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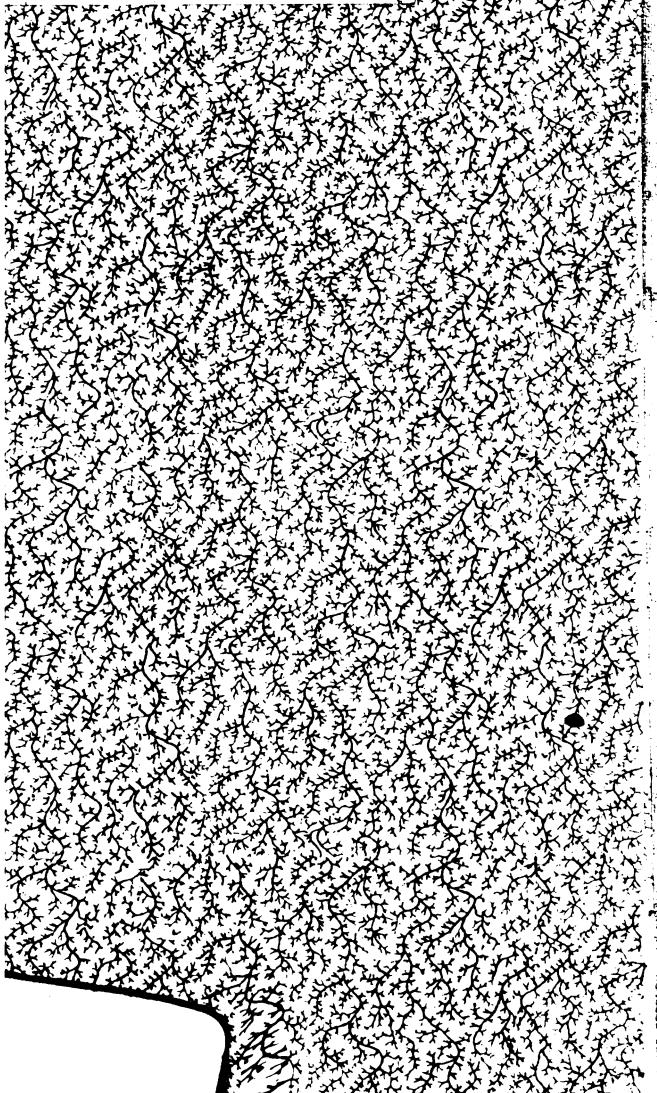
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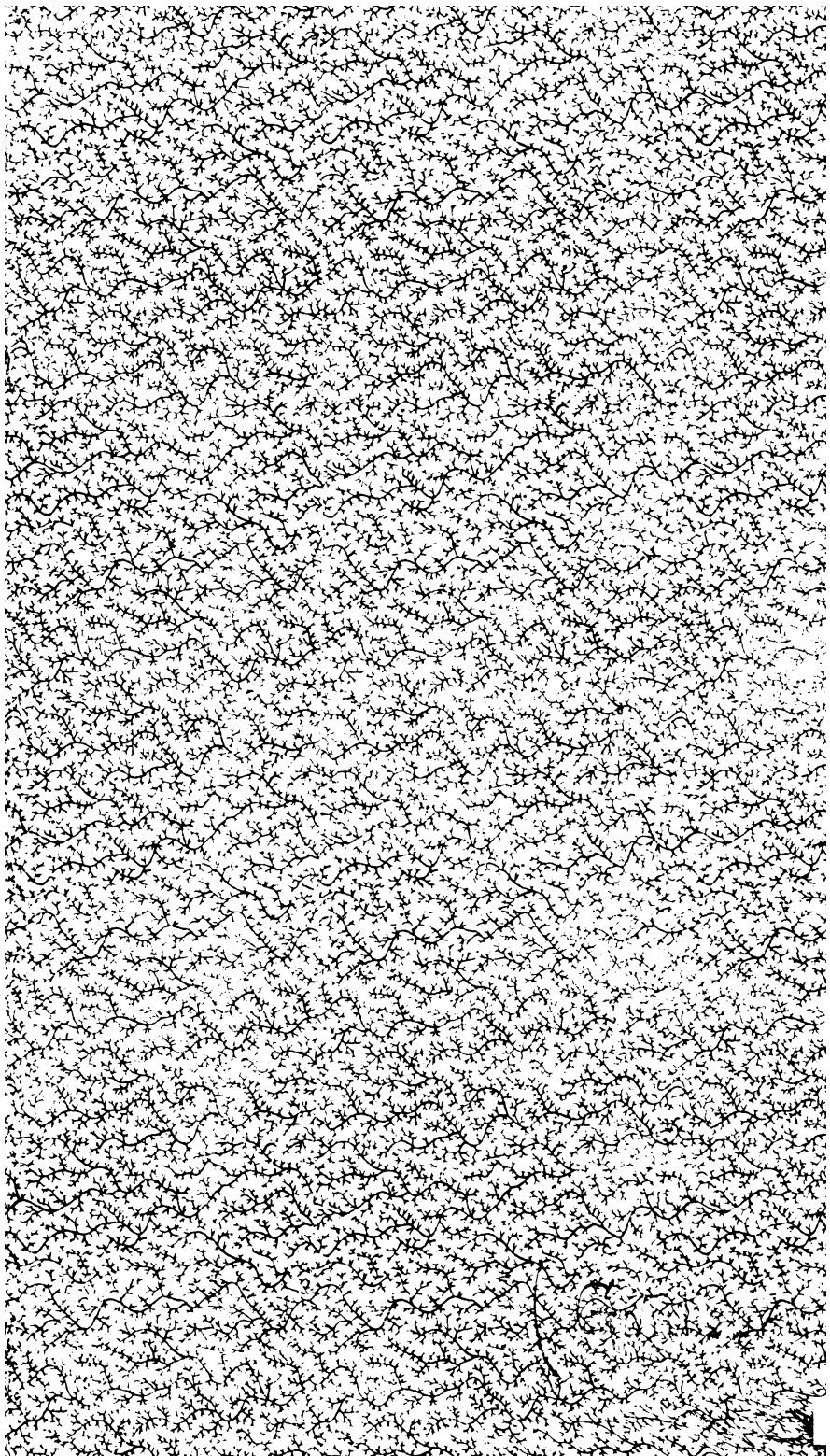
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THE
PURSUITS OF FASHION.

A SATIRICAL POEM.

By E.-d G. L.-z

163
5269

Harding and Wright, Printers, St. John's Square, London.

THE
PURSUITS OF FASHION.
A SATIRICAL POEM.

“ Are there no sins for Satire’s bard to greet?
“ Stalks not gigantic Vice in every street?”

ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

Discite, O Miser! et causas cognoscite rerum.

PERSIUS.

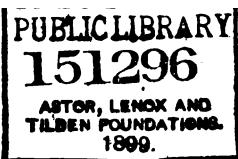
Edward Goulburn

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1810.

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PREFACE.

AS the following pages will, in all probability, never meet the eye of any but their author's friends, he conceives it unnecessary to enter into any elaborate apology for the errors with which they abound, but throws himself on their wonted clemency and goodness to him, to excuse them.

Satire, when discreetly used and aptly applied, is a weapon which will oftentimes succeed when argument and sounder sense have failed; and it is a fact well ascertained, that although the human mind may be formed obstinately insensible to proof or conviction of any kind, it will nevertheless frequently shrink from the bare idea of ridicule. Actuated by this opinion, the au-

thor has assuredly taken the liberty to laugh pretty freely at some of the follies of the present day; having, previously, endeavoured to discover the source of the present declining state of the country, and to trace its origin (in a great measure) to those follies and vices, which he afterwards makes it his business to deride.

To those who consider his satire as applying, in any way, to themselves, he can only answer, that it has never, in any one instance, been his intention to be personal; but he submits it to the candid, whether, in describing vice or folly notoriously glaring, it be possible to avoid appearing to hint at those, who are in the daily habits of practising it. Were he to paint vice which exists nowhere, and folly which had its being only in his own brain, of course he would cease to be natural, and, consequently, entertaining or instructive.

Thus, with all its faults, with all its imperfections on its head, the following production

is submitted to the Public: and should he be fortunate enough to amuse those friends, whose kind entreaties have been the cause of his appearing again in print, the Author will deem himself amply compensated for his trouble, and his purport *more* than answered. Should it, however, fall into the hands of the critic, he begs leave to *plead guilty* to every thing beforehand; and in passing sentence, begs them to remember, that — “*Nemo mortalium, omnibus horis, sapit.*”
London, October 14th, 1809.

and of blindfolded men, and of the most
cruel plagues; but he has not been able
to equal the severity of the punishment of
treachery. His wife, his son, his daughter,
his children, his wife's mother, his wife's
brother, his son's wife, his son's mother,
his son's brother, his son's wife's mother,
his son's wife's brother, his son's wife's
THE Author cannot conclude these
few prefatory remarks without apologizing for
some errors that appear in the printing through-
out this work. He will only observe, in exten-
sion, that illness, and no small portion of
mental anxiety, have prevented his paying that
strict attention to the correction of the press
which he should have done.

THE

PURSUITS OF FASHION.

PART I:

ARGUMENT.

INTRODUCTION..The subject proposed..An address (not complimentary) to some reviewing acquaintances..Reason of the country's present calamitous situation..Her clergymen considered..Some examples adduced to prove their general character..Reason of the various dissenting sects that are daily multiplying..An address to Englishmen, shewing the reasons why reform should be immediately commenced, and proving its necessity.

B



THE
PURSUITS OF FASHION.

PREFATORY REFLECTIONS.

" Laugh where we must, be candid where we can."
ESSAY ON MAN.

PART I.

IN days like these, when eve'ry hour that flies
Leaves food for contemplation and surprise ;
When tumults and, till yet unheard of, crimes
Amaze, astonish, and convulse the times ;
When Britain stands forth, friendless and alone,
To guard her laws, her liberties, and throne ;
Although oppos'd to Europe's pow'r combin'd,
And singly waging war with all mankind :

'Twere surely no unfit or useless task,
 In times so dread and perilous, to ask
 If those resources which we yet possess,
 Are aptly us'd to gain our happiness ;
 If of those means, our country yet can boast,
 By those who govern them, is made the most ;
 Those rights, for which thus nobly we have
 fought ;
 If yet rever'd, respected as they ought :
 Rights ! which our ancestors bequeath'd to us,
 Which we *alone* are titled to discuss :
 Rights ! which they purchas'd for us with their
 blood,
 And should be rightly priz'd, be *understood*.
 To roam o'er this extended, open tract,
 Muse, be it ours !—to ascertain the fact ;
 Explore and find the source of that decay,
 Which grows more evident from day to day ;
 Ask whence its cause, its origin ; and why
 Our country's might is now nonentity ?
 Her native energies depress'd and damp'd,
 Her boasted liberties perverted, cramp'd ?
 Her statesmen, why on *peſel* alone intent,
 Alike incapable and impotent ?

S

Her yete'ran troops, by boys or dotards led,
Her people burthen'd and dispirited ?
In short, why all on which her hopes depend,
Bespeaks her fast approaching, dismal end ?
The sourcee discover'd, whence these evils flow,
The poison'd root laid bare of all the woe :
Let us proceed to draw, alas ! with truth,
The picture Fashion gives of modern youth,
Let ridicule be summon'd to our aid,
And all their vari'ous follies be pourtray'd :
From what they practise, make them turn their
eyes,
And blush at all their own absurdities ;
What sense could not, let us attempt by fun,
And make them laugh at, if we cannot shun.
 Let none the lay forbid, the theme despise;
The Briton's innate right I exercise :
A right to ask such questions, is the pledge
Which stamps him free ; his glorious privilege !
 Then hence, dread criticks ! Ye who from the
 North,
Dispatch your merci'less anathemas forth,
Whose aid 'twere vain to hope for or implore,
By whom so many fall, to rise no more !

Whose wants, whose pockets, Englishmen, supply,
 Who live but by their liberality,
 Yet, all alike, or friends or foes, mal-treat,
 That some may read you, and yourselves may eat!
 Avaunt! I say, inhuman Scottish tribe,
 I scorn to flatter you, and *cannot* bribe!
 Not your's the purport to instruct the age;
 Not your's the wit which flows in Giffard's page;
 Not your's that chaste and entertaining style,
 By which young Byron makes his readers smile;
 With equal point, they wield the critick pen,
 But blame like *men*, find fault like *gentlemen*.
 With *you*, all authors share an equal fate,
 Your censures gene'ral, indiscriminate.
 Save when some rhyming blockhead of your
 gang*,
 Gives to the world his *high-pric'd Tweedish slang*:

* *Gang, slang.* These common-place expressions may seem to demand an apology. In truth, it was long before I could allow them to remain; but my dictionary determined me in the first instance; and the *coffee-house cornet* in the last. The former told me, that a *gang* was "a *crew* or company of men acting together for *ONE* purpose." Now, without enquiring what that *one* purpose is, in the present instance; I much doubt if any word could be found more applicable to the people alluded to. With regard to the word *slang*, the

You *must* be scurrilous, you *must* abuse,
*Vulgar** *must* be, or think you can't amuse!

But hold, my Muse! let us commence our
 way,

Heedless who censures, who applauds the lay :
 True to our views, pursue our first intent,
 To critick spleen or praise indifferent.

coffee-house cornet informed me, as he will, by-and-by, my readers, that its general acceptation meant, “ Nonsensical “ expressions, lately crept into fashion, with obscure mean-“ ings, and chiefly calculated to make illiterate persons “ stare.” What are the following ?

“ ‘Tis the *fire show'r* of ruin all dreadfully driv'n
 “ From his eyrie that *beacons* the *darkness of Heav'n!*”

Poems lately published :—price 1l. 11s. 6d. !!—*Cum multis aliis!*

* *Vulgar*.—To justify this expression will not be difficult. *Vide Tweedish Review*, No. 27. “ If this were otherwise, we should have *one sort of vermin* “ banishing *small-tooth combs*; another protesting against “ mouse-traps; a third prohibiting the **FINGER AND THUMB**; “ a fourth exclaiming against the intolerable infamy of using “ *soap and water*. It is impossible to listen to such pleas. “ They must all be *caught, killed, and CRACKED*. And the “ more they *cry out*, the greater plainly is the skill used “ against them ! ! ” &c. &c. &c. If this simile, this language, is not vulgar: let *Hopping Ned, Blear-eyed Billy*, or any other inhabitant of St. Giles's, decide what is !

The cause of Albion's many woes to ask,
 And find their origin, our present task.
 Not long we search, in doubt not long remain,
 Their source, alas! is lamentably plain;
 Does not the way her natives treat all laws,
 Divine or not, reveal at once the cause?

When all that *should* be, *has* been ever fear'd ;
 For ages stood, for ages been rever'd ;
 Becomes contemn'd, nay deem'd a mere disgrace,
 And infamy is worshipp'd in its place :
 When vice pervades, in eve'ry branch, the state,
 Uncheck'd by pow'r; nay, *licens'd* by the great:
 Whate'er the hireling or the courtier urge ;
 Is not that country on destruction's verge ?

