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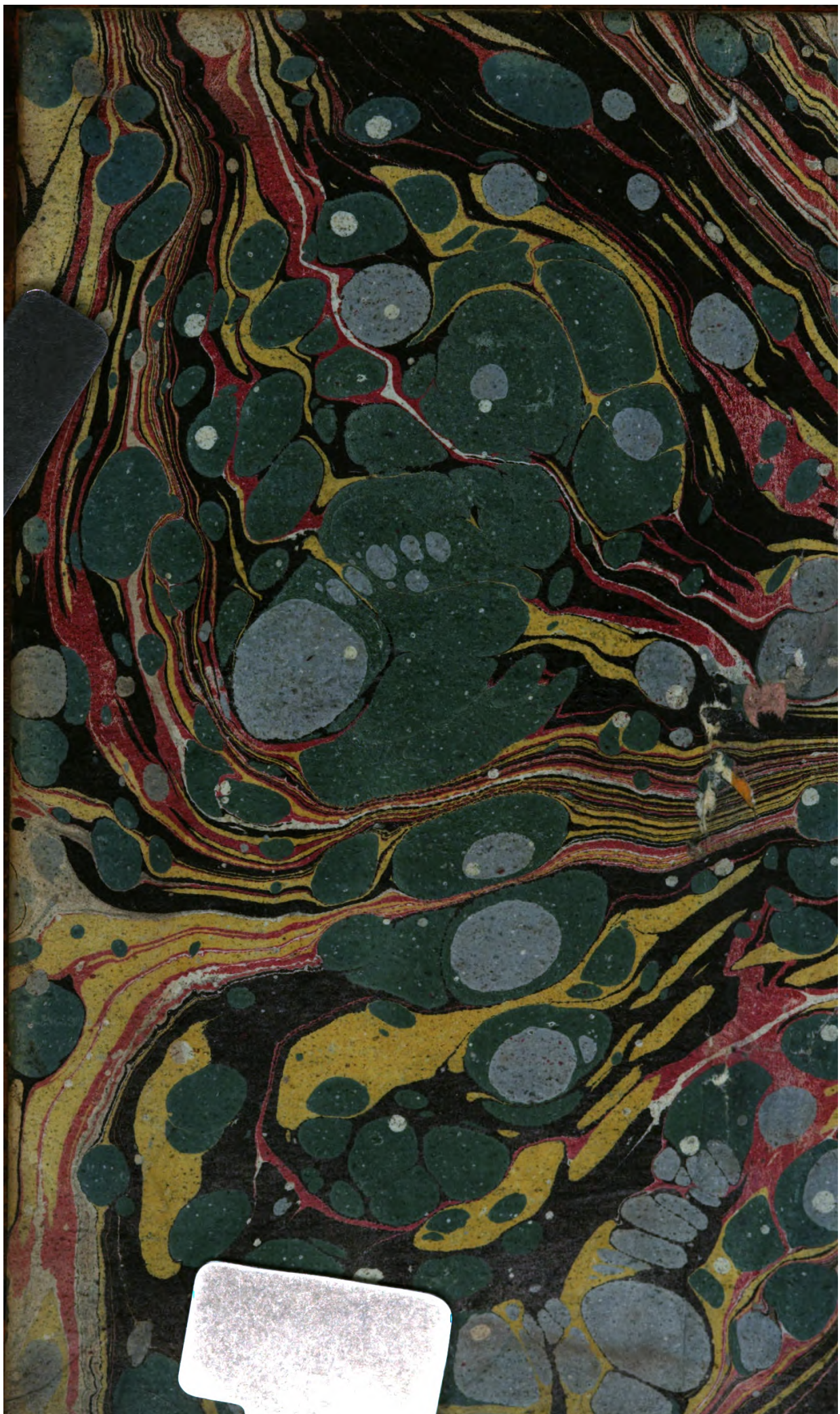
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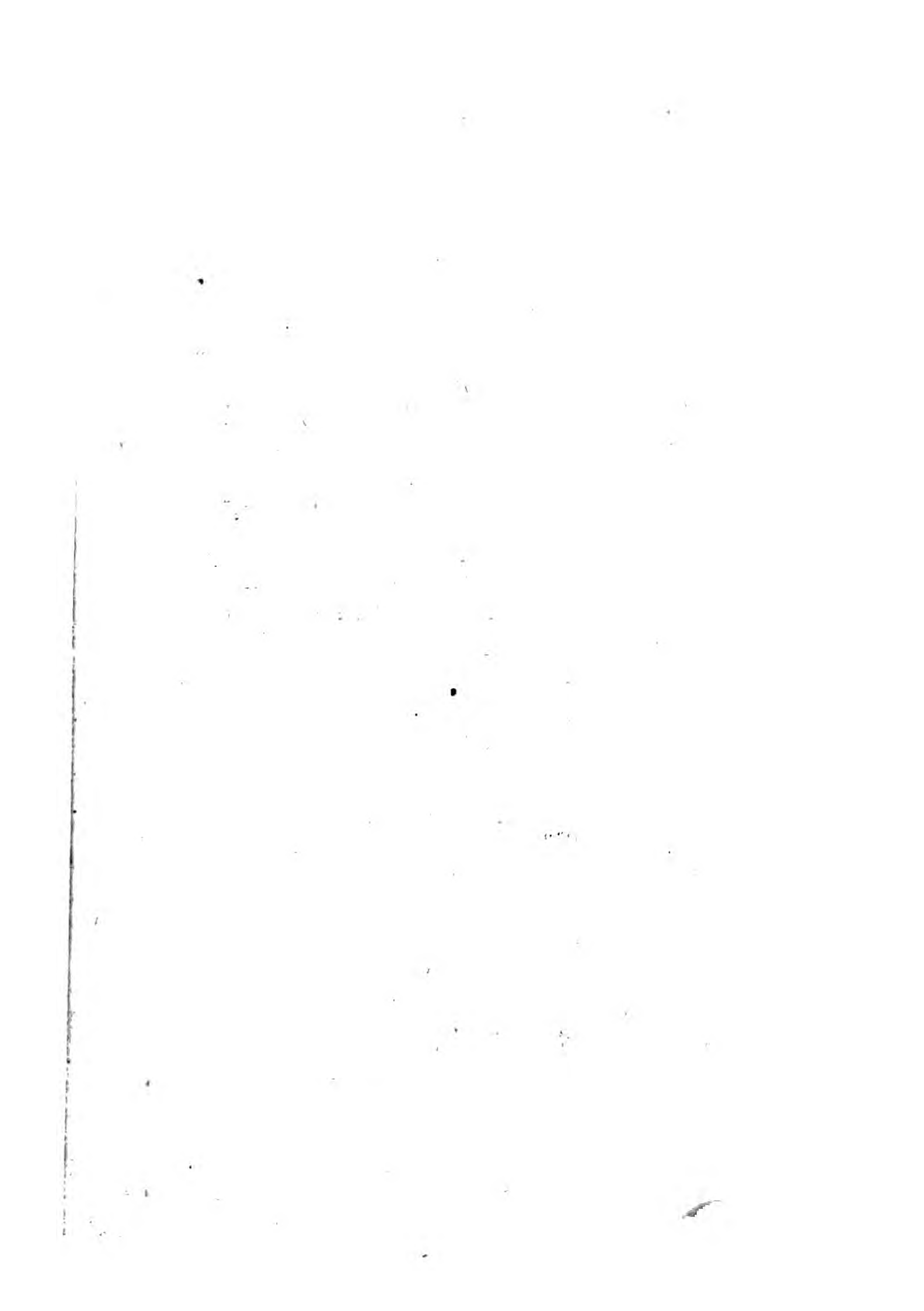
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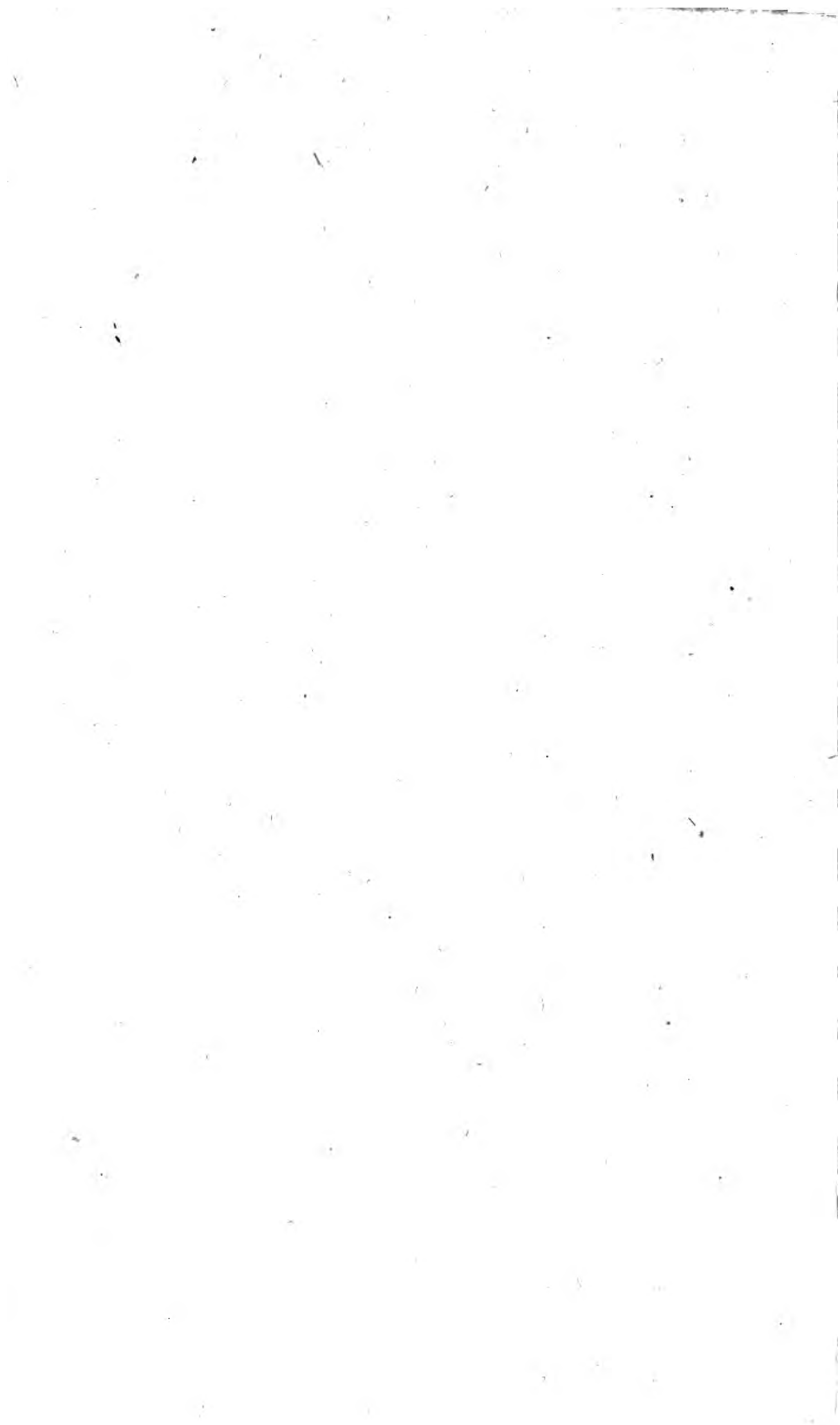






280 c. 2887





THE
WORKS
OF

PETER PINDAR, Esq.^R

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOLUME . III.

CONTAINING

26. THE RIGHTS OF KINGS.....	32. A PAIR OF LYRIC EPISTLES TO...
27. ODES TO M ^r PAINE.....	LORD MACARTNEY.....
28. THE REMONSTRANCE.....	33 ODES TO KIEN LONG.....
29. MORE MONEY.....	34. EPISTLE TO THE POPE.....
30. ODES OF IMPORTANCE.....	35. PATHETIC ODES TO THE.....
31. THE TEARS OF S ^t MARGARET.....	DUKE OF RICHMOND.....
36. CELEBRATION.	

L O N D O N.

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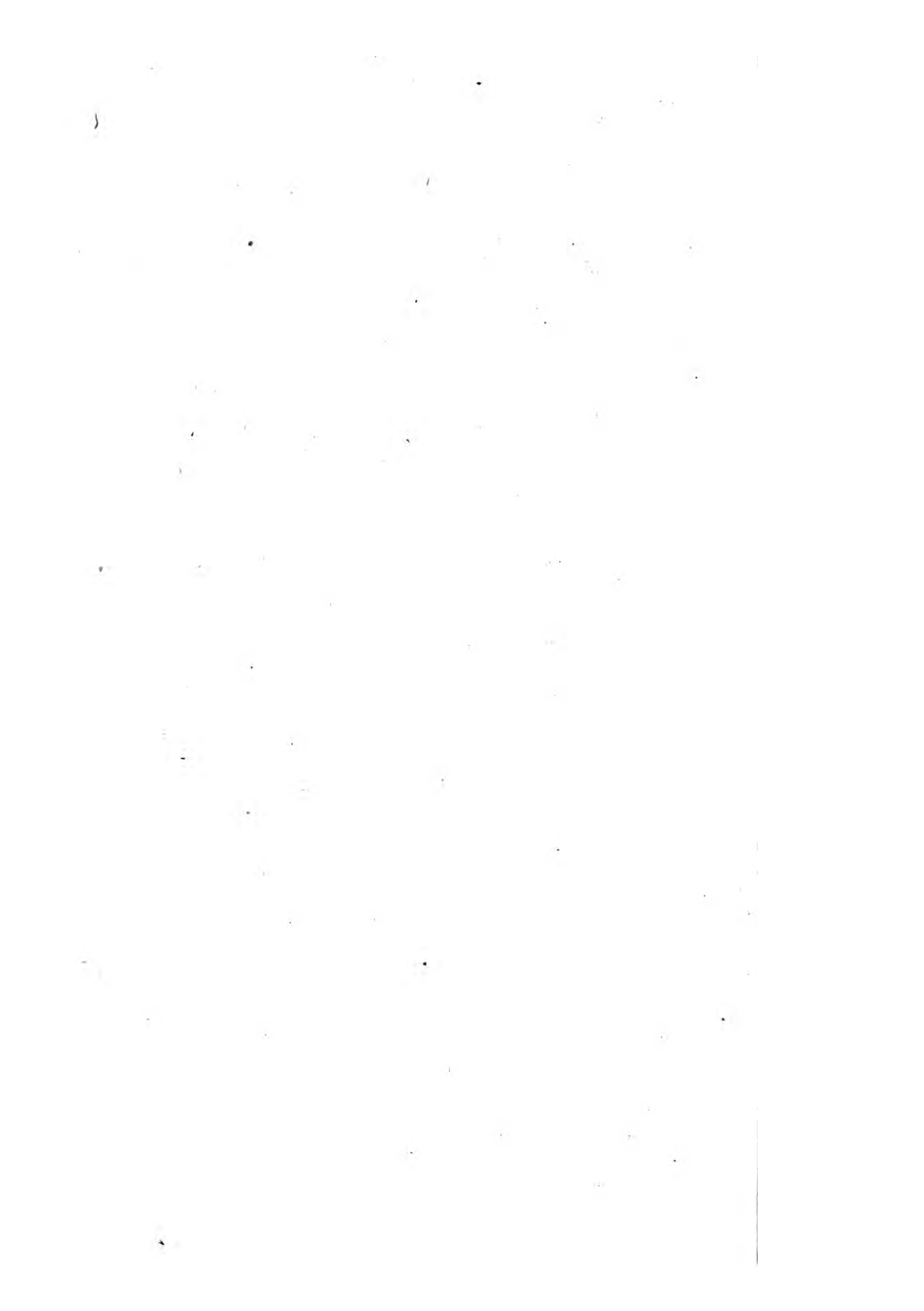
THE
RIGHTS OF KINGS;
OR,
LOYAL ODES
TO
DISLOYAL ACADEMICIANS.

Τὴς μαινῶν θυμὸν εἰσέειν.

ANACREON.

Thus for a MIGHTY MONARCH to be lewv' d!

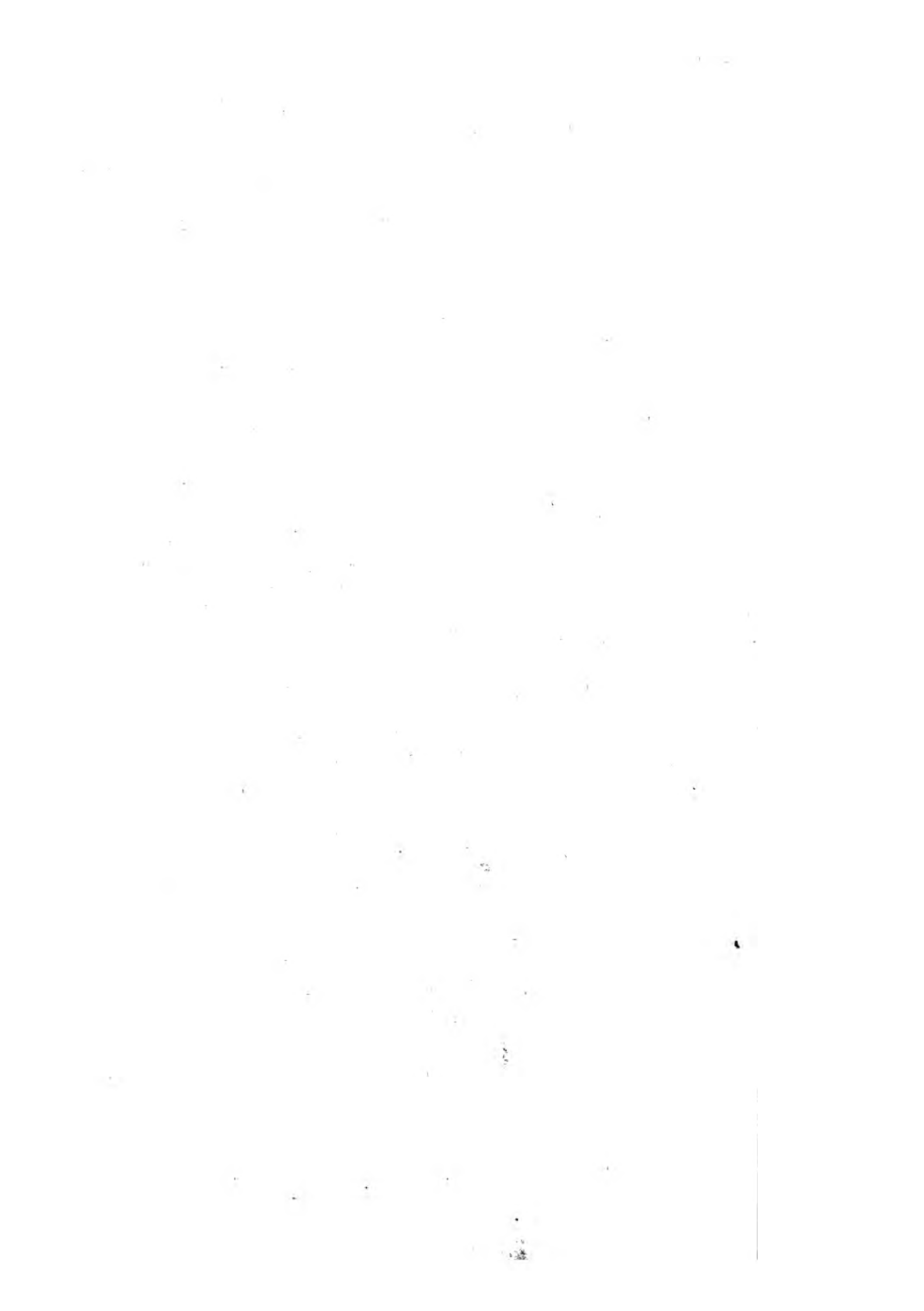
Pray were you drunk, or mad, Sirs, or be-devill'd?



TO THE READER.

GENTLE READER,

THE foundation of the following Odes is simply this—The President of the Royal Academy, happy to be able to gratify our amiable Monarch in the minutest of his predilections, reported lately to the Academicians his Majesty's desire, that a Mr. LAURENCE might be added to the list of R. A.'s, his Majesty, from his superior knowledge in painting, being *perfectly convinced* of this young Artist's uncommon abilities, and consequently fair pretensions to the honour. Notwithstanding the Royal wish, and the wish of the President, and (under the rose !!!) the wish of Mr. BENJAMIN WEST, the Windsor oracle of paint, and painter of history, the R. A.'s received the annunciation of his Majesty's wish, Sir JOSHUA's wish, Mr. WEST's wish, with the most ineffable *sang-froid*, not to call it by the harder name, disgust. The annunciation happening on the night of an election of Associates, at which Mr. LAURENCE ought to have been elected an Associate (a step necessary to the more exalted one of R. A.)—behold the obstinacy of these Royal mules!—the number of votes in favour of Mr. LAURENCE amounted to just three, and that of his opponent, Mr. WHEATLEY, to sixteen!!!—Indignant and loyal Reader, the Lyric Muse, who has uniformly attacked Meanness, Folly, Impudence, Avarice, and Ignorance, from her cradle, caught fire at the above important event, and most loyally poured forth the following Odes, replete with their usual sublimity.



P R O Ë M I U M.

TO THE PUBLIC.

GENTLES! behold a poor plain-spoken man!

Modest as ADDINGTON our SPEAKER,
Amidst Saint Stephen's patriotic clan,
Where INNOCENCE so meek did ne'er look meeker;

When with much palpitation, and much dread,
He turn'd about his pretty Speaker's head,
One leg just rais'd to hop into the chair;
Just like a CAT in rain amid the street,
That fears to wet her white and velvet feet,
Which for a handsome gutter-leap prepare!

"I fear I am a most unworthy choice,"
Said *Mister* SPEAKER, with a lamb-like voice!

"I have but one step more," he cry'd,
Keeping his head coquettishly aside.

How much like CHRISTIE, with his hammer rais'd,
 (CHRISTIE, a public Speaker too, so prais'd),
 Looking around him, simpering, smiling, bowing,
 Then crying—"Gemmen, going, going, going!"

Yes, *Gentles* all, a modest Bard and thy,
 With dove-like mien, and ground-exploring eye,
 Modest as *Mister* SPEAKER at the LORDS,
 When lowly he did Majesty *beseech*
 T' *allow* his *bumble* COMMONS use of words;
 That is to say, a liberty of speech:

Also to have at times a *tête-à-tête*,
 Because a *confab* royal is a treat;
 Indeed for *subjects* much too rich,
 As wise KING JAMES asserted of the *itch*:

Likewise to have the privilege of TICK,
 Because a BAILIFF is a meddling rogue,
 Who, with a hand of iron, or a stick,
 Stoppeth the travels of our men of vogue!
 Barbarian act, that men of worship frets!
 Who think of loftier things than idle debts;

Deep

Deep pond'ring ever on the NATION's good,
 Not on great greasy butchers, taylor knaves,
 Mercers and clammy grocers—compter slaves,
 Who, by their stinking sweat, procure their food.

Tradesmen! a set of vulgar swine;
 Crutches for FORTUNE in a deep decline:
 Lo! what a tradesman's good for, and lo all—
 A wooden buttress for a tot'ring wall!

With tears have I beheld full many a 'SQUIRE
 Most brutally by *Bailiffs* dragg'd along;
 For turnpike, furniture, or house's hire,
 Horse, wages, coach, or some such idle song!

Now 'SQUIRE's a title of much reputation—
 Belongs to people of *no*—occupation;
 Who cannot (in their looks we read it)
 Get, for a mutton-chop, a little credit!
 Poor Gentlemen! how hard, alas! their fate,
 To knuckle to such nuisances of State!

Gentles, to you, well pleas'd, I turn again,
 Quitting my fav'rite *rambling* strain;

Leaving belov'd, admir'd, ador'd digression,
 So practis'd by *us* men of *ode-profession*,
 When we have scarcely aught to sing or say,
 And sneaking FANCY quits the lyric lay.

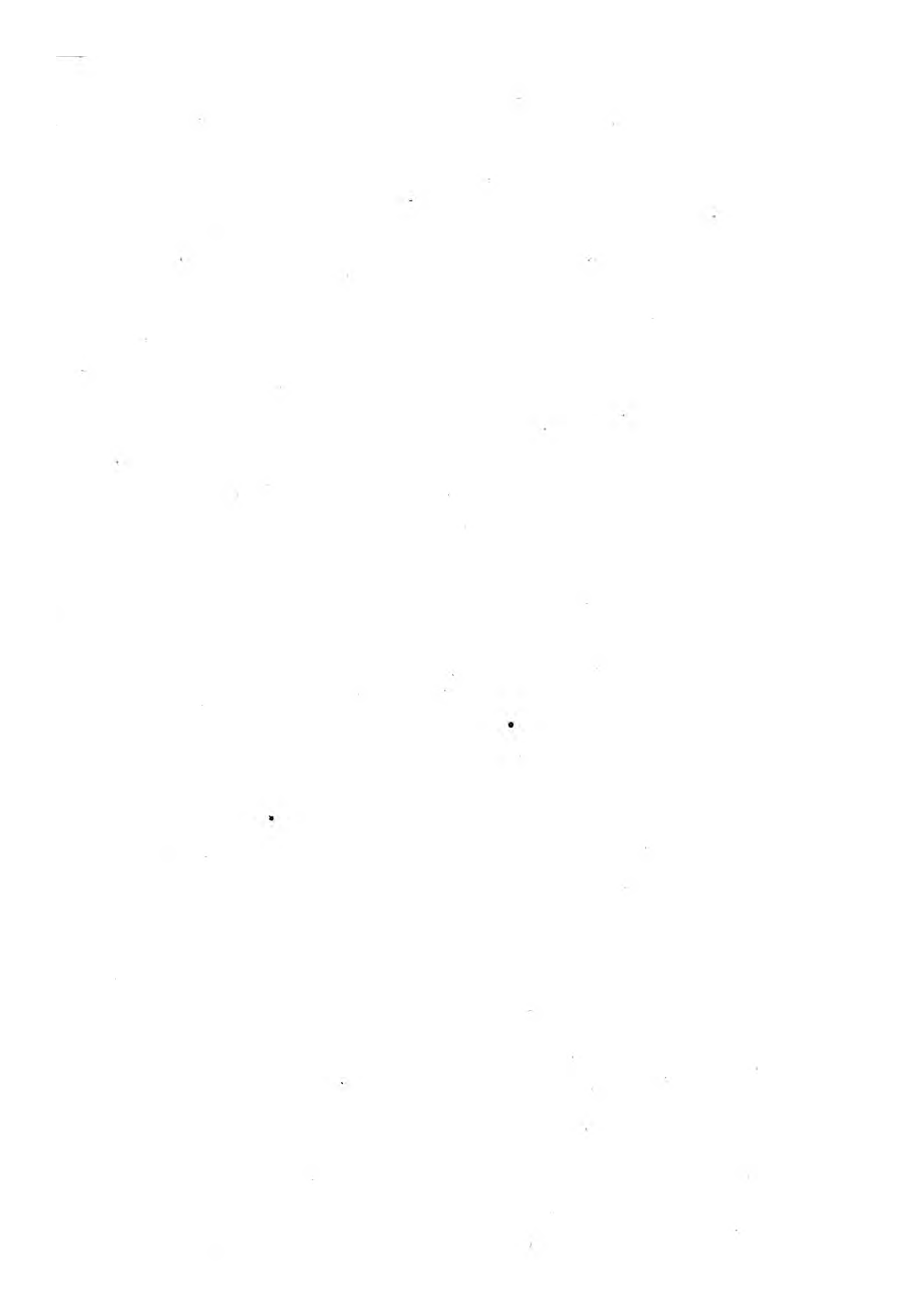
I do remember!—What?—That thus my pen,
 Licentious, slander'd crown-and-sceptre men!
 “ Readers, one moment look me in the face;
 “ A Poet not *quite* destitute of grace;
 “ And answer *one* not bred in FLATT'RY'S schools—
 “ Are you, or are you not, a set of fools?
 “ Pinning your faith on GRANDEUR'S sleeve—
 “ Say, do you, in your consciences, believe
 “ That M——s never can be weak nor mean;
 “ And that a M——'s wife, yclept a ——,
 “ May not (and why not?) be a downright flop,
 “ Form'd of the coarsest rags of NATURE'S shop?
 “ I read the answer in each visage—“ No.”
 “ O Jesu! *can* it be? and *is* it so?
 “ Put down my book—
 “ Give it not *one* contaminating look:
 “ I stare on you with pity—nay, with pain—
 “ KEARSLEY shall toss your money back again:
 “ Get your crowns shav'd, poor souls—I wish you well;
 “ And hear me—Bedlam has a vacant cell.”

Such

Such were the stanzas that I wrote of yore,
When tainted by a King-deriding Clan:
But now I curse those *tenets* o'er and o'er—
A convert quite—a sweet and alter'd man:

The sacred force of SOV'REIGNTY I feel—
To ROYALTY'S stern port I learn to kneel:
For Royalties are deem'd most sacred things;
So sacred by the Courtiers, that the *Bible*
May be inform'd against, and prov'd a libel,
For saying—"Put no confidence in Kings!"

Though this indeed may be interpolation,
As much was coin'd by Popish priests and friars;
For ah! how hard 'tis for imagination
To *fancy* Monarchs hypocrites and liars!



THE
RIGHTS OF KINGS.

ODE TO THE ACADEMICIANS.

AM I awake, or dreaming, O ye Gods?
Alas! in *waking's* favour lie the odds!
The dev'l it is! ah me! 'tis really so!
How, Sirs! on Majesty's proud corns to tread!
Messieurs Academicians, when you're dead,
Where can your Impudencies hope to go?

Refuse a Monarch's mighty orders!—
It smells of treason—on rebellion borders!
'Sdeath, Sirs! it was the QUEEN's fond wish as well,
That * Master LAURENCE should come in!
Against a Queen so gentle to rebel!
This is another crying sin!

What!—not oblige, in such a trifling thing,
So sweet a Queen, and such a goodly King!

A Queen

* A young portrait-painter of some merit.

A Queen *unus'd* to opposition-weather—
 At disappointment so *unus'd* to start—
 So full of dove-like gentleness her heart,
 As if the dove had lent its softest feather,
 That heart of gentleness to form,
Unus'd (as I have said) to opposition-storm!

O let me just inform you, one and all,
 That Kings and Potentates, both great and small,
 Born to be humour'd, for *obedience* battle:
 Most instantaneous too must be compliance;
 Refusal is most damnable defiance;
 They struggle for't, like children for the rattle.

But in our *smile* some difference lies—
 We whip a bantling when it kicks and cries,
 Fully determin'd not to please it:
 But lo! the children that possess a crown
 (Young Herculeses) knock us down,
 And, angry for the bauble, *seize* it.

Each of you, Sirs, has kept a cur, *perchance*:
 Poor wretch, how oft his eyes with lightnings dance;
 How he looks up to Master for a smile!

Shakes

Shakes his imploring head with wriggling tail,
 Now whining yelps, now pawing to prevail,
 Eager with such anxiety the while;

And if a pat *should* blefs the whining scraper,
 Lord, how the animal begins to caper!

Thus should it be with subjects and great Kings—
 But you are strangers to these humble things.
 For shame! upon the courtier's creed go look—
 And take a leaf from humble HAWKSB'RY'S book;
 Or sweet neck-bending water-gruel LEEDS,
 Who Majesty with pap of flatt'ry feeds;
 Which pap, if highly relish'd, will of course,
 Rewarded, make him MASTER OF THE HORSE.

Where was PREROGATIVE?—asleep?
 A blockhead, not a better watch to keep
 In this most solemn, most important hour!
 Why heard we not the thunder of his voice;
 Saw down your gullets cramm'd the royal choice,
 So easy to the iron arm of Power?

Why slept his sledge, the guardian of a crown,
 So form'd to knock unruly rascals down?

Ah,

Ah me! PREROGATIVE seems nearly dead!
 Behold his tott'ring limbs and palsied head;
 Sunk in their orbits his dim eyes;
 His teeth dropp'd out; and hark! his voice so weak;
 A mouse behind the wainscot—eunuch squeak!
 “ Ah! *non sum qualis eram,*” now he sighs.
 To ev'ry body's call, ah! now so pliant!
 Sad skeleton of once a sturdy giant!

Poor bending shrivell'd form, but just alive,
 Art thou that bully once—PREROGATIVE?
 Where is the mien of MARS, the eye's wild stare,
 A meteor darting horror with its glare?
 How like a BRANDY-DRINKER, who on flame
 Feeds with a rosy beacon-face at first;
 But, by his enemy INTEMP'RANCE curst,
 Yields to that victor of mankind with shame;
 Pale, hobbling, voiceless, crawling to decay,
 Just like a passing shadow, sinks away!

Bedchamber Lords are all in ire—
 The Maids of Honour all on fire;
 Nay, though despotically shav'd, the Cooks,
 Bluff on th' occasion, put on bull's-beef looks;

And really this is very grand behaving,
So nobly to forgive the famous shaving!

See Madam SCHWELLENBERG most cat-like stare;
And though no fav'rite of the King,
She cries, "*By Got, it shock and make my hair
Upright—it is so dam dam saucy ting.*"

STANHOPE, perchance, will clasp you in his arms;
And PRICE's Ghost, with eloquence's charms,
Will, from his tomb upspringing, sound applause:
But know, I deem not so of EDMUND BURKE:
He nobly styles the deed "a d-mn'd day's work;"
Superior he to cutting royal claws.

MUN very justly thinks the human back
Should be to Kings a sort of humble hack;
That ev'ry subject ought to wear a saddle,
O'er which those great rough-riders, Kings, may straddle.

O D E II.

THE fam'd Assembly of the French will smile,
 At this disgrace of our fair isle:
 Messieurs FAYETTE the Great, and Co.
 With tears of joy will overflow,
 And order the Assembly of the Nation
 To send you sweet congratulation,

What hast thou to complain of each, thou imp?
 Compar'd to Kings, a grampus and a shrimp!

Lo! when from Windsor mighty Kings arrive,
 Like London mack'rel, all alive!
 Terrenes of flatt'ry are prepar'd so hot
 By courtiers—a delicious pepper-pot;
 Which, to be sure, the royal maw devours,
 Kings boasting very strong digestive pow'rs.

A POINTER thus, lock'd up a week,
 Half starv'd, and longing for a steak;
 Behold him now turn'd loose so wild to eat—
 Gods! how he gobbles down the broth and meat!

Yes,

Yes, flatt'ry-soups are all prepar'd so hot,
As I have hinted, a fine pepper-pot:

Side-dishes too of curtsies, bows, and scrapes,
With stare and wonder in all forts of shapes;
Attentions darting from the full-stretch'd eye,
That not a royal glance may pass unheeded by:
Attentions sharp as those of LUMPY, SMALL,
At cricket skill'd to catch the flying ball;
Whilst you survey (abominable thing!)
With cold contempt the character of King!

Think by what royal bounty you are blest!
Think of the patronage to Painters all!
Not a poor shallow rill confin'd to WEST,
But torrents that like Niagara fall.

Yes; GEORGE is gen'rous—watches all your wants—
And pours his fost'ring rains upon his plants.
Then, meeting such a friend, ye ought to cry,
“Glory be to GEORGE on high!

Thus, when two clouds approach, a wand'ring pair,
As oft it happens, 'mid their walks in air;

Though one be rich, the other poor
 In rare electric matter, how they greet!
 With what delight they seem to meet;
 And, pleas'd, with all the fire of friendship roar!

GEORGE, O ye raggamuffins, loves you dearly;
 Sends you rare pictures for improvement yearly;
 Buys up your works, and much commiffion gives
 To Hift'ry, Portrait, Landscape-men—
 Careful as of a chicken a good hen:
 Thus like an Alderman each Limner lives.

Yes; a good hen—I see her wing display'd,
 To warm, protect you with parental shade:
 But you, a flock of vile rebellious chicken,
 Are all for mounting on your mother's back,
 With threat'ning beak and noisy faucy clack,
 Her eyes out, trying to be picking;

Against her blasphemously fwearing:
 This is undutiful beyond all bearing.
 Where'er the plaintive cry of WANT appears,
 Cock'd, like a greyhound's, are the King's two ears:

Ready for such poor wights to bake and brew!
 A circumstance believ'd by very few!
 Thus, to PHILOSOPHY'S surprize,
 A pin can lead the lightning of the skies!

O D E III.

BEHOLD, his Majesty is in a passion!
 Tremble, ye rogues, and tremble all the nation!
 Suppose he takes it in his royal head,
 To strike your Academic Idol dead;
 Knock down your HOUSE, dissolve you in his ire,
 And strip you of your boasted title—'SQUIRE!

To bend a piece of iron to your will,
 You always make that iron hot;
 For then it asks but little force and skill—
 Its sturdiness is quite forgot:

But lo! it is quite otherwise with man!
 Make *him* red-hot, and bend him as you can:

So widely diff'rent are the metals,
Composing man, or kings indeed, and kettles!

Oft has he left his Queen and Windsor tow'rs,
Oft from the fascinating Dairy floun,
To raise the Arts with all his mighty pow'rs,
And hold high converse with the folks of TOWN:

From lofty CARTHAGE thus, by JOVE's decree,
On nobler works than those of love, intent,
ÆNEAS from the widow DIDO went,
And, full of piety, put off to sea!

Vain of your academic honours, vain,
I say again,
Idly you deem'd yourselves the first of men;
And then
You spurn'd the hand which rais'd you into notice—
By all the Gods, unfortunately, so 'tis!

Full oft, by FORTUNE, man is play'd a trick;
Too often ruin'd by her glittering toys,
Just like the CANDLE's luckless wick
Surrounded by the lustre that destroys.

O D E IV.

RESISTANCE turns me, like a napkin, pale;

REBELLION chills me into stone;

“ Tell not in Gath the tale,

“ Nor publish in the streets of Afcalon.”

