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The following petition has been written by a Female Convict in Newgate under Sentence of transportation -

To the Queens Most Excellent Majesty.

I know that it will not displease your Majesty that I cry to you for help. To you, who are exalted above all women by your virtues, I cry to your Majesty to save me, as one tumbled down from the battlements of an high tower, and dashed to pieces at the bottom by the hard rugged rocks. If your Majesty would know my feelings, they will be well described by supposing me just pushed of the top, and having caught hold of a corner stone, am suspended by my arms expecting my strength to fail momentarily, and that I fall down; or that the executioner should barbarously wrest of my hold, that I might be dashed to pieces. How happy would not your Majesty be to see me rescued from this situation? Yes Royal Lady, the distress of my Heart is greater than this would cause me. I have an affectionate Husband, whom I love; I am fastned by the strong ties of numerous relatives, and the endearing smiles of two infants, looking up in my face and smiling pity expecting me to foster them. They know nothing of the world but me; they have nothing but their Mother but alas! their Mother, their all, is shortly to be torn from

them - their all, they are condemned to lose their all!

Because we every day know that many suffer hardships; we become familiarised to sufferings but still the indivi-dual does not feel less, because many feel sufferings; nor should I have less pity on this account for those that suffer. Were I certain that my fate was to be death I believe I could reconcile myself to it; but to my pre-sent fate, although my heart has laboured till my strength has been exhausted, I am further from be-ing reconciled in proportion as I strive to be so.

Death would give me insensibility but life brings all my endearments to my mind, which pierce my heart like a thousand needles; when fatigue has exhausted my strength and nature is forced to slum-ber, it is but to arise to increased woe. What do I not feel for my babe unborn, poor miserable! hard ly will thy eyes view the light before the sorrows of thy Mother will cause them to be eternally shut.

I have suffered a great deal; the throbs of my heart have been deep my sighs have indeed been bitter my soul clings to my country, to my friends, to my babes to every thing dear to me, as strongly as I should cling to the rock to save myself from

falling. I cannot reconcile myself; it will be my Death! Do therefore good and great Queen stretch out your mighty hand to save a poor wretch of your own sex from more than perishing. Let me live with my infants, my husband, and friends, to fill the world with grateful praise, to hallow the hour that the Supreme Being sent you to bless your people with your great goodness and tender mercies.

I have been condemned to be transported for stealing some muslin from Mr Chalener, linendraper, of Smithfield Bars. Indeed I did not steal it, nor did I ever attempt any such thing; the muslin was taken up between me and my infant; I had sat it down on the shop counter, while I went to the other end of the shop to buy some articles, it being exposed to any ones view, which had not the appearance of intending to steal. Nothing else was ever imputed to my charge.

These facts have been stated to the proper state officer to whom I have also been recomended by many respectable persons. I do not complain that they will not represent my case to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, nor of their conduct they have shewn great concern for me; and the doors of my Sovereign's Secretary's Office have always been open to them; they

have been very good - But the female converts being ordered to be sent away, I am alarmed and cry to your Majesty in the distress of my soul to save the miserable and unfortunate

Mary Williams

Newgate Octr 4th 1800

Plain Truth

Addressed to those who seldom seek it;
Nor take delight,
When others speak it.

The Ladies of Britain are famed for their Beauty;
But if to speak truth be an Englishmans duty,
I'll tell them sans ceremonie, to their face,
Of some ugly habits that tarnish their grace
These graces unfold as we rise in their favor;
But from strangers are hid under sulky behaviour:
This foreigners feel and as* Wendeborne told them,
Is a charge brought against them, by all who behold them,
They must feel it themselves when at Church, Ball, or fair,
Disdain meets Disdain, with a brow beating stare!

Say Muse, as a female and knowing your Sex,
Why beauty is armd with the power to vex?
But such contradictions we frequently see,
Both honey and venom are found in the Bee:
If we play with a kitten shell scratch like a Devil;
And Parrots and squirrels are scarcely more evil:

Even Lambs, grow mischievous, when once they get horns,
Gooseberries and roses are furnished with thorns!

We will first see how strange ladies manage each other,
When they feel dispositions they awkwardly smother;
And then just examine at what awful distance,
Poor fellows are kept by, who make no resistance.

No Lady at ease is in company seen
Unless she presides and is treated as Queen
Hence if two or three Queens are by chance brought together
Good humour turns sour like cream in hot weather:
Heartburning and pouting, and sulkings ensue
In sharing that homage each claims as her due
To be second in notice no one can endure
But weakly assent what good humour might cure
And when eager and wilful, strict justice requires,
They should err in the means, and defeat their desires.
In paltry punctilios their passions engage
And settle at last, in precedence to age:
This tribute in paying yields some consolation,
But Oh! —— in receiving what mortification!
A mortification without a pretence,
That folly keeps ready, in lack of good sense.
What looks like respect only covers a sneer;
A shot from a pop gun that must not appear:
Yet some who receive it have used it before
And are paid by their daughters their mothers old score.
'Tis a whimsical fate and deserves to be told
Thus give scorn when they are young to receive it when old!

Vulgar wit and low spite when a matron is single,
Snatch time and occasion to make their ears tingle;
Yet many old maids, whom the insolent sex,
Are by for their superior, the best of their sex.
Full many a giggler, by anticipation,
Laughs at her sweet self ere she comes to the station;
And many fort wives with their hearts full of woe,
Would gladly the honour of Wedlock forgo,
To change with oldest old maidens they know.
But sense and good manners are scantily found,
In the gay giddy circles that flutter around;
For though paradoxical, still tis a fact,
The politer they would be the rudeer they act
Many men live in friendship the whole of their lives,
Yet can't bring together, aunts, sisters, or wives
Tis the wish of the men, and this stirs up their mettle
To start such difficulties, no one can settle:
Cross purposes point out, or downright refusing,
That visiting friends must be of their own choosing.
In London, indeed, where we mix in a crowd,
No one cares a farthing who's modest or proud;
All driven, or driving, in a circle preamble,
They scramble to live and live merely to scramble;
Then far from the sound of Bow bell let us stray,
And ponder on objects we meet by the way:
And, when we step into a country town,
Even shop keeping ladies with dignity frown

Reserve may be prudent but why add disdain?
Why spoil their own features to give others pain?
When lines fixed by habits are sure to remain.

In passing a lady alone you'll allow,
Good manners may dictate some kind of a bow;
All homage thus paid, she receives as her due,
And stalks by you sulkily frowning as new!
Should two be in company rudeness grows hardy,
They'll stare of your hats should your manners prove tardy
They'll put your politeness to all it can bear,
And if three be together they'll have the last stare.

By accident into strange company brought,
You'll be put to the blush to behave as you ought;
With other men present you soon find assistance
But ladies keep at an inaccessible distance,
While apart they are holding half whispering Chat,
You are left to stroke Pompey or play with a cat;
Should you put in a word 'tis received with such coldness,
You shrink back to Pompey repenting your boldness.
Should one more indulgent, permit you to talk,
She not keep aloof your advances to balk;
And should your new friend condescend to a smile,
They study to look more forbidding the while:
If drank to at Table they note it askance
And return to your compliment just a cold glance.

To be sure if you're empty, loud, fopish and young,
Each countenance brightens, unlock'd every tongue!
For these are the qualifications, whose aid is
A key to the hearts of all staring fine ladies:
Like to like, quoth one proverb; and birds of a feather,
We are told by another, will all flock together.
Their modest grandmothers had no such bold looks,
Their eyes found employment in work, and in books;
But reading (save novels) is now thought a shame
And nothing is work'd but a picture to frame
Such times, ladies scarcely look'd men in the face
But now they laugh decency into disgrace;
Excepting from fashion above all restraint,
Above all disguises, excepting — from paint.
With a mind quite neglected a young lady soon,
Gains assurance enough to out stare a dragoon;
Mistaking all merit, her own at the first,
If she can chuse a husband she chuses the worst.
Plain truth tells us, modest good humour has graces,
More attractive and lasting than blooming bold faces;
That bloom is soon over, while graces remain,
To preserve during life, what in youth they may gain;
But that scorn in a female, like thorns in sweet brier
Warns good sense and prudence from venturing to nigh her.

E. D.

* Dr Wendeborne a German Clergyman in London and who is believed to be still living published a few years since, a character of the English people, in German for the use of his country-men and afterwards translated it into English, that the people, among whom he chose to reside, might know what he said of them. We have no reason to be dissatisfied with his display of our national characteristics

A Letter from Mad'moiselle la Blanche supposed to be written by the Count De Sombreuil just before his death

My Love my Emma the sad hour is come
In which I hasten to an early tomb
More pleased in death to gain a death life name
And thy glad records of historic fame
Than to have saved a mean inglorious life
And left those soldiers to the unequal strife
Who rescued by my arm from treacherous fight
As oft they curse de Paseys flight
Shall speak the name of Sombreuil with delight
Shall teach their infant sons to lisp his praise,
Shall teach them vengeance in maturer days,
Whilst tender mothers grateful tears will shed
Swift tribute to the memory of the dead,
And future ages will repeat the strain
That celebrates a youthful Hero slain

Hail then bright hope of fame I owe thy power
To calm the horrors of a dying hour
And much I need thy aid to feel resign'd
For thoughts of Emma agonize my mind
Ah! my Betrothed my first my only love
Severe the anguish we are doom'd to prove
But when this last memorial thou'lt receive
Thy faithful Sombreuil will have ceased to grieve

The trembling hand which writes this last farewell
will never more the pangs of absence tell
The heart that dictates will be cold in death
And the last sigh for thee have closed his breath
Condemned to perish by a ruffian band
His corpse will mouldar in its native land
Where first thy beauty charmd my youthful eye
When first for thee arose the impassioned sigh
In that curst land which proves the bloody tomb
Where virtue, talents, valor met their doom

Think not my Emma that I fear to die
But when in fancy's mirror I descry
Thy gaze of agony thy frantic moan
For him whose soul was fixt on thee alone
Who cans'd thy silent hope and anxious prayer
Oh then no more the flames of valor glow
But down a soldiers cheek the tears of anguish flow
Heavens what a life of bliss I now resign
Yet a few hours and Emma had been mine
The sacred altar had our vows received
The tenderest vows that ever lovers breathed
When honors standard summond me afar

The deed of valor and the din of war
Why cruel memory retrace the day
That tore me from such happiness away
When thou my love disguised each tender pain
And faintly smiling checked the burstling tear
Then nobly said my Tombrail cease to moan
Think on the joys awaiting thy return
All that thy faithful Emma has to give
Of heartfelt transport thou wilt then receive
And Oh should heaven assign a fatal doom
Thy fame will flourish in a laurel'd tomb
Methinks those glorious accents still I hear
The trembling sound still lingers in mine ear
The tear suppressed the agonizing sigh
Tho thy last parting words were death or victory

Yes when the Battle raged I thought on thee
To gallant deeds thy Image guided me

Worthy of thy regard I strove to prove
And valor kindled at the youth of love
To vindicate insulted virtues laws
I joind the combat in the royal cause
But anarchists prevail at whose command
Deluded armies desolate the land
Our savage foes who love the bloody strife
And cowardly demand the prisoners life,
Mindful of thy last words I had met death
On these resigned my breath
But to preserve my troops I bear these chains
For them this transient being still remains
To share their Tombraid's fate they never repine
Our chains are light they fetter not the mind
And still I hoped their gallant lives to save
By offering mine a tribute to the grave,
But no our treacherous foes had long decreed
The savage sentence that we all should bleed

The last dread fatal moment now draws near
My Emma thou mayst trace the falling tear
For thee I weep hear then my dying prayer
"Ah yield not to the horrors of despair,

We yet may meet again in the blest realms above
And find our paradise in endless love

And thou my Sister whose heroic name
Partakes the glory of a Charnells fame,
Console my gentle love receive each sigh
Thou best can pour the balm of sympathy
Emma, a last farewell, my guardes I view
Emma, my Sister, all the world adieu —

Lines written by Wm Cooper, not yet published

The poplars are fell'd farewell to the shade
And the soft whisp'ring breeze of the cool colonade
The winds play no longer and sing thro' the leaves
Nor the ouze on its surface their image receives

Twelve months have elapsed since I last took a view
Of the fields that I loved, and the banks where they grew
Now behold on their sides in the grass they are laid
And I sit on those trees, under which I have strayd

The blackbird has sought out another retreat
Where the hazles afford him a screen from the heat

And those scenes where his notes have oft charmd before me
Will resound with his slow moving ditty no more

Thus my fugitive years are all passing away
And I must myself lie as lowly as they
With a turf at my Breast and a stone at my head
Ere another such grove has grown up in its stead.

The change both my heart and my fancy employs,
I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys,
Short lived as we are, yet our pleasures we see,
Have a still shorter date and die sooner than we.

Lines placed above the spring at Gilsland-1796

Oh! pause awhile wherè thou art,
That drink'st this healing stream
Yeì compassion on thy heart,
Diffused its Heavenly beam —

Think on the wretch whose distant lot
Its friendly aid denies,
Think how in some neglected spot
He — unregarded lies —

Hither the neglected Stranger bring
And ease his heartfelt wo,

So may thy bounty like this spring
In genial currents flow —

So be thy years from want and pain
And pining sickness free
And thou that debt from Heav'n obtain
The poor man owes to thee —

A Song sung on Mr Pitts Birth day - 1802

If hush'd the loud whirlwind that ruffled the deep,
The sky if no longer dark tempests deform;
When our perils are past, shall our gratitude sleep?
No - here's to the pilot that weathered the storm!