And yet, methinks, there was a time, of old,
 When Britons dar'd, in virtue's cause be bold,
 When vice was shudder'd at, if ever *nam'd*,
 And men were pious and were not ashamed ;
 Those glorious days (as ancient legends tell)
 When Christendom oppos'd the Infidel ;
 When Europe's forces met, resolv'd to show
 Their greatest enemy their Gospel's foe :
 Ev'n then, *so much* was godliness *our* boast,
 So much *our* zeal applauded by each host :

That ev'ry nation strove with us to vie,
 And gave their watchwords, "England's Piety*!"
 But these enlighten'd, philosophic times,
 Have dubb'd religious zeal the worst of *crimes* ;
 To vex our God, is now the proof of skill :
 To spurn his mandates, disobey his will,
 And mock his vengeance, forms our chiepest
 boast :

The only struggle, who can act it, most !

Look at his ministers ! behold the herd,
 Decreed, deputed, to expound his word,
 Ordain'd to teach the igno'rant of their kind,
 Reclaim the wanderer, and lead the blind !
 Are they not, (lamentable to relate !)
 Some few excepted, vile and profligate ?
 Say ! Is this malice?—is it rant and spleen ?
 Or is it truth?—Behold what I have seen !
 Mark in yon' crowd a priest, a prebend stand ;
 His family the noblest in our land :
 Whose rank, whose station, and reputed sense,
 Hundreds must sway, and hundreds influence.

* A curious fact, authenticated by the various histories of those days, and worthy the attention of modern warriors.

What ground is that he treads on?—Muse, declare;

What is't he tends, with so much seeming care?

A stall he stands in, Readers!—we confess,

Though not the one, mayhap, which you might
guess.

Not that one, by his bounteous sove'reign giv'n,
To teach us sinful folks the way to Heav'n!

A stall he stands in—where no puzzling creeds
Perplex:—a stall---for it contains his steeds!

In this, or on Newmarket's barren heath,
Where brutes are tortur'd for the want of breath;
Where villainies of every kind abound,

And all proclaims it, Satan's hallow'd ground;
Where fraud is just, where virtue has a price,
And all is infamy and avarice:

Here see the prelate, conning o'er some scheme,
Some shade pursuing, or some golden dream;

With nought but calculation in his brain,
And nought revolving, save the way *to gain*!

'Tis not my meaning to accuse of fraud,
This curious compound, this mistaken lord;

I do not say, he enter'd an abode,
Or plunder'd it; or robb'd upon the road;

Nay, I admit, what all around declare,
 His conduct as a betting man is fair;
 But when I speak of one of rank and birth,
 The representative of God on earth,
 I say 'tis *shocking*, to be forc'd to beg
 Applause for such, because an upright *leg.**

Behold, too, on the self-same modern plan,
 Another such constructed clergyman !
 Like this one, offspring of a noble line,
 Of equal rank, like this yclept divine :
 Twice have I said it, lest ye should not guess,
 Or from appearance, manners, or from dress.
 In truth, no qualms of conscience govern him,
 A jockey, groom, or aught that suits his whim :
 Nay, on that day, wherein with one accord,
 All nations rest, in honour of their Lord ;
 And in that park, where poorer people fly,
 And once a week repose from industry,
 Behold this arbiter of right and wrong !
 I say, observe him in the motley throng,

* The usual appellation given to a professed better at Newmarket.

Chusing *this* public place, *this* day, *this* time,
 As if 'twere laudable, and not a crime,
 To chat, forsooth, and saunter up and down,
 With two *notorious* women of the town :
 An act, for which a servant would be blam'd,
 Of which a *British shopkeeper* had felt asham'd.

These have I made the points of my attack,
 Because the heads, the leaders of the pack :
 To cure or give the medi'cine proper force,
 Strike at the *root* of the disease, *its source*.
 What *must* uneducated beings say ?
 When such is acting in the face of day ;
 When those who *should* be poorer people's guide,
 Appearances, thus openly, deride ?

Nor is to town, the pestilence confin'd,
 In eve'ry place, alas ! the same we find !
 These weeds, these poisons, eve'ry where abound,
 In every soil spring up, and eve'ry ground :
 Although, to trace through *all* their dark
 abodes,
 These vile contemners of their Maker's codes ;
 To bring to justice each one, or describe
 Each individual of the impious tribe ;

The Muse, disgusted, shrinks from *such* a task ;
 'Twere more than she could do, or you would
 ask !

Else, might she point out some on Jackson's * list,

Who think the Deity is in the fist ;
*Chickens** in orders, sacerdotal *Cribs*,*
 Who feel themselves *ordain'd* to pummel ribs !
 Abjure each puzzling, long-contested schism,
 And strive to shine alone in pugilism !

Or she might shew you one advanc'd in years,
 Whose courage bids him spurn all common
 fears ;
 Though time has, long since, silver'd o'er his
 pate,
 Yet hobbling on, a *limping* reprobate !

* It is; I presume, unnecessary to state these are the names of celebrated bruisers. One of the *clerical amateurs*, above alluded to, carried his love of the science so far, that he preached a sermon on the following *text*, from *Virgil*:

“ Olli alternantes, multā vi, prælia miscent.”

His audience were, of course, much edified, and wondered where their minister had become so learned.

His flock forsaking, family and home,
 With boys and stripling debauchees to roam ;
 Straining his aged limbs, with them to vie
 In every sort of brutal revelry :
 With them compell'd to bear a prison's damps,
 Not for St. Paul's offence, but breaking lamps !
 Vice of each sort, each species, and degree,
 Indulging in : and this at *sixty-three* ! *

Let these suffice as samples of the rest,
 'Tis but a sick'ning scene to paint at best.

But where can these (enquires the thinking
 mind),

A place to hide in, or a refuge find ?
 Are they not pass'd, by ev'ry Briton, by,
 As pests, disgraces to society,
 Apostate knaves, whose very looks offend ?
 Exist they may—but *can* they have a friend ?
 Alas ! 'tis sad, but not the less correct,
 None seem to shun this *philosophic* sect ;
 Their strange contempt of all most sacred rites,
 Proclaims them liberal, not hypocrites ;

* “ Mutato nomine, de T—— fabula narratur.”

Their tenets, now-a-days, the fashion deem'd,
Themselves endur'd, *too* frequently esteem'd!

Yet we who thus encourage each attempt,
To treat our bounteous Maker with contempt!
Can still his aid, his mercies still implore,
And beg to rule the world as heretofore;
Beg him upon our side to interfere,
Although we nor respect him, nor revere!

Yes! most unthinking, most unworthy race!
Your country's direst foes, her chief disgrace;
Should ever Albion (Heav'n avert the day!)
Be forc'd, at length, to own a foreign sway,
Or groan beneath Napoleon's despot laws;
'Tis *you* have done it! *you* have been the cause!
For you she suffers, for your crimes has bled,
'Tis *you* have call'd down vengeance on her
head!

The way-worn soldier in the hottest fire,
Though wearied, faint, appall'd, dares *he* retire?
Though death and horrors lighten in his face,
Dares he fall back an inch, a single pace?
Though dragg'd, mayhap, from children, home,
and friends,
To gain some despot his tyrannic ends;

Though ignorant for whom or what he fights,
 If to defend, or do away his rights ;
 Though Fate have fram'd him in the coward's
 mould,
 Dismay'd his heart, forbad him to be bold ;
 Yet if one instant from his rank *he* flies,
 Abhor'd, degraded, and despis'd, he dies !

But you, by no such force or pow'r constrain'd,
 Who swear you wish, you pant, to be ordain'd ;
 Who volunteer to serve your Maker's cause,
 Expound his will, and advocate his laws :
You can, degene'rate dastards that ye are !
 Forsake, at once, all trusted to your care ;
 With England's *dregs*, in infamy keep pace ;
 Can fly your pulpits for a *fight or race*,
 Or mob of *any* kind ; and all for why ?
 For fear of being tax'd with piety !
 For fear of being *hooted, quizz'd, or hitt*,
 Or term'd by idiot striplings, methodist !
 For fear some officers should leave ye out,
 When next they mean to have a *drinking bout* !
Here are the weapons which all atheists use
 To gain their purpose and obtain their views :

'Tis not the Gospel's truth which they attack,
 They know that *there* they must be driven back.
 " But look at those who preach it!" is their cry,
 " Behold the men renown'd for piety !
 " Can that be true which churchmen even
 hate?
 " When *they* indulge in all they deprecate;
 " When *they* despise the laws they advocate!"
 And hence the cause of all those sects and clans,
 Dissenters call'd and Presbyterians,
 Which daily multiply, o'errun the land,
 And barns erect where churches ought to stand.

Where can the untaught village-rustic fly,
 To learn the truth or teach his family ?
 His minister 'twere vain for him to seek,
 'Tis true, mayhap, he *sees* him once a week ;
 That is, if nought more pleasant should be
 plann'd,
 No races near, nor boxing match at hand ;
 And if the fumes of what he drank o'er night,
 Have not depriv'd him both of sense and sight.
 When found, can he expound the poor man's
 creed ?
 Can he inform, instruct him ? can he read ?

A man, mayhap, with thirty pounds a year,
 Who lives in ale-houses, exists on beer ;
 Oblig'd, for that, to labour like a beast,
 Six days a workman, on the sev'nth a priest !
 To ask the rector's aid were deem'd a crime,
 Of course, the fox-hounds occupy his time ;
 He rarely deigns to quit his bed of ease,
 Except to snatch the tenth of all he sees.

Thus situate, the unenlighten'd wight,
 Quaking, no doubt, with superstitious fright,
 Yet sure that what he sees *cannot* be right,
 Obtains remission how and when he can,
 And makes the farrier his clergyman !

Shades of our ancestors ! whose fame of old,
 In ev'ry time, the echoing world has told ;
 Whose ancient valour and heroic deeds,
 Each British bosom yet enraptur'd reads !
 Deeds ! which, in every country, clime, or age,
 Have fill'd the poet's and historian's page ;
 Of eve'ry muse the theme, and eve'ry pen,
 Ye I invoke ! and ye, my countrymen !
 If British blood yet flows within your veins,
 If for your country aught of love remains,

O make your first, your chief, your *chiefest*
care,

That which first rais'd, first made you what you
are !

For men of sense, of education search,
Elect them guardians of your ancient church ;
Their wants as men, as gentlemen supply ;
And spurn the pettifogging penury,
Which bids enrich the creatures of a throne,
And starve the ministers of God alone !
Let virtue once more flourish in your Isle,
And make it desppicable to be vile.

One moment's more delay, and we are lost ;
Our boasted liberty must be the cost.

Where'er we turn, the prospect every way
Declares me true, enforces what I say :
Behold where Europe groans beneath the rod
Of an insulted, an avenging God !

Where kingdoms flourished, and where empires
stood,

Behold a scene of wretchedness and blood !
Nor is to modern times the proof confin'd ;
In every age and æra of mankind

The same is evident: in pagan times,
Nations were ever victims to their crimes.
What humbled Athens, pride of ancient Greece!
In war triumphant, eminent in peace?
What delug'd Italy in Roman blood,
O'erthrew an empire which for years had stood?
Laid waste her cultur'd, once admired plains,
And plac'd the rulers of the world in chains?
What but the scope to all debauch'ry giv'n,
And vice too gross to be endur'd by Heav'n!
And shall we then, forgetting common sense,
Reject such proofs, despise such evidence?
We, who alone, of all mankind, remain,
Who dare as yet our liberties maintain,
And yet are France's dread, yet rule the main;
Shall we, I say, like all around deprav'd,
Submit by choice, by choice become enslav'd?
No! let us, rather, fly the' impending storm,
Commence at once a radical reform;
From infamy as from contagion fly,
And snatch this last, this only remedy.

THE

PURSUITS OF FASHION.

PART II.

ARGUMENT.

A Peep at the Cabinet...Reasons of the present Disputes in
it enquired into...Character of and Eulogium on Mr. Pitt
...His Successors and their System and Measures repro-
bated...A Simile...College Education described, and the
Professors of it ridiculed...A Panegyric on the Navy and
Army, and a concluding Address to them.



THE

PURSUITS OF FASHION.

PART THE SECOND.

THE base thus feeble, on the which, *in fact*,
The whole of state machinery must act;
(For, spite of all that self-taught atheists rant,
The vicious being must be ignorant;
Examples countless, proofs unnumber'd state,
Man must be good before he *can* be great);
Of course, it follows, that each minor wheel
Will, more or less, the groundwork's weakness
feel.

Thus with our councils: useless to declare
How ably manag'd *once* those councils were:

How, with illustrious Chatham at their head,
 The world beheld us with respect and dread ;
 Beneath his reign, in truth, *was* Albion fam'd,
 Her neighbours fear'd, yet bless'd her as they
 nam'd :

Around her, peace dispense'd its many charms,
 And all proclaim'd her queen of arts and arms.
 Nor less they prosper'd, when beneath his son,
 In whom his virtues *yet more* splendid shone :
 Although to him assign'd, to live in times
 Replete with horrors, and unheard-of crimes ;
 Though Fate decreed him, singly to oppose,
 Not foreign only, but domestic foes ;
 On ev'ry side, at once, to turn his eyes,
 Watch worlds in arms, trace treason in disguise,
 And guard against unnumber'd hosts of spies ;
 Where'er he turn'd with enemies beset,
 Nor least of these, one in the cabinet ;
 Whose wild ambition, and fantastic dreams,
 At all times strove to mar his prudent schemes ;
 Whose talents—(greater, Nature never gave)
 Serv'd but to make him party's veri'est slave,
 Whose only wish or aim, appear'd, through life
 To wage perpetual war, and endless strife,

With one whose worth attach'd him to his king;
 To gain these ends, woudl utter *any thing*,
 All that his fertile faculties conceiv'd,
 All that he heard, or fancied, or believ'd ;
 What malice prompted, or ingeni'ous wit,
 All, all was levell'd at his rival, Pitt !
 But though surrounded with these countless
 foes,
 Though all conspir'd his purpose to oppose ;
 Though storms, on all sides, threaten'd to o'er-
 whelm,
 Still stood the pilot, steady at the helm.
 To one sole aim, one only purport true,
 With but one end, his country's good, in view.
 He knew, what meant the *would-be patriots'* cry,
 The *mob's command*, the *people's monarchy* ;
 He knew how vain to check, or even face
 A lawless croud, a phrenzied populace !
 Nor threats could move, nor arts could make him
 swerve,
 He strove, and *meant* his country to preserve ;
 Not turn'd from what he knew was common
 sense,
 By sophistry or dazzling eloquence ;

Because no madmen rav'd at his approach,
 No shouting vagrants trail'd along his coach !
 No French-paid rioters pronounc'd him clever,
 Nor as he pass'd, roar'd out, "*Strong beer for
 ever !*"

In vain declaimers murmur, maniacs rant,
 He, in his duty ever vigilant,
 O'erlook'd the state, the army, the finance,
 And all combin'd, to check the pow'r of France.
 Which pow'r, advancing with a rapid stride,
 If not oppos'd, he wisely prophesied,
 Would shortly crush what had for ages stood,
 Make Europe welter in her people's blood,
 And ruin all things, glorious, great, or good !

