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THE
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

OF
J. CAWDELL, COMEDIAN:

CONSISTING OF
A VARIETY OF SERIOUS AND COMIC

PROLOGUES,		SONGS,
EPILOGUES,		DESCRIPTIONS,
PASTORALS,		AND EPIGRAMS.

TOGETHER WITH
SEVERAL SENTIMENTAL PIECES.

TO WHICH IS ANNEXED
An ANSWER to a late libellous COMPILATION,

CALLED
THE STOCKTON JUBILEE.

P R I N T E D

FOR THE AUTHOR, BY JAMES GRAHAM, BOOKSELLER,
IN THE HIGH-STREET, SUNDERLAND.

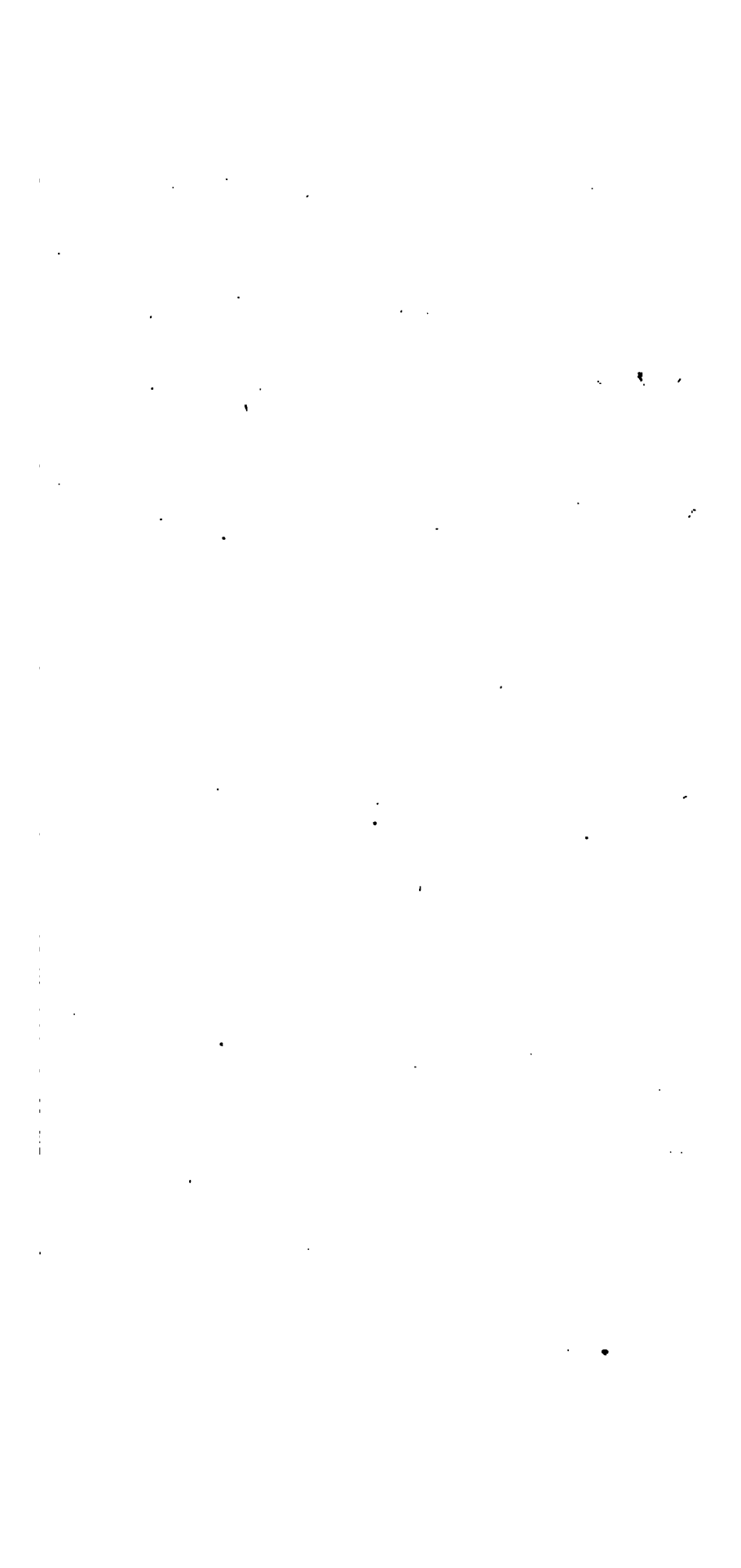
M.DCC.LXXIV.



NEW YORK
LIBRARY
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TO
LADY LIDDELL,
THE AUTHOR OF THESE
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS
OWES MANY OBLIGATIONS:
HER FREQUENT AND GENEROUS PATRONAGE OF HIM,
IN HIS
PROFESSIONAL CAPACITY,
CLAIMS HIS MOST SINCERE ACKNOWLEDGMENTS;
AND
HER LADYSHIP'S POLITE ACCEPTANCE OF
THE FOLLOWING TRIFLES,
CONFERS SO DISTINGUISHED A FAVOUR ON HIM,
THAT GRATITUDE,
AND NOT LANGUAGE,
MUST SHEW HIS SENSE OF THE OBLIGATION.

SUNDERLAND, OCTOBER 31. 1784.



AN EULOGIUM,

WRITTEN AND DELIVERED BY THE AUTHOR,

IN CHARACTER OF A

DELEGATE from the POOR of SUNDERLAND,

AT A

CHARITY PLAY*.

WITH tears of joy! almost of speech bereav'd,
I come with thanks from POVERTY reliev'd.
Her famish'd train—a numerous, wretched tribe!
Beset with woes, too shocking to describe!
Have chosen me, their grateful thanks to own,
To you, their PATRONS, for your bounties shewn.

* It was given by the MANAGERS of the Theatre of that place, February 9th, 1784; and the receipts of the house amounted to the sum of sixty-two pounds, twelve shillings, and sixpence. The Eulogium was addressed to the Benevolent in general, and to the Gentlemen, who collected and distributed for the relief of distressed families, in particular.

Oh! had you seen the starving wretch arise,
 With pallid cheeks, and hollow, streaming eyes!
 Oppress'd by hunger—and decay'd by age;
 No single friend his anguish to assuage!—
 Had you beheld him, when reliev'd by those,
 Whom heav'n-born Charity her Agents chose;
 When they approach'd his cold, his dreary shed,
 And stretch'd the arm of Bounty to his aid——
 Oh! what a scene!—the tott'ring Spectre gaz'd
 With silent rapture,—and his PATRONS prais'd!
 His meagre visage glow'd, with life renew'd.—
 His woes were gone—his griefs were all subdu'd.—
 Next, on his knees, he thanks the hand that gave,
 And blesses those who snatch'd him from the grave!
 Such pray'rs ne'er fail—when so devoutly giv'n,
 But swiftly fly, on angels' wings, to heav'n!

Crouds of poor Orphans, smiling, round me clung;
 They list'd your bounty, and your praises sung.
 Sav'd by your kindness, they, in future, may
 A livelier sense of gratitude display.

Fortune is fickle—be not vain or proud,—
You yet may want—what lately you've bestow'd.

The bed-rid Widow next her duty sends,
And eager prays for you, her kindest friends.
Shiv'ring she lies—on her unfurnish'd bed ;
The cov'ring fold—to buy her children bread!—
Redeem'd by you, from Death's devouring jaw,
She breathes her thanks—upon her bed of straw!

Thousands of these poor wretches yet remain ;
Unknown their suff'rings—unasswag'd their pain!
But soon, oh! soon, may your endeavours prove
A source of comfort, and their woes remove.—
'Tis not to streaming eyes, or soothing tongues
That firm, substantial, real relief belongs:
The mind shou'd feel,—the bount'ous heart expand ;
The noblest virtue, is a lib'ral hand!—
Then urge its pow'r—the present time embrace ;
Let sweet BENEVOLENCE your conduct grace.
It is your int'rest to promote those ends ;
Your own reflections will make full amends.



JEPHTHAH'S VOW.

A

PARAPHRASE

On the XI. CHAPTER of JUDGES.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED

With the most profound Respect, for her many amiable Qualities,

TO

Mrs ALLAN, of GRAINGE,

NEAR DARLINGTON.



JEPHTHAH'S VOW.

A

PARAPHRASE

On the XI. CHAPTER of JUDGES.

WHEN Ammon's king (whose fierce tyrannic soul
Could brook no bounds his hostile sword could
Had vainly dreamt his pow'r beyond controul; [break])
In ISRAEL's valour found his sad mistake.

'Twas then that JEPHTHAH (banish'd Gilead's land,
By partial laws, for vices not his own)
Receiv'd, with joy, the ELDERS' fair command
To head their armies, and to wear their crown.

Thus, while his brethren fought his gen'rous aid,
With modest grace, he all-submissive stood—
Revenge he scorn'd—he listen'd—and obeyed;
And private ills forgave—for public good.

This hour a peasant, and the next a king!

Such quick transition must the soul expand,
 And to the mind such dazzling splendour bring,
 That few, like JEPHTHAH, could unmov'd withstand.

No rash, unheeded means the warrior sought,
 To glut his rage, or aggrandize his name.
 Delib'rate reason quell'd each hostile thought,
 And love of mercy triumph'd over fame.

His friendly parley prov'd his love of peace;
 Tho' early train'd in all the arts of war:
 He found her smiles his happiness increase;
 And, for a cot, disclaim'd the fleeting car.

Unlike to him, the chief of AMMON view!
 With brandish'd jav'lin, drench'd in reeking gore:
 With poison'd arrows, see him still pursue
 An harmless people, to their native shore!

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

No just pretension could the TYRANT boast,
To gild his enterprize with specious shew ;
Alike to Justice and to Virtue lost,
Ambition urg'd, and Folly aimed the blow.

GOOD JEPHTHAH now arose the friend confess'd
Of falling nations, and a people wrong'd ;
He call'd to arms!—'twas Reason's strong request—
And injur'd thousands round his banners throng'd.

With conscious joy the anxious tribes appear'd,
Elate with transport—hail'd his gracious nod :
Thus, led by him, they no invader fear'd :
The cause of FREEDOM is the cause of GOD!

With hands uplifted, and with heart unfeign'd,
The God of battles moved his ardent pray'r :
His fervent wish—his trust in him remain'd—
And all his hopes of conquest center'd there.

The great JEHOVAH saw, with joy divine,

The faithful JEPHTHAH warm in ISRAEL'S cause :

Then bade him forth—pursue his fair design,

And free his country from tyrannic laws.

Thus spake the LORD—and thus the warrior sprung,

With soul inspir'd, to grasp the willing spear.

His grateful mind betray'd his guardless tongue,

And unsuspecting—urg'd this Vow severe :

“ O LORD of Hosts! O Israel's righteous KING!

“ Whose mighty arm must strike the mortal blow,

“ Let me but conquest to my country bring ;

“ And, in return, this sacrifice allow :

“ That what shall first salute me on the way,

“ From out my doors, to hail my safe return,

“ Shall to the LORD my gratitude display,

“ And on the altar, for an off'ring burn.”

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

15

He fought—he conquer'd!—for the LORD was there;

And now, in triumph, see his banners wave!

His captur'd trophies glitter in the air;

And shouting tribes proclaim him truly brave.

His chariot-wheels, tho' press'd with massy spoils,

Now swiftly bear him to his peaceful board.

Each gen'rous steed with emulation toils,

To prove obedience to his victor Lord.

'Twas thus the HERO pass'd the jocund throng,

Resistless, yielding to the melting joy.

The tymbrel sweet, the minstrel's chearful song,

To grace his triumph, all their pow'rs employ.

The walls of MISPEH bend their lofty fides,

Such countless numbers—on their ramparts croud;

The gen'ral voice of gratitude presides—

And JEPHTHAH'S matchless deeds are sung aloud.

But hark!—what shouts, uncommon, rend the skies ;
 The pond'rous gates their studded ribs expand !
 He comes ! he comes ! each joyful peasant cries—
 Behold him here ! the saviour of our land !

See ! see ! what rapture in his visage glows !
 His native mansion rising to his view ;
 His eager looks on that alone bestows ;
 It gave him birth—it holds his daughter too !

Now near his porch his fleeting chariot's borne :
 And see ! a lovely maid, with transport wild,
 Comes tripping forth—as beauteous as the morn !—
 He paus'd—then cried—“ Oh God ! my only child !

“ O gracious Heav'n ! support my sinking frame—
 “ O send some comfort to my throbbing breast !
 “ My lovely daughter !—Oh ! that injur'd name !
 “ No longer mine,” he cried—and wept the rest.

“ What means my father? why those flowing tears?”

She gently cried,—“ and why that frantic mind?

“ What have I done? nay, speak—dispel my fears—

“ And let my panting bosom comfort find!

“ What! when the lofty tow'rs of MISPEH shake

“ With shouts of joy, to hail their conqu'ring king;

“ When all your subjects equal mirth partake,

“ Am I, alone, forbid my mite to bring!”

Thus spake the DAMSEL, urg'd by filial zeal—

With streaming eyes—and round her parent clung:

Whilst he, no longer could her doom conceal,

But let the sentence leave his trembling tongue!

Now, see RELIGION, see AFFECTION rise,

In all their glory!—See, the blooming maid,

Unaw'd by death, quick to the ALTAR flies!—

And yields her life! undaunted, undismay'd.

Her virgin rites accomplish'd—she prepares

For sacrifice ; she comes in bright array !

Her snowy vest—a spotless mind declares,

And chearful smiles, her innocence display.

Transfixt stood JEPHTHAH, quite a lifeless clod !

Such various passions did his soul divide,

He lov'd his DAUGHTER, but ador'd his GOD !

And in his SACRED WORD—the FATHER dy'd—

Thrice he embrac'd the darling of his soul ;

With silent agony, he fondly gaz'd ;

And whilst his tears in rapid torrents roll—

He stands alike enraptur'd and amaz'd !

“ Farewell ! sweet maid—eternally farewell !—

“ May guardian gods thy fleeting spirit bear

“ To realms of bliss,—where saints and angels dwell !