Copy the manners of a Court:

There (thanks to EDUCATION for't)

SUBMISSION cow'ring creeps, with fearful eye,

Unceasing bends the willowy neck to ground,

In rev'ence, abject and profound,

Too humbly modest to behold the sky:

There, all alive too, HAWK ATTENTION sits,

To study Royal HUMOUR'S various fits;

With wings expanded, ready to fly post,

To East, to West, to North, or South,

To cater for a Monarch's mighty mouth,

To get him bak'd, or grill'd, or boil'd, or roast:

Now scampers to pick up each bit of news,

Which full-fed London ev'ry moment sp—s:

Then to the Palace the rich treasure bears,
And pours the whole into the royal ears.

There ADULATION, with her silver tongue,
Sweeter than Philomela's sweetest song,

Says unto Majesty *such things!*

Tells him that CÆSAR won not half *his* fame;

That ALEXANDER was a childish name,

Compar'd to *his*—the King of KINGS!

Now smiling, staring huge surprise,

With such a brace of wonder-looking eyes,

On all the words from Majesty that dart;

As if bright gems, as large as eggs of pullet,

Flow'd from the King's Golconda gullet,

Enough, indeed, to load a cart:

Her mouth so pleas'd the treasures to devour!

Wide as the port-hole of a Seventy-four!

Such is the picture of a Palace scene,

Drawn by an *amateur*, I ween:

The outline chaste, and easy flowing;

The colouring not a whit too glowing,

Such, such is ADULATION, charming maid!

Whose conduct you won't copy, I'm afraid.

O D E V.

AT opposition, lo! the foul demurs!

At such the royal mind revolts;
Hates it as much as sticks, the cats and curs,
Or curbs, and whips, and spurs, high-mettled colts.

Too well I know, that you the Great despise;
Molehills, instead of mountains, in your eyes:
'Tis wrong!

I often rev'rence GRANDEUR in my song.

Go, Sirs, to Court upon a gala day:
Soon as the soldiers cry aloud, "Make way!"
How gloriously the Courtiers strut it by,
In gorgeous clothes of silk and gold,
With such an elevated front, and bold,
With such state-consequence in either eye;

So much above the ground on which they strut,
So stiff, so stake-like, all the pompous pack,
As though Dame NATURE had forgot to put
The joints of manners to the neck and back.

O glorious fight! this no one dares deny:
 And lo! I'd lay considerable odds,
 That man who ne'er divinities did spy,
 Would really take them for a pack of gods!

Grant that the Great are ignorant—what then?
 Still are they folks of worship—still *great* men;
 Though flogg'd through schools, and banish'd from a
 college,

Although not one inch broad their minds, I ween:
 The utmost boundary of all their knowledge,
 The Game-act and JOHN NICHOLS' Magazine.

Still men of worship must they all appear,
 BEINGS we little people should *revere*!

'Tis nat'ral to revere the *folk* on high;
 To rev'rence, lo! our infancies are led!

Well do I recollect how oft my eye
 Ador'd the Kings and Queens of Gingerbread:

King David, Solomon, and that brave Queen*
 Who rode so far to see, and to be seen:

Though

* Her Majesty of Sheba.

Though hungry as a hound, with pence in store,
When in their glory on the stalls I met 'em;
Though longing to devour them o'er and o'er,
I deem'd it sacrilege to eat 'em!

O D E VI.

THE light of REASON is a little ray,
But still it shows us the right way:
Indeed, the GENTLEWOMAN makes no blaze,
No bonfire tempting a fool's eye to gaze—
A modest dame, remote, and calm, and coy,
And never playeth gambols, to destroy.

But ERROR, what a meretricious jade,
Amidst her trackless wilds immers'd in shade,
To tempt the silly and unwary!
Her meteor, lo! she lights!—here, there,
Up, down, she dances it—now far, now near,
In mad and riotous vagary.

On the fools wander, in pursuit so stout,
 And love of this same garish light;
 All on a sudden goes this meteor out;
 And caught, like badgers, in the sack of night,
 Blind'ring, and trying to get back agen,
 They roll about in vain, poor men.

Thus you Academicians all proceed!
 You are those BADGERS, Gentlemen, indeed!

There seems an ardent spirit, to my mind,
 A Revolution spirit, 'mongst mankind:
 A spark will now set kingdoms in a blaze,
 That would not fire a barn in former days;
 So lately turn'd to touchwood is each State—
 So whimsical indeed the ways of FATE!

Pray, Sirs, both old and young, ye bright and muddy,
 Did ever you make cuckoldom your study?
 P'rhaps *not*, if rightly I divine—
 But, Gentlemen, I've made it *mine*.

This state of man, and let me add obscenity,
 Is not a situation of *betweenity*,

As

As some word-coiners are dispos'd to call't—
 Meaning a mawkish, *as-it-were-ifs* state,
 Containing neither love nor hate—
 A sort of water-gruel without salt.

Know then, that CUCKOLDOM's all eye, all ear,
 All smell, all taste, and, faith! all feeling:
 His senses sharp as those of cats appear,
 To right, to left—as quick as soldiers wheeling,
 To catch a wife's bad fame, alas! not praise;
 Thus setting traps to squeeze his future days;

Watering with one eternal tear the eye,
 And making lovely LIFE one lengthen'd sigh:
 A pair of antlers his—he sits on thorns—
 He nothing sees but horns, horns, horns!

Nay, to the Cuckold in idea, lo,
 On either side his head a horn appears
 Tremendous! but which all his neighbours know
 Are only one huge pair of ass's ears.

Then pray dismiss your jealousies and frights;
 Our M——h means not to invade your rights:

It

It never, never was a Royal plan—

“ FOR BRUTUS is an honourable man!”

Greater from CHAMBERS should be all your fears,
Whose HOUSE is tumbling fast about your ears.

O D E VII.

THE King (God grace him) wishes you to *shine*:
He rais'd the building with *your* cash and *mine*.

But what is wealth? what, thousands? trifling things!
To swell the mighty volume of its fame,
He call'd it ROYAL—thus he *gave* the name;
Which proveth the munificence of Kings—
Heav'n's, what a present! ah, well worth possessing!
Lo! on a level with a Bishop's blessing!

DOMITIAN (so says HIST'RY, with a sigh)
Would quit affairs of state, to hunt a fly:
But we have no such trifle-hunting Kings—
Europe knows no such miserable *things*!
Her Princes gallop on a larger scale;
No flippant minnow, but the flound'ring whale!

GEORGE wishes not to give the dome a grave;
 Not to destroy, he cometh—but to save:
 Not like Dame NATURE, who composes forms
 The fairest for the fascinated eye;
 Then sends her lightnings, floods, and storms,
 To bid the beauteous flowrets die!

When once a woman's handsome, smart, and clever,
 In God's name let her bloom for ever!
 Ah! could I snatch TIME's ploughshare from his hand,
 Who, with that ease a farmer skirts his land,
 Furrows so cruelly o'er the fairest face!
 Relentless as a Mohawk, on he goes,
 Cuts up the lily and the rose,
 Roots up each wavy curl, and bends the neck of grace—

Ah! could I simply do but this,
 The sweetest lips would give me many a kiss.

By raising, then destroying like a Turk,
 It seems as though TIME did not like his work;
 As though he wanted something *better* still,
 Than e'er was manufactur'd at his mill.

And

And yet how exquisite, of charms the crop
 In Mezdames * JOHNSON'S, * KELLY'S, * WINDSOR'S
 shop,

Or rather hot-house!—Lord, if fond of billing,
 What grace, for guineas, we may find!
 Nay, in the streets, if cheapness suits our mind,
 We purchase Cleopatras for a shilling!

O BEAUTY, how thou stealest me away!

Born, thou sweet WITCH, thy POET to beguile!
 Thy fool, idolater, by night, by day,
 He feels a chain in ev'ry smile.
 Thou Tyrant of my heart, let go my pen—
I must, will speak to Academic men.

Sirs! should the ROYAL EAGLE, from his height,
 Dart on your puny forms, his eye of flame,
 And wanton, just to exercise his might,
 (Deeming you no ignoble game)
 Should pounce on your owl-backs, so stout,
 How would a cloud of feathers fly about!
 The thunder of his beak, for falling, ripe,
 What figures you would cut within his gripe!

This

* The Priestesses of the Cyprian Goddess.

This can the KING OF ISLES perform—I know it:
 Yet, though of pow'r so full, he will not show it.
 Too soon your band its weakness would deplore!
 A crab in a cow's mouth—no more!

Say, don't ye tremble at th' affronted name?
 Where lurks the burning blush of shame?
 Alas! that symptom of remaining grace
 Knows not to tinge an Academic face!
 Sons of the Dev'l like you, rebellious, hear—
 It is for Kings to *burden*—us to *bear*.

I own I've said (and glory in the advice),
 "Be not, O King, as usual, *over-nice*:"
 "Dread Sire, (to take a phrase from CALIBAN)
 "Bite 'em"—
 "To pour a heavier vengeance on the clan,
 "Knight 'em."

O D E IX.

THE modern French deem Monarchs much like fire,
Which a good looking-after doth require—

Too much inclin'd to prove an evil;
A fire that needeth to be well secur'd,
Well iron'd, pinion'd, and immur'd,

Which otherwise would play the devil:
Yet if on politics a *bard* may prate,
I deem their Monarch's jacket rather straits
MESDAMES POISSARDES, 'twas shockingly ill-bred,
To fling your flounders at your MONARCH'S head.
Though, VENUS-like, descended from the flood,
'Twas base, ye sweet DIVINITIES of Mud.
To this great truth, a UNIVERSE agrees,
“ *He who lies down with dogs, will rise with fleas.*”

How applicable! lo, you took advice,
I'm sure, from that ARCH-DEVIL, DOCTOR PRICE,
And STANHOPE—who so praise the French and clap,
For catching Kings, like polecats, in a trap.

Oh,

Oh, may I never *be*—but *were* I King,
 Like ropes should I confider laws ;
 Preventing, when I wish'd it, a good spring—
 Hand-cuffs to bind my lion claws.

A fet of articles implies mistrust—
 How can the LORD'S ANOINTED be unjust ?
 We never should believe fuch things
 As doubt the wisdom of the KING OF KINGS :
 What the LORD choofes *must* be good,
 Although he fend us but a piece of wood.
 EV'N * CHESTERFIELD, that atheiftic dog,
 Declares he has a rev'ence for KING LOG.
 “ When will that lucky day be born, that brings
 “ A bridle for the arrogance of Kings ?
 “ Too slowly moves, alas ! the loit'ring hour.
 “ When will thofe tyrants ceafe to fancy Man
 “ A Dog in PROVIDENCE'S lev'ling plan,
 “ To crouch and lick the blood-ftain'd rods of
 Pow'R ?”

Such is your moft unkingly cry ;
 And lo, I tell it with a figh !

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Rank

* “ I confefs I have fome regard for KING LOG.” *Vide his Letters.*

Rank is in man the itch of opposition,
Which wanteth a good whip for a physician.

You keep bad company that turns your head—
So hungrily you ev'ry thing devour,
That tends to clip the wings of royal pow'r,

Which like the eagle's pinion ought to spread;
So greedily suck in REBELLION'S breath,
That wafts the seeds of IMPUDENCE and DEATH,

Thus, hound-like, at a Lord-Mayor's feast,
A COMMON-COUNCILMAN, a beast,
On ev'ry season'd dish so hungry stuffs—
Unbuttons, wipes the sweat away, and puffs.

Poor fool! he swallows rheumatism and gout,
Asthma and apoplexy—and more ills
Than Doctors, with their knowledges so stout,
Can vanquish with their boluses and pills!

But, Sirs, you must be *cautious* how you act;

Attorney-General is no *reasoning* thing!

'Tis an indubitable fact,

This fellow is the creature of a King;

His eagle—thunder-bearer—loud his cry—

And “Instant vengeance” is his sole reply.

'Tis

'Tis dangerous to shake hands with such hard claws,
His gripe enough to make the bravest pause!

Then be not at your midnight orgies seen,
Buzzing opinions upon King and Queen.
Ah! should he sally forth so strong,
Amidst your wantonness of speech and song;
Unlin'd by mercy, you will feel his gripe,
Stopping the melody of many a pipe.
Thus at the solemn, still, and sunless hour,
When to their sports the insect nations pour:

In airy tumult blest, the light-wing'd throng,
Thoughtless of enemies in ambuscade,
Hums to NIGHT's list'ning ear the choral song,
And wantons through the boundless field of shade;
When, lo! the mouse-fac'd DEMON of the gloom,
Espying, hungry meditates their doom!

Bounce, from his hole so secret bursts the BAT,
To honour, mercy, moderation, lost!
Behold him sally on the humming host,
And murd'rous overturn the tribes of GNAT;
Nimbly from right to left, like TIPPOO, wheel,
And snap ten thousand pris'ners at a meal!

O D E X.

HOW pleasant 'tis the Courtier clan to see!
 So prompt to drop to Majesty the knee;
 To start, to run, to leap, to fly;
 And gambol in the Royal eye!
 And, if expectant of some high employ,
 How kicks the heart against the ribs, for joy!

How rich the incense to the Royal nose!
 How liquidly the oil of FLATT'RY flows!
 But should the Monarch turn from sweet to sour,
 Which cometh oft to pass in half an hour,
 How alter'd instantly the Courtier clan!
 How faint! how pale! how woe-begone, and wan!

Thus CORYDON, betroth'd to DELIA's charms,
 In fancy holds her ever in his arms:
 In mad'ning fancy, cheeks, eyes, lips devours;
 Plays with the ringlets that all flaxen flow
 In rich luxuriance o'er a breast of snow,
 And on that breast the soul of rapture pours.

NIGHT

NIGHT too entrances—SLUMBER brings the dream—
 Gives to his lips his IDOL's sweetest kifs;
 Bids the wild heart, high panting, swell its stream,
 And deluge every nerve with blifs:
 But if his NYMPH unfortunately frowns,
 Sad, chapfall'n, lo! he hangs himself, or drowns!

Oh, try with blifs his moments to beguile:
 Strive not to make your Sov'reign frown—but smile:
 Sublime are Royal nods—most precious things!—
 Then, to be *whiftled to* by Kings!

To have him lean familiar on one's shoulder,
 Becoming thus the royal arm-upholder,
 A heart of very ftone muft glad!
 Oh! would fome King fo far himfelf demean,
 As on *my* foulder but for *once* to lean,
 Th' excefs of joy would nearly make me mad!
 How on the honour'd garment I fould dote,
 And think a glory blaz'd around the coat!

Bleft, I fould make this coat my coat of arms,
 In fancy glitt'ring with a thoufand charms;

And show my children's children o'er and o'er :

“ Here, Babies,” I should say, “ with awe behold

“ This coat—worth fifty times its weight in gold :

“ This very, very coat, your grandfire wore !

“ Here,” pointing to the shoulder, I should say,

“ Here Majesty's *own* hand so sacred lay :”

Then p'rhaps repeat some speech the King might
utter ;

As—“ Peter, how go sheep a score? what? what?

“ What's cheapest meat to make a bullock fat?

“ Hæ? hæ? what, what's the price of country butter?”

Then should I, strutting, give myself an air,

And deem my house adorn'd with immortality :

Thus should I make the children, calf-like, stare,

And fancy grandfather a man of quality :

And yet, not stopping here, with cheerful note,

The Muse should sing an *ode* upon the coat.

Poor lost AMERICA, high honours missing,

Knows nought of simile and nod, and sweet hand-kissing ;

Knows nought of golden promises of Kings ;

Knows nought of coronets, and stars, and strings :

In

In solitude the lovely REBEL fights!
 But vainly drops the penitential tear—
 Deaf as the adder to the Woman's cries,
 We suffer not her wail to wound OUR ear:
 For food, we bid her hopeless children prowl,
 And with the savage of the desert howl.

O D E XI.

“MAN may be happy, if he will:”
 I've said it often, and I think so still:
 Doctrine to make the MILLION stare!
 Know then, each MORTAL is an actual JOVE;
 Can brew what weather he shall most approve,
 Or wind, or calm, or foul, or fair.

But here's the mischief—Man's an ass, I say;
 Too fond of thunder, lightning, storm, and rain;
 He hides the charming, cheerful ray
 That spreads a smile o'er hill and plain!
 Dark, he *must* court the scull, and spade, and shroud—
 The mistress of his soul must be a CLOUD!

Who told him that he must be curs'd on earth?—

The GOD of NATURE?—No such thing!

HEAV'N whisper'd him, the moment of his birth,

“ Don't cry, my lad, but dance and sing ;

“ Don't be too wise, and be an ape :

“ In colours let thy foul be dress'd, not crape.

“ ROSES shall smooth LIFE's journey, and adorn ;

“ Yet, mind me—if, through want of grace,

“ Thou mean'st to fling the blessing in my face,

“ Thou hast full leave to tread upon a thorn.”

Yet some there are, of men I think the worst,

Poor imps! unhappy, if they can't be curs'd—

For ever brooding over MIS'RY's eggs,

As though Life's pleasure were a deadly sin ;

Mousing for ever for a gin

To catch their happinesses by the legs.

Ev'n at a dinner, some will be unblest'd,

However good the viands, and well dress'd :

They always come to table with a scowl,

Squint with a face of verjuice o'er each dish,

Fault the poor flesh, and quarrel with the fish,

Curse cook and wife, and, loathing, eat and growl.

A cart-

A cart-load, lo, their stomachs steal,
Yet swear they cannot make a meal.

I like not the blue-devil-hunting crew !
I hate to drop the discontented jaw !

O let me NATURE'S simple smile pursue,
And pick ev'n pleasure from a straw !

O D E XII.

TREAT SOV'REIGNS, Sirs, with more respect, I beg:
To Thrones, with due *decorum*, make a leg ;

Ev'n *those* are sacred, though but empty chairs :
There lurks in Thrones a *something*, though but wood,
That thrills with awe the vulgar mass of blood,
And fills the mouth and eye with gapes and stares :

Wishing by no means to affront,
I wonder what's the meaning on't !

LOUIS QUATORZE was quite the Frenchman's GOD ;
Who made all nations tremble at his nod ;

Married

Married SCARRON's old widow, dry and froufy;
 Got deep in debt, the constable out-ran;
 And, to complete the farce, this GOD-LIKE MAN
 Died—*lousy!* *

The CROWN, so powerful, made him every thing!
 There's somewhat marv'lous in it, I must own!
 For folly is not folly on a Throne;
 For whiting's eyes are di'monds in a King!

I dare not say that no exception springs
 Against this mighty magic pow'r of Kings;
 Not all a MONARCH's smiles, and pow'r of PLACE,
 Can wipe vulgarity from BRUDENELL's face;
 Nor, though a whole eternity they try,
 Blot art, infernal art, from H—KSB—Y's eye;
 Blot beaft from S-LISB—Y, who no legend needs,
 Pertness from DICK, and vacancy from LEEDS.

* He actually had the *Morbus Pediculofus*.

O D E XIII.

LO! Majesty admireth yon fair *DOME;
 And deemeth that he is admir'd again!
 The King is wedded to it—'tis his home;
 He watches it, and *loves* it, e'en to pain:
 And yet this lofty Dome is heard to say,
 " Poh! poh! p-x take your love—away! away!"

To this, with energy I answer—" Shame!"
 Such bad behaviour puts me in a flame:
 This is unseemly, nay, ungrateful carriage,
 And brings to mind a little Ode to MARRIAGE.

O D E T O H Y M E N ;

O R,

T H E H E C T I C.

GOD of ten million charming things,
 Of whom *our* MILTON so divinely sings,
 Once dove-tail'd to a devil of a wife—

HYMEN,

* The Royal Academy.

HYMEN, how comes it that I am so slighted?
 Why with thy myst'ries am I not delighted,
 Which I have try'd to peep on half my life?

God of the down-clad chains, dispel the mist—
 Oh, put me speedily upon thy list!
 A civil list, like that of Kings, I'm told,
 Bringing in swelling bags of glorious gold!

What have I done to lose thy good opinion?
 Against thee was I ever known to rail;
 And say, (abusing thus thy sweet dominion)
 "Curse me! if this boy's trap shall catch my tail?"
 No! no! I praise thy knot with bellowing breath,
 Which, like JACK KETCH's, seldom slips till death.

Lo! 'midst the hollow-sounding vault of Night,
 Deep coughing by the taper's lonely light,
 The hopeless HECTIC rolls his eye-balls, fighting;
 "Sleep on," he cries, and drops the tend'rest tear;
 Then kisses his wife's cherub cheek so dear:
 "Blest be thy slumbers, Love! though I am dying:
 "Ah! whilst *thou* sleepest with the sweetest breath,
 "I pump, for life, the putrid well of death!
 "I feel

“ I feel of FATE’s hard hand th’ oppressive pow’r;

“ I count the iron tongue of ev’ry hour,

“ That seems in FANCY’s startled ear to say—

“ Soon must thou wander from thy wife away.”

“ Dread sound! too solemn for the soul to bear,

“ Murm’ring deep melancholy on my ear:

“ And fullen—ling’ring, as if loth to part,

“ And ease the terrors of my fainting heart.

“ Yet, though I pant for life, sleep *thou*, my dove,

“ For well thy constancy deserves my love.”

And, lo! all young and beauteous, by his side,

His soft, fresh-blooming, incense-breathing BRIDE,

Whose cheek the dream of rapt’rous kisses warms,
Anticipates her SPOUSE’s wish so good;

Feels LOVE’s wild ardours tingling through her blood,

And pants amidst a *second* husband’s arms;

Now opes her eyes, and, turning round her head,

“ Wonders the filthy fellow is not dead!”

O D E XIV.

YE quarrell'd with SIR JOSHUA some time since;
Of Painters, easily allow'd the Prince—

The Em'por, let me say, without a flattery;
Yet wantonly against this Emp'ror, lo!
An overflowing tub of bile to show,
Ye foolish planted an infernal battery.

The mind of man is vastly like a hive;
His thoughts so busy ever—all alive;

But here the *simile* will go no further;
For bees are making honey, one and all;
Man's thoughts are busy in producing gall,
Committing, as it were, self-murther,

But let the spirit that surrounds *my* frame

Sit easy on it, just like an old shoe—
When DISAPPOINTMENT sets my house in flame,
Let REASON all she can to quench it do:
REASON has engines plentiful and stout,
With water at command to put it out.

I hate to hear men quarrelling through life,
Themselves the fabricators of the strife;

For ever hunting, with a hound-like nose,
 That hornet's nest, the tribe of woes:
 And when the woes invited greet 'em,
 They wonder how the dev'l they meet 'em.

O D E XV.

AH! could ye wish your *PRESIDENT to change!
 Ah! could ye, PAGANS, after false Gods range?
 Swop *solid* REYNOLDS for that *shadow* WEST?
 In love-affairs variety's no fin—
 Trav'lers may change at any time their inn—
 Here 'tis Paint-blasphemy, I do protest.

In LOVE's warm regions I should like, I own,
 'Midst diff'rent climes to fix my throne:

DAVID'S

* The AUTHOR has *some* reason to imagine that a part of the Academic Rebellion was meant to attack the PRESIDENT; the disappearance of whose works, in the present EXHIBITION, has been fatal.—One Picture from SIR JOSHUA'S hand would have atoned for a host of *Daubs*,

DAVID'S Physicians order'd change of *Dame—
 And, lo! t'improve our cows, we bid 'em pass
 Into variety of grafs—
 With *bulls*, I guess, th' advantage is the fame.

And as I MONSIEUR CUPIDON employ,
 To manufacture pieces of my joy,
 I would not mad run counter to the fashion:
 A little SYLVIA, with the sweetest smile,
 Possesses power some moments to beguile,
 And in Elysium lap the prettiest passion.

But not *toujours perdrix*—the vulgar thing!
 Then PLEASURE soon would spread her wanton wing:
 No! no! VARIETY the game must start—
 Come oft, and make her curt'sy to my heart;
 And, like the Orange Girls, my taste to suit,
 Cry, "Choice of fruit—fine fruit, Sir—choice of fruit."

Dull CONSTANCY is quite a Quaker's hat,
 So formal!—changeless in its great broad brim:
 VARIETY's a fine young playful CAT—
 A hopeful imp of spirit, sport, and whim;
 Who, when all other objects fail,
 Runs after its own tail.

O D E

* Abishag, the fair Shunamite.

O D E XVI.

DEAD is idolatry, and faint the praise
 That Sceptred People meet with now-a-days!
 All unmolested, lo! the VIRTUES sleep!
 Their roof with fair applause but rarely rings;
 Sweet PANEGYRIC moves with snail-like creep,
 And DEFAMATION on the lightning's wings!

Too pleas'd to pluck the foaring plume of Pow'r,
 Ye bless an Opposition hour;
 Too fond, alas! of roasting harmless Kings;
 Too well I know what freedoms you would take—
 Beat the *dear* creatures just like bears at stake;
 Just like a poor tame GULL's, would clip his wings!

Poor bird! whom FATE oft cruelly affails;
 Forc'd from his bold aërial height,
 Sweeping the sun amidst his flight,
 To hop a garden, and hunt snails!

Such is the fate of LOUIS SEIZE,
 Whom PITY, with a sigh, surveys;

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Whom

Whom FRENCHMEN daringly have laid a curb on;
 Who now no more *full royally* indites,
 No more "*Sic volo*" to his kingdom writes,
 But, "I'm your humble servant, LOUIS BOURBON."

Lettres-de-cachet, now no longer known,
 Shall lull no more an EMPIRE'S idle groan:
Bastilles, those schools of peace and sweet morality,
 Instruct no more the mob, and men of quality:

Bastilles, the haunt of philosophic gloom,
 Surround the IMPS of Liberty no more:
 In dust each iron and colossal door,
 Which clos'd in thunder on a Rebel's room;

That pealing, with reverberated sound,
 Rung through the caverns of the dread PROFOUND;
 Where MEDITATION ponder'd, pensive maid!
 And HORROR, death-like, paus'd upon the shade.

Oh, let us cherish, then, the ROYAL RACE,
 The fount of honour, freedom, pension, place!
 On *me* would KINGS their treasure fling away,
 Most humbly grateful would I say,

" Thus

“ Thus LYBIA’S Forests a kind shade supply,
 “ And for the meanest Savage form a den;
 “ And thus the Mountains that invade the sky,
 “ Kind, in their shaggy bosoms warm the WREN.”

O D E XVII.

AMID the deep’ning gloom of Time
 Your puny names shall scarce appear;
 While those of Kings, in characters sublime,
 Shall, blazing, bid a *world* revere:
 Their peerless acts, with ev’ry virtuous quality,
 Shall grace the PYRAMID of IMMORTALITY.

There shall their glorious names be seen so bright,
 As on a Birth or Coronation night,
 Amidst the evening’s honour’d shade,
 Fast by the grocer’s, or the chandler’s shop,
 Or lace, or pinman, or the man of mop,
 By loyal thumb-bottles display’d!
 That, burning with a rival glow,
 Beam on the gaping multitude below,

Know, when we slumber, not so sleeps the King;
He watches!—yes, he ponders through the night!
 To buried GENIUS lends a fancied wing,
 And lifts him from his darkness into light:

Thus, nightly on the *MEVAGIZZY shore,
 When HORROR breathes upon the heaving DEEP,
 Amid the wild and solemn roar,
 These eyes have seen the crafty HERON creep,
 Now dart his beak so sharp for fish's blood,
 And snatch a wriggling Conger from the flood!

Here differeth this comparison of ours:
 The KING *preserveth*—but the FOWL *devours*.

* A Fishing-town, in Cornwall.

O D E XVIII.

GO, Sirs, with halters round your wretched necks,
 Which some contrition for your crime bespeaks,
 And much-offended Majesty implore :
 Say, piteous, kneeling in the Royal view—
 “ Have pity on a sad abandon’d crew,
 “ And we, great King, will sin no more :
 “ Forgive, dread Sir, the crying sin,
 “ And *Mister* LAURENCE shall come in.”

Your hemp cravats, your pray’r, your Tyburn mien,
 May pardon gain from our good King and Queen,
 For they are not inexorable people ;
 Although you thus have run their patience hard ;
 And though you are, to such great folk compar’d,
 Candle-extinguishers to some high steeple.

For Kings (I speak it to their vast applause)
 Can pardon, if you let them gain their cause !
 So gracious, they will give you such kind looks,
 As fell upon the shav’d and humbled Cooks ;
 Kind as a gard’ner’s charitable eye
 On some crush’d snail, or bird-lim’d fly ;

Kind as the epicure's, who, fond of mites,
Mingleth compassion with his bites.

How vile to make the front of Monarchs low'r !
I see him, all like vinegar so sour,
 Look black !—but, *still* good-humour's in his fowl ;
And now I mark it, stealing forth so sweet—
Stream of forgiveness—what a treat !
 I see his eye, with love rekindling, roll.

Thus, when the DEMON of the storm has driv'n
The SUN, that YOUTH of splendor, from his heav'n,
 Drown'd ev'ry vale, and blasted ev'ry bloom ;
Cast o'er poor NATURE's smile a sable shroud,
Each beauty blotted with his inkiest cloud,
 And giv'n a cheerful world to gloom ;

Lo ! through the giant shade, a lonely Ray
 Peeps from the op'ning West with timid air,
(Till forc'd by shouldering clouds away),
 Informing man, " To-morrow will be fair."

Oh, had you rev'renc'd a great K—g's commands,
What trouble he had taken off your hands !

For

For ART you had not rang'd the realm around!
 His keener eye the precious gem had found!
 Then, what an honour to have been appointed,
 Your very NIGHTMAN, by the LORD'S ANOINTED!

O D E XIX.

A LITTLE more, and I have done—
 The Muse's tittle-tattle must go on.

The world is very fond of calling "Fool:"
 It looks with rapture on a simple head,
 Of puerilities the rich hot-bed,
 So pleasing to the taste of RIDICULE:
 Rare crops! that, thick'ning into life,
 Start, like asparagus, to tempt the knife.

And, should the head belong to some great DUKE,
 HAWK-SATIRE eyes it with the keenest look:
 Still, should the OWNER hap to be a KING,
 Sharp for her quarry, how she prunes her wing!

Such is the proneness to assail *great folk*,
And make high-birth and state a standing joke.

Oh, for an ointment to destroy the scab
Call'd ENVY, which, alas! too many know!
The heart should be a medlar, not a crab;
Milk, and not verjuice, from its fount should flow:
But GREATNESS, sun-like, from the muddy stream,
Draws the foul vapour that obscures its beam!

Indeed, the PEOPLE are a lawless crew;
Why strive I then, Quixotic, to reform?
As soon a feather may the waves subdue,
And spiders bind the pinions of the storm.

Yet, 'tis not strange, that *Kings* should lose repute,
Confid'ring man's so *nat'rally* a brute.
Ev'n SAINTS themselves have lost their reputation:
Rome formerly had thirty thousand gods;
And now, I warrant ye, 'tis odds,
They own scarce *one* through all the Romish nation.

Alas! who now believes in sticks and stones,
Old rags, and hair, and nails, and marrow-bones?

SAINT AGNES, that sweet lady, void of sin,
 Was stripp'd, poor gentlewoman, to her skin,
 And, for religion, carried to the stews;
 When, as the lady was so bare,
 God gave her such a quantity of hair,
 As reach'd unto her very shoes.

When to the bawdy-house arriv'd the DAME,
 An angel from above commision'd came,
 And spread around her such a heav'nly light,
 As dazzled every body's sight.

However, a young OFFICER,* a buck,
 Wishing prodigiouſly to have a *look*,
 Dash'd forth, to pierce the middle of the light,
 Meaning to violate the DAME so good;
 Which meaning, when the DEVIL understood,
 He choak'd the wanton ROGUE out-right.

Such is the tale! true ev'ry crumb;
Now, no more heeded than TOM THUMB.

* The son of a Præfect.

TO MISTER PITT.

DEAR as a di'mond to the best of Queens,
 Dear as to cormorants, of fish a shoal;
 Dear to a German hog, as beds of beans;
 Dear as a fixpence fav'd, to MIS'RY's soul:

Dear as REFORM to *Mister* PITT of yore,
 When *be* and RICHMOND made a bullock-roar,
 Bellowing themselves into the prettiest places;
 Dear as *sham*-fights to that same 'SQUIRE OF COALS,
 Or to his eyes a * foldier's coat in holes,
 Rent by the sheers of TIME in fifty places:

Dear as the Doctor's bill to this good nation,
 Which Parliament, with tears of joy, survey'd;
 Which brought about a much-desir'd salvation,
 For which the Doctors have been *poorly* paid:

Dear

* A poor *invalid*, under his GRACE's patronage, who (like the felons hung in chains on Hounslow, Bagshot, Blackheath, and elsewhere) wears his coat until it *drops from his back*.

Dear as the *ROYAL MESSAGE to the NATION,
 By which *more money* humbly is implor'd—
 “ More money for the CHILDREN'S education—
 “ Hard times! more money for the CHILDREN'S
 board:”

Dear as to *valiant* GLO'STER fword and gun;
 Dear as a dock-leaf to a hungry afs;
 Dear to the fam'd GEORGE SELWYN, as a pun;
 Dear as to legs of mutton, caper fauce;

Dear as the voice of flatt'ry to the PROUD;
 Dear as to hackney-coachmen signs of rain,
 Who count their shillings in a coming cloud,
 And, pious, pray for Noah's flood again;

So dear to Monarchs is that idol POW'ER!
 So dear is prompt obedience to a King!
 Far, of resistance be the trying hour!
 God blefs us! what a melancholy thing!

Yet

* What a niggardly fet of Representatives we fend to Parliam-ent! To suffer his Majesty so *frequently* to be begging for a *little* money, is shameful in the extreme. In God's name, let him have the TREASURY at once. Had he been worth ten or eleven millions, an economy would have been pardonable.

Yet opposition-fraught to Royal wishes,
 Quite counter to a gracious King's commands,
 Behold! th' ACADEMICIANS, those strange fishes,
 For * WHEATLY lifted their unhallow'd hands.

So then, those fellows have not learnt to crawl,
 To play the spaniel, lick the foot, and fawn—
 Oh, be their bones by tigers broken all!
 Pleas'd, by wild horses could I see them drawn.

O PITT! with thee I'm sorry, very sorry!
 Not make a poor ASSOCIATE!—such a *thing*!
 Who try'd to tarnish thus the Royal Glory?
 What rebel balloted against his King?

Then, Sir, he is so bountiful a man!
 A cataract of charity, I'll say—
 Inform me any body, if you can,
 Unmark'd by liberality a day!

Where'er he walks, where'er his wild career,
 Through CHELT'NAM, WEYMOUTH, EXON, PLY-
 MOUTH, lo!

With joy his staring subjects all, so dear,
 See from each step a stream of glory flow.

Thus,

* The rival candidate of Mr. LAURENCE.

Thus, when that pretty animal an —,
 At night, on pavement gallops like the wind;
 Fire kindling at his heels, behold him pass!
 How bright the sparkles that hop out behind!

Nurs'd on the dunghill of the smiles of Kings,
 What mushrooms daily, to surprise us, start!
 So nimbly the fair vegetable springs!
 Such warmth prolific, can a smile impart!

Such is of Royalty the envied pow'r!
 Then perish ev'ry Academic Plant!
 Oh, may they feel nor fun, nor fust'ring show'r!
 Blow round them, O ye cold, cold winds of WANT!

What Nabob structures rise, with wings outspread,
 Whose owners' necks well merit to be lopp'd!
 With what sublimity they lift the head,
 By DEATH, and RUIN'S ATLAS-shoulders propp'd!

But such thy Master's purity of soul,
 His eyes upon the sword of Justice feast:
 "Curse on the Pearl (he cries) by RAPINE stole;
 "Curse on the di'monds of the bleeding East!

“ Curse on the villains that whole realms despoil !
 “ Curse on the cruel hand (we hear him cry)
 “ That steals the fruit of LABOUR’s honest toil,
 “ And draws the tear of blood from PITY’s eye !”

O PITT ! what punishment shall we contrive,
 To suit this faucy, self-important crew ?
 How shall we smoke this academic hive,
 That stinging makes us look so very *blue* ?

Oh, bid our Monarch draw his purse-strings tight ;
 Contract his open heart, of giant stature ;
 Use ev’ry species of little spite,
 And violate for *once* his noble nature.

Oh, bid our Sov’reign take it not to heart ;
 For downright brutes are BRITONS, nine in ten :
 At curbs and whips behold us asses start,
 And insolently claim the RIGHTS OF MEN !

And yet, I moderation wish to Kings !
 Yes, yes, they should be merciful, though strong :
 AS SCEPTRES have been found in France with wings,
 One would not lose an EMPIRE for a *Song*.

