

## MS Miscellaneous Poems<sup>1</sup>

MS Miscellaneous Poems is the third section of the notebook that contains MS Patriotism and MS American Loyalists 1783. Since it is numbered separately from the other sections, it is presented here as a distinct item. Several of the poems in this section are political in nature, like the other two sections, but this political verse dates from the early 1770s—responding to events at that time. Intermixed with such political items are some that are more whimsical in nature, and several reflecting the musical interests of Charles Wesley's sons (these dating from the mid 1770s).

As it stands in the notebook, MS Miscellaneous Poems is defective, with the sheets containing pages 5–18 and pages 13–22 cut out, as well as three sheets following page 38 that may have contained verse. Fortunately, pages 5–8 and pages 13–18 survive in the collection at the Methodist Archive and Research Centre, catalogued under accession number MA 1977/583/6. These pages are restored to their original location in the transcript below. Pages 19–22 remain missing. Only one of the items in this collection was published by Charles Wesley, in the *Arminian Magazine* (see [blue font](#) in TOC). Several of the items also appear in looseleaf draft (noted below).

The 6.0 x 7.5 inch-sized notebook containing MS Miscellaneous Poems is part of the collection in the Methodist Archive and Research Centre, accession number MA 1977/559 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 2). The transcription below is provided with permission of the Librarian and Director, The John Rylands Library, The University of Manchester.

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<sup>1</sup>This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under the editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: January 18, 2012.

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Miscellaneous Poems

July 1, 1785<sup>2</sup>

*Di majorum umbris tenuem et sine pondere terram  
Fragrantisq' crocos, et in urna perpetuum ver,  
Qui praeceptorem sacti voluere parentis  
Esse loco. —* Juvenal.<sup>3</sup>

Light lie the earth on our Forefathers dead,  
Sweet-breathing flowers be on their ashes spread,  
Long live their names, by future ages blest,  
And Heaven indulge them with eternal rest,  
Who honors due to the Preceptor paid,  
Him equal to a sacred Parent made  
Alike by modest youth rever'd, belov'd, obey'd. }

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<sup>2</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:143. The date appears to be the title of the poem, but may be the date for transcribing the collection. If it is the title of the poem, then the apparent reference is to the anniversary of the Battle of Boyne (July 1, 1690), when King William (of Orange) defeated the Catholic King James just outside Drogheda in Ireland.

<sup>3</sup>Juvenal, *Satires*, vii.207–10. “Grant, O Gods, that the earth may lie soft and light upon the shades of our forefathers: may the sweet-scented crocus and a perpetual spring-time bloom over their ashes.” Juvenal wrote “*spirantisque*” for the first word in line 2.

**Written  
after passing by Whitehall.<sup>4</sup>**

Unhappy Charles, mistaken, and misled,  
In error by a wretched Father bred,  
By flattery nurst, and disciplin'd to stray,  
As born a Monarch for despotic sway;  
Push'd on by Churchmen's interested Zeal,  
Or'erul'd by Relatives below'd too well:  
What shall I say? with partial fondness aim  
To palliate faults Thou didst thyself condemn?  
Or in the spirit of these furious times  
Blacken thy memory with fictitious crimes?  
No: let me rather blame thy course begun,  
Admire the glories of thy setting Sun,  
And virtues worthy a Celestial Crown. }

Convinc'd of every error in thy reign,  
Thy upright soul renounc'd them all; in vain!  
Resolv'd to make the Laws thy constant Guide,  
(And every heighten'd wrong *was* rectified)  
Rejoic'd to bid the Cause of discord cease,  
And lay the Basis sure of public peace.

But fruitless all a righteous Monarch's pains,  
If God to plague our guilty land ordains,

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<sup>4</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:445; and *Representative Verse*, 328–29. Whitehall is the palace where Charles I was executed on 30 July 1649 as part of the revolution led by Oliver Cromwell.

Suffers his foes their fatal choice to feel,  
Cries “havock,” and lets slip the dogs of hell.  
The Champion fierce of violated laws<sup>5</sup>  
His sword in prosperous rebellion draws,  
And scorning all the laws of man and God,  
Imbrues his ruffian hands in sacred blood,  
Holds up the Martyr’s, as a Traitor’s, head.  
And glories in the dire infernal deed!

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<sup>5</sup>Referring to Oliver Cromwell (1599–1658).

[blank]

**Written in Handel's Lessons<sup>6</sup>**

Here all the mystic Powers of Sound,  
The soul of Harmony is found,  
Its perfect Character receives,  
And Handel dead for ever lives!

**Written in Kelway's Sonatas<sup>7</sup>**

Kelway's Sonatas who can bear?  
"They want both harmony and air;  
Heavy they make the Player's hand  
And who their tricks can understand? [4]  
Kelway to the profound G[iardini]<sup>8</sup>  
Or B[ach]<sup>9</sup> compared, is but a Ninny,  
A Dotard old (the Moderns tell ye)  
Mad after Handel<sup>10</sup> and Corelli,<sup>11</sup> [8]  
Spoilt by original disaster,  
For Geminiani<sup>12</sup> was his Master,  
And taught him, in his nature's ground  
To gape for Sense, as well as sound." [12]

'Tis thus the Leaders of our nation,  
Smit with the Music now in fashion,

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<sup>6</sup>Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 311; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:382. The title refers to George Frederic Handel, *A Collection of Lessons set for the Harpsichord* (London, 1735). CW apparently inscribed the poem in a copy used by his sons for practice.

