVIII.

"The Countess of Wilmington*, excellent nurse,
I'll trust with the Treasury, not with its purse;
For nothing by her I've resolv'd shall be done,
She shall sit at that board, as you sit on the throne.

XIX.

"Perhaps now you expect that I should begin
To tell you the men I design to bring in;
But we're not yet determin'd on all their demands—
And you'll know soon enough, when they come to kiss
hands.

XX.

"All that weather-cock Pulteney † shall ask, we must
grant,
For to make him a great noble nothing I want;
And to cheat such a man demands all my arts,
For though he's a fool, he's a fool with great parts.

* Old Sir Spencer Compton, Earl of Wilmington, who, upon the resignation of Sir R. Walpole, was nominated First Lord of the Treasury.

† Although Pulteney had at length succeeded in turning out Walpole, in the changes that followed he took no office in the new ministry himself, but followed his great rival to the Lords, as Earl of Bath, before the close of the session.

XXI.

“And as popular Clodius, the Pulteney of Rome,
From a noble, for power did plebeian become,
So this Clodius to be a Patrician shall choofe,
Till what one got by changing, the other shall lofe.

XXII.

“Thus flatter’d, and courted, and gaz’d at by all,
Like Phaëton, rais’d for a day, he shall fall,
Put the world in a flame, and show he did strive
To get reins in his hand, though ’tis plain he can’t drive.

XXIII.

“For your foreign affairs, howe’er they turn out,
At leaft I’ll take care you shall make a great rout:
Then cock your great hat, strut, bounce, and look bluff,
For though kick’d and cuff’d here, you shall there kick
and cuff.

XXIV.

“That Walpole did nothing they all us’d to fay,
So I’ll do enough, but I’ll make the dogs pay;
Great fleets I’ll provide, and great armies engage,
Whate’er debts we make, or whate’er wars we wage.”

XXV.

With cordials like thefe the Monarch’s new gueft
Reviv’d his sunk fpirits and gladden’d his breaft;

Till in raptures he cried, "My dear lord, you shall do
Whatever you will, give me troops to review."

XXVI.

But, oh! my dear England, since this is thy state,
Who is there that loves thee but weeps at thy fate?
Since in changing thy masters, thou'rt just like old Rome,
Whilst Faction, Oppression, and Slavery's thy doom!

XXVII.

For though you have made that rogue Walpole retire,
You are out of the frying-pan into the fire!
But since to the Protestant line I'm a friend,
I tremble to think where these changes may end!



ROBIN WILL BE OUT AT LAST.

[“The fate of Sir Robert Walpole’s character as a minister (remarks his biographer, Coxe) has been extremely singular. While he was in power, he was reviled with unceasing obloquy, and his whole conduct arraigned as a mass of corruption and political depravity. But he himself lived to see the propriety of his preventive measures acknowledged by the public. As time softened the asperities of personal animosity, and as the spirit of party subsided, there was scarcely one of his opponents who did not publicly or privately retract their unqualified censures, and pay a due tribute to the wisdom of the general principles which guided his administration.” A greater than Archdeacon Coxe — namely, Burke — has pronounced the following judgment upon Walpole: “The prudence, steadiness, and vigilance of that man, joined to the greatest possible lenity in his character and his politics, preserved the crown to this royal family, and, with it, their laws and liberties to this country.” This ballad appears to have been written about the time when Walpole was vainly struggling to preserve his power.]



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 politics, 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,
Intitl'd " An Act against Mobbing ; "
But 'twas only a law
To keep us in awe
From rising in arms against Robin.

Each post he has fill'd
With wretches unskill'd
In all other acts except fobbing ;
For no men of sense
Would ever commence
Such prostitute creatures for Robin.

By the same worthy means
We have bishops and deans
As dull as blind *Bayard* and *Dobbin*,
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 bobbin ;
But it's very well known,
That all this was done
To skreen other projects of Robin.

How oft hath he sworn
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 fobbing ;
(For if rightly I ween,
Such a good King and Queen
Will give no protection to Robin).



THE STATESMAN'S FALL ;

OR,

SIR BOB IN THE DUST.

A new hunting song from Windsor.

[On the 11th February, 1742, Sir Robert Walpole, after twenty years' tenure of office, resigned all his employments. The term "prime minister" was first applied to him, but in a reproachful sense. "Having invested me (he remarked to the Opposition a short time previous to his resignation) with a kind of mock dignity, and styled me a *prime minister*, they impute to me an unpardonable abuse of that chimerical authority which they only created and conferred." Since the Great Rebellion of 1640, no statesman's fall had been accompanied with such demonstrations of personal hatred and revengeful threats, as in the instance of Sir Robert Walpole.*

This ballad but faintly reflects the feelings of the Opposition in the moment of their triumph. They appointed a Secret Committee "to inquire into the administration of Sir Robert Walpole during the last twenty years." Lord Mahon thus describes the doings of this committee, which consisted of twenty-one members, all of whom (with two exceptions only) were rancorous opponents of the ex-

* The daily press teemed with lampoons, epigrams, &c., against him, which for fierceness and scurrility have no parallel in our language: *e. g.*

Sir [Robert] his merit or interest to shew,
Laid down the red riband to take up the blew ;
By two strings already the knight has been tied,
But when twisted at [Tyburn] the third will decide.

minister: "The committee having met and chosen Lord Limerick for their chairman, entered upon their investigation with all the zeal and activity that hatred can supply. They searched through the Treasury books and papers for proofs of guilt, and summoned before them the persons supposed to have been the secret agents of Walpole in his schemes of corruption. So plain and open was their animosity, that several members of their own party in the committee became disgusted with it and ceased to attend." Tindall, the contemporary historian, informs us that the Report of the committee, from which so much had been expected, was received by the public with contempt.]



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,
 Though 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 Bob, you trip at last.

The tale I tell is of a Knight,
 Whom all of ye must know,

Who, tho' a clumsy toothless wight,
 Is yet a Jockey-Beau * ;
 In body gross, of saffron hue,
 Deck'd forth in green, and Riband blue.

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*.

When on his steed so safely set,
 And his attendants by,
 His vanity outran his wit,
 To see himself so high :
 He thought he ne'er could go too far,
 So Jehu-like rode whip and spur.

His mare of English mettle bold,
 Uneasy at his weight,
 Found, as he on her mane laid hold,
 How awkwardly he fat :
 Unus'd at such a rate to go,
 She kick'd — and laid her rider low !

* Sir Robert Walpole, notwithstanding his corpulency, was passionately devoted to the chase.

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 !

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.*

Now to my song you've lent an ear,
 Pray give it credit due ;
 Since on my honor I aver
 That all I've said is true :
 Tho' some who're prone to allegory
 Would archly thus unfold my story.

They'd say, that by the Knight is meant
 One at the helm, who steers,
 Who eke the mare of Government
 Has switch'd these many years :
 Yet thick in skull, in judgment addle,
 He scarce knows how to fit his saddle.