None, whilst he liv'd, could foil the wise intent,
 His talents splendid and self-evident,
 His probity acknowledg'd and rever'd,
 By even enemies admir'd and fear'd,
 Made all submit to his superior sway,
 The gene'ral wish, to hear him and obey ;
 None *dar'd*, none *tried* to snatch from him a
 shield,
 Which all declar'd, that he was born to wield.

And hence, beneath his skilful, master hand,
 Was call'd forth all the talent of our land ;
 He plac'd each *volume* in its *proper shelf*,
 Taught each to know the station of *itself* ;
 Dispos'd them 'round him, upon either side,
 As use requir'd, or genius qualified ;
 And thus arrang'd, the huge machine of state,
 With such a hand to guide and regulate,
 Went smoothly on, to reach its destin'd goal,
 Each part conduced to complete the whole.

But when our crimes compell'd Omnipotent
 Heaven,
 To take from us the Guardian it had given ;
 As if by magic's power, up sprang at once,
 Each *self-made* statesman, every titled dunce ;
 At once commenc'd a kind of scrambling race,
 Who should obtain the vacant, wish'd-for place.
 A general rush for power *and pelf*,
 The goal, *the winning post* of each one, *self*.
 Yet let who would succeed, be *in*, or *out* ;
 England, alas ! the *last thing* thought about.
 Imprimis ; all their pockets claim'd supplies ;
 Then *all* the branches of their families

Must *all* be thought of, *all* must be enrich'd,
 And hosts of cousins pension'd, scarcely
 breech'd.

And where, the while, the tenant of the throne ?
 Unhappy, agitated and alone ;
 Upon his people's welfare solely bent,
 Nought else revolving, on nought else intent.
 He saw, with grief, the system going on
 And sigh'd in secret for his Chatham's son.
 Alas, in vain ! Meanwhile no twelve-month past
 Without some change, more vexing than the
 last :

Some council squabble, caus'd by party whim,
 Some childish broil, referr'd, of course, to him ;
 " The *Marquis Twiddledum* could no-how see,
 " Why he was pass'd for Viscount *Twiddledee* ;
 " Nor would that lord forego his first intent,
 " His son *must* have that place, his friend that
 regiment ! "

And *where*, we ask, was Britain all this while ?
 Where was our country, that ill-fated isle ?
 All news that reach'd her, ev'ry post that came,
 Announc'd some *novel* insult on her name ;

Each public print, each European press,
Teem'd with accounts of Gaul's uncheck'd suc-
cess,

Some fresh privation on her sinking trade,
Napoleon's hatred, ev'ry hour display'd ;
Some ambuscade, some unexpected blow,
Which prov'd his only aim, her overthrow.
When Pitt surviv'd, whose all-revolving mind
Look'd Nature *through*, and scann'd at once
mankind,

He saw, that if we tremblingly survey'd,
Nor strove to check the havoc Gallia made ;
If we amaz'd *look'd on*, whilst one by one,
Our friends were vanquish'd, which was daily
done :

If *thus* we shap'd our conduct ; it was plain,
That though we still might govern *on* the main
No ports would open to us, and no trade re-
main.

Hence Austria, England's chief and best ally,
From Pitt receiv'd, at all times, a supply ;
To aid her cause, and urge this best of friends
To fight, *in fact*, our battles, gain our ends.

Not her alone, but ev'ry court the same,
 All honor'd, all look'd up to, Britain's name ;
 Her friendly standards ev'ry where unfurl'd,
 Her fleets and armies active through the world.

But those who rule us now, think otherwise,
 " What need (they ask) has England of allies ?
 " We rule the main, and whilst the main is ours,
 " What can *we* have to fear from foreign powers ?
 " And as for trade, (these sapient statesmen cry,
 Enlightened by the self-same policy,)
 " 'Tis fact, that to our native merchandize
 " All foreign markets owe their chief supplies,
 " Nay live, exist but by our commerce' aid ;
 " And hence, we *must* and always *shall* have
 trade."

But can such arguments as these hold good ?
 Must Britain *smuggle* for its livelihood ?
 Must they, to whom of old, the world were
 slaves,
 Become a gang of pirates ? Graceless knaves !
 Will such become ? Will such be worthy them ?
 Can they exist by what their laws condemn ?
 Can trade like this a *nation's* wants supply ?
 A *nation's* wants alleviate ? Absurdity !

Yet such the arguments which now are us'd,
 With which John Bull is now-a-days amus'd;
 By which the greatest warrior yet beheld,
 We hope to baffle—is to be repell'd.

Thus all the friends we had, are bought or sold
 By France's arms, subdu'd, her arts or gold ;
 And we, the while, clear-sighted prudent elves !
 Have wisely kept our money to ourselves ;
 That is, for thieves to heap in plunder'd hoards,
 To pension idi'ot, peculating lords.
 Has one *ounce* weight been taken from our
 backs ?
 One burthen laid aside ? one single tax ?
 Yet here behold us ! destitute of aid :
 Nor friends, nor influ'ence, revenues, nor trade.

'Tis true an expedition sometimes goes,
 To do what good it can do to, *our foes* !
 Sent *Lord knows why*, and *Lord knows what*
to do ;
 And under the command of *Lord knows who*.

Which Lord, mayhap, has ne'er *beheld* a shot
 But *borough-pelf* in quantities has got !
 Moreover is the fashion, quite the ton,
 And shew'd great skill one day at *Wimbledon* ;

He having form'd some well-digested plan,
Sails with some well-digesting alderman.
All sorts and kinds of hum'rous blunders makes,
Forgets, confuses, overlooks, mistakes,
Acts on a system which its end defeats,
Fights when he should not ; when he should,
retreats.

A pit, or ditch, gets buried in, or sluice,
And, as John Bull would term it, plays the
deuce !

Then as at school, some dictatorial elf,
When ask'd, what he, alas ! knows not himself,
Replies by scourging the enquiring lout ;
And roars, " Go on, sir---What are you about ?
So when our gallant troops, compell'd to halt,
Not by their own, but by their leaders' fault,
His orders wait for ; that heroic wight
Perplex'd, confus'd, and quaking, bids them
fight.

And fight they do, and will do, till they die,
For Britons cannot, know not how to fly ;
And hence obtain, if such is, Victory !
One, truly, purchas'd at a trifling cost ;
Mayhap some quarter of the army lost ;

But still the Tower cannon make a fuss,

“ Behold !” cry statesmen, “ what you owe
to us !”

When lo ! an ambuscade—who could have
thought it ?

With one, two, three, four armies to support it !

O whip those French ! they are so *very* cunning,
Thus ends the farce, and “ *Exeunt omnes running.* ”

Nor do such deeds create the least surprise,

Things quite of course, allow’d absurdities ;

In vain the senate meets, the time arrives

When all behold their Representatives !

That sacred corps, to whom redress belongs,

Decreed, deputed to relieve our wrongs.

In vain, a suff’ring land to them applies

Their time more weighty matter occupies ;

On other themes are senators intent,

More fit, more worthy England’s P—r—nt !

First, must explore some new-discover’d job,

Find out, if *so and so* did *really* rob ;

Then must decide upon some chaste dispute,

Between a prince and cast-off prostitute ;

And last of all, before they turn their backs,

Perhaps remember that “ *they ought to tax !* ”

Meanwhile, do those who chose, who plac'd
them there,

To make their wrongs and injuries their care ;
Are they attended to ? their wants supplied ?
I fear not !—See the case exemplified !

Your slaves defraud you ! housekeepers at-
tend !

They all in some and different ways offend ;
In vain you bluster, ring the bell and storm,
No prospects of amendment or reform ;
In ev'ry branch, some fresh abuse you spy,
'Tis plain a thief is in your family.

Resolv'd to find out who and what is wrong,
You call together the offending throng ;
Cook, coachman, butler, housemaid, footman,
groom,

Behold assembled in the drawing-room ;
Of course, you enter with an angry face,
Begin to scold and question ; what takes place ?
John says that Bill has stolen so much tea,
Bill says that Peggy's quite as bad as he ;—
Peggy purtests that since they've us'd *her* so,
She'll tell what Molly did some weeks ago—

Molly makes furious thrusts at Jem the groom,
 And shews some plunder'd saddles in his room.
 Jem, to the self-same mode, of course, resorts,
 And swears the butler steals the wine by quarts.
 So many charges, shortly, are preferr'd,
 You nor can hear, are listen'd to, or heard ;
 Each moment brings to light some piece of news,
 All speak at once, and all at once accuse !

Meanwhile your food forsaken by the cook,
 With no one near to mind or overlook,
 Is burnt to chips; the pudding overboil'd ;
 In fact your dinner most completely spoil'd.
 Thus starv'd as well as stunn'd, and plagu'd to
 death,
 You lose your temper, with your time and
 breath ;
 And quit this mob, this scene of noisy *bliss*,
 The only certainty discover'd, this;
 That all has been upon the pilfe'ring plan,
 And all defraud you how and when they can;
 And so resolve, before your all is gone,
 (That is, if wise) to turn off *eve'ry one* !
 And thus, precisely thus, is England us'd,
 Thus is she treated, thus is she abus'd ;

Her goods are stolen, bounties vilely *jobb'd*,
 And eve'ry thing proclaims that she is *robb'd* ;
 In vain her natives “ *ring the bell** and *storm*,
 “ *No prospects of amendment or reform.*”
 Nor can her slaves, when met, afford relief;
 No pow'r to chasten nor to find the thief:
 As in this instance, all is noise and pother;
 And like the servants, all accuse each other.
 My lord allows he made a *trifling trip*,
 And pocketed a paltry *writership* ;
 But wonders that the viscount dares to tax ;
 “ Has he forgotten all that *sealing wax* ?
 “ Those *pens*, that *paper*, talk'd so much about,
 “ Which he, *GREAT man*, purloin'd on going out?”
 Nay, not to words alone, confin'd the strife,
 The statesman *now* attempts his colleague's life.
 Thus whilst on us is fix'd each wond'ring eye,
 To mark the stand we make for liberty ;
 Whilst ev'ry neighb'ring pow'r, amaz'd, awaits,
 To see how *such a struggle* terminates ;
 Whilst ev'ry arm is rais'd, and flag unfurl'd,
 To crush this only bulwark of the world ;

* Pretty loudly too at times !

The men, on whom her state employments fall,
 Whose task it is to guard her tott'ring all ;
 Whose wisdom, all her prospects rest upon,
These men are duelling at Wimbledon !
 But whence this folly ? (you exclaim,) these
 crimes ?
 And why peculiar are they to *these* times ?
 In ev'ry age *some* statesmen have stepp'd forth ;
 See Walpole, Chatham, Rockingham, and
 North ;
 All men, the boast and glory of our land ;
 Men born to rule, created to command :
 Then why, when most *such* talents are requir'd,
 Why, now-a-days, are none like those inspir'd ?
 Why *now*, I ask, when perils so abound,
 Can none with *common* intellects be found ?
 Once more, enquirer ! I repeat the truth,
 Once more I say, behold the modern youth !
 In vice's school, in folly's nurs'ry bred,
 Behold him ignorant, unprincipled !
 How does the boy of rank, now spend his time ?
 To think, to dream of study, were a crime ;
 'Tis true, three tedious twelvemonths are decreed
 To spend in college walls : but does he read ?

Do those, whose task it is to teach him, show
 The many joys which must from science flow?
 The seeds of learning, in his bosom plant,
 And prove how wretched are the ignorant?

Behold his tutors! mark each full-fed paunch,
 At table plac'd, around some smoking haunch;
 'Tis here, collegiate teachers chiefly shine,
 'Tis here that fellows *construe* and *decline*,
 Where all *look'd-out* or *analyz'd* is wine,
 Here they discuss how tipsy once they got,
 When youth and better claret were their lot;
 Drink * *speedy death* to one who dwells hard by
 And holds, mayhap, some wish'd-for rectory,
 With *holy oaths* attendant waiters fright:
 And thus *divinely* wear away the night;
 Till morning dawns, and sends them to their
 school,
 With heads and senses comfortably cool;
 With intellects unfetter'd, quite at ease,
 Just fit for Juvenal or Sophocles.

* This toast is verbatim from one given at a scene I happened to be witness to of this nature, at Oxford.

Meanwhile their pupils, in the self-same state,
 Their wits employ to batter down some *gate* ;
 Indulge, uncheck'd, in Herculean feats,
 And prove their *talents* in the suff'ring streets :
 Their youthful fists, *heroically* clench,
 And drub the *townsmen*, as they would the
 French ;
 Their days, of course, to sporting they devote,
 To read their bets, or cut a hunting coat ;
 To think of study, or attempt to read,
 With hounds and races near—were mad indeed.
 Till duly skill'd in eve'ry proper prank,
 To Town they fly, to seize on wealth and rank,
 To hold the highest offices of state,
 And make their country glorious, good, and
 great !
 And can we ask the source of all our woe ;
 When things are as they are, when facts are so ?
 Can beings untaught and from childhood blind,
 Preserve a kingdom warring with mankind ?
 Beings ! who yield to eve'ry whim or pet,
 And though they scarce can con their alphabet ;
 Their wits, forsooth, their services, so prize,
 That we must *buy* their dull abilities ;

Trash as they are! their *terms* presume to bring,
 And *bargain with* before they *serve* their king!
Knowledge and *practice* need each other trade,
 And how can *statesmen* then be *ready made*?

- What makes our boasted navy so complete?
 What is it so distinguishes our fleet?
 What, but the way in which its youth are taught,
 Compell'd to learn, to study what they ought;
 Through navigation's ev'ry branch to ply,
 And con them o'er from earlie'st infancy;
 Whilst hourly practice shews them what they
 read:

Hence all must know their duty, all succeed.
 O, with what joy the muse enraptur'd flies,
 To where (if 'tis on earth) perfection lies;
 How joyous hasten, to pay the tribute due,
 Heroic seamen! gallant tars, to you!
 In praising you, her country's chief defence,
 How does she feel the want of eloquence;
 How trifling *thanks*, for services so great,
 For deeds like yours, how far inadequate!
 Ye who, in eve'ry clime, your trophies plant!
 Intrepid ever, ever vigilant!

Protectors of your country and your king !
To whom that country owes her *eve'ry thing*,
Receive a poet's thanks ! whose humble lays,
Convey unfeign'd, although imperfect praise :
At least in him the Nation's voice you hear,
All know your worth, and all like him revere ;
And all your wants, your wishes to supply,
To soothe the woes attach'd to victory ;
Assuage the grief, and dry the hallow'd tear,
That trickles o'er departed valour's bier ;
To seek your families, your children, wives,
And all your weeping much-lov'd relatives ;
For all their cares and comforts to provide,
Has been, and *ever will be* Britain's pride !
Nor less her gallant soldiers form her care,
No less her love, her best affections share :
Not their's, brave men ! the fault, not their's the
crime,
That fate decreed her empire maritime :
Their gen'rous zeal has ever been display'd,
When Britain, when their country, claim'd their aid.
Throughout the globe, their valo'rous acts have
shown
Her troops the best, the bravest, ever known ;

Each hour, each moment, proof of this supplies :
If more be wanting—ask their enemies.