At the footstool of power let flattery fawn;
Let faction her idols extol to the skies;
To virtue, in humble retirement withdrawn,
Unblamed may the accents of Gratitude rise.

And shall not his memory to Britain be dear,
Whose example with envy all nations behold,
A Statesman, unbiassed by int'rest or fear,
By power uncorrupted, untainted by gold?

Who, when terror and doubt through the universe rig'd,
While zeal and treason their standards unfurl'd,
The heart and the hopes of his country maintained,
And our kingdom preserved midst the wreck of the world

unheeding, unthankful we bask in the blaze,
While the beams of the sun in full majesty shine,
When he sinks into twilight, with fondness we gaze,
And mark the mild lustre that gilds his decline.

So Pitt, when the course of thy greatness is o'er,
Thy talents, thy virtues we fondly recall:
Now justly we prize thee, when lost we deplore;
Admir'd in thy zenith, but lov'd in thy fall!

O! take, then – for dangers by wisdom repell'd,
For evils by courage and constancy braved –
O! take, for a Throne by thy counsels upheld,
The thanks of a people thy firmness has sav'd!

And O! if again the wide whirlwind should rise!
The dawning of peace should fresh darkness deform.
The regrets of the good, and the fears of the wise
Shall turn to the pilot that weathered the storm!

The Nun - an Elegy

With each perfection dawning on her mind,
All beauty's treasure opening on her cheek
Each flattering hope subdu'd each wish resign'd,
Does gay Ophelia this lone Mansion seek.

Say, gentle maid, what prompts thee to forsake
The paths, thy birth and fortune strew with flowers?
Through nature's kind endearing ties to break,
And waste in cloister'd walls thy pensive hours?

Let sober thought restrain thine erring zeal,
That guides thy footsteps to the vestal gate,
Lest thy soft heart (this friendship bid reveal)
Like mine unblest, should mourn like mine too late

Does some angelic lonely whisp'ring voice,
Some sacred impulse or some dream divine
Approve the dictates of thy early choice?
Approach with confidence the awful shrine

There kneeling at yon altars marble base
(While streams of rapture from thine eyelids steal
And smiling heaven illumes thy soul with grace)
Pronounce the vow thou never can'st repeal.

Yet if misled by false entitled friends,
Who say - "That peace with all her comely train
"From Starry regions to this climes descends,
"Soothes every frown, & softens every pain:

"That vestals tread contentments flowery lawn,
"Approv'd of innocence, by health carest;
"That robe'd in colours bright by fancy drawn,
"Celestial hope sits smiling at their breast;"

Suspect their syren song and artful style.
Their pleasing sounds some treach'rous thought conceal
Full oft does pride with sainted voice beguile
And sordid interest wears the mask of zeal.

A tyrant abbess here perchance may reign
Who, fond of power, affects the imperial rod,
Looks down disdainful on her female train
And rules the cloister with an iron rod.

Reflection sickens at the life long tie.
Black glancing memory acts her busy part
Its charms the world, unfolds to fancys eye
And sheds allurement on the wishful heart.

Lo! discord enters at the sacred porch,
Rage in her frown, and terror on her crest;
Ev'n at the hallow'd lamps she lights her torch,
And holds it flaming to each virgins breast.

But since the legends of monastic bliss
By fraud are fabled and by youth believ'd
Unbought experience learn from my distress,
Oh! mark my lot and be no more deceived.

Three lustres scarce with hasty wings were fled
When I was torn from every weeping friend

A thoughtless victim to the temple led.
And (blush ye parents) by a Fathers hand.

Yet then what solemn scenes deceived my choice
The pealing organs animating sound,
The coral virgin's captivating voice
The blazing altar and the priests around;

The train of youths arrayd in purest white,
Who scattered myrtles as I passd along;
The thousand lamps that poured a flood of light
The kiss of peace from all the vestal throng.

The golden censer tossd with graceful hand
Whose fragrant breath arabian odour shed:
Of meek-eyed novices the unting band
With blooming chaplets wove around their head.

My willing soul was caught in raptures flame
While sacred ardour glowd in every vein:
Methought applauding angels sung my name
And Heaven's unsullied glories gilt the fane.

This temporary transport soon expired,
My drooping heart confessd a dreadful void:
E'er since, alas! abandond uninspired,
I tread this dome to misery allied.

No wakening joy informs my sullen breast
Though opening skies no radiant seraphs smile
No saint descends to sooth my soul to rest.
No dreams of bliss the dreary night beguiles.

Here haggard Discontent still haunts my view;
The sombre genius reigns in ev'ry place,
Arrays each virtue in the darkest hue,
Chills every prayer, and cancels ev'ry grace.

I meet her ever in the cheerless cell,
The gloomy grotto and unsocial wood:
I hear her ever in the midnight bell,
The hollow gale and hoarse resounding flood.

This cans'd a Mothers tender tears to flow,
(The sad remembrance time shall ne'er erase)
When having sealed the irrevocable vow
I hastened to receive her last embrace.

Full well she then presaged my wretched fate
Th' unhappy moments of each future day
When lock'd within this tear-shedding grate
My joy-deserted soul would pine away.

Yet never did her maternal voice unfold
This cloister'd scene in all its horror dress
Nor did she then my trembling steps withhold
When here I enter'd a reluctant guest -

Ah could she view her only child betray'd?
And let submission on her love prevail?
Th' unfeeling priest why did she not upbraid?
Forbid the vow and rend the hovering veil.

Alas! she might not. Her relentless Lord
Had stal'd her lips and chid her streaming tear
So anguish in her breast concealed its hoard
And all the Mother sunk in deep despair.

But thou who own'st a Fathers sacred name
What act compel'd thee to this ruthless deed
What crime had forfeited my filial claim
And giv'n (oh blasting thought!) thy heart to bleed.

If then thine injur'd child deserves thy care
Oh haste and bear her from this lonesome gloom
In vain - no words can sooth his rigid ear
And Gallias laws have rivetted my doom.

Ye cloister'd fair ye censure breathing saints
Suppress your taunts and learn at length to spare
Though mid these holy walls I vent my plaints
And give to sorrow what is due th prayer.

I fled not to this mansions deep recess
To veil the blushes of a guilty shame
The tenor of an illspent life redress
And snatch from infamy a sinking name.

Yet let me to my fate submissive bow
From fatal symptoms if I right believe
This stream Ophelia has not long to flow
This voice to murmur and this breast to heave

Ah when extended on the untimely bier
To yonder vault this form shall be conveyd
Thou'lt not refuse to shed one grateful tear
And breathe the requiem to my fleeting shade.

With pious footsteps join the sable train
As through the lengthening Isle they take their way
A glimmering taper let thy hand sustain
Thy soothing voice attune the funeral lay-

Behold the minister who lately gave
The sacred veil, in garb of mournful hue
(More friendly office) bending o'er my grave
And sprinkling my remains with hallow'd dew

As o'er the corse he strews the rattling dust
The sternest heart will raise compassions sigh
Even then no longer to his child unjust
The tears may trickle from a Fathers eye –

An old Scotch Song on the Battle of Floddon
Fought, AD 1513.

I have heard of a lilting, at our ewes milking,
Lasses a lilting, before the break of day;
But now there's a moaning on ilka green loaning
That our braw forresters are a' wede away. 4

At boughts, in the morning, nea blyth lads are scorning;
The lasses are lonely, dowie, and wae;
Nae daffin, nae gabbin, but sighing and sobbing;
Ilka ane lifts her leglen, and hies away. 8

At e'en at the glorning, nae swunkies are roaming,
Mong Stacks, with the lasses, at bogle to play
But ilka ane sits dreary, lamenting her deary,
The Flowers of the Forest that are a' wede away. 12

At harvest, at the Shearing, nae youngsters are jeering,
The bansters are rumpled, lyart, and grey.
At a Fair, or a preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching,
Since our braw forresters are a' wede away. 16

O dool for the order, sent our lads to the bo.rder:
The English for ames by guilt gat the day.
The Flowers of the Forrest; that ay shone the foremost;
The prime of our land, lies cald in the clay. 20

6

We'll hear nae mair lilting, at ours ewes milking,
The Women and bairns are dowie, and wae.
Sighing and moaning, on ilka green loaning.
Since our braw forresters are a wede away. 24

An Explanation of the Scotch Words

V. 1 Lilting. Singing in a brisk lively manner.

V. 3. Ilka Every

V. 3 Loaning. A little common, near country villages, where Cows are Milked.

V 4 Braw. Brave. Finely appearlled.

V 4 A' wede All out away.

Shakespear. Rich. III

A weeder out of his proud adversaries.

V 5 Bought: The little fold, where the ewes are inclosed at milking time

V.5. Scorning jeering the lasses about their sweetherts
To scorn is often now used in this sense in the N.th

V. 6 Dowie. melancholy Wae sorrowful.

V. 7 Dassin, waggery. Gablin. prattling partly Sabbing Sobbing

V. 8. Aha ane. every one. Leglen, a milking pail
with one lug or handle.
The hasty. silent, and disconsolate departure
of the Milk maids. is natural and affecting.

V. 9 Gloming. At even, in the twilight; or evening gloom.

Very Swankies. young Countrymen
This is an old English word derived from the Saxon
Swang, a Country Swain.

V. 10 Bogle. Hobgobin. Spectre. Bogle Bo about the Stack
is the diversion of young folks in a Stack-yard.

V. 11 Dreary Sad

V 14 Bansters. Binders up of the sheaves of corn
Runkled, wrinkled. Lyart. Hoary. The binders were
now all old men

V. 15 Fleeching Flattering

V 17 Dool. Grief.

V. 18 Vid. Stanza 173. et seq.

V. 19 Ay. Ever. always.

V. 20 Cauld – Cold. There was hardly a gentel Family in Scotland, but what lost one, or more, of their nearest relations in this battle.

V. 22 Bairns. Children – The tune of this Song. called. The Flowers of the Forrest. is a pretty melancholy one

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Mr Philips to the Earl of Dorset –

Copenhagen, March 9th 1709

From frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
From streams which northern winds forbid to flow,
What present shall the muse to Dorset bring,
Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects which to ease invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flow'ry plains, and silver-streaming floods
By snow disguised in bright confusion lie
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.
No gentle breathing breze prepares the spring,

No birds within the desert region sing:
The Ships unmov'd the boist'rous winds defy.
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast Leviathan wants room to play.
And spout his waters in the face of day
The Starving wolves along the main sea sprowl,
And to the moon in icy vallays howl.
O'er many a shining leagues the level main,
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:
There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.
And yet but lately have I seen, e'en here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear.
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,
Or winds began through hazy skies to blow,
At Evening a keen eastern breze arose.
And the descending rain unsullied froze;
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclos'd at once at view
The face of nature in a rich disguise,
And brightn'd every object to my eyes:
For ev'ry shrub, and every blade of grass,
And ev'ry pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass

addressd to Miss Seward on her Monodies
On Major Andre and Capt. Cook —

As Britain mourn'd with all a mothers pain
Two Sons, two Gallant Sons, ignobly slain
Mild Cook by savage fury rob'd of breath
and Martial Andre doom'd to base death
The Goddess, plunged in grief too vast to speak
Hid in her robe her tear disfigured Cheek
The sacred nine, with sympathetic care,
Survey'd the noble mourners dumb despair,
While, from the Choir the sight of pitty broke
The muse of Elegy thus warmly spoke,
"Take injured Parent all we can bestow
To soothe thy Care & mitigate thy woe",
Bending, to Earth, the kind Enthusiast came
and Vied her heavenly power with Seward's name
Then — with such plaintive fire,
She struck the chords of her pathetic Lyre
The weeping Goddess owns the blest relief
and mildly listens with subsiding Grief
Her lovliest daughters lend a willing Ear
Honoring the latent muse with many a tear
For valient Sons, who in their way Divin
Felt the strong pathos of the Magic strain
Bless the enchanting Lyre by Glory strung
Envying the dead! who now so swetly sung.

In answer to Miss Seward, on her sending to the author requesting to know, if he was the Author of the above lines —

Sweet Sister of the tuneful art
Forgive a dull reply,
Which must the simplest truth impart
and say that I am I!
Less dear to me the tuneful praise,
Of Isis or of Cam,
Than your sweet flattery which says
You wish me what I am!

William Hayley

Written on a Fan belonging to Miss H. F. —

Like Sultans handkerchiefs were Ladies Fans,
Dropt at whose feet they mean to bless
Not Fancys warmest most luxuriant plans
Could paint my hearts warm as this
But when thro' accident the pledge I hold
Engaged by Henrietta's Eyes
Its Value's but as useless ore to gold
And I restore the worthless prize

Extempore lines addressd to Lady Brown

When I was young and debonnair
The bonniest nymph to me was fair
But now I'm old and wiser grown,
The fairest Nymph to me is Brown.

Extempore lines written on a Chorister of one of the Churches of Cambridge who was appointed on account of a vote he gave according to the advice of the Proctor. —

A Singing Man and cannot sing!
Come justify your Patrons bounty
Give us a Song" — "Excuse me Sir,
My Voice, is in another County."

Epigram —

No wonder that Wisdom & Judgment prevail
In Oxford & Cambridge so greatly abound
When such numbers being hitter a little each day
And there are but a few who take any away.