ODES TO MISTER PAINE,

AUTHOR OF

“ RIGHTS OF MAN; ”

ON THE INTENDED CELEBRATION OF

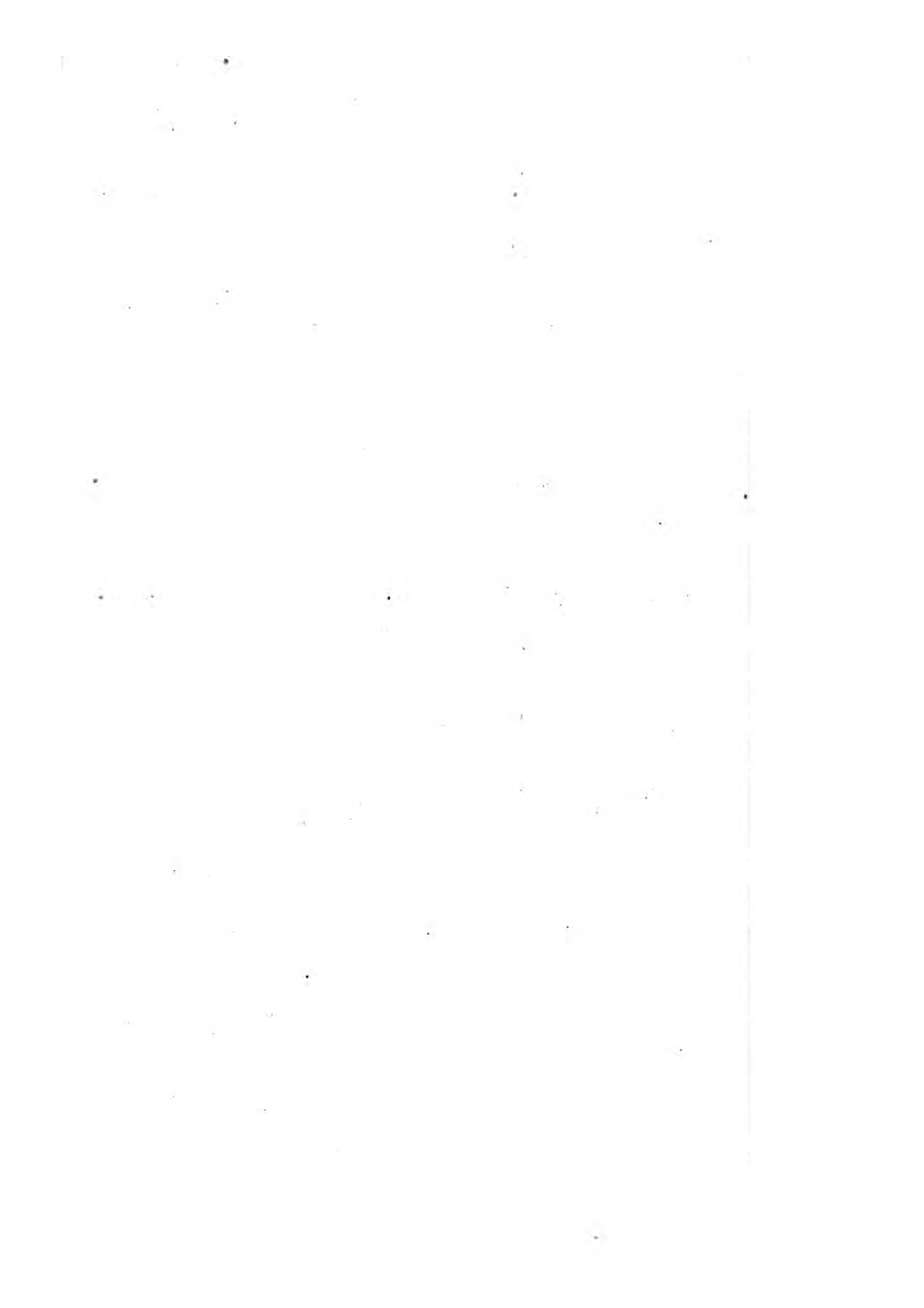
THE DOWNFALL OF THE FRENCH EMPIRE,

BY A

SET OF BRITISH DEMOCRATES,

ON THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY.

*Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, vel carcere dignum,
Si vis esse alquis.*————— JUVENAL.



ODES TO MISTER PAINE,

AUTHOR OF

“RIGHTS OF MAN.”

O D E I.

O PAINE! thy vast endeavour I admire!
How brave the hope to set a realm on fire!

AMBITION, smiling, prais'd thy giant wish:
Compar'd to *thee*, the MAN, to gain a name,
Who to DIANA's temple put the flame,
A simple minnow to the KING OF FISH.

Say, didst thou fear that Britain was too blest,
Of Peace thou most delicious pest?
How shameful that this pin's-head of an ISLE,
While half the GLOBE's in grief, should wear a smile!
How dares the WREN amidst his hedges sing,
While Eagles droop the beak, and flag the wing?

Oh, must the scythe of **DESOLATION** sleep,
 So keen for carnage, stay its mighty sweep,
 And **HAVOCK** on his hunter drop his lash;
 Spurr'd, arm'd, and ripe to storm with groans the sky,
 To chase an empire, and enjoy the cry,
 The cry of millions—what a glorious crash!

What pity thy combustibles were bad!
 How **DEATH** had grinn'd delight, and **HELL** been glad,
 To see our liberties o'erturning;
 And **WAR**, whose expectation tiptoe stood,
 Ready for hills of slain, and seas of blood,
 Who drops his death's-head flag, and puts on
 mourning!

Why, cur-like, didst thou sneak away, nay fly?
 Dread'st thou of anger'd **JUSTICE** the sharp eye?
 Return, and bring **MESDAMES POISSARDES** along:
 And lo, with **FRIENDSHIP**'s squeeze and fire to meet 'em,
 And oaths of ev'ry hue to greet 'em,
 The sisterhood of **Billingsgate** shall throng.

The jails may open all their dreary cells,
 Where **HORROR** brooding on damnation dwells,
 And

And vomit forth their grisly bands ;
 Surrounded by this squalid host,
 PAINE shall their leader be, and boast ;
 PAINE, GORDON, and REBELLION, shall shake hands.

IMPORTANCE, in a nut-shell hide thy head !
 I deem'd myself a dare-devil in rhyme,
 To *whisper* to a KING of modern time,
 And try to strike a royal *foible* dead ;
 While dauntless *thou*, of *treason* mak'ft no bones,
 But strik'ft at *Kings themselves* upon their thrones !

O D E II.

HELL hears our pray'r !—all is not lost—
 Behold a chosen few, a *host*,
 Stand forth the CHAMPIONS of the glorious cause !
 The jails are opening !—hark ! the iron doors !
 Chains clank !—the brazen throat of TUMULT roars ;
 And lo, the destin'd VICTIMS of the Laws !
 Disgorg'd, they pour in dark'ning tribes along,
 And mingle with our DEMOCRATIC THRONG !

BEDLAM unlocks her melancholy cells!
 Forth rush the MANIACS grim, with joyful yells;
 They tear their blankets, clap their frenzied hands;
 They grind their teeth, they dance, they foam, they stare;
 They rend with bursts of laughter wild the air:
 And join, they know not why, our thick'ning bands!

Thou SUN, withdraw thy hated day;
 To Æthiop DARKNESS yield thy reign;
 And hide in clouds, O MOON, thy ray,
 Nor peep upon our spectre scene!
 Though faint thy solitary light,
 We feel thy feeble beam too bright.

Ah! PEACE, thy triumph now is o'er!
 Thy cheek so cheerful smiles no more;
 Thine eye with disappointment glooms!
 Our Music shall be NATURE's cry;
 Our ears shall feast on PITY's sigh—
 Lo, haggard DEATH prepares his tombs!

Hot with the fascinating grape, we reel;
 The full proud spirit of Rebellion feel!
 SON of Sedition, daring PAINE,

While

While speech endues thy treason tongue,
 Bid the roof ring with damned song,
 And EREBUS shall echo back the strain.

S O N G,

BY MISTER PAINE.

COME, good fellows all—Confusion's the toast,
 And success to our excellent cause;
 As we've nothing to *lose*, lo, nought can be lost;
 So, perdition to Monarchs and Laws!

FRANCE shows us the way—an example how great!
 Then, like France, let us stir up a riot;
 May our names be preserv'd by some damnable feat,
 For what but a wretch would lie quiet?

As we all are poor rogues, 'tis most certainly right,
 At the doors of the rich ones to thunder;
 Like the thieves who set fire to a dwelling by night,
 And come in for a share of the plunder.

Whoever for mischief invents the best plan,
Best murders, sets fire, and knocks down,
The thanks of our CLUB shall be giv'n to that MAN,
And *hemlock* shall form him a crown.

Our Empire has tow'r'd with a lustre too long ;
Then blot out this wonderful SUN ;
Let us arm then at once, and in confidence strong
Complete what dark GORDON begun.

But grant a defeat—we are hang'd, and that's all ;
A punishment light as a feather ;—
Yet we triumph in death, as we CATILINES fall,
And go to the Devil together.

THE
R E M O N S T R A N C E.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
AN ODE TO MY ASS:

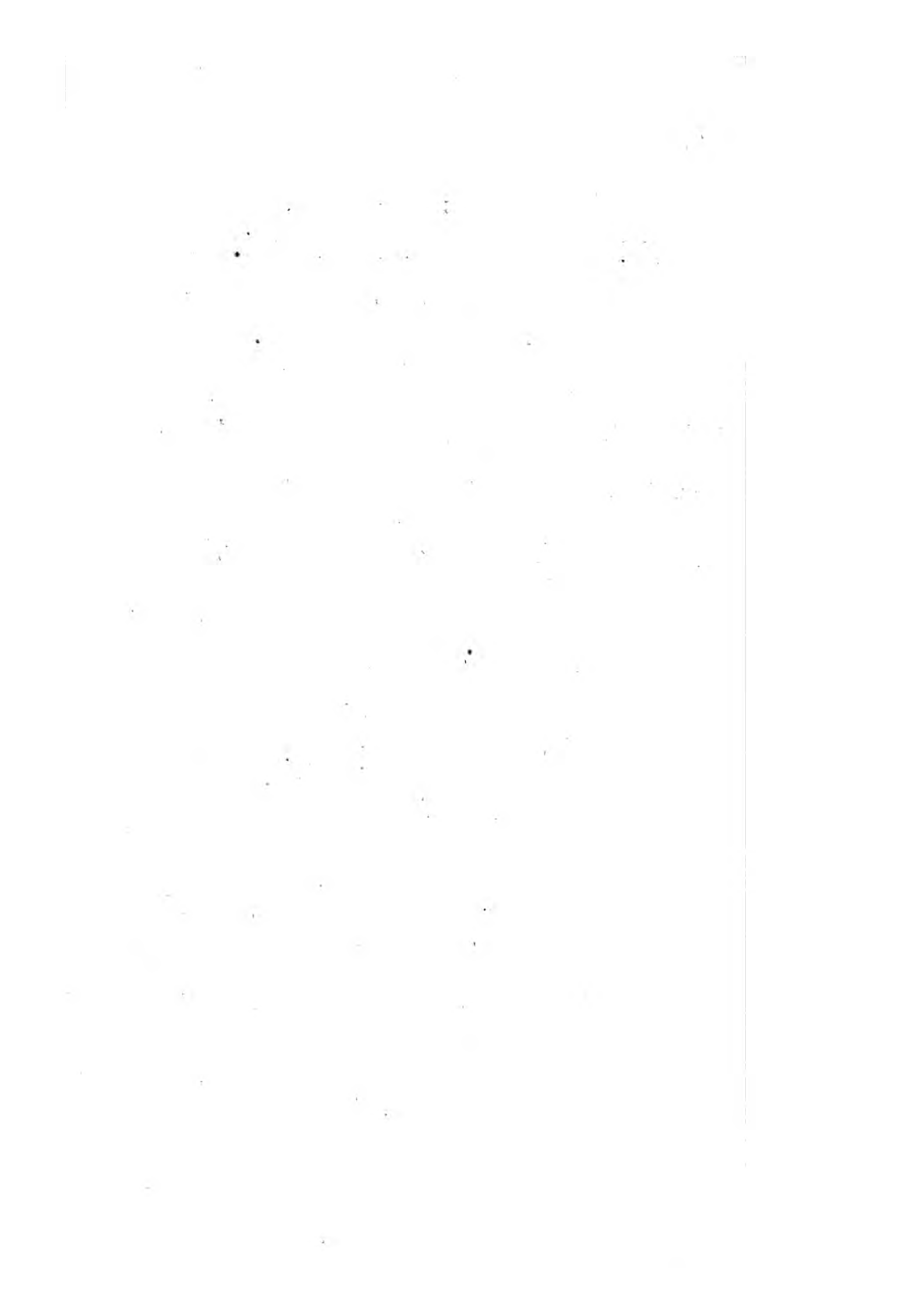
ALSO,
THE MAGPIE AND ROBIN,
A T A L E;
AN APOLOGY FOR KINGS;

AND
AN ADDRESS TO MY PAMPHLET.

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus, &c. &c. HOR.

The MAN of dove-like INNOCENCE a sample,
So sweet! so mild! *myself now*, for example,
Disdains of GOSSIP FAME the tittle-tattle!
He begs no NEWS-PAPER to fight his battle—
Unmov'd, with equal eye on all he looks;
The LORD'S ANOINTED, and his lousy COOKS.

I deem'd rude Clamour, in my days of youth,
The solemn voice of all-commanding TRUTH:
But now, no more creating awe and wonder:
Old empty hogheads, rumbling in a cart,
That make *some people* gape, and stare, and start,
As well may tell me, "*We're the NOBLE THUNDER.*"
P. PINDAR.



T H E
R E M O N S T R A N C E, &c.

O D E.

W I D E gapes the thoughtless mouth of moon-ey'd
W O N D E R,
While "gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thun-
der,"

With CALUMNY's dark hounds the BARD pursue;
"Bring on his marrow-bones th' apostate down,
"The turncoat is a flatt'rer of the Crown;
"Burn all his verses, burn the author too:"

Such is the found of millions! such the roar
Of billows booming on the rocky shore!
"How chang'd his note! (they cry) now spinning
"In compliment to Monarchs of the times, [rhymes
"Who lately felt no mercy from his rancour;
"The star-bedizen'd sycophants of state,
"Blue-ribbon'd knaves have brib'd his pliant hate;
"Behold him at St. James's snug at anchor."

Thus

Thus on my ears, so patient let me say,
 They pour their rough, rude peals of groundless
 clamour :
 Battering, pell-mell, upon my head away,
 Just like on anvils the smith's sledge and hammer !

How'er the world in scorn may shake its head,
 Nor knave nor fool through me shall current pass ;
 Too honest yet, I thank my stars, to spread
 The MUSE's silver o'er a lump of brass.

I own the voice of CENSURE, very proper ;
 Greatly resembling a tobacco-stopper ;
 Confining all the feeds of fire so stout,
 And quick in growth, when left to run about :

But possibly I'm harden'd—yes, I fear
 Her frequent strokes have form'd a callous ear.

There was a time when PETER ghost-like star'd
 When CENSURE thunder'd—star'd with awe pro-
 found ;
 With sighs, to deprecate her wrath, prepar'd ;
 So chill'd with horror at the solemn sound ;

But harden'd, soon he gave his ague o'er;
 Look'd up, and smil'd, and thought of her no more.

Thus when an earthquake bids JAMAICA tremble;
 On Sunday all the folks to church assemble,
 To soothe JEHOVAH, so devoutly studying—
 Prostrate they vow to keep his holy laws:
 Returning home, they smite their hungry craws,
 And scarce indulge them with a slice of pudding—
 Deeming, in earthquake-time, a dainty board,
 A sad abomination to the LORD!

Ere Sunday comes again, their hearts recover;
 The tempest of their fears blown over,
 Fled ev'ry terror of the burning lake,
 They think they have no bus'ness now with church;
 So, calmly leave th' ALMIGHTY in the lurch,
 And sin it—till he gives a *second* shake.

The ladies too have join'd the gen'ral cry!
 What! those *divinities* in PETER's eye!
 Angels in *petticoats*!—it ill behoves 'em:
 What! bite the constant STENTOR of their praise,
 Who robb'd the Muses of their *sweetest* lays,
 To tell the world how much he loves 'em!

The

The Bard, who vouches for their *barmless* souls,
 And like another CICERO persuades,
 The frenzied eye of admiration rolls—
 Ready to kneel and worship 'em—Oh, jades!

LADIES and GENTLEMEN,

Know, that I scorn a prostituted pen:
 No royal rotten wood, my verse veneers—
 Oh, yield me, for a moment yield your ears.

Stubborn, and mean, and weak, nay fools indeed,
 Though Kings may be, we *must* support the breed.

Yet join I issue with you—yes, 'tis granted,
 That through the world such royal folly rules,
 As bids us think thrones advertise for fools;
 Yet is a King a utensil much wanted—

A screw, a nail, a bolt, to keep together
 The ship's old leaky sides in stormy weather;
 Which screw, or nail, or bolt, its work performs,
 Though downright ignorant of ships and storms.

I knuckle not—I owe not to the Great
 A thimble-full of obligation;
 Nor luscious wife have I, their lips to treat,
 To lift me to PREFERMENT's sunny station;

Like

Like many a *gentleman* whom Love promotes;
 Whose lofty front the ray of gold adorns;
 Resembling certain most ingenious goats,
 That climb up precipices by their horns.

I'm not oblig'd (believe my honest word)
 To kifs—what shall I call 't?—of any Lord:
 Not pepper-corn acknowledgment I owe 'em;
 Nay, like the God of truth, *I scarcely know 'em.*

By me unprais'd are Dukes and Earls:
 At such most commonly my satire *snarls*—
My pride like *theirs* indeed, the high-nos'd elves,
 Who love what's equal only to *themselves.*

As for Court virtues, wheresoe'er they lie,
 I leave them all to Laureate PVE,
 The fashionable Bard, whom Courts revere;
 Who trottesth, with a grave and goodly pace,
 Deep laden with his Sovereign, twice a year,
 Around Parnassus's old famous base:
 Not only proving his great King alive,
 But that, like docks, the royal virtues thrive.

But I'm not qualified to be a hack;
 Too proud to carry lumber on my back:

Too

Too dainty is my Lady Muse, I hope,
 Into a coalshed to convert her shop;
 Her shop indeed—a very handsome room,
 Fill'd with rich spices and Parnassian bloom.

Court Poets must *create*—on trifles rant—
 Make something out of nothing—Lord, I can't!
 Bards must bid virtues crowd on Kings in swarms,
 Howe'er from such good company remote;
 Just as well-natur'd heralds make up arms
 For Nabob-robbers born without a coat.

I'm a poor botching taylor for a Court,
 Low bred on liver, and what clowns call *mugget* :*
 Besides, what greatly too my gains would hurt,
 I cannot sew gold lace upon a drugget.

Say not I'm *turn'd* towards the SCEPTER'D GREAT :
 Talk not of *Kings*—I deem one half a cheat :
 Felt is their weakness—husks, mere husks of men!
 Yes, they create NOBILITY—I know it;
 The veriest idiot of them all can do it,
 And on the falcon's perch can place the wren.

But

* Part of the entrails of certain cattle.

But can a King command th' ethereal flame
That clothes with immortality a name?

Oh, could the RACE *that* fire ethereal catch!
But no such privilege to Kings is giv'n:
So very *low* their int'rest lies in Heav'n,
They can' *command enough* to light a *match*.

No, Sirs, and therefore pray be civil;
I've not yet bargain'd with the Devil.

Yet grant me fold—I've precedents a store;
Besides, we poets are confounded poor;
And, ah! how hard to starve, to please MORALITY!
For HUNGER, though a fav'rite of old SAINTS,
Whose pinching virtue pious hist'ry paints,
Is reckon'd now a FELLOW of bad quality:
Not deem'd a *gentleman*—can't shew his face,
E'en where SAINT PETER'S *children give the grace!
A rosy finner, LUXURY *yclept*,
Long in his place hath eat, and drunk, and slept.

Yes, (as I've said) we Bards are mostly poor,
Can scarcely drive gaunt FAMINE from the door!

That

* Archbishops, Bishops, &c.

That Helicon's a hellish stream, God knows!
 Ah me! most rarely it *Paestolian* flows:
 Though sharp as hawks, and hungry too, and thick,
 Few are the golden grains that POETS pick;
 And yet each new advent'rer of the NINE
 Deems all Parnassus one mere golden mine.

All this by way of wild digression—
 And now for my political Confession.

Again, ye Crown-and-Anchor finners,
 I reprobate your revolution-dinners.

NATURE at times makes wretched wares;
 (Amongst the smiling corn-like tares)
 Men with such miserable souls!
 Nought pleases from the moment of their birth;
 With horror for a while they blot the earth,
 Then, crab-like, crawl into their burying-holes.

How like a dreary dull December DAY,
 That shows his muddy discontented head,
 Low'rs on the world awhile, then moves away
 In gloom and fullness to bed!

Have

Have not our Revolution host a few
Of souls of this same Æthiop hue?

Permit me, Sirs, to tell you, ye are mad;
Your case, although not mortal, yet quite bad:

An ugly inflammation of the brain.

Although a dull physician, I could find
Something to calm the hurry of the mind,

And bring you back to common sense again—
The stocks would do it, gentlemen, or jails:
A heavy *nostrum*—yet it rarely fails.

Lo, DRUNKENNESS, a blust'ring, bullying blade,

The cock'd hat covering half one eye so brave,
As though dread valour were his meat, his trade,

NATURE a driv'ler, and the world his slave:
He rants, roars, prays, howls, swears, on boldly goes,
To seize sun, moon, and planets, by the nose;

When lo, NIGHT's long-staff'd GUARDIAN to him
steals,

Squints with one eye on him, and then the other;
To pillow well his head, trips up his heels,

And lays him on old earth, our common mother.

Thence at the round-house, in about an hour,
 Renews his poor debilitated pow'r
 Of comprehending, feeling, hearing, seeing—
 Yet is this WATCHMAN too a heavy BEING.

Keel up lies FRANCE! long may she keep that posture!
 Her knav'ry, folly, on the rocks have tost her;
 Behold the thousands that furround the wreck!
 Her cables parted, rudder gone,
 Split all her fails, her main-mast down,
 Choak'd all her pumps, crush'd in her deck;
 Sport for the winds, the billows o'er her roll!
 Now am I glad of it with all my soul.

FRANCE lifts the busy sword of blood no more;
 Lost to its giant grasp the wither'd hand:
 O say, what kingdom can her fate deplore,
 The dark disturber of each happy land?

To Britain an insidious damn'd lägo—
 Remember, Englishmen, old Cato's cry,
 And keep that patriot model in your eye—
 His constant cry, "*Delenda est CARTHAGO.*"

FRANCE

FRANCE is *our* Carthage, that sworn foe to truth,
 Whose perfidy deserves th' eternal chain!
 And now she's down, our British bucks forsooth
 Would lift the stabbing strumpet up again.

Love I the French?—By heav'ns 'tis no such matter!
 Who loves a Frenchman, wars with simple Nature.
 What Frenchman loves a Briton?—None:
 Yet by the hand this enemy we take;
 Yes, blund'ring Britons bosom up the snake,
 And feel themselves, too late indeed, undone.

The converse chaste of day, and eke of night,
 The kiss-clad moments of supreme delight,
 To LOVE's pure passion only due;
 The seraph-smile that soft-ey'd FRIENDSHIP wears,
 And SORROW's balm of sympathizing tears,
 Those iron fellows never knew.

For this I hate them.—Art, all varnish'd art!
 This doth EXPERIENCE ev'ry moment prove:
 And hollow must to all things be the heart,
 That foe to beauty, which deceives in *love*.

Hear me, Dame NATURE, on those men of *cork*—
 Blush at a FRENCHMAN'S *heart*, thy handywork ;
 A dunghill that luxuriant feeds
 The gaudy and the rankest weeds :
 Deception, grub-like, taints its very core,
 Like flies in carrion—pr'ythee, make no more.

Not but a *neighb'ring* nation to the French
 Have morals that emit a stronger stench,
 That Christian noses scarcely can withstand :
 The HEART a dungeon, hollow, dark, and foul,
 The dwelling of the toad, snake, bat, and owl,
 Demons, and all the grimly spectre band.

Mad fools !—And can we deem the French *profound*,
 And, pleas'd, their infant politics embrace,
 Who drag a noble pyramid to ground,
 Without one pebble to supply its place ?

Yet are they follow'd, prais'd, admir'd, ador'd.
 Be, with such praise, these ears no longer bor'd !
 This moment could I prove it to the nation all,
 That verily a FRENCHMAN is not rational.

Yes,

Yes, FRENCHMEN, this is my unvarying creed,

“ Ye are not *rational* indeed ;

“ So low have fond conceit and folly sunk ye :

“ Only a larger kind of monkey !”

“ What art thou writing now ? the WORLD exclaims,

“ Thou man of brass !”

Good WORLD, no names, no names—I beg, no names—

Writing ?—an Ode to my old fav’rite Ass.

Not making royal varnish—no !

My Ass’s virtues bid my numbers flow :

PETER his name, my namefake, a good beast ;

A fervant to my family some years.

To me is gratitude a turtle-feast,

A haunch of ven’son that my taste reveres ;

And therefore I’ve been fabricating metre

All in the praise of honest PETER.

ODE TO MY ASS, PETER.

O THOU, my solemn friend, of man despis'd,
 But not by *me* despis'd—respected long!
 To prove how much thy qualities are priz'd,
 Accept, old fellow-traveller, a song.

My great great ANCESTOR, of Lyric fame,
 Immortal! threw a glory round the *horse*;
 Then, as I lit my candle at his flame,
 That candle shall illumine *thee* of course.

For why not thou, in works and virtues rich,
 In FAME's fair temple also boast a niche?
 How many a genius, 'midst a vulgar pack,
 OBLIVION stuffs into her footy sack,
 Calmly as Jew old-clothes-men, in their bags,
 Mix some great man's lac'd coat with dirty rags;
 Or satin petticoat of some sweet maid,
 That o'er her beauties cast an envious shade!
 And what's the reason?—reason too apparent!
 Ah! "*quia vate sacro carent,*"

As

As Horace says, that bard divine,
Whose wits so fortunately jump with mine.

Ah, PETER, I remember, oft, when tir'd
And most unpleasantly at times bemir'd,
Bold hast thou said, "I'll budge not one inch further;
"And now, young MASTER, you may kick or murder."
Then have I cudgell'd thee—a fruitless matter!
For 'twas in vain to kick, or flog, or chatter.
Though, BALAAM-like, I curs'd thee with a smack;
Sturdy thou dropp'dst thine ears upon thy back,
And trotting retrograde, with wriggling tail,
In vain did I thy running rump assail:

For lo, between thy legs thou putt'dst thine head,
And gavest me a puddle for a bed.
Now this was fair—the action bore no guile:
Thou duck'dst me not, like JUDAS, with a smile.
O were the manners of some Monarchs *such*,
Who smile ev'n in the close insidious hour
That kicks th' unguarded minion from his pow'r!
But this is asking p'rhaps of Kings *too much*.

O PETER, little didst thou think, I ween,
When I a schoolboy on thy back was seen,

Riding thee oft, in attitude uncouth ;
 For bridle, an old garter in thy mouth ;
 Jogging and whistling wild o'er hill and dale,
 On sloes, or nuts, or strawb'ries to regale—

I say, O PETER, little didst thou think,
 That I, thy namefake, in immortal ink
 Should dip my pen, and rise a *wond'rous Bard*,
 And gain such praise, SUBLIMITY'S reward ;

But not the LAUREL—honour much too high ;
 Giv'n by the KING of ISLES to *Mister PYE*,
 Who sings his SOV'REIGN'S virtues twice a year,
 And therefore cannot chronicle SMALL BEER.

Yet simple as Montaigne, I'll tell thee true ;
 There are, who on my verses look *askew*,
 And call my lyric lucrubations *stuff* :
 But I'm a *modest*, not *unconnyinge* elf,
 Or I could say *such things* about *myself*—
 But God forbid that I should puff !

Yet natural are *selfish* predilections !
 Like snakes they writhe about the heart's affections,

And

And sometimes too infuse a poisonous spirit;
 Producing, as by nat'ralists I'm told,
 Torpid insensibility, so cold
 To ev'ry brother's rising merit.

WITS to each other just like loadstones act,
 That do not *always* like firm friends *attract*;
 Though of the same rare nature, (strange to tell!)
 The little harden'd rogues as oft *repel*.

But lo, of *thee* I'll speak, my long-ear'd friend!
 Great were the wonders of thy heels of yore;
 Victorious, for lac'd hats didst thou contend;
 And ribbons grac'd thy ears—a gaudy store.

Buff breeches too have crown'd a proud proud day,
 Not *thou*, but which thy *rider* wore away;
 Triumphant strutting through the world he strode,
 Great soul! deserving an Olympic Ode.

Thy bravery often did I much approve;
 Rais'd by that Queen of Passions, LOVE.
 Whene'er in LOVE's delicious frenzy crost
 By long-ear'd brothers, lo, wert thou a *host*!

LOVE

LOVE did thy lion-heart with courage steel!
 Quicker than that of VESTRIS mov'd thy heel:
 Here, there, up, down, in, out, how thou didst finite!
 And then no Alderman could match thy bite!

And is thy race no more rever'd?
 Indeed 'tis greatly to be fear'd!

Yet shalt THOU flourish in immortal song,
 To *me* if immortality belong;
 For stranger things than *this* have come to pass—
 POSTERITY thine hist'ry shall devour,
 And read with pleasure *how*, when vernal show'r
 In gay profusion rais'd the dewy grass,
 I led thee forth, thine appetite to please,
 And 'mid the verdure saw thee up to knees!

How, oft I pluck'd the tender blade;
 And, happy, *how* thou cam'st at my command,
 And wantoning around, as though afraid,
 With poking neck didst pull it from my hand,
 Then scamper, kicking, frolicksome, away,
 With such a fascinating bray!

Where

Where oft I paid thee visits, and where thou
 Didst cock with happiness thy kingly ears,
 And grin so 'witchingly, I can't tell how,
 And dart at me such friendly leers;

With such a smiling head, and laughing tail;
 And when I mov'd, *how*, griev'd, thou seem'dst to say,
 " Dear MASTER, let your humble Ass prevail;
 " Pray, MASTER, do not go away"—
 And *how* (for what than friendship can be sweeter?)
 I gave thee grafs again, O pleasant PETER.

And *how*, when WINTER bade the herbage die,
 And Nature mourn'd beneath the stormy sky;
 When waving trees, furcharg'd with chilling rain,
 Dropp'd seeming tears upon the harafs'd plain,
 I gave thee a good stable, warm as wool,
 With oats to grind, and hay to pull:
 Thus, whilst *abroad* DECEMBER rul'd the day,
 How PLENTY shew'd *within*, the blooming MAY!

And lo, to future times it shall be known,
How, twice a day, to comb and rub thee down,
 And be thy bed-maker at night,

Thy

Thy groom attended, both with hay and oat,
 By which thy back could boast a handsome coat,
 And laugh at many a fine Court Lord and Knight,
 Whose strutting coats belong p'rhaps to the tailor,
 And probably their bodies to the jailor!

What though no dimples thou hast got;
 Black sparkling eyes (the fashion) are thy lot,
 And oft a 'witching smile and cheerful laugh;
 And then thy *cleanliness*!—'tis strange to utter!
 Like sin, thy heels avoid a pool, or gutter;
 And then the stream so *daintily* dost quaff!
 Unlike a country alderman, who blows,
 And in the mug baptizeth mouth and nose!

What though I've heard some voices sweeter;
 Yet exquisite thy hearing, gentle PETER!
 Whether a judge of music, I don't know—
 If so,
 Thou hast th' advantage got of many a score
 That enter at the Opera door.

Some people think thy tones are *rather* coarse;
 Ev'n love-sick tones, address'd to Lady Affes—
Oftaves indeed of wond'rous force;
 And yet thy voice full many a voice surpasses.

LORD CARDIGAN, if rightly I divine,
Would very gladly give *his* voice for *tbine*:

And LADY MOUNT,* her MAJESTY'S fine foil,
For whom perfumers, barbers, vainly toil,
Poor lady! who has quarrell'd with the Graces,
Would very willingly change *faces*.

How honour'd *once* wert thou! but ah, no more!
Thus too *despis'd* the Bards—*esteem'd* of yore!
How rated once, the tuneful TRIBES of Greece!
Deem'd much like di'monds—thousands worth a piece!

How great was PINDAR'S glory!—On a day,
Entering APOLLO'S church, to pray,
The LADY of the sacred fane, or *Mistress*,
Or, in more classic term, the PRIESTESS,
Address'd him with ineffable delight—

“ GREAT SIR, (quoth she) in pigs, and sheep, and
calves,

“ Master *insists upon't* that you go halves:

“ To *beef* his Godship also gives you right.”

Thus

* Her M——y is always happy to have LADY MOUNT
E—— by her side, as being one of the ugliest women in Eng-
land—in short, his LORDSHIP in *petticoats*.

Thus did the TWAIN most hearty dinners make;
 PINDAR and PHŒBUS eating steak and steak:
 When too (PAUSANIAS says,) to please the GOD—
 Between each mouthful, PINDAR fung an ODE!

Thus half a Deity was this great POET!

Now this was grand in PHŒBUS—vastly civil—
 How chang'd are things! the present moments show it;
 For *Bard* is now synonymous with *Devil*!

Just to three hundred years ago, I speak—

How *simple scholarship* was wont to rule!

A man like DOCTOR PARR, that *mouth'd* but *Greek*,

Was almost worshipp'd by the SAGE and FOOL;

Deem'd by the world indeed a first-rate star.

How diff'rent *now* the fate of DOCTOR PARR!

Unknown he walks!—his name no infants lisp—

Not only reckon'd not a first-rate star

Is this our Greek man, DOCTOR PARR,

But, Gods! not equal to a will-o'-wisp!

Plague on't! how niggardly the trump of Fame,

That wakes not **Bellendenus* on the shelf!

The

* The Preface to *Bellendenus* was a *coup d'essai* of the DOCTOR'S for a Bishoprick—it was the child of his *dotage*. The pap of Party supported it some little time; when, after several struggles to remain amongst us, it paid the last debt of nature.

The world so still, too, on the DOCTOR'S name,
The man is really forc'd to praise *himself!*

“ Archbishops, Bishops,” (so says DOCTOR PARR)

“ By *Alpha, Beta, merely*, have been made :

“ Why from the mitre then am *I* so far ;

“ So long a dray-horse in this thundering trade ?

“ O PITT, shame on thee !—art thou *still* to seek

“ The *soul* of wisdom in the *sound* of Greek ?”

PETER, suppose we make a bit of style,
And rest ourselves a little while ?

IN CONTINUATION.

THUS endeth DOCTOR PARR ; and now again,
To thee, as *good* a subject, flows the strain.
Permit me, PETER, in my lyric canter,
Just to speak Latin—“ *tempora mutantur !*”

Kings did not scorn to press your backs of yore ;
But now, with humbled neck and patient face,
Tied to a thievish miller's dusty door,
I mark thy fall'n and disregarded race.

To chimney-sweepers now a common hack ;
 Now with a brace of sand-bags on your back !
 No gorgeous saddles yours—no iv'ry cribs ;
 No silken girts furround your ribs ;

No ROYAL hands your cheeks with pleasure pat ;
 Cheeks by a roguish halter prest—
 Your ears and rump, of insolence the jest ;
 Dragg'd, kick'd, and pummell'd, by a beggar's brat.

Thus, as I've said, your race is much degraded !
 And much too is the POET'S glory faded !

A time there was, when Kings of this fair LAND,
 So meek, would *creep* to POETS, cap in hand,
 Begging, as 'twere for alms, a grain of fame,
 To sweeten a poor putrifying name—
 But past are those rich hours ! ah ! hours of *yore* !
 Those golden sands of TIME shall glide no more.

Yet are we not in *thy discarded* state,
 Whate'er may be the *future* will of FATE ;
 Since, as we find by PVE, (what still must pride us)
 Kings *twice a year* can condescend to *ride us*.

Nor

AN AFTER-REFLECTION.

NOW, WORLD, thou seest the stuff of which I'm made ;
Firm to the honour of the *tuneful Trade* ;
Leaving, with high contempt, the Courtier class,
To sing the merits of the humble Ass.

Yet should a miracle the PALACE mend,
And high-nos'd SAL'SB'RY to the VIRTUES fend,
Commanding them to come and chat with KINGS ;
Well pleas'd *repentant* Sinners to support,
So help me, IMPUDENCE, I'll go to Court !
Besides, I dearly love to see *strange things*.

P R O Ë M I U M

TO THE

MAGPIE AND ROBIN RED-BREAST.

HOW varied are our tastes ! Dame NATURE's plan,
All for *wise* reasons, since the world began :

Yes, yes, the good old LADY acted right :
Had things been *otherwise*, like wolves and bears,
We all had fall'n together by the ears—

One object had produc'd an endless fight.

Nettles had strew'd LIFE's path instead of *roses* ;

And multitudes of mortal faces,
Printed with histories of bloody noses,

Had taken leave of absence of the GRACES.

Now interrupting not each other's line,

You ride *your* hobby-horse, and *I* ride *mine*—

You press the blue-ey'd CHLOE to your arms,

And *I* the black-ey'd SAPPHO's browner charms :

Thus situated in our different blisses,

We squint not envious on each other's kisses.

Yet are there some exceptions to this rule :
 We meet with now and then a stubborn fool,
 Dragooning us into his predilections ;
 As though there was no *diff'rence* in affections,
 And that it was the booby's firm belief,
Pork cannot please, because *he* doats on *beef* !
 Again—how weak the ways of *some*, and sad !
 One would suppose the Man-creation mad.

Lo! this poor fellow, folly-drunk, he rambles,
 And flings himself into MISFORTUNE'S brambles,
 In full pursuit of HAPPINESS'S treasure ;
 When, with a little glance of circumspection,
 A mustard-grain of sense—a *child's* reflection—
 The fool had cours'd the velvet lawn of PLEASURE.

Idly he braves the furge, and roaring gale ;
 When REASON, if consulted with a smile,
 Had tow'd through summer seas his filken *sail*,
 And fav'd a dangerous and Herculean toil.

Yes, as I've somewhere said above, I find,
 That many a man has many a mind.

How I hate DRUNKENNESS, a nasty pig!
 With snuff-stain'd neckcloth, without hat or wig,
 Reeling, and belching wisdom in one's face!
 How I hate BULLY UPROAR from my soul,
 Whom nought but whips and prisons can controul,
 Those necessary implements of GRACE!

Yet altars rise to DRUNKENNESS and RIOT—
 How few to mild SOBRIETY and QUIET!

Thou art my Goddess, SOLITUDE—to thee,
 Parent of dove-ey'd PEACE, I bend the knee!
 O with what joy I roam thy calm retreat,
 Whence soars the lark amid the radiant hour,
 Where many a varied chaste and fragrant flow'r
 Turns coyly from Rogue ZEPHYR's whisper sweet!
 Blest IMP! who wantons o'er thy wide domain,
 And kisses all the BEAUTIES of the plain:

Where, happy, 'mid the all-enlivening ray,
 The insect nations spend the busy day,
 Wing the pure fields of air, and crawl the ground;
 Where, idle none, the Jew-like myriads range,
 Just like the Hebrews at high 'Change,
 Diffusing hum of Babel-notes around!

