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26 Jan 2012

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A POETICAL, SERIOUS,
AND POSSIBLY IMPERTINENT,
EPISTLE TO THE POPE.

ALSO,

A PAIR OF ODES TO HIS HOLINESS,

ON HIS KEEPING A DISORDERLY HOUSE;

WITH

A PRETTY LITTLE ODE TO INNOCENCE.

By *PETER PINDAR*, Esq.

—*Paulo majora canamus.* VIRG.

To Kings and Courtiers we have chirrup'd long—
Muse, give we now His HOLINESS a Song.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. EVANS, NO. 46, PATERNOSTER-ROW; AND ROBERTSON AND
BERRY, NO. 39, SOUTHBRIDGE, EDINBURGH.

M.DCC.XCIII.

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.]

15
MAR
1924

PROLOGUE TO THE EPISTLE.

“ A CAT may look upon a King ;”
So says the proverb ! and the proverb’s right ;
For Monarch now is prov’d a *human* thing ;
Although it lifts its nose to such a height.
The *Lord’s anointed* is an antique phrase,
Left out by Dictionaries of our days.
King-making unto *man* is justly giv’n—
Once the great perquisite indeed of *Heav’n*.
I say, a Cat may look upon a King—
But foreign Potentates say, “ No such thing.”
SICILIA’S King, replete with *right divine*,
Thinks he may hunt his subjects like his swine ;

And other Continental Kings, beside,
 For glory and blood-royal all agog,
 Think they may hunt a subject like a hog :

This mortifies of us *small rogues* the pride.
 What hurts me more, and both my eyes expands,
 And lifts with horror from my head, my wig,
 Those birth-puff'd Kings of foreign lands,
 To *common* Christians, have *preferr'd* the Pig !

A dead pig, to be sure, is better eating
 Than a dead christian—handsomer for treating :
 But both alive—how diff'rent in their nature !
 Man surely is the much sublimer creature.

Since Cats may look upon a King, I hope,
 A Bard may write a letter to a Pope,

Though

Though hand and glove with Heav'n—a great connexion!
 Who deals for souls, salvations from his wallet,
 As from their shops, green-grocers, for the palate,
 Deal garden-stuff of all complexion;
 And fells a good snug feat amidst the skies,
 To any wicked Gentleman that dies;
 As unto John, Sir Will, my Lord, his Grace,
 Great Madam SCWHELLENBERGEN *gives* a place;
 A cook-like Dame, who understands place-carving,
 And saves *such worthy* families from starving.

So much for Prologue to my POPE'S Epistle;
 To which his Holiness may cry, "Go—whistle."
 Perchance his Holiness may also add,
 "P—x take me, PETER, if you ar'nt too bad:

" Dare

“ Dare fix thine impious foot on my dominions,

“ I’ll *pay* thee for epistles and opinions.”

Well then, since things are *boná fide* so,

And DANGER with his poniard lurks at Rome,

I’ll not set off to kifs your Worship’s toe ;

But wave the glory, and remain at home.

A S E R I O U S,
T H O U G H P O S S I B L Y I M P E R T I N E N T,
E P I S T L E
T O
T H E P O P E.

W H I L E F R A N C E, for freedom mad, invades thy rights,
And pours her millions o'er the world, like mites ;
Knocks the poor growling German o'er the snout,
And threatens hard the man of cheefe and grout ;
Gives poor SARDINIA'S MONARCH a black eye,
And makes the Nimrod KING of NAPLES cry ;

C

What's

What's worse too, threatens poor LORETTO'S shrine,
 Where the good Virgin goes each day so * fine,
 Threatens to tear the muffin from her head,
 And put the † cap of flannel in its stead ;
 Where is th' Almighty's Man, the Church's hope,
 Prince of salvation, Peter's heir, the POPE ?
 O thou, the true descendant of Saint Peter,
 In very anger, lo, I pen this metre !
 There was a time when Popes behav'd with spirit—
 But nought, save indolence, dost thou inherit.
 Go, ope thy churches, convents, all thy chapels,
 Since Atheism with the true Religion grapples ;
 Think of thy Ancestors so great of yore,
 And bid thy noble Bull as usual roar ;

They

* She has a dress for every day in the year.