To a Lady wearing Orange Ribband in her Breast on King Williams Birth day —

Show little Tory where's the jest
Of bearing Orange at thy Breast
When that same breast too plainly shews
The whiteness of the rebel rose —

Epigram

Says Giles "my wife & I are two
Yet Faith I know not why sir"
Says Jack "You're ~~too~~ if I speak right
She's one & you're a Cypher."

On Miss H. F. wearing powder.

If age at thy touch bids his Cuticles pass
And pels every limb with fresh vigour alive
If religion from Heav'n each thought would dismiss
To dwell on thy breast and profusion of blis
From Nature ah why then ungratefully err
You conquer mankind, but ~~you~~ conquer by her:
Oh think not the aid, thy lov'd Warren may bring
Can add one perfume to the roses of Spring
No think not that art, sweet art can bestow
A blush to the peach or a whiteness to snow
No longer dear Maid use those beauties so dear
"When most unadorn'd" you most power have to kill.

Left in Miss H. F.'s prayer book —

To paint some heav'nly form when Raphael tries
And bids an angel from the canvass rise
With just that smile he bids her features glow
With just that grace his auburn tresses flow,
~~Such the sweet innocence his look displays~~
Such the mild ~~his~~ bloom his youthful cheek assays
Such the sweet innocence his look displays:
Forgive me heaven if while thy rites I pay,
My wandering thoughts to your fair mature stray
If calm and tranquil my devotions rise,
While Earth affords so fair a Paradise —

On a Rose — by Miss F. —

Ah poor forsaken Rose
Will may'st thou droop thy head
For all the sweets thy bloom disclose
Are thrown away when dead.

Learn hence ye fair, ye vain, ye gay,
That life is but a flower,
Beauty like it must soon decay,
You prove then every hour —

On Miss M. F. —

Ah Mary when on me you rove
Those Eyes whose rays so swetly rove
Alternate passions Shake my Soul
I die with awe, I glow with love

a thousand charms that love command
and each displays some novel grace
The whiteness of thy soft turned hand
The angel sweetness of thy face —

Those cheeks where smiles perpetual play
Those lips that with vermillion vie
Those lips where wanton Cupids stray
That Shape of perfect Symetry —

and twice a thousand charms unseen
a throb of anxious joy impart
But oh sweet Girl there dwells in this
One that I most adore — Thy Heart.

On Miss P. F. —

— In thee united each rival grace
Dawn in thine Eyes & wanton on thy face
Captive I send to beautys bright controul
Health decks thy cheek while Virtue armes thy soul
all Spring fair Blossoms all the pride of May
Reign in thy smile & in thy bosom play
Dark with such charms each youth thy slave
Shall meet with joy and pant to gain thy love

Epigram on Mr Scott —

John run so long and run so fast
No wonder he run out at last
He run in debt and then to pay
He distanced all and run away —

On C. H. — —

Fair as the beauteous queen of smiling day
Where'er she walks the graces lead the way.
In artless wings her glossy tresses flow
and on her cheeks the blushing roses glow.
Round her sweet mouth a thousand cupids sport
In her bright Eyes are thousands more divine,
No need of words each gesture is a grace,
All nature smiling on her Matchless Face,
around her form, the graces wanton rove
and hail fair Charlotte as the Queen of Love —

The choice — by a Lady

Let the bold youth who aims to win me, know
I hate a fool, a Clown, a Sot, or Beau
I loath a Slover, I despise a Cit,
I scorn a Coxcomb: and I fear a wit
Let him be very rich and very kind
Charmed with my virtues to my Faults blind
Let him be gentle; brave; good humoured gay
Let him in smaller things with pride obey
Yet wise enough in great ones to command
Produce me but the youth & here's my hand

Written Extempore by a Gentleman on reading the foregoing Lines

x x x x x x

I.... forbear, not think to be
Wed to a man from blemish free,
Since the examples are so rare,
Of a completly perfect pair —

On Marriage

Tom praised his friend who changed his state
For binding fast himself and Kate
In union so divine,
"Wedlock's the end of life" he cry'd,
"Too true alas!" said Jack and sigh'd
"Twill be the end of mine."

Written by Pope with Ld Chesterfields Pencil

Accept a miracle instead of wit,
See two dull lines by Stan hopes pencil writ —

On a Lady weeping - Miss M Farrer
Written by Mr Brewer

Pray dost thou never read of Pyrrhus time
"To err is human, to forgive, divine"
'Tis mans defect, that heedless of their fate
They miss the season and are wise too late
Two fountains rising from a Ladys eyes
Accursed is he who made those fountains rise
Nor may the maid a single look bestow
Nor may that man a single favor know
From her - But stop - Consider - be content
If an affront was given - 'twas not meant -

Nature and Fortune to the Earl of Chesterfield

Nature and Fortune blithe and gay,
To pass an hour or two
In frolic mood agreed to play
At what shall this man do?

Come I'll be judge then, Fortune cries
And therefore must be blind
Then whipt a napkin round her eyes
And tied it fast behind.

Nature had now prepared her list
Of names on scraps of leather
Which roll'd she gave them each a twist
And hussel'd them together

Thus mixt, whichever came to hand
The very surely drew
Then bade her sister give command
For what that man should do

At length when Stanhope's name was come
Dame Nature smiled & cried
Now tell me sister this mans doom
And what shall him betide

That man said Fortune shall be one
Blest both by you and me
Nay then, quoth nature, let's have done
Sister I'm sure you see

Written on a Window underneath a vow against matrimony

The Lady who this resolution took
Wrote it on Glass to shew it might be broke

Song -

Oh Love than better for to rest
Who hast within my harmless breast
So home the stekning arrow sent
Relieve a poor uneasy maid
Who fondly gazing has betrayed
Nor knew what soft delusion meant
Since custom cruel to the fair
Forbids my passion to declare
Assist blind God of soft desire
To thy Omnipotence I kneel
Let him my secret anguish feel
And burn for me with equal fire
Then if the lovely youth appear
By nature inclined to Hope and Fear
And tenderly his passion move
My heart shall flutter to his sighs
With gentle looks I'll meet his eyes
And never never cease to Love -

Why Cloe still these jealous heats
And why that falling tear
The heart that to a thousand beats
To one may be sincere.

To softer autumns milder reign
The sultry summer glows
Thro chilling dews and beating rain
Give freshness to the rose

Then weep not tho' my hearts inclined
To every face that's new
I wander to return more kind
And strange but to be true -

Quadrille

Deign lovely nymph to hear the hack of cards
Who draws instruction from a game of cards
What the quadrille perplex you, thence is shown
How hard the fate of her who plays alone
But wou'd you then consent to be a wife
Think first on think you play the cards for life
Should sordid friends controul your own good will
Beware the wretched fate of forced Spadille
Should man by gravedeal Shew ye heart to find
The crop fish then denote the purse profound mind
Then haps by w^l th & pow^r for better sure
It is by some kind friend to play obscure
And he dear girl who does your charms adore
Now asks your leave, oh let him soon say more

When now no longer starting fears
With boding ills distract my peace;
Now love and Duty dry my tears
And bid my former terrors cease
Ah! where my love, ah whither fly
In search of blis, I'd fain impart?
If thou forsak'st me how may I
Hope cherish in this bleeding heart

Thy daily sorrow, nightly care,
Each word, each look, to love I gave;
Love drove away the pined despair,
And flew to snatch me from the grave
Then wherefore now, ah wherefore fly,
In search of blis I'd fain impart?
If love forsakes me, how may I
Hope cherish in this bleeding heart

But if deciev'd, not love had caught
In what so well with love agrees
To life, ah! wherefore am I brought,
To perish by a worse disease?
Ah wherefore love, or whither fly
In search of blis I'd fain impart?
If thou forsak'st me how may I
Hope cherish in this bleeding heart

The sole, the soriniger balm I find,
Dear emblem of my love is thee
Thou beaest his features but his mind
Ah! who shall paint its energy
Then wherefore love, or whither fly
In search of blis I'd fain impart
If thou forsak'st me how may I
Hope cherish in this bleeding heart-

Song —

Sweet cosy sleep! oh do not fly!
Bind thy soft fillet on his eye,
That o'er each grace my own may rove
And feast my joy lip, Hapless love!

For when he lifts those shading lids,
His thrilling glance such bliss forbids;
Then cosy sleep oh do not fly,
But bind thy fillet on his eye —

Lines sent to Mr Cosway while Lady C.D. was sitting to him —

Cosway, my Emma sits to you,
And that colouring may be true,
This nosegay on the palette place,
Replete with all the tints that grace
The various beauties of her face:
Her Skin the snow drops whiteness shews
Her blushing Cheek the op'ning rose;
Her Eyes the modest violet speak,
Those silken fringes kiss her Cheek;
The spicy pink in morning dew,
Presents her pageant Lips to view;
The glossy curls that crown her head,
Paint from the gilt cup of the mead.
Long may her image fill my Eye
When these fair emblems fade & die;
Placed on my faithful breast and prove
Sir Cosway paints the Queen of love

Anna to Pactus —

1

Grieve not my Pactus, for that fate
Affection would divide
Our love shall blis unhop'd create,
And fate itself decide
Fear not because a tyrants arm
Suspends the threatned blow,
Love gives e'en death a power to charm
Which none but Lovers know —

2

Banish'd the body far may be
Reluctant; but the Soul,
What Law can banish? what decree
Subject it to controul?
Distance, that object may displace
The Lover holds most dear;
But Love o'erleaps all time and space
And brings that object near

3

Death may our hearts divide awhile,
In seeming sleep to lie;
But love on death itself can smile
For love can never die;
The power of Time & Fate combined,
It runs far above. For if Immortal be the mind,
Immortal must be Love —

Lines on the evolution of a Lady's Ornaments

First "on her breast a sparkling cross she wore",
Which only hinted what we should adore
The cross removed a heart appears to deck;
The virgin beauties of her snow white neck
In this attractions power is well displayd;
All hearts she draws all hearts adore the maid.
The anchor next gives expectation scope,
And to each ardent lover holds forth hope,
Which Hope the pervadent Sky shall realize
For who need now dispair of Paradise?

The Absent Poets Prayer —

Ye Gods who live and sit at rest
Attend to hear my wishes
I'm in a hurry to be blest
So pray be expeditious

Grant me — let's see now if you please
This very moment Grant
Plague take it how vexatious tis
I cant think what I want —

An Advertisement

A Lady's heart on Marlbro' downs was stolen the other day
By a polite young high way man who gallop'd swift away
This heart was richly studded div & gracefully enough
With Modesty, Good sense, & truth, & such old fashioned stuff
Such as the dames in scriptures wore some thousand years ago
Without hypocrisy or Pride or Passion for a Beau
The passions in good order rang'd with reason at their head
But every childish thought to flight & strike all folly dead
Such is the heart Eliza lost who can from grief refrain
Ten kisses she will give the man who brings it home again
If offerd to be sold or pawnd pray stop it if you can
It being of no use at all to any other man —

Lines written on a very old Glass, of
Sir A: Acherson's —

Frail Glass, thou mortal art, as well as I
Tho none can tell which of us first shall die
Answerd extempore by Dr Swift

We both are mortal; but thou frailer creature,
May'st die like me, by chance, but not by nature

Lines to Lady Fryconnell by Lord Granby -

Envy (that loves not merit) n'er will spare
A form so perfect or a face so fair;
Let prudence then div all your steps preside
And sage directions all your actions guide
Know and reflect div yet it be too late
You stand this moment on the brink of fate
By fashion blinded and by folly led
The paths of hurt of shame you tread;
Reflect - long years of sorrow must repay
The short liv'd pleasure of one fluting day
Happy and young & in Fryconnel blest
By strangers honour'd & by friends caress'd
How will they mourn when that thy name appears
Join'd to a Grosvenors or a Legonier's
How will they mourn to hear most envy tile
From what a glorious height of bliss you fell
Lovely & lov'd till one ill fated hour
Of beauty and of virtue nipt the flower
What charms can you in empty Vanity find
To shake your virtue or your Judgment blind
Light, thoughtless, foolish, he has no pretence
To merit, fashion, Elegance, or sense:
Shun him not only him but all the rest
Who'd plant a dagger in thy youthful breast
Guard from them art thy yet unspotted fame
And spare thy Glorious Fathers honoured name

Written by an Officer to a Lady

Take heed fair Ladies and avoid with care
A Scarlet coat and Military air
Believe not the amorous brittle vows we make
Nor the strong promises we intend to break
Gaze not with transport on our vain parade
Our glittering shoulder knot & smart cockade
Free as the air inconstant as the wind
Jesting of all but are to none confind
But like the gay butterfly that sipping sweets
Of every fair & lovely flower it meets —

Happy he who views your Eyes
But happier he who for you sighs
Still happier far who tells his pain
and Sighing makes you sigh again. —

On seeing a Gentleman in a Zebra Coat —

Condemn not our sex for ill luck in their days
Nor for fraility compare them to Glass;
Tho we die with the Buds & the flowers of the field
We m'en sought to outrival an Ass! —

L'Amour timide —

If in that breast so good so pure
Compassion was lov'd to dwell
Pity the sorrows I endure
The cause — I dare not must not tell

The Grief that on my quiet preys,
That ~~cankers~~ my heart, that checks my tongue
I fear will last me all my life
But feel it will not last me long.