With thought profound, they say likewise,
That they the secret spy,
How in a hunting quaint disguise
A Parliament doth lie :
Another riddle this unlocks,
That by a Stag is meant a *Fox*.

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, say they, is clear,—
It means the *Axe* and *jugular*.



A NEW ODE:

TO A GREAT NUMBER OF GREAT MEN,
NEWLY MADE.

BY SIR CHARLES H. WILLIAMS.

[In this ode Sir Charles Williams satirises the chief members of the new ministry. Some little time elapsed after the final defeat of Sir Robert Walpole, before the changes in the government were effected; they are thus notified by Horace Walpole in a letter to his cousin, Sir Horace Mann, dated on the day in which his father was created Earl of Orford: "Lord Wilmington is First Lord of the Treasury, and Sandys has accepted the seals as Chancellor of the Exchequer, with Gibbons and Sir John Rushout joined to him as other Lords of the Treasury. . . . Lord Harrington, who is created an earl, is made President of the Council, and Lord Carteret has consented to be Secretary of State in his room; but mind, not one of them has promised to be against the prosecution of Sir Robert, though I don't believe now that it will go on. You see Pulteney is not come in, except in his friend Sir John Rushout, but he is to hold the balance between liberty and prerogative; at least in this he acts with honour. . . . Sir Charles Wager [First Lord of the Admiralty] has resigned this morning; he says, 'We shall not die, but be all changed!' though he adds, a parson lately reading this text in an old Bible, where the *c* was rubbed out, read it, *not die, but be all hanged!*"]



SEE a new progeny descends
 From Heav'n of Britain's truest friends ;
 Oh ! muse attend my call :
 To one of these direct thy flight,
 Or, to be sure that we are right,
 Direct it to them all.

O Clio ! these are golden times,
 I shall get money for my rhymes,
 And thou no more go tatter'd :
 Make haste then, lead the way, begin,
 For here are people just come in,
 Who never yet were flatter'd.

But first to Carteret* fain you'd sing,
 Indeed he's nearest to the King,
 Yet careless how you use him ;
 Give him, I beg, no labor'd lays,
 He will but promise if you praise,
 And laugh if you abuse him.

* John, Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville. Upon the resignation of Walpole, he was nominated Secretary of State by Pulteney, who declined office himself, and carried his well known resolution into effect: "When I have turned out Sir Robert Walpole, I will retire into that hospital of invalids, the House of Peers." He was created accordingly Earl of Bath.

Then (but there's a vast space betwixt)
 The new made earl of Bath comes next,
 Stiff in his popular pride :
 His step, his gait, describe the man,
 They paint him better than I can,
 Waddling from side to side.

Each hour a diff'rent face he wears,
 Now in a fury, now in tears,
 Now laughing, now in sorrow ;
 Now he'll command, and now obey,
 Bellows for liberty to-day,
 And roars for pow'r to-morrow.

At noon the Tories had him tight,
 With staunchest Whigs he supp'd at night,
 Each party try'd to've won him ;
 But he himself did so divide,
 Shuffl'd and cut from side to side,
 That now both parties shun him.

See yon old, dull, important Lord*,
 Who at the long'd for money-board
 Sits first, but does not lead :
 His younger brethren all things make,
 So that the Treasury's like a snake,
 And the tail moves the head.

* Spencer Compton, Earl of Wilmington, First Lord of the Treasury.

Why did you cross God's good intent ?
 He made you for a president ;
 Back to that station go,
 Nor longer act this farce of pow'r,
 We know you miss'd the thing before* ;
 And have not got it now.

See valiant Cobham †, valorous Stair ‡,
 Britain's two thunderbolts of war
 Now strike my ravish'd eye ;
 But oh ! their strength and spirits flown ;
 They, like their conqu'ring swords, are grown
 Rusty with lying by.

Dear Bat §, I'm glad you've got a place,
 And since things thus have chang'd their face,
 You'll give opposing o'er ;

* Upon the accession of George II., when it was the design of the Court to increase the Civil List, Lord Wilmington, who was President of the Council, was offered the Treasury if he would undertake that measure. He declined ; whereupon Sir Robert Walpole accepted the post and fulfilled the condition.

† Richard Temple, Viscount Cobham. He had served under the Duke of Marlborough in Flanders, and, upon the resignation of Sir Robert Walpole, was created a Field-Marshal.

‡ John Dalrymple, second Earl of Stair, a general and diplomatist. He had been deprived of his commissions by Walpole, but, upon the fall of the latter, had them restored to him.

§ The first Lord Bathurst, appointed Captain of the Band of Pensioners.

'Tis comfortable to be in,
 And think what a d—d while you've been,
 Like Peter, at the door.

See who comes next — I kiss thy hands,
 But not in flattery, Samuel Sands * ;
 For since you are in power,
 That gives you knowledge, judgment, parts,
 The courtier's wiles, the statesman's arts,
 Of which you'd none before.

When great impending dangers shook
 Its State, old Rome dictators took
 Judiciously from plough ;
 So we (but at a pinch thou knowest),
 To make the highest of the lowest,
 Th' Exchequer gave to you.

When in your hands the seals you found,
 Did they not make your brains go round —
 Did they not turn your head ?
 I fancy (but you hate a joke)
 You felt as Nell did when she woke
 In Lady Loverule's bed.

* Made Chancellor of the Exchequer.

See Harry Vane * in pomp appear,
 And, since he's made Vice-Treasurer,
 Grown taller by some inches :
 See Tweedale † follow Carteret's ‡ call ;
 See Hanoverian Gower §, and all
 The black funereal Finches. ||

And see, with that important face,
 Berenger's clerk, to take his place,
 Into the Treasury come ;
 With pride and meanness act thy part,
 Thou look'ft the very thing thou art,
 Thou *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

* Sir Henry Vane, afterwards Earl of Darlington, Vice-treasurer of Ireland.

† Secretary of State for Scotland.

‡ Secretary of State for England.

§ Lord Privy Seal, the only Tory in the new ministry.

|| Daniel Finch, Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, is here more particularly alluded to, who was made First Lord of the Admiralty under the new administration. Horace Walpole records the following curious anecdote respecting his personal appearance : " Prince William (afterwards Duke of Cumberland), then a child, being carried to his grandfather on his birthday, the King asked him at what hour he rose. The Prince replied, ' When the chimney-sweepers went about.' ' Vat is de chimney-sweeper ?' said the King. ' Have you been so long in England,' said the boy, ' and don't know what a chimney-sweeper is ? Why, they are like that man *there*,' pointing to Lord Finch, afterwards Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, of a family uncommonly swarthy and dark —

' The black funereal Finches.' "

O my poor country ! is this all
You've gain'd by the long labor'd fall
Of Walpole and his tools ?
He was a knave indeed, — what then ?
He'd parts, — but this new fet of men
A'n't only knaves, but fools !

More changes, better times this Isle
Demands ; O ! Chesterfield, Argyle,
To bleeding Britain bring 'em :
Unite all hearts, appease each storm,
'Tis yours such actions to perform —
My pride shall be to sing 'em.