Where

Where HEALTH so wild and gay, with bosom bare,
And rosy cheek, keen eye, and flowing hair,
Trips with a smile the breezy scenes along,
And pours the spirit of content in song!

Thus tastes are various, as I've said before—
These damn most cordially, what *those* adore.



THE
M A G P I E
AND
ROBIN RED-BREAST:
A T A L E.

A MAGPIE, in the spirit of romance,
Much like the fam'd Reformers now of FRANCE,
Flew from the dwelling of an old POISSARDE;
Where, fometimes *in* his cage, and sometimes *out*,
He justified the Revolution rout,
That is, call'd names, and got a sop for his reward.

Red-hot with Monarch-roasting coals,
Just like his old fish-thund'ring Dame,
He left the Queen of crabs, and plaice, and foles,
To kindle in Old England's realm a flame.

Arriv'd at evening's philosophic hour,
He rested on a rural antique tow'r,
Some BARON's castle in the days of old;

When

When furious wars, misnomer'd civil,
 Sent mighty chiefs to see the Devil,
 Leaving behind, their bodies for rich mould,
 That pliable from form to form patroles,
 Making fresh houses for new souls.

Perch on the wall, he cocks his tail and eye,
 And hops like modern beaux in country dances;
 Looks dev'lish knowing, with his head,
 Squinting with connoisseurship glances.

All on a sudden, MAGGOT starts and stares,
 And wonders, and for somewhat *strange* prepares;
 But lo, his wonder did not hold him long—
 Soft from a bush below, divinely clear,
 A modest warble melted on his ear,
 A plaintive, soothing, solitary song—

A stealing, timid, unpresuming sound,
 Afraid dim NATURE's deep repose to wound;
 That hush'd (a death-like pause) the rude SUBLIME.
 This was a novelty to MAG indeed,
 Who, pulling up his spindle-shanks with speed,
 Dropp'd from his turret, half-devour'd by TIME,

A la Françoise, upon the spray,
Where a lone Red-breast pour'd to eve, his lay,

Staring the modest minstrel in the face ;
Familiar, and with arch grimace,
He conn'd the dusky warbler o'er and o'er,
As though he knew him years before ;
And thus began, with seeming great civility,
All in the Paris ease of volubility—

“ What—BOBBY ! dam'me, is it *you*,
“ That thus your pretty phiz to music screw,
“ So far from hamlet, village, town, and city,
“ To glad old battlements with dull psalm ditty ?

“ 'Sdeath ! what a pleasant, lively, merry scene !
“ Plenty of bats, and owls, and ghosts, I ween ;
“ Rare midnight screeches, BOB, between you all !
“ Why, what's the name on't, BOBBY ? Dismal Hall ?

“ Come, to be serious—curse this queer old spot,
“ And let thy owlish habitation rot !
“ Join *me*, and soon in riot will we revel :
“ I'll teach thee how to curse, and call folks names,
“ And be expert in treason, murder, flames,
“ And most *divinely* play the devil.

“ Yes,

" Yes, thou shalt leave this spectred hole,
 " And prove thou hast a bit of soul :
 " Soon shalt thou see old stupid LONDON *dance* ;
 " There will we shine immortal knaves ;
 " Not steal unknown, like cuckoos, to our *graves*,
 " But imitate the geniuses of FRANCE.

" Who'd be that monkish, cloister'd thing, a muscle ?
 " Importance only can arise from buffle !
 " Tornado, thunder, lightning, tumult, strife—
 " These *charm*, and add a *dignity* to life.
 " That thou shouldst choose this spot, is monstrous odd ;
 " Poh, poh ! thou canst not like this life, by G-- !"

" Sir !" like one thunder-stricken, staring wide—
 " Can you be serious, Sir ?" the ROBIN cry'd.
 " Serious !" rejoin'd the MACPIE, " aye, my boy—
 " So come, let's play the devil, and enjoy."

" Flames !" quoth the ROBIN—" and in riot revel,
 " Call names, and curse, *divinely* play the devil !
 " I cannot, for my life, the fun discern."
 " No !—blush then, BOB ! and follow me, and learn."

" Excuse

- " Excuse me, Sir," the modest HERMIT cry'd—
 " Hell's not the hobby-horse I wish to ride."
 " Hell!" laugh'd the MAGPIE—"hell no longer dread;
 " Why, BOB, in FRANCE the Devil's lately dead:

 " Damnation vulgar to a Frenchman's hearing—
 " The world is only kept alive for swearing.
 " Against futurity they all protest;
 " And God and Heav'n are grown a standing jest.

 " Brimstone and sin are downright out of fashion,
 " FRANCE is quite alter'd—now a *thinking* nation:
 " No more of penitential tears and groans!
 " PHILOSOPHY has crack'd RELIGION's bones.

 " As for your *Saviour* of a wicked world,
 " Long from his consequence has *he* been hurl'd:
 " They *do* acknowledge *such a man*, d'ye see;
 " But then they call him simple MONSIEUR CHRIST.
 " BOB, for thy ignorance, pray blush for shame—
 " Behold, *thy* DOCTOR PRIESTLEY *says the same*.

 " Well! now thou fully art *convinc'd*—let's go."
 " What cursed doctrine!" quoth the ROBIN, " No—
 " I won't

“ I won’t go—no! thy speeches make me shudder.”
“ *Poor ROBIN!*” quoth the MAGPIE, “what a pudder!
“ Be damn’d, then, BOBBY”—flying off, he rav’d—
“ And, (quoth the ROBIN) Sir, may *you* be *sav’d!*”
This said, the tuneful SPRITE renew’d his lay;
A sweet and farewell hymn to parting DAY.

In THOMAS PAINE the MAGPIE doth appear:
That I’m POOR ROBIN, is not *quite so clear.*

POSTSCRIPT.

P O S T S C R I P T.

TO THE CANDID READER.

I REALLY think that this Tale of the MAGPIE and ROBIN ought *immediately* to have *followed* the REMONSTRANCE: but as *disorder*, instead of *order*, is the leading feature of my sublime LYRIC BRETHERN of old, I shall take the liberty of sheltering myself under the wing of *their sacred* names. The fable was written in consequence of a strenuous application of a red-hot REVOLUTIONIST to a POET in the country, pressing him to become a Member of the ORDER of CONFUSION.

AN

APOLOGY FOR KINGS.

AS want of candour really is not right,
 I own my Satire too inclin'd to *bite*:
 On KINGS behold it *breakfast, dine, and sup*:
 Now shall she *praise*, and try to make it up.

Why will the simple world expect wise things
 From lofty folk, particularly Kings?

Look on their poverty of education!
 Ador'd and flatter'd, taught that they are GODS;
 And by their awful frowns and nods,
 Jove-LIKE, to shake the pillars of creation!

They scorn that little useful IMP call'd MIND,
 Who fits them for the circle of Mankind!
 PRIDE their companion, and the WORLD their hate;
 Immur'd, they doze in ignorance and state.

Sometimes, indeed, GREAT KINGS *will condescend*
 A little with their *subjects* to unbend!

An instance take—A King of this great land,
In days of yore, we understand,
 Did visit SAL'SBURY'S old church so fair:
 AN EARL of PEMBROKE was the MONARCH'S guide;
Incog. they travell'd, shuffling side by side;
 And into the Cathedral stole the PAIR.

The VERGER met them in his blue silk gown,
 And humbly bow'd his neck with rev'rence down,
 Low as an ass to lick a lock of hay:
 Looking the frighten'd VERGER through and through,
 All with his eye-glass—"Well, Sir, who are *you*?"
 "What, what, Sir?—hey, Sir?" deign'd the King
 to say.

"I am the VERGER here, most mighty * KING:
 "In this Cathedral I do *ev'ry* thing;
 "Sweep it, an't please ye, Sir, and keep it clean."
 "Hey? Verger! Verger! you the Verger?—hey?"
 "Yes, please your glorious MAJESTY, I *be*,"
 The VERGER answer'd, with the mildest mien.

Then

* The Reader will be pleased to observe, that the VERGER, of all the sons of the Church, was the *only* ONE entrusted with the ROYAL INTENTION.

Then turn'd the KING about towards the PEER,
 And wink'd, and laugh'd; then whisper'd in his ear,
 "Hey, hey—what, what—fine fellow, 'pon my word:
 "I'll knight him, knight him, knight him—hey, my
 Lord?"

Then with his glafs, as hard as eye could strain,
 He kenn'd the trembling VERGER o'er again.

"He's a poor Verger, SIRE," his Lordship cry'd:
 "Sixpence would *bandfomely* requite him."
 "Poor Verger, Verger, hey?" the King reply'd:
 "No, no, then, we won't *knight* him—no, won't
knight him."

Now to the lofty roof the King did raise
 His glafs, and skipp'd it o'er with founds of praise;
 For thus his marv'ling MAJESTY did speak:
 "Fine roof this, Master Verger, quite complete;
 "High—high and lofty too, and clean and neat:
 "What, Verger, what? *mop, mop* it once a week?"

"An't please your MAJESTY," with marv'ling chops,
 The VERGER answer'd, "we have got no mops
 "In Sal'fb'ry that will reach fo high."

"Not

“ Not *mop*, no, no, not *mop* it,” quoth the King.

“ No, Sir, *our Sal’sb’ry mops* do no such thing;

“ They might as well pretend to scrub the *sky*.”

M O R A L.

This little anecdote doth plainly show

That IGNORANCE, a King too often lurches;

For, hid from ART, Lord! how *should* MONARCHS
know

The nat’ral history of mops and churches?

STORY THE SECOND.

FROM Sal’sb’ry Church to Wilton House so grand,
Return’d the mighty RULER of the Land—

“ My Lord, you’ve got fine statues,” said the King.

“ A *few!* *beneath* your royal notice, Sir,”

Reply’d Lord PEMBROKE—“ Stir, my Lord, stir, stir;

“ Let’s see them all, all, all, all, *ev’ry* thing.

“ Who’s

“ Who’s this ? who’s this ? who’s this fine fellow here ? ”

“ SESOSTRIS,” bowing low, reply’d the Peer.

“ SIR SOSTRIS, hey ? SIR SOSTRIS ? ’pon my word !

“ KNIGHT OF A BARONET, my Lord ?

“ One of *my making* ? what, my Lord, *my making* ? ”

This, with a vengeance, was mistaking !

“ *Se-sostris, sire,*” *so soft*, the Peer reply’d ;

“ A famous KING OF EGYPT, Sir, of old.”

“ Poh, poh ! ” th’ *instructed* MONARCH snappish cry’d,

“ I need not *that*—I need not *that* be told.”

“ Pray, pray, my Lord, who’s that big fellow there ? ”

“ ’Tis HERCULES,” replies the shrinking PEER.

“ Strong fellow, hey, my Lord ? strong fellow, hey ?

“ Clean’d stables ! crack’d a lion like a flea ;

“ Kill’d snakes, great snakes, that in a cradle found
him—

“ The QUEEN, QUEEN’S coming ! wrap an *apron*
round him.”

OUR Moral is not merely water-gruel ;
It shows that curiosity's a jewel !

It shows with Kings that IGNORANCE may dwell :
It shows that subjects must not give opinions
To PEOPLE reigning over wide dominions,
As *information* to *great Folk*, is hell :

It shows that DECENCY may live with Kings,
On whom the bold *Virtù*-men turn their backs ;
And shows (for num'rous are the naked things)
That faucy Statues should be lodg'd in *sacks*.

ADDRESS TO MY BOOK.

AN ELEGY.

CHILD of my love, go forth, and try thy fate:
Few are thy friends, and manifold thy foes!
Whether or long or short will be thy date,
FUTURITY'S dark volume only knows.

Much criticism, alas! will be thy lot!
Severe thine ordeal, I am fore afraid!
Some judges will *condemn*, and others *not*:
Some call thy form *substantial*—others, *shade*.

Yes, CHILD, by multitudes wilt thou be tried!
Wise men, and fools, thy merits will examine:
Those through *much prudence*, may thy virtues *bide*;
These, through *vile rancour*, or *the dread of famine*.

Prov'd will it be indeed (to make thee shrink)
What metal Nature in thy mass did knead:
A * *melting* process will be us'd, I think;
That is to say, large quantities of *lead*.

* Called *Eliquation*.

By some indeed will NITRE's fuming spirit
 Be o'er thy form so sweet, so tender, thrown;
 Perchance a *Master* hand may try thy merit;
 Perchance an Imp by FOLLY only known.

Now, now I fancy thee a timid hare,
 Started for beagles, hounds, and curs, to chace!
 A mongrel dog may snap thee up unfair;
 For SPITE and HUNGER boast but little grace.

Long are thy legs (I know), and stout for running;
 And many a trick hast thou within thy brain;
 But guns and greyhounds are too much for *cunning*,
 Join'd to the *rav'nous pack* of THOMAS PAINE!

And now a LAMB!—What devils now-a-days
 The butch'ring SHOP of CRITICISM employs!
 Each beardless villain now cuts up, and flays;
 A gang of wanton, brutal, 'prentice boys!

Ah me! how hard to reach the dome of FAME!
 Knock'd down before she gets half way, poor MUSE!
 For many a LOUT that cannot gain a name,
 (Rebus and riddle maker) now *reviews*!

Poor jealous Eunuchs in the land of TASTE,
 Too *weak* to reap a harvest of fair praise;
 Malicious, lo, they lay the region waste,
 Fire all they can, and triumph at the blaze!

Too oft, with talents blest, the cruel FEW
 Fix on poor MERIT'S throat, to stop her breath:
 How like the beautiful * FRUIT, that turns of Dew
 The life ambrosial, into drops of Death!

Sweet BABE, to WEYMOUTH shouldst thou find thy way!
 The KING, with curiosity so wild,
 May on a sudden fend for thee, and say,
 " See, CHARLY, PETER'S child—fine child, fine
 child:

" Ring, ring for SCHWELLENBERG; ring, Charly,
 ring;

" Show it to SCHWELLENBERG; show, show it,
 show it:

" She'll say, *Got dem de saucy stoopid ting,*

" *I hate more worse as hell what come from Poet."*

* The mortifying powers of dew or rain falling from the Manchineel tree, are universally known.

Yet will *some Courtiers* all at once be glad!

LEEDS, HAWKSB'RY, SAL'SB'RY, BRUDENELL, will
rejoice;

Forget how oft thy Brothers made them mad,

And echo through the realm the royal voice.

And then for ME his MAJESTY may send;

(Making some people grumble in their gizzards)

With DRAKE'S new place, perchance, thy SIRE befriend!

FIRST FLY-CATCHER to good QUEEN CHAR-
LOTTE'S * Lizards!

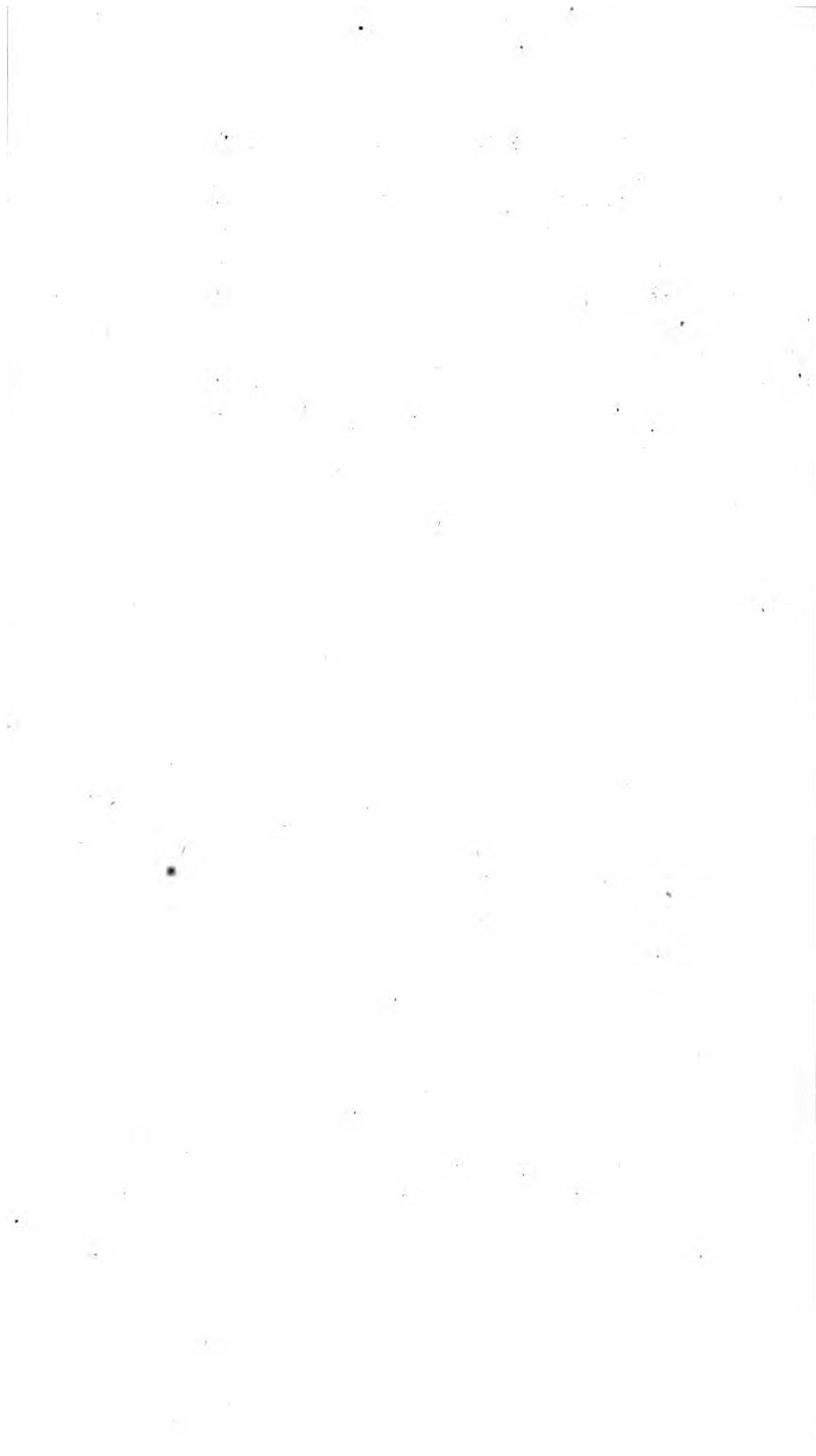
* The story of the LIZARDS is as follows;—At a BOARD OF GREEN CLOTH lately, which assembled, as usual, with due *decorum*, to deliberate on the *species* of food proper to be given to the LIONS of BUCKINGHAM-HOUSE, the solemnity of the meeting was interrupted by the sudden Gothic irruption, and self-introduction, of a servant of SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, one of the *Honourable* BOARD; which servant, a true DEVONSHIRE DUMPLIN, opening an ell-wide pair of jaws, exclaimed thus: “ZUR VRANCIS, I'm a zent to ax if yow've a cort † enny † “more Vlees §—Have ye cort enny, ZUR VRANCIS?” The Baronet hemmed, winked, nodded, knitted his brows, stared, shrugged up his shoulders, blew his nose, bit his lips at poor NUMPS: but all the face-making hints were thrown away. “Why, ZUR VRANCIS, I zay, (continued NUMPS) MADAM “ZWELLINGBURG want to know if yow've a nabb'd enny “more Vlees?” The BOARD stood amazed!—SIR FRANCIS blushed for the *first* time. At length, revovering from his confusion,
and

† For caught.

‡ Any.

§ Flies.

and bidding the fellow, in an angry tone, go about his business, he very candidly informed the BOARD, that HER MAJESTY had lately received a present of Lizards; that she had ordered MISTRESS SCHWELLENBERG to catch *flies* for them; but that, to oblige MISTRESS SCHWELLENBERG, who kindly invited him to dine with her three or four times a week, he promised to assist her in her FLY-HUNT; in short, to be her *Deputy FLY-CATCHER*, and not *First FLY-CATCHER*, as the ELEGY erroneously proclaimeth.



M O R E M O N E Y !

OR,

ODES OF INSTRUCTION

TO

MISTER PITT:

WITH

A VARIETY OF OTHER CHOICE MATTERS.

— *Quid non mortalia pectore cogis,
Auri sacra fames?* VIRGIL.

O Gold! thou precious fascinating evil,
Say, with what soul thou hast not play'd the devil?

Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo. VIRGIL.

Go to the House—beg, threaten, nay, *compel* for't:
We must have Money, though we shake all Hell for't.

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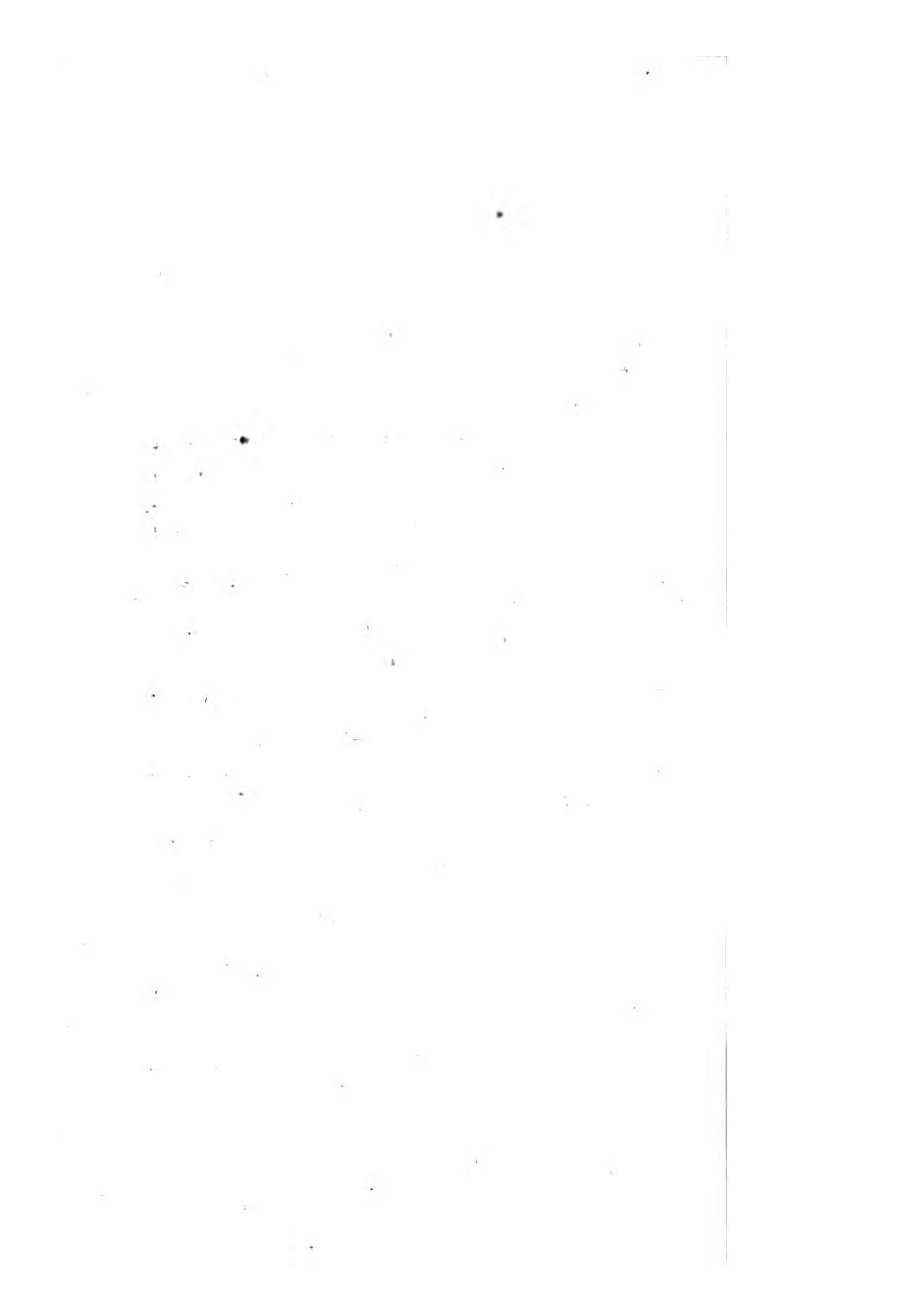
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READER,

THE rumour of an intended and speedy application to Parliament for more Money for the KING, gave birth to the following Odes. Though by no means an advocate for Mr. PAINE's violent system of Revolution, I am too much the POET OF THE PEOPLE, not to sing for a *Reformation*. To the ODES is subjoined a sort of make-weight Poetry: As the Pieces are alluded to in the ODES, I deemed it not amiss to publish them—To be sure, they add to the *price* as well as the *bulk* of the Pamphlet; but, as I still profess myself free from political corruption, notwithstanding a wicked report to the contrary, (for GREAT POETS as well as GREAT KINGS may be traduced) I flatter myself that thou wilt be proud of the opportunity of paying a small tribute to PUBLIC VIRTUE.

P. P.



O D E S

TO

M I S T E R P I T T, &c.

O D E I.

MORE Money wanted!—'tis a brazen lie;
'Tis OPPOSITION's disappointed cry;
A poison'd shaft to wound the best of Kings.
More Money!—'tis a poor invented story,
To cloud with dire disgrace the King of Glory;
Damn'd sheers to clip his FAME's exalted wings.

More Money!—'tis a little dirty tale,
To sink of popularity the gale
That wafts the name of GEORGE to utmost earth;
A snake that should be strangled in its birth.

More Money!—'Tis a party-trick so mean,
To make us sick of our *good* King and Queen!

We

We have no more to give—a truce to grants,
 That make the State a field devour'd by * wants †
 The rust that eats the cannon—the rank weed
 That dares the vessel's course sublime impede;
 The worm that gnaws its native keel, th' ingrate,
 And opes the world of waters for its fate;
 A spreading cancer that demands the knife;
 That, wolf-like, preys upon the Nation's life.

More Money!—what a found! the solemn bell
 That tolls the Constitution's knell.

Clap a hot iron on the patriot tongues,
 For loading spotless Majesty with wrongs †
 Nay, tear those tongues, th' offenders, from their holes,
 Foul pumps, that pour the froth from poison'd souls.
 The Monarch scorns to ask a penny more;
 Tax'd to the eyes, his groans the State deplore:
 Away, then, DEFAMATION's baleful breath,
 That blows on VIRTUE's bud, the blight of death.

Yet *should* it happen that the Best of Kings
Should whisper to his Minister *strange things*,

And

* Another word for a mole.

And bid thee Money ask, the tempting curse;
Then *firmly* THOU, the Nation's steward, say
(With rev'rence due to Royalty, I pray),

“ Dread Sir, have mercy on your People's purse;

“ O King, your calculations have misled ye:

“ Millions on millions you have had already.

“ Oh! let *DISCRETION from the Virtue band

“ Be call'd to Court, to take you by the hand.

“ You really do not know how rich you are:

“ Your wealth so wond'rous makes your subjects stare,

“ Squeez'd from great cities, towns, and hovels:

“ HAWKSB'RY and COURTS can show such heaps of
treasure,

“ Such loads of guineas for the royal pleasure,

“ Heav'd into iron chests with shovels;

“ Then how can Majesty be poor?

“ Your coffers, Sir, are running o'er;

“ Thanks to ECONOMY, of golden views,

“ Who mends old breeches, and twice soles old shoes!”

ODE

* This is fruitless advice, I fear—The PASSIONS are too powerful for the *gentle* VIRTUES. See my beautiful Address to those LADIES in this Work.

O D E II.

SAY to the King (but with profound respect,
For who would manners unto Kings neglect?)

“ Dread Sir, to Hospitals you little grant,

“ Your magic Name supplying every want:

“ And then your mutton, veal, and beef, you kill,

“ The stomachs of your favour'd Few to fill:

“ And lo, you kill your own delightful lambs;

“ And beat old BAKEWELL * in the breed of rams;

“ And never wish to keep a thing for finery:

“ Thus are parterres of Richmond and of Kew

“ Dug up for bull and cow, and ram and ewe,

“ And Windsor Park, so glorious, made a swinery.

“ And lo, your Dairy thriving, let me say,

“ As not *one* drop of milk is giv'n away;

“ So says your little dairy-maid so sweet,

“ Whose beauties many a smile so gracious meet;

“ And

* We have more reverence than to say, a *Brother* Grazier of the North.

“ And smiling like the blooming May,
 “ Who shows the milk-score ev’ry day:
 “ How then can Majesty be poor?
 “ Your chests, Sir, must be running o’er:

“ Your Oratorios, that expences bred,
 “ And DUKE of CUMBERLAND*, so *dear*, are dead,
 “ That gave (*'tis said*) your Majesty much pain;
 “ The Nation kindly paid your Doctors bills,
 “ I mean the WILLISES, for toil and pills,
 “ That brought you to your wisdom, Sire, again;
 “ Then how can Majesty be poor?
 “ Your coffers must be running o’er.

“ Cabbage and carrot without end,
 “ The Windsor Gard’ners † daily send;
 “ Proud that *their* vegetables load the board
 “ Of Britain’s High and Mighty LORD!

“ Of this, their glad posterity shall boast;
 “ For such an honour never should be lost:

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“ Thus

* By the death of the Duke, a large annual income reverted to his Majesty.

† Not now.—See the Progress of ADMIRATION.

“ Thus shall they cry in triumph to their neighbours,

“ Crown'd were our great great great forefathers
labours;

“ Whose praise through FAME's long trumpet ever

“ For giving cabbages to Kings! [rings,

“ Presents of ev'ry sort of thing are made,

“ Without the slightest danger of offending,

“ Either from gentlemen, or men in trade;

“ Your Majesties are both so condescending:

“ Folks for acceptance never beg and pray;

“ For presents never yet were turn'd away.

“ People meet much encouragement *indeed*,

“ For sending rarities and pretty things:

“ Although such rarities ye do not need—

“ Such is the sweet humility of Kings!

“ Then how can Majesty be poor?

“ Your coffers must be running o'er.

“ Card-entertainment 'tis ye chiefly give,

“ By which the Chandlers scarce can live:

“ For soon as e'er ye leave the little rout,

“ The candles are immediately blown out!

“ So quickly feiz’d on by some candle-shark,
 “ LADIES and Gentlemen are in the dark ;*
 “ Where what has happen’d, heav’n alone can tell,
 “ AS DARKNESS oft turns pimp t’ undo a BELLE.”

O D E III.

SAY to thy King (but, as I’ve said before,
 With due respect), “ by G—, you can’t be poor.
 “ Sometimes a little Concert is *made up*,
 “ Where nought is giv’n to eat or sup—
 “ Where MUSIC makes an economic pother ;
 “ Where, with a solitary tweedle tweedle,
 “ A pretty melancholy fiddle
 “ Squeaks at the absence of his little brother,
 “ Whose presence would be much enjoy’d,
 “ But costs *too much* to be employ’d !
 “ Where FISCHER’S instrument (a frugal choice)
 “ Serves both for hautboys and for voice—

K 2

As

* At the breaking-up of a Royal Card-party, this is constantly done :—the poor Maids of Honour, and the Gentlemen, may grope their way how they can.

“ AS BILLINGTON and MARA, to the King,

“ And that perverse STORAGE, will not sing.*

“ Lo! by some WOMAN's order (fie upon her!)

“ The pretty, harmless, modest Maids of Honour

“ Are forc'd to furnish for their beds, the sheet;

“ The pillow-cases too, says FAME,

“ By order of some high-commanding Dame,

“ To whose sweet foul economy is sweet.

“ Dear Maids of Honour! what a sin of sins,

“ That Britain can't accommodate your skins!

“ Poor GENEROSITY is sadly lam'd;

“ And yet the noble beast was ne'er rode hard—

“ Pale, cold ECONOMY seems quite a-sham'd,

“ Who never plays an idle card:

“ Nay,

* When Monsieur NICOLAI, his MAJESTY's *first* favourite, *first* fiddle, and *first* news-monger, went with his MAJESTY's *commands* to Madam ST****, to assist at a *sort* of a concert at Buckingham-house, the Songstrefs, smiling on him with the most ineffable contempt, asked him, “ What, NICOLAI, I am to sing at the *old price*, I suppose?” meaning nothing—“ My compliments to your Master and Mistrefs, and tell them I am better engaged.” In short, the insolence of singers and performers is intolerable. In other countries, the *bare honour* of singing and playing to MAJESTY is thought *ample recompence*; but now, indeed, the Mercenaries expect *money remuneration*!!!

“ Nay, AVARICE, her mother, with surprife
 “ Turns up the whites, fo fad, of both her eyes.

“ To Wit, ye nothing give—to Learning nought : }
 “ Lo, in his garret, MATHEMATICS pines,
 “ Where, hungry after bread and cheefe and thought,
 “ He forms with brother fpiders ufelefs lines.

“ Th’ expence of * New-Year’s Ode is felt no more !
 “ Thus is that needlefs, tunelefs hubbub o’er :
 “ All praise muft centre in the Birth-day Song :
 “ The Virtues muft be lump’d together—yes !
 “ And *then* (if *subjects* may *presume* to guefs)
 “ The LAUREAT need not make it *very long*.

“ A *load* of praise is naufeous ftuff—
 “ SIRE, don’t yqu think, at times, *one line* enough ?
 “ What’s chriften’d Merit, often wants a crutch ;
 “ Thus then a *single line* may be too much.

K 3

“ In

* This Court Farce, in confequence of a fcantinefs of *public virtue*, and a univerfal ridicule, was, for a feafon or two, difmiffed. *Great events*, however, unexpectedly happening, the *Lyric war-whoop* has been called in again to found their praifes.

" In vain the First of Poets tunes his pipe ;
 " His whistle ne'er squeez'd fixpence from your gripe—
 " Vain all Epistles, vain his heav'nly Odes :
 " No, no ! poor PETER may his strain prolong ;
 " The dey'l a farthing will reward *his* song,
 " The song that should have celebrated Gods !

" In vain for Royal patronage he sigh'd :
 " In vain (some say) the modest Bard apply'd
 " To gain his book your patronising name.
 " And if this *Bard*, whom all the NINE inspire,
 " Instead of generous oil to feed his fire,
 " Finds cold cold water flung upon his flame :
 " If he, ah ! vainly sighs for dedication,
 " Woe to the *witlings* of the Nation !

" What though uncouth his shape, and dark his face ;
 " Whose breeding Mother might for charcoal long ;
 " Still may the BARD abound in verse and grace,
 " And love for Majesty, *divinely* strong.

" Then heed not, SIRE, a clumsy form so fat,
 " And *sombre* phiz, Dame NATURE'S work, unkind :
 " Great mousing qualities, with many a cat,
 " Of perfect ugliness, a lodging find.

" Observe

- “ Observe a fat, black, greasy lump of coal;
“ Lo, to that most ungraceful piece of earth,
“ A warm and lively lustre owes its birth;
“ A flame in *this world*, pleasant to the soul.
- “ To shapeless clouds, that, waggon-like, along
“ Move cumb’rous, scowling on the twilight heav’n,
“ At times, behold, the purest snows belong!
“ To such, of rain the lucid drops are giv’n:
“ Nay, ’mid the mafs so murky and forlorn,
“ Behold the lightning’s vivid beam is born!”

Say—“ Mighty Monarch, modest MERIT pines,
“ Hid like the useless gem amid the mines.
“ *Your* gracious smile, which all the world reveres,
“ *Your* wealth had open’d her pale closing eye,
“ Which HOPE once brighten’d with a spark of joy,
“ And cruel DISAPPOINTMENT quench’d with tears.”

O D E IV.

THEN unto Majesty shalt thou repeat
 The lines that are to Majesty a treat,
 Proverbs that economic souls revere;
To wit—"A pin a day's a groat a year"—
 "A little saving is no sin"—
 "Near is my shirt, but nearer is my skin"—
 "A penny sav'd, a penny got"—
 "'Tis money makes the old mare trot"—
 Then say, "With such wise counsellors, I'm sure
 "No Monarch ever can be poor."

Say too, "Great Sir, your Queen is very rich;
 "Witness the di'monds lodg'd in ev'ry stitch
 "Of Madam's petticoat,* of broad effulgence;
 "Where flame such jewels on its ample field,
 "As only to her charms and virtues yield,
 "So very noble, God's and Man's indulgence!

Now

* This famous petticoat affordeth a pleasant history—one part of which is, that it was watched all night by a certain Great Man, on a particular occasion, to prevent its being stolen.

Now mayst thou raise thy tone a little higher—
 “ Not *'Squire*, for that's impertinent, but “ SIRE,”
 Firm shalt thou say, “ The Realm is not a wizard,
 “ Quick, with a word, to make the guineas start,
 “ To please a Monarch's gold-admiring heart—
 “ In short, BRITANNIA grumbles in her gizzard,

“ Sire, let me say, the Realm will smell a rat,
 “ And cry, ‘ Oh! oh! I know what ye are at—
 ‘ Is this your cunning, Master BILLY PITT?
 ‘ What, Master BILLY! try to *touch* his Grace?
 ‘ To keep your most, most honourable place?
 ‘ Is this your flaming patriotic fit?

‘ Thick as may be the head of poor John Bull,
 ‘ The beast hath got *some* brains within his skull;
 ‘ A pair of *dangerous horns*, too, let me add;
 ‘ Dare but to make the generous creature mad.”

Thus mayst thou decently thy voice exalt—
 And add, “ Soft fires, O Monarch, make sweet malt;
 “ The kiln, much forc'd, may blaze about our ears,
 “ And then may FATE be busy with his sheers—
 “ For then, with all his fame, your daring 'SQUIRE
 “ May, rat-like, squeak unpitied in the fire.”

Proclaim

Proclaim that Reputation is a jewel,
 And life, without it, merely water-gruel;
 Say, that a King who seeks a deathless name,
 Turns not to *news-papers* to find a fame;
 Where paragraphs (a Ministerial job)
 Report the half-crown howlings of a Mob.