† The cap of Liberty.

They whose stern looks could make an Emp'ror cow'r,
 And Kings like schoolboys shudder at their pow'r.
 Most dangerous are the times—I scorn to flatter—
 Then ope thy cataracts of holy water ;
 Gather thy crucifixes, wood, brafs, stones ;
 Bid the dark catacombs disgorge their bones ;
 Create new regiments of Saints for fight ;
 And chace the gathering gloom of Pagan night..
 See * FRANCE against her RIGHTFUL LORD rebel !
 And see ! her SATAN banish'd from his hell !
 Blind wretch ! now justly suff'ring for her evil !
 For what are States, without a KING and DEVIL ?
 A pair so sweetly suited to controul !
 Th' insurgent body, one ; and one, the soul.
 To thee (thy slaves) the Miracles belong ;
 As Music waits on LADY MARY's tongue,

Humility.

* The Author here does not mean to treat with unfeeling ridicule the fate of the unfortunate LOUIS, but merely to notice the extinction of Monarchy and Religion in France.

Humility on K——, void of art—
 As melting mercy *hangs* on B——'s heart.
 If marvels by thine ancestors were done,
 Why not perform'd, in God's name, by the son ?
 AS BECKET, that good Saint, sublimely rode,
 Thoughtless of insult, through the town of STRODE,
 What did the Mob ?---Attack'd his horse's rump,
 And cut the tail so flowing, to the stump:
 What does the Saint ?---Quoth he, " For this vile trick,
 " The town of STRODE shall heartily be sick."
 And lo, by pow'r divine a curse prevails !
 The babes of STRODE are born with horses tails !

Lodg'd in the talons of a famish'd kite,
 And just about to bid the world good night,
 A gentle Goslin on SAINT THOMAS call'd !
 At once the feather'd Tyrant look'd appall'd ;
 Sudden his iron claw grew nerveless, loose,
 And dropp'd the sweet believing Babe of Goose.

Such

Such was the pow'r of Saints, though dead and rotten,
 By thee (one verily would think) forgotten :
 Then, prithee, do at once thy best endeavour,
 As all the Saints are wonderful as ever.

SAINT DUNSTAN can'd the DEVIL, the story goes,
 And pinch'd with red-hot tongs the IMP's black nose—
 In vain he swore, and roar'd, and danc'd about—
 Sore was his back, and roasted was his snout.
 The pow'r he boasted, to his bones are giv'n :
 Such is the gift of SAINTS, when lodg'd in Heav'n.

Hear with what blasphemy this FRANCE behaves !
 “ ROME, I despise thee : all thy Popes are knaves ;
 “ Thy Cardinals and Priests the earth encumber—
 “ Avaunt the Saints, and all such holy lumber !

D

“ Chop

“ Chop off their heads ; away the legs and toes :
 “ Away the wonder-working tooth and nose :
 “ Away the wonder-working eyes and tears,
 “ The vile imposture of a thousand years !
 “ Calves heads, pigs pettitoes, perform as well,
 “ Raise from the dead, and plagues and devils expel.
 “ Saint GENEVIEVE no longer is divine—
 “ The wise Parisians mock her worm-gnaw'd shrine ;
 “ Whose coffin planks that could such awe inspire,
 “ May go to light the kitchen-wench's fire.
 “ Saint Jail, Saint Whip, Saint Guillotine, Saint Rope,
 “ Possess (we think) more virtue than the POPE.
 “ My woolcomber, my sandler, and my hatter,
 “ No more Saint Blaize, Saint James, Saint Saviour flatter :
 “ My carpenter, my farrier, and my furrier,
 “ My fishmonger, my butcher, baker, currier,