On Miss Fury — X

To look like an angel the Ladies believe
Is the greatest of blessings that Nature can give
But faith you're quite wrong fa fair Nymph I assure ye
The blessing's far greater to look like a Fury —

Sonet —

While pent with woes from which it cannot flee
My fancy sinks, & slumber seals my Eyes,
Her spirit hastens in my dreams to rise
Who was in life but as a dream to me,
Over a dreary waste, so wide as Eye can see
Now far its sense evading limit lies,
I follow her quick; but Ah! she flies!
Our distance widening by short sighs decree.
Fly not from me kind Shade! I exclaim:
She, with pitiful eyes, that her soft thoughts reveal,
And seem'd to say, "Forbear thy fond design!"
She flies — I call her, but her holy form'd name
Dies on my tongue I wake & find
Not in me that delusion may be mine. —

To Miss H. F. — in Sorrow —

In Spring when showery Vapours rise
The Sun's bright beams appear
As now sweet Henrietta's eyes
Each dazzling thro' a tear
But, as soft rays reflected shine
And pierce heat impart,
Thro' pearly tears those eyes divine
Would melt the coldest Heart. —

Song on an Elegant entertainment given at the Bowling Green Mar. 22d 1775. —

Cou'd I as I wish give just tribute of praise
To a festival held t'other day at the Green
Appollo despending should yield me the Bays
And each Muse have a fit of Hysterics & Spleen
I'd sing in such strains now with elegant ease
The Queen of the feast dealt her favour to all
The Shade of each bard shd applaud with a Stare
And the Spirit of Poetry set up a Squall

The room was well fill'd tho' no crowding warthe
For politeness her care & protection did did grant
Good-humour & attention with studious care
W'ey wish'd did prevent & devined w'ey want.
No noise struck the Ear but the Buz of surprise
Produced by the pleasure which w'ey on found
No heat was there felt but what beam'd from
Of predominant the Eyes Beauty which flash'd all around

How oft have I gazed on an evening Sky
How often the Stars have I labor'd to count
But their numbers & brightness so dazzled my Eye
My arithmatic never could find the amount
Even so with the Nymphs at the Green did I face
Whose Eyes shone as bright as the twinkles above
Like Rebe each look'd & like her did prepare
The Celestial Nectar of pleasure & Love.

On the Elegant side Board in order sublime
Proud Gallias rich Clusters transparently Shone

For the various fruits of our various clime
Fire and sugar had finished what Sol had begun
Ham & Chickens combined the nice Table to deck
And from each hungry fair did attention bespeak
But what was the red of the Ham to her Cheeks
Or the white of the Chicken to that of her neck

We may the fair Hudson that happiness prove
Which to others she knows with such grace to impart
May heaven for ever forever remove
Every care from her brow, & each grief from her heart
And should Envy attempt to cast any disgrace
On so perfect a feast with Satyrical Venom
May her Snakes turn upon her, hiss full in her face
And so shame the Malevolent beldame to silence.

Made by Mr Mellish – March 1770

On the Blues leaving York

Heav'n prosper long the noble Troops
Brave Granby does Command
For sure no Gen'ral ever ad'd.
A more illustrious band
With mournful hearts we still bewail
That melancholy day
When from York Town in graceful sort
Those Heroes march'd away
Ah! with what anguish every Belle
Their going did deplore
Ah me! each weeping beauty cry'd
We ne'er shall see them more
What pen can paint that wretched night
Sighing, and wakeful spent;
That night before the fatal day
Those well loo'd Heroes went.
Then gallant French, too grieu'd to sleep
Arose at early day
And with a melancholy face
To Salvins bent his way
And thrice he cry'd adieu my fair
Alas how hard to part
But though I cannot stay my self
I leave a Constant heart.
But see round lovely Dambys house
How eagerly they press
That they with one dear parting look;
Their rapture'd Eyes may bless
There Vernon foremost in the throng
A gentle courtly youth
In plaintive accents breathes his flame
And vows eternal truth
Behold his soft, his winning grace
His bosom heaves with sighs
While poorly Steward standing near
Turns up his brimful Eyes
But let us leave this mournful band
For see where Burlstode strides
Him, to fair Hobsons friendly dome
A weeping Cupid guides
Ah hapless maid, what now avails
Thy long triumphant reign
Since you alas! must lose the youth
You took such pains to gain
Alas! how many costly meals
Have here been thrown away
Nor love, nor hospitable treats
Can force the swain to stay
There Sprightly Adams mourning sits,
With spleen and grief opress'd
By Sabinclate a well bred youth
Distinguish'd from the rest
E'en richer Croft, for her he left
Both rivals for his Heart
Sometime the precious Gem they share
But Croft soon lost her part
Clara's more conq'ring charms had long
Finish'd the doubtful Strife
And she, ah too believing maid
Believ'd him fix'd for life.
Smart little Coord like her laments
Her dear her favourite Beau
And who can wonder she should mourn
The loss of Clitherow
But cruel fate deaf to their prayers

Regardless of their sighs
Recall'd the blessing it but lent
And blasted all their joys
The trumpets sound, the standards spread
The troops in order plac'd
While in their proper ranks, the swains
The gay procession grac'd
But first they bid a last adieu
To every weeping fair
And swear no other beauties should
Their constant passions share
With many words of softest sound
They vow'd they ne'er would change
They ne'er could meet with lovelier nymphs
To tempt their hearts to change
Solemn & slow the music plays
They march reluctant on,
The gazing maids at once exclaim
Ah now ah now they're gone
Each fair one, for one sad glance
All pale and trembling stands
And as they pass and wave their swords
To wave their lilly hands
If fame says true almost three hours
The constant swains did sail
Three hours! to lovers half an age
Did mournful woe prevail
Meanwhile the now forsaken nymphs
A live long week did grieve
Ev'n till another regiment came
Their sorrows to relieve
These troops could not with grandeur
Yet stile they soon found grace
And in the hearts which then were void
Filled up the happy space
Now heaven preserve our noble king
And send he long may reign
And grant that love may never give
Our maidens too much pain
For men will change and so sh'd they
Then ne'er make love a joke
But treat it as it really is
That is to say a joke

If love a sweet passion, ah whence comes my pain
Ah whence if divine my despair?
From whence this tumultuous war in my brain
In my bosom this pressure of care?

Few to me are the pleasures that love e'er has brought
But many the pangs that it brings
Its pleasures, 'tis true are with extacy fraught.
But those are deep loaded with stings

How fleeting alas! are the raptures it gives?
Of its joys how short lived are the date?
With a poor dream of bliss it the moment deceives
And the soul wakes to poignant regret

The pains of long absence what pencil can paint?
To its tortures all else is tranquile
And the wretch unregarded may utter his plaint
While he raves even pity is stile

Nor the sigh that speaks loudly the pangs of his breast,
Nor the tear that bedews his pale cheek,
A shadow of comfort can ever impart,
Or peace to his soul e'er can speak -

Then why busy thought would you wish to prolong
A life doom'd to misery and care?
With a thousand vain wishes my bosom you throng
But all must be clos'd in despair.

Then welcome the Gloom that o'erclouds my short day
To hope I vile now bid adieu
Pray fates swiftest lightning soon snatch me away
And shift the dark scene from my view —

Charades

1

My first in stately triumph bow
Princes & Kings in days of yore
My second is an only Child,
As one by fond Mama quite spoil'd
My whole so humble is & true
It never fails to kiss your shoe. —

2d —

My first is in Winter - a warmth you desire
In the earth you my second may trace
Both together - an odd yet appearance in fire
Which has puzzled philosophers much. —

3d —

My first is misery's extreme
My second's sure to feel it
My whole's an antidote that owns
Peculiar charms to heal it. —

4th —

My first is a river in the North
My second an equestrian exercise
My whole (when filled) what enlivens
Most companies. —

5th

My first a part of our police
My second an emblem of captivity
My whole an appendage to my first. —

6th

When my first answers (as it does at
the close of every day) my second is
employ'd & few can rest without my third

7th

My first in Eden's flowry grove
Was stolen from Adams side
But this my second makes compleat
In all the race beside
My whole the fair sex long display'd
For use as well as shew
Tho' she who from my first was made
This Ornament never knew. —

8th

If you see the first & I see the whole
My second might go where he pleases
Then I should be bless'd & you'd be cursed
And the whole of our lives passing in ease

9th

My first we enjoy when we meet an old friend
My second's a dish that most folks commend
My whole (tho' a little obscured his fame
Did sunk in its bustle a much brighter name

10th

My first an Insect
My second a wild Beast
My third nothing at all. —

11th

My first is where the King resides
My second braves the winds & tides
My whole was practis'd ages past
And ever will while time shall last. —

12th

My first is a source of both sorrow & joy
My second you never can do
My whole to engage in some ladies employ
But secured in a moment by you — —

13th

My first is to unite
My second a security
My whole an ancient institution.

14th

My first you must follow wherever thou art
In my second a Bird you view
My whole if ~~combined~~ & selected with taste
May be enviied and ornament you. —

15th

If ladies ye my first require
I'm offspring of a stormy sire
My second is an April morn
Hangs pendant on the budding thorn
In innocence and beauty too
My whole, ye fair resembles you. —

16th

My first is sordid
My second an appendage to physic
My whole adds to Harmony. —

17th

When you stole my first
I lost my second
May you ever possess my third

18th

My first a Volumn will expound
My second on a Watch is found
My whole's when learned pieces rot
Sir's'd neglected and forgot —

19th

My first is half of what you'll want
But others must procure
My second if you're indispos'd
a Doctor will ~~[illegible]~~ insure
My whole's a pleasing beverage
With poor folks seldom seen
Tis said the head ache it will cure
and dissipate the the spleen.

20th

My first is to Multiply
My second we ought to avoid
My whole is more generally offered
than accepted —

21st

addressed by Lord Abington to Ld Derby —

My first's like your Ladyships eyes so bright
That it adds to my second additional light
and my whole is Seventh from Morning
till Night —

22d

My love for you can never have my 1st
can never be my second
and will always be my third —

23d

When my second is oppress'd by my
first there is nought can relieve me
but my whole —

24th

My first is in the Chickens breast
My second in the wave
My third in suit of scarlet drest
For which his life he gave —

25th

My first oft hangs upon a Ladys arm
Yet gives a jealous husband no alarm
My second doth the place of feet supply
To those who neither walk nor run nor fly
My third's the rival of each tempt'ing toast
But when th' most charm'd it suffers most

26th

My first from coy and cruel Maids you fear
My second shun or else destruction's near
The whole's a blank devoid of all pretence
To art or artifice, to wit or sense —

27th

What I do, what I do not & what you our

28th

addressed by Mr Fox to the Duke of Northd —

I'll employ my first in praise of my
second if you'll give me my third —

29th

My First is equality.
My second inferiority
My third superiority. —

30th

We can seldom obtain my first
Who labours for my second
and few like to do my third. —

31st

My first is of no use without my
second & my third is to be seen every
day in St James's Street. —

32d

My first is wise and foolish
My second the physicians study
My third the pleasant ornament of
a House. —

33d

My first communicates to the human
race joy & sorrow, love & hate, hope & dis-
pair my second retains what is gross
& rejects what is delicate my third
is reflective —

34th

My third is under my second & surrounds my first —

35th

My first is a prop my second is a prop and my third is a prop —

36th

My second is a Man of Might who when he is in luck may do my first, my third bestows equal pleasure on him and a peer of the realm. —

37th

My first is equal, my second grave my third most sinners wish to have —

38th

If I obtain my first I shall be happy
If I gain my second I shall be rich
But the union of both (as my third)
would render me unhappy —

39th

My first is the beauteous parent of my second, my third is the friend of lovers. —

40th

Too much for one, enough for two,
and nothing for three. —

41st

My first you will own is a propos
My second will tell you I O
My third is transcendent in worth
For your sake it will raise above earth

42nd

My first is a capital character in the annals of parnassus; my second is as celebrated in the annals of Billingsgate & my third is a leader in the annals of biography — —

43d

My first is universally sought yet as generally abused; when it composes the magic chain of my second it produces on the use made of my third the greatest happiness or misery mortals are susceptible of.

44th

My first is a blessing and comfort thro' life
and smaller you'll own is my second
My third's a misfortune admit no rival
None greater I ever heard record —

45th

To accomplish my 1st is the wish of my life
and happy I'd be could I find out the art
A letter take off & there is revealed
a thing of no use unless sealed & sealed
another take off & then you will find
What refreshes the body & quiets the mind

46th

My first runs at you
My second runs into you
My third runs through you —

47th

To raise my first in distant climes
Thousand of wretches toil
and of my second oftentimes
Men, tender maids dispoil
My 3d from youth to age we find
Ladies always with for
yet when they gain it prove unkind
and do not care a fish for —

48th

My 1st is a name that is usually given
To actions that point out the sure road to heaven
My 2nd all poets should study with care
No painting without it we ever could bear
But my third you respect & a secret to tell
'Tis one of the reasons I love you so well —

49th

Made by Mr Palmer at Lady Spencers —

My first & second are the lot
of each delighted guest
When every sorrow is forgot
at Spencers social feast.
These two together form a third
which when these hours are past
we grieve to think how it differs
we must pronounce at last

Answer

Whilst through the various scenes we pass
Which busy life engage
Whilst different folkes each embrace
Gay youth and peevish age
To all the busy bustling throng
With ease we bid adieu
But ah 'tis sure too hard a task
To say farewell to you —

My first is called bad or good,
May pleasure or offend you;
My second in a thirsty mood
May very much befriend you.
My whole tho' stiled a "cruel word",
May yet appear a kind one;
It often may with joy be heard,
With tears may often blind one.