Inform the Monarch, when he goes to heav'n,
 Verse to his parting spirit may be giv'n;
 Ev'n PETER's verse, for which a thousand sigh—
 Verse which the POET ev'n to Brutes* can give,
 To bid their lucky names immortal live,
 Yet to a *King* the sacred gift deny!

Say, "Sire, we've crippled the poor people's backs;
 " Poor jaded, worn-out, miserable hacks;
 " How 'tis they bear it all, is my surprise!
 " I cannot catch another tax indeed,
 " With all *your* fox-hounds' noses, and *my* speed,
 " Your humble greyhound, though all teeth and eyes.

" The

* This is literally true. I, the LYRIC PETER, assert, that I have written a most beautiful Elegy to an old Friend, a Dying Afs, with more feeling than I could compliment the deaths of half the Kings in Christendom.

" The State, Sir, you will candidly allow,
 " Has been t'ye a most excellent milch cow ;
 " For *you*, too, many a bucket has been fill'd—
 " But trust me, Sir, the cow must not be *kill'd*.

" So numerous are your wants, and *they* so keen,
 " That verily a hundred thousand pounds
 " Seem just as in a bullock's mouth a bean!
 " A pound of butter 'midst a pack of hounds!
 " Have mercy on us, Sir—you can't be poor—
 " Your coffers really must be running o'er."

Say, " SIRE, your wisdom is prodigious great!
 " Then do not put your servant in a sweat—
 " He hates snapdragon—'tis a game of danger—
 " The sound, *more money*, the whole realm appalls;
 " Still, still it vibrates on SAINT STEPHEN'S walls;
 " Our beast, the PUBLIC, soon must gnaw the
 manger."

Say, " Good my Liege, indeed there's no more hay;
 " Kind-hearted King, indeed there's no more corn;
 " Our hack, OLD ENGLAND, sadly falls away;
 " Lean as lean ROSINANTE, and forlorn."

Say,

Say, "Sire, your Parliament I dare not meet;

"For verily I've some remains of *grace* :

"If forc'd with money-messages to greet,

"Your Majesty must lend me H———RY's face.

"I know

* The cry of "More Money, more Money," brings to recollection a little dialogue, amongst the many, that happened between the KING of the MOSQUITOES and myself, in the Government-house at JAMAICA, during the administration of the late Sir WILLIAM TRELAWNY.—His MAJESTY was a very stout black man, exceedingly ignorant, nevertheless possessed of the sublimest ideas of Royalty; very riotous, and grievously inclined to get drunk. He came to me one day, with a voice more like that of a bullock than a king, roaring, "Mo drink for King, mo drink for King!"

P. P.

King, you are drunk already.

KING.

No! no! King no drunk—King no drunk—Mo drink for King—Broder George love drink (meaning the King of England).

P. P.

Broder George does not love drink: he is a sober man.

KING.

But King of Mosquito love drink—me will have mo drink—me love drink like devil—me drink whole ocean.

“ I know what Parliament will say, so mad—
 ‘ More money, MASTER BILLY ! very fine !
 ‘ The *impudence* of highwaymen, my lad,
 ‘ By G— ! is *perfect modesty* to *tbine*.’
 “ Sire, Sire, the moment that I mention MONEY,
 “ I’m sure the answer will be ‘ NINNY NONNY.’”

O D E VI.

NOW, PITT, put forth a small prophetic sound ;
 Say, “ KINGS should keep their state, but not be
 rich”—
 Yes, say, “ they never should with wealth abound,
 “ As money might the royal mind bewitch.”
 Say, “ Gambling Monarchs *possibly* may spring,
 “ And Stocks be at the mercy of a King—
 “ And if for Boroughs sigh their great affections,
 “ Rare business for the DEVIL at elections ;
 “ A Monarch offering his own heads and notes !
 “ A King and Cobbler quarrelling for votes !”

Then

Then lift thine head, and also lift thine eyes,
 And drawing of thy mouth the corners down,
 Exclaim (as stricken with a deep surprize),
 “ Not that I think a man who wears a crown
 “ Would act so meanly, Sir, or ever did—
 “ No! God forbid, dread Sovereign—God forbid!”

Such are my counsels, PITT.—Thy King, perchance,
 May, smiling, hear thee oracles advance;
 And pitying thee for hinting reformation
 To *such* a King of *such* a Nation,
 May stun thee with two proverbs all so pat—
 “ What, what, PITT—‘ Play a jig to an old Cat?’
 “ What, preach—what, preach to *me* on *Money-wit!*
 “ * Old Foxes want no tutors,’ BILLY PITT.”

The

* Reformation is a most difficult and dangerous subject.—
 Hazarding a *critique* on the work of a very eminent Artist, some
 years ago, what was the consequence?—See the Ode.

The following Elegy was written on the Royal Scheme of fattening Cattle solely on Horse-chefnuts, which (had it succeeded) must have been attended with prodigious savings. The Bullocks tried what they could do, but were forced to give up the point, and nearly the ghost!

THE ROYAL BULLOCKS.

A CONSOLATORY AND PASTORAL ELEGY.

YE horn'd inhabitants of Windsor Park,
 Where reign'd sweet HOSPITALITY of yore,
 Why are ye not as merry as the lark?
 Why is it that so dismally ye roar?

Ah me! I guess the cause!—our glorious King
 Would fatten cattle in the cheapest way—
 It is, it is, horse-chefnuts!—that's the thing
 Which gives each face the cloud of dire dismay.

Say,

Say, do the prickles stab each gentle beard?

Ye wish t'oblige the King; but ah! with pain
Ye turn them round and round, to bite *afear'd*,
And, faintly mumbling, drop them out again.

Fain would I comfort you with better meat—

God knows I pity every plaintive tone—
Gladly your gums with *turnips* would I greet,
And give the fragrant *bay* to soothe each groan.

Say, are the nuts too solid to be chew'd?—

Of want of nut-crackers do ye complain?
Ye make up awkward mouths upon your food;
But plaint of ev'ry fort is pour'd in vain.

Condemn'd on such hard fare to sup and dine,

And often by its stubborn nature foil'd,
Perhaps ye wish it roasted, gentle Kine,
Or probably ye wish it stew'd or boil'd.

But coals cost money—labour must be sav'd—

Now, this would prove a great expence indeed:
Ah! Kine, by such economy close-shav'd,
Your bellies grumble, and your mouths must bleed.

Your

Your leanness mortifies the King of Nations :

Displeas'd, he wonders that ye won't grow fat :

Your high back-bones employ his speculations,

Much your lank bellies exercise his chat.

The MAN whose lofty head *adorns* a crown,

That stoutly studies bullocks, pigs, and books,

Wants much to see you knock'd by butchers down,

And hung in fair array upon their hooks.

Yet, murm'ring creatures, life is vastly sweet—

For life, were I a bullock, I should sigh :

Much rather make a sacrifice to meat ;

Live on horse-chestnuts, than on turnips die.

A MORAL REFLECTION

ON THE PRECEDING ELEGY.

HOW can the eye, in NATURE's softness drest,

So harden'd, see the different tribes around ;

Behold the grazing cattle all so blest,

And lambkins mingling sport, with sweetest sound ;

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Then

Then glift'ning, in a strain of triumph cry,

“ Your throats, young gentlefolks, will soon be cut—

“ *You*, sweet Miss Lamb, most speedily shall die—

“ Soon on the spit, you, Master Calf, be put?”

How can the tongue, amid the mingled noise

Of goose, duck, turkey, pigeon, cock and hen,

Exclaim, “ Aye, aye, good fowls, your cackling joys

“ Soon cease, to fill with mirth the mouths of men?”

I cannot meet the lambkin's asking eye,

Pat her soft neck, and fill her mouth with food,

Then say, “ Ere evening cometh, thou shalt die,

“ And drench the knives of butchers with thy blood.”

I cannot fling with lib'ral hand the grain,

And tell the feather'd race so blest around,

“ For me, ere night, ye feel of death the pain;

“ With broken necks ye flutter on the ground.

“ How vile!—Go, creatures of th' Almighty's hand;

“ Enjoy the fruits that bounteous NATURE yields;

“ Graze at your ease along the funny land;

“ Skim the free air, and search the fruitful fields:

“ Go,

" Go, and be happy in your mutual loves ;
 " No violence shall shake your shelter'd home ;
 " 'Tis life and liberty shall glad my groves ;
 " The cry of murder shall not damn my dome : "

Thus should I say, were mine a house and land—
 And lo, to me a parent should ye fly,
 And run, and lick, and peck with love my hand,
 And crowd around me with a fearless eye.

And you, O wild inhabitants of air,
 To bless, and to be blest, at PETER'S call,
 Invited by his kindness, should repair ;
 Chirp on his roof; and hop amidst his hall.

No schoolboy's hand should dare your nests invade,
 And bear to close captivity your young :
 Pleas'd would I see them flutter from the shade,
 And to my window call the sons of song.

And You, O natives of the flood, should play
 Unhurt amid your crystal realms, and sleep :
 No hook should tear you from your loves away ;
 No net surrounding form its fatal sweep.

Pleas'd should I gaze upon your gliding throng,
To sport invited by the summer beam;
Now moving in most solemn march along,
Now darting, leaping from the dimpled stream.

How far more grateful to the soul the joy,
Thus daily, like a set of friends, to treat ye,
Than, like the bloated epicure, to cry,
“ Zounds! what rare dinners!—God! how I could
eat ye!”

E L E G Y

O N

MY DYING ASS, PETER.

FRIEND of my youthful days, for ever past,
 When whim and harmless folly rul'd the hour;
 Ah! art thou stretch'd amid the straw at last!—
 These eyes with tears thy dying looks devour.

Blest, would I soften thy hard bed of death,
 And with new floods the fount of life supply:
 Yes, PETER, blest would I prolong thy breath,
 Renew each nerve, and cheer thy beamless eye.

But wherefore wish? Thy lot is that of all:
 Thy friend who mourns, must yield to NATURE'S
 law—

Like thee must sink, and, o'er each dark'ning ball,
 Will DEATH'S cold hand th' eternal curtain draw.

Piteous thou liftest up thy feeble head,
 And mark'st me dimly, with a dumb adieu;
 And thus amid thy hopeless looks I read,
 " Faint is thy servant, and his moments few.

“ With thee no more the hills and vales I tread !
 “ Those times, so happy, are for ever o’er !
 “ Ah ! why should FATE so cruel cut our thread,
 “ And part a friendship that must meet no more ?

“ O, when these languid lids are shut by FATE ;
 “ O, let in peace these aged limbs be laid
 “ ’Mid that lov’d field which saw us oft of late,
 “ Beneath our fav’rite willow’s ample shade !

“ And if my Master chance to wander nigh,
 “ Beside the spot where PETER’s bones repose ;
 “ Let your poor servant claim one little sigh ;
 “ Grant this—and, blest, these eyes for ever close.”

Yes, thou poor SPIRIT, yes—*thy* wish is *mine*—
 Yes, be thy grave beneath the willow’s gloom—
 There shall the sod, the greenest sod, be thine ;
 And there the brightest flow’r of Spring shall bloom.

Oft to the field as HEALTH my footstep draws,
 Thy turf shall surely catch thy Master’s eye ;
 There on thy sleep of death shall FRIENDSHIP pause,
 Dwell on past days, and leave thee with a sigh.

Sweet

Sweet is remembrance of our youthful hours,
 When INNOCENCE upon our actions smil'd!
 What though AMBITION scorn'd our humble pow'rs,
 Thou a wild cub, and I a cub as wild?

Pleas'd will I tell how oft we us'd to roam;
 How oft we wander'd at the peep of morn;
 Till NIGHT had wrapp'd the world in spectred gloom,
 And SILENCE listen'd to the beetle's horn.

Thy *victories will I recount with joy;
 The various trophies by thy fleetness won;
 And boast that I, thy playfellow, a boy,
 Beheld the feats by namesake PETER done.

Yes, yes, (for grief must yield at times to glee)
 Amidst my friends I oft will give our tale;
 When lo, those friends will rush thy sod to see,
 And call thy peaceful region PETER'S VALE.

L 4

AN

* PETER's racing powers were truly great; and for size and strength he might justly have been called the *Hercules* of Jack-asses. It would probably be too ludicrous *here* to affirm, that for a *softenuto* he might, with equal justice, have been styled not only the *Marchesi*, but the *Apollo*.

AN ACADEMIC ODE.

[This Ode was written some years since, and was mislaid; but is fortunately recovered. It hinteth at the universal rage for Reputation, and attacketh Painters who pitifully wince at the gently-reforming touch of Criticism.]

ALAS! who has not fondness for a name?

LO, NATURE wove it in our infant frame!

From ear-*delighters*, down to ear-*confounders*,
Each vainly fancies he possesses killing tones;
EV'n from the MARAS and the BILLINGTONS,

Down to the wide-mouth rascals crying flounders;
Nay, watchmen deem their merits no ways small,
Proud of a loud, clear, melancholy bawl;
Nay, proud too of that instrument the *rattle*,
That draws the hobbling brotherhood to battle.

Yes, yes! much vanity's in human nature—

Like mad dogs, that abhor the water,

The Painters hate to hear their faults display'd;
And though I sing them in the sweetest rhymes,
Such are the reformation-cursing times,
The foolish fellows wish the Poet dead!

Now

Now this is huge depravity, I fear;
My Tale, too, proveth it, as noon-day clear.

THE TALE OF VAN TRUMP.

MYNHEER VAN TRUMP, who painteth very well,
Flam'd at my gentle criticisms, like hell—

“ Poor vretch (cry'd TRUMP), I'm much dat
rogue's superiors—

“ Ven he, poor lousy dog, be ded an rot,

“ VAN TRUMP by pepels vill not be forgot,

“ But lif in all de mouths of my *posteriors*” —

Meaning, indeed, by this severity,

His name would live to all *posterity*.

Upon a day, some goodly folks and fine
Arriv'd, to barter praise for beef and wine;
ACADEMICIANS were the wights, I trow,
The very men to dine with VAN and VROW.

To Madam TRUMP did fall the carving work;
So sticking in a fowl's soft-breast her fork—

“ I wish

“ I wish this fork” (quoth angry Madam TRUMP,
Wriggling from side to side her angry rump)

“ Were now as deep in PETER PINDAR’s heart.”—

“ Vell zed—dat’s clever—Jantelmans, dat’s vit,”

Quoth VAN—“ spake it voncé more, my dear, a bit—

“ Now don’t you tink, Sirs, dat my Vrow’s dam
smart?

“ Now, Jantelmans, I ax you if you please,”

Roar’d VAN, upstarting—catching fire like tinder—

“ To drenk von dam goot bumper ’pon our knees—

“ Come, Sirs, ‘ Damnation to dat PETER PINDAR.’”

Plumb down the great Academicians fell,

And hearty drank th’ *immortal* Bard to hell!

Such is, I blush to say, the dev’lish mind

Too oft contaminating poor Mankind!

Here too a little Moral may be seen :

Reformers are good folks the million *bate* ;

And who, if hang’d, or shot, or burnt, I ween,

Repentant, find their folly out, *too late*.

THE PROGRESS OF ADMIRATION.

OR,

THE WINDSOR GARDENERS.

WHEN first their MAJESTIES to Windsor went,
Lo, almost ev'ry curious mouth was rent—

With what?—with gaping on the ROYAL PAIR:
Indeed from East and West and North and South,
Arriv'd large cargoes both of eye and mouth,
To feast on MAJESTY their gape and stare.

Not PUNCH, the mighty PUNCH, the prince of joke,
E'er brought together such a herd of folk.

Amongst the thousands full of admiration,
Appear'd fair Windsor's GARDENING NATION,
Blazing with Loyalty's bright torches:
They humbly came their MAJESTIES to greet,
Begging their MAJESTIES to come and treat,
On ev'ry sort of fruit, their grand Allforches.
The COUPLE smil'd assent, and ask'd grand questions,
Resolv'd to gratify their grand digestions.

Forth went his MAJESTY, so condescending—
 Forth went our gracious QUEEN, the fruits commend-
 Munching away at a majestic rate: [ing—
 The Gardeners saw themselves bespread with glory;
 Told unto all the ale-houses the story;
 Which houses did again the tale relate.
 Yes, they were all so pleas'd that their *poor things*
 Should find such favour in the mouths of Kings—
 So happy at the sudden turn of fate,
 As though they all had found a fine estate.

With awe deep stricken were the Gardeners mute—
 So sharp they ey'd them as they ate their fruit—
 Marv'ling to find that such as wear a crown
 Had actions very much like *theirs* in eating;
 And that they mov'd, when pines and nect'rines greeting,
 Their jaws like other people, *up* and *down*;
 And that, like many *folks*, they ate a *deal*—
 Making (that is to say) a ploughman's meal.

And now the GARDENERS, all so glorious, wanted
 To send to MAJESTY rare things—'twas granted.
 Both horse and foot so labour'd to embark it!
 So much indeed unto their GRACES came,
 In consequence of this most loyal flame,
 The palace look'd like Covent-Garden Market.

And

And lo, their MAJESTIES went forth each day,
 Their compliments to dainty fruits to pay :
 The Gardeners met them with best looks and bows ;
 And then the royal reputation rais'd—
 The vegetable wisdom highly prais'd
 Of GEORGE the glorious, and his glorious SPOUSE.

They told of Windfor town the gaping throng,
 What *taste* did unto Majesty belong ;
 As how they pick'd the *best*—strange to relate too,
 As how their eyes were of such lofty stature ;
 Fill'd with so much sublimity their nature,
 They look'd not on an *onion* or *potatoe*—
 Which show'd a noble patronising spirit,
 And prov'd that ev'n in *fruit* they favour'd *merit*.

Reader, prepare to drop thy jaw with wonder !
 Prepare thee now to hear a sound like thunder !
 The Gardeners, lo, with Majesty grew *tir'd* !
 No more their gracious visitors *desir'd* !
 In short, when MONARCHS did themselves display,
 The Gardeners, *bonâ fide*, ran away ;
 Finding a *sort* of *vacuum* 'mongst their fruit,
 That did not much their *scheme of thriving* suit.

For

For MAJESTY gives *nought* to subjects, mind—
Honour and *money* would be much too kind:
 The royal smile, and guinea's glorious rays,
 Like SEMELE,* would kill them with the *blaze*.

They now began exalted birth to *smoke*,
 And fancy MONARCHS much like common folk:
 Therefore no more, when MAJESTIES were coming,
 Whistling and laughing, smiling, finging, humming,
 They gap'd, and, blessing their too happy eyes,
 Leap'd at their presence, just like fish at flies.

Thus did those fellows run from QUEEN and KING;
 Which shows the *changeful* folly of mankind—
 By growing tir'd and sick of a good thing,
 To actual happiness, alas! stone-blind!

For what in this our earthly world can spring,
 That's equal to a wise and glorious KING?
 What in this world of wonders can be seen,
 That's equal to a sweet and generous QUEEN?

To

* The story of SEMELE, not being known to every one, is this: The young lady, ambitious of enjoying Jupiter in all his glory, perished amidst the sublime effulgence of the God.

To fancy otherwise, alas! what sin it is!
 From such profane opinion how I shrink!—
 There must be *something great*, for *they* too think
Themselves great Gods, or *cousins* of Divinities!

No more those dogs the Gard'ners ponder'd how
 To say fine words, and make a loyal bow:
 No more they felt a choaking in the throat:
 No more look'd up and down, and wink'd askew,
 Poor souls! and, filly, wist not what to do,
 When with vast awe the ROYAL VISAGE smote.

No, no! the scene was most completely alter'd—
 No longer like some stupid jack-ass halter'd
 Beside a miller's door, or gate, or post,
 In deep and silent meditation lost,
 To Majesty were drawn their heads so thick—
 No—they were off—all admiration-sick;
 The smiles of MAJESTY deem'd farce—all *hum*.
 The conversation!—Lord! not worth a plum!

Such is sad repetition, O ye Gods!
 And this may really happen to *my* Odes!

Men

Men of huge titles and exalted places
 Should at a distance commonly be seen—
 Eyes should not be familiar with their faces;
 Then **WONDER** goes a courting to each mien.

Lo, **NOVELTY**'s a barber's strap or hone,
 That keenness to the razor-passions gives:
USE weareth out this barber's strap or stone;
 Thus 'tis by **NOVELTY**, **ENJOYMENT** lives.

In *Love*, a sweet example let us seek:
 I have it—**CYNTHIA**'s soft luxuriant neck—
 Fix'd on the charm, how pleas'd the eye can dwell!
 How sighs the hand within the gauze to creep,
 Mouse-like, and on the snowy hills to sleep,
 Rais'd by the most delicious, gentle swell;
 Like gulls, those birds that rise, and now subside,
 Blest on the bosom of the wavy tide.

But let the breast be *common*—all's undone;
 Wishes, and sighs, and longings, all are gone!
 Away the hurrying palpitations fly!
DESIRE lies dead upon the gazeless eye!
 Sunk into infidelity is rapture!
 Thus finisheth of **Love** the simple chapter!

This

This is a pretty lesson, though not new;
 A lesson fit for Gentile or for Jew:
 For LOVE, the cooing, sweet, persuasive pigeon,
 Gains all the globe indeed to his religion:
 Throughout the world his humble vot'ries pray,
 And worship him exactly the same way.
 Other religions kill—are torn by strife;
 LOVE *kisses*, and, what's sweeter still, gives *life!*

ADDRESS TO THE VIRTUES,

A N O D E.

AH, VIRTUES, ye are pretty-looking creatures;
 But then so meek and feeble in your natures!—

Thou charming CHASTITY now, *par exemple*,
 Who gard'st the luscious lip, and snowy breast,
 And all that maketh wishing shepherds blest,
 Forbidding thieves on sacred ground to trample.

Appear but LOVE, the savage, all is lost;
Faint, trembling, blushing, thou giv'st up the ghost:

Lo, there's an end of all thy mincing care!
The field so guarded, in the TYRANT'S pow'r;
Each fence torn down, despoil'd each mossy bow'r,
All, all is rudely plunder'd, and laid bare.

VIRTUES! ye *blunder'd* on our world, I fear—
Design'd, I ween, for some more *gentle* sphere;
Where the wild PASSIONS storm ye not, nor tease ye;
Where ev'ry animal's a mild MARCHESI.

I know your parentage and education—
Born in the skies—a lofty habitation;
But for a *perfect* system were intended,
Where people never needed to be *mended*.

How could ye think the PASSIONS to withstand,
Those roaring BLADES, so out of all command,
Whose slightest *touch* would pull you all to pieces?
They are GOLIAHS—you but *little* MISSES!
Then pray go home again, each *pretty* DEAR—
Ye but *disgrace* yourselves by coming *here*.

THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

A MIGHTY POTENTATE, of *some* discerning,
 Inquisitive indeed! and fond of learning,
 From Windfor oft danc'd down to Eton College,
 To make himself a pincushion of knowledge;
 That is, by gleaning pretty little scraps
 Of CÆSAR, ALEXANDER, and such chaps.

There sagely would he oft harangue the MASTER,
 On HOMER, VIRGIL, PINDAR, my relation,
 Fast as a jack-fly, very often faster—

Now jack-flies have a sweet acceleration.
 Oft ask'd he questions about ancient Kings—
 Nat'ral! because so like himself—Great things!

He ask'd if CÆSAR ever did insist,
 That if his Minister would keep his place,
 That Minister should always have the grace
 To mind deficiencies of CIVIL LIST;

Whether great CÆSAR ever sent his sons,
 To study all the Classics and great guns,
 And bring of art and science home a store,
 To GOTTINGEN (his money wisely hoarding),
 As GOTTINGEN is vastly cheap for boarding
 Young gentlemen whose parents are but poor.

He ask'd if CÆSAR's foul was fond of knowing
 What all the neighbourhood was daily doing;
 What went into the pot, or on the spit—
 How much in house-keeping they yearly spent,
 And if, like honest folks, they paid their rent,
 Or gave of victuals to the poor, a bit.

If CÆSAR ever to a Brewhouse went,
 With Lords and Ladies of his Court so grand,
 And hours on hops and hoops and hogheads spent,
 So wise, with some great WHITBREAD of the land;
 And tarried till he did the Brewer tire,
 And made the Brewer's horse and dog *admire*;
 And curious draymen into hogheads creeping,
 Sly rogues, and through the bungholes peeping.

Whether great CÆSAR was so sly an elf,
 As from the very servants to inquire,
 And know much better than the 'SQUIRE *himself*,
 The business of each neighb'ring 'SQUIRE:

As why the coachman JEHU went away;
 Which of the drivers, JOAN the cook defil'd;
 Which of the footmen with SUSANNA lay,
 And got the charming chamber-maid with child.

He ask'd if CÆSAR's servants all
Were, cat-like, all good moufers, earn'd their wages ;
Sought news from street and tavern, bulk and stall,
Like NICOLAI, the Prince of Pages ;
And whether CÆSAR, with ferocious looks,
Found a poor tray'ling LOUSE, and shay'd his COOKS.

If CÆSAR's Minister gave half-a-crown
To shoe-blacks, and the sweepers of the town,
To howl, and swear, and clap him at the Play ;
And, when unto the Senate-house he rode,
To spread their ell-wide lantern jaws abroad,
And roar most bull-like when he came away.

He ask'd if mighty CÆSAR's wife
Had ever Maids of Honour in her life,
Like any modern economic Queen ;
And if, of sweet and saving wisdom full,
The saving Empress ever made a rule,
So keen, indeed so very, very keen,

That all the herd of honourable maids,
Who wish'd to sleep in comfortable beds,
Should purchase their own sheets and pillow-cases,
To treat their gentle backs, and blooming faces.

Whether great CÆSAR, fond of heaping riches,
 Wore shoes with holes, and pieces to his breeches;
 If CÆSAR gave his servants handsome wages,
 Convers'd with hobby-grooms, and jok'd with pages,

If CÆSAR and his Empress us'd to pop
 Their heads, so grand, into a tradesman's shop,
 And haggle for a pennyworth of tape;
 And *eke* for flannel, inkle, thread, or check,
 Or yard of red cloth for the Emp'ror's neck—
 That is to say, to make his coat a cape.

If CÆSAR recommended *Inns* to Lords,
 Such as the CASTLE-TAVERN, for best cheer;
 In strong, indeed, and most persuasive words,
 Praising the landlord's wine, and bread, and beer.

Also the landlord's stables and soft beds,
 To lodge their own and horses gentle heads;
 Ord'ring Lords *there*, with all their *cash* to part—
 But never, never go to the WHITE HART.

He ask'd if mighty CÆSAR lov'd humility,
 That is, in *subjects* only, viz. Nobility;

And eke the *Commons*, deem'd a vulgar mass,
Form'd by the wisdom of Almighty God,
To carry on their backs a heav'nly load,
Just like a camel, elephant, or ass.

If CÆSAR cut up palaces for pens,
And unto butch'ring strongly did incline;
Sold geese and turkeys, ducks, and cocks, and hens,
And fatten'd cows, and calves, and sheep, and swine;
In rams surpass'd him (of ram-glory full),
Or, glorious, ever beat him in a bull.

He ask'd if CÆSAR did not find
Some cunning fellow for a hind,
Prepar'd with *strange* accounts to meet him,
And in his pigs and sheep and bullocks cheat him;
And whether CÆSAR did not slyly watch him;
And what were CÆSAR's traps to catch him.

If, like PEG NICHOLSON, on mischief busy,
A Mantua-maker drew a rusty knife,
To cleave the Emperor in twain, the huffey,
Fright'ning the Emperor out of his life.

He ask'd if Italy was half so blest
 As England, in that Prince of Painters, WEST;
 And if there ever liv'd in Rome's great town
 A man who *stole*, like REYNOLDS, a renown;
 A man, indeed, whose vilely-daubing brush
 Puts PAINTING, the sweet damsel, to the blush;
 Then ask'd if CÆSAR ever had the heart
 To give a shilling to the Painting Art.

He ask'd if CÆSAR, 'midst his dread campaigns,
 Felt bold, whene'er well dous'd by rushing rains;
 Boldly not caring ev'n a single fig,
 Although they spoil'd a bran-new Tyburn-wig;
 When 'midst the doughty regiments of death,
 On some wild Wimbledon, or huge Blackheath,

He ask'd if CÆSAR ever star'd *abroad*,
 (Instead of staring, as he ought, at *home*)
 For Architects with trash the land to load,
 And raise of gaudy gingerbread a DOME*:

Such as is rais'd by that rare Swede SIR WILL,
 The grinning mouth of RIDICULE to fill.

Whether

* The Royal Academy.

Whether the curious CÆSAR sent to Greece,
 For statues costing heav'n knows what a-piece;
 Then putting under ground a world's rare boast*,
 To entertain a toad or ghost.

Such were the questions, with a thousand more,
 He ask'd, to swell of knowledges the store;
 That fell like starlings on the ear, in flocks—
 Sure keys for opening MOTHER WISDOM'S locks:

Rare keys that ope the twilight vaults of TIME;
 A thief who, with a sacrilegious pride,
 Delighteth something ev'ry day to hide,
 Sacks full of prose and sweetly-sounding rhyme.

Such

* A cast, and the only one, of that famous FARNESE HERCULES, having been procured at a considerable expence, as well as trouble, for the benefit of the STUDENTS of the ROYAL ACADEMY, and the admiration of the world in general, is now thrust away into a dark hole; the building being rather calculated for the support of butterflies, than *heavy antiques*. The following short dialogue was written on the occasion.—

A DIALOGUE between TWO STATUES, in an upper Room of the ROYAL ACADEMY.

First Statue.

“ What keeps old Hercules *below*,
 “ A fellow of such rare renown?

Second Statue.

“ Plague take thee! hold thy tongue—for know,
 “ Should *he* come up, *we* all go down.”

Such questions, with a manner quite *unique*,
The monkey boys to mimic soon began ;
And lo, of mimicry the faucy trick,
Like wildfire through the College ran.
Lord ! hinder them !—there could be no such thing—
Thus ev'ry little rascal was a *King* !

This, FAME, who seldom lessens founts, did bear,
With all its horrors, to the Royal ear :
The consequence, the SCHOOL had cause to rue—
To schools, the Monarch bade a long adieu ;
Of Eton journeys gave th' idea o'er,
And, angry, never mention'd CÆSAR more !

O D E S
OF
I M P O R T A N C E, &c.

TO THE SHOEMAKERS.
TO MR. BURKE.
TO IRONY.
TO LORD LONSDALE.

TO THE KING.
TO THE ACADEMIC CHAIR.
TO A MARGATE HOY.
OLD SIMON, A TALE.

T H E J U D G E S ;
OR
T H E W O L V E S , T H E B E A R , A N D I N F E R I O R B E A S T S .
A F A B L E .

Sic positi, suaves miscetis odores.
Sweet-briar, hawthorn, lilies, nettles, roses;
What a nice bouquet for all sorts of noses!

*Ludimus innocuis verbis, nec lædere querquam
Mens nostra* MARTIAL.
MY VERSE'S sweetness, mildness, none deny:
Lord! playful PETER would not wound a fly.

ODES OF IMPORTANCE.

RESIGNATION;

AN ODE TO THE JOURNEYMEN SHOEMAKERS,

Who lately refused to work, except their Wages were raised.

SONS of SAINT CRISPIN, 'tis in vain!

Indeed 'tis fruitless to complain:

I know ye with good beef or veal to carve:
But first the hungry GREAT must all be fed;
Mean time, ye all must chew hard, musty bread,
Or, what is commonly unpleasant, starve.

Your *Masters*, like *yourselves*, oppression feel—

It is not *they*, would wish to stint your meal:

Then suck your paws like bears, and be resign'd:

Perhaps your *sins* are many; and if so,

HEAV'N gives us very frequently, we know,

The GREAT as scourges for mankind.

Your *Masters* soon may follow you, so lank—

Undone by simple confidence in *Rank*.

The

The royal RICHMOND builds his state on coals;
SAL'SB'RY, and HAWKSB'RY, lofty souls,

With their fair DAMES must have the ball and rout;
Kings must our millions have, to make a glare;
Whose sycophants must also have a share;

But pout not—'tis a libel, Sirs, to pout—

Clos'd be your mouths, or dread the jail or thong:
Ye must not for your money have a song.
Cease, cease your riots; pray, my friends:
It answereth (believe me) no good ends—

And yet the time will come, I hope to God,
When black-fac'd, damn'd OPPRESSION, to his den
Shall howling fly before the curse of MEN,
And feel of anger'd JUSTICE the sharp rod.

Go home, I beg of ye, my friends, and eat
Your four, your mouldy bread, and offal meat;
Till FREEDOM comes—I see her on her way—
Then shall a smile break forth upon each mien,
The front of banish'd HAPPINESS be seen,
And, sons of CRISPIN, ye once more be gay.

Now go, and learn submission from your Bible:
Complaint is now-a-day a flagrant libel.

Yes,

Yes, go and try to chew your mouldy bread—
JUSTICE is sick, I own, but is not dead.

Let GRANDEUR roll her chariot on our necks,
Submission, sweet humility bespeaks:

Let GRANDEUR's plumes be lifted by our figs—
Let dice, and chariots, and the stately thrones,
Be form'd of poor men's hard-work'd bones—

We must contribute; or, lo, GRANDEUR dies.
We are the Parish that supports her show;
A truth that GRANDEUR wishes not to know.

Full many a time reluctantly, I own,
I view our mighty RULERS with a groan,
Who eat the labours of us *vulgar Crew*;
Bask on our shoulders in their lazy state;
And if we dare *look* up for ease, th' ingrate

Look down, and ask us, "D-m'me, who are you?"

Now such forgetfulness is most unpleasant!
The man who doth receive a hare or pheasant,
Might *somewhat*, certainly, from manners spare,
And say, "I thank ye for the bird or hare."

But then I'm told agen, that GRANDEUR's fore
At owning obligations to the Poor—

Such

Such favours cut no figure in discourse:
 She thinks she might as well thank dogs and cats
 For finding partridges, and catching rats;
 And say, "I'm much oblig'd t'ye," to a horse.

Lo, to the GREAT we breathe the sigh in vain;
 A zephyr murm'ring through the hollow walls;
 Our tear, that tries to melt their souls, the rain
 That printless on the rock of ages falls!

The lofty GREAT must have the softest bed
 To lay the *soft* luxurious head;
 And from our bosoms we poor *Geese*, so tame,
 Must pluck submissively the tender feather;
 Ourselves expos'd to NATURE'S rudest weather,
 Deny'd the liberty to cry out, "Shame!"
 Thus, while *their* heads the pillow's down imprint,
Ours must be only bolster'd by a flint.

'Ye must not heed your children's hunger'd cry,
 Nor *once* upon their little sorrows sigh—
 In tears their blubber'd faces let them steep,
 And howl their hunger and their grief to sleep.
 'Tis impudence in babes to cry for bread—
 Lo, GRANDEUR'S fav'rite *dogs* must first be fed!—

See

See yon proud Duchefs—yet of late fo *poor*,
 With not above *ten thousand pounds* a year :
 Behold, a hundred coaches at her door,
 Where PHARO triumphs in his mad career.
 We must support her, or by hook or crook—
 For, lo, her husband was—a ROYAL Duke.

We *must* support too her fine gold-lac'd crew,
 Behind her gilt coach, dancing Molly fellows,
 With canes and ruffles goodly to the view,
 And (suiting their complexions) pink umbrellas.
 It must be so ; for Lordly GRANDEUR rules—
 Lo! QUALITY are GODS, and MOB are mules.

I know ye wish to see on gold, fo good,
 King GEORGE's head, that many a want supplies ;
 So very pleasant to his PEOPLE's eyes,
 As pleasant as the head of flesh and blood.
 MONEY's a rattling sinner, to be sure :
 Like the sweet Cyprian girl (we wo'n't say *wb—e*)
 Is happy to be frequently employ'd,
 And not content by *one* to be enjoy'd ;
 Yet, like the GREAT-ONES, with fastidious eye
 Seems of *inferior* mortals rather shy.

Then go, my friends, and chew your mouldy bread :
 'Tis on our shoulders Courts must lift the head.
 Remember, we are only Oxen yet—
 Therefore, beneath the yoke, condemn'd to sweat :
 But gradually we all shall change to Men ;
 And then !!! what *then*?—Ye heav'ns! why *then*
 The lawless sway of TYRANNY is o'er—
 PRIDE falls, and BRITAIN'S sons are beasts no more!

O D E T O B U R K E.

AH, BURKE! full sorry is the Muse indeed
 That *thou* art from the Patriot Phalanx fled!
 For what? To crouch, and flatter Queens and Kings?
 Meanly to mingle with a Courtier gang,
 That INFAMY herself would scorn to hang—
 Such a poor squalid host of creeping things!

Has Madness fir'd thy brain? Alas! return:
 Thy fault in sackcloth and in ashes mourn:

Join

Join not a COURT, and FREEDOM's foulest foes—
 REPENTANCE, lo, shall try to wash thee white:
 Then howl not, EDMUND, 'mid the Imps of Night;
 Swell not the number of a flock of crows.

What murky cloud, the vapour black of Courts,
 (For many a cloud, the breath of Kings supports)
 Attempts thy Reputation's spreading beam?
 What bat-like DEMON, with the damned'st spite,
 Springs on thy fame, on GLORY's sacred height,
 To soufe it in DISGRACE's dirty stream?—

Alas! if MAJESTY did gracious say,
 "BURKE, BURKE, I'm glad, I'm glad you ran away;
 "I'm glad you left your party—very glad—
 "They wish'd to treat me like a boy at school;
 "Rope rope me like a horse, an afs, a mule—
 "That's very bad, you know, that's very bad.

"I hate the PORTLAND Junto—hate it, BURKE—
 "Poor rogues, poor rogues, that cannot draw a cork—
 "Nothing but empty dishes, empty dishes—
 "*We've* got the loaves and fishes, loaves and fishes."

