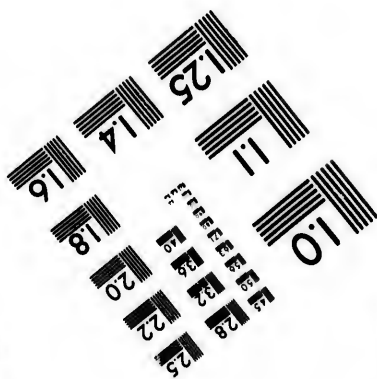
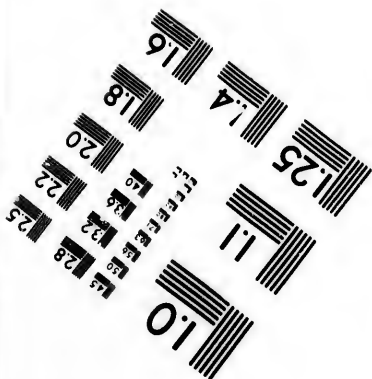
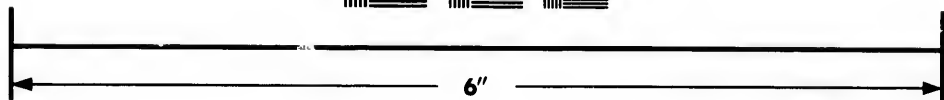
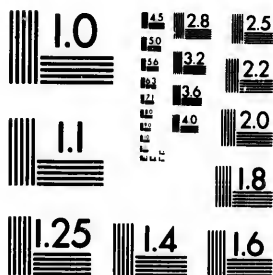


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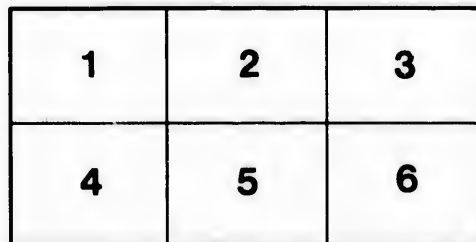
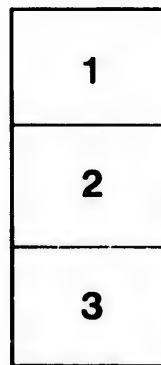
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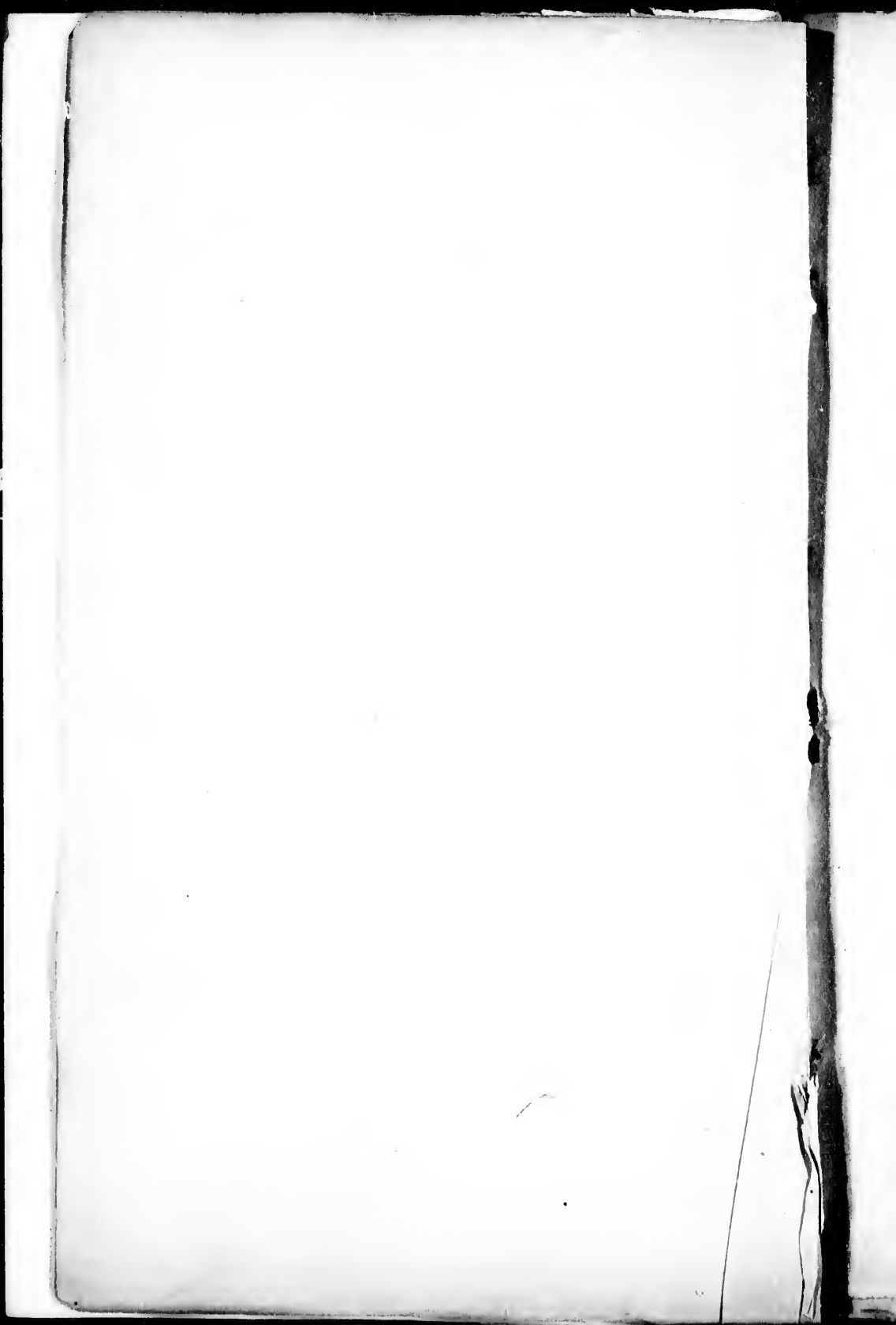
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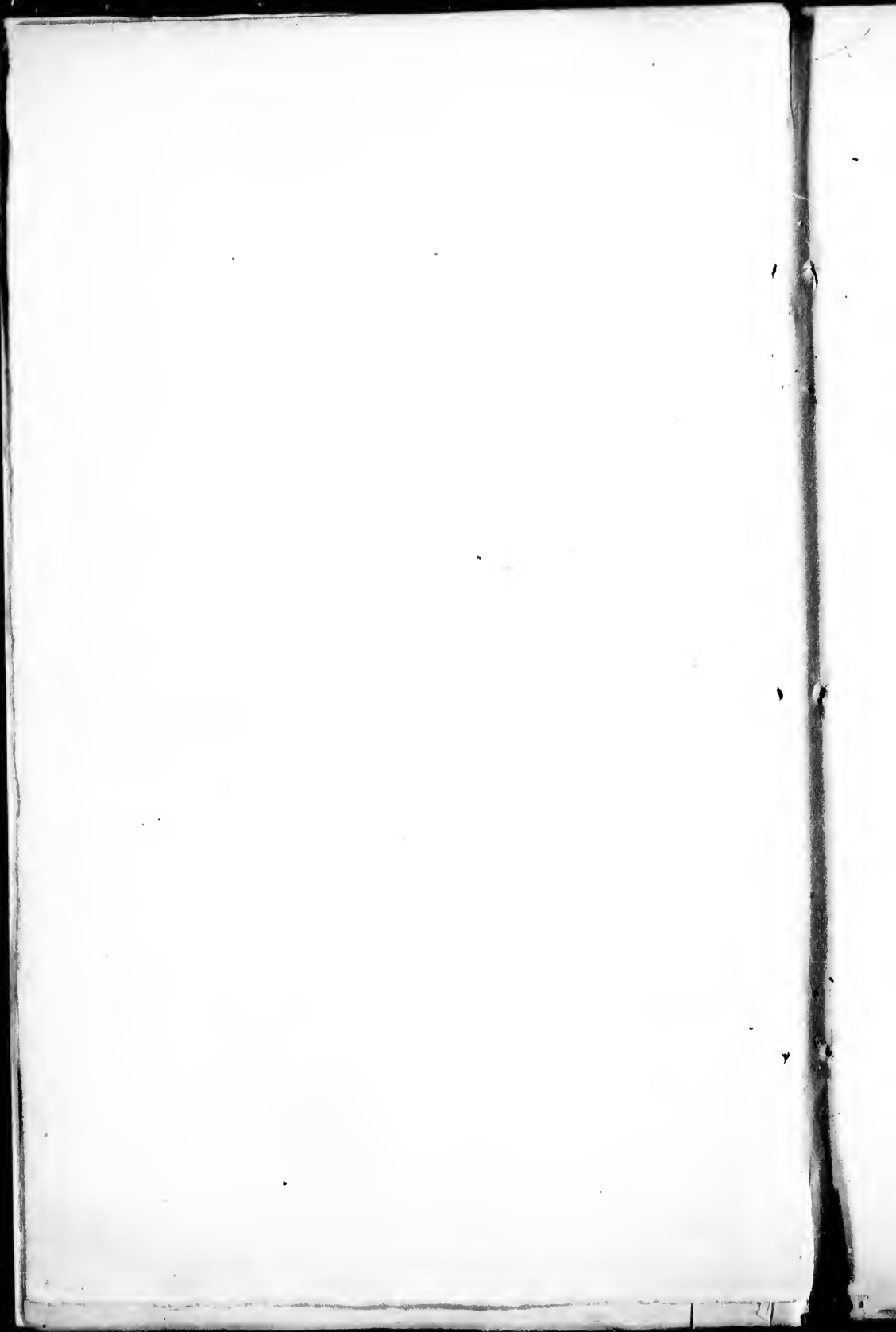
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RHAPSODIES,
IN
A VOYAGE
TO
NOOTKA SOUND.



