

" Be baffled, defeated, by Indian Directors,  
 " And shewn to the public, as venal projectors ;  
 " Opposed in our choice, orders, power, and sense,  
 " By merchants, mere tellers of shillings and pence,  
 " Be laugh'd at by *all*, and by *most* be condemned,  
 " Because Fox and I would alike serve a friend—  
 " Inquiry on you, I would silence at least,  
 " And he would send Lauderdale out to the East.  
 " Now each is defeated, so firm have they been,  
 " I declare to my heart, I am sick of the spleen ;  
 " How you and Lord Lauderdale feel, I can't tell,  
 " Yet fear that you neither can be very well ?"  
 " Be tranquil ?" cried Wellesley, "stick close to your place,  
 " I see all the gloom—and despair of my case.  
 " From Affection and Gratitude, both I confess,  
 " No more tho' you serve, I will love you no less.  
 " Take advice my dear Lord, and run within bounds,  
 " With those steady hunters the mercantile hounds—  
 " Their Int'rest they know, Commerce, Charter and Laws,  
 " Dare violate either, and dread their fell jaws ;  
 " Their orders ne'er break by the minister's hack,  
 " Or full cry against you expect the whole pack ;  
 " Well broken, with mouth loud, deep, clear, full and strong,  
 " Truth, justice and reason their chace, game and song.  
 " Humanity, policy, law, sense and right,  
 " Are objects these hounds keep for ever in sight.  
 " No Governor Gen'ral, tho' *sharp* whipper-in,  
 " Their scent can divert, or can stifle their din.  
 " Reflect how I laboured, what schemes I pursued,  
 " Their orders I scorn'd—took possession of Oude.  
 " On the money I spent—the wars that I made,  
 " The debts I incurred and the pomp I displayed ;  
 " What journeys I took, in magnificent stile,  
 " To strike them with awe, or their senses beguile.  
 " What pensions I granted, and places form'd new,  
 " Old Nick pray confound them, for all would not do.  
 " My system they spurn'd, and my labours were vain,  
 " They scented my plans, and began to complain.