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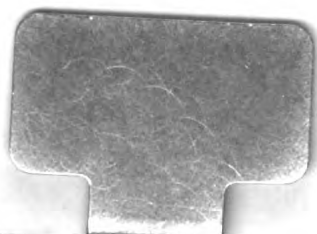


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LORD AUCKLAND'S TRIUMPH:

OR THE

DEATH OF *CRIM. CON.*

A PAIR OF PROPHEPIC ODES.

I heard a voice—" CRIM. CON., CRIM. CON.,
Thou and thine empire are undone!
Woe to the men of lawless lives,
Who wink on other people's Wives!"

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

An ADDRESS to HYMEN;

An ODE on the PASSIONS;

ADVICE to YOUNG WOMEN,

Or, the ROSE and STRAWBERRY—A Fable.

WITH

A MOST INTERESTING POSTSCRIPT.

By *PETER PINDAR, Esq.*

LONDON:

PRINTED BY W. AND C. SPILSBURY, SNOW-HILL,

FOR WEST AND HUGHES, N° 40, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1800.

Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.

[Entered at Stationers-Hall.]

180.
L. 99.



LORD AUCKLAND'S TRIUMPHS

OF THE

DEATH OF CRIM. CONV.

A PAIR OF PROPHETIC ODES.

THESE ODES WERE WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR
IN THE YEAR 1794, AND WERE FIRST
PUBLISHED IN 1795. THEY WERE
REPRINTED IN 1800.

AN ADDRESS TO HUMANITY,

AN ODE TO THE FUTURE,

ADVICE TO YOUNG VINEYARDERS,

ON THE BIRTH OF THE FUTURE,

AND

A MOST INTERESTING HISTORY.

By PETER PAVLEE, Esq.

LONDON.

PRINTED BY W. AND J. BARNES, No. 7, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

FOR WEST AND HUGHES, F. & CO. 10, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

1800.

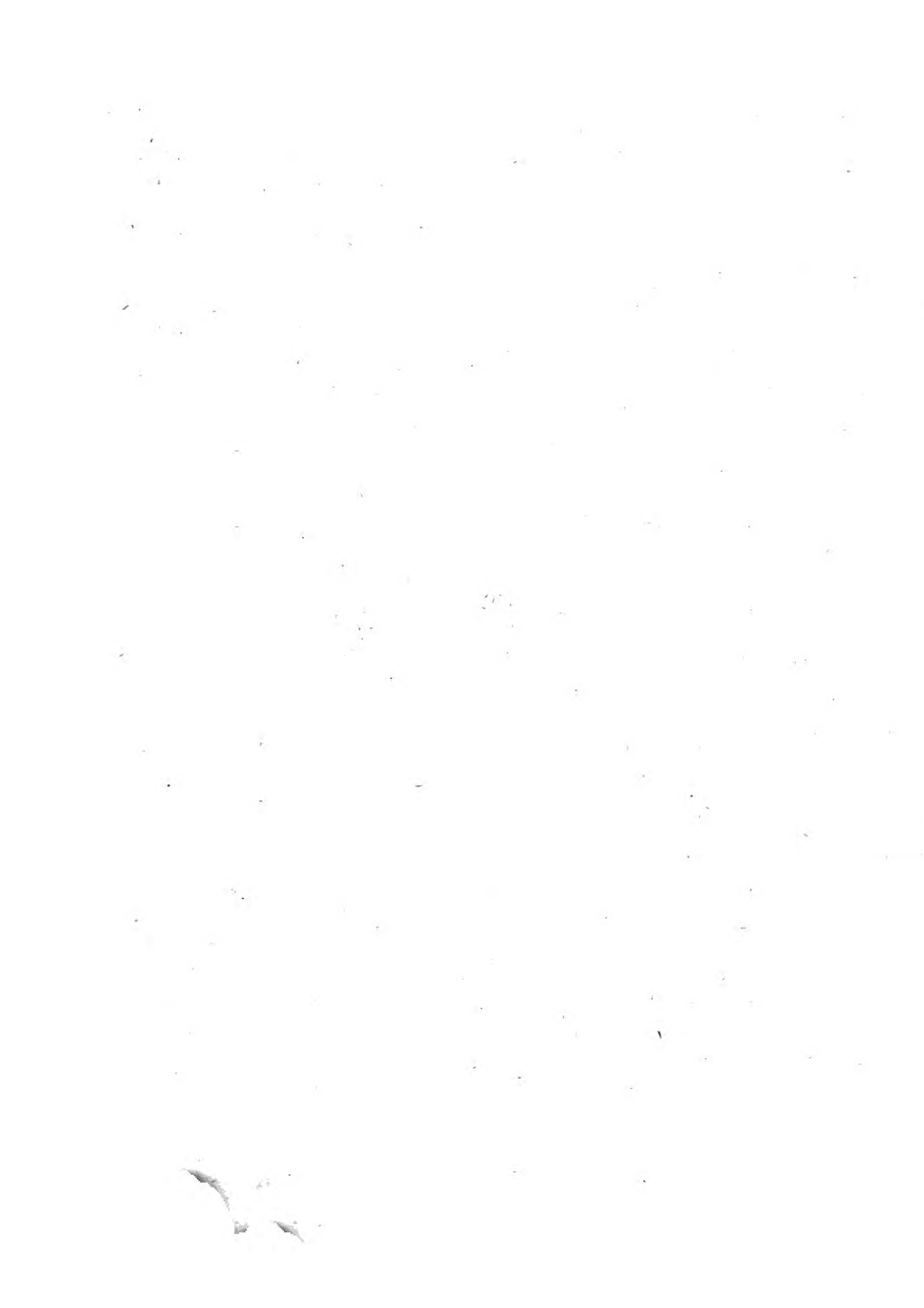
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To LORD AUCKLAND.