RHAPSODIES,

IN

A VOYAGE

TO

Nootka Sound.

“ Call, if you will, *bad rhyming* a Disease,
“ It gives men Happiness, or leaves them Ease.”

POPE'S IMITAT. HORACE, *Epist.* ii. l. 182.

London:

PRINTED FOR, & SOLD BY, THE BOOKSELLERS.

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1797.

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TO
MAQUINNA,
ALIAS
TAHISIM,
(THE MERIDIAN SUN)
THE KING OF NOOTKA SOUND.



SIR,

I HAD the honor some time ago of transmitting to your Majesty the opening of a Poem entitled---“ The OTTER SKIN ;” and the flattering attention it obtained from your Majesty’s royal court of *Tashees*, encourages me to lay before your Majesty the Second and concluding Parts.

I blush for my country when I consider what has been done by my countrymen un-

der your royal eyes : they came to you for the most equitable purposes---to cure existing abuses, and to establish a fair Trade :--- What has been their conduct ?---They created new abuses !---they established an oppressive monopoly ! Many vessels, English as well as American, fitted out in the spirit of adventure at an enormous expence, were, to the severe loss of their unfortunate owners, forced to abandon this part of the coast, and proceed to the northward, to dispose of their articles as they could.

The Characters sketched in these pages, your Majesty knows too well by fatal experience : with what fidelity they are portrayed, you will, therefore be able to decide. A little indignation, I confess, warmed me for the attack ; and I ventured to expose those persons who had so vehemently, and with so little scruple, exposed themselves.

I will no longer detain your Majesty from the cares, or the delights of royalty ; but will now, with great humility and becoming reverence, take my leave ; by wishing you a continuation of that prosperity, which has hitherto signalised the reign of Maquinna, and of which the title of Tahisim is so emphatically characteristic.

I have the Honor to be,

SIR,

&c. &c. &c. &c. &c.





THE
OTTER SKIN.

==
PART II.
==

UNHAPPY Scrapeall!—what invet'rate rage
Made thy soft soul in such rude scenes engage?
Alas, poor man! th' extorted sweat distils
Adown thy cheeks in swiftly gliding rills!
Try on!—try on!—be resolute!—that robe
Wou'd bribe the savage treasures of the globe:
A dapple robe, of linsey woolsey wrought,
Enchas'd with suns, with lucid jewels fraught;
There flowers cemented raise their ambient heads,
And constellations glitter out in beads;
A deeper edge the weak extremes infold,
Munificently trim'd with threads of gold:—
Oh, arduous task!—inimitable skill!
Yet, often schemes of lucre lead to ill.

Three several moons in due progression past,
 Smil'd at the work, but trembled at the waste :
 Clippings and shavings bankruptcy presage,
 Expence and labor, art and taste engage.
 But see—it comes; in gay effulgence drest,
 Of ev'ry gaudy blandishment possest.
 Oh! my eyes swim—their weakness overflows ;
 Fold up!—this bright display of beauties close!
 Yet stay, it strikes the wond'ring Indians' sight ;
 They gaze, they falter, splutter with delight :
 “Cloosh, cloosh, cloosh, cloosh!”* their throt'ling
 sounds impart.

Dilating joys encircle Scrapeall's heart.

Hope cries—“ Huzza!” and pushes Scrapeall on.
 They touch the robe and, lo! the chance is gone.
 “ Commercial pow'rs! have I then toil'd in vain?
 “ O yes, I have!—but spare, protect my brain!
 “ Day after day, my whisp'ring hopes destroy'd
 “ The wish of food—my appetite was cloy'd.
 “ Night after night, when vigilance opprest
 “ My slumb'ring senses, I denied 'em rest.
 “ I liv'd on airy hope ; that source alone
 “ Supplied each caper, and supplied each groan.”

* “ Cloosh,” signifies good; therefore this is only a rapturous exclamation.

While Scrapeall thus deploras Trade's faded
charms,

See Bubo proudly stands and folds his arms :
Mistaken Bubo!—say on what pretence
You forfeit the plain rights of manly sense :
Why are you borne along the ruling stream ?
Why are you not, false Bubo, what you seem ?
Why is that latent wish for skins you feel
Unjustly smother'd ?—why that wish conceal ?
Deluded Bubo ! throw the mask aside ;
Appear yourself—surrender foolish pride !
What if fools sneer and venture to condemn,
The winners laugh ; and so you laugh at them.

“ Detested trade, thy suffrage I resign !

“ Charm other hearts ; thou hast no charms for
mine.*

“ Let plodding sons of Avarice behold,

“ With lustful eyes the substituted gold.

* Our Author appears here a little inconsistent ; he reprobates trading, and afterwards condemns Bubo for *not* trading. Yet I think he rectifies this seeming oversight, by saying,—

To decent trading I affix no shame ;

'Tis trading's warm excess—there lies the blame,

" Riches, if this way riches I must gain,
 " Let me be poor, and honest still remain."
 Intolerable stuff!—I can't endure
 This boast of truth ; 'tis but a sinecure :
 Villains, your wary senses to beguile,
 Will chatter thus, and pilfer all the while.
 There are who act by mere mechanic rules,
 The scorn of wisdom and the sport of fools,
 Of ev'ry proper feeling dispossess ;
 Yet *honor* keeps its station in the breast ; *
 Crito—who blushes not at Crito's name ?
 But Crito sins secure and free from shame.
 What man so mad his precepts to upbraid ?
 Crito can fight, and " damme who's afraid ! "

* This false honor is but a villainous substitute for honesty. Divested of principle and feeling, a bare-faced wretch will assert and vindicate his claims to the title of gentleman, while he impudently acts in open violation of all laws human and divine. Crito was one of this description ; he was impetuous and overbearing ; and from having been early initiated into the chicanery of wickedness, he was become callous and deaf even to the voice of Conscience. He had fought many duels before he had reached his twentieth year ; and, if I remember right, he had *killed his man* in a profligate quarrel about a prostitute, whom he introduced to his adversary's wife as his own sister.

' No, I have honor—honor swells my breast ;
 " Honor each pleading wish for skins suppress."
 Honor, my guide, I'll blindly follow you ;
 Murder a friend—a friend I'll murder too.
 Honor, lead on—prudential thoughts, controul :
 Pervert the fondest measures of my soul :
 Honor, proceed, point out the doubtful way,
 At random point—can Honor point astray ?
 Delusive Honor! at thy earthly shrine
 Comforts and feelings gladly I resign.
 Honor—if Honor shou'd perchance mistake,
 And sin—I'd sin again for Honor's sake.
 But will not Porus trade?—Who, me?—what I?
 Rather than trade I wou'd submit to die.
 Trade—skins and copper—horrid I declare ;
 The thought disgusted greatness cannot bear.
 So trade I never will.—The time has been
 I've seen you jump and quiver for a skin.
 The time has been, when at the awful sight,
 Those checks now red, wou'd soften into white.
 The time has been, when those imperious eyes
 Wou'd melt and leer; that breast resolve in sighs.
 The time has been, the time again will be,
 You'll trade with ardour—mark my prophecy.

Well, if I do, may thickest curses fall
 On this devoted head! and I'll accept 'em all.
 May I relinquish selfishness and pride!
 May my soul shift, and skulk on Virtue's side!
 May my false tongue, and can it well be worse?
 Be riveted to truth!—Oh, heavy curse!
 May I henceforth unblemish'd, free appear,
 Clear from dark spots, aye e'en as Hysem clear!
 —He stopt; and Furius, standing by, up rais'd
 His worthless head to hear another prais'd.
 Furius, tho' really bad as bad can be,
 Is varnish'd over with hypocrisy.
 "Hysem," he cry'd, "Hysem I like—but then
 Hysem has faults as well as other men.
 Hysem I honor much—but who denied?
 What friend so warm that says he has not pride?
 Go on, dear Hysem,* in that equal way
 You long have gone, nor be seduc'd astray;

* Reader be not surprised at this warmth in favor of Hysem
 —I consider the enthusiastical eulogiums a poet bestows on
 his dearest friends, as the tender effusions of an affection-
 ate heart, and should perchance, a few indiscreet, or intempe-
 rate expresions occur, let us not cavil or censure or condemn
 but let us rather suppress any such vile sensations which may
 impel us to so ungenerous an office. Who Hysem is, I can-

Let Envy shout, and malice still declaim,
And fools still scoff, while you remain the same.
What mean their scoffs? they argue no disgrace:
Satan wou'd spit in God Almighty's face.

not affirm; and our author asks the same question for the purpose of bestowing a handsome and I trust a due compliment.



PART III.

BROBBDINGNO saw the sable beauties spread ;
He saw, and wish'd, and rais'd his pond'rous head.

But whence this ardor! this unusual glow,
This wish to give what praises can't bestow?
Speak plain, where is this Hysem? what? or who?
If the theme's pleasing, why the theme pursue.
But be explicit—can his potent hand
“ Strew desolation o'er a bleeding land?”
Is he a prince?—at his imperial nod
Will bending vassals bless him for their God?—
Hysem is none of these; his sanction'd rage
Can't doom to misery a suff'ring age.
Nor is he any prince: nor can his nod
Make bending vassals bless him for their God.
But yet he is, nor deem the titles vain,
Generous, indulgent, cheerful, and humane.

Again—

Believe the sense of favors past,
With me will ever, ever last.

Just gods (he cried), if ardency can win,
Or supplications, this celestial skin ;

Full grateful is this restless heart,
Tho', Hysem, sometimes doom'd to smart,
From common casualties, that bring
A sharp, but transitory sting.
And, ah! since smiling Peace hath spread
Her olive branches round thy head,
O cultivate and let them grow,
To shade thee from all future woe!