“ And

“ And eke a hundred trades besides, no more
 “ Bow to those marvel-mongers, and adore*.
 “ Hang *me*,” the Barber cries, “ if I’m the fool
 “ To trim for nought the Virgin Mary’s poll !
 “ Burn me,” cries Crispin, “ if I don’t refuse
 “ To find the Gentlewoman in her shoes !”
 “ Curse me,” the Mercer cries, “ If *I* give gowns,
 “ To be the laughing-stock of all our towns !
 “ Damn me,” the Hofier roars, “ if ’tis not shocking,
 “ That I should give the woman’s legs a stocking !
 “ And why,” the linen man exclaims, “ a pox,
 “ Should I, forsooth, be forc’d to find her smocks ?
 “ No more shall bumpkins near the altar place
 “ Fair veal and mutton, for th’ Almighty’s grace ;

“ Grace

* Every trade has its Saints.

“ Grace to increase the loves of bulls and rams,
 “ And make more families of calves and lambs ;
 “ No more shall capons too for grace be swapp’d,
 “ By priests ador’d, and in a twinkling snapp’d.
 “ My bumpkins, once such fools, think wiser now,
 “ That God without *their* aid can *blefs* the cow,
 “ With due fertility the poultry keep,
 “ And kindle love sufficient for the sheep.
 “ On their past folly with amaze they stare,
 “ And mock the solemn mummery of pray’r ;
 “ No more on ANTHONY’S once hallow’d feast
 “ The horse and afs shall travel to be blest ;
 “ No more shall HODGE’S prong and shovel start,
 “ Boot, faddle, bridle, wheelbarrow, and cart ;
 “ No more in Lent shall wiser Frenchmen starve,
 “ While God affords them a good fowl to carve.

“ Heav’n

- “ Away with fafts—a *fool* could only hatch ’em—
 “ Frenchmen, eat fowls, wherever you can catch ’em.
 “ Let not the fear of hell your jaws controul—
 “ A capon (trust me) never damn’d a foul.
 “ Heav’n kindly fends to man the things man choofes ;
 “ And he’s an impious blockhead who refuses.
 “ Melt all the bells to cannon with their grace ;
 “ And, ’stead of Demons, let them Austrians chace.
 “ Away with relicks, holy water, oils,
 “ At which CREDULITY herself recoils !
 “ Lo, KELLERMAN’S and CUSTINE’S gun-clad pow’r
 “ Will do more wonders with their iron show’r,
 “ Than all the Saints and crosses of the nation,
 “ Since Saints and crosses grew a foolish fashion.
 “ Let crucibles and crucifixes join,
 “ And silver Saints perform their feats in *coin* ;

E

“ Make

“ Make a good rubber of the Virgin’s wig —
 “ Out with her ear-rings, and the Dame unrig ;
 “ Sell off her gowns and petticoats of gold !
 “ A piece of timber need not fear the cold.
 “ Out with the Priests, to lust’s wild frenzy fed,
 “ Who put the bridegroom and the bride to bed ;
 “ One eye to Heav’n with sanctity applied,
 “ The other leering on the blushing Bride ;
 “ Who loads her in hot fancy with careffes,
 “ And cuckolds the poor bridegroom as he bleffes !
 “ Perish the masses for a burning soul,
 “ That never yet extinguish’d half a coal !
 “ No more for sins let pilgrims visit Rome—
 “ Th’ Almighty can forgive a rogue at home.
 “ Strike me that purgatory from our creed—
 “ Heav’n wants not fire to clarify the dead.