THE OLD COACHMAN :

A NEW BALLAD.

OR,

THE TRAVELS OF MR. PULTENEY AND LORD CARTERET
TO CLERMONT.

BY SIR CHARLES H. WILLIAMS.

[“The few people that are left in town (writes Horace Walpole to his cousin Horace Mann, in July, 1742) have been much diverted with an adventure that has befallen the new ministers. Last Sunday the Duke of Newcastle gave the new ministers a dinner at Claremont, where their servants got so drunk, that when they came to the inn over against the gate of New [now Richmond] Park, the coachman, who was the only remaining fragment of their suite, tumbled off the box, and there they were planted. There were Lord Bath, Lord Carteret, Lord Limerick, and Harry Furness, in the coach. They asked the innkeeper if he could contrive no way to convey them to town. ‘No,’ he said, ‘not he; unless it was to get Lord Orford’s coachman to drive them.’ They demurred; but Lord Carteret said, ‘Oh! I dare say Lord Orford will willingly let us have him.’ So they sent, and he drove them home. . . . Lord Orford has been at court again to-day. Lord Carteret came up to thank him for his coachman, the Duke of Newcastle standing by. My father said, ‘My Lord, whenever the Duke is near overturning you, you have nothing to do but to send to me and I will save you.’ The Duke said to Lord Carteret, ‘Do you know, my Lord, that the venison you eat that day came out of New Park?’ Lord Orford laughed, and said, ‘So, you see I am made to kill the fatted calf for the return of the prodigals!’” The ex-minister was ranger of New Park.]



WHEN Caleb* and Carteret, two birds of a feather,

Went down to a feast at Newcastle together ;

No matter what wines, or what choice of good cheer,
'Tis enough that the Coachman had his dose of beer.

Derry down, &c.

Coming home, as the liquor work'd up in his pate,
The Coachman drove on at a damnable rate ;
Poor Carteret in terror, and scar'd all the while,
Cry'd, " Stop, let us out — is the dog an Argyle ? "

Derry down, &c.

But he soon was convinc'd of his error, for, lo !
John stopt short in the dirt, and no further would go ;
When Carteret saw this, he observ'd with a laugh,
" This Coachman, I find, is your own, my Lord Bath."

Derry down, &c.

Now the peers quit the coach in a pitiful plight,
Deep in mire and rain, and without any light ;
Not a path to pursue, nor to guide them a friend,
What course shall they take then, and how will this end ?

Derry down, &c.

* Pulteney, Earl of Bath, and so called on account of his connection with the *Craftsman*. Horace Walpole assures us, that the pen of Sir C. H. Williams inflicted deeper wounds in three months on Pulteney, than a series of *Craftsmen*, aided by Lord Bolingbroke, for several years, could imprint on Sir Robert Walpole.

Lo ! Chance, the great mistress of human affairs,
 Who governs in Councils and conquers in wars ;
 Straight, with grief at their case, for the Goddesses well knew
 That these were her creatures and votaries true.

Derry down, &c.

This Chance brought a Passenger * quick to their aid.
 "Honest friend, can you drive?" "What should aid
 me?" he said ;

"For many a bad season, through many a bad way,
 Old Orford I've driven without stop or stay."

Derry down, &c.

"He was overturn'd; I confess, but not hurt,"
 Quoth the Peers — "It was we help'd him out of the
 dirt ;

This boon for thy master, then, prithee requite,
 Take us up, or else here we must wander all night."

Derry down, &c.

He took them both up, and thro' thick and thro' thin
 Drove away to St. James' and brought them safe in ;
 Learn hence, honest Britons, in spite of your pains,
 That Orford's old Coachman still governs the reins.

Derry down, &c.

* Mr. Scroop was Secretary of the Treasury under Sir Robert Walpole, and the new ministry was forced to retain him from the own ignorance of business. (Walpole.)

SANDYS AND JEKYLL.

A NEW BALLAD.

BY SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

[In 1736 the justices of Middlesex presented a joint petition to the House of Commons, complaining that the constant and excessive use of Geneva had destroyed thousands of his Majesty's subjects, and rendered many more totally unfit for useful labour and service; whereupon Parliament, at the instance of Sir Joseph Jekyll, Master of the Rolls, laid on gin and other spirituous liquors, a tax so heavy as to amount to a prohibition so far as the lower classes were concerned. That measure, as Walpole prognosticated at the time, only afforded encouragement and opportunity to fraud. Not only was gin publicly retailed in shops, but hawkers carried it about the streets in flasks and bottles, labelled, *Make-shift, Bawlk, The Ladies' Delight, Gripe Water, &c. &c.* To prevent such wholesale loss to the revenue, Sandys, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, introduced, in the session of 1743, a new bill into parliament, by which a smaller duty was laid on all spirits at the still-head, and the price of licenses proportionately reduced. His proposal met with great opposition in the Lords, and more particularly at the hands of the bishops, who denounced it as a sanction to vice. The bill, however, was passed by a great majority. Sir Charles Williams not only attacked the Chancellor of the Exchequer in this and the subsequent ballad, for partially repealing the Gin Act of Jekyll, but also in the following biting epigram:—

Deep, deep in Sandys' blund'ring head
 The new gin project sunk;
 O happy project! sage, he cried,
 Let all the realm be drunk.
 'Gainst universal hate and scorn
 This scheme my sole defence is,
 For when I've beggar'd half the realm
 'Tis time to drown their senses.]

To the tune of "When all was wrapt in dark midnight."

Obstupuit steteruntque comæ.



WAS at the silent, solemn hour,
When night and morning meet ;
In glided Jekyll's * grimly ghost,
And stood at Sandys' † feet.

His face was like a winter's day,
Clad in November's frown ;
And clay-cold was his shrivell'd hand,
That held his tuck'd-up gown.

Sands quaked with fear, th'effect of guilt,
Whom thus the shade bespoke ;
And with a mournful hollow voice
The dreadful silence broke :

* Sir Joseph Jekyll, Master of the Rolls, author of the Bill against Spirituous Liquors, which Sandys got repealed to increase the revenue. Burke once observed of Sir Joseph : " I have always heard, and believed, as nearly as an individual could be, he was the very standard of Whig principles in his age. He was a learned and able man, full of honour, integrity, and public spirit ; no lover of innovation, nor disposed to change his solid principles for the giddy fashion of the hour."

† Samuel Sandys (notes Horace Walpole), a republican opposer of the court, was made Chancellor of the Exchequer in the room of Sir Robert Walpole, 1742 ; but was turned out in less than two years, and made Cofferer and a baron, and entirely laid aside on the disgrace of Lord Granville [Carteret].

“ The night-owl shrieks, the raven croaks,
The midnight bell now tolls ;
Behold thy late departed friend,
The Master of the Rolls.

“ And tho’ by death’s prevailing hand
My form may alter’d be ;
Death cannot make a greater change,
Than times have wrought in thee.