“ And endless peace reward thy pious care.”

MISCELLANEOUS POEM.

19

He could no more—the knelt and blest'd her fire—

Then at the ALTAR climb'd the quick assent—

“With joy,” she cried, “I feed this facted fire ;

“ My GOD ordains it—and I die content!”

On the Death of JOSEPH YOUNGER, Esq. of LIVERPOOL; whose Attachment to, and Friendship for the Author of these Lines, were superior to Acknowledgment, and ended but with his Life.

WEEP on, my Muse—diffuse the friendly tear;
 'Tis thine the task to sigh the plaintive strain;
 To breathe the throbbing pangs of fate severe,
 And mourn that loss, I never can regain.

Alas! he's gone! the man my soul esteem'd,
 The kindest patron of my youthful toil;
 Ingen'ous friendship thro' his actions beam'd—
 His tongue was free from fraud, his heart from guile.

Unlike those bards, whose Epic lays resound,
 Themselves to honour, thro' their hero's praise:
 I but extol the virtues I have found,
 And seek that bliss which gratitude conveys.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Oh! could my tongue do justice to my heart!

What endless plaudits should my lips proclaim;
Such grateful praises should my soul impart,
As sterling worth—and perfect goodness claim.

When spurn'd by those—whom Nature bad me love,
Bereft of kindred, competence, and ease!—
His lib'ral soul did all my griefs remove,
Dispel'd my sorrows—and restor'd my peace.

Then, fare thee well!—adieu! my friend sincere;
In blissful regions may'st thou ever live:
Accept the tribute of a grateful tear;
For tears and sighs are all I have to give!

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

*On the Death of Miss P*****N, of STOCKTON,
aged twenty Years; remarkable, when living, for
enjoying a good State of Health.*

HER morning sun with lustre shone,
Almost meridian high;
No mists appear'd—nor thunder's heard;
Serenely bright the sky.
But soon, aloud—the gath'ring clouds,
With storms and tempests roar :—
Dark Chaos reigns—her sun ordains,
Extinct :—to shine no more !

E P I T A P H,

*On a Youth, who died in the eighteenth Year of his Age,
at Scarbrough, very much regretted by all who knew
him, and particularly so by his Parents.*

FAREWELL! dear youth—could tears have
check'd thy flight,
Thy weeping parents had not been denied;
But sighs are vain—he can no more delight—
He shew'd what duty was—then droop'd—and died!

ADDRESSED TO
MASTER RALPH EDEN,
OF SUNDERLAND.

NATURE hath grafted on thy infant mind
A plant of genius; cherish then the root;
And, as it's bent to science seems inclin'd,
With fostering care, direct the tender shoot.

But should luxuriant branches e'er appear,
(As rankest weeds in richest soils we see),
Discretion's pruning knife, with hand severe,
Must check their growth, and save the blooming tree.

Thus early cultur'd, in the genial spring,
The storms of passion would unheeded blow;—
The rip'ning summer fair rewards wou'd bring,
And fruit of knowledge drop from ev'ry bough.

O N A L A D Y,

NEAR DARLINGTON,

REMARKABLE FOR HER BENEVOLENCE.

THE GRACES were call'd on a weighty affair,
 When a feast for the purpose was given ;
 To which were the VIRTUES oblig'd to repair,
 And obey the injunctions of Heaven.

But when the rich banquet they each did surround,
 One place there still vacant remain'd ;
 'Twas CHARITY'S—and she could no where be found,
 So their bus'ness a while was detain'd.

Till TRUTH, with a smile, gently 'rose from her seat,
 And entreated them not to delay ;
 “ For at *Grainge* (says she) CHARITY'S found a retreat,
 “ And Miss A——N solicits her stay.”

CHRISTMAS MORNING,

A N H Y M N,

For the USE of the NEW CHAPEL, BIRMINGHAM.

YE drowsy mortals, wake! behold [gold!
Yon eastern mountains, fring'd with burnish'd

The splendid heavens, wrapt in mystic flame,

Display uncommon light.

They mock the dazzled sight;

And some approaching cause of GOD proclaim.

The HOST ANGELIC strike their golden strings;

The CHERUBS wave their snowy wings;

The SERAPHS join, and hail the KING OF KINGS.

The orange groves impregnate every gale,

The fragrant myrtle yields its spicey care;

The scented shrubs the great occasion hail,

And ev'ry odour fills the ambient air.

Refulgent shines yon little star,

And points the welcome way;
The Shepherds, hast'ning from afar,
The faithful guide obey.
Arriv'd—they all, in silent rapture, gaze!
Whilst copious tears of joy resistless flow;
Their new-born SAVIOUR smiles, with speechless praise,
And rays of glory crown his infant brow.

GRAND CHORUS.

The Shepherds now their joy proclaim;
Their spotless Prince adore;
And all unite to praise his name,
Till time shall be no more.

The PRIEST and PAUPER.

A SENTIMENTAL FRAGMENT.

—**G**OD bless you, Reverend Sir, pity a poor distressed widow, and her starving infants! —Now the clergyman, thus petitioned, was unfortunately afflicted with a periodical deafness; and what as very extraordinary, POVERTY generally stumbled on those unfavourable moments to address him—Such as his present state.—Had the Bishop of ***** laboured under the same complaint, perhaps this gentleman had not enjoyed five hundred pounds a-year. 'Tis true, he always recommended benevolence to others, though he practised the appearance of it only himself. He preferred popular fame, to conscious reputation.—His countenance was more compassionate than his heart.—His tongue was fluent in the praise of humanity; but his actions contradicted almost every sentence. The famished wretch repeated

her plaintive request—the deaf fit continued—
She sighed, she wept, and in her Maker's name she
begged again.—It was the prayer of Misery; the
supplicating voice of guiltless Affliction: MISFORTUNE
gave birth to the propriety of the request, and NE-
CESSITY urged its delivery.—Powerful motives!—At
last he heard; but that was all—he bade her go to
her parish.—Alas! she knew it not—That which
her deceased husband had belonged to, she had just
petitioned; but in vain—the unfeeling officers affect-
ed to doubt the legality of her marriage, and refused
her relief.—She complained to a magistrate, and
he (merciful justice!!) threatened her with punishment.
—But the person now addressed was a preacher of
the gospel; a disciple of the blessed Saviour.—What!
an agent of Heaven, and deaf to the cries of Poverty!
'Tis very true.—Oh! poor Religion, well may thy
cause be pleaded in vain, when thy advocates are false
and treacherous!—Dear, kind Sir, pity the feeble
cries of my poor little dying babes; they have tasted

nothing but cold water these two days—do, Sir, bestow your charity—save their wretched lives—they can have done nothing to wrong any one, and may live long; to bless you for your bounty.—Go to the parish-officers, they will relieve you.—Alas! Sir, I have but too lately experienced their unkindness.—Well, well, woman, don't be troublesome, I have nothing for you.—Nothing for her! echoed REASON; where is she then to find a friend?—In heaven; cried CHARITY; for all my influence on earth is gone.—HUMANITY confirmed the observation with a silent tear; and NATURE heaved the sigh of self conviction.

Fatigued with fruitless prayers, exhausted by hunger, and abandoned by the world, the weeping beggar fell!—She fell—to rise no more—at least corporeally.—But Heaven is ever just; and the same providence that, for its own wise end, suffers the head of HYPOCRISY to wear a MITRE, can restore to happiness forsaken misery, and wreath its brows with crowns immortal.—

FAMILIAR EPISTLE,

*From a Gentleman, newly married, to his Wife, whom
he was obliged to leave for some Time.*

DEAR Charmer, with rapture I take up my pen,
To tell the old story once over again.

'Tis the tale of my fondness, which let me impart,
With truth and sincerity, warm from my heart.

A stranger to flatt'ry, fraud, or chicane,

I tell you my *pleasure*, I tell you my *pain*.

Your presence, endearing, I frankly avow,

The *former* sensation can only bestow.

Whilst (dreary, unhappy, dejected, ah me!)

The *latter* I feel in my absence from thee.

But still the sweet hopes of soon meeting again,

Anticipate raptures that soften my pain.

The world is to me a mere bubble of air,

Without my dear Sally, its blessings to share.

'Tis she gives the relish and zest to my joys,

And worldly vexation with sweetness, annoys.

The thorns of affliction may sting for a while,
But all are unheeded if Sally but smile.
Mankind to deceit are too commonly prone,
And hard to distinguish, sincerity's grown.
But let them, my charmer, all copy from thee,
And the truth of the heart, in the visage they'd see.
No guilt in thy bosom, no guile in thy face,
Thy sweetness of looks, with thy actions keep pace.
The charms of thy person, fair Nature design'd,
To cloathe in perfection the charms of thy mind;
So form'd and so blest'd, with a soul so divine,
What mortal can boast of a treasure like mine!
Do thou, my soul's darling, continue the same,
And Virtue and Honour shall echo thy fame.
Thy husband, in rapture, shall whisper thy praise,
And Sally's perfections still gladden his days.
Till Heaven the summons of parting shall send,
And crown our endeavours with life without end.

*The following Lines were written by the Author in the
fourteenth Year of his Age, and occasioned by his
Mother's labouring under a violent Fit of Sickness.*

OH! cruel Death, retard the final blow!
 Sheathe, sheathe the dart, unbend thy fatal bow!
 Relentless monster! blind to ev'ry charm,
 Whose matchless worth might Time himself disarm,
 Behold a prostrate son!—his pray'rs receive—
 For other's good, Oh! let my parent live!
 Can'st thou, remorseless savage! shut thy ears,
 And still deride my filial cries and tears?
 No, sure thou can'st not—wilt not steel thy heart,
 Nor mock my soul, but heal its deadly smart:
 Or, if thy cruel mind on murder's bent,
 Here!—on this breast, give all thy fury vent.
 Behold it bare!—now let the stroke rebound!—
 Whilst I with joy receive the final wound;
 With duteous zeal embrace the reeking spear,
 And meet my welcome fate without a tear.—

—But see, suspended, stands the ghastly shade!
 And at his feet the dreadful arrow's laid.
 The tyrant smiles, his anger cools apace;
 Whilst I'm, ye gods! the happ'est of my race;
 My parent lives—kind Heav'n approves her worth,
 And let's her still remain a Saint on earth.

A N

OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE,

*Spoken by the AUTHOR, in Character of a Blue Coat
 Boy, at the Theatre, in Durham, January the 27th
 1774, for the Benefit of that Charity.*

MY worthy teacher hath your servant sent,
 His infant brethren, here, to represent:

To pay a tribute justly claim'd by you,
 And give those praises, to your bounty due.

When first he gave this charge, in simple heart,
 I cried, dear Sir, I have not grace, nor art:
 Right, he reply'd,—but then you truth impart.

C

I found him fix'd—resolv'd to persevere,
Straight I obey'd,—and now you see me here.
My sorrow past, my present state requires
Your hearing first—'tis gratitude inspires :
“ Early in life, e'er Reason shed her kind
Refulgent beams on my endarken'd mind ;
When youth and innocence alone prevail'd,
Misfortunes then my infant breast assail'd ;
That fatal year, which gave me life and breath,
Enclos'd my mother in the arms of death !——
My father next, with ling'ring grief, outworn,
Sunk to the grave,—and I was left, forlorn !
'Twas then (ye sons of charity confess'd)
Ye found me lost, abandon'd, and distress'd !
The arm of Goodness o'er my griefs you wav'd,
And sav'd a life—perhaps, a soul ye sav'd :
Here, to your view, a grateful orphan stands,
Redeem'd from sorrow by your bounteous hands ;
Rais'd from that woe, which poverty attends,
And finds in you, new parents—patrons—friends.

Rous'd by your bounty—by example taught—
 This night the Muses have an off'ring brought :
 Have on this Theatre drawn a trifling bill,
 Whose man'ger pays it with a free good will ;
 Each member, too, affords his equal part *,
 And gives his profits—time—with all his heart.
 For them and us, then, let your candour live,
 Accept our thanks,—they're all we have to give.

* Alluding to their performing gratis.

The LOVER in EARNEST.

MY lovely PEGGY, gentle fair ;
 My sweet delight, my only care ;
 What rapture fires my willing Muse,
 When such a theme as this I chuse !
 To speak the worth of her I love,
 In endless strains my tongue could move.
 My panting heart inspires my lays,
 And gives the point to PEGGY's praise.

'Tis she alone enjoys my soul;
With her my hours in transport roll:
My daily thoughts on her are bent;
My nightly prayers for her are sent.
When Absence tears her from my sight,
The shadow'd sun affords no light;
But all around is endless night.
Each dreary minute seems a year;
No sports my sinking heart can cheer.
'Tis she alone can comfort give;
For her alone I wish to live:
And when the gloomy tyrant, Death,
Shall claim my PEGGY'S final breath,
Within her arms let me be clasp'd—
And with my charmer breathe my last.

The LOVER'S WISH obtained, and subsequent Resolution.

WHEN first I found my Peggy kind,
I own'd the am'rous flame ;

But since in wedlock's bands we're join'd,

It asks a softer name.

For what was then romantic love,

Which soon might disappear ;

Is now, and shall for ever prove,

Affection most sincere.

On the much lamented Death of GEORGE HARRISON, ESQ. of SUNDERLAND, who died March 17. 1771.

WEEP on, ye friendless ! indigent ! and poor !
Charity's kind agent is, alas ! no more.

He's gone ! he's gone ! the widows, orphans cry'd,

Whose matchless bounty all our wants supply'd.

If perfect goodness could have foil'd the dart,

Death had not pierc'd his humane, gen'rous heart.

E X T E M P O R E *.

THE man with haughty pride too high elate,
Oft falls despis'd—and meets an abject fate.

Had our young *Hamlet* been content to bear
His father's *Ghost* relate his wrongs severe ;
Or, t' have view'd him only, he'd not been to blame,
But might have still preserv'd unfullied fame ;
But he, too doubtful of his ears and eyes,
To touch the *phantom*, spite of caution, tries ;
But soon his error fatally he found——
And saw his body stretch'd along the ground !
Twice did the *substance* fall before the *shade* !
And well *its* part the brave *illusion* play'd ;
Its wife and *brother* ev'ry thought out-run,
And all *its* rage descended on his *son* ;
Who cried, at last, in accents mild and meek,
“ The *spirit's* willing—but the *flesh* is weak.”