<sup>7</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:382–83. The title refers to Joseph Kelway (d. 1782), *Six Sonatas for the Harpsichord* (London, 1764). CW apparently inscribed the poem in a copy used by his sons for practice. Intriguingly, both sons studied with Kelway! The date of the poem in relation to this period of study is unclear.

<sup>8</sup>Felice de Giardini (1716–96), author of *XII Sonate a Violino e Basso* (2 vol., London: Weicker, 1765); and *Sonata for the Harpsichord* (London, ca. 1770).

<sup>9</sup>Johann Christian Bach (1735–82), referring to *Six Sonatas for the Harpsichord* (London, 1773).

<sup>10</sup>George Frederic Handel (1685–1759).

<sup>11</sup>Arcangelo Corelli (1653–1713).

<sup>12</sup>Francesco Geminiani (ca. 1687–1762).

Their absolute decisions deal,  
And from the Chair Infallible, [16]  
And praise the fine, Italian Taste,  
Too fine, too exquisite to last.

Let Midas judge, and what will follow?  
A whis[t]ling Pan excels Apollo, [20]  
A Bag-pipe's sweeter than an Organ,  
A Sowgelder\* surpasses Worgan<sup>13</sup>  
And Kelway at the foot appears  
Of Connoisseurs — with Asses ears! [24]

\*A maker and master of Castratos.<sup>14</sup>

### Modern Music<sup>15</sup>

G[iardini], B[ach] and all  
Their followers, great and small,  
Have cut Old Music's throat,  
And mangled every note; [4]  
Their superficial pains  
Have dashed out all his brains:\*

\* Or: Have quite beat out his brains.

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<sup>13</sup>John Worgan (1724–90), author of *Six Sonatas for Harpsichord* (London: Johnson, 1769), who offered lessons to Charles Jr. and took a keen interest in Samuel Wesley.

<sup>14</sup>A castrato is a male singer castrated before puberty, so as to retain a soprano or alto voice.

<sup>15</sup>Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 312; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:383.

And now we dote upon  
A lifeless sceleton, [8]  
The empty sound at most,  
The Squeak of Music's Ghost.

**Another**<sup>16</sup>

Who'er admires as<sup>17</sup> Excellence  
Sound unaccompanied by Sense,  
Shall have my free consent to praise  
The favourite Music of our days. [4]  
Still let them dance to Orpheus' Sons  
Who captivate the Stocks and Stones;  
And while (to Harmony's confusion)  
The Masters show their execution [8]  
Attend with long transported ears,  
Bad Music's *Executioners*.

**On S[amuel] W[esley]**<sup>18</sup>

Sam for his first three years the Secret kept,  
While in his heart the Seed of Music slept,  
Till Charles's<sup>19</sup> Chissel by a carnel Stroke  
Brought forth the Statue latent in the block: [4]  
Like Memnon then, he caught the Solar Fire,<sup>20</sup>  
And breath'd spontaneous to Apollo's lyre,

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<sup>16</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:383.

<sup>17</sup>Ori., "the."

<sup>18</sup>Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 330; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:384. For CW's prose account of the musical ability of his two sons, see CW, *Journal Letters*, 407–37. See also Philip Olleson, *Samuel Wesley: The Man and His Music* (Woodbridge, Suffolk: Boydell Press, 2003), 1–24.

<sup>19</sup>His older brother, Charles Wesley Jr.

<sup>20</sup>After Memnon's death, slain by Achilles, Zeus conferred immortality on him, and his statue was erected at Thebes which, when struck by the first rays of the rising sun, was said to give forth a sound like the snapping asunder of a cord.

With nature's ease th' Harmonious Summit won  
 The envious, and the gazing Croud outrun,  
 Left all the rest behind, and seized on—Barrington.\* } [8]

\* al. Mornington.<sup>21</sup>

**On Mr. [Daines] B[arrington]  
 Giving Sam the Preference<sup>22</sup>**

Judicious Barrington, whose searching eye,  
 Doth into Nature's close recesses pry,  
 Who earth in quest of excellence explores,  
 And the First Cause in all his works adores, } [4]  
 Skilful unnotic'd Genius to display,  
 And Call retiring Merit into day;  
 Was pleas'd thro' Fortune's envious Cloud to see  
 Two rising sons of heavenborn Harmony. } [8]  
 Crossing his hands, designedly he laid  
 His right, like Jacob, on the Younger's head;  
 The Elder great in harmony confest  
 The Younger with superior honors blest } [12]  
 Prince of the Tuneful Tribe, and Guide of all the rest.\*

\*Ephraim marched foremost of the Twelve Tribes.

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<sup>21</sup>Garret Wesley (1735–81), the Earl of Mornington, was a frequent visitor at the Wesley home and an admirer of the musical talent of CW's sons. CW's note may be implying that it was Mornington who drew the attention of Daines Barrington (1727–1800) to Samuel Wesley.

<sup>22</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:384. This poem refers to Daines Barrington publishing accounts of the musical abilities of Charles Jr. and Samuel Wesley in the *Philosophical Transactions* and reprinting them in his *Miscellanies* (London: J. Nichols, 1781), 289–310. The accounts are abridgments of manuscript accounts written by CW. While Barrington treats both sons, he devotes only two pages to Charles Jr., giving the majority of attention to Samuel. Barrington's account is included in *The Journal of the Rev. Charles Wesley*, ed. Jackson, 2:151–66.