“ Think of the part you’re acting, Sands,
And think where it will end ;
Think you have made a thousand foes,
And have not gain’d one friend.

“ Oft hast thou said our cause was good,
Yet you that cause forsook ;
Oft against places hast thou rail’d,
And yet a place you took.

“ ’Gainst these how often hast thou spoke,
With whom you now assent ;
The Court how oft hast thou abus’d,
And yet to Court you went.

“ How could you vote for war with Spain,
Yet make that war to cease ?
How could you weep for England’s debts,
Yet make those debts increase ?

“ How could you swear your country’s good
Was all your wish or fear ?
And how could I, old doting fool,
Believe you were sincere ?

“ Thou art the cause why I appear,
From blissful regions drawn !
Why teeming graves cast up their dead,
And why the church-yards yawn,

“ Is owing all to thee, thou wretch !
The bill thou hast brought in
Opens this mouth, tho’ clof’d by death,
To thunder against Gin.

“ If of good-nature any spark
Within thee thou can’st find ;
Regard the message that I bring —
Have mercy on mankind.

“ But, oh ! from thy relentless heart,
The horrid day I see,
When thy mean hand shall overturn
The good design’d by me.

“ Riot and slaughter once again
Shall their career begin ;
And ev’ry parish sucking-babe
Again be nurf’d with Gin.

“ The foldiers from each cellar drunk
Shall scatter ruin far ;
Gin fhall intoxicate, and then
Let flip thofe dogs of war.

“ This proves thee, Sands, thy country’s foe,
And Defolation’s friend ;
What can thy project be in this,
And what can be thy end ?

“ Is it that, confcious of thy worth,
Thy fenfe, thy parts, thy weight,
Thou know’ft this nation muft be drunk
Ere it can think thee great ?

“ Too high, poor wren, haft thou been borne
On Pultney’s eagle wings ;
Thou wert not form’d for great affairs,
Nor made to talk with kings.

“ But where’s thy hate to Courts and pow’r ?
Thy patriotifm, Sands ?
Think’ft thou that gown adorns thy fhape,
That purfe becomes thy hands ?

“ As when the Fox upon the ground
A tragic mask espied ;
‘ O, what a fpacious front is here,
But where’s the brain ? ’ he cried.

“ So thou a lord of Treasury
 And Chancellor art made ;
 Sir Robert’s place, and Robe, and Seal
 Thou haft,—but where’s his Head ?

“ Thou’rt plac’d by far too high, in vain
 To keep your post you strive ;
 In vain, like Phaeton, attempt
 A chariot you can’t drive.

“ Each part you do betrays your parts,
 And tends to your undoing ;
 Each speech you make your dulness shows,
 And certifies your ruin.*

“ Think not, like oaks, to stand on high,
 And brave the storms that blow ;
 But, like the reed, bend to the ground,
 And to be safe be low.

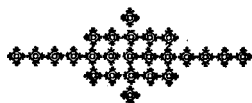
“ Poor in thyself, each party’s joke,
 Each trifling songster’s sport ;
 Pelham supports thee in the House,
 The Earl of Bath at Court.

* “ They talk of Sands being raised to the peerage by way of getting rid of him, he is so dull they can scarce drag him on.”—*Horace Walpole to Horace Mann*, 13th Jan. 1743.

“These are the men that push thee on,
In thy own nature’s spite ;
So like the moon, if thou couldst shine,
’Twould be by borrow’d light.

“But soft, I scent the morning air,
The glow-worm pales its light ;
Farewell, remember me !” — it cried,
And vanish’d out of sight.

Sands, trembling, rose, frighted to death,
Of knowledge quite bereft ;
And has, since that unhappy night,
Nor sense, nor mem’ry left !



HERVEY AND JEKYLL.

PART II.

BY SIR CHARLES H. WILLIAMS.



LD Jekyll's ghost in scorching flames
 Condemn'd to fast by day,
 Until the ills got in his youth
 Be clean'd and purg'd away :

But soon as night, with sable wing,
 Ascends her sable throne,
 He quits his dismal prison-house,
 And stalks through all this town.

To ministers and patriots goes,
 For his poor country's service ;
 Last week at Sandys' feet he stood,
 And yesternight at Hervey's.*

* John, Lord Hervey, Lord Privy Seal, being out of this post on the change of administration, went into opposition, and made several speeches in the House of Lords against the repeal of the Gin Act.

But, oh, how different was his look
 From that which Sands appall'd ;
 Smiling he op'd the curtains wide,
 And thrice on Hervey call'd !

His lordship at the spectre quak'd,
 And trembl'd in his bed ;
 And would most surely have turn'd pale,
 But that he'd put on red.*

“ Thy courtly life is all forgot,”
 Thus did the ghost begin ;
 “ And ev'ry trespass blotted out
 By talking against Gin.

“ This over all your former faults
 Shall dark oblivion bring ;
 O'er every tale you told the Queen †,
 Or whisper'd to the King.

“ This change at once removes all doubts
 That did mankind perplex ;
 Your character will now appear
 As clearly as your sex.

* The natural countenance of Lord Hervey was remarkably pallid.

† Lord H. had been a particular friend of Queen Caroline, and wrote the epitaph on her which is satirised by Pope. His “ former faults ” refer to his keeping aloof, under pretence of illness, when his chief, Sir Robert Walpole, was vainly struggling to retain office.

“ For I am sure the Privy Seal
 Could have no weight with thee ;
Since those * who have, or have it not,
 In the same vote agree.

“ This was a glorious turn, indeed,
 Made in your nature’s spite ;
For tho’ you know you’re in the wrong,
 I think you’re in the right.

“ Your head and heart were form’d for Courts,
 But, since you’re thence rejected,
You ought to like the part you act,
 Because it is affected.

“ Oh, think how popular you’ll be,
 Enjoy thy new-born fame ;
All men shall sing thy praises forth,
 And children lisp thy name.

“ Soon *Common-sense* † convinc’d shall all
 His former works deny ;
The *Craftsman* † too repentant turn,
 And give himself the lie.

* Lord Gower, who succeeded Hervey as Lord Privy Seal.

† The two weekly journals under these titles, in which Lord H. had often been abused.

“ Remember when ’gainst Gin you spoke,
That on your magic tongue,
Beyond the force or pow’r of gold,
Such strong persuasion hung.

“ Bishops who never hearken’d yet
Were with attention warm’d ;
Nor, like deaf adders, turn’d their ears,
When you so sweetly charm’d.

“ Jacob for keeping Laban’s sheep
With Laban did agree,
That ev’ry party-color’d lamb
Should be the Shepherd’s fee.

“ Thus was the Bench your labor’s price
Not one behind remain’d ;
And, as your speeches’ just reward,
The whole py’d herd you gain’d.

“ ’Twas you made cunning Secker * preach
Against this curf’d bill ;
’Twas you made Sherlock † pow’r oppose,
Tho’ York ‡ continues ill.