* The above was occasioned by a theatrical boxing match, between the GHOST and HAMLET, in the play of HAMLET, at the theatre, in Manchester, when the SHADOW beat the SUBSTANCE so unmercifully, as to oblige the latter to make use of the expression which is inverted at the bottom of the piece.

MELPOMENE'S OVERTHROW;
OR THE
COMIC MUSE TRIUMPHANT*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TRAGIC MUSE.
COMIC MUSE.
BACCHUS.

COMIC MUSE, *solus*.

YE gods, assist me in this ard'ous task;
For once propitious smile—'tis all I ask.

Why should MELPOMENE for ever claim
The endless echoes of immortal fame?
Whilst I, neglected, vainly bards inspire—
Lash to no end—and fruitless touch the lyre.
Could I attain your aid in this design,
Eternal praise and glory would be mine.

I've heard that prudes, when secrecy prevail'd,
Have been with ease by libertines assail'd;

* Occasioned by seeing an ACTRESS play the part of the GRE-
CIAN DAUGHTER, apparently the worse for wine.

And sober dames, unguarded, stripp'd the vine,
 And fell, by stratagem, a prey to wine.
 Why then, since most to error have been prone,
 Should she remain infallible alone?—

Young BACCHUS have I sent to try his art,
 And qualm-suppressing juices to impart :
 Should but success attend the rosy god,
 Keen Satire then shall use his iron-rod.—
 And, see!—kind Fortune each entreaty grants,
 And, tott'ring, sends the Dame, to meet my taunts :
 Now I'll exult and triumph in my turn,
 Whilst she, unpitied, shall with fury burn—

(Retires up the Stage.)

*Enter the TRAGIC MUSE, staggering, preceded by
 BACCHUS, who leaves her, declaring she is too much
 for him, at his own weapons.*

TRAGIC MUSE, *solus.*

Wilt thou, then, leave me, god of my delight?
 Leave me, thus, buried in eternal night!

Nó, sure, thou can'st not—dar'st not steal away!
When I, the queen of science, bid thee stay—
But I'm content, thou wanton foolish boy,
Since me thou'st taught the means of future joy.

BACCHUS, *peeping.*

Thus ends my task—I here resign my trust;
She, sure, of female-topers, stands the first:
Should I engage with such another tartar,
By heaven, I think, she'd rob me of my charter.

(Exit Bacchus.)

COMIC MUSE, *advancing.*

What ails my sifter? why those wat'ry eyes?
What means that start? and why that wild surprize?
Am I grown frightful, shocking to your sight;
Or am I taken for some hideous spright?

TRAGIC MUSE.

Neither, my dear; but that young stripling, there,
Has so bewitch'd me with his neet'rous fare,

That all my senses seem bewilder'd—lost!
 And from her golden throne my Reason's tost.—
 But hence, dull Reason, quite insipid grown,
 The charms of wine have pow'r thy charms to drown.
 My bowl and dagger, both neglected, fall;
 Poison and poniards now my foul appal:
 In comic lays we'll both henceforward join;
 And your more sprightly taste shall cherish mine.

COMIC MUSE.

What! can the chaste MELPOMENE submit
 T'exchange her manly strains for short-liv'd wit?
 To leave the valiant youths of Greece and Rome,
 And smile, untouch'd, at each brave hero's doom!
 To view the Trojan flames ascend the skies,
 And not bestow the tear when HECTOR dies!
 To tales of sorrow inattentive prove,
 And sing alone the praise of wine and love!
 What means this wonder? this portentous sign!
 Is it the effects of madness, or of wine?

Of wine—with conscious shame you stand aghast,
 And own, with blushes, you're betray'd at last.

Has then young BACCHUS damn'd, to endless shame,
 The pride of Learning, and the Queen of Fame?
 —He has—he has—(that tott'ring frame declares)
 Eclip'd your senses—to elude your cares.
 Quick from thy sight, thou shameless wretch! I'll fly,
 And vices, such as thine, with scorn, defy.—

(Exit Comic Muse.)

TRAGIC MUSE, *solus*.

Vices, indeed!—With sorrow I confess,
 Her just retorts have fill'd me with distress.
 What shall I do, to shake this folly off,
 To baffle scandal, and avoid her scoff?—
 —A thought occurs—I will improve it straight;
 Regain my fame, e'er yet it prove too late:
 A female vot'ry, eager for the bays,
 Oft apes my form, and groans my tragic lays;

If to my merits all she claims pretence,
 With one small failing sure she may dispense.
 'Tis done—and I'm resolv'd on this decree,
 That H * * * for ever shall a dr—k—d be.

O N S E E I N G

Mrs B R I M Y A R D,

AN ACTRESS, IN MR BATES' COMPANY,

PLAY THE UNDER-WRITTEN CHARACTERS.

A LOVELY form now fills the tragic scene ;
 Who moves with stately pomp and noble mien,
 Profusely, Nature here her gifts bestow'd,
 With matchless beauties has the fair endow'd.
 Unequall'd graces on her charms attend,
 Whilst ease and elegance united blend.

ALICIA's jealous rage, (by Hastings scorn'd)
 In her, behold ! to frantic fury turn'd ;

With various passions see her bosom rise,
And wild distraction swells her speaking eyes !
The kind CORDELIA, next, with tender care,
And filial duty braves the piercing air ;
Tho' warring skies engage in angry strife,
She guards secure her injur'd father's life.
Her anxious bosom heaves with doubt and fear,
Whilst each beholder sheds the pitying tear.

Next—artfull MILLWOOD, foe to sacred truth,
With false endearments blinds the hapless youth.
With well-feign'd passion, and deceitful wiles,
She spreads her charms, and innocence beguiles.
But when the summit of her wish she gains,
Ah ! much too late, perceives her fruitless pains ;
And when impeach'd, her fate undaunted braves,
Justice she asks, nor any mercy craves.
Tried, cast, condemn'd, she falls, to virtue blind,
And dies ! denouncing curses on mankind.

Here, BRIMYARD, matchless, and unrival'd reigns,
Empress indeed of these dramatic strains.

From a young Son of the Buskin to his Friend, after having quitted the elevated Sphere of Theatrical Performance, for the dry Drudgeries of a Mercer's Shop.

SHAKESPEAR, adieu! farewell, thou bard divine!
 No more must I thy beauteous thoughts repeat:
 Reluctant now I leave thy sacred shrine,
 And lay my budding laurels at thy feet.

Thy roving fancy and thy genuine wit,
 Have oft my young aspiring tongue employ'd ;
 But now, alas ! behind the counter sit,
 Mourning the loss of what I late enjoy'd.

No lofty turban wreathes my abject brow
 With glitt'ring gems and shining crescent deckt ;
 Osmyn, tho' honour'd once—now falls so low,
 That even vassals his commands reject.

No silver-knotted sword adorns my side,
 Which caus'd each rebel-foc's immediate fall ;

And dangling, careless, grac'd each lofty stride :

An humble pair of scissars serves for all.

Instead of Barnwell's timid love-sick tone,

With which, so oft, I've charm'd the Milwood fair ;

I, cuckoo like, keep one continual sound,

“ You're welcome, Sir, or Ma'am's my only care.”

THE FOLLOWING PATHETIC LINES

WERE ADDRESSED TO

The **AUTHOR** of these **POEMS**,

By an eminent Pastoral Writer, about three Weeks before his death*.

DEAR Lad, as you run o'er my rhyme,

And see my long name at the end ;

You'll cry “ and has **CUNNINGHAM** time

“ To give a kind thought to his friend ?”

* He was several years a member of Mr BATES's company of Comedians, and for his amiable conduct, both in the theatre and in private life, he was complimented with a considerable allowance, from the above-mentioned society, to retire upon, and which, poor man, he lived but a short time to enjoy.

'Tis true, the reproof (tho' severe)
Is just, from the letters I owe ;
But blameless I still may appear,
For nonsense is all I bestow.

However, for better, for worse,
As Damons their Chloes receive,
E'en take the dull lines I rehearse ;
They're all a poor friend has to give.

The Play-house and I have shook hands ;
We've parted, no more to engage ;
Submissive I met her commands ;
For nothing can cure me of age.

My sunshine of youth is no more,
My mornings of pleasure are fled ;
'Tis painful my fate to endure—
A pension supplies me with bread!

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

49

Dependent, at length, on the man,
Whose fortunes I struggled to raise;
I conquer my pride as I can;
His charity merits my praise.

His bounty proceeds from his heart;
'Tis principle prompts the supply—
His kindness exceeds my desert,
And often suppresses a sigh.

But, like the old horse, in the song,
I'm turn'd on the common to graze:
To Fortune these changes belong,
And contented I yield to her ways.

She ne'er was my friend thro' the day;
Her smiles were the smiles of deceit;
At *noon* she'd her favours display,
And at *night* let me pine at her feet!

D

No longer her presence I court;
No longer I shrink at her frowns:
Her whimsies supply me with sport,
And her smiles I resign to the clowns.

Thus, lost to each worldly desire,
And scorning all riches and fame,
I quietly hope to retire,
When Time shall the summons proclaim.

I've nothing to weep for behind;
To part with my friends is the worst—
Their numbers, I grant, are confin'd;
But you are still one of the first.

Newcastle.

J. CUNNINGHAM.

The following ADDRESS was written for the Occasion of

Mrs LINTON'S BENEFIT,

At the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden*.

(Speaking without.)

WHERE are her friends? Oh! let me feast my eyes.
(Enters, looks round, and curtsies.)

Ay, here's benevolence, without disguise!

A scene like this—how beautiful to behold!—

Now, who shall say that Charity's grown cold?

None dare.—

Tho' other climes no genial warmth impart,

She'll never freeze within a *British* heart.

My widow'd friend, the object of your zeal,

Whose deep distress none here I hope will feel,

Has chosen me, her heart-felt praise to own

To you, her patrons, for this kindness shewn.

* Her husband was murdered on his way home from the theatre. It was intended to have been spoken by Miss Younge, in character of Mrs Linton's friend.

Then let me hope that you'll the fame receive,
And take her thanks—they're *all* she has to give.

Your friendly aid has soften'd all her woes,
And sooth'd her troubled mind with soft repose.
'Tis thus the Fates afflict—and thus they cheer ;
One friend she *lost*—to *find* a thousand here !

(*Curtseys to the house.*)

Example charms us—when afflictions plead !
Our *gracious Sovereign* takes the willing lead !
Let merit ask—or let distress complain,
The *Royal bounty* ne'er is urg'd in vain.

Our gen'rous master yields his friendly mite,
And gives, unask'd, the profits of this night.
Oh! happy England! hail! propitious isle !
Where kindness springs spontaneous from thy soil ;
For, let but *Charity* her standard rear,
And ev'ry Briton proves a volunteer!—
Bless'd be you all, for such indulgence given,
And may this act be register'd in Heaven. (*Exit.*)

A N E P I L O G U E,

Written for the CHEATS OF SCAPIN, and spoken by the Author, at the Theatre, in North-Shields, in the Character of Scapin, 1782.

ALL the world's a *cheat*—in more or less degree,
 And lords and dukes can cheat as well as we:
 Nay, faith the king—I hope I speak no treason—
 Can cheat a little, when he sees a reason:
 And when our modern patriots all debate
 On ways and means to save a falling state;
 When at the civil list they sily glance,
 Hé cheats them all, and makes the first advance.
 QUEEN CHARLOTTE too, (O Lord! a shocking thing!)
 She cheats the *country*, and she cheats the *king*—
 Yes, cheats them both, tho' harmless as the dove,
 The *first* of duty, and the *last* of love.
 RODNEY and HOOD, too, both are grown such cheats,
 That *France* and *Spain* dare'nt trust 'em near their fleets.

They're devils at cheating—all can tell thus much,
That none but devils e'er could cheat the *Dutch*.—
These LADIES *, here—upon my word 'tis true,
I really know no greater cheats than you :
Uncommon cheats—so well you play your parts,
You need but look—you cheat us of our hearts.
My brother ACTORS, too, the same charge meet,
Disguis'd as kings or beggars, all's a cheat !
Our aim's deceiving, that's our greatest boast ;
And he's lik'd best who cheats his audience most.
Would you cheat us of thanks—support our cause—
And we'll all strive to cheat you of applause.

* To the boxes.

P R O L O G U E,

Written at Whitby, immediately after PAUL JONES' appearance off that Place, which he threatened to burn; spoke by the Author, at the Theatre there, by Desire of the WHITBY VOLUNTEERS.

WE Britons, early train'd in Freedom's cause,
 Are oft too jealous of her sacred laws;
 And when no dread of foreign danger's known,
 We're sure to raise a *bugbear* of our own.

'Tis true, at present, there's some cause to fear;
 But still a Briton never should despair;
 For, though no mighty deeds these times adorn,
 Let's but unite, and conquest may return.

INVASION'S now become th' alarming theme,
 And all of rapine, blood, and slaughter dream.
 The wretched MISER views his ill-got store,
 And in the cellar hides the shining ore;
 Then goes reluctant to his restless bed,
 And strives, in vain, to ease his tortur'd head.

Poor half-starv'd Betty, nature's wants deny'd,
 Waits till he sleeps, to get those wants supply'd;
 Then creeps down stairs, her hunger to appease,
 And feasts profusely on his bread and cheese;
 Whilst he, half waking, hears the dreadful noise,
 Then starting up—quick to the cellar flies;
 Where, in the dark, he Betty seizes fast—
 And cries, “ ah! dog, I've got you then at last!
 “ Here, Betty! here—zounds! what are you about?
 “ Here's PAUL JONES, here, I've got him by the throat.
 “ What! you'll burn WHITBY! with your hellish crew.
 “ Oh! you vile Rogue! now I'll set fire to you.
 “ Here, bring me powder—bring a candle straight—
 “ And I'll finge him, as he blew up his MATE.”