50th

From my first with reluctance I part
Which my second far distant will lead
Yet united they soothe the lonelheart
Which unkindness hath sentenced to bleed —

51st

My first is the reverse of out
My second is a tree
My third resolved you no doubt
A Woman's name will see
My total when combined will shew
A place for those who're sick and low —

52nd

My first was entailed upon my second
by the curiosity & disobedience of my third

53rd

My first however have abused,
Designs the sex alone;
In Cambrew, such is custome's pride
'Tis Jenkin, John or Joan.
My second yet is loudly called
When men prepare to fist it:
Its name delights the female ear;
Its force, may none assist it!
It binds the weak, it binds the strong,
The wealthy and the poor;
Still 'tis to joy a passport deem'd,
For sully'd fame a cure.
It may ensure an age of bliss,
Yet miseries oft attend it;
To fingers, ears, and noses too,
Its various lords commend it.
My whole may chance to make one dunk,
Though vended in a fish shop;
'Tis now the monarch of the seas
And has been an archbishop.

54th

My first is plowed for various seasons, and grain is frequently buried in it to little purpose. My second is neither riches nor honour; yet the former would generally be given for it, and the latter is ~~generally~~ often had by without it. My whole applies equally to spring summer, autumn, and winter; and both fish and flesh, praise and censure, mirth and melancholy, are the better for being in it.

55th

My first, with the most rooted antipathy to a Frenchman, prides himself, whenever they meet, upon sticking close to his sacks. My second has many virtues, nor is its least that it gives name to my first. My whole may I never catch!

56th

My first is one of England's prime boasts; it rejoices the ear of a horse, & anguishes the toe of a man. My second, when brick, is good; when stone, better; when wooden, best of all. My whole is famous alike for rottenness & fun.

57th

My first, when a Frenchman is learning English, serves him to swear by. My second is either hay or corn. My whole, is the delight of the present age & will be the admiration of posterity —

Explanation of Charades

1st Carpet
2d Glowworm
3d Woman
4th Decanter
5th Watch chain
6th high cap
7th Ribband
8th Bredegroom
9th Chatham
10th Bugbear
11th Courtship
12th Lover
13th Pedlock
14 Nosegay
15 Snowdrop
16 Base viol
17 Heartsease
18 Bookcase
19 Coffee
20 Advice
21 Sunday
22 Endless
23 Woman
24 Crowfish
25 Muffin
26 Modice
27 Lovely
28 Pension
29 Peerless
30 Restore
31 Chairman
32 Bookcase
33 Pensive
34 Waistcoat
35 Footstool
36 Supporter
37 Pardon
38 Misfortune
39 Moonlight
40 Secret
41 Pattern
42 Adam
43 Goldring
44 Hopeless
45 Pleade
46 Buck Thorn
47 Sweet heart
48 Good nature
49 farewell
50 friendship
51 ~~Fairwoman~~ Fairy
52 Women
53 Hessing
54 Season
55 Tamstar
56 Cornwall
57 Garrick

Explanation to the Enigma's

1 Heroine
2 Herring
3 Advice
4 Madam
5 Dutch S
Marchon S
Count S
6 Heart
7 Fibers
8 Eye
9 Bed
10 Letter I
11 Alphabet
12 VI - IV = I
13 Devil
14 Blacksmith
15 Letter E
16 Lord
17 Read according to the stops
18 I see you better wise for me
19 Love 20 Highway
21 Minions 22 Turkey Coffee
23 Just - See 24 Food 25 Egg

answers to the Queries -

1 a Ditch
2 Straps
3 to keep his head warm
4 because the bed dont go to them -
5 to stay
6 No horse has five
7 a mares
8 Hues because brutes were first created
9 a fat little pig - because a little fat Pig must be lean
10 the bit that goes in to it
11 on the head
12 Noise -
13 at Endor
14 Three
15 Letter b -
16 the Bridge in a way
17 In a hop yard & then he would see from pole to pole
18 His Daughter
19 a woman having twins
20 - 21 makes 21. 12 + 12
21 Cordial
22 because they are mended
23 Take I from XIX
24 News paper
25 Shorter
26 Right - I side B side
R side L side upper side under side Inside & outside -
29 the outside
28 Christmas
29 Mother
30 a Jest
31 Jonah in the Whales Stomach
32 His foot
33 because he has lost his master's countenance
34 because ~~he's gone wrong~~ a minister -
35 because it has a pupil
36 because it is immaterial
37 because he doubles the cape
38 because there are letters in it
39 because he is a clerk
40 because it lets you say nothing
41 Because people lie between them
42 because the shoes fall in colors
43 Wind
44 XL excell - -

answers to the transpositions

1 Lemon & Melon
2 Fair & air
3 Art Rat Tar
4 Mite Time
5 Prerogative
6 Understanding

Enigmas

1st

What is the word from which if you take
the five last letters is a male, the four
last a female, the three last a great man
and altogether a woman — —

2nd

The name of a fish not very uncommon
Is the pride & the boast of a young married woman

3d

What is that every body wants, every
one asks & nobody takes?

4th

Five letters do compose my name
Twice reverse 'tis still the same
In compliment I'm known to dwell
So what I am fair Ladies tell. —

5th

A letter in the Dutch alphabet denotes
A Lady of high rank, walk over it & it
becomes one of inferior rank, reckon
it & you will find it of a still different
rank —

6th

What is that which dances & skips
'Tis known by the eyes but chants in the lips
It seldom is seen but ofentimes read
It is sometimes a feather & now & then lead
When it meets with its match it is happily caught
But when money can buy it 'tis not worth a groat

7th

If I from you a kiss receive,
And you that kiss return
You by that act with ease express
The thing you're to return —

8th

A word of one sylable easy and short
Read backwards and forwards the same
It expresses the sentiments warm from the heart
And to beauty says principle claim

9 —

Found long ago yet made to day
Employ'd while others sleep
What few would ever give away
Or any wish to keep —

10

Pray Ladies who in seeming wet delight
Say what's invisible yet never out of sight

11

A word of three sylables seek till you find
That has in it the 24 letters combin'd —

12

When you and I together meet
We make up six in house and street
When I and you do meet once more
Alas! poor we, can make but four
And last when you from I are gone
I make but solitary one.

13

Long before adam one there lived
And liveth one as is believed
Whose name reversed here you'll see
Ladies pray say who this may be —

14

Yonder lives a Shoemaker who works with as leather
And strange employs all the four elements together
Of Fire he makes use, of water Earth and air
And for my customer makes a double pair —

15

The beginning of Eternity
The end of time and space
The beginning of every end
And the end of every place. —

16

Twice pounds & pence two letters place,
I will tell you something near his grace

17

Every Lady in this land
Has twenty Nails, on each hand
Five, & twenty on hands and feet:
all this is true without deceit.

18

I C U B Y Y for me. —

19

There is a certain natural production,
Neither Animal, Vegetable or Mineral, it exists upon the surface of the Earth from two feet to Six; it is neither Male or Female but between both, it is often mentioned in the old Testament and strongly recommended in the new. —

20

I'm rough I'm smooth I'm wet I'm dry
My station lays my title high
The King my lawful Master is
I'm used by all tho only his.

21

Four Men sat down in a tavern to play
They play'd all night & most part of the day
The sum of them betted no stake was put down
Each found when he rose he was winer a Crown.

22

An ingenious workman once made a spit
Five hundred Turkies were roasted on it
all well roasted & all at a time
All very fat and all in their prime
But here comes the wonder for what do you think
all our Coast was at one turn'd into a drink

23.

A shining wit pronounced of late
That every acting Magistrate
Was water in a freezing state

24

A monosyllable I am & a septile I now
Get out one in twain & I'm syllables two
I'm English & Latin I'm one or the other
What is English for one half is Latin for t'other
Not to give you more trouble or puzzle your brains
To put out one together I'm syllable again —

25

A polish'd wall as white as Milk.
Lined with a Skin as soft as Silk
A golden apple next appears
Veil'd with a Chrystal flood of tears
No entrance here the gates unguard
But thieves break thro & steal the gard

Queries —

1st
What thing is that which is lengthened by being cut at both ends?

2nd
What makes shoes

3
Why does a Miller wear a white hat?

4
Why do people goto bed?

5
What was yesterday — last night will be tomorrow?

6
Which has most legs a Horse or no Horse?

7
What is most like a horses shoe?

8
Which were made first Elbows or knees?

9
Which is the fattest a little fat Pig or a fat little Pig?

10
What is lip than a snites mouth?

11
When was the first nail struck in the Ark?

12
What is that which a Coach can't be made without can't go with out & yet it is not of any use to it?

13
Where did the witch of Endor live?

a goose before two Geese
a goose behind two Geese
a goose between two Geese
How many Geese are there?

15

What difference is there between live fish and fish alive?

16

How would people go over the Water if the Bridge was a way?

17

Where would you set a man that he might see the farthest?

18

What relation is that child to its Father that is not its fathers son?

19

How can you take two from one so that three shall remain? —

20

Which is the most 1 & 2 or 2 & 1?

21

Why is a darned stocking like dead men?

23

How can you take one from nine=teen so as twenty shall remain?

24

What is that which is black & white and read all over?

25

What is that which becomes shorter by being lengthened?

26

How many sides have you?

27

On which side of St. Pauls Church does the tree stand?

What is that which we adore, that we abjure, & that we celebrate?

29

If a woman were to change her sex what religion would she then be of? —

30

What is Majesty deprived of its externals.

31

What is that which was born without a soul lived and had a soul yet died without a soul?

32

What did Adam first set in the Garden of Eden?

33

Why is Charles Fox like a melted Guinea?

34

Why is a Persons horse like a king?

35

Why is the Eye like a preceptor?

36

Why is the soul like a thing of no consequence

37

Why is a Taylor putting two collars on your Coat like a Navigator to India?

38

Why is a printing house like a Post office?

39

Why is a fool like a noun substantive?

40

Why is a looking Glass like experience?

41

Why are Bad Nuts enemies to truth?

42

Why is a painted Lady like a Pirate?

43

What is that which is often heard often felt but never seen?

44

A Gentleman on being asked his age by a Lady answered it is just what you do in every thing?

Enigma – my first is myself in a very short word
my second is a puppet & you are my third – Idol

17 Old Maids – 19 Aristocrats
2 Pinches of snuff – a Turkey Carpet
9th Regt of foot Guards 11 Poached Eggs
with 50 odd &c's may all be expressed by a
Liquid in common use – – Ink –

Transpositions

If you a sour thing transpose
a very sweet one will disclose

2

If you view me aright
I am beauteous and just
Take a letter away
and without one you're dust

3

a form for lining if transpos'd
a quadruped will be disclosed
Transpose the same again you'll see
a term for sailors told & Gee
Letters and words of each but three

4

An insect of the smallest size
If you transpose it aightly
Will tell you what men ought to prize
Tho' called by them lightly.

5

Rover eat Pig

6

Red nuts & Gin

To find out my first even Erskine would try
My second he would wish for to make it
My 3d I am sure of whenever you are by
and heartily wish you to take it –
Pleasure

My second makes my first & I carry
my whole in my pocket – Penknife

Riddle

O'er all the world my empire does extend
And while that lasts my reign will never end
By all I'm loved and almost all denied
Yet them I promise next they'll all believe
To heaven I lead but must not enter there
In Hell I cannot be Earth is my sphere
If yet in vain you study for my name,
Search your own heart for surely there I am.
Hope –

Anagrams

To love ruin	Revolution
Great Help	Telegraph
Shop at Cairo	Apothecaries
Real Gain	Funeral
To stop it rains	Transposition
Very sour	Surveyor
Richard Pope	Harpsichord
Little Sea	Tetalite
Spare him not	Misanthrope
No more Stars	Astronomers
Best in Prayer	Presbyterian
Herd cave	Charades
There we sat	Sweet heart
Tis set cry	Hysterics
Sophy cants	Sycophants
I magic Tale	Tragic material
Evil Fast	Festival
Rise Ram	Machine
A Poison Pit	A Position

My first is conclusive
My second is diminutive
My whole is extensive – Endless

My first brings joy to all around
My second may bring sorrow
My third but once a year is found
It may be yours tomorrow – Birthday

My first Almira cannot be
But may it soon obtain
If she will be the next to me
And smile upon her swain
Who wants no more to make him blest
Nor you perhaps to guess the rest
But that you may not be disrest
My whole denotes the human race
Of which Almira is a grace —

My first will deck the Man-kind —
My second will devour the same
My whole is thought an emblem true
Of future change to me & you —
Silk-Worm

Three fourths of a fiddle
With a B in the Middle
A Cat & a half
If you guess it you'll laugh —

broken

An Enigmatical dinner for the month of January

1
Part of your shoe

2
a Vessel and two fifths of a blunder

3
Half of three famous sitters, the last half of a tormentine, a pain 3 fourths of a small French coin & the 3d of a slight Passion

4
Four fifths of serious & the beginning of consent

5
Half of a swift animal - 3 fifths of a male relation, a consonant, a preposition, four sixths of a famous city, & what is always dear to us.