“ Break

- “ Break me old JANUARIUS’s bottle;
 “ And let CONTEMPT the old impostor throttle !
 “ A truce to pray’rs for Saints in Heav’n to hear—
 “ ’Tis idle—since not one of them is there.
 “ Away with benedictions—canting matter !
 “ A horsepond is as good as holy water.
 “ Unveil the Nuns, and *useful* make their charms ;
 “ And let their prison be a *Lover*’s arms.
 “ I scout your Porter PETER and his keys,
 “ That ope to ev’ry rogue a POPE shall please.
 “ Avaunt the institutions that *enslave* !
 “ The man who thought of marriage was a knave ;
 “ Rais’d a huge cannon against human blifs,
 “ And spoil’d that first of joys, the rapt’rous kifs ;
 “ Delicious novelty from BEAUTY drove,
 “ And made the gloomy state the tomb of LOVE ;

“ To

“ To *discord* turning what had *charm'd* the ear :
 “ Converting Burgundy, to four small-beer.
 “ Thus from his bright domain a SUN is hurl'd,
 “ To gild a pin-hole, that should light a world.
 “ Exulting REASON from her bondage springs,
 “ Claims Heav'n's wide range, and spreads her eagle wings ;
 “ While SUPERSTITION, lodg'd with bats and owls,
 “ With HORROR, and the hopeless maniac, howls.”

Thus crieth FRANCE !

Thus INFIDELITY walks bold abroad,
 And, 'stead of FAITH, the Cherub, see a *toad* !
 Such is th' impiety of FRANCE, alas !
 And shall such blasphemy unpunish'd pass ?
 No !—for the honour of RELIGION, rise,
 And flash conviction on their miscreant eyes.

The French are devils—devils—downright devils ;
 In heavenly wheat, accurs'd destructive weevils !
 Abominations ! atheists, to a man ;
 Rogues that convert the finest flour to bran ;
 In VICE's drunken cup for ever guzzling ;
 Just like the hogs in mud uncleanly nuzzling.
 I know the rascals have a fin *in petto*,
 To rob the holy Lady of Loretto ;
 Attack her temple with their guns, so warrish,
 And thrust the Gentlewoman on the parish—
 A Lady all so graceful, gay, and rich,
 With gems and wonders lodg'd in every stitch.
 Heir of SAINT PETER, kindle then thine ire,
 And bid FRANCE feel thy apostolic fire ;
 Think of the quantity of sacred wood
 Thy treasuries can launch into the flood ;

What ships the holy manger can create !
 At least a dozen of the largest rate—
 And, lo, enough of sweet SAINT MARTHA'S hair,
 To rig this dozen mighty ships of war.
 Our SAVIOUR'S pap-spoon, that a world adores,
 Would make a hundred thousand pair of oars.
 Gather the stones that knock'd down poor SAINT STEPHEN,
 And fling at Frenchmen in the name of Heav'n ;
 Bring forth the thousands of SAINT CATHERINE'S nails,
 That ev'ry convent, church, and chapel hails—
 For storms, uncork the bottled fighs of Martyrs,
 And blow the rogues to earth's remotest quarters.
 Such relicks, of good mother CHURCH the pride,
 How would they currycomb a Frenchman's hide !
 Son of the Church, again I say, arise,
 And flash new marvels in their finner eyes ;

With teeth and jawbones on thy holy back,
 Thumbs, fingers, knucklebones, to fill a sack;
 With joints of rump and loins, and heels and toes,
 Begin thy march, and meet thy atheist foes:
 Struck with a panic shall the villains leap,
 And fly thy presence, like a flock of sheep.
 Thus shall the Rebels to ~~his~~ RELIGION yield,
 And thou with holy triumph keep the field.

Thus in Jamaica, once upon a time,
 (Ah! well remember'd by the man of rhyme!)
 QUAKO, high priest of all the Negro nation,
 And full of Negro faith in conjuration,
 Loaded his jackals deep with wonder-bags
 Of monkeys teeth, glafs, horse-hair, and red * rags;

When

* These little bags are called by the Negroes, *Obia*, and are supposed to be possessed of great witchcraft virtues.