MY GOOD LORD!

THE increasing depravity of the FAIR SEX cries aloud for correction; Adultery is deemed a peccadillo, and Fornication a mere flea-bite: gigantic are the strides that LEWDNESS has taken to subdue the moral world; her steps are like those of Neptune, from promontory to promontory. The recent alterations in the Sex are alarming! every woman is elegant; every woman is accomplished; every woman is handsome; every woman is a witch. In short, Beauty is so common, that I should not wonder (such is the caprice of mankind) at seeing a public advertisement for UGLINESS. At every turn we pop
upon

upon a CLEOPATRA—and what must murder the blushing sensibilities of Modesty, more than a *half* of those CLEOPATRAS are to be purchased for *half*-a-crown. What dangerous traps of seduction!—what lures of loveliness! Even *I* (like your Lordship, rather the worse for wear) meet the smile, the wink, the stare of those CIRCES, on whose lips are written in capitals (says a great *LYRIC POET),

“ Kisses, O gentle Shepherd, for a crown.”

The modest, the ingenious, the pious BISHOP of DURHAM has laudably exercised the pruning-knife of reform amongst the OPERA DANCERS: he has lengthened their petticoats, circumscribed their skips, and shaded their nudities. This *reverend* BISHOP and his *reverend* LADY saw *so much* at the Opera as astonished, confounded, and petrified. They saw on a Saturday

day, *with their own eyes*, the wanton BALLET break in on the holy Sabbath—They turned pale at the contamination—They remonstrated, and threatened, and preached, but they could not *convince*. TAYLOR, the Manager, smiled at the BISHOP's and his LADY's reforming zeal: the Performers lifted up their eyes and noses in contempt, while the displeased Audience exclaimed in a burst of thunder, "Out, out, out,—out with the pair of old hypocrites!" My Lord, we may truly say with the nervous and moral *Juvenal*,

"Credo Pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam

"In terris"—

Which may be thus *elegantly* rendered :

True—MODESTY in *Saturn's* days was seen:

The dev'l a bit, indeed in George's reign.

But now, My LORD, for that species of vice ADULTERY, against whose brazen walls your Lordship means to make a push with your bat-
a tering

tering ram. That your bold attack may succeed, for the honour of morality, and the *honourable heads* of great FAMILIES, is my most devout desire; and to encourage your Lordship in the day of battle, I dedicate to your Lordship these my Prophetic ODES.

I am, MY LORD, &c. &c.

P. P.

ARGUMENT TO ODE I.

The BARD, in the true spirit of prophetic poetry, commenceth his Ode with a compliment to WEDLOCK.—PETER treateth the hot-bed of Adultery with much poetical contempt.—He prophesieth the fall of CRIM. CON. her acquaintance with the Rakes.—In a sublime strain of insult PETER questioneth CRIM. CON. and proclaimeth a total annihilation of her Rams-horns.—PETER singeth of the wonders done by Rams-horns at JERICHO—he giveth some history of LORD AUCKLAND's Family, and biddeth them beware of defilement.—The Poet candidly accuseth himself of having been a votary to Pleasure, and prettily and poetically depicteth the manner of his courtship; illustrating with a most apt and original comparison.—The Poet abruptly bounceth off to attack the PRINCES of these Realms for not joining the pious efforts of LORD AUCKLAND, to destroy CRIM. CON.—PETER complimenteth the Bench of Bishops for their furious abhorrence of CRIM. CON., for their intimate knowledge of Heaven, and for their great humility, but not for their great poverty, in which article these holy MEN have always varied from their simple PREDECESSORS, the Apostles.—PETER attacketh the Ladies' petticoats, or rather no petticoats.—The Bard, with a mighty Lyric jump, leapeth on the shoulders of KING DAVID, of Israel, and giveth him a stunning blow; and suddenly turning about, knocketh down KING HARRY, of England; concluding with a squint at some modern PRINCES.—PETER praiseth the unparalleled, though ungallant, behaviour of a KING LOUIS, of France, of whom he relateth an entertaining and delicate story, ending with somewhat more than a suspicion that certain Young Gentlemen would not have shewn the same fortitude under the same circumstances.

ARGUMENT TO ODE II.

An apologetic Song for INCONSTANCY, by a SON of the DEVIL.—This SON of a DEVIL pronounceth LOVE and a BUTTERFLY to be similar BEINGS, and encourageth the idea—this DEMON wifbeth to take the licentious FRENCH NATION for a model, who wish to change a Wife as often as a shirt—this IMP continueth to fascinate the mind by beautiful poetry in favour of the unlicensed Passion LOVE.—PETER reprobateth such notions, and prettily telleth, in verse, a story, well known in prose, of a KING of FRANCE, who had experienced a satiety on the beauties of his QUEEN.—PETER triumpheth in the future happiness of the BRITISH EMPIRE on the death of CRIM. CON.—PETER exhibiteth a natural picture of AGE, exulting, amidst his imbecillities, in the idea of possessing blooming virgins, smiling at the same time at the horrors of horns.—PETER again, with his wonted candour, reverseth the medal, and suggesteth an inconveniency that may arise from the fate of CRIM. CON. in the character of a rotten Rake.—PETER here is truly moral as well as poetical.—Another RAKE is brought on the stage, who glorieth in the advantages to be obtained over a Wife, by this attack of LORD AUCKLAND.—PETER, replete with historical knowledge, relateth a story of the great CATO, and also of the WISE MEN, not of GOTHAM, but of GREECE.—The BARD again singeth the song of triumph—he prophesieth.—He giveth a picture of the fashionable Wives of the present day, who visit TOM's and JOHN's in Soho-square, with as much ease as Mrs. SNIP the Milliner.—PETER prophesieth peace in the house of WEDLOCK, and security to that blusful DAMSEL, CHASTITY.—The impudent and threatening Speech of Miss FORNICATION on the intended destruction of her Sister CRIM. CON.