Ask proud Menou, if wash'd away those stains
His vaunted fame receiv'd, on Egypt's plains ?
If yet remember'd Abercrombie's death ?
If like a * soldier he resign'd his breath ?
Ask him how *Spencer* led the *fortieth* on,
How *Coote* behav'd, and *Hope*, and *Hutchinson*.

Or ask Gaul's cavalry of Paget's lord ;
Ask then 'bout *Kerrison*, 'bout *Crawfurd*'s
sword ?
Ask if they feel inclin'd to *fly* once more,
In *quaking droves* to *fly* appall'd from † *four* ?
Or, if their *fleeting memories* grant them aid,
Enquire if *yet* forgotten Hill's brigade ?
That night, when by their ablest chieftains led,
By numbers, by position seconded ;

* Vide Sir R. Wilson's account of the memorable Twenty-first.

† Lieutenant-colonel Kerrison and Captain Crawfurd, of the 7th hussars, accompanied by two dragoons, in Spain, charged a body of thirteen French cavalry, killed four of them, made four prisoners, and completely dispersed the residue.

Their vaunting shouts the trembling heav'ns
 convuls'd,
 And thrice they charg'd, and thrice were shame-
 fully repuls'd !

Yes, comrades ! trust me, Britons are the
 same,

As when their *Edward* led them on to fame ;
 As when the *Lion* of the *Richard* line,
 Fought at their head, and rescued Palestine.

And O, continue thus ! intrepid band !
 Thus ever guard, protect your native land :
 By all that should the warrior's breast allure,
 By Moore's immortal mem'ry I conjure !
 By him whose love you all were wont to shate,
 Who died to save the heroes in his care !
 O, let his image in your bosoms reign !
 His bright example ever there remain.
 Like him your fame, your duty learn to prize ;
 Like him be dreadful to your enemies ;
 Like him be *proud* to meet the brave man's
 fate ;
 Be bold like him, like him be temperate ;
 Like him, forbear to question or dispute
That will 'tis your's alone to execute ;

Bear in your minds, that *his* heroic soul
 Was yet so meek, so patient of controul,
 * That, though depriv'd of what his sov'reign
 gave,

Because no faction's tool, no party's slave ;
 Though told to *follow* where he once had *led*,
 And three less skilful plac'd above his head,
 When press'd by all around at once to fly
 From such unmerited indignity,
 He nobly answer'd to the harsh demand,
 “ Behold an ensign ! if my king command !”
 Soldiers ! let his example be your pride,
 Your conduct prove, that not in vain he died ;
 His memo'ry worship, all his actions scan,
 And strive to imitate this trueborn Englishman.
 Then when posterity records the deed,
 How will your children's children, as they read,
 Although subdued, whate'er may be their fate,
 How will their bosoms beat to emulate ?

* This authenticated fact is, perhaps, one of the noblest traits in his or, indeed, any other hero's character, ever known.

“ Mark,” they will cry, “ how Britons once
could fight!

“ How once our fathers struggled for their right !

“ Behold how Englishmen, of old, behav’d!

“ And shall their sons remain enchain’d? en-
slav’d?

“ No ! let us rise at once, and spurn our chains,

“ Prove that their blood yet animates our veins;

“ Abjure a state, forbad by Heav’n’s decree,

“ And if we perish, let us perish free !

“ Like Nelson fall, like Abercrombie die,

“ Like Moore expire, amid the shou’ts of vic-
tory !”

END OF THE PREFATORY REFLECTIONS.



PURSUITS OF FASHION.

Having thus, Readers! given to you my opinions on the case before us, let me now proceed to call *witnesses*, and prove the facts as above stated;—which I shall do by describing

THE THREE SETS OF LONDON.

- 1. THE FINE MAN, OR BUCK OF THE FIRST SET.**
- 2. THE COFFEE-HOUSE CORNET, OR BUCK OF THE SECOND SET.**
- 3. THE KNOWING MAN, OR BUCK OF THE TURF.**



THE FINE MAN,

OR

BUCK OF THE FIRST SET.

In the following character, and indeed the next to it, the Author has been guided in the metre, chiefly by his ear; and on referring to Swift, Jennings, Walcot, Anstey, and others who have written in the same style, he finds their practice justifies him....In fact, lines the most correct in metre, are, not unfrequently, in this sort of poetry, the most inharmonious.

THE FINE MAN.

“ ’Twixt his finger and his thumb he held
“ A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
“ He gave his nose, and took’t away again.”

Shakspeare.

“ IPSE LOQUITUR.”

PLEBEIANS avaunt! I have alter’d my plan,
Metamorphos’d completely, behold **A FINE
MAN!**

That is, throughout Town, I am grown quite the
rage,
The meteor of Fashion, the Buck of the age.

Politeness, of course, having thrown on the
 shelf,
 worship nor idol, nor God but myself:
 I bring e to the Lord, pass, unnoticed, the Mister,
 *Defraud my best friend, and intrigue with his
 sister ;
 No more in *dull* study my time I employ,
 No bookworms molest me, no pedants annoy ;
 Each hour of my life passes happy and gay,
 Turning day into night, and night into day.
 In the season, I deign to awake about five,
 Though with so many aches, I am scarcely
 alive :
 If invited to dinner, of course, they must wait,
 When six is their hour, I lounge in about
 eight ;
 With my coat flying off, appear crabbed and
 surly,
 And *damn* the low custom of dining so early.
 At the opera or play to some box I repair
 Of a grandee of rank, who is not to be there,

* Qui capit, ille facit.

And extended at length, I survey the dull scene,
 Without *one* idea what the acting can mean,
 But because it's the best place I know "*to be
 seen.*"*

But at balls and assemblies my principal
 sway,
 It is there I'm at home, and have all my own
 way;
 What rout can be decent, what party can
 shine,
 If absent the hopes of the *Butterfly* line ?
 When a liveri'd slave my arrival declares,
 How the footmen re-echo my name up the
 stairs !
 What crowding and jostling to get a side-view
 Of my *Petersham* breeches, and coat of †sky-
 blue !

* *Verbatim.*

† The partiality of this set to that colour for their habits, is doubtless intended either to impress upon the minds of plebeian beholders an *exalted* idea of their own consequence, or to prove that their conceptions are as superior to common ones, as the sky is to the earth.

As I enter the room, what a whisp'ring is heard,
 My rivals astonish'd scarce utter a word:
 " How charming, (cry all,) how enchanting a
 fellow,
 " How neat are those smallclothes, how killingly
 yellow!"
 Not for worlds would I honour these plebs with a
 smile,
 Though bursting with pride and delight all the
 while;
 So I turn to my cronies (a much honour'd few),
 Crying, " S—r—m, how goes it? Ah! Duchess,
 how do?
 " 'Pon my life, yonder's *B—uf—t*, and *Br—ke*,
 and *A—g—le*,
 " *S—ff—d*, *W—tm—l—d*, *L—n*, and old cod—
 ger *C—rl—le*."
 Now though from this style of address it ap—
 pears,
 That these folks I have known for at least *fifty*
 years,
 The fact is, my friends, that I scarcely know *one*;
 A mere "*façon de parler*," the way of the *ton*.

What though they dislike it, I answer my ends,
Country gentlemen stare, and suppose them my
 friends.

But my beautiful taste (as indeed you will
 guess)

Is manifest most in my toilet and dress ;
 My neckcloth, of course, forms my principal care,
 For by that we criterions of elegance swear,
 And costs me, each morning, some hours of
 flurry,

To make it *appear* to be tied in a *hurry* :

My boot-tops, those unerring marks of a *blade*,
 With *champaigne* are polish'd, and *peach marma-*
lade :

And a violet coat, closely copied from B—ng ;
 With a *cluster* of seals, and a large diamond
 ring ;

And troisièmes of buckskin, *bewitchingly large*,
 Give the finishing strokes to the “ *parfait*
ouvrage. ”

With the women—I need not declare, I sup-
 pose,

That they call me the devil himself in men's
 clothes.

" He has so much *to say*, (cries each simp'ring maid ;)

" Lauk ! how witty he was about that *lemonade* ;

" How he jokes about candlesticks ! don't he, papa ?

" And his teeth—how delightful, how charming, ha ! ha !"

In short—with soft speeches these creatures so cram me,

That nothing remains but to grin and cry, "damn me."

As for love—I conceive it a *mere empty bubble*,
And the fruits of success never worth *half* the trouble ;

Yet as Fashion decrees it, I bear the *fatigue*,
That the world may suppose me " *a man of intrigue.*"

If I chance to succeed, which is rarely the case,
Why, of course, my good fortune is wrote in my face ;

But if fate throws me foul of some troublesome beauty,

Who acts on a thing you *Plebeians* call *duty*,

Assur'd that the fair-one herself cannot tell,
 A nod or a wînk does my business as well :
 I'm *publicly* rallied, wish'd joy of my fun ;
 The newspapers get it—and then the thing's
 done !

Plebeians *should* pay for Patricians' *keep*,
 So I usu'ally manage to live *pretty cheap* ;
 On some hundreds a year I make no little show,
 And discharge *all* my debts—except those which
 I *owe*.

My virtues are num'rous ; I ne'er tread on
 toes,
 Because I'm aware it *might* injure my nose ;
 As for courage—What is it ? A mere pinch of
 snuff,

I can frighten the women, that's *surely* enough.
 I can brandish my knuckles, protest they're
 weighty,

And shew how I once *drubb'd* a watchman of
eighty.

I can talk about scents, can descant on perfume,
 I can lead down a dance, and bewitch a whole
 room ;

And if no one of *fashion* or *rank* should be present,

Gad ! I sometimes am *vulgar* enough to be pleasant.

Howe'er, then, Plebeians may rail or abuse,
This, this is the life that a hero should chuse ;
It is us who do honour to Albion's name,
Teach her senators sense, lead her armies to fame.

And hence, Britons ! the cause of that wond'rous success,

Which, of late years, your enemies even confess :
What is it that makes you so dreaded abroad ?
Makes your money so call'd for, your cash so implor'd ?

Increases your comforts, curtails your taxation,
Your property guards, and enriches your nation ?
What makes you esteem'd, too, in *all foreign courts*,

Makes them welcome your shipping and trade
to their ports ?

What can cause, I repeat, all this good to
your land,

But the manner your councils are govern'd and
plann'd ?

And hence 'tis an axiom, an evident truth,
 That the cause of the whole is *this school for your
 youth.*

Then may Fashion long thrive, may our striplings
 of rank,

Be encourag'd in folly, indulg'd in each prank ;
 Till from playing at marbles, or trundling their
 hoops,

They are plac'd at the head of our vet'ranc troops !
 No alarms then will stop them, no cautions im-
 pede,

Though myriads may tumble, tho' hecatombs
 bleed :

To heroes like *these*, what can signify lives ?
 What are balls, but mere playthings for *cricket
 and fives* ?

It is vict'ry they seek, though their army they
 lose,

They obtain it and cannon re-echo the
 news !!

John Bull is delighted, that excellent man,
 Who lives but for pleasure, and laughs whilst he
 can ;

Of *one* fact well assur'd, that his troops gain'd
the day,

That like tigers they fought, and that none ran
away,

(So *dispatches* inform him, so *newspapers* say ;)

This is all that he wishes to know of the case;

How the vet'rans that fell he can ever replace,

How the few that survive can be ever brought
back ?

Or how Prudence could justify such an attack ?

These are questions unthought of, unnoticed by
John,

We have cudgell'd the French, we have drubb'd
three for one :

And we'll drub them, cries he, wheresoever we
meet,

So huzza ! and huzza ! roar the boys in the
street !

But, indulging so long in this whimsical flight,
I forget all the things, that are stirring to-night ;
Let me see—what is first ?—Madam Chalk's
masquerade ;

Of her picking *my* pockets, I'm not much afraid

Then there's Scarecrow at home *full of fusses*
and *cares*,

And frighten'd to death for her *new-painted stairs*:
Squire Peppercorn too, holds this eve'ning *his court*,

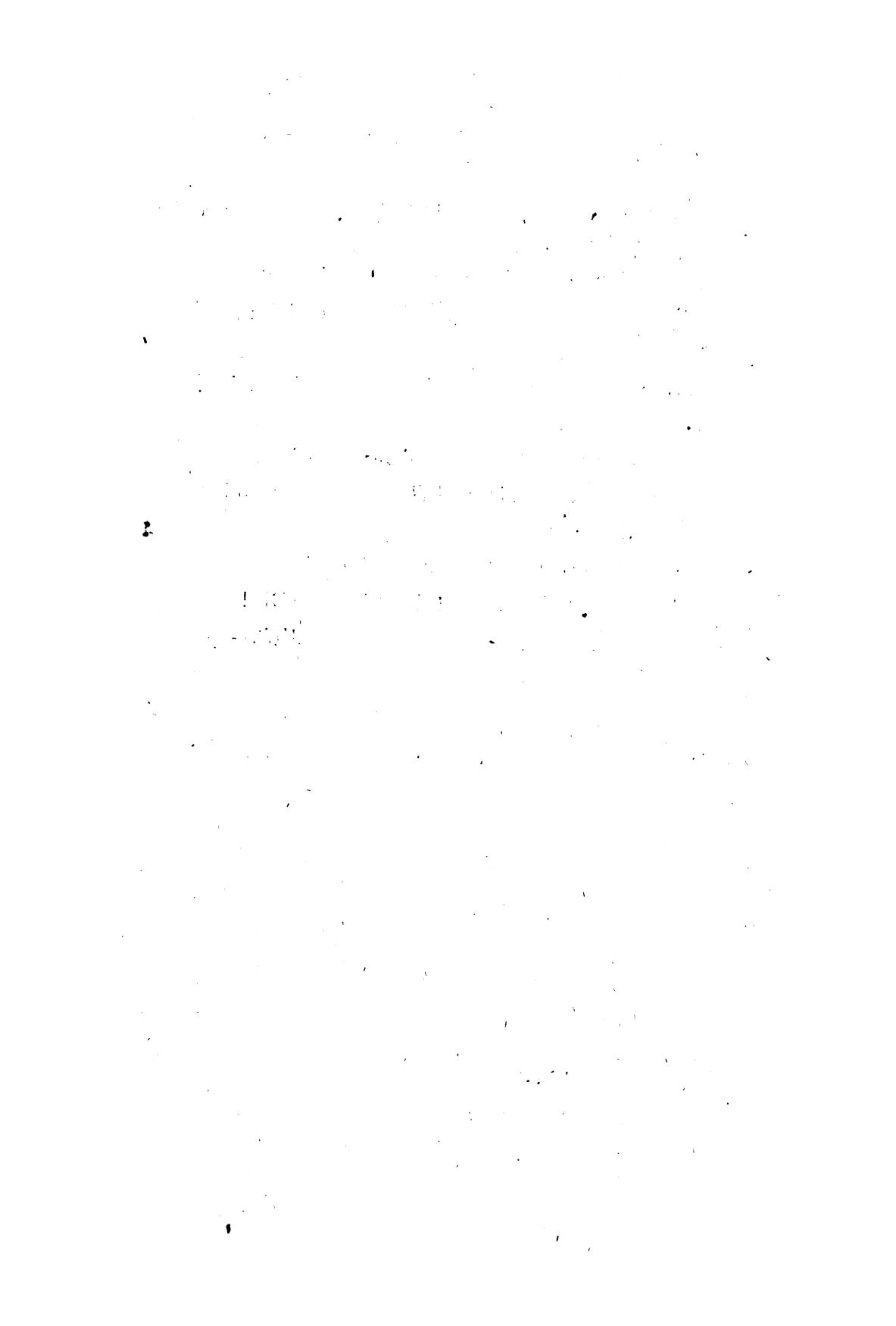
Where the *guns* will be *let off* in praise of his
port.

