

**ODES AND  
ADDRESSES TO  
GREAT PEOPLE**

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Odes and Addresses to Great People by Anonymous

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**ANONYMOUS**

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ADDRESSES TO  
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ODES AND ADDRESSES

TO

Great People.

"CATCHING ALL THE ODDITIES, THE WHIMSIES, THE ABSURDITIES, AND  
THE LITTLENESS OF CONSCIOUS GREATNESS BY THE WAY."

*Chilnet of the World.*

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY.

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1825.

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LONDON:

Printed by D. S. Maurice, Fenchurch Street.

1580  
43-197  
17

## ADDRESS.

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THE present being the first appearance of this little Work, some sort of Address seems to be called for from the Author, Editor, and Compiler,—and we come forward in prose, totally overcome, like a flurried manager in his every-day clothes, to solicit public indulgence—protest an indelible feeling of reverence—bow, beseech, promise,—and “all that.”

To the persons addressed in the Poems, nothing need be said, as it would be only swelling the book, (a custom which we detest,) to recapitulate in prose what we have said in verse. To those unaddressed, an apology is due; and to them it is very respectfully offered. Mr. Hunt, for his Permanent Ink, deserves to have his name recorded in his own composition—Mr. Colman, the amiable King's Jester, and Oath-

blaster of the modern Stage, merits a line—Mr. Accum, whose fame is potted—Mr. Bridgman, the maker of Patent Safety Coffins—Mr. Kean, the great Lustre of the Boxes—Sir Humphry Davy, the great Lamplighter of the Pits—Sir William Congreve, one of the proprietors of the Portsmouth Rocket—yea, several others call for the Muse's approbation;—but our little Volume, like the Adelphi Theatre, is easily filled, and those who are disappointed of places now, are requested to wait until the next performance.

Having said these few words to the uninitiated, we leave our Odes and Addresses, like Gentlemen of the Green Isle, to hunt their own fortunes;—and, by a modest assurance, to make their way to the hearts of those to whom they are desirous of addressing themselves.



## ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

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A SECOND Edition being called for, the Author takes the opportunity of expressing his grateful thanks to his Readers and Reviewers, for the kind way in which they have generally received his little Book. Many of those who have been *be-Oded* in the following pages have taken the verse-offerings in good part; and the Author has been given to understand that certain "Great People," who have been kept "out of situations," have, like Bob Acres, looked upon themselves as very ill-used Gentlemen. It is rather hard that there should

not be room for all the Great;—but this little conveyance,—a sort of light coach to Fame,—like other conveyances, while it has only four *in*, labours under the disadvantage of having twelve *out*. The Proprietor apprehends he must meet the wants of the Public by starting an extra coach: in which case, Mr. Colman (an anxious Licensor) and Mr. Hunt (the best maker of speeches and blacking in the City and Liberty of Westminster) shall certainly be *booked* for places. To the latter Gentleman, the Author gratefully acknowledges the compliment of a bottle of his permanent ink: it will be, indeed, pleasant to write an Address to Mr. Wilberforce in the liquid of a beautiful jet Black, which the Author now meditates doing. Odes, written in permanent ink, will doubtless stand a chance of running a good race with Gray's!

A few objections have been made to the present Volume, which the Author regrets

he cannot attend to, without serious damage to the whole production. The Address to Maria Darlington is said by several ingenious and judicious persons to be *namby-pamby*.—This is a sad disappointment to the Writer, as he was in hopes he had accomplished a bit of the right *Shenstonian*. The verses to the Champion of England are declared irreverent,—and those to Dr. Ireland, and his Partners in the Stone Trade, are held out as an improper interference with sacred things ; these Addresses are certainly calumniated : the one was really written as an affectionate inquiry after a great and reverend Warrior, now in rural retirement ; and the other was intended as a kindly advertisement of an exhibition, which, although cheaper than the Tower, and nearly as cheap as Mrs. Salmon's Wax-work, the modesty of the Proprietors will not permit them sufficiently to puff.