LORD AUCKLAND'S TRIUMPH:

OR THE

DEATH OF *CRIM. CON.*

A PAIR OF PROPHETIC ODES.

SWEET is the song of wedded LOVE,
The echo of the turtle-dove;

Then who would turn that song to sounds of woe?

Bright are the skies, and calm the scene

Where HYMEN holds his halcyon reign;

Then who would bid the howling tempest blow?

What but a Ruffian would the spot invade,

To dash the beam of bliss with hellish shade?

B

Doubtless,

Doubtless, ADULTERY's a fat hot-bed;
But what's the produce?—Heavens! a wanton weed.

No buds of promise ope their bloom,
And load the zephyr with perfume!

O SYREN of the CYPRIAN ISLE,
CRIM. CON. who by a touch and smile
Dar'ft lure a LADY from her spouse's arms;
Make her desert her babes, her kin,
To listen to the voice of Sin,
That praifeth of Variety the charms;
Thy lawless reign at length is o'er,
And rams-horns frighten Man no more.

Yes! there's an end of all thy wooing,
Thy dove-like billing, fluttering, cooing:

At THEE, thy vile companions, ev'ry Rake
Shall start with horror, curse thy name,
Fly from thy song of death with shame,
Avoid thee like the fascinating snake
That wily won the world's first Madam,
And put that fatal trick on ADAM.

Tell me, where are thy rams-horns now,
To clap upon a Husband's brow?
AUCKLAND has broken them to pieces:
And THOU shalt soon be put to death;
Unpitied, yield thy forfeit breath,
Except by wicked, wanton MISSES,
And wanton Youths of our wild Nation,
Of *prudence* less possess'd than *passion*.

By

By rams-horns JERICHO fell down,
A very notable old town ;
Yes, rams-horns laid the lovely City low :
Thus rams-horns also to the earth
Bring down the men of lofty birth,
And force them with humility to bow.
Look at Lord *** whom high birth adorns,
How pitiful he squints amidst his horns !

AUCKLAND, whose WIFE is charming and well-bred,
AUCKLAND, ah! rather in the *vale* of years,
Thinks Gentlemen should have the proper *fears*,
And try to ward the antlers from the head.

Rare caution ! how unlike some folk,
Of present and past times the joke ;

Who

Who, till the steed was stol'n, forbore,
What fools! to shut the stable door!

Yes, AUCKLAND has his wife and daughters too;
And, as our sex will never cease to woo,
Their charms may fire some *tinder*-hearted Man!
A sigh, a tear, a gentle squeeze,
A bed, a grot, a clump of trees,
Have favour'd many a Lover's artful plan.
What tho' LUCRETIAS? In a fatal hour,
The fam'd LUCRETIA fell by TARQUIN's pow'r.

AUCKLAND will give a deathful blow
To some sad purlieus of SOHO:
No longer there shall lofty beds of down

C

Expect

Expect the muffled married DAME,
And blushless youth of lawless flame,
Secure from husbands and the prying town.

There are, for wedded prey, who prowl,
And joy to hear the tempest howl;
O'er MATRIMONY'S smile to cast a cloud,
And put the modest LADY in her shroud!—
Such shall the MUSE to infamy consign,
And crush with all the thunders of her line.

Blushing, I own, I've been in love with PLEASURE,
Look'd on the NYMPH'S acquaintance as a treasure;
Never pursued her once with scoff and *bisses*;
But caught the little HUSSEY in my arms;
Ran o'er the pretty garden of her charms,
And pluck'd the cherries of her lips—call'd KISSES.

I never

I never cast off PLEASURE from me—no;
But hugg'd her, when I met with her—and *so* :
For lo! a piece of velvet was *my* foul!
Black velvet, mind! which when the GOD of Day
Doth visit with his all-enlivening ray,
Enjoys the radiance, and *devours* the *whole*.

Velvet, unlike the marble rock indeed,
Devoid of gratitude and grace;
Who, when the SUN would warm and gild his head,
Flings back the blessing in his face.

Yes! I was once a finner, I confess;
But now my morals wear a *sober* dress.

Sorry

Sorry am I for our good *Princes*,
(Indeed my tender conscience *winces*)
To think they try to save CRIM. CON. the Jade!
The Bishops, in a goodly row,
All wish to give a fatal blow:
Such good examples *somewhat* might have sway'd!

Rare ORACLES! so just, so sweet, so wise,
So deep in all the secrets of the SKIES;
So prone to teach, assist, inspire, and bless one,
From whom HUMILITY might take a lesson!

Sons of those holy men of yore—
As *pious*, but not *quite so poor*;
Since FORTUNE, to the world's surprize,
On MERIT learns to *ope her eyes*.

Now,

Now, when a Bishop* for a favour fues,
Not, not in vain the plaintive TURTLE COOS.

Ye Gods! how wicked are the times!
Ev'n *I* cry "Shame," the MAN of Rhymes!
And POETS are not overstock'd with blushes.—
See! lovely MODESTY is gone
From BRITAIN, where she fix'd her throne,
And IMPUDENCE to fill her station rushes!

D

How

* The present BISHOP of LONDON (Dr. PORTEUS), I must indeed adduce as an exception. Wishing to turn his back on his R-y-l PATRONESS, on a vacancy in the SEE of Durham, he strained every nerve to obtain the precious prize, worth nearly twenty thousand pounds a year; the BISHOPRICK of LONDON, worth only *poor four thousands* per annum, *scarcely sufficient* to supply the *extensive circle* of his charities! Good Man! he was disappointed; not only disappointed too; his prayer was considered as a piece of meanness and ingratitude.—If this be not a fact, I beg his LORDSHIP'S pardon.