This sounds just and pretty, though I do not know on what occasion it was written ; and, with a pencil, I found the subsequent lines, which seem in allusion to Hysem's circumstances at that time.

Ah, Fate! for 'tis, alas! to Fate
I owe this sad, unenvied state,
Why am I singled out to bear
The many ills that rankle here?
The taunting voice, th' invidious sneer,
The Sultan's supercilious air?
—Yet, Hysem, stay!—thy murmurs cease!
Be calm!—be smooth as tropic seas!
Dare not the further wrath of Fate
By vain remonstrances, but wait
The future, glorious period, when
Thou'lt see thy native shore again.
Yes, the dear shore ere long will rise
And glad once more each exile's eyes.

If subtle tricks, or projects ought avail
The general cause—let not Brobdingno fail!
But let him, gods—O let him, gods, partake
The casual blessing, and his fortune make!
With rising pain, as joy's excess is pain,
He wav'd a sheet of copper, look'd, and wav'd
again

A massy sheet—but wav'd, alas, in vain!
For Lucius, arm'd with iron bolts, survey'd
The lovely object of promoting trade*.

I profess, I do not perfectly understand *all* I transcribe;
but no doubt the persons mentioned herein, from a know-
ledge of themselves and their iniquitous practices, will be able
to elucidate and apply *the whole*: with this expectation I
shall insert,—

At the sea's margin Dyonisius stood,
His rampant feet just spurn'd the backing flood;
Hysem (he roar'd), by my best gods I swear,
By glorious Beelzebub, whom I most revere,
By him, and all the underlings of hell—
I saw you titter when the pudding fell!
I—

But this is absolutely unintelligible, therefore I shall say
no more.

* Since the first time undaunted Lucius writ,
Lucius to whom e'en Leo must submit,

A livid paleness o'er his features hung ;
Doubt check'd the daring effort of his tongue ;
The half-breath'd words in soft divisions ran,
And—Mà-á-coòke,* the clam'rous siege began.
With eager steps he darts to the attack,
Thrusting some forwards, pushing others back,

And Leo is no little fool, for he
Out-strips Pomposo in tautology.

Our Author seems to take singular pleasure in ridiculing the absurdities of this junto. They were flippant and nonsensical beyond sufferance; and were I not more merciful than my friend, whose works I am retailing, I should, like him, (to use his own words)

“ Flash confusion on their closing eyes.”

But as I am seldom satirically, and never maliciously inclined, I shall draw a curtain over their weaknesses and exclaim—

“ Alas, poor Human Nature !”

* Mà-á-coòke signifies trade, and when the Indians saw an article which pleased them, they used to cry out vociferously —“ Mà-á-coòke,” to induce the possessor to part with it on commercial terms. And if the possessor assented, the word, as a demonstration of his will, was repeated by him. Hence Lucius, from hurry and agitation pronounced it tremulously, and said—Mà-á-coòke, instead of Macooke.

As different ranks their different ways devise,
 All to one end—the aggrandizing prize :
 But Skinaffinta, torpid with delight,
 In quav'ring silence, gorg'd his vulture sight.
 He gaz'd, he sigh'd—the parting breaks between
 In scattered brilliance silver hairs are seen ;
 Again they spread the well-requiting cloak ; *
 He raves, he falls—Oh, epidemic stroke !
 So the unthinking owl, in glare of day
 And hungry madness, reels abroad for prey
 With fatal purpose—views the bursting sun,
 And finds the ruin Nature bids it shun.
 Yet see yon blust'ring hero sneak below,
 To do the deed he fears the world must know.
 Mark how he pushes to yon darken'd place,
 To hide at once his purpose and his face.
 The bargain foil'd, Pomposo † now appears
 To deal out principle in oaths and sneers.

* The otter skins made into cloaks are often the best; and, in order to display their excellence, the Indians shake them, and thereby disclose the silver hairs in the furrows of the fur, which are esteemed the criterion of beauty.

† Pomposo seems to have been honored with especial notice. In many poems he appears the hero; and in some

Wonders, "God blast me!" how some men can do
 What he himself has done, tho' not in view.

others he is glanced at with peculiar acrimony.—I have several whole pieces of composition, which, from their tendency, I can only retail in abstract, as references may be wanting—Thus:

Not so, Pomposo, impudence his screen,
 A cloak to hide whatever's foul or mean,
 Most self-sufficient, yet a very fool;
 Fierce to the tame, and to the fiery cool;
 Extremely prudent, yet extremely rash;
 A Jerry Sneak, and yet a Captain Flash.
 "Sir, damme, Sir!"—and mounts a dismal frown;
 Mount one more dismal, and the Captain's down.
 In argument most obstinately dull;
 For ever empty, yet still thinks he's full.
 Lur'd by ambition—Oh! malicious Fate,
 Why with such projects did you load his pate!
 Ah! sad decree, that caus'd his tim'rous youth
 To leave the paths of honesty and truth,
 And climb that mount with feeble feet, and slow,
 Whence heav'nly strains from graceful Lyrists flow!
 O monstrous wish!—with heavy steps to break
 Those laurel-fences, form'd for Scipio's sake!

And over and above all this, I have a multiplicity of epigrammatic scraps, which, in corroboration with the preceding verses, serve to calumniate Pomposo as a character provoking, and, consequently, deserving the attacks of satire; though, for my own part, I think my friend is often influenced by

Swears paltry traffic is a lowly care,
Beneath observance in a *Man of War*.

—Dissembler, cease!—search, search thyself
within,

And *then* pronounce that trading is a sin;
Be not too fierce; say not too much—and why?
Stern *Conscience* will return thy words *the lye*.

To decent trading I affix no shame,
'Tis trading's warm excess—there lies the blame.
Skins produce cash, and none, save Bub, denied,
That riches are to happiness allied.

Then where's the fault?—why tremble to confess
Thy inclination leads to happiness?

Does Clio * act from conscientious laws,
From balanc'd wisdom, or for fools' applause?

passion or prejudice: and, as a kind of annotator, it is ingenuous to confess as much as I know of him or his poems, &c.—But would not prudence deter him from stigmatising a clear reputation?—Certainly; and therefore I conclude Pomposo deserves all, or the greatest part of the censure thus prodigally thrown upon him.

* Clio, though rather reprehensible in this instance, appears a great favourite throughout the whole; and our Author even makes the gods astonished to see that he was capable of an impropriety.—Thus we read of Clio in another poem—

Or does Opinion's tide his reason drown?
Or dreads he the ungracious Sultan's frown!
No——Blush, astonish'd gods, while I relate,
Forc'd by conviction and impell'd by fate,—
From hatred's source his wily maxims flow,
And damn that friend whom he believes a foe.
The Sultan *—does not even he degrade
His courtly station with abundant trade?

But Oh, fond Muse, renew thy falling verse!
Bid Gratitude arise and Clio's worth rehearse;
In thankful strains, if thankful strains can tell,
Repeat his worth—his excellence reveal:
If taste and judgment, decency and sense,
Words well selected tun'd to eloquence,
Deserve our best regard, our deference,—
Let Clio's name, while Clio's name shall last.
Grace future time, as it has grac'd time past!

* In the papers before me, I find the Sultan impeached as follows, under the title of Dyonisius:—

Coercive wretch!—and must thy recreant hands
Burst thro' the Lord's ineffable commands?
Revile thy country's best support, and use
The very laws to varnish an abuse?
Base as thou art, should satire bare the tale,
Thy limbs would tremble, and thy cheeks turn pale,

Has not he sign'd an edict, which prevents,
On pains, on penalties, on punishments,

(Triumphant Satire, at whose laughing shrine
The greatest fools their greatest faults resign ;
Unbounded Satire, whose imperious sway
E'en hardest hearts and softest heads obey),
Tortures, the worst of tortures shou'd infest,
With scorpion stings, thy self-degrading breast ;
Unusual qualms—strange feelings should arise,
And prompt Amendment's importuning cries ;
And better still—thy conscience shou'd begin
To skulk on Virtue's part, and start aside from sin.
—What will he say—how answer their demands,
When in Britannia's court he shiv'ring stands ;
Where awful Justice dives without controul
Into the deepest caverns of the soul ?
Drags up the secret goods (a nauseous store !)
To the broad day-light never seen before—
What will he do, whose soul's so foul within ?
A brothel reeming with disease and sin !
When it is told what things he did commit—
How wrong'd the whole ? — but much more wrong'd
was P—— ?

Who, wild and careless, may have been to blame ;
But is his conduct stamp'd with deeper shame ?—
Allow it so—Is this then Wisdom's mode
To flog out follies with Oppression's rod ?
Did ever yet—(then answer ye that feel,
To hearts, not heads, is made a fair appeal)—

His subjects the same privilege of chance, lest they
By trade more thriving might retard his way?

Did ever yet—did ever brutal force
Turn the gay passions from their frolic course?
Did ever yet a gen'rous mind refuse
To yield to kindness, rather than abuse?
Nay, were all Billingsgate before our eyes,
Did oaths in thunder, dirt in whirlwinds rise—
What then accrues?—the storm, too fierce to last,
Soon spends its fury—then the storm is past.
A word, a look will do just ten times more,
Make the heart throb and sicken to the core.
List, Dyonisius, hear, and hearing, feel
The force of truth, which flatt'ry wou'd conceal;
Attend, attend,—though, gasping, Honor lies
Panting for life, assassin, fear denies;
Panting for life—a life, already sold
To selfish passions and seductive gold!
Alas! poor Honor, once more rear thy head!
Once, if thou canst!—'tis past, the spirit's fled—
'Tis gone!—Oh, devils, catch the grateful prize!
'Tis yours—the Dyonisian sacrifice.

This asperity I should hope to be the effect of indignation,
and that abhorrence of vice, which every tolerable Christian
ought to avow.—The Sultan is spoken of in another place,
but in too figurative or fictitious a manner to claim our
serious attention.