* Then Bishop of Oxford, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

† Sherlock, Bishop of Salisbury, and afterwards of London.

‡ Dr. Blackbourn, Archbishop of York. “ Blackbourn (says H. Walpole), the jolly old Archbishop of York, had all the manners

“ These conquests your own hands have made,
Pursue these glorious ends ;
You’ve no affections to mislead,
No party, and no friends.

“ I lov’d my country when on earth,
Her freedom strove to save ;
Those cares that waited on my life
Attend me in the grave.

“ Since death all worldly views destroys,
You may my words believe ;
Attend then to the last advice
That ever I shall give.

“ Sometimes with Tories give a vote,
Sometimes with Whigs agree ;
So shall you live, like me, esteem’d,
And die bemoan’d like me.”

of a man of quality, though he had been a buccaneer, and was a clergyman. He retained nothing of his first profession except the seraglio. Hayter, Bishop of Norwich, preceptor to Prince George, was his natural son. He, one day, talking with Queen Caroline about Sir Robert Walpole, said, ‘ Madam, I am glad you like the King’s new mistress, Lady Yarmouth ; it shows you are a sensible woman, your Majesty having no objection for your husband to divert himself.’ ” Archbishop Blackbourn died 1743, after enjoying the see of York twenty years.

THE JEWS' TRIUMPH.

A BALLAD TO BE SAID
OR SUNG TO THE CHILD-
REN OF ISRAEL, ON
ALL POPULAR
OCCASIONS
BY ALL CHRISTIAN PEOPLE,

[This, as well as the succeeding ballad, was composed upon the passing of the Jews Naturalisation Act, in 1752; a measure which so alarmed and exasperated the public that its unscrupulous authors, the Pelhams, fearing to face the country at the ensuing elections, were necessitated to repeal it in the next session of parliament, 1753.]



IN seventeen hundred and fifty-three
The style it was chang'd to Popery,
But that it is lik'd we don't all agree.
Which nobody can deny.

When the country folk first heard of this Act,
That old Father Style was condemn'd to be rackt,
And robb'd of his Time, which appears to be fact.
Which nobody, &c.

It puzzl'd their brains, their senses perplex,
And all the old ladies were very much vex,
Not dreaming that Levites would alter our text.
Which nobody, &c.

But, Lord! how surpris'd when they heard of the news,
That we were to be servants to circumcis'd Jews,
To be negroes and slaves, instead of True Blues.
Which nobody, &c.

Your wives and your daughters a spoil to this crew,
Despis'd by all nations, but courted by you,
A curst set of Locusts, excepting a few.
Which nobody, &c.

By tricking and sharpening they treasure have got,
And have cunning enough to keep out of a plot,
But if they get money they care not a jot.
Which nobody, &c.

That money, you know, is a principal thing,
It will pay a Duke's mortgage, or interest bring;
And in voting, 'tis plain, it leaves no great sting.
Which nobody, &c.

That Jews have the Mammon all Christendom know,
 But are not to be trusted but just as that goes,
 For as gold's to be got they are both friends or foes.

Which nobody, &c.

Are these then the people that's mark'd with the brand,
 That the Clergy have preach'd shall inherit no land,
 Which now they have gain'd against God's command.

Which nobody, &c.

Why the bishops were mute at what they have preach'd
 Is beyond comprehension, and not to be reach'd,
 Except Jew's presentations reverting to each.

Which nobody, &c.

Great Phelam, the Dives, the prince of the tribes,
 Who understands Courts and the nature of Bribes*,
 Found his way to the helm that the man of war guides.

Which nobody, &c.

But 'tis hop'd that a mark will be set upon those
 Who were friends to the Jews, and Christians' foes,
 That the nation may see how deism † grows.

Which nobody, &c.

* It was notorious that the Duke of Newcastle had resorted to bribery in order to carry his Bill through the Lower House.

† Referring to the recent publication of Bolingbroke's sceptical works.

Then cheer up your spirits, let Jacobites swing*,
And Jews in our bell-ropes hang when they ring
To our Sovereign Lord great George our King.
Which nobody, &c.

* Alluding to the execution of Dr. Archibald Cameron (a political agent of the Pretender), whose unhappy fate excited very general commiseration, even amongst the Loyalists.



THE JEWS NATURALISED ;

OR,

THE ENGLISH ALIENATED.

A BALLAD.



OUR Rulers have dar'd the decree to revoke
 Which was in Judæa so frequently spoke,
 To incorporate with us that fugitive Tribe—
 But what is it Britons won't do for a bribe?
 Sing Tantararara, Jews all! Jews all!
 Sing, &c.

Such barefac'd Simony plainly confirms
 That Christian and Jew are synonymous terms:
 But what do I say? Are not all the world Jews?
 Pray where is the man who a bribe will refuse?
 Sing, &c.

Those vagabond knaves, that are now naturalis'd,
 Are thus universally characteris'd;
 A people to all blackest vices addicted,
 The hiss of all nations, as hath been predict'd.
 Sing, &c.

The first that stood up in the Church's defence
 Alleg'd it contrary to Scripture and sense ;
 And declar'd he'd with ease all their reasons confute ;
 But oppos'd by a purse he was instantly mute !
 Sing, &c.

The second harangued (as with justice he might)
 That such a base act was invading our right ;
 And with patriot zeal did much eloquence use,
 But the charms of a bribe—oh ! he could not refuse.
 Sing, &c.

The third he expon'd, with great Christian zeal,
 The direful effects posterity might feel ;
 Declaring, with warmth, what his conscience dictated,
 But a little gold-dust soon his passion abated.
 Sing, &c.

The fourth that rose up did, with great exclamations,
 (Producing for evidence Scripture quotations)
 Declare such proceedings would draw on a curse,
 And would have said more—but was dumb'd by a purse.
 Sing, &c.

Thus all in conjunction were tongue-tied by self,
 And each pass'd his vote—pray for whom ?—for himself !
 Such actions as these most apparently shews,
 That if Jews are made English, the English are Jews.
 Sing, &c.

THE UNEMBARRASSED COUNTENANCE.

A NEW BALLAD.

BY SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

[This cutting ballad was suggested by the extraordinary course pursued by Pitt at the meeting of Parliament in Nov. 1755: when, although a member of the Newcastle ministry, holding the office of Paymaster of the Forces, he (together with Legge, Chancellor of the Exchequer) voted with the Opposition in the memorable debate on the address, and vehemently declaimed against the proposed subsidies to the Czar of Russia and the petty German princes, who were to provide troops for the better security of Hanover during the anticipated war with France. "He spoke (says Walpole) at half-past one, for an hour and thirty-five minutes; there was more humour, wit, vivacity, finer language, more boldness, in short, more astonishing perfections, than even you, who are used to him, can conceive. He was not abusive, yet very attacking on all sides; he ridiculed Lord Hillsborough, crushed poor Sir Geo. Lyttleton, terrified the Attorney-General, lashed my Lord Granville, painted the Duke of Newcastle, attacked Mr. Fox, and even hinted up to the Duke of Cumberland."* It was on the same night that Gerard Hamilton

* Walpole was so delighted with Pitt's marvellous eloquence upon this occasion, that he paraphrased Dryden's well-known epigram after this fashion:—

Three orators in distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpass,
The next in language, but in both the last:
The power of nature could no farther go,
To make a third she join'd the former two.

delivered that single speech from which his nickname was derived. "Whose eloquence (says Macaulay) threw into the shade every orator except Pitt." The amendment moved by the Opposition was rejected by a great majority (311 to 105), and Pitt was instantly dismissed by the irritated King.]