How loose are LADIES in attire,
To set our peeping Youth on fire!
A hundred instances I soon could pick ye!
Without a cap we view the Fair,
The bosom heaving, heaving bare;
The *bips* asham'd, *forsooth*, to wear a dicky :*—

Quite antique statues—such the dress,
It nothing leaves for FANCY'S guesses!

Look at our GRANNUMS, good old souls,
With caps and pinner, well mobb'd polls;
With warming dickies, high stiff stays,
To guard the neck from grasp and gaze.

How

* A term used in the *polite* circles for a flannel petticoat.

How diff'rent from our modern FAIR,
Whose ev'ry beauty *takes the air!*

Alas! they heed no frost or snow,
Nor winds around that chilling blow,
And swing their muflin goffimer about :
Showing what MODESTY should veil ;
Things very proper to conceal,
For legs and knees, and *so*, should ne'er *peep out*.

KING DAVID set a very bad example—
KING HARRY, too a very shocking fample
Of Wedlock's constant, chaste, and lovely state :
And many other Kings besides, indeed,
Too prone on wild variety to feed,
Have broken MATRIMONY's tender pate :

Nay,

Nay, many PRINCES *ev'ry day*
Do something in this wicked way.
But not so *did* a King of France,
Whose story seemeth quite romance.

A KING OF FRANCE AND THE FAIR LADY

AT BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK.

A TRUE STORY.

A KING of FRANCE upon a day,
With a fair LADY of his Court,
Was pleas'd at Battledore to play,
A very fashionable sport.

Into

Into the *bosom* of this fair COURT DAME,
Whose whiteness did the snow's pure whiteness shame,
KING LOUIS by an odd mischance did knock

The SHUTTLECOCK,

Thrice happy rogue, upon the down of Doves,
To nestle with the pretty little LOVES !

“ Now, SIRE, pray take it out ” —quoth SHE
With an arch smile.—But what did he ?

What ? what to charming MODESTY belongs !
Obedient to her soft command,
He rais'd it—but not with his *hand* !

No ! marv'ling Reader, but the *chimney tongs*.

What a chaste thought in this good King !

How clever !

E

When

When shall we hear agen of such a thing?

Lord! never.

Now were *our* PRINCES to be pray'd

To such an act by some fair MAID,

I'll bet my life *not one* would mind it :

But *bandy*, without more ado,

The YOUTHS would search the bosom *thro'*,

Although it took *a day* to find it!

ODE II.

NOW hear a SON of SATAN; how he sings!

“ CHLOE, thou art the sweetest of sweet things:

“ I hate dull Constancy—’tis such a *bore* :

“ It ruins LOVE—’tis such a piece of lumber;

“ Kind VENUS, let it not my back encumber.

“ Come, CHLOE, come—thy beauties I adore:

“ Come to the fields—thy husband’s gone to town—

“ O come, and let me give thee a *green gown*.

“ LOVE

“ LOVE is a Butterfly that skims about
“ From hill to vale, and stops at ev'ry flow'r ;
“ Sucks all the honey with its little snout,
“ So pleas'd the rich ambrosia to devour :
“ Then on wild wing, away it flies again,
“ The SULTAN of the variegated plain.

“ CHLOE, we'll imitate the ways of FRANCE ;
“ For CONSTANCY's a very dull romance—
“ Fit only for a poor old grunting DAME ;
“ And blind old DARBY, full of ail and groan,
“ Forc'd to be led about by limping JOAN,
“ Of girls the titter, and of boys the game.

“ But

“ But LOVE, my dear, is neither lame nor blind ;
“ All energy—his life, eternal spring ;
“ Roams the wide world as wanton as the wind,
“ And scorns the fetters that would bind his *wing* :
“ Then, CHLOE, learn to prize the varied kifs,
“ And prove of sweet INCONSTANCY the blifs.”

Such was the song of thousands—such the song
Of one King LOUIS—of his Lady tir'd ;
Who dragg'd with pain the marriage clog along,
And lo, a Lady of his Court desir'd.

Yes, yes, His Majesty, much, much to blame,
Had a colt's tooth, and lov'd another DAME.

F

His

HIS MINISTER (a *Bishop*, I presume)

Inform'd him of the danger of his soul,

And pointed strongly to the day of doom,

And heav'n-ward his two eyes began to roll—

Much as to say, “ O KING, if this way giv'n,

“ YOUR MAJESTY will never get to Heav'n.”

“ Stick to your virtuous Queen,” the Bishop *figh'd*:

“ Go to the Devil,” the King in secret cry'd.

The King, not relishing the Priest's instructions,

His heaps of quoted Scripture—fage deductions,

Order'd him *partridge* constantly for dinner:

No dish beside—'twas partridge ev'ry day.

From this at length the Bishop turn'd away,

Grew sick, and groan'd like a repentant finner.

Many

Many wry mouths he made—" *Toujours perdrix!*"

Partridge and Priest in short could not agree :

He now felt *constancy* a *mawkish thing*.

A profelyte with long long face he came,

Desir'd to know the pretty Lady's name,

Turn'd pimp himself, and brought her to the King.

Die but CRIM. CON.—the region smiles,

And glory crowns the QUEEN of ISLES!

OLD-AGE shall soon be hobbling seen

With blooming virgins of eighteen,

Panting, and coughing up an amorous sigh:

Yes, wheezing, wrinkled AGE shall woo,

And paw and drivel, kifs and coo,

And shake his crutches, and in triumph cry:

“ Horns

“ Horns, I defy you—horns no more I *dread*;
“ Fearless I wake, and fearless go to bed.
“ In Wedlock’s cage my nightingale shall sing,
“ And lull my senses with a charming note:
“ I dare that damned rakehell a RED COAT
“ To pull a single feather from its wing.”