The moment previous to the Sultan's birth,
Prodigious omens fill'd the heavens and earth;

The same, the same—and, to erect his will
 On grounds more sure, more parsimonious still,
 Dispatch'd informants to ransack each chest,
 And steal and sink the treasures it possest?
 But Torpus—(vengeful devils, drag that name,
 In impious triumph, to the cells of shame!)—

The sky, portentous, shot its meteors down,
 That for a second glar'd, and then were gone:
 From this some drew his glory wou'd be bright,
 But fade ere long and set in darkest night.
 But what most shock'd his labouring mother was,
 Oh! strange indeed, and terrible the cause,—
 Newgate's extensive portals open flew!—
 Out, in confusion, burst the fellow crew;
 And from on high, where hung a dismal cloud,
 Some god or devil unseen thus spoke aloud—
 “ Newgate, make room!—set wide thy sounding doors!—
 “ Pass out, pass out, abandon'd rogues and w——!
 “ For soon will come a monster forth, that will,
 “ With loads of vice, your vacant dungeons fill!”—
 The spirit ceas'd—the cloud mov'd flow, they say,
 And toward Tyburn shap'd its threat'ning way.
 —Oh, memorable place! where Ate* stood,
 Noosing a rope distain'd with human blood,
 Devising torments; and Jack Ketches too,
 Preparing old ones, and inventing new.

* Goddess of revenge.

Hark!—hark!—

“ When at the first this motley world began,
“ Brute class'd with fellow brute, and man
with man :

“ No honorary titles Abel knew,

“ He was but mortal—Cain was mortal too :

“ Ah, equal happy times were those!—but now

“ Fate sports in dalliance on a tyrant's brow!—

“ Vile laws are made--and for what purpose made?

“ To blast our succors, and diminish trade?—

“ Illusive thought!—curst be the stern decree!—

“ Hold, hold, my bounding heart!—yet, laws
must be.—

“ Still why, harsh Justice, seize my journeying
stores ?

“ Why stop their visit to the neighb'ring shores?”

He said—and, writhing, with excess of grief,

His bursting tears afforded short relief.

Prolific whispers in predictions flew,

Forming a tale, immutable as true,

Persuasive Curioso, gentle youth!

Beheld the noisy contest and stept forth.

A beauteous shell of polish'd worth he bore,

Found 'midst the strewments of a northern shore.

Th' inverted colors, in a different light,
 Now appear dull, and now appear more bright,
 A purple gloss the spacious concave shone ;
 Transfer the shade and, lo! the purple's gone ;
 A lively green usurps the radiant plain ;
 Again transfer the shade, 'tis purpled o'er again.
 The smiling savage grasp'd the brittle shell,
 But, (dreadful case!) in giving back—it fell !
 “ By heav'n 'tis broke !” the fainting hero cried ;
 “ 'Tis lost !—'tis gone !—I saw my shell divide !”
 And now wild Fancy o'er the banquet roves,
 And what it first admir'd, disapproves.
 The copper cups, the iron bars, the clothes,
 The pans, the kettles, some defects disclose :
 But, lo! a mantle caught her wand'ring eyes,
 Of ample spread, and variegated dyes !*
 Not gaudier tints cou'd lavish Nature shew,
 In the gay rounding of her painted bow,

* Fancy being perplexed and doubtful what to prefer, amid such a display of finery, is very natural; the relinquishing the objects of her first choice, and desecrating hitherto unperceived blemishes in them, and then suddenly determining the contest by catching at the mantle, is expressive of the fickleness of an Indian, whom Fancy is here supposed to personate.

When show'rs descend to cool the torrid air,
Or ease the lab'ring clouds of loads they cannot bear.

Charm'd Fancy view'd, and forth in raptures
broke,

But Judgment slumber'd while the goddess spoke:

“ Oh, Skinaflinta, riot!—roar!—rejoice!

“ On this sweet tulip I have fix'd my choice.

“ Great gods, look down!—admiring gods, behold

“ The silver-seeming streaks, the imitative gold!

“ What dazzling hues!—and is it, is it mine?”

—‘ It is.’—‘ Then take the skin!—the envied
skin is thine!”

Glad Skinaflinta clasp'd the glorious prize:

He wept, he pranc'd, and his ecstatic sighs,

In blasts of incense, sought the frowning skies. }

END OF THE OTTER SKIN.

AN
EPISTLE
FROM
LADY BETTY PUTTY,*
TO HER SPOUSE
SIR WILLIAM.

I WRITES to Sir William, plain Billy no more,
Vulgarises my pen, and such trash as before ;
I writes to Sir William—bear, shoe-blacks, the
name,
Thro' Glisterpipе-row, Sir William proclaim ;
Sir William proclaim, and myself, Lady Betty,
Clatter up and down, round about, all thro' the
city.

* From this lady's extreme vulgarity, it is evident she could not be entitled to the appellation of Lady Betty, for who could imagine her the daughter of a Peer? Therefore I am inclined to think, that after the knighthood of Mr. Putty, from ignorance she neglected, on assuming her title, to omit her christian name, which was so familiar to her as Mrs. Putty.

Oh, ye songsters that warble as sweet as a crow,
Clear your pipes,—and our titles let all the world
know!

Oh, ye organs, strike up a beautiful ditty
To the tune of Sir William and me, Lady Betty.

Oh, ye wenches that carry such sweet-smelling
flowers,

Fresh gathered from Smithfield's nice green-grow-
ing bowers,

Form a May-looking wreath!—but, Sir William,
attend,

Lady Betty now speaks, Sir William's best friend,
—Mind, Sir William, be sure don't make free
With ragged a——'d scrubs; and when you
names me,

Don't bellow out "Bet!" but trust it I'm true;
Use the titles as often as I do to you.

I pack'd off a sarvant, and am I to blame,
For dropping the tally and, calling me m-à-à-m?
Says I—Do you think plain mistress I still am?
Why, you hang-gallows bitch, I'm the wife of
Sir William!—

So I ups with the p——ss pot from under the bed,
And slap dash I sends the contents at her head.

'Tis a sad thing, dear Billy—but, insolent pen,
Dub Sir William, how dare you write Billy agen!
'Tis a sad thing, Sir William, for a Lady like me,
To swallow the gab of a mopsy like she.

But whilst I has breath, which I hopes will be long,
I will live as I ought, in what they calls the *tong*.
Sweet Sir William, consider, we must be polite,
For I am, “my Lady,” and you are, “Sir Knight.”

It argufies nothing 'bout this and 'bout that,
The pot-houses' slang, the tea-tables' chat,
We must be polite; and we must buy a chair,
Then somefolk will envy, and morefolk will stare.*
When we drives to the Spaw, to guzzle down tea,
The lap-dogs, the children, Sir William, and me,
“O, la!” cries a tramper, “how finely they goes!
“Who the *deauce* can they be?—your great ones,
I 'spose.”

Then somebody answers, confoundedly pretty,
“'Tis the Puttys!—Sir William, and gay Lady
Betty!”

O blessings on blessings!—the blood rushes down
To the tip of my toes, from the top of my crown.

* “And more folks will stare”——I should rather suspect
this to be the case.

Good gracious, how nice!—But, Sir William,
adieu!

Lady Betty it is that thus scribbles to you;—

Lady Betty---Sir William---the words are so sweet;

Lady Betty---Sir William---Ah, 'tis such a treat!

Lady Betty---Sir William---so pretty, so new;

Lady Betty can scarce bid Sir William—

ADIEU!

I have an epistle written previous to the above, intitled—
“ From Betty to Billy,” which is often alluded to, and more
particularly in the first line: but, though it possesses some
degree of humour, I cannot offer it to the public eye; nay, its
very humour is a sufficient preventive, as, I am sorry to ob-
serve, that humour is indelicate, and therefore exceptionable.

In a small book entitled “ Slumbers,” I find a sort of apo-
logy, and the disavowal of any malicious intention toward the
persons who are the subjects of the above: It runs thus:

———— Scarce my eyelids were clos'd,
When a tap on the shoulder—I instantly woke.
Lo, a goddess appear'd, and thus smilingly spoke:—
“ My name is Good-Nature: with sorrow I've seen
“ Your petulant writings degraded with spleen:
“ With sorrow I read late epistles you pen'd;
“ Pomposo says true, they were made to offend.

“ Your Muse is a truant, severe without reason,
“ Breaking insolent jests, and jests out of season—
“ Ah, why thus unkind!—why malice provoke!—
“ Why forfeit esteem for the sake of a joke!
“ Ah, once you enliven’d my gentle domain,
“ And e’en then I indulged your satirical vein,
“ But not in the dress which it lately appear’d,
“ Insignificant, tawdry, bepatch’d, and besmear’d;
“ Gloss’d over, thick painted—the surface was neat;
“ But scratch the enamel, and plain was the cheat;
“ Too plain was the cheat—a false composition;
“ Little malice, less wit, and a store of derision.
“ Yes, once I assisted, and laugh’d as you sung,
“ But then your gay theme from mere pleasantry sprung,
“ Perhaps sprinkled with humour, or tintured with sense;
“ Candour heard and applauded, or fram’d a defence:
“ But now”—— Oh, goddess! I cried,
Forgive what is past, and henceforth be my guide!



AN
EPISTLE,
WRITTEN AT SEA,

Thursday, January 1, 1795.