Betty, whose fears had kept her silent long,
 At thoughts of burning, found her fault'ring tongue:
 “ Oh! murder! spare me! pray, Sir, let me go—
 “ You'll split my wind-pipe if you pinch me so!
 “ Dear master, hear me—spare my aching bones;
 “ I'm your maid, BETTY, I am no POLL JONES!—

" I blow no fires, but in your garret-grate ;
 " I burn no towns, nor ever had a mate !
 " Then, pray, dear master, go again to bed,
 " I only came to steal a crust of bread ;
 " The French, last night, put you in such a pucker,
 " You made me go to bed without my supper !

The MISER, undeceiv'd, set BETTY free,
 Retir'd up stairs, but could no comfort see ;
 Poor frighten'd Betty slept no more than he.

The wretched SHOE-BLACK, if he hears a gun,
 Whips up his *brush* and *stool*, and cries, " they're come !"
 Quick, in some crevice, hides his stock in trade,
 Then, strutting, cries, " there now, I'm not afraid ;
 " Now, let the rebel scoundrel leave the sea
 " When e'er he will, he'll not get much by me."
 Should any person say, " your fears are vain,
 You've nought to lose—then why should you complain ?
 Your brush and stool are surely of no weight."
 " No, not with you," he shrewdly answers straight,
 " But if I lose *them*, I lose my whole estate."

In every sphere the fear of man's the same,
And self security's our foremost aim:
'Tis there we point—'tis there our wishes bend—
And who would not his property defend!
Then rouse, ye youths, ye sons of Britain, arm!
Your safety calls—and danger gives th' alarm.
Your parents guard, whilst war its horrors pours,
And save the lives of those who gave you yours.
Hark! Heav'n approves; the neighbouring vallies round,
With shouts of approbation, all resound:
The banks of ALBION echo with applause,
To find their sons so warm in Freedom's cause.
Proceed—affiliate—to yourselves be true,
And let old English valour blaze in you:
To honest zeal your hopes and wishes trust,
And be your cause as prosp'rous as 'tis just.

E P I L O G U E,

Written in consequence of the Author's being obliged, contrary to both Ability and Inclination, to perform several principal musical Characters, at the Theatre, in Whitby; and spoke there, after the Tragedy of the FAIR PENITENT.

AT length, good folks, our tragic tale is ended,
And chaste *Melpomene's* rage seems quite
suspended;

Her dagger stain'd, proclaims a dreadful slaughter,

A wretched father! and a hapless daughter!

A perjur'd lover, too, has fall'n beneath it;

'Twas therefore time her ladyship should sheathe it.

That done, her rival-sister let me mention,

Who begs, thro' me, to court your kind attention;

How she could fix on me to represent her,

Good Heaven knows! for you, I'm sure, ne'er sent her,

She's been deceiv'd, which you'll find out hereafter;

For this glum phiz was never form'd for laughter.

Oh! I have it——

Some waggish spark has chose this kind employment,
And on my ruins builds his own enjoyment ;

Well, hang him, let him, 'tis my sole profession
To entertain you, so there's no transgression.

Now to discharge my trust—let's think about it——

Suppose I sing—there's nothing done without it.

How! what! I sing! O, no, th' attempt would
grieve you,

I cannot sing a note—you all believe me,

When I begin to squall, good night, you—leave me. }

From sounds harmonious you'll, I know, exempt me,
And cry, give o'er! or see the playhouse empty.

As I, this morning, on the *pier* was walking,
Two merry sailors of the play'rs were talking ;
Their honest thoughts they freely were declaring,

Both lik'd the fun, tho' both opinions vary'ng :

JACK was for tragedy, for noise, and fighting !

Drums beating! cutlas glitt'ring! Oh, delighting!

When Richmond meets King Dick, and threats to
sword him,

Bravo! bravo! my lads, cries Jack, damme, board him!

Now I'm for comedy, cries smiling BENNY,

I like't *West Indiaman* as well as any;

When Admir'l Flaherty give the man a beating,

For forging wills, and tells him "that's for chating,"

Then cries "'pon my conscience, it's no such wonder

"Why Lawyers cheat so, when they get such plunder!

"Arrah, march you old fox, or I'll uncase you;

"Do as I will, you tief, I can't disgrace you.

"So give me the will, and make your conscience easy."

Ha! ha! cries Ben, his Irish brogue must please ye.

And then your *uproars*, too, are very clever,

That where the Gypsy cries 'cause Ralph won't have her.

But that there Cawdell's squalls afford no meaning;

No 'cod, cries Jack, his wind pipe, faith, wants cleaning.

He owns himself it's not his proper station,

But 'tis his Captain's will, 'tis his persuasion,

And, for my part, I verily believes
 In two years' time, 'twill prove a den of thieves.
 The ship I went in carried such a crew,
 I dreaded sinking, ev'ry gale that blew !
 First was a *Quack*, who ne'er perform'd a cure ;
 A *Merry Andrew*—*Tumblers*, half a-score —
 A broken *Farmer*, too, no simple tony,
 He'd robb'd himself, and carried off the money ;
 A lank-hair'd *Methodist*, who scorn'd to pray,
 But shipp'd his grog and hiccup'd all the way ;—
Ladies of easy virtue, patch'd, and painted,
 With outfides fine and fair, but infides—tainted !
 Tradesmen, in scores, who but pretend to break,
 To cheat the world, and private fortunes make.—
 A mixture of all nations—*Turks* and *Tartars*—
Pickpockets—*Fidlers*—*Pedlars*—and *Deserters*.
 Such storming ! swearing ! Lord ! they frighten'd me !
 To hear them blaspheme so, i' th' open sea !
 They swore, and said, Oh ! rot those stupid elves
 Whom law transports, now we transport ourselves :

And in good time, thought I, you gave the double,
Or else Jack Ketch had sav'd you all the trouble.
Such shocking work!—I found I could not stay;
So, as you see, I've ta'en myself away. (*Going, returns.*)
O stop!—we met the *Mary* *, 'tother day,
Full of live lumber—all as blithe as May,
Singing and dancing, jov'al, gay, and funny,
Driving away for the land of milk and honey!
Well, Heaven prosper 'em, I'll on shore remain,
Entreat your smiles—and seek no foreign gain.

* A ship that failed from thence with emigrants.

E

THE CLAIMS OF GRATITUDE;

A N

A D D R E S S :

Spoken by the AUTHOR, 'at the Theatre, in North-Shields, immediately after his Recovery from a violent Fit of Sicknefs.

WITH heart-felt pleasure, and with joy sincere,
Once more I come, to seek a welcome here:

Propitious Fate has stretch'd her saving arm;

Display'd her power, and crush'd the dread alarm.

A double blessing from her bounty springs:

First, to my frame, the sweets of health she brings;

Next, to my mind, she grants a softer power,

And bids me haste—embrace the present hour;

Each anxious, soft, sensation to impart,

And speak the feelings of a grateful heart.

The task is pleasing, welcome as 'tis due,

And those who claim those thanks are now in view.

How oft we hear the restless snarlers say,

“ Oh! this bad world, it worse grows ev'ry day!”

Detracting wretches! did they search the cause,
They'd find themselves the first to break its laws.
Led to false notions, by a narrow mind,
To pleasure callous, and to merit blind;
They hunt for foibles with malicious care,
And always paint them blacker than they are:
Mountains of mole-hills do they ever make,
And rail at folly—just for railings fake:
Of human nature they the dark side shew,
But let its virtues, undistinguish'd, go.
They say mankind are all for private gains,
And not one spark of gratitude remains.

To prove the opposite shall be my care,
And you'll, I hope, believe what I declare.

Since first these walls beheld my hopes and fears;
Since first I rais'd your smiles, or drew your tears;
Since first these Thespian boards I, trembling, trod,
And fear'd the scourges of the Critic's rod;
For thirteen years—a native to your soil—
Your fair rewards have ever crown'd my toil:

For such I bend—beneath your lib'ral hands,
And pay that debt your patronage demands:
And tho' I cannot speak those thanks I owe,
Yet still my heart with gratitude shall glow.
And now, my patrons, and my friends confess,
Grant, in return, an easy, small request:
Let not the breath of Envy taint my name,
Or private malice undermine my fame.
When disappointment fills the little mind,
Slander will oft a specious pretext find—
But that same candour, which you've ever shewn,
Will still, I hope, my future efforts crown;
And, whilst impartial justice weighs my cause,
I still may hope to meet your kind applause.

THE ROYAL CARGO:

OR THE

COMPANY'S VOYAGE from SCARBROUGH*.

WELL, my good friends, I've promis'd you a treat,
 'Tis finely pepper'd, and I hope you'll eat.

I've season'd it high, and, if it suits your taste,

The ROYAL CARGO shall be oft your feast.

The north-east winds have long with-held our meeting,
 Kept you in Yarmouth roads, and us from eating.

Now we are met, with expectation big,

I'll tell you all I saw in COCK'RIL's Brig:

Kings wrapt in blankets—*Queens* ty'd up in sacks,

Bishops in baskets—*Princesses* in packs.

Becalm'd they lie, expos'd i' the open sea,

Toffing and tumbling, sick as sick can be.

Oh! such a hodge-podge round the vessel rolls!

Sceptres and *handspikes*—*drums* and *wooden bowls*!

* The above piece was written at North-Shields, and spoken at the theatre there, in consequence of the Company having been wind bound, &c. for near a fortnight.

Here mourns KING LEAR within the gloomy hold,
 And EDGAR, i' the fore-castle, cries—" Poor Tom's a
 cold."

Here ROMEO cries, " Oh! take my parting breath;"
 And JULIET answers, " Oh! I'm sick to death."

Here HAMLET cries, Oh! let me go ashore;
 Remember me (says the GHOST) you son of a w—re.
 There great QUEEN ELEANOR mounts the captain's
 And close beneath her HENRY rest's his head. [bed,
 The sea runs high—her majesty complains;
 The *king* corrects her quite in royal strains.
 She takes red port to keep her bosom still,
 But finds, alas! in vain is all her skill:
 Rising, she cries, I'm sick—I cannot live—
 Oh dear—————

There's the last tribute that your queen can give,
 Up starts the *king*, and, losing all respect,
 Quits the sick *queen*, and mounts the quarter-deck,
 Where, meeting JACK, the mate, he begs his grace
 To bring a cloth, and wipe his royal face.

I'm poison'd, oh! be quick, and save my life;
 Oh! horrid deed! I am smother'd by my wife.—
 "Smother'd! cries Jack, ye're stuck man—see how
 ye bleed!

"Smash me, he's as bloody as a bullock's heed.
 "Here, you Dick, fetch some water—run abaft;
 "Go get a swab, and wash him fore and aft."
 Jeer'd by the crew, he fought no further quarrel,
 But snugly crept into an empty barrel.

For fighting ALEXANDER feels no further itch,
 But sits enthron'd upon a tub of pitch:
 Rifing, in haste, to chide the stormy wind,
 He finds near half his small cloaths stick behind.
 His dear STATIRA and ROXANA smile,
 To see their hero in such comic stile.
 Here CLEOPATRA views the angry waves,
 And for MARK ANTHONY no longer raves;
 For splendid Rome she no more passion feels,
 But prays once more to view the smoke of Shields.

Here Scotland's MARY sits with humble ease,
And quits her throne, to mount a Cheshire cheese.

Here RICHARD cries—a horse! oh give me a horse
on shore!

And d—me if I trust the ocean more.—

Jack archly cries, “ Weel, get ashore ye loon;

“ The wind's quite fair, and there's ye're air balloon*.

“ Hey but ye're queer chucks—how ye cheat us tars,

“ About your riding to the seven stars!

“ Hoot! ye're a' brag—there's nane amang ye fliers;

“ Ye canna mount without your ropes and wires,

He's very right, deception crowns our aim,
Supplies our wants, and yields dramatic fame.

Safe in your harbour now, each king and queen,

For one poor shilling, may each night be seen.

Here are the *Lords* †, and there the *Commons* ‡ met,

To save our state, and good examples set.

And would you but our royal cause assist,

Support, with all your might, our civil list.

* Used in a pantomime. † To the Boxes. ‡ To the Gallery.

The word *retrench* we, one and all, despise—
 Our court must starve if you refuse supplies.
 Grant us but those, and, if we rule not right,
 You're welcome to dethrone us ev'ry night.

A SERIOUS ADDRESS*.

COULD any prospect charm my troubled breast,
 And give my throbbing mind a moment's rest;
 The present scene would check my flowing tears,
 Assuage my griefs, and soften all my fears.
 But, oh! my friends!—dejected and forlorn,
 Amidst my praises, still my heart must mourn.
 What shall I say?—how thank you as I ought!
 For this indulgence, with such kindness fraught.

* It was written for, and spoken at, the theatre in North-Shields, immediately after the dreadful storm, which happened in the month of December, 1784; in which many ships were totally wrecked, and a great number of lives lost. It was spoken by Mrs MARSHALL, in the character of a *shipwrecked seaman's widow*, on the evening of a benefit given for those widows and orphans, who were left destitute by the above unfortunate event.

Words are too poor, too feeble to avow
The grateful thanks that I so justly owe ;
But tho' my tongue no gratitude displays,
Yet tears of joy shall give you speechless praise.
Goodness, like this, the balm of comfort gives,
And in your smiles a wretched widow lives !
Oh sad remembrance ! Oh my tortur'd mind !
Robb'd of a husband, *tender, good, and kind !*——
Bless'd in the morn with all a wife could boast,
And in the ev'ning, *widow'd, sunk, and lost !*
Oh ! my kind Patrons, pity—whilst I mourn
The loss of him—who never can return.
His soul was gentle from his earliest youth,
And all his Actions bore the test of truth.
No friend did ever from his doors depart,
Without bestowing blessings on his heart :
But he is gone—and all my joys are o'er,
Breathless ! he lies upon the fatal shore !——
Can there on earth a greater ill befall ?
I've lost my husband—and with him my all.——

Pardon my tears, they shall no more intrude ;
 Unless to flow in streams of gratitude. (*Curtfies.*)

One favour more Misfortune bids me ask,
 Tho' Nature melts beneath the painful task—
 Not for myself is this entreaty made,
 An helpless orphan tribe—implores your aid.