But then, the batter’d RAKE will boast—
“ Tho’ past my prime, my vigour lost,
“ And full of holes my aching bones ;
“ Tho’ gone my teeth, my checks all pale,
“ And foul my breath that taints the gale,
“ And NIGHT a witness of my groans ;

“ A virgin of a thousand charms
“ Shall bring her beauty to my arms ;

“ While

“ While happy, (from dishonour safe)

“ My head at *rams* and *bulls* shall laugh.”

What modesty the Man inspires!

How sweet the scheme the knave proposes!

What justice too in his desires!

A carrion on a bed of roses!

“ I will ascend,” (exclaims *another* RAKE)

“ Yes, I will mount the highest places;

“ The beds of virgin innocence shall shake;

“ I’ll kiss the Daughters of the GRACES.

“ Thus will I spread (a king of blisses)

“ Mine empire o’er the world of kisses.

“ Wild as the roe my feet shall bound ;
“ I’ll graze in ev’ry neighbour’s ground ;
“ In vain my injur’d spouse shall wake and weep :
“ Well hamper’d by Lord AUCKLAND’s chain,
“ She dares not of her wrongs complain ;
“ Her sighs must whisper, and her anger sleep.”

How manners change !—The times of old,
When wives were lent, and bought, and sold,
Must make a modern husband smile !

CATO was often known to lend
To this, and that, and t’other friend,
To lend his wife a little while.

If gone from Rome for air or water,
What then? why lend a pretty daughter.

What

What happen'd?—One of them was sent to CATO,
With as much cordiality and ease,
As though the SAGE had begg'd for a potatoe,
A pot of mustard, or a slice of cheefe!

The *Grecian* SAGES also, (monstrous strange!)
All GENTLEMEN of moral lives,
Met just like horse-dealers or Jews on 'Change,
To buy, and swop, and borrow wives.

Now from digression to return,—
CRIM. CON. must die, and thousands mourn.

No more shall wanton PRINCES now
Attempt to milk a subject's cow :

No

No more* JOHN T——DS shall attack a Duchess;
Who, chaste as DIAN, scream'd for help,
And, struggling with the wicked whelp,
Escap'd all spotless from his savage clutches.

No charming MISTRESS HODGES shall appear,
Nor MISTER HODGES aid his *tender* DEAR
To plant the horn upon his *willing* skull:
Lady CADOGANS, with inviting charms,
Lure no more pamper'd Parsons to her arms,
Help'd by that *pretty pimp*, MISS FARLEY BULL.

Lady WESTMEATHS no more shall rise,
Victims of fascinating eyes,

To

* The AUTHOR is mistaken here. Her Grace was, at the time of his Lordship's amorous attack, in her weeds.—*The Editor.*

To fill the trump of scandal, and inspire
Old prudish Maids with jealous fits,
Drive virtuous wives out of their wits,
And set our envying, envying Youth on fire.

No BETTY LEEKES, to talk of a *loose* drefs,
When BRADSHAW came to woo the noble Dame ;
No *powder'd, towzled* couch their hours to blefs,
No Coachmen to proclaim the acts of shame :
And last of all, no catering MISTER HOGG,*
To suit falacious tastes with prurient prog.

No more shall HAWKERS gallop on,
Roaring away, "CRIM. CON. CRIM. CON."

H

While

* The Bookfeller.

While ABBIGAILS from houses, with a caper,
Rush, giggling, forth to buy the paper :
To shew their Ladies, happy, none will doubt it,
To wink and sneer, and prattle *all about it*.

No more a COUNSEL's blush shall spring,
Nor loftier B—R with sweet grace
Hide in his handkerchief his face,
When evidence has been *too near* the thing.

COUNSEL will not be forc'd to say,
When did they kiss?—in garish day,
Or by the candle's conscious trembling light?
Were they in bed beneath the sheet,
Snug in embrace—both *tête-à-tête*?
And what were *things* that might appear in sight?

Such

Such shall no more be heard in Court,
Making for idle ears a sport.

Too often wives who lose at play,
With *honour* debts of honour pay ;
And flily to some Cyprian Fane repair—
Invoke of Love the faucy Pow'r,
To CUPID sacrifice an hour,
And lol return with so much ease and air,
As tho' it were a millinery trip!
So out of breath in quest of MISTRESS SNIP !

All in the house of Wedlock shall be quiet ;
No figs to soften, and no pulse to riot ;
And CHASTITY, in danger now no more,
Shall sleep without a *lock* upon her door.

“ 'Tis

“’Tis a bad wind that blows no good,”—

A proverb older than the flood.

Cries pert MISS FORNICATION, with a wink,

“ Aye, kill my SISTER—*do*—and foon

“ I’ll play young Ladies *such* a tune,

“ Aye, spinster-reputation *soon* shall sink :

“ I’ll deal in billets-doux and sighs ;

“ I’ll open necks, and sharpen eyes ;

“ I’ll make their gowns and petticoats of gauze ;

“ I’ll do the business of the maids ;

“ I’ll make more routs and masquerades ;

“ I’ll sharpen MISTER SATAN’S claws.

“ I’ll order it with nymph and swain,

“ That cheeks shall never *blush* again.

“ I’ll

“ I’ll build to METHODISM more chapels,
“ Where lad with lafs fo sweetly grapples
“ Soon as the tell-tale candles are put out .
“ Yes, yes, the *love-feasts* shall increase,
“ And MODESTY, that mincing *piece*,
Shall fay, “ Good bye t’ye,” to the groaning ROUR.