A first draft of this poem, *in shorthand*, appears on the verso of a letter CW received from Mary [Eden] Blackwell, dated July 29 [1781?]:

Sagacious B[arrington], whose searching eye  
 Doth into nature's deep recesses pry  
 In w[ond'ring?] quest of excellence explores  
 And the First Cause in all his work adores  
 Bursting through fortune[']s cloud was pleas'd to see  
 Two rising sons of h[eav'nly harm'ny?] born  
 Crossing his hands, he like the patriarch laid  
 His right from Jacob on the younger's head  
 The elder great in h[armony] confest  
 The younger with superior honours blest.

**The true Use of Music.**<sup>23</sup>

- [1.] Listed into the Cause of sin,  
Why shoud a Good in evil end?  
Music alas, too long has been  
Press'd to obey the roaring Fiend!  
Drunken, or light, or lewd the lay  
To thoughtless souls destructive flow'd,  
Widen'd, and smooth'd the downward way  
And strew'd with flowers th' infernal road.
2. Who on the part of God will rise,  
Restorer of instructive Song,  
Fly on the Prey, and take the Prize,  
And spoil the gay, Egyptian throng?  
Who will the powers of sound redeem,  
Music in Virtue's Cause retain,  
Give Harmony its proper Theme,  
And vie with the celestial Train?
3. Come, let us try if Jesus' love  
Will not its Votaries inspire:  
The Subject this of Those above,  
This upon earth the Saints shoud fire:  
Say, if your hearts be tuned to sing,  
What Theme like this your songs can claim?

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<sup>23</sup>Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 119–21. This is a revision of an earlier hymn by the same title published in *HSP* (1749), 2:253–54; *Representative Verse* provides a side-by-side comparison.

Harmony all its Stores may bring,  
Not half so sweet as Jesus name.

4. His Name the Soul of Music is,  
And captivates the Virgin's pure,  
His Name is health, and joy, and bliss,<sup>24</sup>  
His Name doth every evil cure:  
Jesus his Name the dead can raise,  
Can ascertain our sins forgiven,  
And fill with all the life of grace,  
And bear our raptur'd souls to heaven.
  
5. Who hath a right like us to sing,  
Us whom his pardning mercy chears?  
Merry the heart, for Christ is King  
And in the brighten'd face appears:  
Who of his pardning love partake  
Are call'd for ever to rejoice:  
Melody in our hearts we make  
Return'd by every echoing Voice.
  
6. He that a sprinkled conscience knows,  
The mirth divine, the mystic peace  
The joy that from believing flows  
Let him in psalms and hymns confess,

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<sup>24</sup>Ori., "peace."

Offer the sacrifice of praise,  
Praise ardent, cordial, constant, pure,  
And triumph in harmonious lays,  
While endless ages shall endure.

7. Then let us in the triumph join,  
Responsive to the harps above,  
Glory ascribe to grace divine,  
Worship, and majesty, and love:  
We feel our future bliss begun,  
We taste by faith the heavenly powers:  
Believe, rejoice, and still sing on,  
And heaven eternally is Ours!

**An Apology for the Enemies to Music.**<sup>25</sup>

Men of true piety, they know not why,  
Music with all its sacred powers decry,  
Music itself (not its abuse) condemn,  
For good, or bad is just the same to Them,  
But let them know, They quite mistake the Case,  
Defect of nature for excess of grace:  
And, while they reprobate th' harmonious Art,  
Blam'd, we excuse, and candidly assert  
The fault is in their ear, not in their upright heart.

}

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<sup>25</sup>Charles included this hymn (without significant variants) in a letter to a Mrs. Cromwell on December 27, 1786 (Huntingdon Library and Archives, Cambridgeshire, Cromwell-Bush MSS, no. 134). Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:444; and *Representative Verse*, 312.

[blank]

**The Pianoforte:  
Written in the Year 1783<sup>26</sup>**

Our Connoisseurs their plausible voices raise,  
And dwell on the PIANO-FORTE's<sup>27</sup> praise.  
More brilliant (if we simply take their word)  
More sweet than any tinkling Harpsichord, [4]  
While soothing softness and expression meet  
To make the contrast, and the joy compleat,  
To strike our fascinated ears and eyes  
And take our sense and reason by surprize. [8]

'Tis thus the men whose dictates we obey,  
Their taste, and their authority display,  
Command us humbly in their steps to move,  
Damn what they damn, and praise what they approve. [12]  
With faith implicit, and with blind esteem,  
To own—All Music is ingross'd by Them.

So the gay Nation whose capricious law  
Keeps the whole fashionable world in awe, [16]  
Nor to Italian Airs their ear incline,  
Nor to the noblest Harmony divine  
But as the Sum of Excellence propose  
Their own sweet Sonnets—warbled thro' the Nose! [20]

Yet skilful Masters of the tuneful string,  
(Masters who teach the Harpsichord to—*sing*)

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<sup>26</sup>A looseleaf version (with minor variants, noted below) is also present in MARC: DDCW 6/92d. Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 362–63; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:385–86.

<sup>27</sup>The piano-forte was an early form of the transformation of the harpsichord into the modern piano (by switching from plucking the strings to striking them with a leather hammer), which was gaining broad use in the second half of the eighteenth century.

