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THE
CONVENTION BILL,
AN ODE.

By *PETER PINDAR*, Esq.

Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo—

Favete linguis. HOR.

I hate the Mob—Avaunt the *Vulgar Throng!*

Be padlocks plac'd on ev'ry BRITON's tongue.

PITT's Translation.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR J. WALKER, PATERNOSTER-RROW; E. JEFFREY, PALL-MALL;
J. LADLEY, MOUNT-STREET, BERKELEY-SQUARE; AND
J. BELL, OXFORD-STREET.

M. DCC. XCV.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]



T O T H E R E A D E R.

GENTLE READER,

THE insufferable licentiousness of the present age, with regard to political opinion, demands an immediate redress. As a freedom of discussion may be the loss of a MINISTER'S *Place*; that MINISTER is in the right to make use of his *most virtuous* MAJORITY, to bring in a Bill.

For binding to the peace the TONGUE and PEN,
So hostile to the *peace* of COURTIER MEN,
who, as Pope says of his friend Addison,

—“damn for arts that caus'd *themselves* to rise.”

MESSIEURS PITT and DUNDAS were *not* pot-valiant when they *stumbled* on this Convention Act, whatever the world

may think. The JOLLY GOD, it is said, was *for once* forced to give place to the GODDESS *yclept* PRUDENCE, who has totally presided over this Bill, which *wisely* orders that *a dozen men*, like *a dozen bottles of wine*, shall not pass from house to house without a PERMIT. Convinced of the *necessity* and *wisdom* of our PREMIER's political man-œuvre, I join his standard, and heartily vote to perpetual confinement the PEN

That, with its lever nib of brass,
Tries from his pow'r to heave DUNDAS ;
And TONGUE that, with its crushing wit,
Treads, like an Elephant, on PITT,
By SLANDER urg'd, whose breath of flame
Melts the fair column of a NAME.

O D E

TO

M R. P I T T.

ACCEPT a CONVERT, Ode-composing PETER !

“ The THUNDER-BEARING BIRD of British metre,”

Says FAME, from truth not often known to wander :

To thee JOB's war-horse from Parnassus, PITT,

A gentle Beast, I kneeling take the bit,

Like tam'd BUCEPHALUS to ALEXANDER ;

A Horse to *other* Riders so uncivil ;

Who rear'd, and plunged, and kick'd them to the Devil.

Since IMPUDENCE, affuming FREEDOM's form,
Near MOTHER RED-CAP brews the dangerous storm,
 Assembling such a formidable rout ;
Loud threat'ning, too, O PITT ! in evil hour
To blow thee, like the goffamer, from pow'r ;
 'Tis time, full time, methinks, to *look about*.

Say the full plan thou meanest to pursue,
To curb of Liberty this upstart crew :
 Our eyes are, hawk-like, on the sharpen'd gaze.
Pronounce how many men shall meet together,
To canvass our political foul weather,
 And shake their heads, in hopes of better days.

If not too pert—Thou great REFORMING MAN,
 How many wilt thou suffer in a clan,
 To groan their grievance, whisper woeful tale,
 Where the small Tap-room pours its gin and ale ?

SEDITION lurks within a PORTER-MUG—

Eke in a GLASS of GIN the knave lies snug !

Who *drinks*, in rank rebellion dips his nose !

I like not *healths* ! too oft they carry treason :

Then let us cut at once the rascal's weasand,

That dares to drink " a Rope to FREEDOM'S Foes ! "

And if to NEWS-PAPERS thou turn'ft thine eyes,

Hot-beds of treason upon treason rise,

Save ROSE'S—guiltless of all wit-pollution!

But, if *sheer heaviness* can aid a cause,

GEORGE'S two Brats* shall pound the People's jaws,

As *logs* and *lead* do wond'rous execution.

Rebellion taints a *whisper*, too, I think,

And wond'rous danger hides within a *wink*;

Much in a *shrug*, and much in *lifted eyes*;

But, if a *groan* escape, a MONARCH *dies*.