When forth they march'd—a goodly, solemn pace,
 To pour destruction on the Christian race ;
 To send the husbands to th' infernal shades,
 Hug their dear wives, and ravish the fair maids ;
 To bring God MUMBO JUMBO into vogue,
 And sanctify the names of wh— and rogue !
 By FORTUNE'S foot behold the scheme disjointed ;
 And, lo, the BLACK APOSTLE, disappointed !
 But mark ! this diff'rence, to the world's surprife,
 Between your HOLINESS and QUAKO lies :—
 O'er FRANCE (no more an unbelieving foe,
 Who bought thy reliques, and ador'd thy toe)
 Divine dominion shalt thou stretch, O POPE,
 While luckless QUAKO only stretch'd—a *rope*.

Where is the Priest that cannot curse a rat,
 A weasel, locust, grasshopper, and gnat ?—

If *journeymen* can curse the reptile clan,
 The master certainly can curse a *man*.
 Father of Miracles, then stir thy stumps,
 And break the legs of SIN, that takes such jumps ;
 Fall not upon thy face, and cur-like yelp ;
 And, panting, panic-stricken, cry—" God help !"
 To show that pray'r alone will not avail,
 The Muse shall finish with a well-known tale.

The WAGGONER and JUPITER.

A LUCKLESS waggon roll'd into a flough—
 CLOD scratch'd his head, and growl'd, and knit his brow ;
 But what avail'd it ?—Fast the waggon lay—

G

Now

Now CLOD imagin'd, like an idle lout,
 A pray'r or two might help the pris'ner out ;
 Then unto JUPITER he howl'd away.

“ How now ! you lazy lubber ! ” cried the God—
 “ Clap to the wheel your shoulder, Master CLOD ;
 “ And (mind me), let your horses be well flogg'd. ”—
 CLOD took th' advice, exerted all his strength :
 The waggon mov'd, and mov'd ; and, lo, at length,
 Forc'd from the quagmire, on again it jogg'd.

Such is the simple tale, O man of God !
 Go thou, and imitate the bumpkin CLOD.
 I do not call your HOLINESS a *lubber* ;
 But let me tell thee, in an easy way,
 Contrive with skill this *game of Saints* to play ;
 Thou'lt beat thy ancestors, and win the rubber.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

Just as I had finished my Epistle, it struck me that his Holiness kept a bad house at Rome—Marvelling Reader, nothing less than a large B-wdy House, from which he derives an immensity of impure emolument: so that this great Son of the Church, God's Vicegerent on earth, taxes female flesh, winks at fornication, and consequently promotes the cause of carnality. Thus is a great commandment broken, and lasciviousness become sanctioned by the Successor of the Apostolic PETER. From this sad circumstance probably the Bone, Wood, and Metal Conductors of Miracle, like the Electric Machine in foul weather, will not answer so well; and consequently a disappointment may attend the experiments. The Bard therefore wishing the Moral Hemisphere to be as clear as possible, very properly addresses a pair of reprimanding Odes to his Holiness on the occasion, in sanguine hopes of a reformation.

O D E.

LET me confess that Beauty is delicious:

To clasp it in our arms, is nice—but vicious:

That is to say, *unlawful* hugs—careffes

Which want those bonds which God Almighty blesses.

I do

I do not say that we should not *embrace* :

We *may*—but then it should be done with *grace* :

The flesh should scarce be thought of—there's the merit :

Sweet are the palpitations of the spirit !

Pure are indeed the kisses of th' upright ;

So simple, meek, and sanctified, and slight !

Good men so *softly* press the virgin lip !

But *wicked* man ! what does he, carnal wretch,

With all his horse-like passions on full stretch ?

The mouth, sweet cup of kisses, scorns to *sip*—

But with the spicy nectar waxing warm,

The knave gets drunk upon the pouting charm ;

Seizes the damsel round the waist so handy ;

And, as I've said before, gets drunk, the beast,

Like Aldermen, the guttlers at a feast :

For Ladies' lips are cherries steep'd in brandy.