Since fifths of what all ships have, a Mr. on musical letter one third of a tree & the first part of embarrassment.

to
a large weight and three fifths of a visitor

11
a favourite colour and a cracked letter

6
The emblem of union & part of the tea equipage deprived of a letter.

7
Labour changing a letter & sixths of a man's christian name, a covenant & grave bird.

8
Half of a fifth, fifty & two thirds of a falsehood

6
The fifths of a musical instrument, 1 4th of a valuable spice and a marsh fowl deprived of a letter

7
Chattering birds except a male

8
The fifths of a species and a useful fruit & the last of half a bird

2 Course
1
Two sixths of a man's christian name, the sufferers wish deprived of a letter, a mischievous insect & the 4th of a hasty woman —

2
The staff of life & the first syllable of a kitchen utensil

3
Beaten - a famous woman dictator & half a Cheat

4
Three fifths of a small quantity, a consonant, and one fourth of a space of time.

5
To divide, deprived of a letter.

9
Half a trade to benefit half standing water & half a meal & a conduit

to
Breath

11
a Sailor and the ornaments

Answer

1 Soles
2 Butter
3 Green soup
4 Gravy
5 Haunch of Venison
6 Lucks Tongue
7 Boiled fowls
8 Jelly
9 anchovy sauce
10 Tongue
11 Greens

2 Course

1 Pheasants
2 Bread sauce
3 a whipt syllabub
4 Gravy
5 Hare
6 Plummery
7 Minced pies
8 Hot apple pye
9 Black pudding
10 Puffs
11 Tarts

Where were Letters first invented - in A B C - nia -

Which were Queen Elizabeths' favorite Letters? S X

Which ought most to be avoided? X S

Which are the Debtors Letters? I.O.U

Which the Gamsters? C O

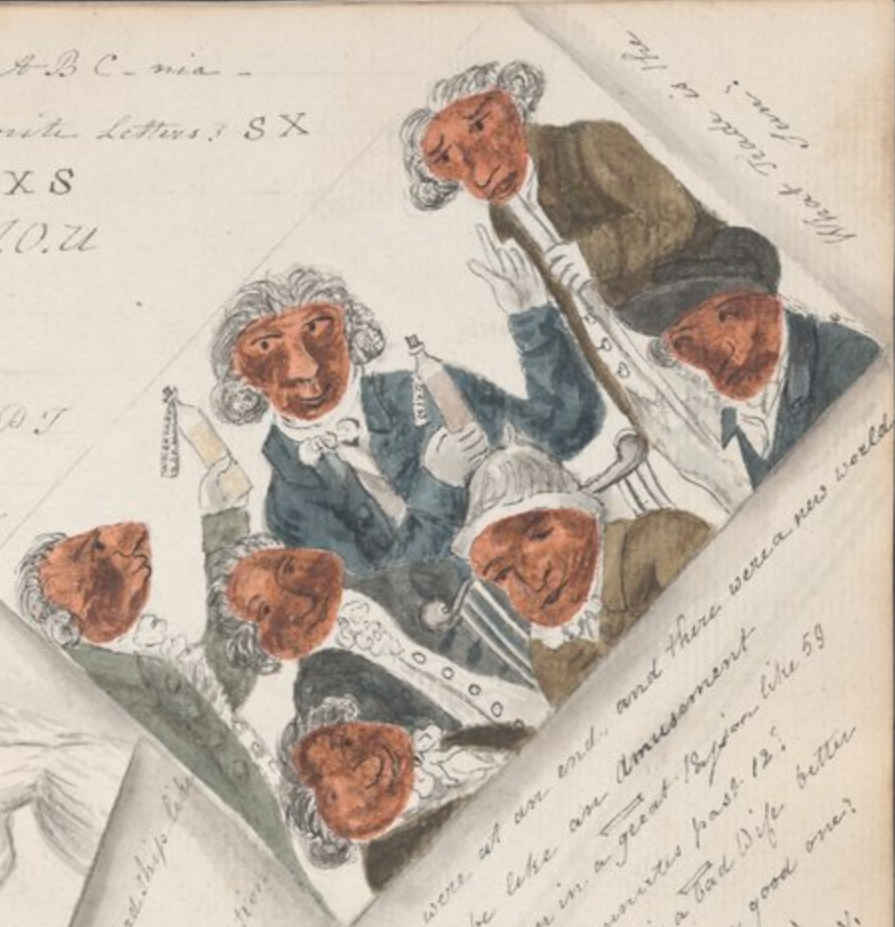
Which the Painters?

Which the most compassionate? P I

Which the most Pupilous? C I

Which have nothing in them? M T

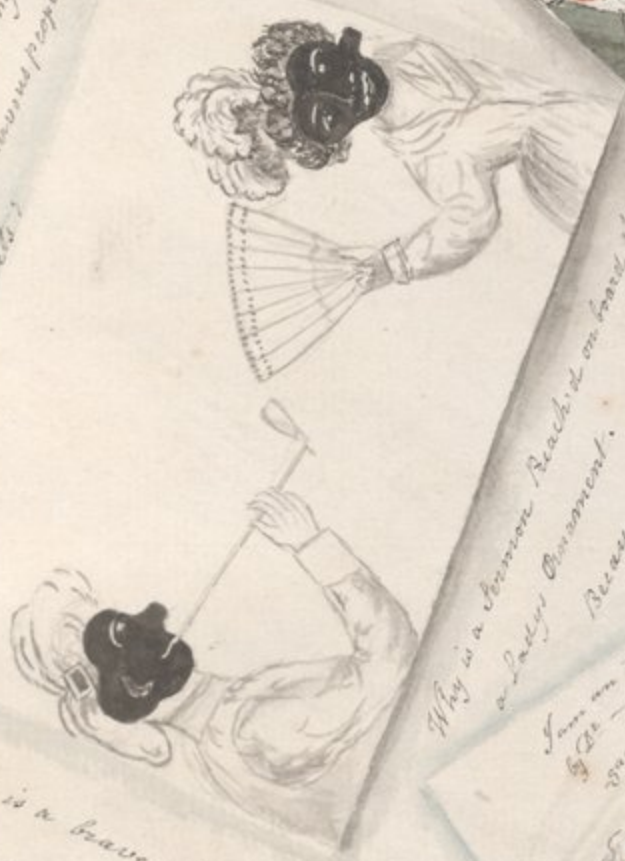
Which gave Title to a foreign Ambassador X.L.N.C



Which the most Aspiring?

Which an enemy to mankind people?

Which the Best?



Why is a Sermon Reached on board ship like a Ladys Ornament.

Because it is a Deck-ration.

* If this world were at an end, and there were a new world Why would it be like an Amusement

o Why is a Man in a great Passion like 59 minutes past 12?

2 Why is a bad Life better than a good one?

* Answers Because it would be a recreation.

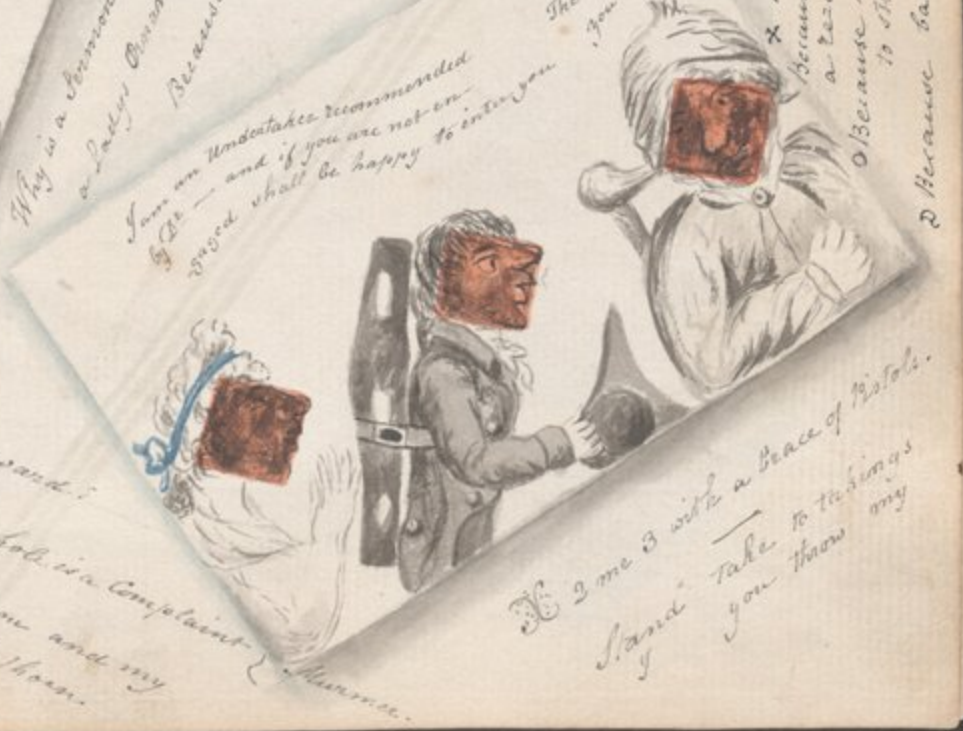
o Because he is just ready to Think me.

2 Because bad is the best.

Why is a brave Man like a Coward?

My first & second are the same, my whole is a Complaint — My first runs at you, my second runs on you and my whole runs through you — Buck-thorn.

Black, Blue, red, yellow, and green are intended to hide what is meant to be seen.



I am an Undertaker recommended to you — and if you are not engaged shall be happy to inter you

The Devil you will

Stand! take to the Stings or you thaw my Mummy.

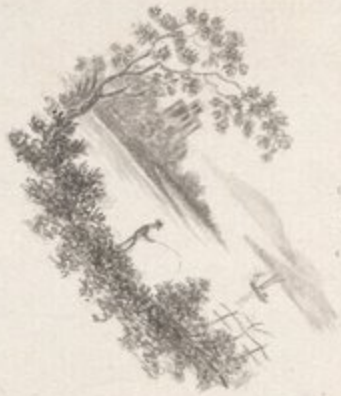
2 me 3 with a Brace of Pistols.

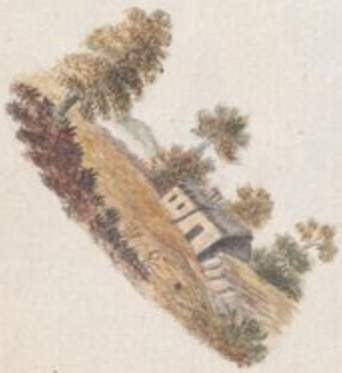
An Argument on both sides.

In sleep, for refuge from my woes,
I sought, but vainly sought repose;
Disheartful dreams my slumbers broke,
And thus I argued, when I woke:—
"Of all the woes with which we meet
Sure nightly visions are the worst,
That give our nights are thus oppress'd;
And sleep is any thing but rest:
If hateful dreams, portending ill
Our breasts with secret horrors fill.
How cruel, when the wearied mind
Repose and refuge seeks to find
In sleep, that should add still more
To all the woes she felt before!
But if before our eyes should pass
Scenes of unreal joy, alas!
How sad the feeling, when we rise,
To find them vanished from our eyes
To feel our vorous still remain,
And all our promised pleasures vain!"

So then I thought. Another night
Brought with it visions of delight;
In vopt delusion lost, I lay
Enraptured till returning day:—
"Oh then, methought, what pow'r can seem,
So charming as the pow'r to dream!
If scenes of fancied bliss we see
In these our dreams, how blest are we
In sleep still would to find that bliss
We vainly hope to find in this?
If happy, born on blacker wing,
Unlooked for woes our visions bring,
How sweet the recompense we take
In those glad feelings, when we wake,
To find our pleasures still our own,
And, with our dream, our sorrow flown!"

C.T.