Then a *souper* at Nettlebed-house I declare,
Broomhead, *Bigwig*, and *Bagtail* are sure to be
there;

O names ever dear! *super-excellent* trio!

I haste to embrace you! Plebeians, A-Dio!

Exit.—



THE COFFEE-HOUSE CORNET,

OR

BUCK OF THE SECOND SET.

—“Quæque ipse miserrima vidi ;
“Et quorum pars magna fui.”—

Virgil.

The Author has many apologies to make to his readers for having introduced into the following Character, expressions, which may, at first view, appear improbably vulgar—but if the said reader will deign to walk into a certain Coffee-house in Bond Street, in the month of July, he will be convinced that I have rather stepp'd short of, than exceeded those limits, which the deity 'yclept SLANG, prescribes to his Votaries.—He has however affixed notes, which he trusts will explain any words their *uncoachman-like* capacities might prevent their comprehending.

THE
COFFEE-HOUSE CORNET,

" IPSE LOQUITUR."

BE silent the Coffee-room! hush'd every noise!
Stop drawing that **Soda*! keep quiet those boys!
Attend me, ye + knowing-ones, gamblers and Greeks!
'Tis your *pidgeon*, your *prey*, 'tis the *Cornet who speaks*!

* *Soda.*] This Beverage, so fashionable now-a-days among the frequenters of Coffee-houses, is a complete emblem of the persons who usually drink it—viz. a *consequently-pack'd* something, promising to afford much gratification, but which, on experiment, disappoints the palate, evaporates in a noisy and disagreeable manner, and proves, in short, in lieu of a luxury, the greatest of annoyances.

+ " *Knowing-ones, gamblers and Greeks!*"] These are synonymous terms, but as the latter is the one I shall in future make use of, and which is commonly applied to the *respectable* beings above hinted at; I shall

Ye landlords, attendants, and slaves of my will,
Be ye mute as if going to pocket your *bill :

shortly digress, and attempt to describe what the *Modern Greek* is, what are his pursuits, his manners, and the marks which distinguish him from the rest of society.

The *Modern Greek*, if he does not possess *all* the attributes of the ancient one, at least lays claim to that quality for which the latter was ever so celebrated ; namely, *cunning and wariness* : and though he cannot boast much resemblance to Achilles, Ajax, Patroclus, or Nestor, either in courage, strength, fidelity, or sageness ; he is nevertheless a close copier of the *equally* renowned and *more* successful chief of Ithaca.—He is a man *habited* like a gentleman, to be found in most societies, and who subsists by unfair play at *cards* and *dice* ; and defrauding those with whom he professes intimacy. .

The following requisites to form a good Greek, are taken from the mouth of a celebrated *professor* of the *art*, who revealed its *mysteries* to a young friend of the Author's, in hopes to convert him into a *practitioner* : but who was *simple* enough to reject the proposition with horror and indignation ; nay carried his *ungentlemanlike* anger so far, as to expose, on every occasion, the man who so kindly *enlightened* him.

1. A Greek should resemble a *mole*, and be visible only in the night season.

2. He should speak but seldom, and when he does, he should deprecate *play*, and prove its dangerous *tendencies*. When his *game* is *mark'd down*, he should not appear *over-eager* to destroy it; but take especial care to inveigle it by allowing some temporary successes before it is *finally hit*.

Ye vagrants, who *once* were appall'd at my nod,
 Cooks, coachmen, and porters! give ear to your
 God:

3. He should at all times, *in private*, practise with cards and dice; in order to give his *digits* a proper degree of *agility*. "No art (said the Professor above alluded to) requires so much practice as *Greekerie*. Old as I am, I frequently bungle in *nicking* the *seven*; nay even on that night wherein we ~~HIT~~ the *Staffordshire Cornet*, I was egregiously clumsy in dealing that *last and decisive* ~~PLUSH~~ which did the business: and had it not been, that he was more taken up with looking at *himself*, than the cards — he must have discovered all."

4. The Greek should *work* (ita dicunt) with a younger man than himself, who was *once* a *pidgeon*, but is now a *nante*, that is, has been *enlighten'd*, and will not *peach*, consequently is an excellent *decoy* to others.

5. The Greek should ascertain *well* the property of the *pidgeon* he intends to *pluck*, before he commences operations: but when that *necessary ceremony* has taken place, it behoves him to affect the utmost liberality as to *time*, &c. nay even to proffer pecuniary assistance; by which, if accepted, it is probable he will obtain a *legal security*, and can fasten on his *prey* when he pleases.

6. He should have had *once* the rank of Captain, which will be of great use in introducing him into society; and if any *regimental peculation* should unpleasantly be brought on the carpet; he must place his hand on the *left side* of his breast (*not the right*), and declaim loudly against the ca-

Ye legs, who so often my pockets have pick'd,
Be ye silent and still, as if † seven were nick'd :

lunney of the world, interspersing at the same time several common-place expressions, such as: “*Good God!—I know,—exactly so,—precisely,—says I,—dev’lish good joke,—says he;*”—&c. &c. &c.

7. The Greek should give frequent dinner parties, and have *particular* wine for *particular* companies.—He should be able to bear a quantity of that beverage himself, and know how to appear to drink, when in reality passing the bottle; he should at all times, when a grand hit is *not intended*, refuse to permit play of any kind taking place in his house.—On a *decisive night* he should appear to be *drunk* before any one else in the society; and should let his *decoy* or *partner pluck* the *pidgeon*, whilst he himself is supposed to be an equal loser to some one present, (*of course*) a confederate.

8. The Greek should not be afraid to fight a duel—must be able to bully if required, and in desperate cases, such as *peaching*, &c. not *object* to assassination.

9. Greeks meeting unexpectedly, should concert private signals in the corner of the apartment.—Fingers are admirable at *whist*, or other games of cards, and may, by dexterous performers, be so managed as to defy the closest scrutiny, and appear to be naturally pliant, when *in fact* their movements will decide the fate of a rubber.

Such, readers, are some few elements of this celebrated art, as taught by the renowned Greek Professor, *Captain Playfair*. The Author hopes he has said enough to prevent the inexperienced falling a snare to them.—He is however now

Ye votaries of love, who, so oft, young and old,
 Have flown to the door, lest I stand in the cold :
 Ye watchmen, whose sconces provokingly thick,
 So oft have recoil'd from my knuckles and stick :
 Ye bucks, who have *ap'd* me, forbear to abuse,
 The being from whom you once copied your
 † *shoes* :

compiling a treatise which will contain all the names of the Greeks, their places of abode, and characters, to which he means to affix an *essay* on Greekery, in the manner of Pope's on Man—it will commence as follows :

“ Awake, my Playfair ! leave all common dice
 To vulgar wits, and low-bred avarice :
 Let us, since play will nothing more supply,
 Than just to *deal a flush*, or *cog a die*,
 Explaiq what the unenlighten'd call a *run*,
 A curious theme, but not without its fun.” &c. &c. &c.

* “ *Pocket your bill.*”] Well may the landlords above alluded to, exclaim with the eloquent Roman of old—“ *Quare rarè rarissimè !*”

+ “ *Seven were nick'd.*”] An occurrence which generally loses the money of the profess'd players at *hazard*, aliter, the *legs*.

† “ *Copied your shoes.*”] “ *Non sum qualis eram,*” may the Cornet now exclaim with great veracity.

Whose praises you *once* universally sang
 As pattern of fashion, professor of **slang*,
 And monarch supreme of the Coffee-house
gang:

Be ye still as the grave, whilst I deign to relate,
 The *cause* of my splendour, the way to be great;
 My own chequer'd life condescend to unfold,
 And give a receipt of more value than gold;
 Reveal t'ye the spot, where the graces all dwell,
 And point out the path like myself, to excell.

My Father, a comical countryfied prig,
 Was a Priest by profession, and sported a wig;
 Of *me* he was fond, and, the best of the joke,
 Tried to keep me at home, like *a pig in a poke*;
 Of domestic felicity preach'd a vast deal:
 But he soon found me awkward to †*manage at*
wheel;

* “*Slang.*”] Nonsensical expressions lately crept into Fashion, with obscure meanings, chiefly calculated to make illiterate persons stare.—Vide p. 6.

† “*Manage at wheel.*”] A very coachmanlike and appropriate metaphor.

And Mamma, too, so plagu'd him, and swore
 t'was a shame,
 That a lad of *my* spunk should be coop'd up so
 tame ;
 That, at length, he agreed, and I cut these old
 *spoons,
 And am now what you see me, a *Sub'* of *Dra-*
goons.
 Ere I started, old dad preach'd me plenty of
 sense,
 Prated much about morals, and more of expence ;
 " Twelve children, I knew, were the fruits of his
 marriage,
 " To buy my commission had cost him his *car-*
riage."
 Yet with tears he protested, (an ignorant ninny)
 That George should, at all times, command his
 last guinea ;
 That for comforts or income, HE ne'er should
 repine,
 Though he turn'd off his Curate, and gave up his
 wine :

* "*Spoons.*"] The invariable appellation given to quig-
 zical people.

So, two hundred per annum—(*to the waiter*)

“ you son of a b—ch,

“ If you dont bring that *turtle*, I'll bother your breech;

“ Tell my servants I want them—d'ye hear ! in a trice ;

Mind the *venison* is done—and the *champaign* in ice.

Your pardon, good people, I really should crave,
That waiter's so dull, such a thick-headed knave.

Upon joining my corps, (to continue my text,) To get rid of *Old Time* I was plaguily vex't:

There were bridges **to spit over*, fruit-shops of course,

And I purchas'd a high-mettled thorough-bred horse;

Whom I took care to shew off in all his quick paces,

Agreeably splashing the passengers' faces.

* “ *To spit over.*”] A very *military* employment, at least, a very common one amongst military loungers.

At night I would reel to the ball, from the mess,
And astonish their minds with my glittering
dress;

If I chose not to *caper*; for something to do,
To their card-table lounge, play at halfpenny-loo,
Make a terrible noise with my helmet and sword,
And act as if Nature had made me their lord;
Upsetting their scores, at the moment I thun-
der'd,

Your six-pence be d—nd, sir! I'll set you a *hun-*
dred."

Returning to barracks, insult all I meet,
Make all possible uproar, in every street;
And if summon'd next morning, at suit of the
lamps,

Call the court an assemblage of insolent *scamps*,
Then sit myself down in an Alderman's place,
Crack jokes on the Mayor, and make fun of his
mace.

But to dub me completely a "*Garçon de guerre*,"
An intrigue yet was wanting, an ogling affair,
A sort of *atchievement*, a species of *feat*,
Which alone makes a Subaltern's honour com-
plete.

This I quickly commenc'd, with a cherry-cheek'd maid,

Who was silly enough to believe all I said ;
She was lovely and young, had a bosom like snow,

And was going to marry some *shop-keeping beau* :
But I soon put a spoke in the clodhopper's wheel,
First induc'd her to smile, then to listen, then feel ;

Cut numberless jokes on her countryfied swain,
And with visions of grandeur bewilder'd her brain !

Till vanquish'd, no doubt, by my rhetoric and *charms*,

She gave both her honour and heart to my arms.

And, would you believe it ? she's now on the town,

For I met her last eve'ning as drunk as a clown,
And she bother'd my soul out to give her a crown !

The next step I took, to establish my fame,
And prove to the world, I was thoroughly *game*,

Was to look out some *nearsighted*, dastardly
spark,

And blaze at his carcase, by way of a mark.

I waited some time, for my quarters were dull,

Of tradesmen, mechanics, and shopkeepers full;

My comrades all men too *unpleasant to handle*,

(Hibernians and fellows who *snuff'd out a candle*,)

Till I fix'd on the surgeon, a man with a wife,

And some *brats*, who depended for bread on his
life.

One eve'ning I swore he had trod on my toes,

And before he *could* answer, had hold of his
nose.

The Pleb was astonish'd—made *numerous faces*,

I rav'd about *honour*, and *blood*, and *six paces* ;

Declar'd that the man, who on my toes had trod,

Should be food for the worms—I would pink him

by G—!

When strange to declare t'ye, this insolent quiz

Replied to my friend with a very grave phiz,

That his life was not food for each juvenile whim,

That the laws of his country would ever rule

him ;

And that none which *he knew*, sanction'd such
an attempt,

So all he could give me, was *sovereign contempt.*

Of course he was posted, and I in a pet,

Declar'd I should kick ev'ry surgeon I met;

Swore no longer I'd stay where revenge was de-
barr'd,

And where honour was dealt out, like tape, by
the yard ;

So applied for some leave, and to end the dispute,

My colo'nel dispatch'd me to town to recruit.

In London behold me ! Not long was I there,
Ere my manners and equipage made people
stare.

“ Who is he ? Whence comes he ? ” repeated each
mouth,

“ Does his property lie in the North or the South ? ”

“ In the North (*cries my valet**), I'm credibly
told,

“ When of age, he'll inherit whole oceans of
gold.

* “ *Cries my valet.*”] Nothing can be more lamentable,
or is more ruinous to London tradesmen, than the extreme

“ But his friends keep him shortish at present, it
seems —

“ Old guardians are cautious, you know, in ex-
tremes.”

This axiom admitted, my doorway was lin'd
With tradesmen of every species and kind;
All anxious to spirit *the captain* to *order* ;—

“ O, pray look at this, Sir! — How beauteous a
border.”

“ These seals you *must* take—and this diamond-
set comb ;

“ And this watch—on my word, Sir! I had it
from Rome—”

I nod my applause, and the things are sent home.
All the clubs that were *prime*,* I got into, of
course,

The *Fly-by-Nights*, *Clippers*, the *Screws*, and
Four-Horse ;

carelessness with which they give credit. The assertions of a servant, or the commonest and most unfounded reports, will frequently procure it to any amount. How often does this credit ruin the person who so wantonly gives it! How often does it destroy the principles of the person to whom it is given!

* “ *Prime.*”] Any thing peculiarly *knowing*.

And my dress I took care should be *strikingly*
new,

And display all the emblems of each in a view.

As my dress has long grac'd a particular tribe,
With your leave, I'll digress, and attempt to de-
scribe.

First, my coat, like myself, is the emblem of taste,
Large buttons all o'er it, a curious long waist,
And a collar which comes, o'er my head, to a
peak;

And I think I can say is completely *unique*.

Round my neck is a shawl, worth, they tell me,
a hundred,

From India or Turkey most probably plunder'd,
Which spread o'er my bosom, in truth, is, when
drest,

The principal cover'ing I wear to my breast;
And serves to display all my broaches upon:
For broaches, with us, are criterions of *ton*.