To the tune of "A cobbler there was," &c.



O a certain old chapel, well-known in the town,
The inside quite rotten, the outside near down,

A fellow got in who could talk and could prate —
I'll tell you his story, and sing you his fate.

Derry down, &c.

At first he seem'd modest and wonderous wise,
He flatter'd all others in order to rise:
Till out of compassion he got a small place*,
Then full on his master he turn'd his —.

Derry down, &c.

He bellow'd and roar'd at the troops of Hanover,
And swore they were rascals whoever went over;

* As Groom of the Bed-chamber to the Prince of Wales, whom he deserted, in 1744, to support the Pelham ministry.

That no man was honest who gave them a vote,
 And all that were for 'em should hang by the throat.
 Derry down, &c.

He always affected to make the House ring
 'Gainst Hanover troops and a Hanover King :
 He applauded the way to keep Englishmen free,
 By digging Hanover quite into the sea.
 Derry down, &c.

By flaming so loudly he got him a name,
 Tho' many believ'd it would cost him a shame :
 But nature had given him, ne'er to be harass'd,
 An unfeeling heart, and a front unembarrass'd.
 Derry down, &c.

When from an old woman*, by standing his ground,
 He had got the possession of ten thousand pound,
 He said he car'd not for what others might call him,
 He would shew himself now the true son of Sir Balaam.†
 Derry down, &c.

* Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who left Pitt a legacy of 10,000*l.*, in consideration of "the noble defence he had made for the support of the laws of England, and to prevent the ruin of his country."

† Alluding to the character of Sir Balaam in Pope's *Moral Essays* (Third Epistle) : —

"Behold young Balaam, now a man of spirit,
 Ascribes his getting to his parts and merit."

See the whole passage included in lines 339 to the end.

Poor Harry*, whom erst he had dirtily spatter'd,
He now couch'd and cring'd to, commended, and flatter'd;

Since honest men here were agham'd of his face,
That in Ireland at least he might get him a place.

Derry down, &c.

But Harry, resentful, first bid him be hush,
Then proclaim'd it aloud that he never could blush;
Recant his invectives, and then in a trice,
He would show the best title to an Irish *Vice*.†

Derry down, &c.

Young Balaam ne'er bogg'l'd, but turn'd his coat,
Determin'd to share in whate'er could be got,
Said, I scorn all those who cry impudent fellow,
As my front is of brass, I'll be painted in yellow.‡

Derry down, &c.

* Pitt's great rival, Henry Fox, with whom he coalesced when the Duke of Newcastle, upon the death of his brother Henry Pelham, in 1754, passed over them both and selected Sir Thomas Robinson for the vacant office of Secretary of State and leader of the Commons. "Sir Thomas Robinson lead us!" said Pitt to Fox: "the Duke might as well send his jack-boot to lead us!"

† When Pitt first joined the Pelhams in 1744, he was made Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, in order to keep him as distant as possible from the King, to whom he was personally obnoxious.

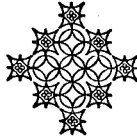
‡ Alluding to the list of those who had voted for the Hanover troops, which had been printed in *yellow* colours. Pitt at first opposed, but afterwards voted for the troops, declaiming on both occasions with equal vehemence.

Since yellow's the color that best suits his face,
And Balaam aspires at an eminent place,
May he soon at Cheapside stand fix'd by the legs,
His front well adorn'd, all daub'd over with eggs.

Derry down, &c.

Whilst Balaam was poor, he was full of renown,
But now that he's rich, he's the jest of the town:
Then let all men learn by his present disgrace,
That honesty's better by far than a place.

Derry down, &c.



THE CONVERTS.

ADDRESSED TO SIR G[EORGE] L[YTTLETON],
CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

[Upon the strange defection of Pitt and Legge (*vide* introductory note to the preceding ballad), and their consequent dismissal from office, and the voluntary retirement of the two Grenvilles, brothers-in-law to Pitt, the Duke of Newcastle was not only compelled to call in the aid of Henry Fox, but also to share with him the patronage of the government. In the remodelling of the Cabinet that followed, Sir George Lyttleton, to whom this ballad is addressed, and who had in the preceding year (1755) broken off all political connection both with Fox and Pitt, and at this time belonged to the Newcastle faction, was, no less to the astonishment of his friends than to that of the public, nominated successor to Legge, the first financier of the age. The satirist not only exposes Sir George's singular unfitness for such an office, but also reprehends him for his defection of his former political connections, imputing his *conversion* to sordid motives. Horace Walpole thus notices these ministerial changes, and the manner in which they were effected: "The holidays are now arrived [21st Dec. 1755], and now the changes are making; but many of the recruits, old deserters, old cashiered, old fagots, add very little credit to the new coalition. The Duke of Newcastle and his coadjutor, Mr. Fox, squabble twice for agreeing once."]

I.



SIR George! put off that strange disguise,
What with your peruke's monstrous size,
Your gown, and band, and purse,
I scarcely knew you,—in your dress,
In credit, too, perhaps, not less,
You're alter'd for the worse.

II.

Had you a call ? or was't a light
 From Court, that shone upon your fight,
 Made you a politician ;
 Ordain'd to teach, and propagate
 The doctrines and the creeds of State
 By ministerial mission ?

III.

Of taxes, your three children dear,
 'Tis hard you only one can rear,
 One in its birth died quickly,
 The last, which came before its hour,
 Tho' nurf'd by Bedford's changeling pow'r,
 Is still lean, poor, and fickly.

IV.

The former issue of your brain,
 Songs, eclogues, odes*, a hopeful train,
 Smil'd lovely at their birth ;
 And now grown up, in credit thrive,
 Still flourish, and will long survive,
 When you're laid low in earth.

* Sir G. Lyttleton published a volume of poems in 1732, under the title of *The Progress of Love*.

V.

Had'st thou not better still have play'd
 With Hagley * muses in the shade ?
 They oft with rapture heard
 Your younger voice in gladfome lays,
 Refounding matchless Delia's praise,
 And blest'd the tuneful bard.

VI.

Of you conceiv'd they better hope,
 Charm'd with the strain to Poyntz and Pope,
 And pleas'd with Letters Persian † ;
 But all in tears, alas ! they burst,
 And mourn that fatal hour when first
 You meddled with Conversion.

VII.

Conversion favor'd by the great,
 Encourag'd both in Church and State—
 How wisely, who can say ?
 For dealers in that shifting trade,
 Who their *old* friends have once betray'd,
 May *new* ones, too, betray.