Tell us of Music's powers a different story,  
And rob PIANO-FORTE of its glory; [24]  
Assuring us, if uncontroul'd by Fashion,  
We hear, and judge, without exaggeration,  
The Merit of the favourite instrument,  
And all its Use and musical intent, [28]  
By the discerning Few is understood  
"To hide bad Players, and to spoil the Good."

*Second Part*

What cannot Fashion do? with magic ease  
It makes the dull PIANO-FORTE please, [32]  
Bids us a trifling Instrument admire,  
As far superior to Apollo's lyre:  
Loud as a spanking Warming-pan its tone,  
Delicious as the thrilling Bagpipe's drone.<sup>28</sup> [36]  
Organs and Harpsichords it sweeps away  
And reigns alone, triumphant for a day:  
The Great acknowledge its enchanting power,  
The echoing multitude of course adore: [40]  
Ev'n Those who *real* Music dared esteem  
Caught for a while, are carried by the stream,  
O'er all her slaves while Fashion domineers,  
And Midas lends them his sagacious Ears! [44]

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<sup>28</sup>DDCW 6/92d reads: "Delicious, thrilling as the Bagpipe's drone."

Shou'd Fashion singling out (if that could be)<sup>29</sup>  
A poorer tool of modern harmony  
The sanction of her approbation give;  
The world polite her dictates wou'd receive, [48]  
The list'ning Herb wou'd fall with awe profound  
And die transported—at a JEWS-HARP'S Sound!

**Occasioned by Some Ill-Natured Reflections  
of an Anonymous Person<sup>30</sup>**

The Wesleys must be somewhat bigger,  
Eer they attempt to “soar, or figure,”  
Neither is yet so great a Ninny  
To view with Giants, or Giardini:<sup>31</sup> [4]  
They now, content to be unknown,  
Compare, prefer themselves to none;  
None they depreciate, or despise,  
Or seek by Others' fall to rise: [8]  
Nor friends nor foes do they offend;  
With no Competitors contend,  
(Whose clashing interests interfere)  
For Organ, School, or Theatre: [12]

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<sup>29</sup>DDCW 6/92d reads: “(if that can be).”

<sup>30</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:386–88.

<sup>31</sup>Felice de Giardini (1716–96).

They sue not for the public graces,  
Pensions, or Benefits, or Places,  
Nor to remoter countries roam,  
But study quietly at home, [16]  
Unseen, unnotic'd, and unheard,  
While Music is its own reward:  
Their warmest wish (If that could be)  
With all of the same trade t' agree, [20]  
Into their friendly arms to take,  
And love them all for Music's sake.

Why then should the Professors aim  
To vilify so mean a name, [24]  
To crush, and nip them in the bud  
(If talents *are* on them bestowed)  
And clip their wings, before they try  
Whither the callow birds can fly? [28]

What pity that the Masters great,  
Like the great Turk, their Kin should hate,  
Envious, at worth, repine and grieve,  
Nor let a younger brother live? [32]  
Masters of a superior spirit  
Nobly rejoice in early Merit;

Worgan<sup>32</sup> can good in striplings see,  
And so can Arnold,<sup>33</sup> and Dupuis;<sup>34</sup> [36]  
Burney is bold a Crutch to praise,<sup>35</sup>  
While Handel's head he gilds with rays:  
True worth impartial he commends  
In strangers, countrymen, and friends, [40]  
And cherishes the sons of art  
All lodg'd in his capacious heart.

O that the tuneful Tribe like Him,  
Might excellence in all esteem, [44]  
Consent their quarrels to forget,  
And candidly each other treat,  
With mutual amity receive,  
And, Unisons, as brethren live? [48]  
O might they all henceforward join  
To vindicate their art divine,  
And emulate the Quire above  
Where all is Harmony and Love! [52]

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<sup>32</sup>John Worgan (1724–90), a well-known organist, who taught Charles Jr. and admired the musical talent of Samuel Wesley.

<sup>33</sup>Samuel Arnold (1740–1802) was an operatic composer, organist, and editor of Handel.

<sup>34</sup>Thomas Sanders Dupuis (1733–96) succeeded Gilbert Boyce as organist at the Chapel Royal and was also a publisher of piano music.

<sup>35</sup>CW is referring to an account that Dr. Charles Burney (1726–1814) published in the *Philosophical Transactions* in 1779 about William Crotch, a musical prodigy born in Norwich in 1775.

[blank]

But now, we fear, he woud much rather  
Pluck out the eyes of his old Father.<sup>37</sup>

**On being desired to write an Epitaph  
for Mr James Hervey.**<sup>38</sup>

- [1.] Or'ereach'd, impel'd by a sly Gnostick's Art  
To stab his Father, Guide, and faithful Friend,  
Woud pious Hervey act th' Accuser's part,  
And *coud* a life like his in malice end?  
No: by redeeming Love the snare is broke,  
In death his rash ingratitude he blames,  
Desires, and *wills* the evil to revoke,  
And dooms th' unfinish'd Libel to the flames.
- [2.] Who then for filthy gain betray'd his trust,  
And show'd a kinsman's fault in open light?<sup>39</sup>  
Let *Him* adorn the Monumental Bust,  
Th' Encomium fair in brass or marble write:  
Or if they need a nobler Trophy raise,  
As long as Theron and Aspasio live,  
Let Madan,<sup>40</sup> or Romaine<sup>41</sup> record his praise,  
Enough that Wesley's Brother *can forgive!*

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<sup>36</sup>The two sheets on which pages 19–22 would appear have been torn from the notebook. They have not been identified among the extant looseleaf items in MARC.