“ I’ll aid HYPOCRISY’s dark cause,
“ And for a *Parson* choofe a H——s;*
“ I’ll ope new turnpikes to falvation,
“ Or I’m not chriften’d FORNICATION.”

Thus wildly ſhe exclaims ! and, by the LORD,
I think the HUSSEY means to *keep her word* !

I

Thus

* While ALNWINKLE exists, the *conscientious* act of this HUNTINGTONIAN APOSTLE will be remembered.

Thus have I pour'd a pair of ODES,
Which *some* may deem the songs of *Gods*;
But hark! a second solemn voice I hear—
A second awful voice, that cries,
“ Bard, Bard, thine oracles are lies;
“ CRIM. CON. has nought from AUCKLAND's rage to fear.
“ *That* LORD from morn to night, and night to morn,
“ Shall trembling view the vifionary *born*.”

ADVICE

ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN;

OR

THE ROSE AND STRAWBERRY,

A FABLE.

YOUNG WOMEN!—don't be fond of *killing*.

Too well I know your hearts unwilling

To hide beneath the veil a charm—

Too pleas'd a sparkling eye to roll,

And with a neck to thrill the soul

Of ev'ry Swain with LOVE's alarm.

Yet,

Yet, yet, if PRUDENCE be not near,
It's *snow* may melt into a *tear*.

The dimpled smile, and pouting lip,
Where little CUPIDS nectar sip,
Are very pretty lures, I own:
But ah! if PRUDENCE be not nigh,
Those lips where all the CUPIDS lie,
May give a passage to a *groan*.

A ROSE in all the pride of bloom,
Flinging around her rich perfume,
Her form to public notice pushing,
Amidst the summer's golden glow,
Peep'd on a STRAWBERRY below,
Beneath a leaf, in secret blushing.

“ Miss

“ MISS STRAWBERRY,” exclaim’d the ROSE,

“ What’s beauty that no mortal knows ?

“ What is a charm, if never seen ?

“ You really are a pretty creature :

“ Then wherefore hide each blooming feature ?

“ Come up, and shew your modest mien.”

“ Miss ROSE,” the STRAWBERRY replied,

“ I never did possess a pride

“ That wish’d to *dash* the public eye :

“ Indeed I own that I’m *afraid*—

“ I think there’s safety in the *shade*;

“ AMBITION causes many a sigh.”

“ Go, simple child,” the ROSE rejoin’d,

“ See how *I* wanton in the wind:

K

“ I feel

“ I feel no danger’s dread alarms ;

“ And then observe the GOD of Day,

“ How amorous with his golden ray,

“ To pay his visits to my charms!”

No sooner said, but with a scream

She started from her fav’rite theme—

A clown had on her fix’d his *pat*.

In vain she screech’d—How did but smile ;

Rubb’d with her leaves his nose awhile,

Then bluntly stuck her in his hat.

ODE TO HYMEN.

O TELL me, HYMEN, how it comes to pass,
That folks live not in unison, alas!
That all thy votaries are not always blest?
Thy pretty *fane* is enter'd all so billing,
So am'rous, so obliging, smiling, willing;
When lo! LOVE's passion sinks at once to rest!

An ignorant poor bachelor am I,
And stupid, knowing not the reason why!

LOVE seems at first within the *torrid* zone,
Now to the *temperate*, lo, 'his course he bends;

Now

Now to the *frigid* limpeth with a groan,
And now the sweetest of all passions *ends!*

Look to the simple state, the state of clowns,
Born in a hut, and seldom from their downs!

Thus LUBIN, in a Glo'ter hamlet bred,
Soon as the honeymoon began to shine;
“ Now, DEARY,” (I suppose the pair in bed)
“ Now put thy pretty little *totes** to mine.”

But when, ah me! the honeymoon was over,
Adieu the *Lover!*

And

* An abbreviation, I presume, of petticoes, frequently used in Gloucestershire.

And what the soul of delicacy shocks,
Instead of "Put thy pretty *totes* to mine,"
He turn'd his back and grunted like a swine,
"Why dost not heave away thy d-mn'd great *hocks*?"

ODE ON THE PASSIONS.

THE PASSIONS are all prone to sad disorders,
Whose OBJECTS never should approach their *borders*!
"O lead us not into temptation,"
Is a choice pray'r, and which I much admire—
So *many things* are dangerous to DESIRE,
So ripe for soul-affassination!

L

YOUNG

YOUNG WOMEN, *par exemple*, O how sweet!
How fascinating each wild fense they greet!
How much we long to smell to the fair flow'r!
How long the blushing peach to pluck it,
And fuck it—
To use an *epicurish* phrase, *devour!*

Now such desires are very dangerous things—
It does not signify to talk about it:
Yet seemed SOLOMON, first of wise Kings,
And eke his father DAVID, *much to doubt it.*

For wherefoe'er they met a pretty LASS,
Snap was the word—they could not let her pass.

How

How many a time I thought it not a fin
To prefs the virgin's cheek and dimpled chin,
And prefs her pouting lip, that dew-clad cherry ;
And peep upon her neck of Alpine snow,
And preffing, panting, to her bofom grow,
Rich banquet—*very*—I repeat it—*very*!

But lo! I ftand reform'd, thank Heav'n,
So much of grace to me is giv'n!—

O YOUTHS! whene'er the wifhes warm of nature,
Tumultuous rife—defstroy their dangerous dance ;
The curb of REASON to your aid advance,
And fouse them with her buckets of cold water.

No harm is in the PASSIONS, to be sure ;
But then they must not gallop wild to door :—
Close keep them, just like hounds that long for hare ;
Or muzzle them, indeed, like ferrets ;
And thus suppress their wanton spirits,
That lawless wish to be as free as air.