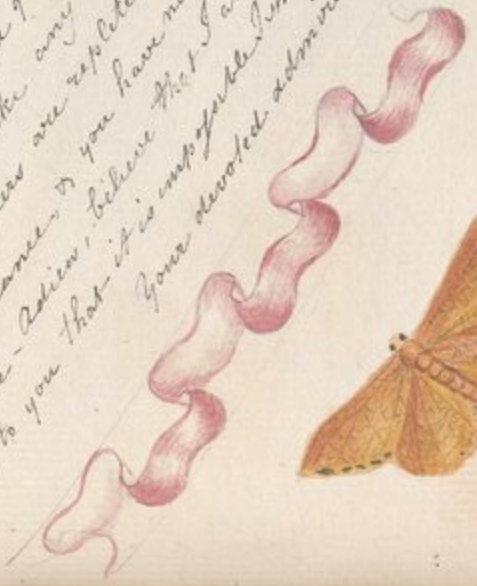


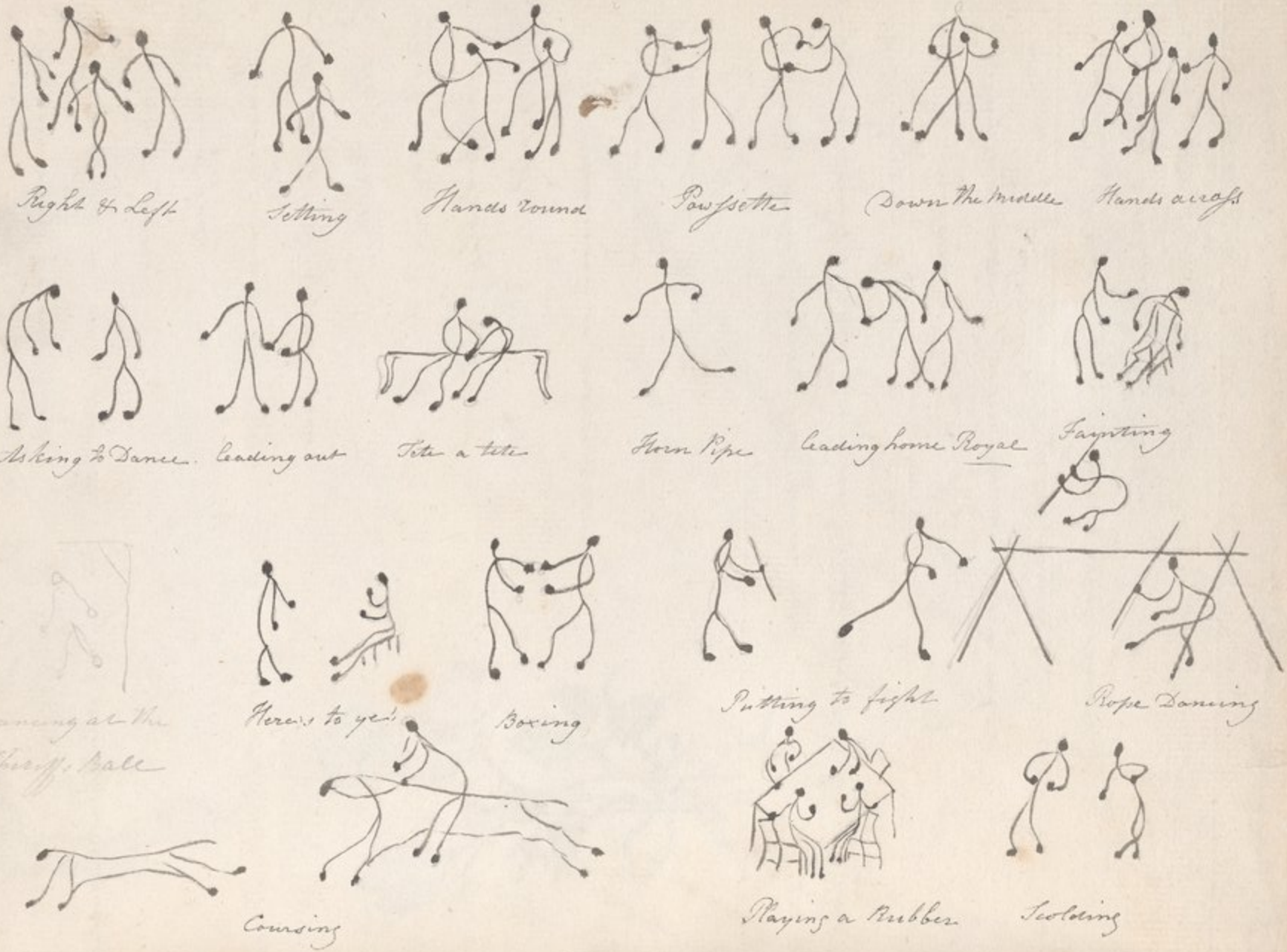


Madam,

The extreme tenderness I have hitherto expressed for you is false, I feel that my indifference towards you daily increases, and the more I see of you the more you appear ridiculous in my eyes, and an object of contempt I find myself inclined and in every sense resolved to hate you, believe me, I never had the least wish to offer you my heart; our last conversation has left a tedium and insipidity which has not given me the most exalted idea of your character and if we are united I can experience nothing but your inconstant temper will make me miserable, the resentment of my friends, added to eternal dissatisfaction in living with you I have indeed a heart to bestow but do not wish you to imagine that it is at your disposal, never can I bestow it on one more inconstant and capricious than yourself and life capable of doing honour to my choice & to my family yes Madam: I beg and desire you will believe that I speak sincerely and you will do me the greatest favor in avoiding me, you need not take any trouble in answering this, your letters are replete with nonsense & impertinence, & you have not a gleam of wit & goodness - Adieu, believe that I am so averse to you that it is impossible I should ever be

Your devoted admirer




Right & Left
Setting
Hands round
Pousette
Down the middle
Hands across
Asking to Dance
Leading out
Tete a tete
Horn Pipe
Leading home Royal
Fainting
Dancing at the Sheriff's Ball
Here's to ye!
Boxing
Putting to fight
Rope Dancing
Coursing
Playing a Rubber
Scolding

New Dictionary or present meaning of several words in common use, which have undergone a material change with the last thirty years:

Age — An infinity nobody knows

Bore — Every thing one does not like; also any one who speaks about Religion

Courage — Fear of Man.

Cowardice — Fear of God.

Dancing — Whisking round the room in the arms of your partner

Decency — Keeping up appearances.

Dressed — Half Naked

Undressed — Covered up to the Throat.

Drunk — Comfortable

Economy — Obsolete.

Friends — The meaning is uncertain

Honesty — Not in use.

Honour — Stand fire well.

Hospitality — Obsolete

Home — Every bodys house but your own.

At Home — The domestic arrangement of receiving 300 Visitors in a small Room

Not At Home — Sitting in your own Parlour.

Matrimony — A Bargain

Quiz — Any inoffensive person in your own circle.

Religion — Occupying a seat in a fashionable Chapel.

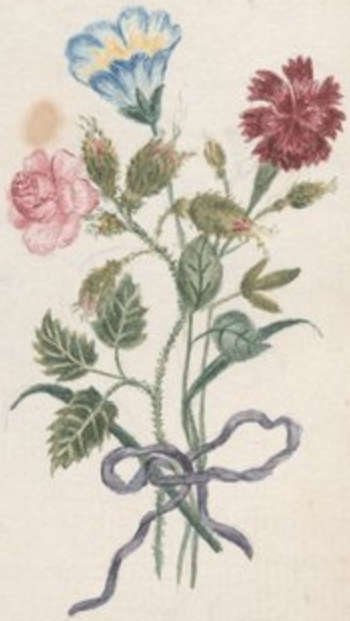
Steady — Only applied to Servants and Horses

Time — Only regarded in Music

Truth — Meaning uncertain

Wife — A necessary Evil

Devil — A delightful creature; Also a Wooden Toy for the amusement of young



Cap. Chaldeum

Clerical Anecdote

The late Dr Balguy a Preacher of great celebrity after having delivered an exceeding good discourse at the Cathedral Winchester. The text of which was "All wisdom is sorrow" received the following extempore and elegant compliment from Dr Watson, then at Winchester School.

If what you advance dear Dr is true
That Wisdom is sorrow "how wretched are you

The following Epitaph is taken from a Tombstone at Gunwallow, near Helstone Cornwall

SHALL WE ALL DIE
WE SHALL DIE ALL
ALL DIE SHALL WE
DIE ALL WE SHALL

A Gentleman made a lady an offer by sending her the following

I that you let love one none that one none is but only but only one one love and

My first exists only in my second and my second is always shameless & gloomy, in the absence of my first my whole is employed by different individuals in very different ways, some devote it to reading, some others to riding, some to drinking, others to thinking, some employ it in settling their accounts with Man, others more wisely in settling their accounts with God.

C. C.
Queen's Coll.
Oxford

Written by the Reo Dr Swift on his non deafness

Deaf, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my Friends a burden grown
No more I hear my Churches Bell,
Than if it rang out for my Knell,
At Thunder now no more I start
Than at the rumbling of a Cart.
Nay, whats incredible alack,
I hardly hear a Womans clack

Lines addressed by Mr. Pope to the Duchess of Queensbury
Sick Delia's Person and her sense agree,
What Mortal could behold her and be free
But Nature has in Pity to Man kind
Enrich'd the Image but defaced the Mind
The Duchess's Answer
Had Pope a person equal to his Mind
How fatal would it be to Womankind
But Nature who does all things well ordain
Deform'd the Body but enriched the Brain

There's a tear, a human tear,
From fair virtue's rose refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an Angel's cheek,
'Tis such as pious Fidelia's shed,
Upon a chasteous Daughter's head.
Walter Scott

Epitaph on a Parson
Come let us rejoice merry Boys at his fall
For e'gad had he lived he'd have bury'd us all

This cane Character by you
Fair is a Great Lad more Living Labour is
Although in one Lad more a Honour it
Grapes in Comparison Mighty but

The Meeting of the Waters

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal, and brightest of green
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill
Oh no! it was something more exquisite still;

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom were near
Who made every scene of enchantment more dear
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world shall cease
And our hearts like thy waters be mingled in peace.

vide Moore's Irish Melodies –

My ain Fire Side

Oh I hae seen great anes and sat in great Hals
Wang Lords and wang Ladies a cover'd we brais,
At feasts made for Princes we Princes I've been
Where the grand shine of splendure has dazzled my een
But a sight sae delightful I trow I nea spied
As the bonny little blink o my ain Fire side
My ain fire side, my ain fire side
How sweet is the blink O' my ain fire side

2

Once mair Lord be prais'd round my ain heartsome Ingle
Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle
Nae force now upon me to seem wae or glad
I may laugh when I'm merry and sigh when I'm sad
Nae fanshood to dread and nae Malice to fear
But truth to delight and kindness to cheer,
O of a' roads to pleasure that ever was tried
There's nane half so sure as anes ain fire side
My ain fire side my ain fire side,
Oh sweet is the blink O' my ain fire side

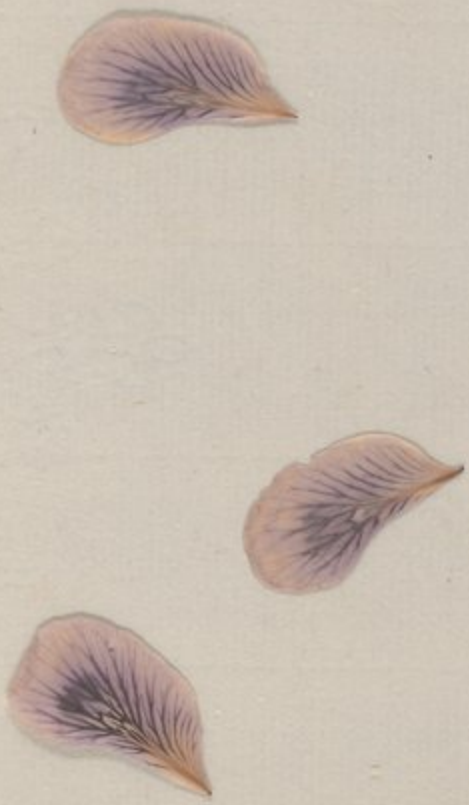
3

When I draw in my stool on my cozy hearth stane
My Heart leaps sae light I scarce ken'd for my ain
Care has flown on the winds, it is clean out of sight
Past troubles they seem but as dreams o' the night
I hear but kent voices, kind faces I see
I make fond affections beam frae ilk ee
Nae fleaching o' flattery nae boasting o' pride
Tis heart speaks to heart at my ain fire side
My ain fire side my ain fire side
Oh sweet is the blink O' my ain fire side

The poor man, lifting up his death dimm'd Eye —
Of those he loved to take a farewell view
And giving them by Faith, to God on high,
Finds in his soul more satisfaction true,
Than if he saw, with every Wind that blew,
Wafted for them, the Wealth of Asias Shores,
Than if he left them Crowns, or rich Peru
Were opening, vast, her subterraneans Doors,
For them, th astonish'd World to heap with all her stores —

Yet saw, no Stoic he, with cold Neglect
To heal his own, despising Natures Tie
Nor raving, rapt enthusiast to expect,
A miracle from Heaven for their supply, —
No no the dew that moistens either Eye,
The heavy sighs, he labours to suppress,
While stretching forth his feeble hand to dry
The stream of grief that flows on every face
Compassion, love sincere, and deep regret confess —

My lovely stock " he cries for whom e'en Toil '
"Was sweet at morn, at Noon, or Twilight grey"
"If still I found you, with complaisant smile"
"Around me gathered at the close of day
"Oft, while the silent hours have winged their Way "
"Peace shedding soft on you its soothing power, "
"Watchful have I remained behind to pray "
That heaven might long defer, this trying hour "
And kind upon your Heads its choicest blessings pour.'



Ridley 10

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To Gild Sheets of Paper

Take Yellow ochre, grind it with rain water, and lay a ground with it all over the paper which should be fine wove: when dry, take the white of an Egg and about a quarter of an ounce of white sugar candy, and beat them together till the sugar candy is dissolved; then strike it all over the ground with a varnish brush and immediately lay in the gold leaf, pressing it down with a piece of fine cotton when dry polish it with Dogs tooth or agate. A sheet of this paper may be prepared for 1.6 which costs 6 in the shops.—

To Silver paper without Silver after the Chinese manner.—

Take two scruples of clear glue (Indian glue is the best) one scruple of allum and half a pint of clear water: simmer the whole over a slow fire till it is nearly two thirds evaporated. Then, your sheets of paper being laid on a smooth table, dip a varnishing brush in the preparation, and go quickly over the paper twice; sift powder of talc through a fine sieve made of Gauze; hang it to dry, and when dry rub off the superfluous talc which serves again for the same purpose The talc is prepared in the following manner:— Take 1lb of Muscovy talc boil it in fair water four hours then take it

of the fox and let it stand in the water two days wash it well beat it to peices in a mortie and add to it six ounce of allum which when reduced to a fine powder put again into clear water and just give it a boil pour of the water and place the powder in the sun or a warm place to dry and it will become a harder consistence this beat in a mortie to an impalpable powder and it is fit for use. Put it in a bottle to keep it from dust, which is apt to make it appear dingy.—

To Dye Straw of different Colours.—

Yallow.— Take the largest and most perfect barley Straws cut them into proper lengths and boil them in some good clear lye: to which add as many french berries as will bring them to the colour desired. When taken out put them in cold water for a few minutes and then set them in a warm place to dry.

For Red use Brazil as above; for Blues, Litmus and for Greens, first Dye blue & then give a boil in Yellow

or Prints To prevent Water Colours from Sinking on paper.

Boil Isinglass in fair water untill it acquires the consistence of weak gum water; then with a piece of clean sponge or clean varnish Brush, go over the print twice before you begin to lay on your colours.