I say, if thus a mighty Monarch spoke

As usual—not by way of joke ;

Did not the speech so with'ring make thee shrink ?

Didst thou not inward say, “ I've damn'd myself—

“ Why, what a miserable elf !”

And then upon each old acquaintance think ;

And with a sigh recall those attic days,

When WIT and WISDOM pour'd the mingled blaze !

BURKE, BURKE, most easily do I discover

Thou loathest the weak smile that won thee over—

From TR——RY borrow'd, ne'er to be return'd!

E'en now thou art not happy at thy heart—

It sighs for WISDOM's voice, and pants to part

From fellows by the honest VIRTUES spurn'd.

Thy tongue has promis'd friendship with a sigh—

For, lo, th' interpreter of thoughts, thine eye

Hangs heavy, beamless on the motley band,

To whom thou stretchest forth thy leaden hand !

Yes, slowly does that hand of *friendship* move :

The startled Courtiers feel no grasp of love :

A cold and palsied shake of gratulation,

As though it trembled at contamination !

O BURKE! behold fair LIBERTY advancing—
 TRUTH, WIT, and HUMOUR, sporting in her train:
 Behold them happy, singing, laughing, dancing,
 Proud of a Golden Age again!
 When all thy friends (thy friends of late, I mean)
 Shall, flush'd with conquest, meet their idol Queen,
 The Goddess at whose shrine a world should *kneel*;
 When *they* with songs of triumph hail the DAME,
 Will not thy cheek be dash'd with deepest shame,
 And CONSCIENCE somewhat startled feel?

Ah! will thine eye a gladsome beam display;
 Borrow from smooth HYPOCRISY's a ray,
 To hail the long-desir'd return?
 Speak, wilt thou screw into a smile thy mouth,
 And welcome LIBERTY, with WIT and TRUTH;
 And for a moment leave thy gang, to mourn?
 Yes, thou wilt greet her with a half-forc'd smile,
 Quitting thy *virtuous* Company, a while,
 To say, "Dear Madam, welcome—how dy'e do?"
 And then the DAME will answer with a dip,
 Scorn in her eye, contempt upon her lip,
 "Not much the better, Mister BURKE, for *you*."
 Poor BURKE, I read thy soul, and feel thy pain—
 Go, join the sycophants that I disdain.

O D E T O I R O N Y.

O THOU, with mouth demure and solemn eye,
 Who laughest not, thou Quaker-looking wight,
 But makest others roaring laugh outright,
 Thus chasing widow SORROW, and her sigh—
 O Thou who formeest pills to purge the spleen,
 No more in Britain must thou dare be seen?

There was a time, but not like ours so nice,
 When thou couldst banish FOLLY, nay, and VICE—
 Leagu'd with thy daughter HUMOUR, damsel quaint,
 And WIT, that could have tickled e'en a Saint.

But times are alter'd! *Certain Greybeards* say,
 "Ye vagabonds, you've had indeed your day;
 "But never dare to show your face agen,
 "To take vile liberties with lofty men.
 "Grin, if you please—with joke the world regale—
 "Yet mind, a Critic hears you, call'd a Jail."

But, lo! fair LIBERTY divinely strong!
 A *patriot Pbalanx* leads the DAME along.

THOU, WIT, and HUMOUR, shall adorn her train—
 And let me proudly join the noble Few;
 Whilst, to the cause of Glory true,
 The MUSE shall shout her boldest strain.

E'en I, 'midst such a patriot band,
 Will gain importance through the land;
 Rise, form a poor Extinguisher, a Steeple—
 And, O AMBITION, hear thy suppliant's pray'r,
 A sprig of thy unfading laurel spare,
 And crown me, crown me POET of the PEOPLE.

ODE TO LORD LONSDALE.

FIE, fie, my Lord! attack a faint-like POET!
 O, let not ASKALON, nor let GATH know it!
 What! by law-bulldogs bid the lambkin groan!
 O LONSDALE! *genuine* Poetry is rare,
 Half of our verse, *adulterated* ware;
 I speak of *others* verses, not my *own*.

Ah! stop not, stop not PETER's tuneful throat!

Hereafter; he may warble in thy praise,
Who so surpasseth thousands in his note,
A Philomel amidst a flock of Jays.

The banishment of OVID into Thrace
Did CÆSAR's glory grievously disgrace;
Dropp'd on his coat of arms a stain of ink,
And made the honest pen of HIST'RY shrink.

Thou who shott'st SERJEANT BOLTON through the foot,
At least didst make the Serjeant shoot himself:
O think how thou mayst suffer in repute,
By falling on a harmless rhyming elf!
REVENGE herself would blush at such a deed;
For Poets always were a dove-like breed.

Fire at a great LAW SERJEANT—then let fly,
Bounce, on a simple Rhymer such as I,
Great condescension verily requires:
What sportsman at the pheasant aims, and then
Hunts in his humble bush the twitt'ring wren?
On grouse and grasshoppers what mortal fires?

At

At London frequently we meet
A lofty CAMEL in the street,
Moving with state-unwieldiness along ;
We also see a Monkey on his hump,
Now, with an arch grimace, from head to rump
Skipping, and drawing wonder from the throng—
Against Lord Chesterfield's grave maxim finning,
The merry grig, that is to say, by *grinning*.

Now this same CAMEL, a well-judging beast,
Feels not of goading ridicule the least ;
Calmly the ruminating creature goes,
Poking his head, and shaking it in guise,
Much like great DOCTOR JOHNSON, call'd the wise
For pulling ev'ry Scotchman by the nose,
When pond'rous moving through the Northern track,
With dapper JEMMY BOSWELL on his back.

Now would not ev'ry mortal smile,
To see this Camel all so full of bile
Bouncing unhappily about,
Dancing, and staring, grunting, kicking, moaning,
And like a creature in the cholic groaning,
Making for playful JACKO all this rout ?

When

When HAWKSB'RY, SALISB'RY, LEEDS, and more
beside,

Fearing the tinsel on the back of PRIDE

Might tarnish by an acid drop of rhyme,

And consequently lose the magic rays

That call forth ADMIRATION'S gape and gaze,

And make her think she views the *true* SUBLIME—

I say, to MAJESTY when those *great* LORDS

Pour'd forth a foaming torrent of hard words ;

As, " Hang that PETER PINDAR, if you please ;

" Sire, make the graceless varlet understand

" What 'tis to smile at *Rulers* of the land—

" A beggar that disgraces his own fleas.

" SIRE, SIRE, th' ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S tiger gripe

" Would quickly stop the Raggamuffin's pipe ;

" Then for his laugh at GRANDEUR let him swing."

" No," quoth the KING—

" If *I'm* not hurt, my Lords, *you* may be quiet :

" 'Tis for *yourselves*, *yourselves*, you wish the riot—

" Yes, yes, you fear, you fear, that PETER'S Muse

" Will hang *your* Grandeurs in her noose.

" No,

“ No, no, my Lords, * M'DONALD must not squeeze
him :

“ You see I give up *New-year* Odes, to please him ;

“ And faith, between me and the post and you,

“ I fear the knave will get the *Birth-day* too.

“ No, no—let PETER sing, and laugh, and live :

“ I like to read his works—Kings are fair game :

“ What though he bites—'tis glorious to forgive.

“ Go, go, my Lords, go, go, and do the same.

“ Should PETER's verse be in the *right*,

“ *Our* conduct must be in the wrong :

“ Poor, poor's the triumph of a little spite—

“ We must not hang a subject for a song.

“ My Lords, my Lords, a whisper I desire :

“ Dame LIBERTY grows stronger—some feet higher ;

“ She will not be bamboozled, as of late :

“ *Aristocrate & la lanterne*

“ Are very often cheek by jowl, we learn,

“ Within a *certain* neighb'ring bustling State :

“ I think your Lordships and your Graces

“ Would not much like to dangle with wry faces.

“ But

* The Attorney-General.

“ But mum, my Lords—mum, mum, my Lords—
mum, mum :

“ You must be cautious for the time to come :

“ The People’s brains are losing their old fogs ;

“ Juries before the Judges won’t look flink ;

“ No, no—they fancy they’ve a right to think :

“ They say, indeed they won’t be driven like hogs.

“ No Starchambers, no Starchambers for *them*—

“ SLAVERY’s the dev’l, and LIBERTY a gem.

“ You see, my Lords, their heads are not so thick :

“ Take care, or soon you’ll have a bone to pick ;

“ And p’rhaps you would not like this same hard bone :

“ So let the laughing, rhyming rogue alone.”

Sweet ROBIN of the Muse’s sacred grove,

Whose soul is butter-milk, and song is love ;

So blest when Beauty forms the smiling theme ;

Who wouldst not Heav’n accept, (the sex so dear)

Had charming WOMAN no apartments there,

Thy morning vision, and thy nightly dream—

Mild MINSTREL, could their Lordships call thee rogue,

Varlet, and knave, and vagabond, and dog ?

What !

What! try to bring thee, for thy harmless wit,
Where GREYBEARDS in their robes terrific sit,
With sanctified long fortune-telling faces,
Whilst ERSKINE, eldest-born of RIDICULE,
From solemn IRONY'S bewitching school,
Tears to un-Judgelike grins, the hanging GRACES!

Meek POET, who, no prostitute for price,
Wilt never sanction fools, nor varnish VICE;
Nor rob the MUSE'S altar of its flame,
To brighten with immortal beams a *King*
(If FREEDOM finds no shelter from his wing,)
And meanly sing a Tyrant into fame!

Thus, LONSDALE, thou behold'st a fair example
Of greatness in a King—a noble sample!

Thou cry'st, "What must I do? on *thee* I call."—
Catch up your pen, my Lord, at once, and say,
"Dear PETER, all my rage is blown away;
"So, come and eat thy beef at LOWTHER-HALL."

ODE TO THE ACADEMIC CHAIR,

ON THE

ELECTION OF MR. WEST TO THE PRESIDENCY.

HOW art thou fallen, thou *once* high-honour'd
CHAIR!

Most hedgehog-like, thou bristlest up my hair.

But possibly I'm only in a dream:

If so, immediately O let me wake;

Good MORPHEUS, drag me from this sad mistake:

Open my eyes, or lo, I shall blaspheme.

By heav'ns! it is no vision—'tis *too* plain

That thou, poor imp, art fated to sustain

Of BENJAMIN th' abominable b-m.

What! after REYNOLDS, to take up with WEST!

Th' *antipodes* thou seekest, I protest,

From Jove's grand thunder, to an infant's drum;

The lightning courser, to the creeping mole;

The world's wide orbit, to a spider's hole;

From some fair column, or Corinthian dome,

Sunk to a dreary dungeon, or the tomb!

And

And yet, on recollection, that old throne,
 In Westminster's fair Choir for two-pence shown,
 Which bore the EDWARDS, HARRYS of our Isle,
 Has been oblig'd (a truth most melancholly !)
 To shrink beneath a leaden load of folly,
 And every meanness that can man defile.

Thy virtue is gone out of thee, I ween !
 Thy brother Chairs of late with humbled mien,
 That jealous envy'd thee thy tow'ring fame,
 All with one voice exclaim,
 And all the poignant pow'r of ridicule,
 " He is not equal to an old joint stool.

" *He* who of late so lofty held his crest,
 " Array'd so gorgeous in a crimson vest,
 " *He* now is worse than us poor humble hacks,
 " With not a single rag about our backs.

" Get thyself burnt, thou sad degraded creature ;
 " Go, boil some poor old washerwoman's water ;
 " Or get thyself to skewers and crocksticks turn'd ;
 " To some dead beggar's coffin give each nail,
 " And yield thy velvet to some strumpet's tail ;
 " For, know, thou shouldst no longer be adorn'd."

Thus

Thus speak thy brother Chairs! And yet 'tis cruel,
 As thou wouldst rather be cut up for fuel,
 Or rest the backs of beggars in the street:
 But lo, WEST fills thee, by his King's commands;
 Lov'd by his subjects—*fear'd* by foreign lands—
 And full of wisdom as an egg of meat!

“ I like WEST's works—he beats the RAPHAEL school:
 “ I never lik'd that REYNOLDS—'twas a fool—
 “ Painted too thick—a dauber—'twon't, 'twon't pass—
 “ WEST, WEST, WEST's pictures are as smooth as glass:
 “ Besides, I hated REYNOLDS, from my heart:
 “ He thought that I knew nought about the art.

“ WEST tells me that my taste is very pure—
 “ That I'm a connoisseur, a connoisseur:
 “ I like, I like, I like the works of WEST.”—
 Thus doth *our* KING, in sounds so gracious cry:
 Which proves that Kings with *little* can be blest,
 And give the wings of eagles to a fly!

O L D S I M O N .

A T A L E .

FOLKS cannot be for ever fniv'ling—no!
 With fountain noses that for ever flow—
 The world would quickly be undone;
 Widows, and lovelorn girls, poor souls, would die;
 And for his rich old father, sob and sigh,
 And hang himself, *perchaunce*, a *hopeful* son;

And, for their cats that happ'd to slip their breath,
 Old maids, so sweet, might mourn themselves to death:
 SORROW may therefore have her decent day,
 And smiling PLEASURE come again in play.

No! folks can't brood for ever upon GRIEF:
 PLEASURE must steal into her place at last;
 Thus then the heart from horror finds relief,
 Snatch'd from the cloud by which it is o'ercaft.

Thus was an anger'd Lord my constant theme,
 My constant thought by day, my constant dream:

Tears at his image oft burst out, with sighs:
At length CHARLES FOX* appear'd — behold the
change!

No longer after SORROW did I range,
But on the smile of PLEASURE cast mine eyes.
PLEASURE'S a lass that will at length prevail:
Witness the little pleasant following tale.

NARCISSA, full of grace, and youth, and charms,
Had slept some years in good Old SIMON'S arms;
Her kind and lawful spouse, that is to say,
Who, following of numbers the example,
Wishing of sweet young flesh to have a sample,
Married this charming girl upon a day.

For from grey-headed men, and thin, and old,
Young flesh is finely form'd to keep the cold.
Thus of the pretty Shunamite we read,
Who warm'd the good King DAVID and his bed,
Brought

* With the LIBEL-BILL; on which the Lord Chancellor wished to consult the Judges. Few are the men candid enough to part *voluntarily* with power, however tyrannical—it must be *torn* from them. The Judges have been rendered independent of the Crown, by the PEOPLE: now let them show their gratitude.

Brought back his flagging spirits all so cool,
 And kept the King of Israel warm as wool—
 Indeed the warmer could the Monarch keep,
 Than any thing belonging to a sheep.

Most virtuous was NARCISSA! lo,

All purity from top to toe;

As HEBE sweet, and as DIANA chaste.

None but old SIMON was allow'd a kifs,

Though hungry as a hound to snap the blifs;

Nor squeeze her hand, nor take her round the waift:

Had any dar'd to give her a green gown,

The FAIR had petrified him with a frown;

For CHASTITY, Lord bless us! is so nice—

Pure as the snow, and colder than the ice.

Thus then, as I have said before,

Sweetly she slept, and probably might snore,

In good old SIMON's unmolesting arms:

Some years, with this *Antique* of Christian clay,

Did pass in this same tasteless, tranquil way—

Ah, Gods! how lucky for such tender charms!

Yes, very fortunate it seem'd to be ;
 For, had NARCISSA wedded some *young chaps*,
 Their impudences, all forsooth so free,
 Had robb'd her eyes by night of half their naps.

And yet, on second thoughts (sometimes the best),
 Ladies *might choose* to lose a little rest ;
 Keep their eyes open for a Lover's sake,
 And thus a sacrifice to CUPID make.

It pleas'd at length the Lord who dwells on high,
 To bid the good old simple SIMON die ;
 Sleep with his fathers, as the Scripture has it :
 NARCISSA wept, that they were doom'd to part,
 Blubber'd, and almost broke her little heart—

So great her grief that nothing could surpass it :
 Not NIOBE mourn'd more for fourteen brats ;
 Nor Mistrefs TOFTS,* to leave her twenty cats.

Not to his grave was poor old SIMON *burried* ;
 No ! 'twas a fortnight full, ere he was buried.

'Tis

* The famous finger. She died a few years since at Venice,
 and left to every cat a legacy.

'Tis said old SIMON verily did stink :
 A pretty Sermon on th' occasion giv'n
 Prov'd his good works, and that he was in heav'n :
 Scraps too of Latin did the Parson link

Unto the funeral sermon, all so sweet,
 The congregation and the dead to greet :
 For every Wife that is *genteelly* bred,
 Orders a sprig of Latin for the dead.
 And of a sprig of Latin what's the cost?—
 A poor half-guinea at the most.

Latin sounds well—it is a kind of balm,
 That honoureth a corpse just like a psalm ;
 And 'tis believ'd by folks of pious qualm,
 Heav'n wo'n't receive a soul without a psalm.

But now for poor NARCISSA, wailing dove !
 Nothing—no, nothing equal'd her dear love :
 Such tears and groans burst forth, from eyes and mouth ;
 Where'er she went, she was so full of woes,
 Just like a dismal day that rains and blows
 From every quarter—east, west, north, and south ;
 And like some fountains were her radiant eyes,
 Lifting a constant water to the skies.

Resolv'd to keep his image near her breast,
 She got him beautifully carv'd in wood;
 Made it her bed-fellow, to soothe her rest,
 And thought him much like him of flesh and blood,
 Because it lay so wonderfully quiet,
 And like old SIMON never bred a riot.
 'Twas for some weeks, sweet soul, her pious plan
 Nightly to *bug* her dear old wooden man:

Yet, verily, it doth my fancy strike,
 That buxom widows, full of rich desires,
 Full of fine prancing blood, and LOVE's bright fires,
 Might such a wooden supplement dislike:
 But who can answer for the sex, indeed?
 Of things most wonderful we sometimes read!

It came to pass, a Youth admir'd the Dame—
 Burning to satisfy a lawless flame
 With much more passion fill'd, the rogue, than grace,
 What did he? Brib'd, one night, NARCISSA's maid,
 And got his limbs, so dev'lish faucy, laid,
 Th' impostors, in poor wooden SIMON's place:
 SUSAN, though born amongst a vulgar tribe,
 Knew nature, and the nature of a bribe.

The Dame came up, delicious, and undrest,
When SUSAN'S candle suddenly went out—
Misfortunes sometimes will attend the best—
No matter—Sweet NARCISSA made no rout.
She could not miss the way, although 'twas dark,
Unto her bed, and dear old bit of bark.

In slipp'd the FAIR, so fresh, beneath the sheets,
Thinking to hug her dear old oaken LOVE—
But lo, her BED-FELLOW with kisses greets!
She trembles, like an aspen, pretty dove :

In short, her terror kept her so much under,
She could not get away—and where's the wonder?
Since 'tis an old and philosophic notion,
That terror robbeth all the limbs of motion,

The upshot of the matter soon was this—
Her horrors funk, and died, at ev'ry kifs;
And, 'stead of wishing for the man of wood,
She seem'd to relish that of flesh and blood.

Next day, but not indeed extremely soon—
Some five or six o'clock—the afternoon,

SUSAN came tapping at the chamber-door:

(Now this was very prudent, to be sure;

It had been foolish to have tapp'd till then)

“ Well, Madam, what d'ye choofe for dinner, pray?”

“ Fish, flesh, and fowl,” the Lady quick did say—

“ The best of ev'ry thing—I don't care *when*.”

“ But Madam, I want wood to make a fire—

“ 'Tis rather late—our hands we have no time on.”

“ Oh,” cried NARCISSA, full of her new 'SQUIRE,

“ Then, SUSAN, you may go and burn old SIMON.”

ODE TO THE KING.

WRITTEN SOME TIME SINCE.

AN'T please your MAJESTY, 'twas rumour'd lately
That you had got it in your head so stately,

That we must have a law-suit—God forbid it!

Whether 'tis HAWKSB'RY, or his GRACE of LEEDS,
Invented such intended hostile deeds,

Or whether the more lofty SAL'SB'RY did it,

I say

I say not—but great Lords are giv'n to chatter ;
So, Sir, I deem it all a lying matter.

There's my LORD BLUFF too—CARDIGAN the *Great*,
Whose face DAME NATURE never meant should cheat ;
Who, if aught hurts the King, doth shrink and wince,
As *faithful* to his *Sov'reign* as his *Prince* !
Brimfull of loyalty his noble breast ;
Large and fermenting like a tub of yeast !
Glad at the aloes thrown into my cup,
He says too that you mean to eat me up.

That heartily they wish it, I don't doubt—
Most loyal *seem* they in your cause, and stout !
You can't think how they *seem* to take your part ;
And at the Poet, as the Devil, start—

I say the Devil, Sir, because some PEERS
Are with the Devil oft in large arrears :
They open'd an account, Sir, long ago—
And SATAN's a great creditor, I know.

Yes, *bugely* do they *seem* to take your part,
And at the POET, as a Demon, start ;
Just like a horse or ass at some wild beast
Prepar'd to jump upon their backs, and feast.

This

This **LOYALTY**'s a bird of passage, Sire;
 Likes the sun's eye—a comfortable fire!
 Warm'd by this fire, so cheerful doth she sing
 The hack'd old ballad, call'd "God save the King."
 But be in trouble, Sir, soon, very soon
 The **JADE** will drop the good old tune.

Yes—much your Lords are like the birds of May,
 Crying, Cuckoo, Cuckoo, Cuckoo, so gay:
 But if a gloomy month appear, so rough,
 And frost, and snow, and storms lay waste the land,
 Where are the pretty birds with note so bland?

Off!

Spit on the Courtiers, when with praise they greet:
 What from their mouth's unhallow'd censer flows?
 Instead of **FAME**'s perfume, so passing sweet,
 Lo, putrid dunghills smoke beneath thy nose!

Good God! that man should so far lose his nature,
 To beg **HYPOCRISY** to mould each feature—
 Crawl like the meanest reptile of the plain;
 Kick'd, cur-like whipp'd, and whistled back again!

You

You tell me that such reptiles you abhor,
 And that you never *see* my *fancy'd Cur*.
Indeed, Sir!!! then I strongly do surmise
 On levee-days you always *shut your eyes*.

ODE TO A MARGATE HOY.

WHEN VIRGIL shipp'd himself for Greece;
 Whether to 'scape the Bailiffs, I can't tell—
 Or libels wrote, got drunk, and broke the peace;
 But HORACE wrote an Ode, to wish him well.

Whether, like Margate Hoys, the ship was cramm'd
 With Roman Quality, no hist'ries know it;
 But HORACE swore she might as well be damn'd,
 As show her nose again without the Poet:
 In the same verse he breath'd a pious wish
 To blust'ring BOREAS, and the * King of Fish.

Now

* Neptune.

Now if a Bard, and that a Heathen too,
 Could offer verse to make old OCEAN quiet,
 Instruct the great King NEPTUNE *who was who*,
 And bid the God of Mackrel breed no riot;

A *Christian* Bard may give a Hoy an Ode,
 So oft with valuable people stow'd,
 That, thick as rats or maggots, from Wool Quay
 Crawl down the ladder to their wat'ry way!

Go, beauteous Hoy, in safety ev'ry inch!
 That storms should wreck thee, gracious Heav'n
 forbid!

Whether commanded by brave CAPTAIN FINCH,
 Or equally tremendous CAPTAIN KIDD.
 Go, with thy cargo—Margate-town amuse;
 And God preserve thy Christians and thy Jews!

Soon as thou gett'ft within the Pier,
 All Margate will be out, I trow,
 And people rush from far and near,
 As if thou hadst wild beasts to show,

O VENUS, Queen of ev'ry kissing joy,
 Beneath thy soft protection take the Hoy;

Protect

Protect each Damsel from the dangerous brine;
For many a Nymph it holds, thou callest *thine*.

Alas! the little LOVES, and blooming GRACES,
Would all put on most melancholy faces,
Should OCEAN, hostile to the soft DESIRES,
O'erwhelming, quench for aye their am'rous fires.

My good friend JOHNSON—MESDAMES WINDSOR,
Who for the Public, let me tell ye, [KELLY,
And through St. James's street, the Park, Pall-Mall,
Oft lead their lovely giggling Tits along,
A pretty pleasing fascinating throng—
Much would they grieve to find the voyage fail:

Like three stout men of war for safety made,
From port to port, who convoy the *fair* trade;
Or three protecting DUCKS, that guard their brood,
And lead their cackling young to pick up food.

Yet not alone would *those* be taken napping—
Great were the loss of Gentlefolks from WAPPING,
Who, fond of travel, unto MARGATE roam,
To gain that consequence they want at home.

At MARGATE how like Quality they strut!

Nothing is good enough to greet their jaws;
 Yet, when at home, are often forc'd, God wot,
 To suck like bears a dinner from their paws—

Forc'd on an old joint-stool their tea to take,
 With treacle 'stead of sugar for their gums;
 Butt'ring their hungry loaf, or oaten cake,
 Like mighty CHARLES of SWEDEN, with their
 thumbs.

But HOY, inform me—who is SHE on board,
 That seems the Lady of a first-rate Lord,
 With stomach high push'd forth as if in scorn,
 Like craws of ducks and geese o'ercharg'd with corn;

Dress'd in a glaring, gorgeous damask gown,
 Which, roses, like the leaves of cabbage, crown;
 With also a bright petticoat of pink,
 To make the eye from such a lustre shrink?

Yes, who is she the Patagonian dame,
 As bulky as of Heidelberg the tun;
 Her face, as if by brandy taught to flame,
 In blaze superior to the noonday sun—

With

With fingers juſt like ſaufages, fat things ;
 And loaded, much like curtain-rods, with rings ?
 Yes, who is SHE that with a ſquinting eye
 Surveys poor paſſengers who ſick'ning ſigh ;
 Sad, pale-nos'd, gaping, puling, mournful faces,
 Deſerted by the blooming, ſmiling GRACES ;
 That, reaching o'er thy ſide, ſo doleful throw
 The ſtomach's treaſure to the fiſh below ?

'Tis MADAM BACON, proud of worldly goods,
 Whoſe firſt ſpouſe ſhav'd and bled—drew teeth,
 made wigs ;
 Who having by her tongue deſtroy'd poor SUDS,
 Married a wight that educated pigs !

But hark ! ſhe ſpeaks ! extremely like a man !
 Raiſing a furious tempeſt with her fan—
 “ Why, Captain, what a beaſtly ſhip ! good God !
 “ Why, Captain, this indeed is very odd !
 “ Why, what a grunting dirty pack of doings !
 “ For heav'n's fake, Captain, ſtop the creatures'
 ſp-w-gs.”

Now hark ! the Captain answers—“ Miſtreſs BACON,
 “ I own I can't be with *ſuch matters* taken ;
 “ I likes

- “ I likes not vomitings no more than *you* ;
 “ But if so be that gentlefolks be sick,
 “ A woman hath the bowels of *Old Nick*,
 “ Poor souls, to bung their mouths—’twere like a
 Jew.”

Majestic Mistrefs BACON speaks agen!—

- “ *Folks* have no bus’ness to make others sick :
 “ I don’t know, Mister Captain, what you mean
 “ About your Jews, and bowels of Old Nick :
 “ If all your cattle will such hubbub keep,
 “ I know that I shall leave your stinking ship.

 “ Some folks have dev’lish dainty guts, good Lord !
 “ What bus’ness have such cattle here aboard ?
 “ *Such gang indeed* to foreign places roam !
 “ ’Tis more becoming them to sp-w at home.”

But hark ! the Captain *properly* replies—

- “ Why, what a breeze is here, G-d d-mn my eyes !
 “ God blefs us, Mistrefs BACON ! who are *you* ?
 “ Zounds, *Ma’am*, I say, *my* passengers shall sp-w.”

THE WOLF AND THE LION.

A T A L E.

DEDICATED TO LORD HAWKESBURY.

KINGS really are in general not *so bad*;
 And therefore I must take their part;
 But 'tis their servants that are drunk or mad,
 With ev'ry demon trick and little art.

Champions for Master's fame, they fire away;
 And, 'midst the bustle of the idle fray,
 Like lubbers, knock him on the head;
 Then, staring, wonder how he should be *dead!*
 Sometimes a King discovers he has eyes—
 Then for himself he sees—now, that is wise.

Once on a time a LION, not a fool,
 Though in the under-class of WISDOM'S school,
 Amidst his subjects had a Monkey got,
 Who, rather impudent enough,
 Would take his Sov'reign's foibles off,
 Tell stories of him—mimic him—what not?

This for the scheming WOLF was quite a feast,
 Who told the Monarch of the Monkey's finning,
 Relating all his mimicry and grinning,
 Trying to irritate the noble beast.

"What, what, what doth he say?" the LION cry'd.—
 "Dread Sir, you are most wickedly belied,"
 Rejoin'd the WOLF with brazen face—
 "He says that you to Merit are no friend,
 "And only to a Patronage *pretend*;
 "And slight th' *inferiors* of the Brutal Race.

"He swears you don't encourage useful beasts;
 "That for *yourself* alone you're making feasts;
 "And that it is beyond a question,
 "No beast has such a wonderful digestion;
 "That, all so saving, you would skin a stone,
 "And only think of number *one*;
 "And that it is a sin indeed and shame
 "My LADY LIONESS should do the same;
 "That sycophants, who flatter, fawn, and creep,
 "Are really all the company you keep;
 "That beasts of talents, whom you should support,
 "Are all forbid to show their nose at Court.

“What?” quoth the MONARCH—“what, what?
doth he fo?”—

“Yes, SIRE, now hang him, and the rogue requite.”

“WOLF,” quoth the LION, “no, no, no, no, no—

“I fear; I fear, the rogue is *in the right*.”

Now this was noble—like a King, in *sooth*—
Who scorn'd to choak a subject for the truth.

THE WOLVES, THE BEAR,
AND
OTHER BEASTS.

A F A B L E.

ALL JUDGES should be mild and just:
This is the case with *English ones*, I trust:
Such K***, B***, shine—those rare law-fages:
Neither of *these* a rash or hot-brain'd fool—
Most charming dove-like Imps of MERCY'S school,
Whose names shall live to distant ages—
All meekness, sweetness, tender nature—
And all their virtues of a giant stature!

What happiness it needs must yield a land,
 To see such *goodly* men upon the Bench,
 Whom none can with a single murder brand;
 Whose hearts, so pure, did ne'er emit a stench
 Like carrion, so offensive to our noses,
 But scents of lilies, violets, and roses!!!

They never, with the faces of the Furies,
 Dar'd dictate, brow-beat, and controul the Juries;
 Nor wilful misinterpreted the Law:
 Full well they know that Juries are *above 'em!*
 And 'tis astonishing how much they *love 'em!*
 When *Judge* and *Jury* thus together draw

With so much pleasure, like a pair of nags,
 Behold! no tongue opprobrious wags!
 No tongue cries, "JEFFRIES, bloody JEFFRIES,
 SCROGS!

" Hang, hang those traitors, like a brace of dogs!

" Not in their beds be they allow'd to die—

" Nor let their putrid carcases have graves:

" Slap PITY's face, if e'er she bids her eye

" Hold but a drop for such a pair of knaves."

Full

Full of rich character shall *such* descend,
 And honour'd with their high-fam'd fathers sleep;
 Fair JUSTICE shall with sighs their herse attend,
 And PITY's song of melancholy weep.

Like leaves, whilst *others* fall unmourn'd away,
 And load of DEATH the solitary glooms,
 Lo! GLORY from her sun shall pluck a ray,
 And bid it spread eternal round their tombs.

Yet Nations have been curs'd with wicked Judges,
 Who, fond of pow'r, possess hard jury-grudges;
 Who calmly sent poor culprits to their graves,
 Just as an Eastern Despot sends his slaves.
 For *such* I pen a neat Æsopian tale;
 Hoping the pretty moral will prevail.

Th' *inferior* Beasts most bitterly complain'd,
 (And who will not complain, whose cheek is smitten?)
 That from the Wolves much hardship they sustain'd,
 And often most inhumanly were bitten.
 This wantonness DAME JUSTICE did cry, "fie" on—
 And mention'd it, but vainly, to the LION.

“ Those damn’d furr’d rascals !” growl’d the angry
 Beasts,
 “ Each Wolf upon our meat continual feasts ;
 “ Yet *Snap*’s the word, and quick off goes a head :
 “ We must take out their teeth—it can’t be borne—
 “ Yes, from their jaws their grinders must be torn.—
 “ Behold, the very fields with blood are red.”

But first the Bear must be consulted.—BRUIN,
 Who did not much approve jaw-ruin,
 With his black hide, to all the beasts appear’d,
 And with much gravity their story heard.

“ Sirs,” (quoth the Bear) you talk of taking teeth
 With such an easy and familiar breath,
 As though it might be pleasant to their jaws ;
 But I must ask the Wolves if they’ll consent
 That from their mouths their grinders shall be rent ;
 For this is necessary, Sirs, because
 The Wolves are *owners* of the teeth, and therefore,
 Before *RUSPINI’s call’d, will ask a *wherefore*.

BRUIN, in consequence, the Wolves address :

“ LORD WOLVES, it is the wish of many a beast,
 “ That

* The Chevalier, a famous dentist.

" That you consent your teeth may all be pull'd ;
 " D-m me if I would lose my snags, my Lords ;
 " I'd tell the knaves so, in so many words—
 " God d-mn me, of one's grinders to be GULL'D ! "

" What ! lose our teeth ? " exclaim'd the Wolves—

" no, no—

" We'll keep them, if it only be for *show*.

" Say, my LORD BRUIN, that, and let them *chew* it :

" Nay, tell the fools, we wish them somewhat longer,

" Sharper, and more of them, and stronger ;

" And, if we lose them, *force* shall only do it."

This answer of the WOLVES, LORD BEAR reported :

Which answer did not please the Beasts at all ;

Who slighted, now no longer *pray'd* and *courted*,

But on the villains fast began to fall,

Choak'd two or three *prime Rogues*, and, on condition,

Receiv'd from all th' affrighted rest, *submission*.

THE
TEARS OF SAINT MARGARET,

ALSO,
ODES OF CONDOLENCE

TO THE
HIGH AND MIGHTY MUSICAL DIRECTORS,
ON THEIR DOWNFALL.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
THE ADDRESS TO THE OWL.

LIKEWISE,
MISTRESS ROBINSON'S HANDKERCHIEF,

AND
JUDGE BULLER'S WIG;

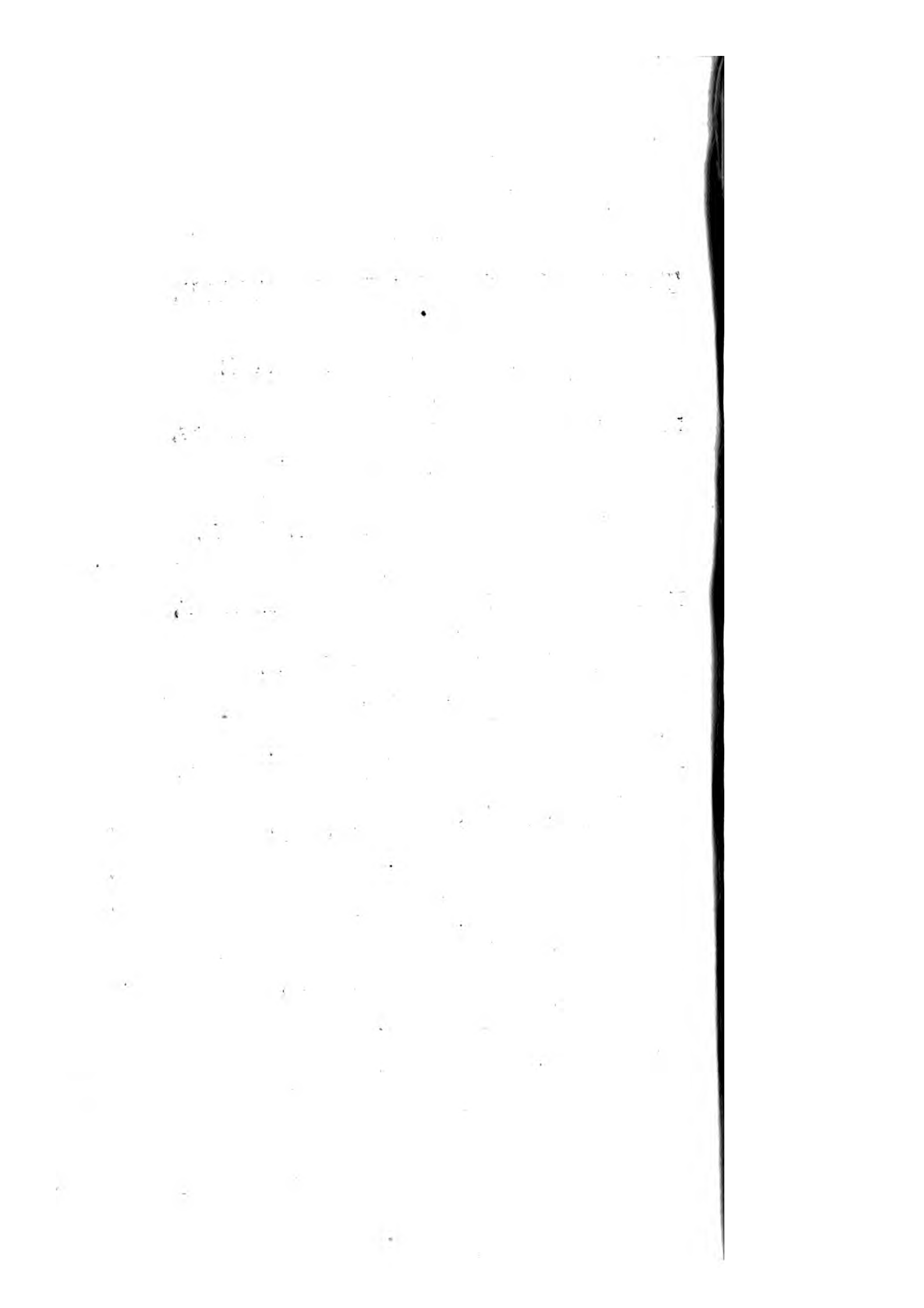
A FABLE.