Well I remember, (but the times are past,
Thank Heav'n, this wickedness can't always last)
When if a petticoat but caught my eye—
A petticoat surrounding some fair maid,
Lord bless us ! how my heart's brisk fountain play'd !
GRACE was abjur'd, and PRUDENCE forc'd to fly :
The PASSIONS sudden wak'd at once to watch her,
And, hound-like, scamper'd in full cry to catch her.

The

The PASSIONS, as I've said, are far from *evil*;
But if not well confin'd, they play the devil.

Learn from *that* CANDLE—mark its *govern'd* flame,
How in its lustre, gentle, steady, tame,

So mild, such trembling modesty, so quiet!—
But let him touch your curtains, or your bed,
Who on such stuff delighteth to be fed,

Lo, in a brace of minutes, what a riot!
He pulls, (for nought th'unbridled ROGUE reveres)
Like SAMPSON, an old house about his ears!

M

POSTSCRIPT.

POSTSCRIPT.

TO THE READER.

IN my last Publication, called NIL ADMIRARI, or a SMILE at a BISHOP, I most *ingenuously*, and with a pretty portion of the *ars critica*, appreciated the merits of my own Work, with a view of assisting some monthly ARISTARCHUSES in their literary discussions, and of fixing the muzzle of restraint upon the mouth of CALUMNY: but *quod petimus est nusquam!* I had reckoned without my host. Indeed, I was deceived—the *Poet* was damned, and the *Man* overwhelmed with slander. Little MISTER MATHIAS, the son of a Cobbler (says Fame), nevertheless a rhyme-monger and critic, united in hostility against me, with little squinting MASTER ÆSOP GIFFORD, also a rhyme-monger and critic, although some years ago actually a *Cobbler* in the little town of Ashburton, in the county of Devon. In interrupting my narrative for a minute or two, let me observe, that this MASTER ÆSOP GIFFORD has performed in several characters since his *elevation* from his STALL at Ashburton, having been created a PETRONIUS, the ARBITER ELEGANTIARUM to the *honorable* House of G——R; in which *laudable* situation he acquitted himself with

with so much *dexterity* and satisfaction to his *most noble and constant* and brisk EMPLOYER, as well as *great reputation* to himself, that he was appointed BEAR-LEADER to his LORDSHIP'S *hopeful* Son, to conduct him through the refined dominions of Italy, and to point out to him the beauties of Painting and Sculpture, the knowledge of which little ÆSOP had acquired partly by *inspiration*, and partly from the most excellent engravings in wood at the heads of ballads, which surrounded and adorned the inside of his humble mansion, that is to say, his stall; especially a portrait of ST. CRISPIN at work, forming a beautiful frontispiece to a ballad, whose well-known *exordium* floweth poetically thus:

“ *A cobbler there was, and he liv'd in a stall,*
“ *Which serv'd him for parlour, and kitchen, and all,*” &c.

And which portraiture of ST. CRISPIN being represented with a crook back and squinting eyes, was often supposed by the apprentice girls and stable boys of the town, who were accustomed to lean on his bulk to hear his poetry and jokes, I say, this homely portraiture of the tutelar Saint of Cobblers was supposed, by those his companions, to be a likeness of HIMSELF; which idea he cunningly encouraged, having not only an itch *between his fingers*, but a brother itch in his *mind* to *cut a figure in print*. To proceed—The aforefaid Gentlemen, fearful of their own abilities (for *modesty* is of a timid disposition) united themselves with a young Gentleman, *cleped* MASTER CANNING, who, being a *forward* lad at school, a *præcox ingenium*, composing in the shortest time the most copious parcels of Latin nonsense, hexameters and pentameters, (a common exercise for the advancement of
sense),

senſe), was noticed and elevated by ADMINISTRATION to high poſts, from an idea that a forward ſchool-boy would make a profound politician. Still to ſtrengthen the phalanx, the aforeſaid three young Gentlemen made a further union with a young Gentleman who received the *beſt* part of his education at that long-eſtabliſhed ſeminary celebrated for *turning out* as well as *turning off* genius of every deſcription, called NEWGATE. *Further ſtill* to augment their force, the aforeſaid four young Gentlemen united with a fifth, the *élève* of little ÆSOP, *viſ* LORD POLUFLOSBOIO, whoſe broadſide of Greek once thundered with ſuch a happy effect on the great Aſſembly of the Nation.

This formidable *Aſſociation*, with the motto of *Vis unita fortior* on their banners, having completed a battery called the ANTI-JACOBIN MAGAZINE and REVIEW, for the purpoſe of confounding the enemies of their country, ſupporting the cauſe of literature, and getting into lucrative employments, opened their fire on my poor Pamphlet, with a view to its utter annihilation.—To relinquish the metaphor, theſe men, wilfully and maliciously diſregarding my fair and candid criticisms, have convinced me that all my attempts to produce a decent effect on them is labour thrown away; in ſhort, that I have exhibited my imbecillity in trying to waſh the blackamoor white. Violent has been the torrent iſſuing on me from thoſe water-ſpouts of abuſe!—Not only my *poetical*, but my *moral* character, which I thought a fine haunch of veniſon, has been converted into dog's-meat under their paws. In all the calmneſs of reflection, when prejudice was aſleep, I ſaid to myſelf, What have I done to theſe fellows, that they
ſhould

should so sluice me with the muddy and stinking torrent of abuse?— I have, I confess, ventured to speak my thoughts of that rhyming humbug the Pursuits of Rancour, *alias Literature*,—the united composition of the aforesaid *Gentlemen* and LORD——; and behold, I was to fall a martyr to my impartial decision. I *may* have said that the Authors of that boisterous unmeaning silly production, called the PURSUITS OF LITERATURE, in which so many lines and half-lines are stolen, and such a *farrago* of impertinent quotation introduced— I say, I *may* have called them the RAGMEN OF PARNASSUS, the OLD CLOTHESMEN to the MUSES, *literary* PINCUSHIONS, composed of scraps and bran. I must confess that I have at times smiled at the unmeaning noisy lines of two wretched things called *Baviad* and *Mæviad*; and smiled moreover at the self-consequence of their AUTHOR.—I *may* have said that if MISTER ÆSOP GIFFORD, instead of BAVIADS and MÆVIADS, had only composed COBLERIADS, he would have been more at *home* on the subject; and really, no young man was *keener* in his profession than little ÆSOP with his paring-knife in his hand—In short; he was the *cobbling* WONDER of ASHBURTON and its vicinity, as no one of his profession, like him,