<sup>37</sup>These are the last lines of a poem that began on the prior missing pages. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:438.

<sup>38</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:443 (but divided into four verses); and (correctly) in *Representative Verse*, 307. Referring to James Hervey (1714–58); see CW's funeral hymns (of a significant contrasting tone) written at the time of Hervey's death, in *Funeral Hymns* (1759), 61–63.

<sup>39</sup>CW is referring to the publication of *Eleven Letters from the late Rev. Mr. [James] Hervey, to the Rev. Mr. John Wesley; containing an Answer to that Gentleman's Remarks on 'Theron and Aspasio'* (London: Charles Rivington, 1765). James Hervey decided not to publish these letters, but after his death someone (likely William Cudsworth) released an unauthorized edition in Leeds in 1764. It was little circulated, but prompted William Hervey (the brother of James) to issue a "corrected" copy the next year. Charles is assuming that William Hervey instigated the release.

<sup>40</sup>Martin Madan (1726–90); cf. his praise for Hervey in *A Scriptural Comment upon the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England* (London: John & Francis Rivington, 1772), 76.

<sup>41</sup>See William Romaine (1714–95), *The Knowledge of Salvation Precious in the Hour of Death, proved in a Sermon ... upon the death of the Rev. Mr. James Hervey*. (London: Worrall, 1759).

**After reading Mr Hill's *Remarks*  
and *Farrago double distilled*.<sup>42</sup>**

Why do the Zealots of Geneva rage,  
And fiercest war with an old Prophet wage?  
Why doth their Chief with blackest slanders load  
An hoary Servant of the living God?  
*Sincerely* hate, *affectedly* contemn?  
"Because he contradicts himself, not Them."  
Let Wesley then a wiser method try,  
Himself gainsay, his own report deny,  
Evade, or contradict the General Call,  
And teach, The Saviour did *not* die for All.  
This Contradiction openly confest  
Woud cover, and atone for all the rest.

**To a Friend  
On some late infamous Publications in  
the Newspapers.<sup>43</sup>**

You ask the Cause of all this pother,  
And brother stigmatiz'd by brother?  
Why all these floods of scandal shed  
With curses on an hoary head?  
Tis but the malice of a Party  
As blind and impotent as hearty,

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<sup>42</sup>Published in *Arminian Magazine* 1 (1778): 430. Responding to: Richard Hill (1732–1808), *Some Remarks on a Pamphlet Entitled "A Third Check to Antinomianism"* (London: Dilly, 1772); and *Logica Wesleiensis; or, The Farrago Double-Distilled* (London: Dilly, 1773).

<sup>43</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:446–47. From the beginning of their disputes with the British government about taxation and representation, through mid-1775, John Wesley had shown public sympathy for the stance of the American colonists. Then Samuel Johnson's tract *Taxation no Tyranny* (and the colonists' declaration of independence in July) changed his mind. In September 1775 John published *A Calm Address to our American Colonies* (which digested Johnson's tract, without acknowledgment), publicly adopting the government's side in the dispute. Released when excitement over the colonies was at a fever pitch, Wesley's "turncoat" *Calm Address* caused a furor. The next three months witnessed numerous critical letters to the editor in London magazines and no less than sixteen tracts published against Wesley. The critics were typically both Whig in political stance and Calvinist in theology. A summary can be found in Donald Henry Kirkham, "Pamphlet Opposition to the Rise of Methodism" (Duke University Ph.D. thesis, 1973), 290–314.

A Popish and Geneva trick.  
“Throw dirt enough, and some will stick,”  
“Will choak the reprobate Arminian,  
“And damn him in the world’s Opinion.”

They blacken, not because he tries  
To blind, but open people’s eyes,  
They blacken to cut short dispute,  
With lies and forgeries confute,  
And thus triumphantly suppress  
The Calm Debate<sup>+</sup> and Calm Address<sup>++</sup>  
At once decide the Controversy  
And boast “He lies at Calvin’s mercy!”  
Mercy perhaps they might have shown  
The nation’s old *Deceiver* John,  
But Patriots-Elect will never  
Forgive the Nation’s Undeceiver.

<sup>+</sup> Predestination calmly considered.<sup>44</sup>

<sup>++</sup> The Calm Address to the Americans.

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<sup>44</sup>I.e., John Wesley’s tract by this title.

**The Speech  
of Poniatowski, King of Poland, 1771.<sup>45</sup>**

Ye Nations hear! A Monarch great and good  
Pleads for the Parricides, who spilt his blood,  
The Judges prays their sentence to suspend,  
And let their King his Murtherers defend: [4]  
“They thought it right their Leaders to obey  
“A Tyrant, and their Country’s Foe to slay,  
“Mercy extend to Them that dying I  
“With confidence may thus for mercy cry, [8]  
“Father, for Jesus sake, the sinner save,  
“Forgiving me, as I my Foes forgave!<sup>[7]</sup>

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<sup>45</sup>Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 323; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:388. Stanislaw August Poniatowski (1732–98) was elected King of Poland in 1764. This poem is based on a speech given after an attempted assassination, as reported to CW by Francis Bukaty; see CW’s letter to Bukaty, Apr. 21, 1783; and Bukaty’s reply of Apr. 25.