To R****T P****T, Esq.

ng,
ense ;

A LITTLE book I have, which says
There's nothing so unsafe as praise ;
It feeds ambition, fosters hope,
And gives protracted nonsense scope ;
In fine, it says, praise turns the brain,
And makes the prais'd, or mad, or vain.—
Thus far my little book ; how true
The words, will soon be found by you ;
As I, since that unlucky time
You read and prais'd some foolish rhyme,
Have supplicated, day and night,
The Muses to assist my flight ;
But not like Lucius—out of sight ;

}

For Lucius, when his loaded pen
 Is aim'd me and better men,
 When he the lyric track pursues,
 On his fleet hobby horsic Muse,
 In quest of common birds and game,
 As *all* attract *such* sportsmen's aim,—
 Away thro' ambient clouds he flies,
 While Reason drops her stricken eyes ;
 She cannot, dares not, will not trace
 Th' adventurer in his covert chase.
 But what is Reason, pray, to him ?
 The rash, the senseless child of Whim—
 Yet, peace!—hath Satire once again
 Deluded my meandering strain ?
 Hath Satire drawn my thoughts astray
 From the delightful, flow'ry way,
 Where love—and all to love is due,
 Supported as it is by you—
 Oh, Bob! your constancy is such
 It cannot be extoll'd too much !
 Illustrious pattern!—fit for those
 Who falsify their sacred oaths.—
 Ah, Mary! happy is thy lot ;
 Tho' absent long, not once forgot.

Yes, every day his thoughts are bent
 On thee, my pretty innocent!
 And every night, thou art the theme
 Of each enraptured, happy dream—
 Not so poor Florentina!* who
 The god of love shot thro' and thro',
 The god of love, whose missile dart
 Lacerates the suffering heart.
 Oh, Florentina! gentle maid!
 Dost thou still seek the pensive shade?
 Dost thou at night thy sorrows tune
 (On thy sweet Jew's-harp) to the moon?
 Oh, Florentina! tell me how
 Thou couldst believe his faithless vow?
 How couldst thou trust the winning tongue
 Where late triumphant perjury hung?
 How couldst thou trust his treacherous eyes,
 Where ruin, certain ruin lies?

* Alas! ill-fated Florentina! I knew thee once in the
 vigour and bloom of health—I knew thee ere “a cruel spoiler
 came and”——Reader, if thou hast compassion, if thy gentle
 heart is capable of commiserating the misfortunes of deluded
 beauty—of fallen innocence!—join with me in execrating the
 Monster whose barbarous machinations made that villainy
 triumphant which he long affected to glory in and enjoy.

Each cautious fair with cause suspects
 The looks and speeches of our sex;
 The softest, sweetest words we say
 Are often spoken to betray:
 And as for looks—the infectious smile,
 Tho' charming, is but full of guile:
 Therefore I charge thee once again,
 Avoid deceitful barbarous men!
 And should they talk of friendship, be
 Upon thy guard, and warn'd by me:
 By friendship (hypocritic boast)
 Many a reputation's lost.
 Incredulously treat such friends,
 They only serve their *wicked ends*;
 Their wicked ends once serv'd—no doubt
 The blazon'd perfidy comes out.
 In vain the victim weeps her fate,
 By sad experience taught too late!
 In vain she pleads his broken vow!—
 Her fame is gone—as thine is now!
 In vain, alas! she may complain,
 And curse the author of her pain.
 The author of her pain is fled
 To seek some other destined maid,

To practice the same perjuries o'er
 And do as he hath done before.
 But, Oh, Bombasto; tho' thou art
 Thus dangerous to the female heart;
 But, Oh, Bombasto, tho' we trace
 An angel's features in that face;
 Tho' ev'ry beauty, ev'ry charm,
 Adorns thy love-inspiring form—
 Yet, yet forbear, for future shame
 Shall overtake and blast thy name;
 Sorrow shall pain thy aching breast,
 Compunction shall abandon rest;
 Horrors and tortures shall ensue,
 Thy days be wretched, and be few,
 As many days will not be given
 To importune insulted Heaven;
 Thy God will leave thee, as thou left
 The fair "of every hope bereft"—
 But stop—no further I'll proceed!—
 My wounded soul begins to bleed—
 I can't proceed, my senses grow
 Affected at this sight of woe:
 Let gayer, sprightlier themes prolong
 My immethodic, rambling song.

Come frolic, Fancy, and impart
Fresh spirits to my plaintive heart!
Oh, heaven-fed Fancy, deign to shine!
Inspirit every languid line!
Raise these drooping thoughts, and shed
Thy magic influence on my head!—
“ Oh, hither, come!”—whilst I begin
The opening of some pleasant scene;
Some pleasant scene, but not severe.
Fools, ye have nothing now to fear.
Pomposo, Lucius, Aspen, all
Historians, poets great and small—
Attend, attend—whilst I begin
The opening of some pleasant scene.

* * * *

'Twas in a certain shady cove,
Propitious to—to—gentle love,
Where youthful shepherds——

* * * *

Alas! I was obliged to pause,
And from an unexpected cause.
Ah me, Ah me! 'tis all in vain!
Alack-a-day!—the pastoral strain
I never will attempt again.

}

Unlucky wretch!—I must forbear;
 So scamper fools, and have a care.
 Pomposo, Lucius, Aspen, all
 Historians, Poets great and small—
 Precipitately haste away,
 Or else the hindmost falls a prey—
 Begone, or else I shall catch one,
 And he that's caught is sure undone;
 My savage, disappointed mind
 To boundless vengeance is inclined;
 Safety's in flight—They all are flown—
 No, no, not all, but all save one,
 Who stands the threat'ning storm alone—
 It is Pomposo—then begin
 The opening of some pleasant scene.—

POMPOSO shew'd, from earliest days,
 An unabating wish for praise;
 He had a most invet'rate zeal
 For writing much, and writing well,
 And to secure, in short, his aim,
 He once, and thus, petition'd Fame:—
 " Oh, goddess of immortal sway,
 " Hear what a suppliant hath to say!

“ Hear what his fervent lips implore ;
“ Oh, goddess, hear!—he asks no more.
“ Pomposo longs to write—ah ! then
“ Assist, inspire his ready pen !
“ But for a moment don’t suppose
“ He longs to write in vulgar prose ;
“ No, no ; his fingers itch with fire,
“ To bang about the poet’s lyre ;
“ Oft have I tried—but Fortune, still
“ Unfavoring, counterwork’d my will.
“ Verses I made, and sent me to
“ The papers ; but that wou’d not do ;
“ The editor refus’d admission,
“ So desperate was my condition.
“ Yet these indignities I bore ;
“ And more repuls’d I strove the more ;
“ I sweated, puzzled—and again
“ E’en these endeavours turn’d out vain !
“ Therefore some way, Oh, pray devise,
“ By which thy supplicant may rise!”—
He ceas’d.

The goddess smil’d, as well she knew
The most his fustian powers cou’d do ;

Yet rather being on mischief bent,
She approv'd, and granted her consent :
“ Dear, hopeful, precious youth,” she cries,
While pleasure lighted up her eyes,
“ Thy wrongs have been exceeding great,
“ For one so very obstinate ;
“ But since thou scorn'st abasing fear,
“ And boldly chose to persevere,
“ 'Tis pity—and I won't behold
“ Thy genius in oblivion mould.
“ Then, O retain th' advice I give,
“ So shall thy rescu'd honor live—
“ Seek out the temple of that goddess
“ Where men repair to ease their bodies ;
“ Hence to her golden tripod, where
“ Men once a day at least repair ;
“ Besmear the walls—the walls are fit
“ To bear th' effusions of thy wit ;
“ Write any thing—unwearied write !
“ Success shall crown thy toil, and s—e.”—
She fled.

Pomposo, comforted, began
To think himself another man ;

And so, alas! resolv'd to follow
 The doctrine, and insult Apollo.
 Each several midnight watch that came,
 He ponder'd o'er the advice of Fame,
 While ever and anon a sigh
 Proclaim'd the Muse's travail nigh;
 And, lo! the midwife pencil, brought
 Into life each beauteous thought.—
 The sequel of my tale is known
 To many more than me alone.—
 Was this Pomposo?—was this he,
 Whose lawless power gall'd the free?—
 Was this the demi-god, who made
 Such havoc 'midst contending trade?—
 Was this the demi-god, whose soul,
 Fierce and tumultuous, scorn'd controul?
 At whose imperious, awful look,
 Jasper with apprehension shook?—
 The very same!—but whence this heat?
 I feel my glowing bosom beat,
 I feel contempt and anger rise,
 Pride, and abhorrence, and surprize,
 At these strange inconsistencies. }
 Yet peace!—hath Satire once again
 Deluded my meand'ring strain?

Hath Satire drawn my thoughts astray
 From the delightful flow'ry way
 Where Love---whose uncontested sway
 This tender heart must still obey ;
 Still must it bounce and beat, and still
 Pant up and down, and throb, and thrill
 For thee, Sophia!—Oh, that name
 Shoots sudden vigour thro' my frame!
 Angels! methinks I see her face
 Beaming forth ethereal grace!*

* Could our author be seriously and so strangely infatuated? I knew him well; but I never knew he could so far degrade the delicate sentiments he professed, as to lavish such indiscriminate praise on so unworthy an object. She appears at once, illiterate and abandoned, without even personal allurements to conceal these deformities: therefore let us believe Sophia, a creature of his own brain, a fictitious character, invented, perhaps in the idleness and playfulness of fancy, for the purpose of promoting merriment and irony.—He speaks in raptures of her singing—

Oh, what sweet sensations had I
 When she sang the "Bonny Laddie!"
 When she sang, and smil'd to see
 Her moving hints affected me;
 For such plain hints on me she'd throw,
 And sigh, and look, and quaver so,
 And squeeze my hand, and pinch my toe,

And those sweet lips, and sweeter eyes,
Are fix'd on me in soft disguise;

While I sate trembling, and unable
To lift my eyes from off the table,
Save when they stole a glance, and then
Drop'd to their humble birth again.
Sometimes the company wou'd jeer,
And ask me—how I felt it here?
Meaning my heart—“ Ah, will it break?
“ Does the restless flutterer ache?—
“ Alas! he minds not what we say!—
“ He's surely in a desp'rate way!
“ Go to the woods, poor wretch! and there
“ Hide, 'midst their shades, thy love-sick care!
“ Go to the deepest streams and drown
“ The sorrows that thus weigh thee down!—
“ Yet, courage, lad! be not afraid!—
“ Buck up, and kiss the willing maid!”—
Sophia who, as well as I,
Disliked their ill-timed raillery,
Replied with heat—“ I never saw
“ Your fellers, fags, in foolish jaw!—
“ The woods, and streams, and shades, and stuff!—
“ I'm sure the young man's well enough:
“ This blessed night you have not heard
“ From out his gills a single word.”

