

below, a Taste of his Skill in true Laconic Rhetoric, never playing with, or losing Sight of his Subject; but questions and answers himself in so close a Manner, and with so much Learning and Erudition, as may prove a happy Example to the most shining Orators in the London Common Council: Nor is it unnecessary here to inform the Reader, that it was delivered at a general Meeting of the Master Printers the 18th Day of July last, and at their Desire, with a *Salve tu quoque, I am, Sir, Yours, &c.*

The SPEECH of Mr. JACOB LIVE.

GENTLEMEN,

IT is Part of the Duty of the Office * and Dignity, I this Day sustain among You, to congratulate You on your present Convention. Public Association and Festivity are Tokens of Brotherly Love and Friendship; and this Act of Ours is the greatest mutual *Salve tu quoque*, we are capable of.

'Tis with great Pleasure I behold among You, that great Ornament and Adorner † of Our Art, whom We and Our Posterity shall always revere; as He has been greatly instrumental, in Conjunction with Us, in bringing the same nearer Perfection, and which must be an everlasting Honour to Us; and to this Kingdom.

As to the Art and Mystery we are engaged in, it may with great Veracity be affirmed, that there is no Art, Science, or Profession in the World, but what owes its Origin, at least its Progress and present Perfection, to the free Exercise of the Art of Printing. Where is the Man, be he Divine, Astronomer, Mathematician, Lawyer, Physician, or what else, who is not beholden to Us?

Shall we mention Religion? It is plain from the many pious and good Books, Comments, Expositions, Manuals, and the like, the Press daily and hourly, as it were, exhibits to the World, that we are almost become the sole Promoters thereof; at least this we may say, that we are, in this degenerate Age, one of its main Supports.

Does the Prince speak from the Throne? It is We who echo his Words to all his Subjects, and proclaim them to every distant Nation.

Does the Architect say, he is not beholden to Us? We can with Justice let him know, that it is owing to our Art, that the Cave has arisen to a House, the Dungeon to a Palace, and the Grove to a stately and magnificent Temple.

Will the Statesman and Politician say, they stand in no Need of our Mystery, when it is beyond Contradiction Fact, that we teach them the Secrets and Arcana of Government; and that they are many Times more obliged to Us, than to their Bullets and Gunpowder, the roaring Cannon, and the noisy Din of War?

Are the beautiful Part of the Creation indebted to Us? It is we who form their Minds, and teach them tender Love; it is We who render them polite, agreeable to Society, a Pleasure to themselves and the Delight of all Men.

Reflecting on the extensive Usefulness of this Our Art to convey the Knowledge of Things and Occurrences to distant Nations, and to latest Posterity, made holy for cry out in that pathetic Expression of his, *O that my Case was printed in a Book!*

As to future Discoveries in Art and Nature, this our Science must be acknowledged as a true and real Step-mother; and without the least Arrogance we may venture to affirm, that if ever the Longitude be found out, it will, it must be alone owing to Us.

Many have been the Attempts to restrain the Liberty of the Press, but none have hitherto succeeded, and it is greedy to be hoped never will; but if it should ever be restrained, it ought, it must be look'd on by all wise and good Men, as one of the greatest Evils that can possibly befall a free and brave People.

When I consider the general Utility of this our truly Tentonic Art, I cannot help saying, What great Pity it is, that the Professors do not meet with an adequate Encouragement, suitable to the Labour and Pains they take in the Exercise of it; but this verifies the old Proverb, That true Merit seldom or never meets with its Reward: And we may conclude, from the present Situation of Affairs, that in Our Case it never can, nor ever will.

* Steward.

† William Caslon, Elq; Letter-Founder.

OF two Battalions set in Rank and File,
And of the various Plunder and the Spoil;
How each th' Approaches of the other dreads,
With two sagacious Generals at their Heads;
How Shot the Elephantine Tooth becomes,
And Boxes rattle in the stead of Drums;
How Luck and Skill alternately advance;
(The Force of Judgment, and the Pow'r of Chance)
Of Passions overflowing in a Trice,
And all the dreadful Tyranny of Dice,
I sing:—Instruct me to recount the Fray;
And give me Patience,——more than when I play.

A doughty Friar, *Fabris* was his Name,
Of sober Aspect, and of goodly Frame,
In *Table-Battles* many a Foe had slain;
And was become the Champion of the Plain.
Wiser in Art, he bolder grew in Arms,
And all the Country dreaded his Alarms.
The holy Brotherhood with Terror struck,
All the Lay-head were Victims to his Luck:
The Males against him never could succeed,
And all the weaker Sex were weak indeed:
For in this *Table-War* the Fair engage,
And make sometimes an *Amazonian* Age.

Nothing could stop the Friar's warm Career;
Some fell for Want of Fortune, some for Fear:
In numerous Conflicts he had never fail'd;
When *Art* fell short, the mighty *Dice* prevail'd.

Thus the great * *Suede* triumphantly went on,
And Battles, without Number Battles won;
Vanquish'd his Enemies without Controll;
The hardy *Russian*, and the rugged *Pole*.

But let not this, my Friend, elate thy Mind;
Survey the dubious Casualties behind:
See the great *Charles* at last to Fortune yield!
At last view † *Peter* Master of the Field!
Hence Caution learn: Oh! learn to be afraid,
And keep secure the Conquests thou hast made;
Lest thou art forc'd thy Trappings to resign,
And the renown'd ‡ *Pultowa's* Fate be thine.

The Friar's Fame, extended far and near,
Had reach'd at last a Brother Friar's Ear.
He too, in *Table-Battles* early taught,
From *Alma Mater* had the Science brought:
Proposing wisely some Diversion hence,
If doom'd to toil in *Essex*, or the *Pens*.

Vituleo deem'd it but a pious Care,
Both to revenge the Holy and the Fair;
And Expectation of the coming Sport,
Made a long, sultry, tedious Journey short.
They met: And dauntless as the fatal Board
The Signal gave.—*Six Quater* was the Word,

Fabris, with Pleasure sparkling in his Eyes,
Braves his new Foe, and all his Art defies;
He then his Troops in martial Order plac'd;
Vituleo did the same, and boldly fac'd:
(His valiant Troops the *Olive* Colour boast,
And *Fabris* led the *Ethiopian* Host).

The Battle moves: The wary Chiefs look round,
To see, and gain th' Advantage of the Ground.

For the first Onset *Fabris* did prepare,
And *Quater Six* began the mighty War.
(This was a Service he perform'd by Rote,
And got the † *Point* that suited with his Cost)
Vituleo then, two *Sixes* by his Side,
Came rushing forward with a manly Stride.

Fabris as yet conceal'd his inward Pain,
Dice Ace oppos'd, but oh! oppos'd in vain:
Homeward three Paces mov'd, he singly stood,
And stop'd directly in *Vituleo's* Road,
This is my Pris'ner, Sir, *Vituleo* cries,
And if he meets me once again, he dies.

* The late King of Sweden.

† The Place where the Czar routed the King of Sweden.

‡ The *Parsus's* Point.