**Written in the year 1770  
March 22.<sup>46</sup>**

Huzza for Wilkes<sup>47</sup> and liberty!  
The Rabble are already free  
Free from the Bridle in their jaws,  
Free from the dread of penal laws; [4]  
Free to pull down the wicked Courtiers,  
Free to support the good Supporters,  
Their friends to guard, their foes to chase,  
And curse, and spit in George's face. [8]

What tho' the Quiet in the land  
Our freedom cannot understand,  
But think Mob-government is ever ill,  
Whether for Wilkes, or for Sacheveril,<sup>48</sup> [12]  
Their Maxim is by us denied  
Who have the Rabble on our side,  
And shout with the triumphant Croud  
"The People's is the Voice of God!" [16]

The voice of god, we all agree,  
Of an infernal Deity  
Which cries to Majesty, Prevent  
Your doom; dissolve the Parliament, [20]  
Your foes embrace, your friends disown,  
Or, Sire, we pluck you from your throne,

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<sup>46</sup>Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 313–14; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:149–50.

<sup>47</sup>John Wilkes (1725–97), a “radical” British journalist and politician who was particularly critical of King George III. He spent some time in France, under a charge of libel, but returned in 1768 and was promptly elected an MP for Middlesex. Over the next two years he was repeatedly expelled from Parliament, imprisoned, released and re-elected by the voters of Middlesex. CW wrote this poem on the event of Wilkes being released again from prison in Mar. 1770 and appointed a sheriff in London, an event which was accompanied by some popular rioting.

<sup>48</sup>Henry Sacheverell (1674–1724), who also proved effective at calling the populace to his cause when put on trial, leading to rioting in London in 1710 and again in 1715.

“And, to your family’s confusion,  
 “Effect a Second Revolution, [24]  
 “Th’ Authority *we lent* revoke,  
 “Unking—and bring you to the block!”

**Another<sup>49</sup>**  
**[Written in the year 1770**  
**March 22].**

Huzza for liberty and laws,  
 For Cromwell,<sup>50</sup> and the Good old Cause!  
 The glorious Struggle is begun,  
 The Forty-five is Forty-One!<sup>51</sup> [4]  
 The Rabble-rout secures our quiet  
 By threats, and violence, and riot,  
 Brings Ministers and Kings to reason  
 By Libels, Blasphemy, and Treason; [8]  
 In law’s defence all law suppresses:  
 And London votes “No more Addresses<sup>[9]</sup>!”  
 Worthies of former times arise,  
 To open, and to bless our eyes [12]  
 Old Noll<sup>52</sup> we see in Wilkes<sup>53</sup> return  
 Hugh Peters<sup>54</sup> is reviv’d in Horne;<sup>55</sup>  
 For Liberty Rebellion fights,  
 And Hell supports THE BILL OF RIGHTS! [16]

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<sup>49</sup>There is a shorthand version of this poem, with no variants, on page three of a manuscript previously at Wesley College Bristol (MARC, WCB, D6/1/168b). Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:150.

<sup>50</sup>Oliver Cromwell (1599–1658).

<sup>51</sup>A comparison of 1745, the rebellion of the “Young Pretender”; with 1641, the outbreak of the Civil War under Cromwell.

<sup>52</sup>A nickname for Cromwell.

<sup>53</sup>John Wilkes (1725–97), see note on previous page; Wilkes helped to form the Bill of Rights Society in 1769.

<sup>54</sup>Rev. Hugh Peters (1598–1660), a chaplain to Cromwell and the Parliamentary Army.

<sup>55</sup>John Horne (1736–1812), an Anglican priest who, by 1770, was a strong supporter of John Wilkes and his Bill of Rights Society.

**Epigram.**<sup>56</sup>

Voters of Middlesex, forbear  
Or'e your rejected Friend to grieve,<sup>57</sup>  
And find a Candidate as rare,  
As meet a Representative:  
Beggars ye soon can qualify,  
Can Patriots from the gallows fetch,  
Since then the Court Jack Wilkes sets by  
Assert your right, and chuse JACK KETCH!<sup>58</sup>

**Advice to the City.**<sup>59</sup>

Ye zealous Citizens of London,  
Keep up your Mob, or ye are undone,  
To truth if prejudice submits, [4]  
And party-fools retrieve their wits,  
If Faction shrinks with ebbing tides,  
And Anarchy at last subsides,  
If George his resolution stand to,  
Or pays your zeal with *Quo warranto!*<sup>60</sup> [8]

Your zeal, as ancient Story sings,  
Was always pestilent to Kings:  
Your spirit still the Mob engages,  
The same in this, as former, ages, [12]

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<sup>56</sup>Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 314; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:151.

<sup>57</sup>See the note on John Wilkes on page 27.

<sup>58</sup>John Ketch (d. 1686) was an executioner employed by King Charles II.

<sup>59</sup>Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 314–16; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:151–53. Like the previous poems, this one relates to the popular riots in London in 1770, connected to John Wilkes.

<sup>60</sup>“By what authority?”

