THE CHAMPION;
OR, THE EVENING ADVERTISER.

By Capt. HERCULES VINEGAR, of Pall-mall.

TUESDAY, MAY 27, 1749.
(To be continued every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evening.)

To the Tune of Come and listen to my Ditty.

I.
A S. near Porta-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 Defeated,
And his Crown with Shores without来说,
Drank Success to England's Fleet.

II.
On a golden fruitful Somerset.
Humble Yells and Shrieks were heard;
Then, each Heart with Fear confounding,
A fad Troop of Ghoths appear'd,
All in green Hammers dressed,
Which for Winning-Sheets they wore,
And with Looks by Sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that bold Preme.

III.
On them gleam'd the Moon's vast Light,
When the Shade of H——r brave,
His pale Bows was seen to mutter,
Riding from their watry Grave;
O'er the glistening Wave he lay'd him,
Where the Bayford rear'd her Sail,
With three thousand Ghoths beside him,
And in Greats did Vernon hail.

IV.
"Head, Oh heed our fatal Story!
"I am H——r's injur'd Ghost.
"Yes, who now have purchas'd Glory
"At this Place, for I was lost;
"Though in Porta Belle's ruin
"You must triumph free from Fears,
"When you think on our Woes,
"You will mix your Joy with Tears!

V.
"See these moaning Spectres sweeping
"Ghastly o'er this fatal Wave,
"Whose wan Cheeks are stain'd with weeping:
"These were English Captains brave:

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

VII.
"I by Twenty Sail attended
"Did this Spanish Town affright;
"Nothing then its Wealth defend'd,
"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.

VIII.
"For Resistance I could see none,
"But with Twenty Ships had done,
"Such true, brave and happy Firms,
"Had staid with him alone.
"Then the Spanish's never
"Had our soul Difflour'd seen,
"Nor the Sea the sad Receipt
"Of this gallant Train had been.

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

Sir,
A S 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 Delicacy.
TAKE a rich, vain, conceited Coxscomb, the filler the better title he will. Then take of Virtue, Honor, Sense, Wit, Learning, of each a half 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 there to as many more Sheets as you please, press them well, and wrap up the whole in Mo rocco or Turkey Leather; with some Leaf-Gold on the Back. Then take your Coxscomb and daub 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 whip it off clean (by which Method you may to be sure 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 Perfous who have lived very pleasantly on one of their Difficulties for a whole Month.

N.B. If your Coxscomb be of the black Kind, you may add Half a Scrap of Confess. The following Verses were written three Years ago, by one of the Family of the Vinegars, on a Half-crown; which a young Lady gave to a Beggar, and the Author purchased at the Price of Half a Crown.

Dear, pretty, little Favorite One,
Which once enlarg'd Maria's Store;
Not for the Trickards ever in aunt,
Of W——'s Self shouldst thou be told;
Not for the larger, mighty Male,
Which Milers with or without has;
Not for the India fades to Spain,
Nor all the Riches of the Main.
Poffing thee I ask no more,
Poffing thee I can't be poor.
None can be richer, unless he
Who owns the Fair who once had thee.
These while alive my breath shall have,
My Hand shall grasp thee in the Grave;
Nor shall thou be to Peter given.
'Tho he should keep me out of Heav'n.

Alluding to the Roman Catholic 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 I was at a Loss to guess whom you made to be the tall Man with a Grey Coat and a long Chin; one of the Company told us he was such a Person the other Day near ye 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 so kindly 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 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 Lytten's Dictionary.

It seemed now generally agreed that it was you, and not your said Ancestor who was intended.