First, to prove my regard for the knights of
the thong,

Here's the mail-coach and four, *spanking* rarely
along;

Then the Fly-by-Night emblem, an owl's dismal
face,

And below it, two tits in a neck-and-neck race;
And next, from our modern Entellus's school,
Two men breaking sconces according to rule:
Underneath them, a culprit, his neck at full
stretch,

With a 'kerchief of hemp, *a la mode de Jack
Ketch.*

Which, I think, of my *taste* would convince any
jury,

And proves me, at least, *Haud ignarus futuri.*
And last, but not *least*, see the sov'reign of evil,
By priests yclept *Beelzebub*, vulgò the *Devil.**

Pantaloons richly lac'd, of cærulean dye,
Embellish the shape of each elegant thigh;
And my boots, made of leather from Spain, I am
told,

Have the spurs fasten'd on them of solidest gold.

* “*The Devil.*”] Let the Bond-street jewellers, &c. con-
tradict this list of broaches if they can.

As for seals and such gewgaws, my watch or its
chain,

Or their number, their nature, or weight, to ex-
plain,

Were an useless, indeed an impossible task;

Crony Wirgman may probably know, if you ask.

Then, my snuff-boxes—really such numbers
have I,

I can scarcely remember them all; but I'll try:
Exclusive of that with a comical spring,

Whence the *devil jumps up*, and his *satellites sing*,
And that which I gave to my slave, because dirty,
(A gold one enamell'd,) I think there are thirty!

Thus accoutred, equipp'd, I stir out about five,
On foot or on horseback, more commonly drive;

First I lounge to the tavern, to see who is there,
And amuse myself making the multitude stare:

It is charming to hear them all ask, *who I am?*
And the clergymen turn up their eyes as I damn!

Here I loll, o'er a chair or a table astride,
And roar out for soda to cool my inside;
Send the waiters on errands, and swear for their
pains,

If they loiter *five seconds* I'll blow out their brains;

Pull tooth-picks to pieces, *squirt spittle abroad*
 Through a hole in my tooth, which is *purposely
 bor'd.*

And if thither some infantry sub' should resort,
 Who has order'd *tough steaks* and a *pint* of black
 port,
 How he stares at my attitudes, manners, and
 dress!

Mayhap sets off at speed, to his *Colchester* mess,
 And endeavours to ape me: of course, he must fail,
 And *exeunt* his hopes, with his person, to jail!

Then as duelling now is completely a *science*,
 And sets the *Old Bailey* itself at defiance;
 Now *Hibernians* are met with in eve'ry street,
 'Tis as needful to know how to shoot, as to eat;
 So I lounge to my gun-maker's, stick up a mark,
 And blaze at a wafer or shilling till dark:
 And hence, in some popping which fell in my
 way,

On account of *three women* I've carried away,
 (Two frail ones, who me to their spouses preferr'd,
 And a boarding-school chicken who trusted my
 word),

I've been fortunate each time in *winging my bird*;

And although to dispatch one has ne'er been my
lot,

I am pretty well mark'd as a *dangerous* shot.

In the evening, if nothing more *prime*'s to be
done,

No *hop* going on, or no prospect of *fun*,

No chance of a *kick-up* or *row* being plann'd,

Any cash in my pocket, and if—I can stand,

Why, I order my carriage, and drive to the *hell*.*

Where the Captain's appearance makes no little
swell;

Here, I seize on the *bones*, † have at all in the ring,

And with “*seven's the main*,” make the neigh-
bourhood sing.

If I lose, I protest 'tis a palpable theft,

And securing the poker, let fly right and left:

Call them villains and thieves, and society's dregs;

And, in short, as we term it, play hell with the *legs*!

Then smashing the lamps, as I fly up the street,

And, *of course*, all the heads of the watchmen I
meet;

* The abode of the *blacklegs*, where their nocturnal de-
predations are committed.

† “*Bones*.”] The dice.

Into Steevens's rush, on the crockery leap,
 Shy plates at the waiters for *daring* to sleep,
 Order “ * *pickled champaigne and an ostrich entree,* ”
 Swear I'll shoot them *all round*, if I've not my
 desire ;
 Turn the cock of the kettle that boils on the fire ;
 And flying about, like a madman at large,
 Snatch the bugle, and sound “ the *Reveille* and
Charge ! ”
 Fill the landlord with terror, the house with af-
 fright,
 Roaring “ *Nocte Volamus !* ” we fly in the night !
 Then as bed is a bore, to their lodgings I go,
 Knock up *Playfair*, and *Shuffle*, and *Scoreall*,
 and Co.
 And with them at a whist-table *keep up the ball*,
 Till daylight informs me *I've lost to them all !*
 Thus flies my existence, one round of variety,
 Enchanting alike to myself and society.
 It is true, that a certain coxcombical set,
 I have never been able to *league with*, as yet ;

* *Verbatim.*

Nay, although I have frequently made the attempt,

Like the *surgeon*, they treat me with sovereign contempt;

If we meet in the street, at the opera or play,
These insolent slaves look a different way.

But a *fig* for such coxcombs, such *tea-drinking fops*!

I am greater than they are, at *hells* and at *hops*:

Like them I've a *set*, and like them I profess
To be something uncommon in manners and
dress:

And assemblies there are, and genteel ones, I
vow,

Where my *smile* has been sought for, like *Butterfly's bow*.

Lady Scarecrow, whose spouse kept in order the
Hindoos;

And the fair-one, you see sticking up in shop-
windows;

With the lovely *Briseis* of Jerningham-place,
All swear by my figure and doat on my face.

And when *Mother M'Tabbart*, old Bolus's wife,
Gives a rout to *convince* us she knows *vat is life*!

I am sure to be ask'd, *me she dare not leave out;*

For if *I* kept away, what becomes of her rout?
Hail, charming assemblies! No stiff-neck'd formality;

No semblance of pleasure, without the reality:
All is *extacy* here; and when supper is done,
Och! the women stay *wid us*, and *kick up such fun!*

And mamma looking on, as they're *tickled* and *squaz'd*,

Cries, " How charming it is to *see young paple plas'd*!"

But now I'll acquaint you, to finish my song,
(Which already, I'm fearful, has lasted too long);
What occur'd t'other morn, as at breakfast I sat,
And was giving some orders about a *new hat*.

My door was thrust open, and in walk'd a slave,
An insolent, ill-dress'd, uncouth-looking knave,
Who seem'd unawares of the verb *yclépt shave*;
Whose garments of *fustian* were cover'd with grease,

And whose face seem'd to say, " *I am licens'd to fléece.*"

First, he pull'd out a paper, which he call'd a
writ,

On the which, in large letters, was "*Greeting, to
wit;*"

And by which he was order'd my person to bring
Into *Westminster Hall*, there to look at the king:
And herein was commanded by no means to fail,
So requested to know whom I fix'd on for bail;
Begg'd I'd not be alarm'd, but would make up
my mind,

As his pocket contain'd *twenty* more of the kind.
Soon I learnt that a tradesman of mine, a sharp
fool,

By principle cautious, suspicious by rule,
Chanc'd to go into Yorkshire, some visits to pay,
And so thought he would look where my *pro-*
perty lay;

But found out with horror, said *property* small,
And plac'd in a parish call'd *No Where at all*.
So back he return'd, nearly murder'd his hack,
And plac'd all my tradesmen *at once* on my back.

Now, to tell you the truth, this is rather a bore,
For those scoundrels are now always watching
my door;

And my slave, very often, whilst dressing my hair,
 Is oblig'd to desist, to enquire “ Who's there?”
 So to keep me from what my attorney calls
jail,

My day passes mostly in hunting for *bail.*
 But at night, when the hell-hounds of justice are
 gone,

When my seals are arrang'd, and my *chapeau-bras* on,

Once again I'm the leader of *coffee-house ton:*
 Ambition, once more, takes her seat in my brain,
 And the *Fly-by-Night Richard*'s himself once
 again !

Then a truce to reflection ! reflection ne'er ends:
 After all, I can fly—'tis but *fixing* one's friends.
 Those trinkets and gewgaws, which stamp'd me
 a blade,

Are yet in my drawers, tho' for none have I paid :
 With these and my cornetcy turn'd into cash,
 I can always continue to *bluster and dash* ;
 With these yet can live on a *Clipperlike* plan,
 And astonish their minds in the *Island of Man* !
 Or Scotland can fly to, my creditors chouse,
 And live the amazement of *Holyrood-house*,

Or if Britain I fly, where their d—d legal code,
 Appears likely all freedom or sense to explode,
 After all, there's the *service of France*, and the
road.

Moreover, one night, o'er some *Burgundy-cup*,
 Lord Scoreall declar'd, he would soon put me up
 To his calling ; elect me as one of the *brothers* ;
 And then I might live *on the fortune of others*.
 Once again then, what good can it do us to think ?
 Whilst we breathe, let us live ; whilst we live, let
 us drink !

Till *my peepers** are clos'd, I will keep up the ball,
 Like a *hero* I've liv'd, like a *hero* I'll fall !
 At least I'll be happy till that period comes,
 So, waiter ! more claret ! Who cares *for the bums* ?

[Exit.]

* “Peepers.”] An elegant and expressive term for the eye-sight.

the first time I have ever seen a *Phalaenoptilus* in the field. It was a large bird, about 12 inches long, with a very long tail, which was deeply forked. The upper parts were black, with some white markings on the wings; the lower parts were white, with some black markings on the wings. The bird was perched on a branch of a tree, and was looking down at something on the ground. I approached it very carefully, and finally got close enough to touch it. It was a very tame bird, and allowed me to handle it without any difficulty. I took it with me, and showed it to several people, who were all very interested in it. I think it must be a very rare species, as I have never seen one before.

THE
KNOWING MAN,

OR

BUCK OF THE TURF.

“At bona pars hominum, decepta cupidine false,
“Nil satis est, inquit;” —————

HORACE.

THE KNOWING MAN.

“IS Heav’n relentless? (cried Glenalvon’s Lord),
“And is’t in vain invok’d? in vain implor’d?
“Must I still weep? and is this hapless life,
“To endless mis’ry doom’d and endless strife?
“Deceitful happiness! so long pursued,
“Wilt’ still avoid me? still my grasp elude?
“Those means, which all declare thy smiles at-
tain,
“All, all are mine; but mine, alas, in vain!

“ Wealth, rank, and boundless pow’r, in vain
unite,
“ To yield me pleasure, or afford delight.
“ In vain around me trembling minions wait,
“ And from my lips submissive learn their fate;
“ Surrounding slaves, in vain my palace fill,
“ And fly to act my scarcely utter’d will:
“ These envied toys give not domestic joy,
“ My children still perplex me, still annoy;
“ My eldest offspring, once my proudest hope,
“ To ev’ry passion gives unbridled scope:
“ Each hour his phrenzied acts assail my ear;
“ All tongues inform me of his vile career.
“ Nor less unwise pursuits my girl engage,
“ Whom once I fancied giv’n to sooth my age;
“ Heedless of all parental love can say,
“ In fashion’s round she takes her headstrong
way,
“ Nor stops to think how futile pomp and dress,
“ How impotent to give her happiness!
“ Reflects not character must be their price,
“ And health and fame, the *certain* sacrifice!
“ Is then this breast of ev’ry joy bereft?
“ Of all depriv’d?—One pleasure yet is left;

" One prospect yet remains, one hope of joy,
 " And that in *William* rests, my youngest boy.
 " Yes! he was doubtless giv'n by pitying fate,
 " For all his parent's grief to compensate :
 " His future fame shall amply yet repay
 " The watchful care of many' an anxious day!
 " E'en now, methinks, with unrestrain'd delight,
 " I view my child, at glory's utmost height;
 " Whilst wond'ring senates 'round, his words at-
 tend,
 " And even *kings* are *proud* to call him *friend*:
 " O then ! when every grateful tongue repeats
 " The hero's exploits and intrepid feats,
 " What rapture then shall sparkle in this eye,
 " This aged breast how throb with extacy !
 " When shouting crowds attest what he has done,
 " And well-earn'd laurels deck Glenalvon's son!"
 Illustrious youth ! for whom are plann'd these
 schemes,
 Whose future glories cause such golden dreams,
 Whose name has thus a parent's grief assuag'd,
 How fly thy moments ? how art thou engag'd?
 Say ! does thy mind a statesman's duty con ?
 Do'st meditate on Chatham's mighty son ?

Muse on his merits, and resolve like him,
 To soar superior to each party whim;
 To give thy time, if requisite, thy blood,
 To gain *one object*—that, *thy country's good*?
 Do'st pant to snatch thy much-enduring land
 From idiots' grasp, from that deluded band,
 By whom to ruin's verge she now is hurl'd,
 And, once more, make her mistress of the
 world?

Or do'st from Hector learn “to guide the car,
 “To wheel and answer every call of war?” *
 Plan schemes of conquest, pace thy chamber
 round,

And pant to hear the brazen trumpet sound?

Or, anxious only to instruct thy kind,
 Do'st study Paley's ever pious mind?
 Or brood o'er Euclid's page, and plodding ply
 Through all the mazes of geometry?

Art thus employ'd?—On yonder couch re-
 clin'd,

Behold the youth, in converse with his mind,

* “*Call of war.*”] Vide Hector's reply to Ajax, Iliad,
 book 8.

Around him cumb'rous volumes closely stow'd,
 Bespeak the' apartment lit'rature's abode;
 And lo! he smiles—no doubt, some pleasing
 thought,
 Caus'd by yon' book with which his mind seems
 fraught.

Approach we ! and his meditation share,
 In one so young, such application 's rare.
 What broods he oh ? his studies, Muse, declare !

No thoughts like these, the blushing Muse
 replies,
 No themes employ him such as you devise ;
 No warlike plans, no legislative codes
 Are here : those volumes * *Weatherby and Rhodes*.
 Yon' shelves, on which your ardent gaze you
 fix,
 Hold all the *Calendars* from *Forty-six*.
 That book, that dear delightful book of books,
 On which he casts such fond endearing looks,
 Contains, enquirer ! ev'ry bet he makes,
 And tells his fate upon the *Derby stakes* ;

* “*Weatherby and Rhodes*.”] Two celebrated compilers
 of Sporting occurrences, and proprietors of the Racing *Ca-*
lendars mentioned in the next lines.

That smile you saw, replete with joy and fun,
 Was caus'd by finding that whoever won,
 Whichever animal, or mare, or colt;
 Nay, though each *favourite* might chance to *bolt*,
 Or all, at once fall lame, or die, or stray,
 He *yet* must pocket hundreds * by the day.

† CROCKFORD and CLOVES, O'MARA, HOL-
 LAND, BLAND !

Pupils of Cocker ! calculating band !
 Ye, who of *talent* make the *proper* use !
 Thou christen'd MOUTH ! ‡ and thou yclept the
 GOOSE ! ‡

Declare ! had such but fallen to your lot,
 Would ye have look'd ? have smil'd ? Ah ! would
 ye not ?

Ay !—though the elements commix'd at once,
 Prov'd Newton foolish, Herschell a mere dunce;

* “*Hundreds by the day.*”] This will to all but betting-men appear impossible ; but to them will doubtless be sufficiently comprehensible.

† “*Crockford and Cloves, &c.*”] Renowned professors of the art of betting.

‡ “*Mouth and Goose.*”] Cant names given to two of the above *honourable* profession.