The flaxen ringlets, and the swelling breast ;
 The cheek of bloom ; the lip, delightful nest
 Of balmy kisses, moist with rich desires ;
 The burning blushes ; and the panting heart ;
 The yielding wishes that the eyes impart,
 Oft' in our bosom kindle glass-house fires.

Oh ! shun the tempting nets that Satan spins !
 The highest pleasures are the deepest sins !
 Woman's a lovely animal, 'tis true—

 Too well, indeed, the lawless passions know it :
 Unbridled rogues, that wild the charm pursue,
 And madly with the scythe of ruin mow it—

Thus giving it of death the wicked wound—
 A tender flow'r stretch'd sweetly on the ground !

“ Ware lark,” the Sportsman to his pointer cries ;
 Defigning him for partridge—nobler game.

As the soul's partridge is the skies,

“Ware girl,” should PIETY exclaim.

Blest is the simple man by virtue sway'd,

Who wishful burns not for the blooming maid ;

Whose pulses calm as sleeping puppies lie ;

Who rusheth not to prey upon her charms,

Full of Love's mad emotions, mad alarms,

Just like a famish'd spider on a fly,

That in the tyrant's claws resigns its breath,

Unhappy humming till it sleeps in death.

Blest is the man who marks the cherry lip,

And figheth not the nectar'd sweets to sip,

Nor prefs the heaving hills of purest snow ;

Who marks the love-alluring waist so taper,

Without one wish, or pulse's single caper,

And to his hurrying passions cries out, “ No!

“ Stop,

“ Stop, if you please, young imps, your hot career,
 “ And shun the precipice of fate so near ;
 “ Draw in, or, with the horses of the Sun,
 “ You drive, like Phaëton, to be undone.

O POPE, I've heard that, when a Friar,
 (And FAME, in this, is not a liar)

Thou oft didst smuggle beauty to thy cell,
 And, stead of flogging thy own sinful back,
 Didst give a sweet Italian girl the smack—

The *smacks* indeed of Love that lead to Hell !

And lo, thou sinner, POPE, instead
 Of counting ev'ry sacred bead,

Thou wickedly didst count the damsel's charms :
 Instead of clasping the most holy cross,
 Such was of sanctity thy loss,

Thou squeezed'st mortal limbs amid thy arms :

Instead

Instead of kissing the most sacred wood,
Lo, were thy lips defil'd by flesh and blood.

Instead of psalmody, the skies to greet,
In sinful catches didst thou deal, and glee ;
And lo, to put the angels in a sweat,
Thou dandled'st the young harlot on thy knee,
Singing that wanton song of shame,
“ A lovely lass to a friar came !”

Instead of begging gracious Heav'n,
For all thy sins to be forgiv'n,
Ready wert thou to manufacture more !!
Thy passions, ev'ry one a mutineer,
Just like a cask of cyder, ale, or beer,
Fermenting, frothing, frisking, foaming o'er.

The songs of harlots to thine ear,
So full of witchery, were dear,
And bosom of desire that hook'd thine eye !
Dear as an execution to a JUDGE,
A well-known wight who seems to grudge
Life and enjoyment to a fly ;
Who fond of hanging, robs the very cats,
And on a gibbet mounts his captive rats
And moles,
To look like dangling men and maids, poor souls !

Instead of loudly crying, " Let us pray,"
Thou in thy twilight cell so snug,
Didst to an armfull of rich beauty say—
In whisper soft, " BETTINA, let us hug."

Instead of turning *upwards* thy two eyes
 Devoutly, for a blessing from the skies;
 What was thy most unhallow'd action? Oh!
 Vile didst thou cast those eyes on *things* below.

O D E II.