To prepare Silk or Sattin for painting in Water Colours

Take Isinglass, and Boil it in spirits of Wine, or Brandy, to the consistance of strong gum-water; and when you have drawn your out=line with a black lead pencil go over all the parts to be coloured with the composition, and when dry you may commence your work.

A Varnish for Prints, Drawings, Fancy Work &c

Take four ounces of Isinglass, in small pieces; boil it in one quart of Brandy or Spirits of Wine; expose it to the air and when only warm, wash over the print or drawing (which should be previously mounted), and let it stand till quite dry; then wash it again at a small distance from the fire, or it will blister; which repeat two or three times; then go twice over with the following white Varnish:— Take of gum sandarac, and gum mastich, equal quantities, dissolve them in spirits of wine, let them settle two days, then strain through a linen cloth, and pour the clear liquor into a bottle for use —

Burnished gilding on glass

Gilding on glass is chiefly used for ornamenting the boarders of paints, name plates, and for other ornamental decorations of various kinds, and is performed in the following manner: Dissolve some of the whitest and most transparent isinglass in the clearest water, till pretty thick; strain it through a linen cloth, and keep it in a vial well corked; then take the best black varnish, such as is used for the roofs of carriages; to which add a small quantity of burnt lamp black, well ground in spirits of turpentine; and with a large flat varnish brush, give the glass one even thin coat, possessing a small degree of transparency, and appearing a good black on the other side of the glass; then with a fine needle scribe the outline of what black is to come out; then with a camel hair pencil lay a little water on the parts of the varnish you wish to detatch, and in a few minutes it will peel away clean from the glass. When all the varnish to be taken off is ~~to be~~ removed, set the glass near the fire to dry, and harden the varnish; then take the size of a pea of the isinglass jelly, and put it into a teacup containing some

clean hot water in which it must be dissolved. Next prepare your gold leaf by cutting it, on a gilding cushion into the most convenient forms. With a hair pencil dipped into the isinglass water touch those parts of the glass you would have gilt, and while moist, lay on the leaf gold; then set the glass in a slanting position before the fire to dry, a few minutes, and, while it is a little warm with a piece of clean cotton, rub the gold smartly to the glass which will give it a kind of polish; then proceed to lay on a second coat of gold in the same manner, and your work is finished. Some lay on three coats but if the gold leaf is good two are sufficient-

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Flour kneaded with bran water will produce one ~~tenth~~ more of Bread than if the same quantity of flour were kneaded with plain water. The experiment is simple, and ought to be tried, since the bran is not lost nor injured in the boiling. Mr. Haggit says that he boiled 5 lb. of bran, and with the liquor obtained from it, kneaded 56 lb. of flour, adding the usual quantity of salt and yeast. The weight before it was put into the oven was 93 lb 13 oz. or about 8 lb. 10 oz. more than the same quantity of flour kneaded with common water

loses about 15%. 110z. in the baking. Thus a clear increase of one fifth is obtained. The reasons are obvious: 1. Bran water weighs half a pound per gallon more than common water; 2. It evaporates less by heat; and 3. A greater quantity of it is necessary in kneading the flour.

Rice The best Substitute for Flour

Of all the substitutes for flour, there is none which is so forcibly recommended by experience as that of rice, and none which is more likely to be procured in sufficient abundance. The truly estimable Treasurer of the Foundling Hospital, Mr. Bernard, during the scarcity of wheat in 1795, recommended to that institution, to substitute rice puddings for those of flour. The flour puddings had taken 168 pounds of flour; the rice puddings required only 21 pounds of rice, to make the same quantity and weight of pudding. The result was that one pound of rice went nearly as far as eight pounds of flour. The use of these puddings has ever since been continued at the Hospital. The saving of money to the Hospital has been above

200l. a year, and the saving of flour to the nation 17,472 pounds weight per annum.

Mr. Bernard states, that there is hardly any way which rice can be stowed down, either with bacon and seasoning with meat, or cheese in which it will not make a cheap, pleasent, and nutritious dish; and it is particularly proper for the aged, the infirm, and the young, who compose the greater part of the inhabitants of every poor house. Rice contains a great deal of nutriment in a small compass, and does not pass so quickly off the stomach as some other substitutes for wheat flour do. It is a good ingredient for bread.

Receipt. — Boil a quarter of a pound of unground rice till it is quite soft; put it on the back of a sive to drain it, and when cold mix it with three quarters of a pound of flour; a tea cup of yeast, a tea cup of milk, and a small table spoonful of salt. Let it stand for three hours; then knead it up, and roll it up in a handful of flour, so as to make the outside dry and a quarter will bake it. it will weigh 1lt. 14 oz and will keep eight days it should not be eat till it is two days old.

A Gentleman, named Millington, has communicated to the Society instituted at Bath for the benevolent purpose of improving the condition of the lower orders of the people, a method for preserving potatoes. Take three pound and a half of potatoes, peel and rasp or grind them, then put the pulp into a coarse cloth, and place it between two boards in a common napkin-press, till it becomes a dry cake, about the thickness of thin cheese; then lay it on a shelf to dry. From such a quantity of potatoes about a quart of juice is expressed, to which add the same quantity of cold water, and about 60 grains of starch or fine flour for pastry will be deposited. The potatoe cake, by boiling or steaming, regains nearly the same weight as the roots lost by the pressure. Frozen potatoes, by this mode, become perfectly sweet and eatable, Upon a large scale the same methods may be adopted for the Navy, as the cake occupies but a sixth part of the compass of the potatoes, and will remain good for years. Carrots & Parsnips may be preserved the same way and will keep for two or 3 years

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By the experiments of Mr Nicholas Ward Boylston, for mixing rice with wheaten flour, the first experiment was six ounces of rice boiled in one quart of water till it was dry and quite soft; two pounds of flour were then added; and the whole with 2 spoonfuls of yeast well worked into dough together, with the usual quantity of salt, giving it rather longer time to rise, which

it was found it required. The loaf thus made when baked, was light in quality, sweeter and more palatable than the common bread, and produced three pounds seven ounces & an half

From this experiment the following fact appears, that rice gains in weight in a double proportion, to that of any other grain, as will be seen by this statement:

	Oz		Oz
Two pounds of Flour is - -	32	Bread produced - - -	$55\frac{1}{2}$
Rice - - - - - - - - - - - -	6	Deduct as per con. - - - -	38
	38	Gained	$17\frac{1}{2}$
To make a Quartern Loaf is generally used $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb of flour is - -	56	When baked is by Standard weight 4 lb 5 oz 8 Drs is - - -	$69\frac{1}{2}$
		Deduct as per contra - -	56
		Gained - - -	$13\frac{1}{2}$

Therefore the difference is, that 2 lbs of flour and 6 oz of rice produce 4 oz more weight than $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs of flour made into wheaten bread.

The second experiment was – in doubling the quantity of rice to the same quantity of flour, which was found to answer for immediate consumption, but would not answer for general purposes; whence it may be concluded, that one fifth of rice may be used with flour to great advantage to the public, by increasing the subsistance, and with profit to the baker, who can afford to sell it at one penny halfpenny under the assize, and gain double what he does by baking the standard bread.

It is to be observed, this experiment was made singly, and consequently weighed less than it would have weighed, had it been baked in a batch. In making the foregoing experiments, it was proved that nine tenths flour and one tenth rice, and in the same way as directed for making bread (except using yeast and salt) produced a finer crust in pastry than using flour alone. Bread thus made keeps longer moist than wheaten bread, and is better the second day than the first. Rice may be steamed rather than boiled; and if the quality of the rice be good, half a pound steamed in little more than one quart of water till it is quite dry and soft, gains two pounds, that is, four fifths in weight.

A dish of Snow

Take twelve large Apples, and put them into a saucepan with cold water. set them over a slow fire, and when they are soft, pour them on a hair sieve. take of the skins and put the pulp into a bason. then beat the whites of twelve eggs to a very strong froth, beat & sift half a pound of double refined sugar and strew it into the eggs. work up the pulp of your apples to a strong froth then beat them all together till they are like a stiff snow lay it upon a dish and heap it as high as you can. set round it green

knots of paste in imitation of chinese rails and stick a sprig of Myrtle in the middle of the dish -

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Ribband Jelly

Take out the great bones of 4 Calfs fut and put the meat into a pot with 10 quarts of water 3 Ounces of Harts horn & the same quantity of Isinglass, a nutmeg quartered and 4 blades of mace, boil it till it comes to 2 quarts, then strain it through a flannel bag and let it stand 24 Hours - then scrape of all the fat from the top slice the jelly, and put to it the whites of 6 Eggs beaten to a froth, boil it a little and strain it through a flannel bag - then run the jelly into little high glasses, and run every color as thick as your finger; but observe that one color must be thoroughly cold before you put on another, & that which you put on must be but blood warm otherwise they will mix together - you must colour red with cochineal, green with spinach, yellow with saffron, blue with syrup of violets & white with cream -

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Orange Brandy

Put into three quarts of Brandy the chips of 18 Seville Oranges, and let them steep a fortnight in a bottle close corked boil 2 quarts of spring water with a pound and half of the finest sugar over an hour very slow - clarify the water and sugar with the white of an Egg, then strain it through a jelly bag, and boil it over half away. When it is cold, strain the Brandy into the syrup.

Lemon Brandy

Mix five quarts of water with one gallon of Brandy: then take 2 Dozen of Lemons, 2 pounds of the best sugar and 3 pints of milk. Pare the lemons very thin, and lay the peel in the Brandy to steep 12 Hours. Squeeze the Lemons upon the sugar, then put the water to it, and mix all the ingredients together. Let it stand 24 Hours and then strain it

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Raspberry Brandy

Mix a pint of water with 2 quarts of Brandy, and put them into a pitcher large enough to hold them, with 4 Pints of Raspberries. put in half a pound of loaf sugar; and let it remain for a week close covered. then take a piece of flannel, with a piece of Holland over it, and let it run through by degrees. In about a week it will be perfectly fine, when you may rack it off; but be careful the bottles are well corked.

Lemon Biscuits

Take the yolks of ten Eggs and the whites of five beat them well together with four spoonfuls of Orange flower water till they froth up. Then put in a pound of loaf sugar sifted ~~with 4 spoonful of~~ beat in one way for half an Hour or more put in half a pound of flour with the rasping of 2 Lemons, and the pulp of a small one. Butter your tin and bake it in a quick oven. but do not stop up the mouth at first, for fear it should scorch. Dust it with sugar before you put it into the oven.

Currant Cake

Dry well before the fire 2 pounds of fine flour take a pound of butter half a pound of loaf sugar well beaten & sifted 4 Eggs four spoonful of Rose water the same of brandy a spoonful of Cinnamon & a little nutmeg grated beat the Eggs well & put to them the rose water & Brandy then put it to the sugar & Butter work them all together then strew in a pound of Currants & the flour having them ready warmed for mixing — a tea cup full of cream —

Small Currant Cakes

Take ½ a Pound of sugar finely powdered two pounds of flour well dryed 4 Eggs - ½ a Pound of Butter washed with rose water 6 spoonsful of cream warmed and a pound & half of currants. Mix all well together then make them into cakes bake them in a hot oven till they are coloured on both sides. Then take down the oven lid & let them stand to soak. You must rub the butter well into the flour then the Eggs & cream & then the currants

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Columbo-root

a most excellent medicine in the cholera-morbus the dose is from half a Drachm to two Drachms of the powder every three or four hours according to the urgency of the symptoms - taken from the article Columbo root in the Encyclopedia - it is also good in Bilious fevers &c —

Cure for the Stone & Gravel taken from the English Chronicle Jan 27 18 - 1810 —

Take an handful of the common weed called wild Carrot, either the roots or blossoms, to which put a pint of boiling water, stew it by the fire till the liquor becomes strongly impregnated with the weed. Let the patient take a teacupful in the extremity of pain - It is a present relief & by a continuance of it will dissolve the stone —

An Elixir against Melancholy

Take roots of valerian & Casamunair, of each 2 ounces; black hellebore 4 ounces. Digest for 24 days in 2 pounds of spirit of wine rectified; then strain & press it out hard, & to it put extract of saffron 1 ounce; & salt of steel half an ounce, with distilled vinegar 8 ounces. digest these for some days together in a close vessel, & then pour off & filter for use.

This is a most efficacious medicine in all melancholy hypocondriacal affections in either sex. And there is hardly a case so obstinate as to resist it; if it be long continued. This is also a good medicine in hysterical disorders, & will seldom fail of removing their cause. It may be given from 10 to 40 drops in compound bryony water or any such convenient vehicle. If it had some proportion of salt of Amber in its composition it might be rendered yet more efficacious; but that would make unpleasant to take

Sweet scented Water

Take orange water & Rose water, of each equal quantities; put them into a large wide mouthed glass & strew gently upon the surface as many jessamy flowers as will cover it then tie the mouth of the glass over so carefully that the flowers be not shook to the bottom and repeat the procedure; letting each quantity of flowers remain 5 or 6 days untill the water is strongly scented with them: then dissolve ambergrease & Musk, each 1 scruple in a few ounces of it; which filter & put to the rest. This is a fine perfume — —

A Receipt for Staining Wood

Mrs Davidson.

1/4 lb Logwood Chips
1/4 do Brazil dust
1/4 do Fustic

Add one Quart of soft Water & simmer them together gently on the fire down to a gill when ready for staining with: mix a few drops of the Oil of Tartar with it