Though thunder roar'd around ye, lightnings
 flash'd,
 And trembling nature shrunk appall'd, abash'd;
 Ay!—though those awful notes the air should
 rend,
 Which speak this earthly fabric at an end;
 Though dæmons snatch'd ye from the ground ye
 trod,
 And forc'd ye, quaking, to confront your God!
 Yet, yet, I see you with undaunted looks,
 Grasping your much lov'd, much *thumb'd* betting
 books !
 With eyes yet fix'd on one your arts had plun-
 der'd,
 And blandly *hinting* that you *vins a hundred* ;
 Till *Monday** begging from Omniscient Jove,
 And asking where was *Tattersall's** above?
 Nor less Lord William with delight survey'd,
 The prize his calculating brain had made.
 Thoughtless, ambitious, in his twentieth year,
 And free from care of any kind or fear;

* “ *Monday—Tattersall's.*”] The time and place when
 and where all bets on the Derby (the stakes above-mentioned)
 are arranged.

With all the fire attach'd to youthful blood,
 And heart and intellects innately good;
 Our hopeful hero now prepar'd to start,
 To spoil those intellects, destroy that heart;
 To render useless all his nature gave,
 Become the tool of fraud, deception's slave,
 The dupe and jest of ev'ry well-dress'd knave:
 To govern *gamblers*, be a *blackleg* king,
 And shine the monarch of the *betting ring*!

Nor long, in truth, before this wish was gain'd,
 Nor long before his purpose was attain'd;
 His well-known wealth procur'd too soon his
 ends,

At once obtain'd a crowd of *seeming* friends:
 Wretches, whose flattery sooth'd his boyish
 pride,

Who all his faults and weaknesses descried,
 And ev'ry foible to their use applied:
 Fann'd him with adulation's grateful breeze,
 And praise too sure, at such an age, to please.
 And thus surrounded, the unthinking boy,
 With all to please him, nothing to annoy,
 Blaz'd forth, at once, Newmarket's brightest star,
 With knaves of all descriptions popular:

Obsequious trainers trembled at his nod,
 And jockeys worshipp'd as they would a god.
 His steeds where-ever seen, or first or last,
 Were hail'd with shouts and plaudits as they past,
 Whilst beauteous females in surrounding stands,
 On tiptoe gazing, wav'd their lily hands,
 Display'd their 'kerchiefs as he canter'd by,
 To prove how much they wish'd him victory.
 And he, the while, the wonder of the course,
 Bestrode with graceful ease, some high-bred
 horse,
 Survey'd the dubious race at every turn,
 With anxious gaze, though seeming unconcern ;
 Smil'd, as his fate was echo'd from the post,
 And told the gaping crowd the thousands lost.
 Heedless of money, he despis'd its loss,
 As trash regarded it, mere childish dross,
 'Bout which prudential misers only rant,
 Unknown to him its worth, unfelt its want :
 He lov'd to win it, as he lov'd to game,
 Not for the value, solely for the fame;
 And hence of all around the dupe was made,
 To all a debtor, yet himself unpaid.

Meantime, the Dame so truly christen'd blind,
Whose aim appears to torture human kind,
On all occasions prov'd Lord William's friend,
And sent her gifts as though they ne'er could end.
His high-bred horses, wheresoe'er they run,
Where-ever sent, where-ever started, won:
In vain his envying intimates combine,
His senses madden and inflame with wine ;
Some pow'r unseen their malice still defies,
And baffles still their seeming certainties.
His steeds (as if by magic's pow'r decreed)
In each attempt, however wild, succeed,
Triumphant still retain the envied lead.
In every public print, the while, his pride
Was amply fed, was amply gratified;
Those servile echoers of aught but truth,
Teem'd with each action of the' illustrious youth,
Some Herculean labour or exploit,
Wherein he prov'd prodigiously adroit;
How much his equipage, his horses cost ;
What here he pocketed, what th're he lost ;
What wond'rous sums on such a race he betted,
At this how much he rav'd, at that how fretted ;

In short, his deeds, or in the North or South,
By all were talk'd of, were in ev'ry mouth.

But who through Fortune's fickle smile can
see?

What mortal art develope her decree?
As at Newmarket, some intemp'rate steed,
At starting, struggles for and gains the lead;
Awhile in front maintains his fleetest pace,
As if resolv'd to win *by miles* his race;
With crest and head erect, appears to fly,
To snatch with ease the palm of victory;
But when his pow'rs, his strength are most re-
quir'd,
At once resigns the struggle and is tir'd;
By those behind him, spiritless is pass'd,
And spurr'd and panting, hobbles in the last.
Thus Fortune's dame appears, awhile, to fly,
So bears in front her hapless votary;
Till when the glittering bauble strikes his view,
For which all toil, which all in vain pursue,
At once her fraud, her treach'ry stands confest,
At once she fails—misfortune tells the rest!
And thus with him, whose memoirs we relate;
By her deserted, left to meet his fate;

His boasted riches pay his folly's price,
 And vanish soon, an easy sacrifice:
 With these, of course, his friendly comrades fly,
 With these departs his popularity:
 His faults, long hid behind their gilding
 screen,
 Are now discover'd, now by all are seen:
 Of virtue, wealth, and character bereft,
 He falls, with nought but recollection left.

But, not to dwell too long in woe's abode,
 Or tell each stage on ruin's dreary road,
 Ten years are vanish'd, readers! and again
 Lord William ventures on Newmarket's plain:
 Although on *other* schemes and projects bent,
 With aim and object widely different:
 No more ambitious *only* of a name,
 Nor seeking now unprofitable fame;
 No more about to play the madman's part,
 And yield to ev'ry impulse of the heart:
 The *use* of genius better understood,
 His aim, his object *now*—a livelihood.
 Nor scrap'lous *how* his upright end he gains,
 Nor by *what* means his purport he attains,

But, spurning ev'ry care 'bout right or wrong,
 Those common topics of the theorist's song,
 He now one end, one only path pursues,
 The one most likely to acquire his views.
 In all societies, with ready ease,
 Puts on the garb most probable to please,
 That suited best the ignorant to decoy ;
 With age reserv'd, with boys affects the boy :
 With Playfair * works (that Argive of his day),
 And learns each mystery of unfair play ;
 To deal the certain flush, to cog the die,
 And make the *most* of opportunity.

To Beelzebub's domain he next applies,
 And begs a patent to excel in lies :
 The Lord of Hell his pray'r benignant grants,
 Each art of *fabling* in his breast implants ;
 Assists his fancy in its num'rous flights,
 And bids it soar to *yet unheard-of* heights :
 And thus inspir'd, our hero hourly talks
 Of large estates and nicely shaded walks ;

* *With Playfair works.*] Vide page 64.

"*The dolls instructus et arte Pelasgō.*"

Of countless acres of well-cultur'd ground,
Which fence on ev'ry side his mansion round,
Though none, *as yet*, or house, or land, have
found ;
Describes whole forests of majestic trees,
Whose vet'ranc branches court the northern
breeze,
Trees ! so unnumber'd, so immense, so great,
That none exist who *yet* could calculate.
Nor least he shines, whilst counting o'er his bets,
To boys from school and stripling Baronets,
Whose idiot sconces credit give, of course,
To each iota of his bland discourse :
His tales believe, when with unblushing face,
He tells of thousands betted on *one* race ;
Indignant bids his gaping audience look,
And mark the fact attested by his book.
Whilst 'round him crowds each wonder-smitten
face,
And echoing Bond-Street totters to its base ;
Astounded loungers eye the godlike man,
And, quaking, wonder at the risks he ran :
Implicit credit yield ; nor once believe
That tales so grand were destin'd to deceive.

Or if some few presume to doubt their truth,
 Not such his prey, not such unthinking youth;
 'Mongst these his tales are certain to decoy;
 Each word ensnares some unsuspecting boy,
 Some headstrong *minor*, mad to run in debt;
 Some *wealthy brew'r*, or *simple baronet*;
 Who pants to shine the hero of a course,
 As infants pant to stride the rocking-horse.
 Or haply, one of that detested race,
 Who now in ev'ry street are found, and place;
 Who *feign* a want of intellect and sense,
 To rob their neighbours at convenience;
 Who act, in truth, like swindlers broken loose,
 And make minority their cant excuse:
 Pigeons self-titled, a nefarious tribe,
 Who any thing or ev'ry thing subscribe;
 With open eyes rush headlong on their fate,
 And, *proud* to call a knaye their intimate,
 In every scheme of infamy engage,
 Till law has stamp'd them men, till dubb'd of
 age.
 Then first they halt—allege they have been
 trick'd,
 Retract, deny, forswear, and contradict.

To sweet simplicity they then pretend,
 And load with gross abuse their former friend.
 "We're robb'd! We're ruin'd!" then becomes their cry,
 "Yon blackleg rogue has stol'n our property!"
 And some, in these enlighten'd times there are,
 Who deem this novel system just and fair;
 Who seem to think extravagance a merit,
 And term a minor's fraud a proof of spirit.
 A fashion this, too much, alas! in vogue,
 T' excuse, however vile, a *youthful* rogue.
 Such tenets, everywhere, assail the ear;
 In all societies, some youth we hear
 Disowning debts he justly has incur'd,
 And glorying in the pow'r to break his word:
 Nay, proudly vaunting, in the face of day,
 He nor *desir'd*, nor * *wish'd*, nor *meant* to pay!
 Whilst those around too frequently applaud
 This act of gross, indisputable fraud.

* "He nor *desir'd*, nor *wish'd*."] Qui capit ille facit.

For ask we truth, or probity, or sense,
 In what distinct, in what the difference,
 'Twixt one who robs on this insidious plan,
 And 'yon declar'd, half-famish'd highwayman ?
 The latter, want impels to seek relief,
 The first, a mean, a pettifogging thief !

Of fraud acquit them, and admit their plea,
 Idiots they must be in the last degree.

But hold, my muse ! nor in rhapsodic flight
 Forget thy hero : he, illustrious wight !
 By such like practices some twelve months
 thriv'd,
 Awhile in play-begotten affluence liv'd:
 Successful fraud some friends of course procur'd,
 Tho' some might envy, some suspect, yet all en-
 dur'd !
 But fortune still, with hatred unsubdued,
 His bright career malignantly pursued :
 A faithless friend, in some contention cross'd,
 Or angry at some wealthy pigeon lost,
 One hapless moment, ventur'd to reveal
 His many ways to *cog a die and deal* ;
 Held forth each myst'ry to the public eye,
 And prov'd how play became a certainty.

Th' invidious crowd, with joy receive the news,
 At once condemn him and at once abuse :
 By none esteem'd, and envied long by all,
 His comrades but accelerate his fall.

Thus then, without one hope, one plea to urge,
 Once more Lord William stands on ruin's verge ;
 Without one friend to soothe the dire disgrace,
 Once more destruction stares him in the face ;
 By all avoided, shunn'd by every sect,
 Where can his plots, his sables take effect ?
 Disgust and coldness ev'ry where appear,
 And scarce a waiter condescends to hear.

“ But Satan saw”—and anxious for his friend,
 To all his cares decreed at once an end :
 Plac'd in his view, and bade him thither fly,
 The new establish'd club of Borbury.
 A vast assemblage this, where boys from school,
 In jockey garbs first came to play the fool,
 Oxonian thick-heads, eminently dense,
 Who yearly met to prove their want of sense ;
 And give their steeds that whip-cord, (truant
 elves !) which
 Which wiser Nature destin'd for themselves.

And now where ev'ry blockhead bends his back,
 Like *Puss* resisting *Pompey's* rough attack,
 To spur the sides of some ill-fated hack;
 Where giant zanies, Lilliputian peers,
 Some scarcely breech'd, and some advanc'd in
 years,

Militia bucks and cornets of dragoons,
 Like shewmen habited, or stage buffoons,
 With wasted carcases their rips bestride,
 And puff, perspire, and pant, and think they ride.

Here came the Peer; enraptur'd with the scene,
 He lost for once his customary spleen:
 " Rich field," he cries, " for an aspiring mind,
 " Where wealth and ignorance appear combin'd.
 " Here sit thee down! Here fix thy future
 throne!

" In other climes thy various pranks are known;
 " But here uncheck'd, unknown, unnoticed, stay,
 " And spend the evening of a brilliant day."

The boyish crew the chief's arrival hail,
 For fate had fram'd him on the jockey scale;
 All praise his science, and with one accord,
 Proclaim him king, acknowledge him their lord.

The sceptre seiz'd, he throws off all disguise,
 And sure of wealth from their absurdities,
 He makes, unmakes, or does away their laws,
 As suits his purpose, or assists his cause;
 Ordains, decrees, and does whate'er he likes,
 As passion prompts him, or as fancy strikes;
Jocosely gallops o'er some dozen folks,
 Whilst wondering stable-boys applaud the hoax;
 Rides, as he terms it, *beautifully fine*,
 And takes a leg off, bawling "*Keep your line!*"
 As if their persons, property, and limbs,
 Were tools to serve his vanity and whims.
 'Tis true, some few once ventur'd to declare,
 Such jokes ill-tim'd, such goings on unfair;
 Nay, more than once, so sporting bards relate,
 Dire vengeance threaten'd on their monarch's
 pate:
 But vain each effort, each attempt to cure,
 "*'Twas wrong,*" cry all, "*'twas roguish, to be
 sure!*"
 They grumble, growl, and groan, BUT STILL
 ENDURE!
 Here then, his aim, his ev'ry wish attain'd,
 Glenalvon's offspring many years remain'd,

Fortune her former enmity forgot,
 And once more doom'd, prosperity his lot:
 Crown'd all his plans and projects with success,
 And all again seem'd joy and happiness.
 An ample fortune,* by his arts amass'd,
 Had spread a veil o'er all th' unwelcome past,
 And thus, of care devoid, or seeming grief,
 Once more Newmarket saw the veteran chief;
 On every turf-pursuit again intent;
 Again her patron, pride, and ornament.
 Rever'd, look'd up to, by all sporting ranks,
 Nor once detail'd, nor thought of former pranks:
 Old Time, o'er these, had clos'd oblivion's gate,
 And wrapt in mist which none dar'd penetrate.
 Yet though, apparently without alloy,
 One latent feeling poison'd all his joy;
 One pang remain'd, to make the Peer confess
 How rare on earth is perfect happiness;
 One thorn yet tortur'd, one unceasing grief,
 From which nor wealth, nor rank could yield
 relief;

* “*An ample fortune.*”] So true is it that—

“*Omnia Roma sum pretio.*”

Nor human aid, nor human art set free
The dire reflection he was eighty-three !
Each hour the destin'd tyrant of mankind
Too plain refus'd to loiter long behind ;
Each moment prov'd him gaining ground apace,
To snatch his lengthen'd, long-protracted race.

Relentless monarch ! From thy dreaded pow'r,
What charm can shield us creatures of the hour !
In early youth we thoughtless make our play,
Like colts, first started, headstrong break away ;
Disdainful slack the reason-given rein,
And stride at speed across life's chequer'd
plain.