THE world was never wickeder than now—
 Wedlock abus'd—her bond pronounc'd a jail;
 A wife call'd vilely 'ev'ry body's cow,
 ' A canister, or bone to a dog's tail!
 What dare not knaves of this degenerate day,
 Of marriage, decent hallow'd marriage say?
 " Wedlock's a heavy piece of beef, the rump!
 " Returns to table, hash'd and stew'd, and fry'd,
 " And in the stomach, much to lead ally'd,
 " A hard unpleasant undigested lump:

" But

“ But fornication ev’ry man enjoys—

“ A smart anchovy fandwich—that ne’er cloy—

“ A *bonne bouche* men are ready to *devour*—

“ Swallowing a neat half dozen in an hour.

“ Wedlock,” they cry, “ is a hard pinching boot,

“ But fornication is an easy shoe—

“ The first won’t suit ;

“ It won’t do.

“ A girl of pleasure’s a light fowling piece—

“ With this you follow up your game with ease ;

“ That heavy lump, a *wife*, (confound her !)

“ Makes the bones crack,

“ And seems upon the sportsman’s breaking back,

“ A lumb’ring eighteen pounder.

“ *One*

“ *One* is a summer-house, so neat and trim,
“ To visit afternoons for PLEASURE’S whim ;
“ So airy, like a butterfly so light ;
“ The *other*, an old castle with huge walls—
“ Where MELANCHOLY mopes amid the halls,
“ Wrapp’d in the doleful dusky veil of NIGHT.”

Then, POPE, on fornication turn thy back :

Oh, let it feel the thunder of attack !

Most dangerous is this habit, Sir, of finning :
Hang all the Bawds ; for where’s a greater vice,
Than taking in young creatures, all so nice ?

And yet to them, ’tis merely knitting, spinning—

No more !

Although the innocent is made a wh—.

With

With juſt as much *ſang-froid*, as at their ſhops
 The butchers ſell rump-ſteaks, or mutton-chops,
 Or cooks ſerve up a fiſh, with ſkill diſplay'd,
 So an old Abbefs for the rattling Rakes,
 A tempting diſh of human nature makes,
 And dreſſes up a luſcious Maid :
 I rather ſhould have ſaid, indeed, *undreſſes*,
 To pleaſe a youth's unſanctified careſſes.

Thus, in the practices of fleſhy evil,
 They're off upon a gallop to the devil ;
 Yet deem themſelves, poor dupes, cockſure of Heav'n—
 As though Salvation could to bawds be giv'n,
 To jades encouraging thoſe rebel fires,
 Pepper'd propenſities, and falt deſires ;

Curs'd by the Bible, if we trust translators ;
Which sayeth, “ Woe be to all fornicators !”

At Rome, each hour, are horrid actions done !

By *thee* approv'd, thou dar'st not, POPE, deny :
Yes, yes, the lawless places are well known,
Where youth for venal pleasures madly fly,
Bargain for beauteous charm, and pick, and cull it,
As at a Poulterer's *Betty* turns a pullet.

I like examples of a wicked act—

Take therefore, Reader, from the Bard a fact.

An old *Procuress* groaning, sighing, dying,
A rake-hell enters the old Beldame's room—

“ Hæ, mother ! thinking on the day of doom ?

“ Hæ—dam'me, flabb'ring, whining, praying, crying ?

“ Well

“ Well, mother! what young filly hast thou got,

“ To give a gentleman a little trot?”

“ O Captain, pray, your idle nonsense cease,

“ And let a poor old foul depart in peace!

“ What wicked things the dev’l puts in your head!

“ Where can you hope to go, when you are dead?”

“ How now, old Beldame?—shamming Heav’n with
“ praying!

“ Come, come, to bus’ness—don’t keep such a braying—

“ Let’s see your stuff—come, Beldame, show your ware—

“ Some little Phillis, fresh from country air.”

“ O Captain, how *unpiously* you prate!