(*Brings on three children.*)

Look on these babes—then grant my weeping pray'r,
 And take, oh! take them to your gen'rous care—
 A father lost!—expos'd to want and grief!
 Their infant sorrows claim your kind relief.—
 Then dry their tears—their piteous sighs remove,
 A tenfold blessing shall reward your love.—
 —My boon is granted—every visage glows
 With that bright warmth a feeling heart bestows.

(*Curtfies.*)

Go hence, my cherubs— (*The children going.*)
 Go kneel to Heav'n—who still your cause defends,
 And in your prayers remember these your friends.

S O N G

ON THE BREAKING OUT OF THE DUTCH WAR.

TUNE—MAGGY LAUDER.

YE Britons brave, the calls attend
Of HONOUR, FAME, and GLORY:

Your COUNTRY save, your KING defend:

See, conquest lies before you!

The CAMP is form'd, to th' right about;

Hark how the cannons rattle!

March on, pursue the northern route,

And give the Dutchmen battle.

To arms, to arms, ye Britons all,

And take the field of action;

And do not let old England fall

A prey to party-faction.

The minister, and patriot too,

May both be overlooked;

But soon our foes their fate would rue,
If we were once united.

See, Fame her trumpet waves on high,
And Vict'ry stands suspended!
Both eager to proclaim our joy,
Were party-feuds once ended:
But, whilst we're bound in Faction's chains,
We make the danger double—
Division baffles all our pains,
And saves our foes the trouble.

The antiquated warrior tells
Of Britons' ancient fighting ;
On RUSSEL, HAWKE, and POCOCK dwells,
Their various feats reciting :
But, why to these, deceas'd, alone
Should we such praise be giving ?
Whilst RODNEY, HOWE, and BARRINGTON
Are still among the living.

FAT DOLLY THE COOK.

*Sung by the Author in Character of CORPORAL TRIM,
in the Funeral of Sir Richard Steele.*

O! Lovely Dolly, fat and sleek, when standing by
the fire,

Her shining neck and greasy cheek inflam'd my fond
desire:

But when the kitchen fire she stirr'd, she scorch'd
my very liver;

And as the mutton turn'd, I burn'd; we roasted
both together.

No partridge, pheasant, cock, or hare could come
within the larder,

But Corporal Trim was sure to share; 'twas that
made me regard her:

And then a sop i' the pan so sweet, so nice, so
brown, and fav'ry,

That tho' my lord the mutton eat, 'twas Trim got
all the gravy.

ow often did I sigh and pine, when she has stirr'd
a pudding,
see her put her spice and wine, and other mat-
ters good in ;
at when the plumbs she pick'd and clean'd, poor
Trim was sure to rue it,
and as the mutton-fat she skinn'd, I curs'd the plumbs
and fuet.

fire she's made within my breast, without the help
of fuel ;
calf's head on my shoulders plac'd, my soul is wa-
ter gruel.
ould but Pythag'ras set me free from a life of
melancholy,
little turnspit dog I'd be, and turn the wheel
for Dolly.

AN ELEGIAC CANTATA,

On the DEATH of the late brave CAPTAIN FARMER, of the
QUEBEC FRIGATE; called BRITANNIA WEeping.

RECITATIVE.

HARK! what dreadful tumults shake the angry
main!

What horrid sounds convulse the trembling air!

The wat'ry gods some hostile cause maintain,

And o'er the foaming surge hurl wild despair.

To search the cause, great Neptune, see, appears!

His trident waving—thro' the channel glides;

The conflict sees—the thund'ring cannon hears,

And, all astonish'd—views the purple tides.

Enraptur'd, see! behold the god advance,

And views his son, great FARMER, lost in smoke;

Then bade him on—chastise perfidious France;

And thus his wishes Neptune loudly spoke:

AIR.

May honour and fame the brave hero adorn,
Who, fighting like FARMER, all danger dare scorn;
For, see where he stands, dealing slaughter around!
May his valour and zeal be with victory crown'd:
May fortune of war in his favour decide,
And his bark, well defended, triumphantly ride:
May conquest and glory these offerings bring;
The love of his country, and faith of his king!

RECITATIVE.

Thus sung the god his son's immortal praise;
Old ocean shook, and echo'd Neptune's lays:
But still his prayers could not his darling save;
For Death alike demands the base and brave.
The shafts of Fate, resistless seal his doom,
And call the hero to his peaceful home.
He fought, he fell, the fatal die was cast;
But fell contented—for he died the last.

Britannia, see! emerging from the deeps,
In plaintive strains, thus, god-like FARMER, weeps:

AIR.

Britons, view yon melting fight,
See the hero bleeding!
Singly, see, he braves the fight,
Gushing wounds unheeding!
Mangled limbs he views below,
Recent gashes streaming;
Still upon his manly brow
Conscious valour beaming.

Hark! what means yon dreadful cry?
Clouds of smoke ascending:
In flames behold my hero die,
A glorious cause defending:
See, the bleeding Briton fall!
Thus breathes his last affection:

My king is kind—my orphans all
I leave to his protection.

S O N G

ON the AUTHOR'S being appointed CHAIRMAN of a Club, where
the President always gave the first Toast, and sung the first Song.

BY the rules of this club, I suppose 'tis decreed,
That I, as the chairman, should first take the lead,
With a toast and a song, which I give you with pleasure;
So chorus, my boys, 'twill give life to the measure.

Derry down, &c.

The king and his friends was the toast I presented;
'Tis drank, and each member seems wholly contented;
For, let the mad patriot exclaim as he will,
Remember KING GEORGE is our sovereign still.

Derry down, &c.

No politics here, my good friends, shall intrude,
Nor language profane, immoral, or rude;
But our mirth shall, in innocent freedom, abound,
And a toast and a song, in rotation, go round.

Thus, when from the business of day we've retir'd,
And every bustling sensation's expir'd;
When Nature relaxatives seeks from her toil;
The wounds of her troubles are heal'd with this oil.

Would the leaders of England take pattern by us,
And, unanimous, national business discuss;
The clamours of faction entirely would cease,
And each honest Briton enjoy civil peace.

And now, my good friends, give me leave to conclude,
For fear on your patience I too much intrude;—
But your plaudits approve, and approving, has won me,
So, I thank ye all round, for this honour you've done me.

'T IS ALL OVER NOW;
A S O N G.

SET to MUSIC by Mr SHIELD.

Originally sung by Mrs PRICE, COMEDIAN.

LAST May-day, as Strephon; a thoughtless young
swain,

Was carelessly roving, a stranger to pain,
Defying, like LINCO, the powers of above,
To wound his gay heart with the arrow of love;
Exulting, with transport (not fearing the blow)
“ I’ve held out so long—that ’tis all over now.”

But charming young Phœbe, the pride of the plain,
(Intended by Cupid to vanquish the swain),
Came presently tripping, displaying her charms,
And Strephon’s intentions, with ease she disarms:
The god of love, smilingly ey’d them below,
And archly cry’d, “ Shepherd, ’tis all over now.”

The once laughing rover's now caught in the snare,
And yields his affections to Phœbe the fair :
She hears his entreaties—she lov'd him before ;
He offers to wed her ; what could he do more ?
The Parson has join'd them—they're happy they vow,
And Phœbe cries, " Strephon, 'tis all over now."

S O N G,

ON THE LADIES OF SUNDERLAND.

GREAT Jove call'd a council in heav'n of late,
Some ills to prevent, that impended;
The Virtues, obedient, the summons await;
But none of the Graces attended.
When slighted his mandate the deity saw,
He roll'd his impetuous thunder;
And fill'd the whole senate, assembled, with awe,
And ev'ry immortal with wonder.

Then, calling for Mercury, bade him, in haste,
Explore the wide regions of heav'n:—
But all to no purpose those mansions he trac'd,
No tidings of them could be giv'n;
'Till Truth, stepping forward, with wisdom profound,
Gave thus her unerring opinion:

That to earth they had rambled, as none could be found
In Jupiter's boundless dominion.

The Genius of Britain, escorted by Fame,
Arose, and the mystery ended ;
Declaring, that lately to England they came,
And he them from dangers defended.—
The god then enquir'd in what part of the isle
They resided ;—(his warmth gently ceasing.)
At Sunderland, answer'd fair Fame, with a smile,
And their numbers are daily increasing.

THE FREE-HEARTED SWAIN:
A S O N G.

GAY, as Nature has made me, I rove o'er the
plain,

The shepherds all call me the *Free-hearted Swain* ;
And Daphne and Phillis may act as they will ;
I laugh at their pains, and defy all their skill.

Fair as beauty can paint 'em, they try all their art
To gain my attention, and conquer my heart ;
Their dimples and smiles are exerted in vain,
For Love can ne'er vanquish the *Free-hearted Swain*.

Bless'd with health and contentment, my flocks are
my care ;

And if I ne'er wed, why I'll never despair :
So, damsels, excuse me, your anger refrain,
And give a kind smile to the *Free-hearted Swain*.

MAY-MORNING.

A PASTORAL.

SEE, night withdraws his fable veil ;
The moon her lustre shields ;
The dusky twilight disappears,
And morning decks the fields.

The sun emits his radiant beams,
And gilds the eastern sky :
The mountain tops, array'd in gold,
Proclaim—that day is nigh.

The timid hares, with caution hie,
Reluctant, thro' the corn ;
And, list'ning—to the hounds—full cry,
Scud fearful o'er the lawn.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

91

The village-cock, who, watching, perch'd
Amongst his feather'd tribes,
With chearful voice, salutes the morn,
And, dauntless, claps his sides.

The busy bee, now leaves his cell,
And greets the azure skies ;
Then issues forth to sip the dew,
And load his waxen thighs.

The milk-maid, see, with blushing cheeks,
Trips careless thro' the dales ;
The swelling udder greets her touch,
And fills her snowy pails.

The sky-lark, fav'rite bird of morn,
Forfakes the dewy plain.
And soaring high, with jocund song,
Awakes the tuneful train.

The linnets tune their warbling throats,
 And hop from spray to spray ;
 The tim'rous wood-lark sweetly chaunts,
 And hails the new-born day.

R O N D E A U.

[ON THE SCARBROUGH MINERAL WATERS.

Set by Mr SHIELD, and sung by Mrs ROBERTS.

TO *Nature*, fair goddess, *Health* lately complain'd,
 That *Disease* had disturb'd her retreat,
 And had fix'd in that bosom, where peace lately reign'd,
 Torments greater than art could defeat.

The *Deity* smil'd, and to *Health* she reply'd
 That " your anguish is what I foresaw—
 How oft have I told you, *Disease* to avoid,
 You should drink of my SCARBROUGH SPAW!"

R O N D E A U.

Set by Mr GRAY, and sung by Mrs MARSHALL,
in the Character of LETITIA HARDY.

WOULD gentle DAMON constant prove,
And fight for me alone;
My yielding hand should crown his love,
My heart be all his own.

But while his faithless vows remain,
To every maiden free,
I'll spurn, like him, the filken chain,
And prove as false as he.

A S O N G,

On SIR WILLIAM MIDDLETON's being chosen a Member
for the COUNTY of NORTHUMBERLAND.

NORTHUMBRIANS, your glory tell,
Record your deeds in story:
Britons, applaud th' example well
Which here is set before you.
Tho' Independence long has groan'd, and Liberty has
languish'd,
Yet here Corruption's hateful power, by MIDDLETON
is vanquish'd.

Let patriotic bosoms glow
With Freedom's sacred fire,
And let all venal agents know,
That we disdain their hire ;

Nor dukes nor lords shall force on us a ministerial
minion ;

For MIDDLETON we've chose, who dares support a
free opinion.

Come, then, ye happy social friends,

Who're met on this occasion ;

Who hold all mean and selfish ends

In utter detestation ;

To MIDDLETON a bumper fill ; and may he ne'er de-
ceive us ;

But ev'ry just endeavour use from tyrants to relieve us.

FOR THE LIBERTY CLUB,
IN MANCHESTER.

Wrote during the Evening's conviviality, and sung after the under-mentioned Members had sung the following Airs.

THIS hall to thee, O LIBERTY! by us is dedicated;
And may'st thou still our bosoms fill, nor be thy
power abated :

And weekly, when our labours end, we wish for re-
creation ;

Then, in thy name, we'll seek for fame, with glorious
emulation.

Each votary a god shall be, and feel himself inspir'd,
And at thy shrine, his chains resign, and with thy
charms be fir'd ;

Then, with a bowl, shall cheer his soul; and likewise,
in rotation,

Shall sing his part, with chearful heart, as mark of
approbation.

h visage black, here's honest JACK, with voice
 like potent thunder;
 en *water be parts from the sea**, the spheres are
 struck with wonder;
 l Orpheus makes no more fufs, tho' he was deem'd
 a merry man,
 throws his lyre into the fire, and gives the bays
 to HERRYMAN.

r gentle strains, here KINGSTON reigns, in plain-
 tive notes excelling;
 l each, like *Kate* †, doth wish a mate, when he her
 praise is telling.
 v *Delia* ‡, too, appears in view, our first desire's
 repented;
 d while the fame of both he names, we ne'er shall
 be contented.

ater parted from the Sea. † Kate of Aberdeen. ‡ Delia.

See FLETCHER comes, with shorten'd tongue, and
lisps out *Davy Brodie* * ;

A vacant face, without grimace, is all he can afford ye ;

And tho' his song's nor fine nor long, it fits his own
occasion ;

And in his wine and punch we find an ample com-
pensation.

Now I, this night, have laid my mite, at LIBERTY'S
great altar :

I hope we have no servile knave that in this rule will
falter :

And, as we still enjoy free-will, disdaining all oppression,

Let none misuse, nor dare abuse, but treat her with
discretion.

* *Davy Brodie*.

E X T E M P O R E.

On a LADY looking out of a Window, near a Sign of the Sun.

AS late yon funny beams I view'd,
The painter's art admiring;
My breast with soft emotion glow'd,
And love I found aspiring.