“When all the Prentices in town  
 “Rose up, to cry the Bishops down,”  
 When cobling Quacks turn’d State-physicians  
 With humble—riotous—petitions, [16]  
 With arms their sovereign Lord assaulted,  
 Into a *glorious* King exalted,  
 Blasting by their infernal breath,  
 And fairly worrying him to death. [20]

Ye brave *associated* Supporters,<sup>61</sup>  
 Sworn enemies to Scots and Courtiers,  
 Muster, and bring your forces on,  
 Headed by patriotic Vaughan.<sup>62</sup> [24]  
 Or if your Chairman in disgrace        ⌈  
 Hides for a while his modest face,   ⌋  
 Let bolder Wilkes supply his place.     ⌋

Fired with the thought, ev’n now I see [28]

The reign of Wilkes and liberty,  
 Anticipate the festal season,  
 And hail him marching out of prison!<sup>63</sup>  
 The Shrieves<sup>64</sup> in honourable state [32]

Receive him at the Marshal’s gate:  
 Intrepid Horne,<sup>65</sup> who breaks our fetters,  
 Close follower of the Martyr Peters,  
 Who his black Coat, for England’s good, [36]  
 Vows to die red in hostile blood,

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<sup>61</sup>The Bill of Rights Society was formed in 1769, in part to support John Wilkes.

<sup>62</sup>Samuel Vaughan (1720–1802), a London merchant and member of the Bill of Rights Society.

<sup>63</sup>See note on Wilkes on page 27.

<sup>64</sup>I.e., sheriffs.

<sup>65</sup>John Horne (1736–1812), a strong supporter of John Wilkes and his Bill of Rights Society.

With all the swell of Roman pride  
Appears at the great Patriot's side!

He comes, the conquering Hero comes, [40]

Who tyrants to destruction dooms,  
Sublime, illustrious from afar!

No vulgar beasts may draw his car,  
But choicest of the Scarlet Train, [44]  
Six venerable Aldermen<sup>66</sup>

Their shoulders and *long ears* submit  
To drag him thro' the crouded street.  
Mob shouts, increased to half a million, [48]  
And meek Maccauley<sup>67</sup> rides postilion!

Whom shall the many-headed Brute,  
With their fierce Driver, first salute? [52]  
Ambitious to deserve the gallows,

March on, ye Patriots, to the palace,  
Lead your audacious Legions nigher,  
Provoke, and dare the Troops to fire, [56]  
And to your King again present  
His choice of death, or banishment.

But can ye hope by means like these  
To heal the Nation's grievances? [60]  
And must the reformation spring  
From insults on a gracious King?

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<sup>66</sup>Six of the founding members of the Bill of Rights Society were aldermen: John Glynn, Joseph Mawbey, John Molesworth, John Sawbridge, James Townsend, and Cecil Wray.

<sup>67</sup>Catherine (née Sawbridge) Macaulay (1731–91), an active supporter of the Society.

Your rights licentious be maintain'd  
 By sacred Majesty prophan'd?  
 By poisoning a distracted nation, [64]  
 By Regicide, or Abdication?  
 Sooner let Horne be dubb'd a Martyr,  
 And factious London lose her charter,  
 Sooner be wicked Wilkes forgot, [68]  
 Or stinking like his memory rot  
 And your whole Mob, both low and high-born,  
 Conclude your glorious Course at Tyburn!<sup>68</sup>

**The City Remonstrance.**<sup>69</sup>

We your Majesty's dutiful subjects and Leiges,  
 To exhibit our skill in political Seiges,  
 Our Remonstrance present—May it please or displease you,  
 For our aim is to worry, and bully, and teize you,  
 And by impotent threats of a new Revolution,  
 Of your own, and your Family's utter confusion, }  
 To frighten you into a Mad Dissolution.

.....  
 .....  
 .....

*Desunt caetera.*<sup>70</sup>

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<sup>68</sup>Tyburn was the site for public hangings in London.

<sup>69</sup>Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 316–17; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:153.

<sup>70</sup>“The remainder is missing.” Written in CW’s hand.

**Written under the Picture of  
Captain Richard Swanwick.<sup>71</sup>**

An Apelles alone, as the Learned relate,  
Was suffer'd to paint Alexander the Great,  
And Ricardo the Loyal, who made as much bustle  
Must sit for his picture to none but a Russel:<sup>72</sup>  
Or if West<sup>73</sup> shoud display his historical Art  
And our Hero inthroned in the River,<sup>+</sup> or Cart,<sup>++</sup>  
They woud tell us no more of their passing the Granic<sup>74</sup>  
But the world woud be fill'd with the Actions of Swanwick!

<sup>+</sup> Schu[y]lkill.

<sup>++</sup>in Philadelphia.

**Chorus.**

Then exalt him for ever  
In the Cart, or the River,  
Ricardo the glorious,  
And Swanwick victorious,  
In the Cart or the River  
Exalt him for ever!

**Another<sup>75</sup>**

**[Written under the Picture of  
Captain Richard Swanwick].**

— *There is a time  
When modest Virtue is by all allow'd  
To praise itself.*<sup>76</sup>

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<sup>71</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:153–54. Richard Swanwick (fl.1760–90) was a native of England who came to Pennsylvania about 1770, on or near an estate called Clifton Hall on the Schuylkill River. When the colonial revolt against Britain erupted, Swanwick remained a loyalist. In 1777 he aided the British in their evacuation of their camp in Tredyffrin and guided them over the Schuylkill in their approach to Philadelphia. In response he was deprived of his property by colonial court. Swanwick came to England in Jan. 1782, where he petitioned for compensation for his lost estate. He appears to have lived the remainder of his life as a merchant in London. See Anne H. Cook, "A Tory 'Memorial'," *Tredyffrin Easttown History Quarterly* 27.4 (Oct. 1989): 123–30.

<sup>72</sup>John Russell (1745–1806), a noted portrait painter, the official painter for George III, and a friend of CW's family.