“ Well, well, I see there’s no resisting fate;

“ Go,

“ Go, go to the next room, and there’s a bed—

“ And such a charming creature in’t—such grace !

“ Such sweet simplicity ! and *such* a face !—

“ Captain, you are a devil—you are, indeed.

“ I thank my stars that nought *my* conscience twits ;

“ Which to my parting soul doth joy afford ;

“ O Captain ! Captain ! what, for nice young *Tits*,

“ What will you do, when I am with the LORD ?”

R E F L E C T I O N .

Such was the fact ! thus was this Bawd persuaded,

Heav’n’s maffy door would not be barricaded !

Sure, in her mind, that PETER would unlock it !

Thus had her soul thy passport in its pocket.

Though the Author has so severely reprimanded HIS HOLINESS for his incontinency, he, with the utmost candour, suspecteth his own frailty.

ODE TO INNOCENCE.

O NYMPH of meek and blushful mien,

Lone wand'rer of the rural scene,

Who lovest not the city's bustling sound,

But in the still and simple vale

Art pleas'd to hear the Turtle's tale,

'Mid the gay minstrelsy that floats around!

Now on the bank, amid the sunny beam,

I see thee mark the natives of the stream,

That break the dimpling surface with delight;

Now see thee pitying a poor captive Fly,

Snapp'd from the lov'd companions of his joy,

And, swallow'd, sink beneath the gulph of *night*.

L

Now

Now see thee, in the humming golden hour,
 Observant of the Bee, from flow'r to flow'r,
 That loads with varied balm his little thighs,
 To guard against chill winter's famish'd day,
 When rains descend, and clouds obscure the ray,
 And tempests pour their thunder through the skies.

Now see thee happy, with the sweetest smile,
 Attentive stretch'd along the fragrant foil ;
 Beholding the small myriads of the plain,
 The pismires, some upon their funny hills,
 Some thirsty wand'ring to the crystal rills,
 Some loaded bringing back the snowy grain ;

So like the lab'ring swains, who yet look down
 Contemptuous on their toils and tiny town !

Now

Now see thee playful chace the child of spring,
The winnowing Butterfly with painted wing,
That busy flickers on from bloom to bloom ;
Pursuing wildly now a fav'rite FAIR,
Circling amid the golden realm of air,
And leaving, all for *love*, the pea's perfume.

Now see thee peeping on the secret nest,
Where sits the parent WREN in patient rest ;
While at her side her feather'd Partner sings ;
Chaunts his short note, to charm her nursing day ;
Now for his loves pursues his airy way,
And now with food returns on cheerful wings.

Pleas'd could I sit with thee, O nymph so sweet,
And hear the happy flocks around thee *bleat* ;

And

And mark their skipping sports along the land ;
Now hear thee to a fav'rite lambkin speak,
Who wanton stretches forth his woolly neck,
And plucks the fragrant herbage from thy hand.

Thus could I dwell with thee for many an hour :

Yet, should a rural VENUS from her bow'r

Step forth with bosom bare, and beaming eye,
And flaxen locks, luxuriant rose-clad cheek,
And purple lip, and dimpled chin so sleek,
And archly heave the love-seducing sigh ;

And cry, " Come hither, swain—be not afraid ;

" Embrace the *wild*, and quit the *simple* maid"—

I *verily* believe that I should go :

Yet,

Yet, parting, should I say to thee, " Farewell—
" I cannot help it—WITCHCRAFT'S in her cell—
" The PASSIONS like to be where tempests blow—
" Go, Girl, enjoy thy fish, and flies, and doves;
" But suffer *me* to giggle with the *Loves*."

Thus should I act—excuse me, charming Saint :
An imp am I, in VIRTUE'S cause so faint ;
Like DAVID in his youth, a lawless swain !
Preferring (let me own with blushing face)
The storms of PASSION to the calms of GRACE ;
One ounce of *pleasure* to a pound of *pain*.

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