Bewilder'd, lost, perplex'd in care,
I thought 'twas only fiction;
But soon I saw a lovely fair,
Who caus'd this sweet affliction.

The sun no longer charm'd my sight;
Of that my eyes grew weary:
The charming maid appear'd more bright;
Which solv'd this pleasing query.

Each gilded point, now glimm'ring, dies;
 Its beams ill-brook inspection;
 For 'twas the rays of BETSEY's eyes
 Which caus'd the bright reflection.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF A FREE-MASON:

A S O N G.

YE fons of fair science, impatient to learn
 What's meant by a MASON, you here may discern.
 He strengthens the *weak*, he gives light to the *blind*,
 And the *naked* he cloaths, is a friend to mankind.

CHORUS. All shall yield to masonry;

Bend to thee,

Bless'd masonry;

Matchless was he

Who founded thee;

And thou, like him, immortal shall be.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

101

walks on the *level* of honour and truth,
spurns the trite passions of folly and youth :
compass and *square* all his frailties reprove,
his ultimate object is *brotherly love*.

CHORUS. All shall, &c.

Fortitude blefs'd, he's a stranger to fears,
, govern'd by Prudence, he cautiously steers,
Temperance shews him the port of content,
Justice, unask'd—makes the sign of consent.

CHORUS. All shall, &c.

temple of Knowledge he nobly doth raise,
sorted by Wisdom, and Learning its base :
rear'd and adorn'd—strength and beauty unite,
he views the fair structure with conscious delight.

CHORUS. All shall, &c.

r'd by his feelings—he'll bounty impart ;
Charity ranges at large in his heart :

And an indigent brother, reliev'd from his woes,
Feels a pleasure inferior to him who bestows.

CHORUS. All shall, &c.

Thus a MASON I've drawn, and expos'd to your view,
And truth will acknowledge the figure is true ;
Then members become ; let's be *brothers* and *friends* ;
There's a SECRET remaining shall make you amends.

CHORUS. All shall, &c.

THE CROPT-EAR'D FOX*:

A S O N G.

ATTEND, ye jovial sportsmen all,
And listen to my tale;
I come, obedient to your call,
Poor Reynard's fate to wail.
And a hunting we will go, &c.

'Twas thought near Sedgefield he was bred,
But deem'd it a disgrace
To dwell where none could try his speed,
So left his native place.
And a hunting, &c.

* The animal alluded to, afforded three or four most excellent days diversion, and a song, upon the occasion, being asked for, the Author produced the above immediately; which was sung in the theatre, on the evening of the Gentlemen of the Hunt's bespeak.

To Hazleton-dean he scamper'd fraight,
And there for prey did roam ;
But trapp'd, at last,—he found, too late,
He'd better staid at home.
And a hunting, &c.

'Before the hounds of Sunderland,
He next was forc'd to fly ;
Who, tho' led by a mighty band,
'Twas not his time to die.
And a hunting, &c.

By stratagem came all his woes ;
Entrapp'd he thrice appears :
And that again you might him know,
You cut off both his ears.
And a hunting, &c.

Arous'd, at last, you hunt him down ;
For what could e'er withstand,

When warm, with resolution, grown,

The HUNT of SUNDERLAND.

And a hunting, &c.

To GALE'S *, my boys, with speed resort ;

His portrait's there display'd :

And since the substance gave such sport,

Do homage to the shade.

And a drinking, &c.

* An inn-keeper, who had a picture of the above-mentioned fox taken, and put up for his sign.

*On the Performance of Mr N——S' PUPILS, at the
Ball, given by him, at Stockton, October 14. 1774.*

HERE gliding Pleasure wafts her gilded wings,
And early blooming merit upward springs.

Here fairy groups their pleasing sports pursue,

Reflecting honour where 'tis justly due.

Here tripping tribes display, in ev'ry air,

A budding genius—and a tutor's care.

With sportive joy each tender pulse beats high,

And emulation darts from ev'ry eye.—

When softer strains awake the founding lyre,

Harmonious ease their little frames inspires.

With conscious pride their artless bosoms glow,

And infant grace fits smiling on each brow.

One thing alone escap'd each prying eye ;

That was—a **FAULT**—which no one could descry.

T O J U V E N I S,

On perusing his frequent PRODUCTIONS in the Newcastle Chronicle.

HAIL! happy youth, adorn'd with ev'ry charm
To raise delight, and sportive fancy warm :
Soft as the limpid stream, thy numbers flow,
Whilst Art and Nature all their gifts bestow,
With equal ardour guide thy matchless hand,
And eager wait to catch thy fond command.
Description, wanton dame! expands her wings,
And smiles propitious whilst her fav'rite sings.
The Queen of Beauty, too, displays her charms,
And fondly courts thee to her longing arms ;
Swift turns thy theme—and she sole mistress reigns
O'er all thy tender thoughts and gentle strains ;
Then scepter'd Reason mounts her golden throne,
And boldly claims JUVENIS for her own.

M. A S T E R T Y L E R ' S
 FAREWELL EPILOGUE,

On his leaving the STAGE, and retiring to a COUNTRY SCHOOL.

WITH tears and sighs, which Reason bids me
 quell,

I here am come, to take a last farewell.—

The day is fix'd—To-morrow! oh distraction!

When I (poor Tyler) quit this scene of action.

No more the Duke of York* in me is seen!

No more I raise the feelings of a queen!

No more in Cupid † must I give delight!

No more in Harlequin ‡ I charm the sight!

But Cawdell's Lingo like, amo, amas, amavi,

If I play truant—I must cry peccavi.—

I must stick close to horum, harum, horum,

Or else I'm flogg'd in secula seculorum.

* Duke of York in King Richard III. † Cupid in a Trip
 to Scotland. ‡ Harlequin in Robinson Crusoe.

Well, be it so—I patiently resign;
 My father says it—and his will is mine :
 And tho' my fate from your applause has wrung me,
 Yet still I leave two tender friends among ye ;
 My gentle parents—and I hope you'll be
 As kind to them as they have been to me.

EX TEMPORE.

ON A YOUNG LADY.

WHEN Beauty's fair gifts a young female possess,
 How willing we yield our affection !

The same 'tis of Virtue, tho' girt with distresses,
 Still claiming our love and protection.

If Beauty and Virtue, divided, thus charm us,
 And, sep'rate, with each we're delighted ;

In W——R then surely they doubly must warm us,
When both are so sweetly united.

THE FRIENDLY WISH:
AN ACROSTICK.

MAY each observant eye, enraptur'd, trace,
I n Sarah's mind, the beauties of her face.
S upremely blest'd with all that Heaven can give,
S o justly due, may justly she receive.

May fond affection, and her duty, prove
A grateful knowledge of her parents' love ;
Resplendent honours crown her spotless fame ;
To virtue constant, and unknown to shame.
In marriage may she ne'er from truth depart,
Nor give her hand without her willing heart.

E P I G R A M.

Occasioned by a TALLOW-CHANDLER attempting a Satire
on the PASTORALS of J. CUNNINGHAM.

THERE once was a poet, good lack!
Who work'd in a chandler's shop,
His wit was ek'd out, thinly scatter'd about,
And his verse it went hip-it-y-hop.

But yet this poor poet, good lack!
Thought a great deal of sense he had gotten;
But, alas!—if his wicks were as bare as his wits,
Good lack! they'd be nothing but cotton.

E P I G R A M.

YOUNG Damon had Cloe oft prefs'd to be kind;
Yet urg'd her compliance in vain :
At length was oblig'd to be nuptially join'd,
His ardent fond wish to obtain.

When wed—if the former he ask'd were a crime ?
She answer'd, “ No, love, to be sure !
“ But I was resolv'd to be certain this time,
“ I've been cheated too often before.”

E P I G R A M.

The CONSOLATION of Mr P. C*****, Comedian and Gamester, on being deprived of the Character of the CLOWN, in a Pantomime, which was taken from him by the Manager, and given to the under-mentioned Persons to perform.

THEY tell me my mummery's grown very cool;
 But their silly invectives I brave;
 And CAWDELL and WEST may keep playing the fool,
 I'm contented with playing the K**VE.

A N O T H E R.

On a theatrical GENTLEMAN not overburthened with Candour
 or Gratitude.

SAYS MALICE to ENVY, I'm going in quest
 Of SLANDER; where is she I wonder?
 Says ENVY, she's now her son EM**Y'S guest,
 And nothing can tear them asunder.

A N O T H E R.

On Mr W—T—N's Performance of OTHELLO, at Scarborough.

DEAR W—T—N, pluck out
That bur from your throat;

Do not so provincially bellow!

In BAULDY you may

Much merit display;

But, prithee, don't murder OTHELLO.

*On seeing Mr D*N*LL, an excellent low Comedian,
play Lord Hastings, at North-Shields, for his own
Benefit.*

THOU comic cub,
Play MUNGO, SCRUB;

Mount not the tragic spheres;

For when, in lace,

Thou shew'ft thy face,

A FILCH, disguis'd—appears!

A C R O S T I C.

O meet a welcome, candid, gen'rous, free,
 either repair, ye sons of mirth and glee;
 obliging, see! the lib'ral Host appears,
 removes, by kindness, ev'ry stranger's fears;
 or smiles deceptive, nor reluctant cheers.

hail! beauteous mansion! tell the list'ning skies,
 thy fair walls, what social virtues rise!
 oft to mankind, a while, should FRIENDSHIP prove,
 oh! here they'll find her, join'd with PEACE and LOVE!

R O N D E A U.

Sung in the Character of SIGNIOR ARIONELLI, an Eunuch,

Opera of the SON-IN-LAW.

AIR—ANNA.

MADAM, me now take my leave,
Me can no longer tarry;
You vo'd find yourself deceive,
If vid me you marry.

Me can sing de littel song,
Make de shake and quaver ;
But de joys vich love belong,
Oh! dey are lost for ever!

AN
IRREGULAR ODE
ON THE
MORAL PRINCIPLES OF MASONRY.

Designed for the CONSECRATION of the
KING GEORGE'S LODGE,
IN SUNDERLAND, JUNE 4. 1778.
BEING THE BIRTH-DAY OF
HIS MAJESTY GEORGE III.



AN
IRREGULAR ODE,
ON THE
Moral Principles of *Masonry*, &c.

CHORUS.

SOUND! *sound aloud! your instruments of joy!*

Let chearful strains abound!

From pole to pole resound!

And may no hostile cares our social mirth annoy.

Raise! raise the voice of harmony, all raise!

To hail this festive day

Your vocal strength display!

And charm the list'ning world, with jocund songs of praise.

*May this new CONSECRATION, thro' ages shine secure,
A monument of social love, till time shall be no more.*

Ye powers persuasive, now inspire
My tongue with bold resistless fire;

Let sacred zeal combine :

May magic sweetness crown my lays,
To sing aloud *Masonic* praise,

And urge a theme divine.

May swelling numbers flow, without controul,
And all be music, extacy of soul.

Confess'd, unequal, to the trembling task,
To touch the lyre, so oft superior strung,
Your candour, patience, Justice bids me ask,
And for a lab'ring heart, excuse a fault'ring tongue.

Behold a social train, in friendship's bands
Assembled : chearful, eager to display
Their panting joy : to raise their willing hands,
And hail, triumphant, this auspicious day!

A day, which Britons e'er must hold divine!
 To found its glories, Fame expands her wings!
 This day, selected for your fair design,
 Has lent our favour'd isle the best of **KINGS**.

May heaven, propitious, your endeavours crown;
 Which, like the present, Virtue's basis claim:
 May perfect **GOODNESS** here erect her throne,
 And coward **VICE** be only known by name.
 May moral Virtue meet no savage foes
 Within these walls; made sacred to your cause:
 Scorn each reviler, who would truth oppose,
 And learn the **GOOD**, are still **MASONIC**, laws.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

Hail! first grand principle of **MASONRY**, for ever hail!
 Thou gracious attribute, descended from above—
 O'er each corroding passion of the soul prevail,
 And shew the social charms of *brotherly love*.

May thy bright virtues e'er resplendent shine,
 Through ages yet unborn—worlds unexplor'd ;
 Till even *Rancour* falls before thy shrine,
 And *Malice*, blushing—owns thee for her lord.

This happy union of each gen'rous mind,
 Would nobly give, to peace eternal, birth :
 Implicit confidence would bless mankind,
 And perfect happiness be found on earth.

From this celestial source, behold a train
 Of blooming virtues! emulous to gain
 A genial warmth from each expanded breast.
 Among the pleasing numbers, crouding 'round,
 (Whose looks, with well-meant services are crown'd)
 See *Truth!* *Relief* superior stands confess'd!

R E L I E F.

Relief, of *Charity*, the soul,
 Whose lib'ral hands, from pole to pole extend ;

Scorns mean restraint, disdains controul,
 And gives alike to enemy and friend.

Empty distinctions here must victims fall,
 For true *relief* is bounteous to all.

T R U T H.

Nor is with paler glory *Truth* array'd;
 In bright simplicity she shines, carefs'd—
 She conquers FRAUD, dispels its gloomy shade,
 And brings conviction to the doubtful breast.
 Should e'er DUPLICITY our ears assail,
 And, fluent, forge an artful, specious tale,
 It may our easy faith a while deceive;
 But when this radiant goddess's silence breaks—
 Decision follows;—'tis fair *Truth* who speaks,
 And banish'd FALSEHOOD can no longer live.

F A I T H, H O P E, and C H A R I T Y.

When first kind Heav'n, to th' astonish'd view
 Of mortal sight, its realms of joy display'd!

Mankind, enraptur'd with the prospect grew ;
 And to attain this bliss, devoutly pray'd.
 Agreeing all,—this sacred truth allow,
 (And we its force with zealous warmth increase),
 That *Faith, Hope, Charity*, possess'd,—bestow
 The fairest claim to everlasting peace.

F A I T H.

By *Faith*, what miracles in distant times were done !
 The leper cleans'd!—to sight restor'd—the blind !
 By that the widow fav'd her darling son ;
 And DEATH his fruitless dart to *Faith* resign'd.