Yes, full on me they always gaze,
Altho' they swivel different ways.*
Oh, that time—that time—Oh, when
We parted, wept, and met again!
“ Take,” she cried, “ young fellow, take
“ These gloves, and wear for Sophy's sake!
“ And when you puts 'em on—Ah! do
“ Remember her that thinks of you!—
“ God bless me!---fags, 'tis hard to part;
“ I feels---Ah, feel this little heart!”
And then the tempting syren prest
Her left hand to her dexter breast;†
While I stood motionless with woe,
And only sob'd out—Ah! and Oh!
Which she perceiving, soon began
Her consolation, thus—“ Young man,
“ I knows, I sees your wast distress,
“ But how can Sophy make it less!

* “ Yes, full on me they always gaze,

“ Altho' they swivel different ways” ——— I apprehend
Miss Sophia squinted.

† The lady's professions are to be suspected of hypocrisy;
the placing her left hand on her dexter breast, seems as if she
was even ignorant where the heart lay, and such a mistake
could not be very flattering to her lover.

“ To make it less, would only be
“ To wish your love might end for me.
“ Yet, Ah! remember when I goes,
“ What, perhaps, may calm your woes—
“ Remember, that this heart alone,
“ This heart (to *falsehood* quite unknown) }
“ And hand, young man, are both your own! }
“ That is, when I can get on shore,
“ And leave that lousy, stingy M——r :
“ You never know’d, in all your days,
“ A feller of such dirty ways ;
“ He is so stingy, that I swear
“ I an’t got never a gownd to vear ;
“ He never gid me ever since
“ I left Bengal, a piece of chintz ;
“ And smauks—I really to purtest,
“ This bad one is my very best :
“ It was but t’other day I said—
“ I vants that *ribband* for my head,
“ As he had almost sold the whole,
“ (But as for that, he’d sell his soul)—
“ Vell, so says I—I vants that blue ;
“ Vell, so says he”—‘ And I do too ;
“ Therefore pray keep those paws away,
“ And if you vants, vhy vant you may.’—

“ Now this is shameful, for I’m sure
“ I was not born or bred up poor ;
“ I never sin such days as these
“ Before I travel’d the salt seas—
“ But curse the seas ! and curse the place
“ I first clap’d eyes upon his face !”—
She paused.

At length, with pity and surprize,
I utter’d, ’midst a cloud of sighs,
Kneeling, and weeping as I knelt,
(Oh, what my faithful bosom felt !)
“ Ah, Cease !
“ If *gownds* and *smauks* can make thee blest,
“ Hush thy tempestuous thoughts to rest !
“ Look forward to auspicious scenes,
“ Coaches-and-four, and palanquins ;
“ The gaudiest silks Bengal can boast,
“ And linen of the finest cost,
“ Jewels, and di’monds, pearl necklaces,
“ Hookhas and pins, and tooth-pick-cases,
“ Watches and rings—so be at ease !
“ These thou shalt have, and more than these.”

—I stop'd—She rais'd her list'ning head :
 A lovely blush her face o'erspread,
 A lovely blush! the vermeil rose
 Could not a sweeter blush disclose :
 She sigh'd—I caught her in my arms :
 “ Whence,” I exclaimed, “ these fresh alarms ?
 “ From whence these sighs ?—these blushes,
 whence ?—
 “ Speak, nor distract me with suspence !”

But, as my playful spirits fail,
 I must cut short th' insipid tale,
 Which, by the bye, is known to you,
 Better than I could tell it now ;
 Besides, 'tis time the scroll were done,
 Since it commenced a year is gone.*
 So compliments to all I know,
 J. S---t, S---e, O---d and the beau,
 And to the rest unmention'd, say
 The best things in the prettiest way.

* This Letter was began the last day of the year, and finished in the morning of the first of January

And, Ah, my sportive Muse, adieu !
This is our final interview !
With thee reluctant must I part,
For studies alien to my heart.*

* Astronomy and Mathematics.



ms ?
shes,

r. and

AN

EPISTLE,

To Parson H---ll, and his Friend Dr. J---d.

WRITTEN AT

NOOTKA SOUND,

1793.

'T is resolv'd no longer I'll carry the farce on,
So adieu, O adieu, most irreverent parson!
No longer the Middys, their capers and rigs,
Drove poor me astray, like poor M'G----'s pigs;
No longer the arts, or sciences suffer,
Or thy patroness, Wisdom, no longer I huff her;
No longer shall folly's fantastical train,
Upturn the best ware in that locker, my brain:—
Sweet Doctor, adieu! altho' 'tis quite plain,
You have been devour'd, and spew'd up again;
Altho' your poor body, yet still poorer spirit,
Gives freely to vice the sole tribute of merit;

Altho' at M'G---'s methodistical nod,
The sycophant bows to the sycophant god;
Altho' at his shrine you humbly attend,
And act as a servant, yet still art call'd *friend*—
Alas! two doom'd wretches of caprice and whim,
The Parson and you are subservient to him;
For 'tis 'Doctor' and 'Doctor,' and Parson all day,
Who I think cleans his shoes, who I'm sure
ought to pray.

But where are the pigs?—" Go, Parson, and
find 'em;

" Take a rope round your shoulder, and pr'ythee
fast bind 'em.

" When they are secur'd, directly come back,

" And write lies to V----r.—William, put by
th' arrack,

" Here come the damn'd Middys; the bread-
basket hide,

" And under the table the liquor-case slide—

" But never mind, William, produce 'em again:

" I reason and reason, but reason in vain.

" O Lord, what's good-nature?—'tis sweeter
than honey,

" And all things, but the cause, which is cer-
tainly money—

“ Produce 'em again, here comes R----t B----e,
“ And also his cousin, the mischievous Harry,
“ Whom some people say is so pleasant and
clever,

“ But I never saw it—did you, Doctor?”—“ Never.”

“ Yet still, I don't know—the fellow has wit.”

‘ Yes,’ echos the Doctor, ‘ there's something in it.’

Thus ended his speech, the old hypocrite smiles;
And a grin the soft face of the Doctor defiles ;
E'en the Parson approves, and lavishly civil,
Paints an angel the man ten times worse than the
dévil.

O Parson! O Parson! If that's your profession,
Transgress not yourself, nor aid other's trans-
gression,

But turn to the Bible, recourse for a sinner,
And best of all things, save the Governor's din-
ner—

Oh, turn to the Bible! vast volume of reason,
A garden of fruits, tho' seldom in season!—
Then turn to the Bible, and this recollect,
If you don't profit yourself, don't others infect.

Your religion thus gone, since 'tis prov'd on
 inspection,
 And gone, O Lord save thee! past all resur-
 rection,
 I'll resume my old theme, and with candour
 descant
 On your maxims in love, as a rev'rend gallant.
 One instance will do; turn your thoughts up to
 muster,
 Bid Memory rise, if you think you can trust her;
 The weather was fine, I walk'd out t'other day
 In the Crucifix-ground, and met you in my
 way:
 Then wits, statesmen, and poets in every station,
 Engross'd a great share of our learn'd conver-
 sation;
 Till you, Sir, I suppose to vary the themê,
 Told what Fancy would blush to relate in a
 dream,
 Of balls and amours, and high-rank and high-
 breeding,
 In which you ne'er mingled (B---ll observe) save
 in reading.

Mrs. H---y, dear name!—Oh, name ever dear!
 She punctually gave you six hundred a year!
 O Jesu, preserve me! I laugh all the time!
 O Jesu, have mercy!—I cannot find rhyme;
 I cannot find numbers my thoughts to reveal;
 But review your past conduct, and judge what
 I feel.

Then it was but last night, be speedy my Muse,
 And blaze forth what the parson must blush to
 peruse;

Be speedy, my Muse, a truth horrid unfold,
 That will make *e'en an H---ll* abash'd to be-
 hold;

A truth that will make e'en his impudence fly;
 A truth that will give supposition the lye:
 A truth like a shot, that will shatter his frame,
 And turn his pale cheeks to deep scarlet with
 shame—

Then it was but last night, be speedy, my Muse,
 And blaze forth what the Parson must sink to
 peruse;

Then it was but last night—I falter again,
 And try to proceed; but, alas! 'tis in vain—

Pluck up spirits, my Muse, take a dram—it
will do—

Out with it at once, tho' 'tis dreadful as true;—
Then it was but last night, when your brains
were a-float ;

When you put on the brute, when you threw off
your coat,

When language obscene freely flow'd from your
tongue,

When you boasted of things which you never
had done,

When you wanted to fight, but only were able
To kick up a riot and knock down the table;

Ah, then recollect the hoarse-threatening sound
That foam'd from your mouth, and spread
laughter around :

“ Come, dogs, fly upon me! unkennel your fury!

“ Here I stand, as you see ; here I stand my own
jury ;

“ Come, all burst upon me!—will none of you
fight?

“ I'm ready, I'm ready”——a wag added——“ To
s——te.”

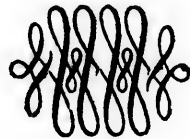
O hell, o'er whose roof clouds of horror arise,
Where the dæmons new torments on torments
devise ;

Where mad raving wretches are heard to com-
plain

In loud groans of sorrow and wild shrieks of
pain—

O ye damn'd, double damn'd, that its confines
infest,

Wou'd ye not refuse such a profligate guest ?