* Hagley, in Worcestershire, the family seat of the Lyttletons.

† Alluding to his popular *Letters from a Persian in England to his friend at Ispahan*, 1735.

VIII.

But whether Converts, true or feign'd,
 Or place, or pension, all have gain'd :
 You know, Sir, there are many
 Who've serv'd, at least, their private ends ;
 And instances among your friends
 May do as well as any.

IX.

How many have, like fawning Bower*,
 Of late renounc'd the papal power,
 For George, our Faith's Defender ?
 An English Bishop Johnson's † made,
 And Stone ‡ and Murray have betray'd
 The cause of the Pretender.§

* Archibald Bower, the converted Jesuit and author of *The History of the Popes*. Lyttleton was one of his greatest friends.

† Dr. James Johnson, Bishop of Gloucester, and subsequently translated to Worcester.

‡ Andrew Stone, private secretary to the Duke of Newcastle.

§ Horace Walpole, writing to Mann, 4th March 1753, asks : "Have you got any wind of our new histories ? Is there any account at Rome that Mr. Stone and the Solicitor-General [Murray, afterwards Earl of Mansfield] are still thought to be more attached to Egypt than Hanover ? For above this fortnight there have been strange myseries and reports ! the Cabinet Council, sat night after night till two o'clock in the morning. . . . At last it came out that Lord Ravensworth, on the information of one Fawcett, a lawyer, has accused Stone, Murray, and Dr. Johnson, the new Bishop of Gloucester, of having had an odd custom of toasting the Chevalier

X.

Old Horace*, too, believes or dreams
 'Tis right to forward Treaty schemes,
Converted by a Peerage :
 An honour, sure, full dearly earn'd,
 To lick that hand which overturn'd
 His brother at the steerage.

XI.

Now, whether Fox † to Hardwick ‡ grave,
 Or he to Fox, is turn'd a slave,
 Let that still rest a doubt ;
 They hate each other, yet agree
 'Tis better far IN place to be,
 On any terms, than OUT.

and my Lord Dunbar, at one Vernon's, a merchant, about twenty years ago." The Council reported that the accusation was false and malicious. "The heats upon it (adds Walpole) are great; the violent Whigs are not at all convinced of the Whiggism of the culprits, by the defect of evidence; the opposite clan affect as much conviction as if they wished them Whigs."

* Horatio Walpole (brother to the Earl of Orford), created Lord Walpole of Wolterton, in 1756. Horace Walpole thus remarks of him: "My uncle's ambition and dirt are crowned at last; he is a peer!"

† Henry Fox (first Lord Holland), who, in coalescing with Newcastle, obtained the seals of Secretary of State in succession to Sir Thomas Robinson.

‡ Lord Chancellor.

XII.

You think so too, then be *translated*,
 I fear you'll else again be baited,
 By wits and sneering scoffers :
 For quiet, and for *salary-fake*,
 You can't do better than retake
 The charge of Household coffers.*

XIII.

Your talent not in figures lies†,
 Leave estimates, accounts, supplies,
 Not worthy your regarding,
 To wiser heads, not his who rules
 The Treasury, but his working tools,
 Money slaves, West‡ and Harding.§

* Previous to his appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer he had been Cofferer.

† Sir George Lyttleton, it was said, never could comprehend the commonest rules of arithmetic.

‡ Gilbert West, the poet, and one of the Treasury clerks. Lyttleton addressed his celebrated essay on the *History and Conversion of St. Paul* to him.

§ Nicholas Harding, clerk of the House of Commons.

XIV.

'Tis vain relying on his Grace* ;
Secure to keep you in *this* place
 Beyond his pow'r and art is ;
He, mounted up so high of late,
Is a mere shuttle-cock of State,
 Kept up by adverse parties.

* Duke of Newcastle, the Premier.



THE LETTER OF A CERTAIN ADMIRAL.

[On the 5th April 1756, Admiral Byng, who had just been appointed to the command in the Mediterranean, set sail with ten ships of the line and a small body of troops to reinforce the English garrison at St. Philip's Fort, which protected Port Mahon, Minorca. Upon reaching his destination (18th May) he found that place invested by 16,000 French troops, supported by a fleet of thirteen ships of the line and four frigates. The two hostile armaments immediately formed in order of battle, and continued to manœuvre, without discharging a shot, till night separated them. In the afternoon of the following day the two fleets again met, when, after a partial engagement, Byng suffered the French admiral to get away without bringing him to closer action, whilst he himself, abandoning the prime object of his mission, the salvation of Minorca, retired to Gibraltar. The rage of his countrymen at his supposed want of courage, and at the exultation of the French, who claimed a victory, knew no bounds; the Newcastle ministry, which had selected him for the command of the ill-fated expedition, was driven from office, and the unfortunate admiral, after having been caricatured, lampooned, and burned in effigy in almost every town in England, was finally tried by court-martial and condemned to be shot "for not having done his utmost." He suffered heroically 14th March 1757. The above *Letter* is a parody upon his despatch to the Admiralty, containing an explanation of his conduct; a composition which was more calculated to confirm than remove the popular prejudice against him. The account of Byng's indecisive action is summed up in the following witty epigram of the day:—

We have lately been told
Of two admirals bold,
Who engaged in a terrible fight;
They met after noon,
Which I think was too soon,
As they both ran away before night.]



R. CLEVELAND*, I pray, to their Lord-
ships you'll say,
We are glad, and rejoice above measure :
When you have read what is writ you,
you'll laugh till it split you,
And so give me joy of *my pleasure*.

We'd a wind, you must know, as fair as could blow,
And therefore in days just eleven,
We had sail'd from the shore full ten leagues or more,
And saw nought but the *ocean* and *heaven*.

Then seventeen ships came licking their lips,
And crying out, "*Fee, faw, and fum ;*"
Bigger each than Saint Paul ; guns, the devil and all ;
And, egad, looking wondrous glum.

But no matter for that, who says pit-a-pat ?
We tack'd, and we stood to the weather ;
We tack'd quite about, right and left, brave and stout,
And so we were sideways together.

Souls five score and two, maugre all they could do,
We took in a tartan alive ;
Six hundred did sail in the vessel so frail,
But *our hundred* had cut up the *five*.

* Secretary of the Admiralty.

But of this by the bye ; for now we drew nigh
 To each other—quite close—nay, 'tis true :
 Six times two of the line, large, grand, bright, and fine ;
 Five frigates ! but look'd rather *blue*.

Fair Honor, quoth I, in thy arms let me die,
 And my glory burn clear in the socket ;
 Not an ounce more of powder, or a gun or note
 louder,
 So the d[irections ?] I put in my pocket.

Brave West* led the van, I follow'd amain ;
 Such *cloſing*, and *raking*, and work,
 With *foreſails* and *braces* all flutt'ring in pieces,
 'Twould have melted the heart of a Turk.