H O P E.

O fairest, sweetest harbinger of joy !
 Whose aid, supreme, with gratitude, we own :
 Cheer'd with thy smiles, we human ills defy,—
 And drive Despair, in shackles, from thy throne.

A I R I.

*The throbbing griefs the soul oppress,
 And fill the heart with deep distress,
 Whilst each fond joy's with-held :*
*Yet when fair HOPE her visage shews,
 The mind, inspir'd—with rapture glows—
 And ev'ry pang's expell'd.—*

When conscious sin the dying wretch reproves,
 Whilst, from his quiv'ring lip, the doubtful prayer is
 sent ;
 He asks for Hope—she comes!—his fear removes—
 His mind enlightens—and he dies content!—

C H A R I T Y.

Fair Charity next, MASONIC Patroness,
 Merits that praise, which only HEARTS can give :

No WORDS can her unrivall'd worth exprefs ;
Her glowing virtues in the SOUL must live.

The wretched WIDOW, plung'd in streaming woes,
Bereav'd of husband, competence, and friends,
Finds no allay—no balmy quiet knows—
Till heaven-born Charity ev'ry comfort sends.

The helpless ORPHAN, wand'ring, quite forlorn !
Sends forth his little soul, in piteous moan ;
In lisping murmurs, rues he e'er was born ;
And thinks, in infant-griefs, he stands alone.

Thus, plaintive wailing, he relief despairs ;
No tender parent to assuage his pain !
No friend but Charity !—she dispels his cares—
Father and mother, both in her remain.

AN ALLEGORY ON CHARITY.

A I R II.

*As Poverty late, in a fit of despair,
Was beating her bosom, and tearing her hair ;
Smiling Hope came to ask—what her countenance told :
That she there lay expiring with hunger and cold.*

*Come, 'rise, said the rosy young herald of joy—
And the torments you suffer I'll quickly destroy ;
Take me by the hand—all your griefs I'll dispel,
And I'll lead you, for succour, to Charity's cell.*

*On Poverty hobbled—Hope soften'd her pain ;
But long did they search for the goddess in vain :
Towns, cities, and countries, they travers'd around,
For Charity's lately grown hard to be found !—*

*At length, at the door of a Lodge, they arriv'd,
Where their spirits, exhausted, the Tyler reviv'd ;
Who, when ask'd (as 'twas late) if the Dame was gone
home,
Said, no : Charity always was last in the room.*

*The door being open'd—in Poverty came,
Was cherish'd, reliev'd, and carefs'd by the Dame ;
Each votary, likewise, the object to save,
Obey'd his own feelings—and cheerfully gave.*

*Who then can, with justice, a science deride,
Where this soft beaming Virtue doth always preside ?
In this scriptural maxim, let's ever accord—
“ What we give to the poor, we but lend to the Lord !”*

THE FOUR CARDINAL VIRTUES.

J U S T I C E.

Inferior virtues 'rise from these,
Affording pleasure, comfort, peace,
And less'ning all our cares :
Here Justice, see at Mercy's word,
Conceals her scales—and drops her sword—
Appeas'd by her—the guilty Victim spares !

F O R T I T U D E.

Here Fortitude, of Hope the child,
With conscious resignation fill'd,
Sweet Patience, by her side,
Saw, fearless—human woes surround !
She smil'd at all with peace profound—
And sorrow's shafts defy'd.

T E M P E R A N C E.

Now ruddy Temperance shews her blooming face,
 Replete with health, with ease, and fair content ;
 Whilst pamper'd Luxury mourns her sickly case,
 And finds, too late, a glutton's life mispent !

P R U D E N C E.

With cautious step, and serious grace,
 A form behold ! with hidden face,
 Veil'd o'er with modest fears ;
 Till Confidence, unus'd to doubt,
 Resolves to find the Goddess out ;
 Withdraws the veil—and Prudence, see appears !—

Without thy gifts mankind would savage turn,
 Would human nature wantonly disgrace ;
 Would at all bounds of due restriction spurn—
 And all the noblest works of Heav'n deface !

These *moral virtues* are, by us, ordain'd
 Th' unerring pilots to the heav'nly shore ;
 By these directed—endless joy's obtain'd !—
 And having their kind aid, we want no more.

Of all the mental blessings given to man,
 These are the choice of each *masonic* breast—
 By us enroll'd—they form the moral plan
 Of this fair Science—are supreme confes'd.

DUET and CHORUS, FINALE.

*Then let us all in friendship live,
 Endearing and endeared ;
 Let Vice her punishment receive,
 And Virtue be revered.*

C H O R U S.

*May love, peace, and harmony, ever abound,
 And the good man and mason, united, be found.*

Now let the panting heart rejoice ;

The glowing mind expand :

Let echo raise her double voice,

And swell the choral band.

C H O R U S.

May love, peace, and harmony ever abound,

And the good man and mason, united, be found.

A N O D E,

For the opening of the PHŒNIX LODGE *, in SUNDERLAND.

AIR.

PRESUMPTUOUS mortals! vaunt no more:
 None can tell what ill's in store;
 A stroke of Fate may soon destroy
 All your hopes of bliss and joy.

DUET.

Your late fair hall this truth proclaims,
 A recent prey to ruthless flames.

AIR.

'Tis thus the Fates reprove mankind,
 And chide the proud ambitious mind;

* A free-masons' lodge; so called, from the affinity its building had to the rising of the phoenix from the ashes of its parent; being built a short time after the destruction of the King George's Lodge by fire.

But still, my brethren, shun despair,
And trust to Heaven's paternal care :
Your late misfortune cease to mourn ;
Your hopes revive—your joys return.

TRIO.

For, see! through flames, yon splendid phoenix shine!
Semblance of our craft divine :
Scorning danger, see! she soars on high ;
Proving science ne'er can die.

GRAND CHORUS.

May this fair fabric emblematic prove,
A radiant PHOENIX, crown'd with peace and love.

AN
APPEAL TO THE MUSES :

OR,
APOLLO'S DECREE.

A DRAMATIC PRELUDE.

Written for, and performed at, the opening of a new THEATRE,
at SUNDERLAND, on Monday, the 16th of November, 1778.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Apollo,	-	Mr	EMERY.°
Mercury,	- -	Mr	KIPPLING.
Momus,	- -	Mr	PALMER.
Appellant,	- -	Mr	CAWDELL.
Tragic Muse,	-	Mrs	HART.
Comic Muse,	-	Mrs	HAMILTON.

Sailors, &c. &c. &c.

SCENE, *the Inside of the* TEMPLE of FAME.

AN
APPEAL TO THE MUSES :
OR,
APOLLO'S DECREE.

APOLLO, MERCURY, MOMUS, *and nine* MUSES.

After the C H O R U S.

A P O L L O.

SACRED to mirth, festivity, and ease,
Estrang'd from sorrow, crown'd with lenient
peace,

This jocund day shall live.

No fair request, by modest Reason sway'd,
Shall, unaccepted, on this morn be made;

But granted straight—each suppliant shall receive.

Let Genius now her radiant beams display,
 And learned bards its dictates sweet obey;
 Apollo calls, and shews the flow'ry way. (*Exit Mer.*)

This lofty temple, Fame's secure retreat,
 Re-echoing still, with panting joy replete,
 Shall welcome all, where just pretension claims,
 And crowns, successful, their aspiring aims.

S O N G.

M O M U S S I N G S.

*Ye sons of Genius, now no more
 The loss of fair reward deplore,
 But hither bend your way :
 Apollo breathes the voice of Fame,
 And bids you now pronounce your claim,
 And he'll your calls obey.*

Enter MERCURY.

Apollo, hail! without the gates
 A young petitioner there waits;

Who, hearing of your late decree,
 That, on this day, admittance free
 To all alike you gave;
 Of this indulgence he avails
 Himself, and now your throne affails,
 With prayers, entreaties, lifted hands,
 To see the Muses he demands,
 And their assistance crave.

A P O L L O.

Admission freely waits his ardent prayer;
 So tell the youth, and take him to thy care. (*Exit Mer.*)
 Now sister Muses, whose inspiring grace
 Hath drawn obscurity from low disgrace;
 Whose powerful smiles the modest bard hath charm'd,
 And genius, chill'd by timid fear, hath warm'd;
 Your potent aid hath oft that worth reveal'd,
 Which long in diffidence had lain conceal'd.
 Since such the blessings of thy fair domain,
 Let none this day have reason to complain;
 Nor any ardent suit be ask'd in vain.

But hark! (*Flourish*) those sounds proclaim the Suppliant near :

Now, let each welcome face dispel his fear ;
Let smiles complacent animate his plaint,
And break the shackles of severe restraint.

Enter APPELLANT, preceded by a Band of martial Music, habited as Sailors, with Colours flying, introduced by MERCURY.

A P P E L L A N T.

Hail! great Apollo, first to thee I kneel— (*Kneeling.*)
To shew that gratitude—I can but feel.
This day, propitious may your kindness prove,
And ev'ry fear and fetter'd doubt remove.
May each fair Muse, by your example sway'd,
Join my request, and lend her gen'rous aid.

A P O L L O.

Declare thy purpose ; on this day we've sworn,
No suppliant, unsuccessful, shall return :

Therefore, with open speech, your mind unbend,
 And see fair fortune on thy hopes attend.

A P P E L L A N T.

Then, thus——

BRITANNIA'S sons, with emulation fir'd,
 By science, knowledge, and by arts inspir'd,
 (Whose eager thirst for universal fame,
 And unremitting studies, e'er proclaim,
 That native genius there instinctive dwells,
 And folly's mists, with radiant force dispels),
 Have me deputed to this splendid throne,
 And move to blend their wishes with my own.
 These rival Muses for dramatic sway,
 Are first petitioned—may they first obey,
 And smile success on this auspicious day.

The silver Thames hath long your favours worn;
 The southern gales your grateful blessings borne:
 Now let th' improving north demand your care,
 And court your presence to the humble WEAR;

Her swelling banks shall teem with honest joy,
 And all their plaudits in your praise employ;
 Her gladden'd shores shall echo with applause,
 And SUNDERLAND's self espouse the gen'ral cause.

TRAGIC MUSE.

Can the bleak North relax her frozen soul!
 And of fair Science own the soft controul?
 Can bustling Commerce, fraught with cares intense,
 Exchange pecuniar gain—for polish'd sense?
 Can chilling winds, from which their treasures flow,
 At bright Apollo's word forget to blow?
 Can her cold sons compassion, pity feel,
 When I the poison give, or raise the steel?
 Will they, when guiltless virgins cease to live,
 From icy hearts, the tears of sorrow give?
 O! no:—then cease; your fruitless suit refrain;
 Till these obstructions die, you sue in vain.

COMIC MUSE.

Can'st thou, presuming youth! your plea maintain,
 And court our presence to this desert plain?
 Unpolish'd nature there affords no charms—
 But Science, drooping, folds her torpid arms.
 Invelop'd, see her sons, in irksome care,
 Their feelings suited to their shiv'ring air:
 No comic jest can their cold hearts assail,
 Nor scourge of satire o'er their minds prevail.
 Then how, with justice, can you ask our aid,
 To lose a moment in this gloomy shade?

APPELLANT.

Chimeras these, of foul report conceiv'd;
 Calumnious vapours, by the stand'rer breath'd,
 To whose belief implicit faith alone
 Subscribes:—and makes the falsehood all her own.
 But when experience shall each Muse direct,
 And with impartial care each charge dissect,
 Your vague disgust shall change to sweet respect.

The frigid north your genial smiles shall share,
And what was once your sport, be now your care.
Tho' Commerce there unbends her golden sails,
And o'er the busy mind her strength prevails;
Yet still the rage of Genius praise demands,
And Trade and Science there go hand in hand.
To these fair climes, and their indulgent tribes,
A late deceased BARD his fame ascribes.
Banish'd his own, he sought those happier plains,
Whose genial warmth inspir'd his tuneful strains.
Their grateful plaudits fir'd each rustic theme,
And CUNNINGHAM shone in past'ral verse supreme.
Such magic sweetness charm'd his honey'd tongue,
That Pan himself has join'd th' enraptur'd throng,
Resign'd his reed, and listen'd to his song.
Each rural strain his milder manners breath'd,
His soul was gentle, as he wrote, he liv'd.
Heav'n heard, with envy, his extatic lays,
And snatch'd his lyre, to found immortal praise.

'Twas then the North her fav'rite bard bemoan'd;
'Twas then her panting shores with sorrow groan'd:
Her grateful sons immortaliz'd his name:
Then judge more kindly of their injur'd fame—
Their icy hearts (since you these terms bestow)
Have human feelings, for each human woe.
No callous thoughts their gen'rous souls annoy,
They've tears for pity, and they've smiles for joy.

(To the Tragic Muse.)

When you, great queen, the tragic story tell,
And draw Distress before her gloomy cell;
Their minds, subservient, manly griefs impart,
And each eye speaks the language of the heart.

(To the Comic Muse.)

Or when this sportive goddess deigns to smile,
And, with her humour, tedious hours beguile;
At once they're chearful—join the jocund cry,
And conscious pleasure beams in ev'ry eye.
Nay, more, so much devoted to thy gladd'ning cause,
So eager to embrace thy willing laws,

That even now their **DOMES** aspiring rise,
 To found thy glories to the list'ning skies.
 Your splendid presence, to this fair retreat,
 Would crown their wish, and make their joys complete.

TRAGIC MUSE.

Enough; this ardour well becomes thy claim,
 And may experienc'd truth confirm the same.
 Your boon is granted; may it prosp'rous prove,
 And ev'ry future prejudice remove.
 Then haste, return, my sifter's will obtain'd,
 Your suit is ended, and your wish is gain'd.

COMIC MUSE.

To her example I, consenting, bend,
 And will, with mutual care, your cause defend.
 Whilst you, attentive to deserve our praise,
 Must act as **AGENT** in dramatic lays,
 Must breathe our dictates, genuine, as they flow,

TRAGIC MUSE.

