

Draft and Copy Letters and Poems

Publication/Creation

c.1742

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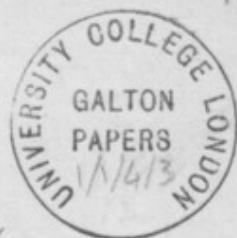
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To the Queen.



~~Thy Hall~~ ~~renew~~ ~~in after times~~,
(our posterity shall say) Beneath those bright Constellations,
that with steadiest Beam ray out to
Night-wandering Mariners, Safety & Success.
was Charlotte born! — ~~Some~~ ^{The} Sea-Maid wrapped
Thee in their azure Mantles, ~~rock'd~~ ^{chariot}
Thee ^{her} floating in ~~a~~ ^{pearly} ~~shell~~, &
brought Thee, heavenly Gift! in
Halcyon Hours to this her sea-girt Isle!
~~Here~~ ^{Oh!} Long mayst Thou ^{live} to grace these
Realms of Freedom, to smile Protection
on y. Works of Peace, & make y. People
prosperous, as Thou hast made their King
happy.

From your Majesty's known attachment
 to y. Arts of Peace, & y. Welfare of
 these Kingdoms, we humbly beg leave
 to lay this Plan at your Majesty's Feet,
 & ^{intreat} ~~request~~ your royal Permission,
 to call it y. new Canal, The River
 Charlotte, ~~after y. name of its~~
~~illustrious Petronefs~~ That our Posterity
 to y. End of Time may repeat y.
 Name of its illustrious Petronefs.
 Long mayst thou live &c.

To the Queen .



f.2

From your Majesty's known attachment
to w. arts of Peace, & w. Welfare of
these your Kingdoms, we humbly beg
leave to lay this Plan at your Majesty's
Feet, & intreat your royal Permission
to call w. new Canal, w. River Charlotte,
w. our latest Posterity to w. End of Time
may repeat w. Name of its illustrious
Patronefs.

Long may You live to grace these Realms
of Freedom, to smile Protection on w. Works
of Peace, & make w. People prosperous,
as You have made their King happy!


~~For~~ Iron

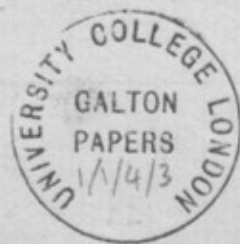
f3

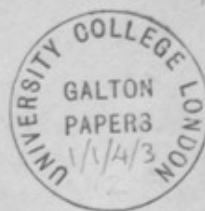
From Hull to ~~Boston~~ Gainsborough 2^d
per Ton. From Gainsborough to Boston
13^d 4^d Mr Ton, every C. being 120[£].

From Bristol to Beudley 6th both
draw by Human Powers.

There is no Lock on W. Taverne
quite to Shrewsbury -
And to Burton Town two Locks


Nail
~~English~~ Iron for 4 years past
as been sold in general at 19.10.0.
Mr Ton 120[£] to W. C. & is now 18.10.0





1
 "Sir Hilary fought at Agincourt
 'Twas a dreadful day,
 "And tho' in that old age of spot
 "The rufflers of the camp and court
 "Had little time to pray -
 "It is said Sir Hilary uttered there
 "Three syllables by way of prayer.

2.
 "My first to all the brave and proud
 "Who see to-morrow's sun;
 "My next with its cold quiet cloud
 "To those who find their dewy shroud
 "Before this day is done -
 "My whole to those whose bright blue eyes
 "Weep when a warrior nobly dies -

This was sent by Queen Adelaide to the late
 Sir W. Scott, to ask if he wrote it. Sir Walter
 answered No, he never wrote any thing
 half so good -

November 1st - 42.

" I sit lone on the rock, when I'm raising the wind,
 " But the storm once abated, I'm gentle and kind,
 " I have kings at my feet, who await but my nod,
 " I kneel in the dust, on the proud I have trod,
 " I'm oft seen by the world, I'm known but to few,
 " The Gentile detests me, I'm pork to the Jew,
 " I never have fraped but one night in the dark,
 " And that was with Noah alone in the ark,
 " My weight is a lb and my length is a mile,
 " And when I'm discovered, you'll say with a smile
 " That my first and my last are the best of your ilk.

written by Denison, bishop of Salisbury - It
 is said that the Bishop's son, is the only
 person as yet who has discovered the
 Author — ? solution

not comprehend them - But all this is my
 fault, & not Dr. Darwin's. Is he to blame that
 am no natural Philosopher, no Chymist, no
 metaphysician? - One misfortune
 will attend this glorious work - it will be
 little read but by those who have no taste
 for poetry, & who will be weighing & criti-
 cizing his positions, without feeling the
 imagination, harmony & expression of
 the versification - Is not it extraordi-
 -nary - dear Sir, that two of our very best
 Poets, Garth, & Darwin, should have been
 Physicians? I believe they have left all the
 Lawyers wrangling at the turnpike of Par-
 -napus

This Letter is written by Lord Oxford.
 to Thomas Barrett Esq:



f5r

Dr. Darwin has appeared, superior in some respects to the former part. The Triumph of Flora, beginning at the 59th line is most beautifully & enchantingly imagined; & the twelve verses that by miracle describe & comprehend the creation of the universe out of chaos, are in my opinion the most sublime passage in any author, or in any of the few languages with which I am acquainted. There are a thousand other verses most charming, or indeed all are so, crowded with most poetic imagery, gorgeous epithets & style - & yet these four Cantos do not please me equally with the Loves of the Plants. - This seems to me almost as much a Rhapsody of unconnected parts; & is so deep, that I cannot read six lines together & know what they are about, till I have studied them in the long notes & then perhaps do