(So shining was his genius) knew
 The constitution of a shoe;
 To put a heel-tap (we'll suppose)
 Or mend a sole, or add a nose!
 And as for an old boot, in truth,
 He gave it the black bloom of youth,
 Eke comely ears to an old pattin,
 Till some vile demon cry'd—"Learn Latin."

I believe that I *may* have asserted that there is so much flatulence

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in

in those compositions, that his MUSE, previously to her beginning her song, must have made a hearty dinner upon boiled peas, a vegetable possessing much flatulent energy.—I *may* have asserted that STEPHEN DUCK the Thresher was a much superior Poet to GIFFORD the Cobbler; as honest STEPHEN wrote common sense and from the *heart*, and GIFFORD from a confused muddy brain, without feeling, and in general without the power of exhibiting a meaning.—I *may* have asserted as much, and more than that: I do assert it now, that the Thresher is a better writer than the Cobbler.—I *may* have said, that when a man receiveth subscription-money for a work, and without any intention to produce that work, he is a literary swindler, and deserveth a rope.—I *may* have asserted that the dirtiest of all occupations is a Pimp. I *may* have said that the wretch who can write lampoons on the patrons who took him from the dunghill, and placed him in a situation of respectability, is a scoundrel.—I *may* have said that a fellow with the form of the letter Z, who publicly attacks an unfortunate woman for a disorder of which the DIVINE BEING is the sole author, is little less than a demon and a fool.—And finally, I *may* have declared that the wretch who, after the most important favours conferred on him by a friend, can, by the most infernal machinations, meditate the ruin of that friend, to pave the way for his own ambitious consequence, is a villain.—But what is all this to ÆSOP?—These reflections might have been *general*; but unfortunately for *me*, they have been considered as *particular*, so that *certain folk* have positively sworn, in the language of an old ballad, “That was levell’d at me.” I *may* have pronounced Mr. CANNING a feeble character (and I appeal to his

his speeches for my justification)—I *may* have suggested that the puerile Letter sent to *Bonaparte* could only be the work of MASTER CANNING; and that PITT and DUNDAS could not have been the authors of that weak performance but under the brain-destroying influence of the JOLLY GOD. For this then have I been persecuted, grievously *persecuted* in *prose*; and I expect the same persecution in *rhyme*, if not *poetry*. But, O astonished Reader, not only these are my foes; but the *Squad* belonging to another *thing*, christened the BRITISH CRITIC, (it should have been named British *Hypocrite*, Religion being made a stalking-horse for the purposes of Mammon) this *Squad* has spit its collected venom in my face—and for what? Have I been known to attack poor PARSON NARES's still-born pious prose lucubrations, or BELOE's rhymes?—I scorn to insult the *dead*. Have I ever spoken disrespectfully of the critical sagacity of MESSIEURS RIVINGTONS (two Bookfellers of Paul's Church-Yard) and their *reviewing* LADIES? I scorn to trample on paralytics.—Have I ever attacked the *military character* of Mr. FRANCIS RIVINGTON, whose sword is as sharp as his pen, and who is ready to storm the loftiest dunghill of the metropolis with as much intrepidity as was displayed by the commanding General at the battle of *Jemap*!—I have seen him on the plains of BRIDEWELL in his accoutrements, *out-Alexandering* ALEXANDER—I have seen him bayonet a pickpocket at a fire.—I have witnessed his undaunted appearance, and maintain that he will be as formidable to his foes in the *field* as he is terrible to a poor petitioning, complaining, emaciated author in his *shop*, or to those drudges the scavengers of his Review.

Let

Let justice be done—*fiat JUSTITIA, ruat cælum.*—To use another classical quotation, *Amicus PLATO, amicus SOCRATES, sed magis amica VERITAS.*—TRUTH and CANDOUR are the DEITIES at whose shrine I sacrifice; or may I resemble

A poor, mean, sneaking, literary shrimp!
Lie like M——s, and like G—— p——!

To conclude—I shall forbear a long and elaborate criticism on the various and numerous beauties of my present production, contenting myself with *modestly* saying that my pair of Prophetic Odes is not a little in the Hebrew style, and which, without blushing, might admit of a comparison with some Hebrew compositions of Lyric celebrity. Nay, I know some Readers that will assert perhaps of each of my Odes, that *decies repetita placebit*—others *centies*, and some *millies, peradventure*. To confess a truth, I am somewhat like my *great* COUSIN of THEBES in *one* respect, an *egotist*—indeed, I am told of it; but then, I am far from detracting, like him, from my contemporary rivals. I persecute not with *calumny*; on the contrary, I return good for evil—MESSIEURS MATHIAS, and GIFFORD, and CANNING, and the GENTLEMAN of NEWGATE, and my Lord POLUFLOSBOIO, have received my *pity*! Their Pursuits, and their Ghosts, and their Baviads and Mæviads, and their speeches, and their monthly criticism, shall never be cruelly dragged by *me* from the Lake of Oblivion, to make a second feast for the table of RIDICULE.—May they sleep in *sæcula sæculorum* beneath the placid EXPANSE!

THE END.