ALSO,
THE CHURCHWARDEN OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE;

OR,
THE FEAST ON A CHILD.

Delirant REGES, pleEtuntur ACHIVI.

The KING was wroth ; and smelling matters out,
He put the GRAND DIRECTORS to the rout.



TO THE READER.

THE frequent complaints of ignorance, partiality, profusion, &c. exhibited against the MOST NOBLE MUSICAL DIRECTORS, together with their quarrels with the principal SINGERS and PERFORMERS, having brought them into unpopularity; and what seemed worst of all, the MOST NOBLE DIRECTORS having imprudently made a public declaration, without his MAJESTY'S consent, that there was an end of ABBEY COMMEMORATION, such a favourite hobby-horse of MAJESTY; the King resolved on their dismissal from all and every interference at the ORATORIO to be performed at ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH. The immediate consequence of the Royal annunciation was the *displasure* of the DIRECTORS, and was also, of consequence, the *displeasure* of the LYRIC BARD, who sighed on the mournful occasion, and took up the cudgels in their defence. Great has been the cry against them, that they feasted at the *Saint Alban's Tavern*, at the expence of the MUSICAL FUND. Although I do not credit such rumour, I have taken the fact for granted, that (like their DEPUTIES, who actually *did* feast at different times at the *Saint Albern's Tavern*, at the expence of the FUND) the NOBLE DIRECTORS *did* condescendingly shew the example; and I have hinted that those MOST NOBLE DIRECTORS had as fair a right to be rewarded with dinners as *Parish Officers* and their friends, who so frequently have a jovial meeting, to *eat and tipple elemosinary* on the birth of a BASTARD.

PROLOGUE TO THE ODES;

OR,

THE TEARS OF ST. MARGARET.

NOW NIGHT, the negro, reign'd—" Past one
o'clock,"

The drowsy watchman bawl'd—from murky vaults,
The dough-fac'd spectres crowded forth—the eye,
The funk, the wearied eye of TOIL, was clos'd:
Mute, NATURE's busied voice, her brawl and hum;
While HORROR, creeping on the world of gloom,
Breath'd her dark spirit through the death-like hour—
Now from her silver-fringed east the MOON
Peep'd on the VAST of shade—up-mounting flow,
In solemn stillness, till her lab'ring orb,
Freed from the caves of DARKNESS, gain'd its sphere,
And mov'd in splendid solitude along.
At this blank hour of awe, amid her fane,
That caught a partial radiance on its walls,
A radiance stealing on the shadowy tombs,
Illuminating death,—the pious MAID,

Whose

Whose flesh did wonders in its days of bloom,
 And bones work'd marvels when she finil'd no more—
 The pensive MARGARETTA stalk'd, and paus'd,
 And paus'd and stalk'd, and stalk'd and paus'd agen;
 Now nailing to the twilight floor her eye;
 Now gazing on the holy windows dim;
 Now motionless, and now with hurrying step
 Along the hollow-sounding aisle she pass'd;
 And leaning lorn at murder'd RALEIGH's tomb,
 Of SILENCE wak'd the pale and sacred sleep,
 With plaintive accent, thus—

MARGARET'S LAMENTATION.

WHY should yon old Abbey, should'ring
 My poor Fane with Gothic pride,
 Cracking, sinking, falling, mould'ring,
 On the back of Marg'ret ride?

What is that huge Ruin's merit?
 Only fit for housing rats.
 Be her guests, with all my spirit,
 Hooting owls, and horrid bats!

Why

Why am *I* to be despis'd,
Why am *I* to be kept under;
I who once by Kings was priz'd?
What's the meaning on't, I wonder?

I whose pow'r could agues charm,
Fits and tooth-achs, cramps and evils;
Satan's wicked self difarm;
Him, the great proud Prince of Devils.

Lo, that Abbey for past years,
At each grand Commemoration,
For DIRECTORS boasted *Peers*—
Peers the glory of the Nation!

Who were *my* Directors? Lo,
DOCTOR PARSONS, JUSTICE COLLIC;
ARNOLD and DUPUIS and Co.
What a very pretty frolic!

But 'tis said the KING commanded,
And the Grand DIRECTORS fell:
By the KING were they disbanded?
FAME will blush the tale to tell.

Soon

Soon I'll go (for what should hinder?)
 To the first of rhyming men,
 To that Giant PETER PINDAR :
 He shall hear—and then, and then !!

PETER in his wrath shall rise,
 And the scythe of verse prepare ;
 Lo, I see his lightning eyes !
 Lo, his arm of vengeance bare !

Backs of Monarchs shall he slice,
 As he scorns them so *sincerely*—
 Woman need not ask him twice ;
 PETER loves the ladies dearly.

Thus spoke the SAINT!—When MORN her blushes
 spread,
 To Covent-Garden's square she wing'd her flight,
 And drew the curtains of the POET's bed,
 Who fortunately slept *alone* that night.

To

To *him* she told her story o'er and o'er:

When PETER, rous'd by MARG'RET's sad narration,
Pull'd off his night-cap, and devoutly swore
He'd *roast* a *certain* RULER of a nation.

SAINT MARG'RET thank'd the Bard with sweetest
smiles,
And PETER thunder'd on the KING OF ISLES.

ODES OF CONDOLENCE, &c.

O D E I.

The Poet breaketh mournfully out on the fall of the NOBLE DIRECTORS—Threateneth to expostulate with the KING—Lamenteth the loss of Direction-importance, boxes, white wands, and dinners at the Saint Alban's Tavern, &c. &c.

POOR LEEDS! poor UXBRIDGE! and poor JOAH BATES!

And all ye other poor ones, of hard fates!

'Tis a strange man this King of ours indeed—
There's reason, to be sure, in roasting eggs!
What! raise an Oratorio at SAINT PEG'S,
And set a thing on *foot* without a *head*!

What! could the King have music in a church,
And leave the *great* DIRECTORS in the lurch?
Ev'n so!—but lo, I'll parley with the King,
And such a peal into his ears I'll ring!

Thus

Thus will I say, how'er it may disgust—

“ An't please your Majesty, you are *unjust*.”

“ How, how ?” the King will cry, with wild rapidity—

“ Yes, SIRE, the grand Directors take it ill ;

“ Deeming themselves all men of tuneful skill,

“ And having all, for crotchets, hawk-avidity ;

“ That they should lose the lead in this affair,

“ Which really makes them marvel, and so stare,

“ Not knowing what offence they have committed ;

“ Being a set of very clever men,

“ So stuff'd with crotchet-knowledges, and then

“ For Oratorios so nicely fitted !

“ Behold ! no boxes for DIRECTORS ! no !

“ Who at the ABBEY form'd a raree-show,

“ With nice kid gloves, medallions, wands so white !

“ Tagrag and bobtail now condemn'd to join ;

“ What's ten times worfe, condemn'd to *pull out* COIN ;

“ Men so unus'd to pay a single doit !

“ When proud to view of Royalty the rays,

“ Your SUBJECTS had their bellies full of gaze,

“ Amid the ABBEY's glory for past years ;

Q 2

“ Then

“ Then would they ponder on the white-stick row,
 “ Of Uxbridge, Grey de Wilton, Leeds,
 and Co.

“ And, *next* to Majesty, admire the Peers.

‘ Who’s that slim, whey-fac’d gentleman, and thin,

‘ With some old gentlewoman’s nose and chin?

‘ And *be* so furly, with a fable face?’

“ Would gaping strangers all so curious cry;

“ When, all so solemn, I have made reply,

‘ *That* Lord is Leeds’s very noble Grace,

‘ With lath-like form, whey-face, and cheeks so thin,

‘ And good old gentlewoman’s nose and chin—

‘ And he who lours as though he meant to bite,

‘ Is Earl of Uxbridge, with his face of night.’

“ And then I’ve told the names of all the rest;

“ At which the strangers have been all so *blest*,

“ Bow’d, curtsy’d low, so grateful—I don’t doubt it,

“ They told their dear relations *all about it!*

“ No more Directors challenge admiration!

“ No more the tuneful rulers of a nation!

“ Unknown, in *vulgar* seats they bite their thumbs;

“ Now

“ Now half awake they nod, and now they sleep,
 “ And now they sigh, and now in dreams they weep,
 “ And mumble much displeasure 'midst their gums.

“ Heav'ns ! with what huge delight their eyes would
 “ hail

“ The * *breeches* blazing at SAINT MARG'RET'S tail,
 “ Instead of STEPHEN, who, to all belief,
 “ Poor fellow, must have travell'd with a brief! †

“ But, SIR, this is not all—for, in your ear,
 “ Something more horrible brings up the rear !
 “ No longer on the *tweedle-dum* account,
 “ At yon fair tavern in SAINT ALBAN'S Street,
 “ Those men of taste and music joyful greet,
 “ And load their stomachs to a large amount ;

“ All for the good of the *poor* FUND, so kind !
 “ Now this is dreadful to my simple mind ;

Q 3

“ To

* POOR SAINT STEPHEN had a very warm pair of breeches clapped to his lately ; but the SAINT luckily shook them off. Without a metaphor, the House of Commons was nearly set on fire by some patriotic Incendiaries.

† To solicit charity, like many others who suffer by fire.

“ To think those TITLED MEN, whose valiant jaws,
 “ And stomachs all so keen, and deep as facks,
 “ And teeth so valorous in feast attacks,
 “ So bravely battled in the tuneful cause,
 “ Should, by the royal word so hard commanded,
 “ Disgracefully be turn'd adrift—disbanded !

“ I hear, I hear the angry Lords exclaim,
 ‘ Thus to be all discarded ! ’tis a shame—
 ‘ The royal mandate will be *cruel* styl'd—
 ‘ Behold CHURCHWARDENS, OVERSEERS so sleek !
 ‘ Read their card-invitations ev'ry week—
 ‘ Sir, you're desir'd to come and eat a child.'
 ‘ One child a week they constantly devour ;
 ‘ Sometimes they eat two children—sometimes four,

 ‘ If thus those fellows live, the lazy drones,
 ‘ LORDS, of a *charity* may pick the bones ;
 ‘ Yes, as provisions are so very dear,
 ‘ Eat a *few fiddlers* once or twice a year.'

“ Such is the language Lords employ, O King,
 “ Enough the hearts of savages to wring,
 “ And make, I hope, your royal conscience ache :

“ *Such* reas’nings are indeed extremely deep !
“ Why should of *Lords* the teeth and stomachs sleep,
“ Whilst those of keen *Churchwardens* are awake ?”

Thus to the King of Nations will I cry—
But what will be his MAJESTY’S reply ?—
“ Thank, thank ye, PETER, for supporting straws—
“ Good advocate—good, good, in a bad cause :
“ I’ll have no more such doings, let me tell ye—
“ No, no, no eating calves in the cow’s belly.”

ODE TO SAINT CECILIA.

The POET very loyally calleth upon ST. CECILIA, the great Patroness of Music, by way of JUSTICE OF PEACE, CONSTABLE, and COMFORTER, to come down from Heaven to the NOBLE DIRECTORS, issue a PROCLAMATION for dissolving Societies of Musical Instruments; taking them up, and knocking them to pieces, as also the heads of the Musicians against each other. — The Poet concludeth with a prophecy of returning power to the DIRECTORS.

DIVINE CECILIA, pray, from Heav'n step down;
 Most wond'rous are the doings in this town!
 Behold, behold a tuneful revolution!
 DIRECTORS banish'd, but no execution!
 Thank God, no grinning heads of Lords, poor souls,
 Amid the mob, survey the streets on poles.

The fiddles screech with rapture one and all;
 The flutes and hautboys whistle at the fall:
 The pompous organ, for rebellion ripe!
 Glad of the long-wish'd overthrow, he opes,
 To shew the world his pleasure, all his stops,
 And pours his thunders through each giant pipe;

Whilst all his pigmies, trilling, squeaking, squalling,
 Like mad things, every one his tune, are bawling:
 The hoarse bassoons their nasal twang employ—
 And hog-like bases grunt the song of joy.

Wild screams the trumpet's brazen note so clear;
 And on th' occasion, scorning to be mum,
 Like cannon foundeth on the loaded ear,
 At solemn intervals, the double drum.

The various instruments of wind and string,
 Thus to the world in saucy triumph sing—
 "What are those Lord-Directors?—arrant fools,
 "Mean mongrels—never bred in Music's schools—
 "With just as much of science as a pig;
 "Who scarcely know a psalm-tune from a jig.
 "Are these the men to lead us?—Music swears,
 "And to the pill'ry recommends their ears."

And lo, of Music the choice bands,
 Delighted, clap their madding hands;
 And, raising to the stars their eyes devout,
 "Thank heav'n," they roar, "those *fellows* are
 turn'd out,

"No

“ No longer shall their tyranny impose,
 “ And lead the King of Nations by the nose.”

Then, sweet CECILIA, leave thy lofty station ;
 O haste and issue out thy Proclamation—
 Of wond'rous danger let it talk aloud—
 Root up societies of flutes, bassoons ;
 Knock down the organ, for his rebel tunes,
 The brazen trumpet break, and crack the crowd,

Lay on the necks of the rebellious BAND
 Thy powerful and chastising hand—
 And for their impudent and senseless pother,
 Sweet GODDESS, knock one head against another.

O haste and keep the mournful Lords in heart,
 As scarce a single mortal takes their part.
 Except the lofty family of PRIDE,
 Few are the comforters they boast beside—

These are their constant friends indeed, and stout ;
 Friends that few Nobles ever are *without* :
 Hereditary friends of ancient date,
 Accompanying great title and estate.

And

And yet 'tis said no virtues can reside
Where dwells that lofty scowling SPIRIT, PRIDE;
That Aconite, the noisome weed of gloom,
That near it suffers not a flow'r to bloom.

Joy to my soul! of LEEDS his glorious Grace
Puts forth a simpering sweet prophetic face,
Amid this rough mischance, that seems to say,
" Though disappointment mocks the present hour,
" Next year shall mark the triumph of my pow'r,
" When FACTION'S scowling fiends shall shun the
day."

Thus when the MONARCH of the winds, in spite,
Rolls a dark phalanx on the golden light,
And blots the beauteous ORB the world adorning,
SOL lifts the fable mantle of a cloud,
And, peeping underneath the envious shroud,
Smiles hope, and says, " I'll shine to-morrow
morning."

O D E.

The BARD adviseth the DIRECTORS to submit to their degraded situation; and by way of consolation, informeth them of the fallen state of the Poets—and, moreover, comforteth the DIRECTORS with the changes that take place amongst crowned as well as *un*-crowned heads.

YET not alone are *you* by Kings despis'd;
 Lo, lofty poets are no longer priz'd,
 That to an eagle turn'd a popinjay;
 That scorn'd of TIME the ever-dreaded wars,
 Turn'd winking rush-lights into blazing stars,
 And stole from frail mortality, decay!

POETS, with that rare instrument call'd RHYME,
 Drew with the greatest ease the teeth of TIME;
 Snapp'd his broad scythe so keen, and broke his glass;
 Clipp'd his two wings, and fix'd him on an ass:
 Such was the envy'd pow'r of *ancient* BARDS,
 When King's vouchsaf'd to crown them with rewards.

In days of old, the BARDS were sacred creatures,
 Deem'd so exalted in their natures!

By

By numbers thought fit company for *Gods!*
 Lo, at the feasts of Kings the MINSTRELS fat;
 Eat, fung, and mingled in the royal chat;
 And scarcely did there seem a grain of odds.

Thus cry'd those Kings of old, (delightful praise!)
 " Touch not the men of other days;
 " Hurt not a hair of those sweet sons of song,
 " Whose voices shall be heard amidst our halls,
 " When we, amidst of peath the narrow walls,
 " " In gloomy silence shall be stretch'd along."

Scot-free the Poets drank and ate;
 They paid no taxes to the State!
 Now comes a *Butcher*, roaring " Pay your bill;"
 Now the blue-apron'd wight of beer,
 And man of bread, approach and cry, " Look here;
 " Not one more morsel, not a single gill,
 " Shall, Master Poet, pass your piping throat,
 " Until you quickly pay up ev'ry groat."
 Unnatural! alas, what Gothic founds!
 Thus 'tis the *rude* PROFANE a Poet wounds!

At Windsor, when the Monarch has been by,
 How have I languish'd on the royal stye,

Where

Where wanton'd fifty little grunting grigs!
 But never had the King the grace to say,
 " You're hungry, hungry, PETER—take away,
 " Take, take a couple of the prettiest pigs."

Oft of his geese too have I heard the notes,
 And, hungry, wish'd to stop their gobbling throats;
 But vainly did mine eyes around them wander:
 How easily the Monarch might have said,
 " You don't eat roast meat often, I'm afraid;
 " Take, take away the fattest goose or gander."

Kings care not if we neither drink nor carve—
 This is their speech in secret, " Sing and starve."
 And yet our Monarch has a world of books,
 And daily on their backs so gorgeous looks;
 So neatly bound, so richly gilt, so fine,
 He fears to open them to read a line!

Since of our *books* a King can highly deem,
 The *Authors* surely might command esteem:
 But here's the dev'l—I fear too many know it—
Some Kings prefer the Binder to the Poet.

Yet

Yet, though it never was poor PETER's fate
 To get a sixpence from the MAN OF STATE,
 Who rather tries to keep the Poets under—
 Oft have I dipp'd in golden praise the pen,
 Writing *such handsome things* about great men,
 That CANDOUR's eye-balls have been seen to wonder.

Yet *had* it *happen'd* that the BARD
 Had borne on high-bred folk *a little bard*,
 Good for an *evil* mortals should return—
 'Tis very wicked with revenge to burn.
 The *sun's* a bright example, let me say—
 Obliges the black clouds that veil his ray;
 Oft makes them *decent* figures to behold,
 And covers all their dirty rags with gold.

But let us not an idle pother keep,
 And, afs-like, at a *revolution* bray;
 Lo, *Kings themselves*, like cabbages, grow cheap:
 Thus ev'ry dog at last will have his day—
 He who this morning *smil'd*, at night may *sorrow*;
 The *grub* to day's a *butterfly* to-morrow.

O D E.

The POET administereth comfort to the disgraced DIRECTORS.

POOR Imps! we all are born, to heave the groan!
 MISFORTUNE can't let HAPPINESS alone;
 Sharp as a cat, for ever pleas'd to watch her,
 And trying with a thousand traps to catch her.

Submission is our lot—it is our fate
 To drop the tear, amid this mortal state!
 Yet by our folly often worse we make it.—
 At disappointment frequent have I sigh'd:
 “P-x take the world!” indignant I have cry'd—
 “*Life* is not worth the terms on which we take it!”

Then on the lot of mortals giv'n a scowl;
 And angry thus, one night, address'd an OWL.

ADDRESS TO AN OWL.

“THOU solemn BIRD on yonder ivy'd tow'r,
 “Wilt thou exchange thy nature, OWL, with me?
 “Happy to take possession of thy bow'r,
 “I here protest I would exchange with *thee*.
 “When

“ Because no mobs, nor fires, nor thieves appear;
 “ Because no riots with their yells they hear;
 “ No brothels, scenes of fallow fate unfold.

“ Sweet Owl, this short apostrophé excuse;
 “ And willing now to *thee* returns the MUSE.

“ Grave Bird of Wisdom, 'mid the twilight scene
 “ Dimly I mark thy philosophic mien—
 “ And now I see expand thy snowy wings:
 “ To yonder elm, O happy happy fowl,
 “ Thou rushest forth to call upon MISS OWL,
 “ Expectant of her BEAU, who darkling sings.

“ Together now ye fail the dusky vale,
 “ Now dart on prey, now mount agen the gale;
 “ Now on the moon-clad barn or silent grove,
 “ Your four-feet fill'd with various game, ye go
 “ (For hunger must be satisfied, I trow);
 “ And, after feasting, kifs and sing of love.

“ To-morrow fullen must I move to town,
 “ Shook in a wooden engine up and down,
 “ For want, O Owl, of thy soft gliding wing—

“ Stow’d with a gang of thieves perchance, and trulls ;

“ Too noisy for the thickest human skulls—

“ Who smook, and laugh, and roar, and swill,
and sing.

“ Jaded at length I quit my wooden hive ;

“ Unhing’d, at busy London I arrive,

“ Parent of sin, and nastiness, and noise :

“ By coach and cart, and wheelbarrow and dray,

“ Through motley mob I force my fighting way ;

“ Pimps, porters, chairmen, chimney-sweepers boys :

“ Saluted, as I pass along,

“ By all the various imps of song,

“ *One* crying rabbits rabbits, wild fowl that,

“ *Another* mackrel, salmon, oyster, sprat !

“ With such a howling ear-distracting note,

“ And mouth extended as a barn-door wide,

“ That fish and flesh forsooth may be *well* cry’d,

“ A man might leap into each cavern throat.

“ In Covent-Garden, at the HUMMUMS, now

“ I sit, but after many a curse and vow

“ Never to see the madding city more ;

“ Where barrows truckling o’er the pavement roll,

“ And, what is horror to a tuneful soul,

“ Where asses, deep in love, to asses roar;

“ Which asses, that the Garden’s square adorn,

“ Must lark-like be the heralds of my morn.

“ Let others talk with wild affright

“ Of spectres and the shades of night;

“ Ye want not SOL’s refulgent painful ray;

“ Night to your eyes is but a milder day.

“ Let others mock your airs that simply flow—

“ *Teebo teewhit, teewhit teebo—*

“ But then, dear OWL, ’tis *sweetly* simple, mind:

“ Avaunt the *scientific* squall—

“ I hate it—*nature* hates it all—

“ But lo! ’tis *science* and the *ton*, I find.

“ The ear with *barsh chromatics* must be *teas’d*,

“ Grown much too *fashionable* to be *pleas’d*.

“ Here could I wander ’mid the dewy glade,

“ On sacred silence feast, and shade:

“ But ah! farewell—SLEEP calls me—’tis night’s

noon;

“ On

“ On wings of freedom as thou sweep’st the sky,
“ Sweet child of shadows, o’er my hamlet fly,
“ And kindly soothe my slumber with a tune.”

Thus out of humour I address’d the bird,
Wishing to change conditions with the fowl;
But at the cheerful morn, upon my word,
I lik’d the *man*-state better than the *owl*.

Thus anger’d at the wayward tricks of FATE,
Pettish, ye wish your grandeur at the devil;
Yet, after cursing *high* and *mighty* state,
Ye wisely deem it not so *huge* an *evil*:
Contented to be *men of worship* still,
Pleas’d with the gifts that *Kings*, not *Heav’n*, bestow;
Proud, from the height of TITLE’s star-clad hill,
To mock us poor *unhonour’d* grubs below.

O D E.

The POET comforteth again and again and again the Noble
DIRECTORS with moral reflections, &c.

'T IS giv'n as gospel both in prose and rhymes,
That people should not be *for ever blest* ;
Misfortune therefore must be good at times,
A salutary, though satiric guest ;

That goads to virtuous works the rump of SLOTH ;
Like gout, that bites us into health so fair ;
Or like the needle, while it wounds the cloth,
It puts the rag into repair..

Sigh now no more, nor let those funs, your eyes,
Be dimly gleaming through perpetual show'rs—
Let PLEASURE bring the beam of summer skies,
And gild the pinions of your fable hours.

Let not GRIEF's surge along your bosom roll,
Nor FANCY gather sorrows for the soul.

Ah!

Ah! sigh no more, sweet Lords, pray sigh no more!

Not all, not all your consequence is dead;

In Tot'nam-street ye still preserve a pow'r,

And proudly bear an elevated head;

Where, all obedience, and with one accord,

Musicians learn to tremble at the *Lord.

O D E,

The Vicissitudes of Life! wonderful!

LIFE changes—now 'tis calm—now hurricane—

Up, down; down, up—a very windmill's vane

Is man, poor fellow—much too like a ball;

'Tis high, 'tis low—'tis this way now, now that,

Just as its *wooden master* wills, the bat:

Thus MAJESTY can bid us rise or fall.

The Monarch may repent him of the deed—

His heart, so soft, at your dismissal bleed.

R 4

The

* Of the Night, who selects the music, and sometimes gives a *soprano* song to a *bass* voice, and who once ordered, in the *Jubilate*, the trumpet part to be executed by the German flute.

To House of *Buckingham* you may be call'd,
 And at the Queen's sweet little concerts sing;
 Then how the tribe of NOBLES will be gall'd!
 This will be soaring on the eagle's wing.

Thus to the world then be it understood,
 What seems *misfortune*, happens for our *good*:
 This from my rhyming store-house, or my *stable*,
 May be elucidated by a *Fable*.

MRS. ROBINSON'S HANDKERCHIEF,

AND

JUDGE BULLER'S WIG.

A FABLE.

A HANDKERCHIEF, that long had press'd
 The snows of LAURA'S swelling breast,
 O'er which fair scene full many a longing lover,
 With panting heart, and frequent sighs,
 And pretty modest leering eyes,
 Had very often been observ'd to hover—

This Handkerchief, to Kitty giv'n,
 Was forc'd at length to leave its heav'n,

For

For a Jew clothes-man's most unchristian bag:
 O what a sad reverse, poor soul!
 To sweat in such a horrid hole,
 Cramm'd in with ev'ry fort of dirty rag!

"Pray, who are *you*?" the plaintive 'Kerchief cry'd,
 Perceiving a rough neighbour at her side:

"You smell as though your master was a pig—
 "What are ye? tell me, stinking creature."—
 "Ma'am,"

The hairy neighbour gave reply'd, "I am
 "That *worthy* man's, the mild Judge BULLER'S
 Wig."

So sweetly tender! that, whene'er he dies,
 MERCY will weep to blindness both her eyes.

"Indeed, Sir!" quoth the 'Kerchief—"strange our
 fate!

"Alas! how different were we both of late!
 "Now stuff'd in this abominable place!
 "What will become of us at last? O dear!
 "Something more terrible than this, I fear;
 "Something that carries horrible disgrace."

"Madam,"

- “ Madam,” rejoin’d the Wig, “ don’t cry ;
 “ No cause have you indeed to sigh ;
 “ So trust for once a Wig’s prophetic words—
 “ *My* fate is to be just the same, I find ;
 “ Still for a Scarecrow’s head design’d,
 “ To frighten thieves—I mean the birds.
- “ But, luckier, *you* so chang’d will rise,
 “ A fav’rite of ten thousand eyes ;
 “ Not burnt (as you suppos’d perhaps) to tinder ;
 “ Chang’d to the whitest paper—happy leaves,
 “ For *him*, the BARD who like a God conceives,
 “ The great, th’ immortal PETER PINDAR.”
- “ La, Sir, then what a piece of news !
 “ God blefs, I say, God blefs the Jews—
 “ I wish my dear dear Mistrefs did but know it ;
 “ Her hands then I shall happy touch again ;
 “ For MADAM always did maintain
 “ That MISTER PINDAR was a *charming* Poet.”

O D E.

Still more Comfort for DIRECTORS!

ONCE more I pray you, be not fad;
 Remember what the Proverb doth declare:
 'Tis better riding on a pad,
 Than on a horse's back that's bare.
 At Tot'nam's concert, to delight ye,
 Behold, my Lords, you still are mighty.

Think of your titles too—the name of *Lord*,
 What merit it proclaims of head and heart!
 It is a tradesman's handsome board,
 In letters fair of gold that doth impart
 To people who their mouths of wonder ope,
 What goodly articles are in the shop.

Yes, as of yore, the pompous name of *Lord*
 Doth still our awe-clad admiration rule—
 And comfort to the hungry doth afford—
 As nods of LORDS are dinners for a *fool*.

“ I thank

“ I thank my God, I am not like those fellows,”
 Cry'd the proud PHARISEE, the bellows
 Or trumpet of his reputation, blowing :
 And you in triumph also may exclaim,
 Proud of a Peer's exalted name,
 With pride of title and fair birth o'erflowing,

“ I thank my stars, I am not like the *mob*,
 “ Whom NATURE fabricated by the *job*.”

Ye shall, ye shall return to pow'r,
 And o'er the grumbling million tow'r ;
 Your sacred laws shall be obey'd—
 Musicians to allegiance *must* return—
 In sackcloth and in ashes mourn ;
 Submitting, if ye will it, to be *flead*.

Their eyes so fierce, that flash'd like tin reflectors,
 As though they meant to roast the Grand Directors,
 Shall from their meteor fury fade away—
 Becoming mild and placid as the light
 Shed by the WORM, the lamp of dewy night,
 Or LUNA's modest melancholy ray.

Yes!

Yes! to your noble hearts delight,
 With waving wands and gloves so white,
 And gilt medallions blest, shall ye appear;
 Smile at us *Mob*, the many-headed beast;
 And, as ye seem to like a *gratis*-feast,
 Eat a few fiddlers ev'ry year.

THE CHURCHWARDEN:

OR,

THE FEAST ON A CHILD.

A TALE.

The following story, founded on a fact that happened some years since, at the SWAN at Knightsbridge, is introduced to illustrate the meaning of eating a child, mentioned in the first Ode.

AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE, at a tavern call'd the SWAN,
 Churchwardens, Overseers, a jolly clan,
 Order'd a dinner, for themselves and friends—
 A very handsome dinner, of the best:
 Lo! to a turn, the diff'rent joints were drest—
 Their lips, wild licking, ev'ry man commends.

Loud

Loud was the clang of plates, and knives, and forks;
 Delightful was the sound of claret corks,

That stopp'd so close and lovingly the bottle:
 Thou *Savoir-vivre* Club, and *Je n' sais quoi*,
 Full well the voice of honest corks ye know,
 Deep and deep-blushing from the generous pottle.

All ear, all eye, to listen and to see,
 The Landlord was as busy as a bee—

Yes, LARDER skipp'd like harlequin so light;
 In bread, beer, wine, removal swift of dishes,
 Nimble anticipating all their wishes:

Now this, to man voracious as a kite,

Is pleasant—as the TRENCHER-HEROES hate
 All obstacles that keep them from the plate,
 As much as jockies on a running horse
 Curse cows or jack-asses that cross the course.

Nay, here's a solid reason too; for mind,
Bawling for things, demandeth *mouth* and *wind*:
Whatever, therefore, weakeneth *wind* and *jaws*,
 Is hostile to the gormandizing cause.

Having

Having well cramm'd, and fwill'd, and laugh'd, and
 fung,
 And toasted girls, and clapp'd, and roar'd, and rung,
 And broken bones of tables, chairs, and glasses,
 Like happy bears, in honour of their lasses,
 Not *wives!*—not *one* was toasted all the time—
 Thus were they decent—it had been a crime,
 As wives are delicate and sacred names,
 Not to be mix'd indeed with wh—s and flames :

I say, when all were cramm'd unto the chin,
 And ev'ry one with wine had swell'd his skin,
 In came the Landlord with a cherub smile :
 Around to ev'ry one he lowly bow'd,
 Was vastly *bappy*—*honour'd*—vastly *proud*—
 And then he bow'd again in *such* a style !

“ Hop'd *Gemmen* lik'd the dinner and the wine :”
 To whom the *Gemmen* answer'd, “ Very fine !
 “ A glorious dinner, **LARDER**, to be sure.”—
 To which the Landlord, laden deep with blifs,
 Did with his bows so humble almost kifs

The floor.

Now

Now in an *alter'd* tone—a tone of gravity,
Unto the Landlord full of smiles of suavity,

Did MISTER GUTTLE the Churchwarden call—
“Come hither, LARDER,” said soft MISTER GUTTLE,
With solemn voice and fox-like face so subtle—

“LARDER, a little word or two, that's all.”

Forth ran the bowing Landlord with good will,
Thinking most nat'rally upon the bill.

“Landlord,” (quoth GUTTLE, in a small fly sound,
Not to be heard by any in the room,
Yet which, like claps of thunder, did confound)

“Do you know any thing of BETTY BROOM?”

“Sir?” answer'd LARDER, stamm'ring—“Sir? what
Sir?”

“Yes, Sir, yes—yes—she liv'd with MISTRESS
LARDER;

“But may I never move, nor never stir,

“If but for *impudence* we did discard her!

“No, *Mister* GUTTLE—BETTY was too brassy—

“We never keep a *servant* that is saucy.”

“But

- “ But, Landlord—BETTY says she is with child.”—
 “ What’s that to *me?*” quoth LARDER, staring wild—
 “ I never kifs’d the huffey in my life,
 “ Nor hugg’d her round the waist, nor pinch’d her
 cheek ;
 “ Never once put my hand upon her neck—
 “ Lord, Sir, you know that I have got a *wife*.

 “ Lord! nothing *comely* to the girl belongs—
 “ I would not touch her with a pair of tongs :
 “ A little puling chit, as white as paste ;
 “ Besides! she never suited with *my* taste.

 “ But then, *suppose*—I only say, *suppose*
 “ I *bad* been wicked with the girl—alack,
 “ My wife hath got the cursed’st keenest nose,
 “ Why, zounds, she would have catch’d me in
 a crack ;

 “ Then quickly in the fire had been the fat—
 “ Curse her! she always watch’d me like a cat.

 “ Then, as I say BET did not hit my *taste*,
 “ It was *impossible* to be unchaste :—
 “ Therefore it never can be true, you see—
 “ And Mistrefs LARDER’S *full enough* for *me*.

“ I kiss the maid ! why, Lord ! the thing I scorn—
 “ Sir, I’m as innocent’s the child unborn.”

“ Well,” answer’d GUTTLE, “ Man, I’ll tell ye what ;
 “ Your wind and eloquence you now are wasting :
 “ Whether Miss BETTY hit your *taste* or not,
 “ There’s good *round* proof enough that you’ve
 been *tasting*.”

“ And, LARDER, you’ve a wife, ’tis very true,
 “ Perhaps a little somewhat of a shrew ;
 “ But BETTY *was not* a bad piece of stuff.”—
 “ Well, MISTER GUTTLE, may I drop down dead,
 “ If ever once I crept to BETTY’s bed !
 “ And that, I’m sure, is swearing strong enough.”

“ But, LARDER, all *your* swearing will not *do*,
 “ If BETTY *swears* she is with child by *you* :
 “ Now BETTY came and said she’d *swear* at once—
 “ But *you* know best—yet mind, if BETTY ’ll *swear*,
 “ And then again ! should MISTRESS LARDER *bear*,
 “ The Lord have mercy, LARDER, on thy sconce !

“ Why, man, were this affair of BETTY told her,
 “ I really think, not *hell itself* could hold her.

“ Then

" Then for your modest stiff-rump'd neighbours all—
 " There'd be a pretty kick-up—what a squall!
 " Thou couldst not put thy nose into a *shop*.
 " There's greasy Mistress WICK, the chandler's wife,
 " And Mistress BULL, the butcher's imp of strife,
 " With Mistress BOBBIN, SALMON, MUFF, and
 " With fifty others of such old *compeers*— [SLOP,
 " Zounds, what a hornet's nest about thy ears!"

From cheerful smiles, and looks, like SOL so bright,
 Poor LARDER fell to scowls as black as night;
 And now his head he scratch'd, importing guilt—
 For people who are innocent *indeed*,
 Never look down, so black, and scratch the head;
 But tipp'd with confidence, their noses tilt,
 Replying with an unembarrass'd front;
 Bold to the charge, and fix'd to stand the brunt.

TRUTH is a tow'ring DAME—divine her air;
 In native bloom she walks the world with *state*:
 But FALSEHOOD is a meretricious Fair,
 Painted and mean, and shuffling in her gait;

Dares not look up with RESOLUTION's mien,
 But sneaking hides, and hopes not to be seen;

For ever haunted by the Ghost of DOUBT !
Trembling for fear the world will find her out.

Again—there's honesty in *eyes*,
That shrinking shew when tongues tell lies :
With LARDER this was verily the case ;
Informers were the eyes of LARDER's face.

“ Well, Sir,” said LARDER, whisp'ring, hemming,
 ha-ing,

Each word so heavy, like a cart-horse drawing—

“ This is a d-mn'd affair, I can't but say—

“ Sir, please t'accept a note of twenty pound ;

“ Contrive *another* father may be found ;

“ And, Sir, here's not a halfpenny to pay.”

Thus ended the affair, by prudent treaty :

Peace, ev'ry man desires—than war, much rather :

GUTTLE next morning went and talk'd to BETTY,

When BETTY quickly found *another father!**

* By this ingenious mode of Parish Cookery, the same child may be devoured a dozen times over.