GEORGE'S two Brats.] Mr. GEORGE ROSE, of the TREASURY, is the Proprietor of two News-Papers, *misnomered* the TRUE BRITON and SUN: the first, pleasantly *fabulous*; and the last, never emitting a *single Ray*. They are intended, however, as two *brazen* pillars of our *happy* Constitution, acquainting the world with *every motion* of MAJESTY. GEORGE is really a *character*, and should be brought a *little more forward* on the political canvass. To continue the metaphor, this *Treasury Gentleman* has been kept too far in the *back ground*. A history of his life, parentage, and education, would prove a *bonne bouche* for the PUBLIC.

AUGUSTUS

AUGUSTUS acted very sagely—for as

He lov'd two Poets, VIRGIL call'd, and HORACE,

He issued proclamation, where, quoth he,

“ Let no one Poet, upon pain of death,”

(And, Lord! how dangerous that fame loss of breath!)

“ Dare, if he values life, to mention MR.”

It had a very fine effect, says FAME;

E'en cats and puppies reverenc'd CÆSAR'S name!

Thus let *our* CÆSAR mounted be on high,

And no one *take his name in vain*, but PYE.

Behold the pale CHINESE! tame slaves of POW'R,

Who, at a MANDARIN, in corners cow'r,

Dropping

Dropping to earth the eye with awe-clad head ;
While others yield themselves to panting flight,
Not vent'ring to turn back the fearful fight,
Left a huge blunderbus should strike them dead !

Such souls in BRITONS may we hope to see ?
Haste, haste, the *times* to tremble thus at THEE !

Oh ! as in NORMAN WILLIAM's humbling day,

At eve, shall solemn CURFEWS sound the knell ;
And men, like babes, be forc'd to bed away,

Soon as they hear the monitory bell ?

When MAJESTY to Parliament shall ride,

Ah ! may the MONARCH by the MOB be *eye'd* ?

And, if allow'd the *bleffing* of a view,

Whether with *half* an eye, *one* eye, or *two*?

And will it not be deem'd a *daring* thing

To ogle through a *spying-glaſs* the King?

And will not REEVES's ſcouts to JUSTICE run,

And ſwear the ſpying-glaſs a *monſtrous Gun*?

By thy fage counſel, poſſibly *alone*,

Like DAME GODIVA, GEORGE may travel on,

When, lo, of curioſity a head,

A Peeping Tom, may from a window poke;

Then let the bullet or the ſabre's ſtroke

Diſmiſs the faucy Peeper to the dead.

D

And,

And, since his MAJESTY is fond of hunting,

Ah, let his company no more be *bunting* !

A SWEEP may bear a very dangerous brush ;

BUTCHERS may pull a cleaver from the frock ;

BARBERS may launch at MAJESTY a block,

Or bason dart, or pike-like pole may push ;

JACK KETCH within his pocket hide his string,

And COBLERS launch their lap-stones at their King ;

Since *such* too often, by ambition born,

Join MAJESTY, and WHOOP, and HOUND, and HORN !

And, when our KING to *Weymouth* shall repair,

Forget not thou an order to the MAY'R,

When

When in the tub the ROYAL LIFE embarks,
To read the Riot-act to *shrimps* and *sharks*!

And now may GOD your hearts, ye BRITONS, turn!
Your fins in sack-cloth and in ashes mourn:

Without a fig, to MINISTERS *submit*—

Ye are but *children* yet, so mend your ways;

Sing to the Lord (th' EXCHEQUER'S LORD!) with praise;

And go to school, good boys, to GOODY PITT.

But hark! a voice!—“ Ah, PITT! thine arts are vain;

“ BRITONS *dare* speak, and, when oppress'd, *complain*;

“ To MAN the little privilege is giv'n:

“ And, should a MISCREANT *curb* it, (dead to shame)

“ May ALBION’S GENIUS tear the Villain’s frame,

“ And fling it piece-meal to the fowls of Heav’n !”

Whence is that folemn found, alas ! declare :

The GHOST of ALFRED bids a ROGUE *beware.*

T H E E N D.