And from the path of Nature never go;

Let modest grāce thy ductile person sway,
And flowing tears thy manly grief display :
Avoid the *rant*, the *stride*, th' unnatural *pause* ;
They're specious *traps* to catch misjudg'd applause.
Let not such poor rewards thy powers trepan ;
Nor in the ACTOR ever lose the MAN.

COMIC MUSE.

Nor, in my province, be discretion lost ;
Ne'er raise a laugh at Delicacy's cost :
Let Nature's pencil mark thy comic face ;
Avoid distortion and absurd grimace :
Preserve a human form with decent care,
Rememb'ring still whose effigy you bear ;
For whenso'er this poor disguise, beneath,
You Folly scourge, or galling satires breathe,
Your words recoil—*yourself's* the only aim,
And ev'ry lash you give, destroys your fame.

A P P E L L A N T.

Thanks, mighty Queens, this counſel you've beſtow'd
 From mem'ry's ſeat no time ſhall e'er explode ;
 But being unequal to the arduous taſk,
 Muſt candour, patience of my audience aſk.
 Let want of Merit bring no foul diſgrace,
 Whiſt fair Endeavour fills her vacant place.
 May I this great, important truſt deſerve,
 And from its careful duties never ſwerve :
 But by aſſiduous care the public favour gain,
 And your advice and truſt ne'er prove beſtow'd in vain.

Now let the gladſome, jocund heart rejoice ;
 Let heav'n-rapt Harmony raiſe her mellow voice—
 Let chearful ſongs reſound with rapt'rous glee,
 And, grateful, hail APOLLO'S fair DECREE!

S O N G.

F I R S T S A I L O R.

*When Commerce firſt began to ſmile,
 Great Britain's happy ſons among ;*

*She saw, with rapture, this fair isle,
By nature hers, and thus she sung—*

C H O R U S.

*Hail! fair Albion! blest'd Albion! ever mine;
Thy fame in arts shall endless shine.*

S E C O N D S A I L O R.

*To chuse a feat was next her aim,
Where most her orders were rever'd;
At length invited, here she came;
On Wear's fair banks her throne appear'd.*

C H O R U S.

*Hail! fair Albion! blest'd Albion! ever mine;
Thy fame in arts shall endless shine.*

T H I R D S A I L O R.

*May her just vot'ries e'er explore;
The honest means of wealth's increase*

*May Heav'n tranquil days restore,
And send a continental peace.*

C H O R U S.

*Hail! fair Albion! blest'd Albion! fam'd, renown'd;
Be all thy sons with glory crown'd.*

E R R A T U M.

Page 144, Line 5.

*Instead of—*Yet still the rage of Genius praise demands,
And Trade and Science there go hand in hand.

*Read—*Yet still the rays of Genius praise demand,
And Trade and Science there go hand in hand.

A N A N S W E R

TO A LATE LIBELLOUS PUBLICATION,

CALLED

THE STOCKTON JUBILEE.

With a GENTLE REPROOF to the COMPILER of the
misapplied QUOTATIONS; the whole of which were extract-
ed from the dramatic Productions of SHAKESPEAR.



A N A N S W E R

TO A LATE LIBELLOUS PUBLICATION,

CALLED

THE STOCKTON JUBILEE.

WHEN upstart wittings once begin
To languish after fame ;
To slander worth they think no sin,
So they can steal a name.

No matter whether bad or good ;
No choice with them remains :
They're both, in turns, with zeal pursu'd,
And either crowns their pains.

But when their unpropitious Muse
Rejects their abject theme,
Then straight, for wit, they slander chuse,
And malice reigns supreme :

Yet still their labour'd toils and pains
No ray of hope diffuse ;
Till forc'd, at last, the borrow'd strains
Of wiser bards to use.

Just so, this puny CHILD of Spleen,
The subject of these lays,
To shield his fame, his folly screen,
He steals another's bays.

With sacrilegious hand he tears
The wreath from Shakespear's tomb ;
And, with presumptive folly, wears
A meanly-pilfer'd plume.

Thus, dressing each malignant thought;
In language not his own,
This would-be wit, with envy fraught,
Disturbs a peaceful town,

His grov'ling mind directs his aim,
And drives him headlong forth ;
To vilify superior fame,
And slander envied worth.

But judging minds he can't deceive ;
They scorn the prating elf,
Who fain would make the world believe,
That all are like himself.

Conceal'd beneath the fullen gloom
Of some endarken'd shed,
He, trembling—fears his well-earn'd doom,
And hides his guilty head.

But let him soothe his abject fears,
And libell'd merit face ;
For folly—such as his appears,
Would chastisement disgrace :

Then let him leave his cell obscure ;
No longer shrink aloof ;
In insignificance secure—
Repentment scorns reproof :

For Virtue smiles when fools deride ;
No panegyric's greater :
And CENSURE, when 'tis misapply'd,
Makes COMPLIMENT—a SATIRE.

F I N I S.

THE
C O N T E N T S.

A N Eulogium, written and delivered by the Author in Character of a Delegate from the Poor of Sunderland, at a Charity-play.	<i>Page</i> 5
Jephthah's Vow, a Paraphrase on the XI. Chapter of Judges,	9
On the Death of Joseph Younger, Esq. of Liverpool,	20
On the Death of Miss P*****n of Stockton,	22
Epitaph on a Youth who died at Scarbrough in the 18th Year of his Age,	<i>ibid</i>
Lines addressed to Master Ralph Eden of Sunderland,	23
On a Lady, near Darlington, remarkable for her Benevolence,	24

Christmas-morning, an Hymn,	25
Priest and Pauper, a sentimental Fragment,	27
Familiar Epistle from a Gentleman, newly married, to his Wife, whom he was obliged to leave for some time,	30
Lines written by the Author in the 14th Year of his Age, occasioned by his Mother's labouring under a violent Fit of Sickness,	32
An occasional Epilogue, spoken by the Author in Character of a Blue-Coat Boy, at the Theatre, in Durham, for the Benefit of that Charity,	33
The Lover in Earnest,	35
The Lover's Wish obtained, and subsequent Reso- lution,	37
On the much lamented Death of George Harri- son; Esq. of Sunderland,	<i>ibid</i>
Extempore, on a theatrical boxing Match,	38
Melpomene's Overthrow, or the Comic Muse triumphant,	39
On seeing Mrs Brimyard play the Characters of Alicia, Cordelia, and Millwood,	44

THE CONTENTS.

159

- From a young Son of the Buskin to his Friend,
 after having quitted the elevated Sphere of thea-
 trical Performance, for the dry Drudgeries of a
 Mercer's Shop, - - - - - 46
- An Epistle from J. Cunningham to the Author,
 about three Weeks before his Death; 47
- An Address written for Mrs Linton's Benefit, at
 the Theatre-royal, Covent-Garden, - 51
- Epilogue, written for the Cheats of Scapin, and
 spoken by the Author at the Theatre, North
 Shields, in the Character of Scapin, - 53.
- Prologue, written at Whitby, immediately after
 Paul Jones' appearance off that Place, which he
 threatened to burn, - - - - - 55
- Epilogue, written in consequence of the Author's
 being obliged, contrary to both ability and in-
 clination, to perform several principal musical
 Characters, at the Theatre, in Whitby; and
 spoke there, after the Tragedy of the Fair Pe-
 nitent, - - - - - 59

Prologue, written in the Year 1774, when half the ✓ People of England seemed infatuated with the Idea of emigrating to America, -	63
The Claims of Gratitude, an Address, spoken by the Author, at the Theatre, in North Shields, immediately after his Recovery from a violent Fit of Sickness, - - - - -	66
The Royal Cargo, or the Company's Voyage from Scarborough, - - - - -	69
A Serious Address, - - - - -	73
Song on the breaking out of the Dutch War,	76
Fat Dolly, the Cook, - - - - -	78
Elegiac Cantata on the Death of the late brave Captain Farmer, of the Quebec Frigate	80
Song on the Author's being appointed Chairman of a Club, where the President always gave the first Toast and sung the first Song, -	83
'Tis all over now, a Song, - - -	85
Song on the Ladies of Sunderland, -	87
The Free-hearted Swain, a Song, -	89

THE CONTENTS.		151
May-Morning, a Pastoral,		90
Rondeau, on the Scarbrough mineral Waters,		92
Rondeau, sung by Mrs Marshall, in the Character of Letitia Hardy, * - - - - -		93
Song on Sir William Middleton's being chosen a Member for the County of Northumberland,		94
Song for the Liberty Club, in Manchester, wrote during the Evening's conviviality, - - - - .		96
Extempore, on a Lady looking out of a Window near a Sign of the Sun, - - - - -		99
Attributes of a Free Mason, a Song,		100
Cropt-ear'd Fox, a Song,		103
On the Performance of Mr N——s' Pupils at a Ball, given by him, at Stockton, Oct. 14. 1774,		106
To Juvenis, on perusing his frequent Productions in the Newcastle Chronicle,		107
Master Tyler's farewell Epilogue, on his leaving the Stage, and retiring to a Country-School,		108
Extempore, on a young Lady,		109
Friendly Wish, an Acrostic,		110

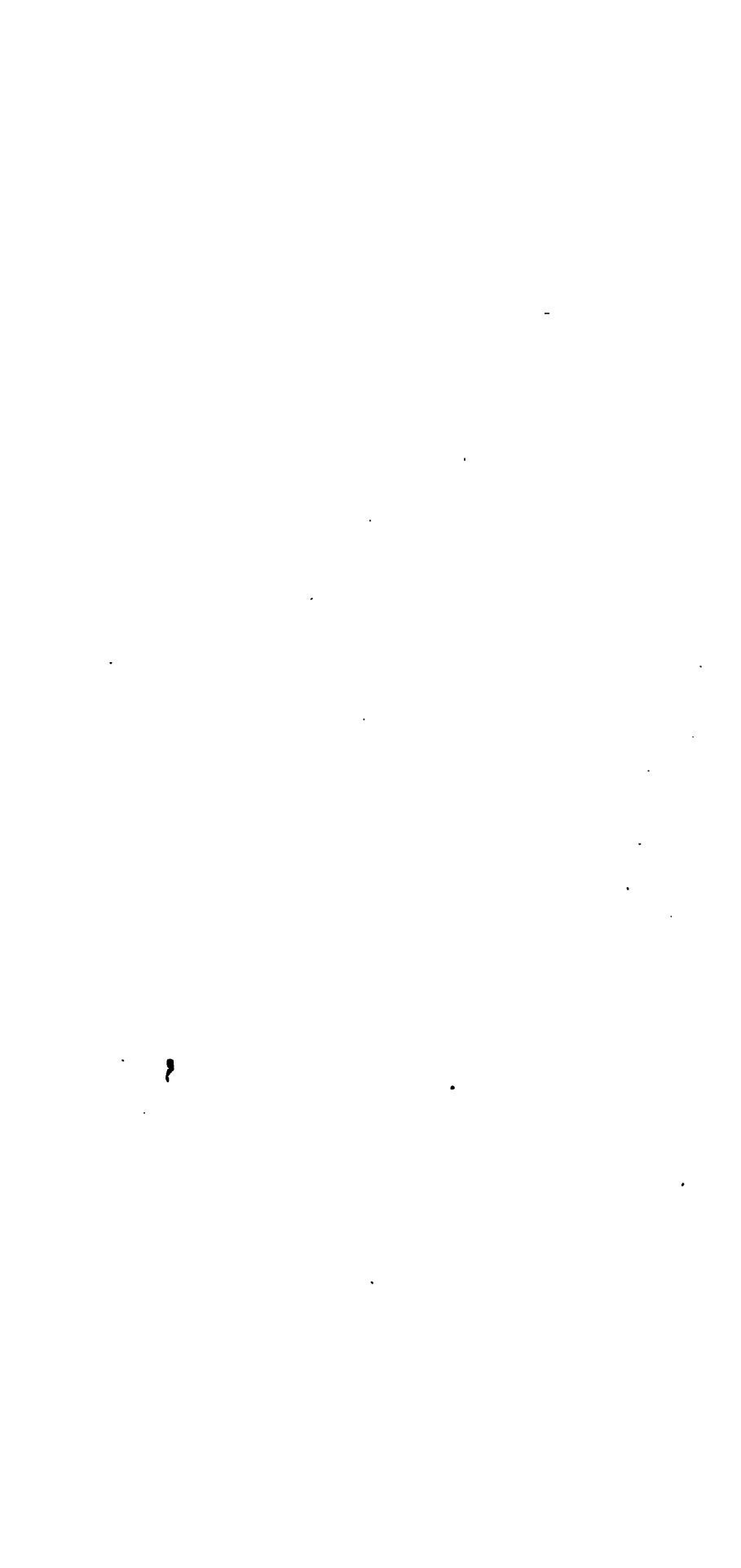
L

Epigram, occasioned by a Tallow-chandler at- tempting a Satire on the Pastorals of J. Cun- ningham,	111
Epigram,	112
Epigram, the Consolation of Mr P. C****r, Co- median and Gamester, on being deprived of the Character of the Clown in a Pantomime, which was taken from him, by the Manager, and given to Cawdell and West,	113
Another, on a theatrical Gentleman, not over- burthened with Candour or Gratitude,	<i>ibid</i>
Another, on Mr W—t—n's Performance of O- thello, at Scarborough,	114
On seeing Mr D*n**ll, an excellent low Come- dian, play Lord Hastings, at North Shields, for his own Benefit,	<i>ibid</i>
An Acrostic,	115
Rondeau, sung in the Character of Signior Ario- nelli, an Eunuch, in the Son-in-Law,	116
An Irregular Ode, on the Principles of Masonry,	

THE CONTENTS.

163

designed for the Consecration of the King George's Lodge, in Sunderland, June 4th, 1778, being the Birth-day of his Majesty George III. * - - - - -	117
Ode for the opening of the Phœnix Lodge, in Sunderland, - - - - -	133
Appeal to the Muses, or Apollo's Decree, a dra- matic Prelude, written for, and perform'd at, the opening of a new Theatre at Sunderland, the 16th of November, 1778, -	135
An Answer to a late libellous Publication, call- ed the Stockton Jubilee, - -	151



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