ADVICE.

HERE I am—nay, startle not,
Once I was thy mess-mate, S---t.
“ Hark!—methought I heard a sound
“ Issue faintly from yon ground”—
Here I am—nay, startle not,
Once I was thy mess-mate, S---t;
But now plung’d in darksome shades,
Through which no ray of hope pervades;
Sullen, doleful; but attend
To the dictates of thy friend:
While thou liv’st—live ever free;
Shun a ship that swims the sea,
A certain ship, wherein doth dwell
Satan and his flaming hell;
Where confusion, madness reigns,
Where Oppression clanks her chains,

Where desponding victims lie,
Scarce alive, yet 'fraid to die,
Wretched victims, such as I;
Where whatever that is bad,
Mean or blackguard, may be had;
Therefore pray, O pray attend,
To the dictates of thy friend!—
While thou liv'st—live ever free;
Shun a ship that swims the sea,
A certain ship, wherein doth dwell
Satan and his flaming hell;
Let no promises have weight
To make you change your present state—
Promises—Ah! what are they?
Jack-o'-lanterns, that betray!



AN

EPISTLE

To H. M. O*****D, Esq.

Written at Sea.

O*****D, my monitory friend,
To you this hasty verse I send;
To you, whose unassisted eye
Its merits and defects can spy,
And candidly give both their due,
By censuring and approving too,
Not like my soft soothsayers here,
Whose adulation springs from fear;
Not like my hardier foes, who join
To throw disgrace on ev'ry line,
On ev'ry helpless line—Ah, me!
Ungenerous, unkind decree!

But, more than even these, I dread
 Your critics that are over-read,
 Brim-full of knowledge, which they glean
 From some illiterate Magazine ;
 A few quaint words and common sense,
 Corrected by the *Accidence* :
 Hear Leo, as he talks in state,
 The champion of some fierce debate ;*

* Leo, I fancy, was a member of the Notorious Club ; in those days *judiciously* denominated—" The Philosophical, " Political, and Poetical Club." They used to assemble before six o'clock in the evening, and allowed themselves till nine for the discussion of different subjects : I once heard myself a debate, concerning the election of a new member, which our Author, it seems, has not forgotten :—

Then, turning to his trusty proctor,
 A certain sly, sagacious Doctor,—
 " My friend, to whose assistance I
 " On perilous occasions fly—
 " Tell me, as thy undoubted learning
 " Is deep—so deep, 'tis past discerning—
 " Tell me—shall I, or we, elect him,
 " Or, as incapable, reject him ?"
 He paus'd.—The Doctor never said
 A single word, but shook his head ;
 And, pointing to the President,
 Refer'd the weighty argument.

Hear him declaiming as he sits,
(Leo the very first of wits),
While gay Democritus is seen
Splitting his sides with merry spleen ;

Then to the President once more
The words were spoke, as spoke before—
“ Tell me—shall I, or we, elect him,
“ Or, as incapable, reject him?”—
“ Leo,” the President replied,
“ Inform us how he’s qualified ;
“ Say, are the membranes of his tongue
“ Sufficiently acute and strong, }
“ To argue fast, and argue long ?
“ To argue on the subjects which
“ Rise far above all vulgar reach ?
“ Those mighty subjects which we chuse,
“ Subtle, elaborate, abstruse ?—
“ Say, can he argue day and night,
“ Thro’ thick or thin, or wrong or right ?
“ Can he all common sense defy ?—
“ Is he, in short, like you or I ?”——
“ —Like you or I ?—he !——never ! never”
(Leo rejoins) “ was half so clever !”
Yet, ’tis plain, he does inherit
A share, and no small share, of merit.
I’ve seen him oftentimes confound
The gaping concourse gather’d round ;
Poor Bob would blush, and Hysem too,
Look (as the phrase is) mighty blue.

But Leo argues for his sport,
 Satyric poetry's his *forte* ;
 Free rush, regardless of controul,
 The rapid numbers from his soul,
 Uncircumscribed by servile art,
 From which a poet must depart,
 A free-born poet, who disdains
 To wear the tyrant-critic's chains ;
 Uncircumscribed by frozen rules,
 Taught in pedantic, rigid schools,
 As such the rant of every Muse is,
 That a few ill-spelt lines produces ;
 And, O-----d, wonder not that they
 Shou'd scamper from the beaten way
 Where you and I are doom'd to stray ;
 As, warn'd by Prudence, you and I
 Must with some rules, at least, comply :
 Yet, why detraction?—ought we to
 Blame what our brother scriblers do ?
 Fame spurs 'em on, and Fame oft leads
 To the atchievement of great deeds :
 Hence our brave C----re explores,
 'Midst ambush'd perils, unknown shores ;
 And hence his philosophic mind,
 Calm, and intrepidly resign'd,

Is well prepar'd, and quite content
To drawl out life in banishment ;
He seeks not home, else seeks it so
That none his destin'd track can know ;
He seeks not home, or, with delay,
Wisely prefers the longest way :
Four years of labor now are gone,
And yet more labor to be done,
As at the close of ev'ry year
New projects rise, new views appear :
Yes, let us quibble as we will,
Fame is our ruling bias still ;
Ask Stentor* what he thinks of fame ;
Stentor will tell you just the same,

* Stentor was, with his friends Leo and others, a member
also of the Notorious Club before-mentioned—

Gods, for a flow of rapid words,
Such as vociferous Bab affords
When he taps his pregnant topic,
Wild, obscure, and philosophic :
Or for a more incessant flow,
Such as harsh Stentor might bestow
When he twists his controversy,
And contradicts one without mercy ;

And he, on no wild frantic plan,
 As he's no speculating man,
 No speculating man who tries
 To puzzle the dup'd world with lies ;
 And he—will speak from what he knows,
 Witness his sheets of rhyme and prose ;

To common language bids defiance,
 And gleans from ev'ry art and science ;
 And Johnson's dictatorial pages,
 Technical and far-fetch'd phrases —
 Undaunted reas'ner!—how he talks!—
 O Bab—he beats 'em, three by chalks,
 Not but thou art as supreme
 In vast stupidity, as him ;
 But he, when fault'ring nonsense fails,
 And his antagonist prevails,
 Flies, frets and foams, and has recourse
 To noise, intemperance, and force ;
 Just like his Grecian name-sake, who,
 If tradition tells us true,
 Cou'd fifty voices with his own subdue——
 Go, mount the rostrum, and display
 Thy eloquence in some begging way,
 That passengers may stand and stare
 At thy quaint words and rampant air,
 And clap their rabble hands, and roll
 Their plaudits on thy breathless soul.

Such gentle prose! such simple rhyme!
 To slander either were a crime,
 A crime which I wou'd not commit
 For all Pomposo's subtle wit:
 No, thank my stars, tho' now and then
 I dash my ink at shameless men;
 Yet to bespatter, or suppress
 A bard's small worth, or make it less,
 Is more than my sick soul cou'd do,
 Tho' Jasper's scrolls appear'd in view—
 Jasper!—be circumspect, rash Muse!
 And, O some other subject choose!
 O be advised!—a man of might
 Can well resent what'ere you write;
 Let the great scribble as they please,
 Nor dare to interrupt their ease;
 Fall on the unresisting, weak—
 Raise your loud tongue—in thunder speak;
 But shun the scribbling great!—O be,
 Rash Muse, this once advis'd by me!
 In vain the wisest things we preach,
 Unaided by the flow'rs of speech,
 'Tis rhetoric, that mellifluous art
 Which captivates the willing heart:

Hear graceful Caliban harangue
 In free, spontaneous, native *slang* ;
 Mark how his auditors, how they
 His oratoric pow'rs obey ;
 At ev'ry witty word he speaks,
 Laughter inflates their ruddy cheeks,
 At ev'ry moral sentence, then
 They wonder, and look grave again :—
 Yes, 'tis too true, in vain we preach,
 Unaided by the flow'rs of speech :
 My Muse she points, and cries—" look there ;"
 Who cou'd behold them, and forbear,
 Lucellus,* the dull wretch of pride,
 With prim Rodolpho† at his side ;

* " Lucellus, the dull wretch of pride"—This, I fear, is too satyrical. In another place Lucellus is thus spoken of :

But who is he with that terrific air,
 That struts and frets, and seems to cry—" take care,



† Prim Rodolpho, appears more absurd than criminal, and our Author only rallies a fault, instead of reprobating a vice. With implied commendation, he airily goes on—

Oh, blinded rage, these offerings are due,
 Good qualities he had—'tis very true ;

I grant it, and I must excuse
The turbulent and merry Muse—

“ Damme, 'tis I? ”——a king, beyond dispute—
Ah no, a subject!—rather say—a brute!
Whose pointed ears, so like the angry bear,
Promiscuous threaten danger here, and there;
Whose heavy paw, by wanton fury led,
Cripes weaker creatures with its clumsy tread—
It is Lucellus—shun his ambient eye,
For where *that* fixes, pestilence is nigh.



Blest with fine arts, with knowledge and hard words, }
A long spun pedigree of dukes and lords, }
And yet bold Fate one marring fault records— }
What is this fault?——a fault in which he glories,
Of telling o'er and o'er a freight of stories ;
A fault in which a thousand people err,
And yet a fault that scarcely one can bear ;
A dreadful fault—a dose of laudnum——why ?
Because it poisons sense, and deadens ev'ry eye—
Oh, fatal boon! a passion to relate
Dry torturing nonsense of forgotten date!——
This is *thy* fault, Rodolpho, which appears
'Trifling to all, but to thy neighbours' ears,
That doom'd (Oh, pitious case!) to undergo
The lengthning tale, invariable and slow :
Oh pr'ythee, Sir, the grievous task resign !
And then—what then?—the offerings are thine.