<sup>73</sup>Likely Benjamin West (1738–1820), a leading portrait artist.

<sup>74</sup>Possibly a reference to the statues of soldiers who fell in the battle of Granicus, which Alexander the Great had erected so they might be observed by those who passed by.

<sup>75</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:154–55.

<sup>76</sup>John Dryden, *The Spanish Friar* (London, 1704), 13.

Swanwick the Loyalist am I,  
And Loyalty with me shall die,  
The only Loyalist, I say,  
In Britain and America: [4]  
Mongrils the rest, and trimmers are,  
With me not worthy to compare;  
Nor shall they rob me of my boast,  
That I have done, and suffer'd most, [8]  
Nor can the treasures of the Nation  
Make me sufficient Compensation.

Look on my honest, open face,  
And let it speak the Owner's praise; [12]  
What graces in the features shine,  
What Loyalty in every line!  
What generous Passion for the Fair,  
Which marks an Hero's Character! [16]  
Peruse my Countenance, and see  
The Picture of Sincerity,  
Of truth, and patriotic zeal,  
Of fortitude invincible: [20]  
Then, when you have the whole survey'd,  
And found the Substance in the Shade,  
Exclaim with rapturous delight,  
"Amazing Man, transporting Sight! [24]

“His Virtues and exploits are such,  
“He cannot praise himself too much,  
“But may with modesty declare  
“No merit can with his compare. [28]  
“In vain we seek in ancient story  
“A Rival of his matchless glory,  
“In modern times we seek in vain:  
“He, only HE, the godlike man, [32]  
“Who doth all excellence excel,  
“Can be his own Great Parellel!<sup>[b]</sup>”

**LUNARDI for ever!**  
**An Air for Three Voices.**<sup>77</sup>

From the Poets we learn, that an Artist of Greece  
On pinions of wax, flew over the seas;  
And as bold an attempt we were taught to admire,  
When we saw with our eyes the Italian High-flyer;<sup>78</sup> [4]  
But when next he ascends in his airy baloon,  
If himself he excels, and flies over the moon,  
All Europe shall ring of an action so hardy,  
And the world shall be fill'd with the fame of Lunardi! [8]

**Chorus.**

Lunardi for ever!  
Sing a Hero so clever,

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<sup>77</sup>Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 374. *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:388–89.

<sup>78</sup>Vincenzo Lunardi (1759–1806) became famous for his flight in a hydrogen-filled balloon on Sept. 15, 1784. The ascent took place near Wesley’s Chapel in the City Road, London.

So brave and victorious,  
So happy and glorious,  
Sing a Hero so clever,  
Lunardi for ever!

**[untitled]**<sup>79</sup>

— [Nam] *Vitiis nemo sine nascitur, optimus ille [est]*  
*Qui minimis urgetur.* Hor.<sup>80</sup>

- [1.] Come, prick up your ears,  
Jimmy R\_\_\_\_\_ appears,  
In all haste to produce  
His budget of news,  
To sing or to say  
What he learnt at the play,  
And retail the bons mots  
Of theatrical beaux.
- [2.] With what glee he declares  
The pranks of the players!  
With what pleasure repeats  
The Actresses feats!  
Or if chancing to stray,  
They slip out of the way,  
He transmits their renown  
To be hawk'd thro' the town.

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<sup>79</sup>Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 329–30; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:389–90.

<sup>80</sup>Horace, *Satires*, I.iii.68–69. “No one is born without faults, and the best man is he who is beset by the least faults.”

- [3.] Whene'er he thinks fit  
With his delicate wit  
His friends to or'epower,  
His words we devour,  
While by elegant chat,  
And Similies pat  
He delights us—or stuns  
With a torrent of puns.
- [4.] But the Punster's vain boast  
In the Painter is lost,  
In a goodness of heart  
Surpassing his art:  
His worth we receive,  
His foibles forgive,  
And true Piety own  
In the Dutiful Son.

**The Man of Fashion.**<sup>81</sup>

What is a modern Man of fashion?  
A man of taste, and dissipation,  
A busy man, without employment,  
A happy man, without enjoyment;  
Who squanders all his time and treasures  
On empty joys, and tastless pleasures,  
Visits, attendance, and attention,  
And courtly arts too low to mention.

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<sup>81</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works* 8:479–80; and *Representative Verse*, 330–31.

In sleep, and dress, and sport; and play  
He throws his worthless life away;  
Has no Opinions of his own,  
But takes from leading beaux the ton[e];  
Born to be flatter'd, and to flatter,  
The most important *thing* in nature,  
Wrapt up in self-sufficient pride,  
With his own virtues satisfied,  
With a disdainful smile or frown  
He on the ruffraff croud looks down,  
The World polite, his friends and He—  
And all the rest are—Nobody!

Taught by the Great his smiles to sell  
And how to write, and how to spell,  
The Great his Oracles he makes,  
Copies their vices and mistakes,  
Custom pursues, his only Rule,  
And lives an Ape, and dies a Fool!

“But say, thou criticizing clown,  
“(If thou canst pull the Ladies down)  
“What is a Woman nicely bred,  
“In every step by fashion led?<sup>[32]</sup>  
The proverb makes us understand her,  
What’s Sauce for Goose is Sauce for gander:  
From which I rightly reason thus,  
What’s Sauce for Gander is for goose—  
But here I for my faults atone,  
By letting the fair Sex alone.