But the devil, in ſpite, to blaſt our delight,
 Got aboard the Intrepid†, his daughter,
 Made her jump, fly, and ſtumble, reel, elbow, and
 tumble,
 And drove us quite *out of the water*.

* Rear-Admiral Weſt, the ſecond in command, who ſucceeded in driving ſeveral of the enemy's ſhips out of the line, but, being unſupported by the reſt of the Engliſh fleet, was compelled to return to his original poſition.

† The admiral's own ſhip, which, ere the action had commenced, got entangled with the next in poſition, and became for awhile unmanageable.

And now, being tea-time, we thought it was the time
 To talk over what we had done ;
 So we put on the kettle our tempers to settle,
 And presently fet the fair sun.

Our council * next day, in seemly array,
 Met, fat, and debated the story ;
 We found that our fleet at last might be beat,
 And then, you know, *where is the glory ?*

Moreover, 'twas plain, three ships in the van
 Had their glasses and china all broke ;
*And this gave the balance, in spite of great talents,
 Against us,—a damnable stroke !*

Without fear of reproaches, as found as your roaches,
 Of glory we've sav'd our whole stock ;
 'Twere pity, indeed, to lose it, or bleed,
 For a *toothless old man †* and a *rock*.

* The day after the indecisive action with the French fleet under Admiral de la Galiffonière, Byng called a council of war, and, after representing to them the bad condition of his fleet, and the superiority of the enemy in men and guns, announced his determination to abandon Minorca and return to Gibraltar.

† Blakeney, who commanded the small garrison at St. Philip's Fort, which protected Port Mahon in the island of Minorca.



ON THE SECRET EXPEDITION OF 1757.

[One of the earliest measures of the Newcastle-Pitt administration was to despatch (in the month of September 1757) a secret expedition, consisting of a powerful fleet under Hawke, and a proportionate number of land forces under the joint command of Generals Mordaunt and Conway, to sweep the coasts of France and to occupy Rochefort, which had been described to the English ministry as ill-prepared for resistance. Upon reaching their destination, however, the British commanders found that any attempt upon the place was impracticable. After various controversies and dissensions the generals and admirals agreed that the best thing to do would be to return home, as the bad season was approaching, and the French were collecting a great army along the coast. Accordingly the expedition returned on the third of October. The public mind in England was greatly agitated by this inglorious result, following so soon after the disgraceful capitulation of the Duke of Cumberland at the head of 50,000 Hanoverian and confederate troops. Walpole, writing to his cousin, 12th Oct. 1757, reflects the public feeling at this time: "I shall write you a short letter for more reasons than one, — there are you blushing again for your country! We have often behaved extravagantly, and often shamefully; this time we have united both. I think I will not read a newspaper this month, till the French have vented all their mirth. If I had told you two months ago that this magnificent expedition was designed against Rochefort, would you have believed me? Yet we are strangely angry that we have not taken it! The clamour against Sir John Mordaunt is at high-water mark; but as I was the dupe of clamour last year against one of the bravest men [Admiral Byng], I shall suspend my belief till all is explained. Explained it will be somehow

or other ; it seems to me that we do nothing but expose ourselves in summer, in order to furnish inquiries for the winter ; and then those inquiries expose us again."']

(*Recitative.*)



O more let Fame disturb our ears
 With British feats in ancient wars ;
 I sing, O Britons, join the lay,
 The glories of a modern day.
 Thy trump, O Fame, with repetition,
 Shall sound the secret expedition.

(*Hofier's Ghost.*)

Come, and listen to my ditty,
 All ye friends of Britain bold :
 Foreign nations lend your pity,
 As we've often lent you gold.
 Do not scoff at our condition,
 Nor indulge your little spite,
 For the Secret Expedition
 Once so dark is come to light.

(*There was an Old Woman, who liv'd on a Moor.*)

Now 'twas in the month of June or July,
 Seventeen hundred and fifty-seven,
 A scheme was adjusted duly and tru-ly,
 And orders to fit out a fleet were given.
 Tol de Rol, &c.

This great fleet was fitted out ;
 To frighten all France was their intention,
 Which they might have done (I'll bet ten to one),
 Had n't been for a d—d Convention.*

Tol de Rol, &c.

(*Chevy Chace.*)

How this Convention came about,
 Attend, and you shall hear ;
 And soon you'll smell the humbug out —
 A humbug 'twill appear.

(*Fair Kitty beautiful and young.*)

There was an old man † had a House,
 A very fine House ‡ had he ;
 As fine a House as ever was,
 Or is in Germany.
 Some scurvy Frenchmen came that way,
 Who full of wrath and ire,
 They swore they'd plunder all his land
 And set his barns on fire,
 And set his House on fire, &c.

* The disgraceful convention of Closter Seven, concluded by the Duke of Cumberland with Marshal Richelieu, by which he agreed for himself and army not to serve again against the French during the war.

† George II.

‡ The Electorate of Hanover.

(*Chevy Chase.*)

This old man he had sent his son *,
 A mighty man of war,
 To thrash these rascals ev'ry one—
 But oh ! he did not dare.

(*Ally Croker.*)

Now this hero, they valu'd not a pin, Sir,
 They soon found out means for to block him in, Sir ; †
 Then they began to bluster and to vapor,
 Which frighten'd the hero to put pen to paper :
 Alarm'd with fear and apprehension,
 He sign'd the Hanover Convention.

(*A Llanth lever on a holiday.*)

Don't you think, my goot friend, hur was in a pitiful
 plight,
 When hur had time neither to run nor to fight ;
 When the House of hur father was possess'd by a stranger,
 Don't you think, look you now, 'twas in very great
 danger.

* Duke of Cumberland.

† The Duke was driven from the banks of the Rhine and of the Weser, as well as from Hanover, by the French under Marshal D'Etrée, and ultimately confined within a corner between the river Elbe and the German Ocean, where he capitulated.

Oh! the House of his father, his father's fine House,
Which a *million* a year out of England did chouse,
And made the *lean* Briton * * * * as small as a mouse;
Look you now, was it not a pitiful House?

(*Recitative.*)

Britannia now aghast beheld her fate;
But, as the Deuce would have it, 'twas too late:
For, ah! the Fleet so lately fitted out,
To scour Rochelle and all the coasts about,
Now found itself too weak, the French too stout.

(*Abbot of Canterbury.*)

But the cause of this weakness is easily guess'd at,
Which may very well serve for all Europe to jest at:
Straight a sloop was despatch'd for to call back the fleet,
For fear they should stay till they'd nothing to eat.
Derry down, &c.

Then straight they put back in a devilish hurry,
Which put the rough tars in a rage and a fury;
And while we at home dream'd of blood and of wounds,
They all arriv'd safe and secure in the Downs.
Derry down, &c.

What joy it muſt be to a nation like Britain,
To ſee ſuch a Fleet return ſafe and unbeaten !
What leſs can be done on ſo great an occaſion,
Than a Day of Thankſgiving, and joy thro' the Nation ?
Derry down, &c.



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