When warn'd of thee, and of our certain fate,
How slight the pang reflection can create !
“ Shall death impede our bright career,” we
cry,
“ Yon shade, yon distant speck ?—Absurdity !”
Yet whilst we mock, how oft his pow'r we own !
How oft, whilst speaking, wretchedly break
down !
Or if allow'd; awhile, to keep the lead,
How vain the hope t' elude his matchless speed !

For when the destin'd ending mark draws near,

* Though life and pleasure then seem doubly
dear,

Though fame and wealth on ev'ry side surround,
Our ruthless foe makes up at once his ground;
At his approach, like jades, we give it in,
And harass'd Nature strives in vain to win.

So have I seen some simple six-foot youth,
In silken vest array his form uncouth,
Vault eager on his saddle, snatch the rein,
And strive t' outdo in skill *the great Germain*.
Well pleas'd the gawky mounts, enraptur'd
smiles,
Scarce waits the word to take the lead by miles;
In fancy grasps th' already-plunder'd pelf;
Adjusts his cravat, and admires himself;

* “*Though life and pleasure, &c&c*”] For how few are
they who think with Juvenal, that—

—————“*Mors sola fatetur*
“*Quantula sint hominum corpuscula.*”

Or,

“*Qui spatium vitæ extremum inter munera ponant*
“*Nature—————*”

Then looks above, then 'round him, then behind,
 Then lolls supine, and gasps for want of wind.
 Meanwhile, his sage opponent in the race,
 Sagacious, steady, ever in his place,
 Each post, each corner smoothly glides around,
 And at the proper periods makes his ground.
 Abreast comes up, and scares th' astonish'd lout,
 Who rolls in ev'ry attitude about ;
 Then straight commences what himself deserves,
 And wonders hapless Rosinante swerves,
 His groom, his fortune, and himself abuses,
 And kicks, and shoves, and spurs, and flogs, and
 loses.

“ And must this dread destroyer then prevail ? ”
 Exclaim'd, one morn, the hero of our tale,
 When, grimly terrible, his dreaded foe
 Prepar'd to strike the long-expected blow.
 “ O pause,” he cried, “ stern arbiter of fate !
 “ Glenalvon's offspring deigns to supplicate,
 “ Intreats thee to forego thy dire intent,
 “ He, even he, Newmarket's president.
 “ O then at least a few short months forbear,
 “ Till next *October meetings* deign to spare !

" Let me but see my fav'rite filly win,
 " Once more behold the public taken in,
 " And then content I die—O ! would'st thou
 snatch
 " From my extended grasp that famous match ?
 " Would'st take me, tyrant ! with my scheme
 half plann'd ?
 " With Derby, Oaks, Pavilion,* all at hand,
 " And when on all so wond'reous well I stand ?
 " O ! Let these sights but glad mine aged eyes,
 " And then farewell."—" Forbear," stern Death
 replies,
 " Nor more oppose irrevocable fate ;
 " Impatient Satan claims his intimate.
 " Thy friends, moreover, in the realms of woe,
 " Have form'd a club, a Borbury below ;
 " Where *gentlemanly Hellites* are to ride ;
 " And thou art fix'd on, destin'd to preside :
 " For thy advice they wait, thy potent aid—
 " Then hence ! and there pursue thy former
 trade ;

* " *Derby, Oaks, Pavilion.*"] Celebrated races which form the chief sources of the blackleg's wealth.

“ Be there as here, the sovereign of the club,
 “ And 'stead of *Douglas*, Jockey *Beelzebub* ;
 “ Affright the *demons* with thy *favourite squall**.
 “ Upset *Alecto* at the *well-known wall*.
 “ *The Furies* jostle, and *the Fates* o'ertur'd,
 “ And gain the *Stygian* like the *Borbury turn*.
 “ —But hark! their bell has toll'd—no more
 delay!”

The despot spoke—and fasten'd on his prey.
 O then! what signs, what prodigies took place!
 Newmarket totter'd to its trembling base;
 The *Warren-hill*† all consolation spurn'd,
 THE STAGNANT WATER-TROUGHS‡ TO POISON-
 TURN'D;
 The *Stands*, the *Scales*, the *Betting-posts* rein'd
 back;
 The *B. C.* || groan'd, the *Ditch-in* put on black;

* “ *Thy favourite squall.*”] Vide page 106, line 10.

+ “ *The Warren-hill.*”] The exercise-ground.

‡ “ *The stagnant water-troughs.*”] The author, with due deference, maintains that having thus shewn the cause of this late calamitous event, he is entitled to the reward offered on the occasion.

|| “ *The B. C.*,” &c.] This and all the ensuing names are the terms given to the different courses at Newmarket.

The *T.M.M.* have since forborne to smile ;
 The *Bunbury* shriek'd, as did the *Rowley Mile* ;
 The *Flat* and *Yearling Course* bemoan'd their
 friend,
 And sobb'd their sorrows to the *Audley End*.
Godolphin's Arab * from his grave leapt out,
Highflyer, *Marsk*, and *Herod* † stalk'd about ;
Eclipse and *Childers* left their earthy stalls,
 And *Saltram* rose and walk'd to *Tattersall's* !
 “ But hold ! of this enough,” methinks you cry,
 “ Tis time to leave off jest and ribaldry ;
 “ Thy aim profess'd, to speak in truth's behalf,
 “ And force conviction from us, not a laugh.”
 Are such thy sentiments, enquiring youth ?
 Such are thy bard's ; henceforth he utters truth.
 Abjure the turf, its bland allurements fly,
 Lest ruin prove, too late, its fallacy.
 No declamation this : experience speaks,
 And bids thee shun a host of rooks and greeks ;

* “ *Godolphin's Arab.* ”] The sire of most of our blood-horses.

+ “ *Highflyer*, *Marsk*, &c. &c.”] Animals notorious for their turf performances.

Where all are knaves, though class'd in different
 rates,
 And honesty itself contaminates.
 Say ! can ye boast what schoolmen talent call ?
 Ill-fated Albion claims, requires it all.
 Was genins giv'n to waste in betting rings ?
 No !—tis your country's property, your king's.
 Or do ye wealth and worldly pelf possess ?
 Use it to succour woe and wretchedness :
 To sooth the grief, you hourly witness, strive,
 And feel delight, no animal can give ;
 Not all Eclipse's pedigree or blood,—
 The heartfelt luxury, of doing good.
 Ask Grosv'nor's Earl, that honest upright Lord,
 So justly lov'd, so worthily ador'd ;
 He yet the turf's precarious sport pursues,
 His aim and only object to amuse ;
 To improve the nature of the British steed,
 Amend the kind, and meliorate the breed :
 And if delight attend upon success,
 Untold his rapture, great his happiness.
 When he relieves distress, and opes his door
 To welcome indigence, or aid the poor;

Enquire what then he feels, what then his bliss,
 And ask if Violante* yield him this?
 Or make ye health and happiness your care?
 Avoid Newmarket's soil—they grow not there.
 When all your hopes, mayhap your future bread,
 Depend upon a jockey's heart or head;
 When merest chance, a bolt, a cross, or swerve,
 Has pow'r to place in torture every nerve;
 When perspiration's drops bedew the cheek,
 And scarce the mouth retains its pow'r to speak;
 When from its socket starts the anxious eye,
 And every pulse beats high in agony;
 Let those who thus have felt—let them confess,
 Can health be then enjoy'd? or happiness?
 But you *may* win—What then, unthinking boy,
 You shout, you halloo, and conceive it joy:—
 Such joy the footpad feels, when qairk or flaw
 Have sav'd him from the vengeance of the law;
 Or when success in some nefarious plan,
 Promotes him to the rank of highwayman:

* “Violante.”] A celebrated female performer on the turf stage—at least, *ita dicunt* Messrs. Selim, Brainworm, *Canopus* and Co.

Like your's, his present bliss is render'd vain,
 By hopes of better plunder, greater gain:
 Like you, resolving headlong to pursue
 A something not attain'd, yet still in view:
 " May no mischance my *future* schemes assail,"
 Your constant pray'r—His, " Let me rob the
 mail."
 Your aim alike, to gain one object tends,
 And this the prison; that, the gallows ends.
 Such too, the *joyous* feelings that attend
 On him, whose ball assassinates his friend:
 And such the midnight bravo's mind may feel,
 Whose murd'rous arm directs the vengeful steel.
 Does genuine joy of soul resemble this?
 Can such compare with that unruffled bliss,
 By virtue's faithful votary pursued,
 Which springs alone from conscious rectitude?
 Does he, who dauntless ventures on the main,
 Invoke the storm?—implore the hurricane?
 Does he prefer the rude and boist'rous gale
 That wrecks his bark, and tears her quiv'ring
 sail,
 To the continued, mild, and steady breeze,
 Which wafts her smoothly o'er the ~~tranquil~~ seas?

Who then compares the momentary storm
 That shakes the gamester's agitated form ;
 Which but convulses ere it passes by,
 And leaves the mind in tenfold agony ;
 To that calm state of pleasure undefin'd,
 Which, ever present in a virtuous mind,
 Lays bare each rock, points out each latent shoal,
 And steers the vessel to its destin'd goal ?

Then fly the dangerous spot ! the Muse repeats,
 Whence none with genuine probity retreats.
 No longer now the scene of manly sport,
 Where men of rank were 'custom'd to resort ;
 'Tis now a mart for vice of every kind,
 Th' abode of all the basest of mankind ;
 Where worth is scoff'd at, rank a mere pretence,
 And fraud and folly league with truth and sense :
 Where all are FRIENDS, and in the self-same
 room.

The peer salutes his intimate the groom ;

Where greeks and nobles crowd around one
 board,
 And here a blackleg sits, and there a lord !
 If heedless yet, of all the Muse can say,
 Thou still must venture on the slippery way,
 If go thou wilt, and madman-like pursue
 The thorny path, with safety trod by few ;

Thy

Thy bard, who still, whate'er his grief, attends,
 Conjures thee to select with care, thy friends : *
 Nor fall a prey to all those glittering baits,
 Held out by *much-professing* intimates,
 Watch thou the crowd with scrutinizing eyes,
 Nor be the dupe of ev'ry dark disguise ;
 How rare is friendship needs not to be told,
 Nor is it less so, 'mongst the slaves of gold;
 Where all are worshipping one idol self,
 And each contriving to enrich himself.
 'Tis not the blackleg whom you most should
 fear,
His purpose open, *his* intentions clear ;
 To all apparent, by himself allow'd—
 His aim and trade to prey upon the crowd.
 But vice in ambuscade, and well-dress'd fraud,
 Guard ye against !—The smoothly-spoken Lord:
 Him whom the youthful breast at once receives,
 Who bows and flatters when he most deceives,
 The worst of enemies and worst of thieves;

* “ *With care thy friends.* ”] —

“ *Qualem commendes etiam atque etiam, aspice, ne mox*

“ *Incutiant aliena tibi peccata pudorem.* ”

Whose heart is treach'rous as his words are bland,
 Who plots your ruin, whilst he grasps your hand;
 And whose *kind* steeds are wont to win or lose,
 As best may suit their lord's nefarious views.

“The turf's a lott'ry,” is the common cry:
 Whence, let me ask, this said uncertainty?
 Think we, the animals are not the same?
 That they to-day are sound, to-morrow lame?
 To-day can fly, with mountains on their backs,
 To-morrow hobble in the rear of hacks?
 Who make them vary thus? I ask again,—
 Who but these lords, these things call'd gentle-
 tlemen?

Still do ye doubt?—and still withhold belief?
 Inspect your calendar, its ev'ry leaf:
 Turn to that page, to that ill-fated day,*
 Wherein was beat the since-unconquer'd grey.†

* “*Ill-fated day.*”]—

“—May that returning day be night,

“The stain, the curse of each succeeding year!”

ZANGA.

† “*Since unconquer'd grey.*”] This was written prior
 to the last October meeting.

Were there that day, (tho' pow'r at present
screens,))

No gentlemen at work behind the scenes?

—O'erpow'd I cease—indignant drop my
pen—

Once more I say, avoid *the gentlemen!*

And are there none, declaiming bard, you
cry,

Exempt from censure?—free from infamy?

Exist there none, who still the turf pursue,
Yet keep their fame, their characters in view?
Who yet make honesty their pride and care?
Some few, some very few, of such, there are.

Oxford and Foley, proof of this supply,
Nobles renown'd for stern integrity:
Illustrious Grafton's ever honour'd name,
To rigid probity lays equal claim:
Nor yet less rare, less meriting record,
The worth of Drape and of Jersey's lord.
—'Mongst such, shall Grosy'nor's cousin be
forgot?
Forbid it truth! Nor Piers, nor Lippincott.

Fitzwilliam, Wentworth, Cavendish, and Gore,
 With these are number'd—Justice owns no
 more*.

If then, of all the many-colour'd crew,
 The wish'd-for end is gain'd but by these few;
 If wealth and fame so often pay the price,
 So often fall, an easy sacrifice;
 If sense and riper age so often fail—
 Shall youth, untutor'd thoughtless youth, pre-
 vail?

O! for a Dryden's muse, a Giffard's pen,
 To warn my much-deluded countrymen:
 To bid them spurn the worthless, vain pursuit,
 Nor thus their time, their talents prostitute;

* “*Justice owns no more.*”] It is with great pleasure that the author turns from the objects of his satire to compliment these—“*fortes et sapientes viros, qui non tam premia sequi solent rectè factorum, quam ipsa rectè facta.*” Cic.

If any deserving persons have, however, escaped his notice, he sincerely regrets the omission; but, at present, he cannot call to mind any others who merit applause, or on whom he could confer the honour of enrolling their names amongst the distingaish'd ornaments to society above-mentioned.

Teach them to earn well-merited applause,
And seek for fame in Albion's injur'd cause.

'Behold where Mellish, once Newmarket's god,
Forsakes the path his headstrong passions trod,
Resolv'd henceforth to grace a nobler scene
Than Knavesmire's Heath, or Brighton's gazing

Stein;

Like one regen'rate, bursts intrepid forth,
And proves his innaté, long-forgotten worth.

When now the Gazette's fame-recording page
Holds forth his merit to th' applauding age ;
Think ye ! he then repines, or feels remorse,
Because no longer hero of a course ?

Or sighs he then, imagine ye ! again
To shine the idol of a blackleg train ?

Again to pass th' unwelcome sleepless night,
And haply, curse the hour he saw the light ?

Let not this bright example then be lost,
Like him, forsake at once the dang'rous coast,
Where, if not wreck'd, the struggling bark of life
Is toss'd about, the prey of endless strife.

Thy words, IMMORTAL Pope ! who dares deny ?
Content, saidst thou, is true felicity.

But who, I ask, on gambling projects bent,
 Yet cried, " enough"—yet deem'd himself content?

Let lavish Fortune ope her amplest store;
 The cry is still, " O! would it had been more!"

And why diminish, wherefore render less
 The trifling stock we boast of happiness?

Why rack the mind, and agonize the brain
 With never-ceasing thoughts of how to gain?

Impair each faculty—obscure each sense,
 With constant brooding over pounds and pence?
 As well, by Heav'n's! turn pedagogue at once,
 And deal out Cocker to each village dunce.

If then, thine earthly bliss be kept in view,
 One certain path, and one alone, pursue;
 The path by reason pointed out, and sense,
 The path of virtue, of benevolence.

FINIS.

3'