But stay—how many times I swore
 I'd never deal in satire more ?
 Yet all the oaths we poets swear
 Are scatter'd to the vagrant air :
 Yet, hark ! hark ! hark !—what notes are those ?
 They had “ a dying, dying close ! ”—
 Say, is it that pathetic bird
 Whose song by day is seldom heard ?
 That plaintive bird in hill and dale,
 Known by the name of nightingale ?
 Ah, no ! 'tis he who sings so well,
 Known by the tuneful name of B--l.*

* Our Author, in the present instance, has not adhered to that general plan of adopting a fictitious name to conceal a real one ; but, as I have often heard him express great regard for Mr. B--l, I shall feel no compunction in transcribing the ensuing merry thoughts—

B--l borrows stories, and, with utmost skill,
 Bends their materials to his temp'ring will ;
 Appropriates to himself a lucky jest,
 And at the ' damn'd good thing,' laughs louder than the rest.
 And, O he warbles !—Heav'ns, what a strain !
 He warbles higher than the eunuch train :
 Orpheus, they tell us, made obedient stones
 Start from their settled beds to hear his tones ;

'Tis he, whose high, insidious strain,
Strove my Sophia's heart to gain :
But, O----d, 'vast a bit, while I
My sonnetteering talents try.

But B--l—have patience——Orpheus went to hell ;
And B--l *will go*—sage gipsy people tell!

As I have printed this gentleman's name once without his permission, if I do it again, in the same clandestine way, I shall continue to hope for his forgiveness, more particularly as what I am about to add does not so nearly concern him:—

B--l, let me give my bursting passion vent,
And swell each crouded line with my intent
To damn the Spaniards——
Damn the Spaniards—damn their limbs—
Damn their edicts—damn their whims—
Damn their hearts out—damn their eyes—
Damn their causeless jealousies—
Damn the Vice-Roy—damn 'em all—
Damn Arqualio—damn Old Saul—
Damn the coast—and damn all those,
Or him who will not interpose
To get us damn'd Carvallos—
Damn the priests—and damn the missions—
Damn their wiles and superstitions—
Damn their lands—and, to be brief,
Damn ev'ry thing but—damn'd good beef!—

A
SONNET,

OR SOMETHING IN THE SHAPE OF ONE.

==
SOPHIA.
==

I WILL not, Sophy, dare to praise
That lovely face of thine,
Altho', too sure, that lovely face
Hath won this heart of mine--

I will not say thy love-taught eyes,
Those eyes so very bright,
Surpass the planetary skies,
That chase the gloom of night ;

Nor will I say thy fragrant breath
Is sweeter far than hay,
Or flow'rs of the dulcet heath,
Or newly blossom'd may :

Nor will I say thy breasts are white,
 Or call them hills of snow ;
 Nor will I say they yield delight,
 Altho' — these truths I know. —



YE pastoral deities, what rhyme !
 How beautiful ! and how sublime !
 Henceforth I'll have ideal flocks,
 And falling streams, and craggy rocks :
 Henceforth Sophia shall be Phillis,
 Or Phillida, or Amaryllis ;
 And I, a gentle shepherd swain,
 Must tune my pipe upon the plain ;
 But stay, a name I first will find,
 To carve upon the *bleeding rind* —
 Strephon ? — yes : how fine 'twill sound
 To all the babbling echoes round,
 The babbling echoes, that repeat
 Our names so very soft and sweet !
 Hie, barefaced Ribaldry, away !
 To love I'll trill the tender lay,

Love shall henceforth my thoughts employ,
Sweet source of ever-flowing joy!
And should I, gods, as heretofore,
Indignant break the oaths I swore,
Snatch from my frantic hand the pen,
Nor let it brave your wrath again!

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

THE AUTHOR AND HIS FRIEND.



Fr. **F**OOLISH, the man who writes—
Aut. —but more so him who fears
Illiberal censures and attendant sneers—
Me!—for my part, the random things I say,
However stupid, in whatever way,
Pass freely from my pen; nor do I care
What my detractors or admirers are;
I cannot please the World—to please a few,
Is all I ought, and all I wish to do.

Fr.—Let not this itch thy wretched breast invade!—

Ah, trust me, rhyming is a bootless trade!

Aut.—Are my rhymes selfish? do they condescend

To buoy up greatness? or depress a friend?
Suns blaze around me!—bring my works to light;
Inspect the whole!—examine what I write!
Breathes there a verse—Oh, can one trivial line
Afford objection as to bad design?

Fr.—Your Muse is partial, and irregular,
Sometimes too kind, and sometimes too severe;
She drives—she raves with undistinguish'd force,
Nor Reason shapes her intellectual course:
Hence, Hysem's drawn in morning colors bright;
And Furius blacker than the shades of night.
But think what trash not long ago you pen'd;
Trash that can't please, and often may offend;
Trash it *must* be, Pomposo calls it trash;
And you may smart beneath Pomposo's lash.

Aut.—That Heav'n avert!—forbid that I
should be

The sport, the theme of imbecility!
Tho' it *was* trash, I grant, and such as might
Inspire Pomposo with a wish to write,

It might spur on Pomposo to excel;
And cou'd the man forbear who writes——

Fr. ————— so well ?

Aut.—The man who writes so much——

Fr. ————— but seldom sense ?

Aut.—Pshaw !—when words chime ought that
to give offence ?

So soft, so sweet, his numbers *steal* along,
'Twere sin if sense should interrupt the song ;
The tuneful periods grating sense might break,
And who'd neglect the sound for judgment's sake ?
Glide on, soft numbers !—Ah, Pomposo, still
Invoke the Muses, sweat, and write yor fill !
Glide on, sweet numbers !—take, Pomposo, pains ;
Cease not—do any thing ; nay, burst thy brains :
Write, write, Oh, write !—be fearless, and despise
The critic's suffrage, and the pedant's cries ;
Dullness thy aim, Stupidity thy guard—
Remain the same, invulnerable Bard !

Fr.—Suns blaze around him ! can one trivial line
Afford objection——

Aut. ————— as to bad design ?

Stop—when presumptuous Folly lordly grows,
And claims that worth “ which sense alone be-
stows ;”

When the unblushing Jargon flaunts about,
 In strumpet finery bedizen'd out ;
 " Who but must laugh ? " who cou'd his scorn
 suppress,
 To see a scullion in the regal dress ?

Fr.—Yet pause: a paper once poor C—s found
 Spread to derision on the public ground ;
 S----o caught his animated view,
 L----a in sequence, T----e follow'd too.
 Oh, names ! unlucky names ! for these alone
 Cou'd make its unsuspected purport known :
 He read and wept ; the general disgrace,
 And Fear's pale ensign trembled in his face :
 Oh, ill-star'd maniac !—how wert thou distrest ?
 Ten thousand furies wanton'd in thy breast :
 In brittle dust the trampled bottles lay,
 And desolation clear'd the lint-strew'd way :
 So when an ox receives a mighty blow,
 Madden'd with pain, he staggers to and fro ;
 Repeat the blow—see, see, again he flies,
 With fury flashing in his blood-stain'd eyes ;
 Promiscuous ruin marks his frantic tread,
 And Mischief points the weapons of his head.

Aut.—Enough, enough; in pure compassion
cease,

Nor wound with retrospects my present peace.
By Heav'n I grieve! I *do* repent the time
I blazon'd such stupidity in rhyme.
Henceforth be free; grub C——s, grub and find
How systems differ in the vivick kind:
Henceforth be free; botanic L——a, still
Immerse your paws in operative skill!
And, wretches, should the pregnant clouds let fall*
Monkies, baboons, and apes, dissect 'em all;
But, ah, preserve their skins! for in that dress
You'll figure candidates for F R S.

* “ And should the pregnant clouds let fall,” &c.—This is literally founded on a true story, within my own knowledge; but it is of such a ludicrous nature, that I cannot, with common gravity, relate it here.—The part, too, which concerns the learned body denominated F R S is also, I believe, authentic; but even here I shall remain silent, as it would ill-befit *me* (though the Poet has presumed to do it) to derogate from the allowed honour and utility, of that illustrious society of able philosophers. The first societies have their weak parts; and although little anecdotes must occur in the course of centuries, in proof of this observation, it savours too much of arrogance to expose them to the unjudging eyes of illiterate and splenetic readers; who, blinded

Fr.—What madness now? is this poetic spleen?
From whence this fury? say, what does it mean?

Aut.—Oh, had I but regardless P——s lyre,
I'd laughing set the wrangling world on fire;
Approving gods, I would; and my despotic sway
The base should tremble at, and fools obey:
But as it is—Pomposo, write again,
Nor drop, 'till death, the self-sufficient pen:
But as it is—ye whisperers, appear
In prudent council at the Sultan's ear,
And insolence shall crow, and merit pine,
And wondrous merit—Hysem, such as thine.

Fr.—Well, take advice, nor let the empty name
Of Poet, lead thee to mistaken fame:

What profits can'st thou gain?—what honors
boast?

What one requital for the useless cost?—

None, none, believe me,—so the labor's lost!

Besides, let *common sense*—

Aut.—No, never! never whilst this ardent breast
Beats with the wish, shall that wish be suppress!

by ignorance or prejudice, would meanly depreciate that
knowledge, which tends, to the promotion of their own good,
and the good of the community at large.

Dear source of pleasure!—gods, how oft I feel
Transports few know, and transports none can tell;
Desist! desist!—nor talk of common sense;
I have in view an ample recompence;
Imagination common sense supplies, [eyes }
And laughs, and talks, and charms my ravish'd }
With fairer prospects than yon Tyrian skies*.

* “Tyrian”—expressive of the fine glow of equinoctial
skies, under whose influence our author was when the above
Poem was written.



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