

THE
CHAMPION;



OR, THE
EVENING
ADVERTISER.

By Capt. HERCULES VINEGAR, of Pall-mall.

TUESDAY, MAY 27, 1740.

(To be continued every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Evening.)

Errabant aëti Fatis Maria omnia circum.
VIRG.



Pyrated Copy of the following Ballad having crept Abroad, we have been desired to give the Publick a true one, printed from the original Manuscript. As to its Merit it is needless to say any Thing, all Persons agreeing that it is the finest

Performance of that kind which the Age hath produced, and what any Author who had not before so greatly excelled in Works of a much higher Nature, might be vain of.

Admiral H——R's GHOST.

To the Tune of *Come and listen to my Ditty.*

I.

AS, near *Porto-Bello* lying
On the gently swelling Flood,
At Midnight with Streamers flying
Our triumphant Navy rode;
There, while *VERNON* sat all glorious
From the *Spaniards* late Defeat;
And his Crews with Shouts victorious,
Drank Success to *England's* Fleet.

II.

On a sudden shrilly Sounding,
Hideous Yells and Shrieks were heard;
Then, each Heart with Fear confounding,
A sad Troop of Ghosts appear'd,
All in dreary Hammocks shrouded,
Which for Winding-Sheets they wore;
And with Looks by Sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile Shore.

III.

On them gleam'd the Moon's wan Lustre,
When the Shade of H——r brave,
His pale Bands was seen to muster,
Rising from their watry Grave;
O'er the glimm'ring Wave he hy'd him,
Where the *Burford* rear'd her Sail,
With three thousand Ghosts beside him,
And in Groans did *VERNON* hail.

IV.

"Heed, Oh heed our fatal Story!
"I am H——r's injur'd Ghost.
"You, who now have purchas'd Glory
"At this Place, where I was lost;
"Though in *Porto Bello's* ruin
"You now triumph free from Fears,
"When you think on our undoing,
"You will mix your Joy with Tears!

V.

"See these mournful Spectres sweeping
"Ghastly o'er this hated Wave,
"Whose wan Cheeks are stain'd with weeping:
"These were *English* Captains brave:

"Mark those Numbers pale and horrid,
"Who were once my Sailors bold,
"Lo, each hangs his drooping Forehead,
"While his dismal Fate is told.

VI.

"I by Twenty Sail attended
"Did this *Spanish* Town affright;
"Nothing then its Wealth defended;
"But my Orders not to fight;
"Oh! that in this rolling Ocean,
"I had cast them with Disdain,
"And obey'd my Heart's warm Motion
"To reduce the Pride of *Spain*.

VII.

"For Resistance I could fear none,
"But with Twenty Ships had done,
"What thou, brave and happy *Vernon*,
"Hast achiev'd with Six alone.
"Then the *Bastimento's* never
"Had our foul Dishonour seen,
"Nor the Sea the sad Receiver
"Of this gallant Train had been.

VIII.

"Thus like thee, proud *Spain* dismaying,
"And her Galleons leading home,
"Though condemn'd for disobeying
"I had met a Traitor's Doom;
"To have fall'n, my Country crying
"He has play'd an *English* Part,
"Had been better far than dying
"Of a griev'd and broken Heart.

IX.

"Unrepining at thy Glory,
"Thy successful Arms we hail;
"But remember our sad Story,
"And let *Hofier's* Wrongs prevail.
"After this proud Foe subduing,
"When your Patriot Friends you see,
"Think on Vengeance for my Ruin,
"And for *England* sham'd in me."

S I R,

AS your Paper seems calculated for universal Use, I have sent you a Receipt which may be serviceable to some of your Readers, and perhaps to yourself, and am,

Your humble Servant,

R. T.

A Receipt to make a Dedication.

TAKE a rich, vain, conceited Coxcomb, the sillier the better, title him well. Then take of Virtue, Honour, Sense, Wit, Learning, of each q. s. of Generosity one Handful, it being the best Ingredient. Make a Hotch-potch; then lay your Hotch-potch on a Sheet of Royal Paper; adding thereto as many more Sheets as you please, press them well, and wrap up the whole in *Morocco* or *Turkey* Leather; with some Leaf-Gold on the Back. Then take your Coxcomb and daub

[Price THREE-HALF PENCE.]

him all over with the Hotch-potch, which when you have done, look at him once a Day for a considerable Time, 'till he bleeds; which if he does not within a Fortnight you may be assured he is good for Nothing, in which Case if you wipe it off clean, (as you may easily do, for it is not apt to stick to him) you may lay it on a Second or a Third, till you find one that bleeds to your Mind. I have known some Persons who have lived very pleasantly on one of these Dishes for a whole Month.

N. B. If your Coxcomb be of the *black Kind*, you may add Half a Scruple of Conscience.

The following Verses were writ some Years ago, by one of the Family of the *Vinegars*, on a Half-penny; which a young Lady gave to a Beggar, and the Author purchased at the Price of Half a Crown.

DEAR, pretty, little fav'rite Ore,
Which once enlarg'd *MARIA's* Store;
Not for the Treasures yet untold,
Of W——E's Self shouldst thou be sold;
Not for the larger, mighty Mas,
Which Misers with or M——h has;
Not for what *INDIA* sends to *SPAIN*,
Nor all the Riches of the Main.
Possessing thee I ask no more,
Possessing thee I can't be poor;
None can be richer, unless he
Who owns the Fair who once had thee.
Thee while alive my Breast shall have,
My Hand shall grasp thee in the Grave;
Nor shalt thou be to **PETER* giv'n,
'Tho he should keep me out of Heav'n.

* Alluding to the Roman Catholick Custom of Peter-Pence

Saturday Evening.

Capt. VINEGAR,

I Have just left a large Company of both Sexes, where you was the Subject of Conversation. Your Paper of this Day was read with great Applause, but we were at a Loss to guess whom you meant by the tall Man with a Grey Coat and a long Chin; one of the Company told us he met such a Person the other Day near the *Temple*, with a black Wig and a great Quantity of Snuff on his Coat, but he did not know his Name.

Our Conversation then turned on that little Picture which you constantly present us with at the Head of your Paper, and in which a grave Gentleman told us there was more meant than we imagined; this immediately caused various Conjectures. A Youth, lately arrived from the University, who delivered his Opinion first, assured the Company that it was nothing more than a Representation of the Fable of *Hercules* and the *Hydra*, and being asked by a Lady what the *Hydra* was, he referred her to the End of *Lyttleton's* Dictionary.

It seem'd now generally agreed that it was yourself, and not your said Ancestor who was intended