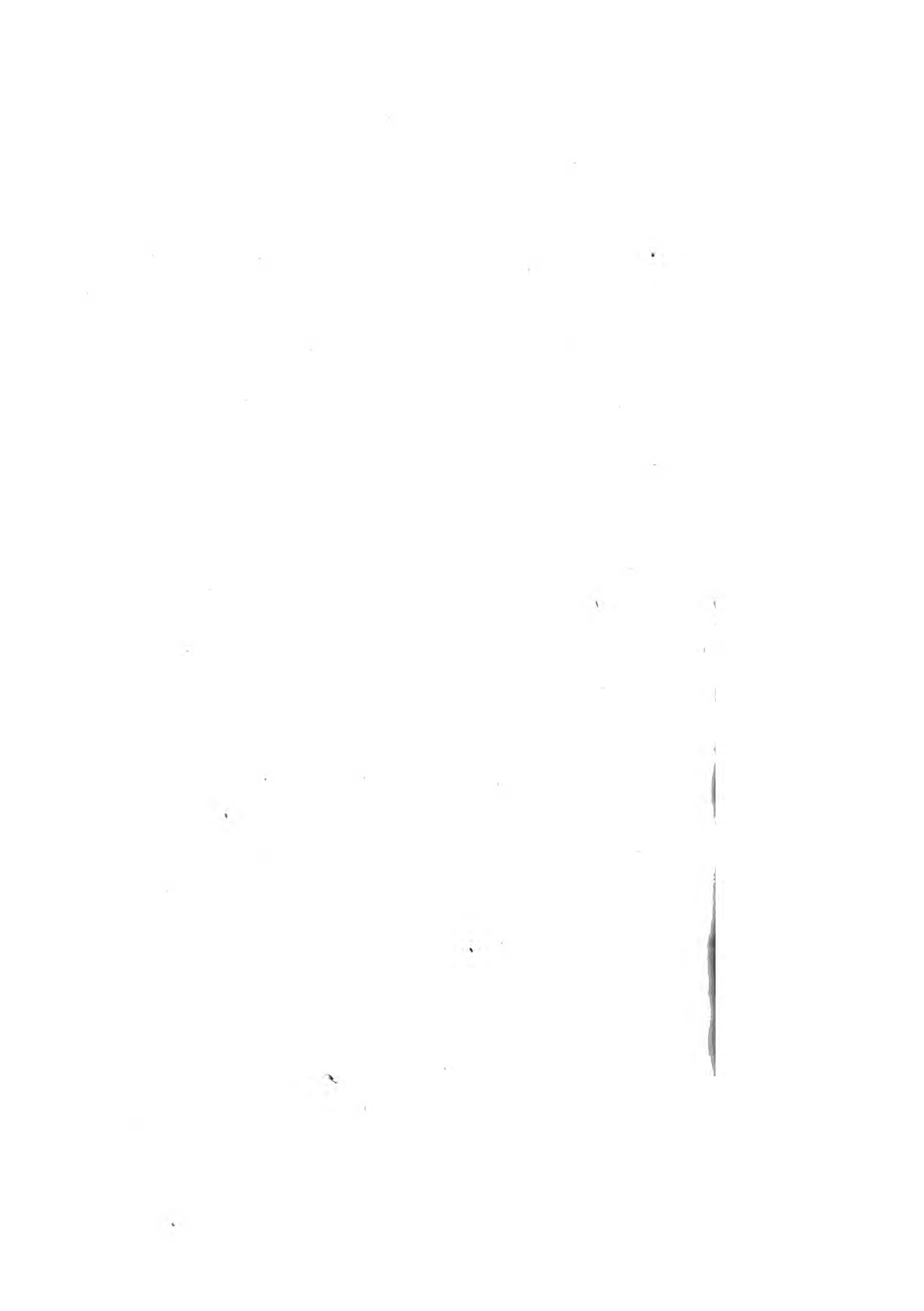
A
PAIR OF LYRIC EPISTLES
TO
LORD MACARTNEY
AND
HIS SHIP.

Yes, of our Bagshot wonders tell KIEN LONG!
Delicious subjects for an Epic Song!

EPISTLE TO LORD MACARTNEY.

O, if successful, thou wilt be ador'd!
Wide as a CHESHIRE CAT our Court will grin,
To find as many Pearls and Gems on board
As will not leave thee room to stick a pin.

EPISTLE TO THE SHIP.



TO THE READER.

IT has been my wish, that the following pair of Lyric Epistles might be presented, with my Odes, to the Emperor KIEN LONG, on account of the quantity of original merit—but, to use a sublime praise, as it would be “*letting the cat out of the bag,*” I have forborne.

The bustle and prowess of the invincible DUKE on Bagshot Heath—the Heath on fire—the Royal visit—the Man of Straw blown from the Mine—the explosion of the Powder-mills at *Hounslow*—the attention of GODS, as well as of the CROWS, to the Camp—the humility of the Bagshot bushes, &c. are circumstances which, however they may be disdained by the fastidious pen of HISTORY, ought to be recorded. Indeed, I from my soul believe, that our *Historians*, as they are called, are *too conceitedly lofty* to think of sullyng a page with an account of the Camp-transaction; but *Poets* were the only historians of ancient times, which I am ready to prove by a profusion of learned quotation; and consequently *your* dull uninspired prose men are invaders. For my part, I am resolved to support the *poetical charter*; and consequently, as often as the DUKE, and the KING and the QUEEN, and MADAM SCHWELLENBERG, and LORD CARDIGAN, and old NICOLAI the fiddler, and SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, and the *Pages*, the *Cooks*, and the *Stable-boys*, &c. &c. shall utter good things, achieve great actions, and be seen in close and important conversation together, such *events* shall be honoured with niches in my LYRIC TEMPLE of IMMORTALITY,

The Epistle to the SHIP seems to be full of poetry and good wishes; but the horrid picture of the future disappointment of our Ambassador and his *Suite* at *Pekin*, with the disgracefully attendant circumstances, we hope to be merely a playful sketch of fancy of the Muse, and that she has really been visited by no such flogging illuminations.

A
L Y R I C E P I S T L E
T O
L O R D M A C A R T N E Y,

AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF CHINA.

O CROWN'D with glory by our *glorious* King,
Deck'd in his liv'ry too, a *glorious* thing,
Amid the wonders at SAINT JAMES'S done;
At House of BUCKINGHAM, in RICHMOND bow'rs,
At KEW, and lastly WINDSOR'S lofty tow'rs,
Rich scenes at once of *Majesty* and *Fun*!

Forget not *thou* the *Camp* on BAGSHOT HEATH,
Where met the grimly regiments of death;
Where not the DEV'L their rage sublime could damp;
Though HEAV'N, as if it meant to *mock* the matter,
Pour'd on their powder'd heads huge tubs of water,
And made the mighty heath a dirty swamp.

Yes,

Yes, of our Bagshot wonders tell KIEN LONG—
Delicious subjects for the Epic song.

Talk of the valiant troops, all heav'n-descended,
On which the Kings of Britain oft depended,
When bold REBELLION through the nation ran,
Her venom spread, and told a *vulgar* host,
To humble, sweet *Subordination* lost,
That, lo! the *mightiest Monarch* was *but Man!*

Such soldiers! such rare gen'ral! no *poltroons*,
Swell'd by the *gas* of courage to balloons;
Where, though those men like bacon all were smoak'd,
Not *one*, by GOD's good providence, was *choak'd*.

Of RICHMOND's mighty chieftain, RICHMOND speak—
“ Now wet, a riding dishclout,” shalt thou say—
“ Now broiling, whizzing, dropping like a steak,
“ So val'rous, 'mid the sun's meridian ray!”

Talk to KIEN LONG about his GRACE's *soul*;
What wisdom, sweetness, love, pervades the whole!

But *souls* in *common* are a dreary waste,
By brambles, thistles, barb'rous docks disgrac'd;

That need the ploughshare, harrow, and the fire—
Some souls are caves of filth and spectred gloom,
 That want a window and a broom,
 To yield them light, and clear the mire.

When honours lift th' unworthy fool on high,
 On FORTUNE how with fierce contempt I scowl!
 She hangs a dirty cloud upon the sky,
 And with an eagle's pinion imps an owl.

Yet knaves and fools enjoy their *lucky hours*,
 And ribbons, 'stead of ropes, their backs adorn—
 Thus crawls the TOAD amid the fairest flow'rs,
 And with the LILY drinks the dews of morn.

But royal RICHMOND honours exaltation—
 The pole-star of our military nation.
 How pleasant then to see a RICHMOND rise!
Friend of a KING, and fav'rite of the SKIES!

CHARLES,* to support a bastard and a wh—,
 Impos'd a tax on coals, that starv'd the poor:

Those

* King of England, whose Mistress was a French woman,
 the *great, great, and illustrious* Ancestor of his present GRACE.

Those *sans-culottes*-men made the saddest din!
 But mark, how often *good* proceeds from *evil*!
 This deed of CHARLES is now a *white-wash'd* Devil—
 Lo, RICHMOND casts a lustre round the sin!

By means of this *once shameful* tax on coal,
 He sniggles *modest* MERIT from her hole!

Where is the Soldier that is not his friend?
 See ADMIRATION to his virtues bend;
 And lo, the scar-clad VETERAN adores!
 While GLORY humbly kneeling to the skies,
 With supplicating hands and fervent eyes,
 A length of days upon his head implores.

Say, that his Grace, ambitious of a name,
 Is ever angling to catch martial fame:
 And say too, how most fortunate the Duke,
 What noble fishes hang upon his hook;
 Whilst *bumbler* mortals, lab'ring day and night,
 Poor patient creatures, seldom feel a *bite*.

Pow'r in the hands of VIRTUE is heav'n's *dew*,
 That fost'ring feeds the flow'r of happiest hue:

In VICE's grasp, it withers, wounds, and kills;
 'Tis *then* the fang so fatal, form'd to make
 A passage for the venom of the *snake*,
 That NATURE'S *life* with *dissolution* fills.

Bow down, ye armies, then, and thank your GOD,
 That RICHMOND holds the military rod:
 No *Janus* he, with *selfish* views to *job*,
 And touch the Nation's pocket with a job.*

Yes, let the Emp'ror all about him hear,
 Talk of the bold transactions of the Peer;
 And say, what probably he can't believe,
 That lo, the dauntless body of His Grace,
 In duels bor'd, has scarcely one found place—
 A honeycomb, a cullender, a sieve!

Say *how* that nothing could his courage check;
 Proud of his post, and fearless of his neck,
 Though only *one* upon his shoulders *dear*—
 Thus VALOUR smiles at danger, death, and pain,
 And feels an eighteen-pounder through his brain,
 Coolly as *some* a pat upon the ear!

Say,

* Witness the *convenient* house and gardens near Plymouth Dock, so *economically* built with the Public Money. The annals of honour furnish us not with a sublimer instance of *self-denial*.

Say, how he gallop'd wild, up hill, down dale;
 Frighten'd each village, turn'd each hovel pale;
 Struck all the birds with terror, save the crows,
 Who, spying such commotion in the land,
 Concluded some great matter was in hand,
 Much blood and carnage 'midst contending foes.

Say, how the world his deeds with wonder saw;
 Say, that the Bagshot-bushes bow'd with awe;
 And say, his phiz such valour did inspire,
 That lo, the very ground he trod, caught fire.*

Say, how went forth to see him, half the nation,
 Their mouths well cramm'd with dust and admiration;
 So ardent ev'ry eye's devouring look,
 To seize the galloping, the flying Duke.

Such eating and such guzzling ev'ry day!

Nothing to pay!

All the Duke's friends, great quality and small,
 Our great King GEORGE, and lovely Queen,
 Were entertain'd scot-free, I ween—
 A generous nation doom'd to pay it all.

And

* This is a literal fact.

And yet when PARLIAMENT beholds the bill,
 I think that Parliament, with much ill will,
 May growl, and swear it was an idle thing,
 This game of foldiers, such a *childish* play:
 But let *me* answer PARLIAMENT, and say,
 It was not *childish*, FOR IT PLEAS'D THE KING.

It made TOM PAINE, the bull-dog, hold his tongue,
 Arm'd with such lion-paws, and teeth so long!

Say, that the fun-like Duke shone forth so bright,
 That PUNCH ne'er triumph'd in a fiercer fight.
 Say, how he fir'd the *Hounslow* mills of powder;
 Say, how the sympathizing grain, with sound,
 Frighten'd the tiles from all the roofs around,
 Defying the *bold* THUNDER to roar louder!

Say, that immortal CÆSAR* trod the place
 Now fiercely gallop'd over by His GRACE.

Say, that the Gods beheld him from on high;
 That, to the Lord of battles,† with a sigh,
 Thus spoke the MONARCH of the clouds—"Son
 MARS,

" Had

* JULIUS CÆSAR was most certainly at BAGSHOT.

† MARS.

“ Had TROY possess'd a hero like the Duke,
 “ With *such* a foul, and *such* a fighting look,
 “ Our City had been safe amidst her wars.

“ Go quickly, pull thy hat off to the DUKE,
 “ And beg a lesson from the HERO'S book.”
 Lord! as the Duke, where *powder* only flam'd,
 Was so inspir'd, so val'rous, and so hot;
 How had this Duke the sons of battle sham'd,
 'Mid scenes of thunder, where they charg'd with *shot*!

Say too (and verily it was no joke)
 Although so lofty on their *cloud-capp'd* tow'rs,
 Such were the volumes of ascending smoke,
 Smutty as blacksmiths look'd the heav'nly Pow'rs;
 And that the MAN of *straw** (a thought how bright!)
 Flew up, and put their GODSHIPS in a fright!

Tell him, which probably may cause a smile,
 That, at the distance of a mile,

His

* It is *reported*, that a colossal figure, stuffed with straw, was blown out of the hill, to give *their Majesties* an adequate idea of the ascent of ten thousand men or so, a frequent event at grand sieges. It is moreover reported, that this stuffed figure obtained a large portion of royal approbation. Indeed I am strongly inclined to believe the story.—It was quite a *new* idea.

His GRACE, a skull that powder wants, can note,
 (Which, when it happens, let that skull beware)
 See too a club with *one* disorder'd hair,
 And mark *one* spot of greafe upon a *coat*.

Thus war was Gothic, slovenly unchaste,
 Till RICHMOND usher'd in the morn of taste!

Say too, that, for the honour of the nation,
 We hope to see a book on *reputation*,
 Proving that *public* vice should bring no shame;*
 That *private* only damns a noble name.

Thus the poor NYMPH, too easy to contend,
 Who blushing fins in secret with a friend,
 Shall be a viler huffey than the woman
 Who hangs her lips like cherries out for sale,
 And shews her bosom's lilies, to regale
 Each grazing beast that offers—quite a COMMON.

“ Why should I say all this unto the King?”

Thou cryest, O MACARTNEY—Good may spring:

VOL. III.

T

It

* The Reader is desired to ask Lord LAUDERDALE concerning this matter.

It may unto thine embassy give weight,
By putting great KIEN LONG into a fright.

“ Who knows,” KIEN LONG may wine with rueful face,
“ But all the rank and file are like His GRACE—
“ Then shall I shake upon my sapphire throne:
“ For troops like RICHMOND, that on valour feast,
“ May, like wild meteors, pour into mine East,
“ And leave my palace neither stick nor stone;

“ Like roaring lions rush to eat me up—
“ In Britain breakfast, and in China sup.”

T O T H E S H I P.

O THOU, so nicely painted, and so trim,
Success attend our COURT's delightful whim;
And all thy gaudy gentlemen on board;
With coaches just like gingerbread, so fine,
Amid the Asiatic world to shine,
And greet of CHINA the Imperial Lord.

Metinks

Methinks I view thee tow'ring at CANTON :
 I hear each wide-mouth'd salutation-gun ;
 I see thy streamers wanton in the gale ;
 I see the fallow natives crowd the shore,
 I see them tremble at thy royal roar ;
 I see the very MANDARINES turn pale.

Pagodas of Nang-yang, and Chou-chin-chou,
 So lofty, to our trav'ling Britons bow ;
 Bow, mountains sky-enwrapp'd of Chin-chung-
 chan ;
 Floods of Ming-hò, your thund'ring voices raise ;
 Cuckoos of Ming-fòu-you, exalt their praise,
 With geese of Sou-chen-che, and Tang-ting-tan.

O monkeys of Tou-fou, pray line the road,
 Hang by your tails, and all the branches load ;
 Then grin applause upon the gaudy throng,
 And drop them honours as they pass along.

Frogs of Fou-fi, O croak from pools of green ;
 Winnow, ye butterflies, around the scene ;
 Sing O be joyful, ev'ry village pig ;
 Goats, sheep, and oxen, through your pastures prance ;
 Ye buffaloes and dromedaries, dance ;
 And elephants, pray join th' unwieldy jig.

I mark, I mark, along the dusty road,
 The glitt'ring coaches with their happy load,
 All proudly rolling to PE-KIN's fair town;
 And lo, arriv'd, I see the Emp'ror stare,
 Deep marv'ling at a sight so very rare;
 And now, ye Gods! I see the EMP'ROK *frown*.

And now I hear the lofty Emp'ror say,
 " Good folks, what is it that ye want, I pray?"
 And now I hear aloud MACARTNEY cry,
 " EMP'ROK, my COURT, inform'd that you were rich,
 " Sublimely feeling a strong money-itch,
 " Across the eastern ocean bade me fly;
 " With tin, and blankets, O great King, to barter,
 " And gimcracks rare for China-man and Tartar.
 " But presents, presents are the things we mean:
 " Some pretty diamonds to *our gracious QUEEN*,
 " Big as one's fist or so, or somewhat bigger,
 " Would cut upon her petticoat a figure—
 " A petticoat of whom each poet sings,
 " That beams on birth-days for the Best of Kings.
 " Yes, presents are the things we chiefly wish—
 " These give not half the toil we find in trade."—
 On which th' astonish'd Emp'ror cries, " Odsfish!
 " Presents!—present the rogues the bastinade."

Stern RESOLUTION's eye, that flash'd with fate,
 At danger cow'ring, wears a wither'd look ;
 Palfy'd his sinewy arm, where vengeance fate,
 Whose grasp the rugged oak of ages shook—
 His blood, so hot, grown suddenly so chill ;
 Sunk from a torrent to the creeping rill.

In short, behold with dread MACARTNEY stare ;
 Behold him seiz'd, his feat of honour bare ;
 The bamboo founds—alas ! no voice of FAME :
 Stripp'd, schoolboy-like, and now I see his Train,
 I see their lily bottoms writhe with pain,
 And, like his LORDSHIP's, blush with blood and
 shame.

Ah ! what avails the coat of scarlet dye,
 And collar blue, around their pretty necks ?
 Ah ! what the *epaulettes*, that roast the eye,
 And loyal buttons blazing with *George Rex* ?
 Heav'ns ! if KIEN LONG resolves upon their stripping,
 These are no talismans to ward a whipping.

Now with a mock solemnity of face,
 I see the mighty EMP'ROUR gravely place
 Fools-caps on all the poor degraded men—

And now I hear the solemn EMP'ROR say,
" 'Tis thus we Kings of China *folly* pay ;
" Now, children, ye may all go home agen."

O beauteous vessel, should this prove the case,
How in old England wilt thou show thy face ?
I fear thy visage will be wond'rous long.
Know, it may happen—Ministers and Kings,
Like common folk, are fallible—poor things !
Too often sanguine, and as often wrong.

Yet, if successful, thou wilt be ador'd—
Lo, like a Cheshire cat our COURT will grin !
How glad to find as many gems on board,
As will not leave thee room to stick a pin !

ODES TO KIEN LONG,
THE PRESENT EMPEROR OF CHINA.

WITH

THE QUAKERS,
A TALE.

TO A FLY,

DROWNED IN A BOWL OF PUNCH.

ODE TO MACMANUS, TOWNSEND, AND JEALOUS,
THE THIEFTAKERS.

TO CÆLIA.—TO A PRETTY MILLINER.

TO THE FLEAS OF TENERIFFE.

TO SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.—TO MY CANDLE,

Ἔc. Ἔc. Ἔc.

Ἄνα βαρβιτον δονησω, &c.

ANACREON,

“ Yes, let us strike the lyre, and sing and rhyme ;

“ By far the wisest way of spending time.”

So says ANACREON, my dear KIEN LONG ;

Let BRITAIN then, and CHINA, hear *our* Song.

TO THE
EMPEROR OF CHINA.

DEAR KIEN LONG,

AT length an opportunity presents itself for converſing with the *ſecond* POTENTATE upon earth, GEORGE THE THIRD being moſt undoubtedly the *firſt*, although he never made verſes. Thy praifes of MOUKDEN, thy beautiful little Ode to TEA, &c. have afforded me infinite delight; and to gain *my plaudit*, who am rather difficult to pleaſe, will, I aſſure thee, be a feather in thy imperial cap.

Principibus placuiſſe viris, non ultima laus eſt.

Praiſe from a BARD of my poetic ſpirit,
Proclaims indeed no ſmall degree of merit.

Excuse this piece of egotiſm—it is natural, and juſtified by the ſublimeſt authorities. What ſays VIRGIL?

*“ Tentanda via eſt quâ me quoque poſſim
“ Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.”*

What, likewise, LUCRETIUS?

*“ Inſignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam
“ Unde prius nulli velârunt tempora Muſæ.”*

What, also, OVID?

“*Jamque opus exegi,*” &c.

What, moreover, HORACE?

“*Exegi monumentum ære perennius,*” &c.

What, ENNIUS?

“*Nemo me lacrumis decorat nec funera fletu,*” &c.

What, again, the great Father of Poetry, HOMER, in his delightful HYMN, that some impudent Scholiasts declare he never wrote?

— τίς δ' ἄμμιν ἀνὴρ ἠδὲς Αἰοιδῶν
 Ἐνθάδε πωλεῖται; καὶ τέω τέρπεσθε μάλιστα;
 Τυφλὸς ἀνὴρ· αἰκεῖ δὲ χίῳ ἐνὶ παιπαλοέσση·
 Τῆ πᾶσαι μετόπισθεν ἀριστεύουσιν Ἀοιδαί.

which, with a few preceding lines omitted in the quotation, I thus a little paraphrastically and beautifully translate:

Should CURIOSITY at times enquire
 WHO strikes with sweetest art the MUSE'S lyre;
 This be thine answer—“A poor man, stark blind;
 An aged minstrel that at CHIOS dwells,
 Who sells and sings his works, and sings and sells,
 And leaves all other poets far behind.”

So much for my *profound* learning in defence of egotism; for where is the man that does not rank himself amongst his own admirers?

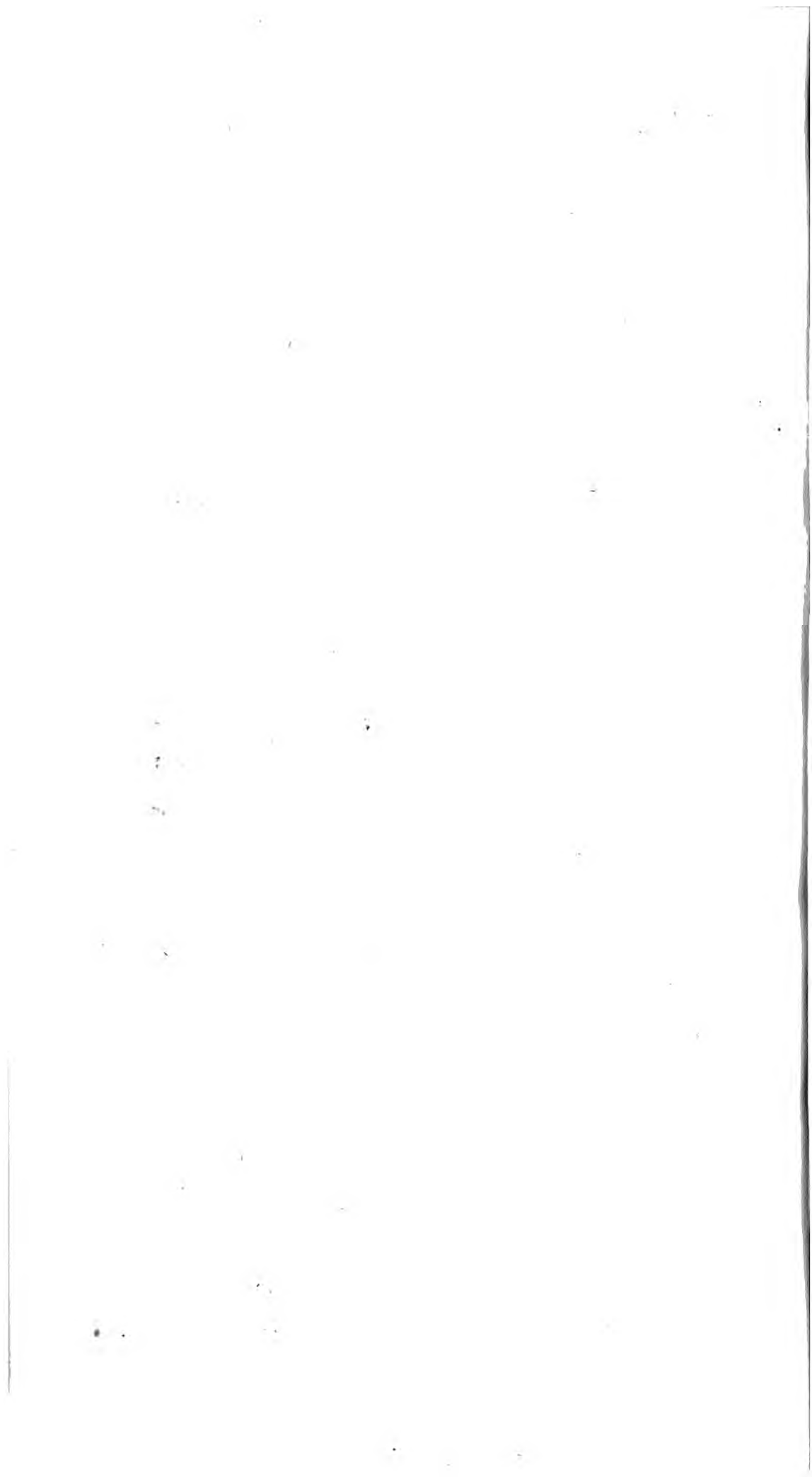
Now

Now to the point.—As LORD MACARTNEY, with his most splendid retinue, is about to open a trade with thee, in the various articles of tin, blankets, woollen in general, &c. &c. in favour of the two Kingdoms; why might not a *literary commerce* take place between the GREAT KIEN LONG, and the no less celebrated PETER PINDAR? Thou art a man of rhymes—and so am I. Thou art a genius of uncommon versatility—so am I. Thou art an enthusiast to the Muses—so am I. Thou art a lover of novelty—so am I. Thou art an idolater of Royalty—so am I. With such a congeniality of mind, in *my* God's name and *thine*, let us surprize the world with an interchange of our lucubrations, both for its improvement and delight. And to shew thee that I am not a literary swindler, unable to repay thee for goods I may receive from thy Imperial Majesty, I now transmit specimens of my talents, in Ode, Ballad, Elegy, Fable, and Epigram.

I am, dear KIEN LONG,

Thy humble Servant and brother Poet,

P. PINDAR.



ODES TO KIEN LONG.

O D E I.

PETER complimenteth KIEN LONG on his poetical talent, and
condemneth the want of taste in Western Kings.

DEAR EMP'ROR, PRINCE OF POETS, noble BARD,
Thy brother PETER fendeth thee a card,
To say thou art an honour to the times—
Yes, PETER telleth thee, that for a King,
Indeed a most extraordinary thing,
Thou really makest very charming rhymes.

Witness thy MOURDEN,* which we all admire;
Witness thy pretty little Ode to TEA,
Compos'd when sipping by thy Tartar fire;
Witness thy many a madrigal and glee.

Believe me, venerable, good KIEN LONG,
Vast is my pleasure that the Muse's song

Divinely

* A favourite City of the Emperor.

Divinely foundeth through thy Tarter groves;
 Still greater, that the *first* of Eastern Kings
 Should praise in rhyme the Tartar vales and springs,
 And pay a tuneful tribute to the LOVES.

Yet how it hurts my classic soul, to find
 Some Western Kings to poetry unkind!

What though they want the skill to make a riddle,
 Charade, or rebus, or conundrum; still
 Those Kings might shew towards them some good will,
 And nobly patronise Apollo's fiddle.

But no—the note is, “How go sheep a score?”

“What, what's the price of bullock? how fells lamb?”

“I want a boar, a boar, I want a boar;

“I want a bull, a bull, I want a ram.”

Whereas it should be this—“I want a BARD,

“To cover him with honour and reward.”

Kings deem, ah me! a grunting herd of swine
 Companions sweeter than the tuneful NINE;
 Preferring to FAME's dome, a hog-stye's mire;
 The roar of oxen to Apollo's lyre.

“Lord!

" Lord! is it possible?" I hear thee groan—
 KIEN LONG, 'tis true as thou art on thy throne:
 For souls like thine, 'tis natural to doubt it—
 MACARTNEY can inform thee all about it.

O D E II.

More Compliments to the EMPEROR—A Dissertation on
 THRONES, and Kings and Queens—A very proper attack
 on the French Revolutionists—The fate of poor RELIGION,
 prophesied—Also, of his Holiness the POPE—More Lamenta-
 tions on *degraded* ROYALTY.

THOU art a second Atlas, great KIEN LONG;
 Supporting half th' unwieldy globe, so strong;
 But, Lord! what pigmy souls to empire rise;
 Unconscious of its glorious frame, they sleep—
 Now just like mice from pyramids that peep,
 Thinking a hole's a hole, where'er it lies.

FORTUNE has too much pow'r in this same world—
 Things are too often topsy-turvy hurl'd!

A bug condemn'd to *fly* that scarce can *crawl*;

A maggot

A maggot taken from his little nut,
 (There by the great ALL-WISE most *wisely* put)
 To grovel 'midst the grandeur of St. PAUL!

Unluckily most thrones are plac'd so high,
 That Kings can scarce their loving subjects spy,
 Hopping beneath them, like so many crows;
 Which subjects have in France been taking
 Great liberties in ladder-making,
 To get up nearer to the royal nose.

Thus *wrens* ere long their pigmy pow'rs will try;
 And, turning to the clouds their little eye,
 Aim to arrest, by frequent daring flights,
 Their elder brothers of the skies, the KITES!

And yet I hate a FOOL upon a throne—
 We have been happy hitherto, thank God;
 How boys would burst with laughter, ev'ry one,
 Were *monkey*-schoolmasters to hold the *rod*!

Yet much more mischief follows *royal* fools,
 As *realms* are on a larger scale than *schools*.—
 Th' AMERICANS provide against all this:
 Which *certain Gentlefolk* take much amiss!

And

And then again, the *wives* of glorious Kings,
 In generosity, and such-like things,
 And temper *mild*, who well themselves demean,
 Are for the *subject* a rare happy matter;
 And let me say indeed, who scorn to flatter,
 We BRITONS are most lucky in a *Queen*.

Of humbling their superiors, folks seem fond,
 And treating Monarchs as so many logs;
 Whereas it is in Courts, as in a pond,
 Some fish, some frogs.

Thus do the rebel foes of Sovereigns cry,
 Rending with vile disloyalty the sky:

“ *When* will the lucky day be born that brings
 “ A bridle for the insolence of Kings?
 “ Too slowly moves, alas! the loitering hour!
 “ *When* will those TYRANTS cease to fancy MAN
 “ A fawning *dog* in Providence’s plan,
 “ Ordain’d to lick the blood-stain’d rod of POW’R?”

Kings have their faults undoubtedly, and *many*—
 The man who contradicts me, is a zany.
 Some rob, some kill, some cheat, some cringe and beg;
 Curst with an av’rice, some would shave an egg.

And yet, with all their sins, I drop a tear
On what I'm daily forc'd to see and hear.

Great is the change of late! such horrid scenes,
Such little rev'ence both for Kings and Queens!

Thus cry the Frenchmen, feldom over-nice—
“ We want no SCEPTER'D PLUNDERERS of States;
“ Out with them—folly to maintain more cats
“ Than capable of catching mice.

“ Death to their parasites—we'll have no more
“ Leeches that suck the heart's blood of the poor.
“ Down with Dukes, Earls, and Lords, those Pagan
Josses,
“ False gods!—away with stars, and strings, and
crosses!”

The French are very wicked, I declare;
They raise upon one's head, one's very hair;
So much those fellows Majesty abuse—
Of Royalty the purple robe so grand,
Which seizes the deep rev'ence of a land,
They to a malkin turn, to wipe their shoes.

“ Out with State-pickpockets!” they cry aloud:
“ Death to the rav'nous eagles,” cries the crowd,

“ That

" That happy hover o'er a PEOPLE'S groan ;
 " Thieves, in the plunder of an empire drest ;
 " FLATT'RY'S vile carrion flies, on Kings that feast ;
 " Rank bugs that shelter in the wood of thrones !

" The DUSTMAN in his cart that hourly slaves,
 " Drawn by an ass, the partner of his toils,
 " How far superior to those titled knaves,
 " In coaches glitt'ring with a kingdom's spoils !"

The old *sic volo*, that, with thund'ring sound,
 Rous'd all the Provinces of France around,
 (And if great things we may compare to small,
 Just like the boatswain's whistle, that makes skip
 The jovial fellows of a ship)
 This great SIC VOLO is not heard at all—

To *bumbler* phrases chang'd by some degrees ;
 " With your good leave, Messieurs"—" Sirs, if you
 please."

Yes, savage are the FRENCH to Kings and Quality ;
 Void of good manners, common hospitality—
 Barb'rous, they dog-like wish to pick their bones ;

Make just as much of Dukes as of a duck,
 (Nobility has therefore shocking luck)

And dash an infant Prince again the stones.
 Thus butchers calmly stick a fucking pig,
 And o'er a bleeding lambkin hum a jig.

RELIGION too is in a deep decline ;
 Her vot'ries treated like a herd of swine ;
 Rich relicks look'd upon as rotten lumber !
Who will be canoniz'd for fright'ning devils,
 For bringing back lost limbs, and curing evils,
 Scald heads, wry necks, and rickets beyond number,

Without a draught, a bolus, or a pill,
 That of redoubted Doctors foil the skill ?

RELIGION, who in France, some years ago,
 Made in rich silks so wonderful a show,
 So us'd with all the pride of curls to charm,
 Is now, poor soul, oblig'd to beg her bread,
 With scarce a cap or ribbon to her head,
 Or woollen petticoat to keep her warm.

Yes, poor dear maid, I fear she'll soon expire ;
 Her whips demolish'd, and extinct her fire,

Her

Her pincers broken—snapp'd in twain her cleaver,
 That flogg'd, that burnt a sinner to salvation,
Roasting away the foul's adulteration,
 And chopp'd and pinch'd him to a true Believer,

No longer are her priests to be maintain'd—
 Thus is that horrid beast the Dev'l unchain'd,
 That roaring Bull at once his triumph shows:
 For, if not paid, what priests can prove their might,
 Fight the good fight,
 And, like staunch bull-dogs, nail him by the nose?

DEATH and the DEV'L, the smutty rogue, and SIN,
 A pretty junto, are upon the grin;
 Hoping to *fill* the dark infernal hole,
 If all the priests refuse to help a foul:
 That most important contest then is o'er;
 Pull DEV'L, pull PARSON, will be seen no more.

Yes, at her wounded pow'r RELIGION faints;
 Alas! no more *old* bones shall make *new* Saints;
 No more shall LENT, lean lady, cry her fish;
 No more shall slices of the cross be courted;
 Despis'd the manger that our Lord supported,
 His sacred pap-spoon, and the Virgin's dish,

No absolutions, like potatoes, fold;
 No purgatory-souls redeem'd by gold:
 No more in cloth of gold, and red-heel'd shoes,
 Bag-wig and sword, a mob the Saviour* views—
 Sold no certificates † of good behaviour,
 To show the Lord, the Virgin, and that Saviour.

No more shall MIRACLES obtain applause,
 Laugh at old TIME, and break Dame NATURE'S laws;
 No more dead herrings, fill'd with life and motion,
 Leap from the frying-pan, and swim the ocean.

Soon may this wicked Spirit steal to Rome,
 And poison ev'ry sacred dome;
 Relicks be kick'd and mock'd by many a giber—
 The Pontiff to the *very workhouse* brought,
 Or, what could never have been thought,
 Plump'd with his triple crown into the Tyber:

There

* Once a year this *fine* mummary is exhibited in France, and in other Romish countries.

† In some part of Russia, narrow slips of paper, in form of a ribbon, consecrated by the Bishop, are sold for about three-pence a piece, and bound about the heads of dying people. They are certificates of their good behaviour. The inscription on each is as follows:—"To old God Almighty, to young God Almighty, and young God Almighty's Mamma—this is to certify that the bearer hereof died a good Christian."

There may we view him flound'ring wild about,
With not a SAINT he dubb'd to pull him out:

The fair chaste quills, from angel wings procur'd,
Be turn'd to uses not to be endur'd;
To villain pens, instead of crow-quills cut,
To draw lewd figures, and deliver *smut*:

Melted the Church's sacred plate to mugs,
To candlesticks, to punch-ladles, and jugs;
To porringers the pipes* of sacred tunes,
And silver Christs to canisters and spoons.

Phials that held of faints the suffering sighs,
Seen by the dimmest of believing eyes,
Lo, to the meanest offices shall sink—
Hold *aquafortis*, or reviling ink!

The VIRGIN's gowns and garters, stockings, shoes,
Sold to her enemies, perhaps, the Jews—
Her paint, curls, caps, hoop, gauzes, muslin, lace,
Sold to trick harlots for a rogue's embrace!

U 4

Now

* Of the organs.

Now to disloyal mongrels we return,
That bark at Kings, and for confusion burn.

How have our mighty Monarchs been brought down!
Trod in the dust, like some old wig, the CROWN!

The WEARERS—some confin'd in jails so dread;
Some shot—some poison'd with as much *sang-froid*,
As though the MOB had merely been employ'd
To knock a thieving polecat on the head.

In *birth* the PUBLIC sees no kind of *merit*!

Think of the present equalizing spirit!

Amidst the populace how rank it springs!
Nay, from the palaces the VIRTUES fly,
While, boldly entering from their beastly stye,
The vulgar PASSIONS rush to pig with Kings!

O D E III.

The POET sweetly reproveth the EMPEROR for neglecting to turn a penny in an honest way, and demonstrateth the inconveniency of Generosity—proving that a mind on a *broad* scale may be productive of *NARROW circumstances*.

GREAT KING, thou never educatest swine,
 Nor takest goslings under thy tuition;
 Nor boardest by the week thy neighbour's kine,
 Like PHARAOH'S—that is, in a lean condition.

Nor dost thou cut down palaces to pens,
 Nor sendest unto market cocks and hens;
 Nor to a butcher sellest pork and beef:
 Nor wool nor egg merchant, O King, art thou;
 Nor dost thou watch the girl who milks the cow,
 For fear the girl might sip, and prove a thief;
 Nor settest traps to save thy fowls and eggs,
 And catch thy loyal subjects by the legs.—

Nor dost thou go a *shopping*, mighty King;
 I know that thou *despiseest* such a thing;

Yes,

Yes, to expose such meanness thou art loath:
 Thou scorn'st to pride thyself on *buying* cheap,
 And for some trifle a huge pother keep,
 An ounce of *blackguard*,* or a yard of cloth.

Nor dost thou (which *some people* may deem strange)
 Send Pages with a halfpenny for change;
 Nor dost thou (which would be a crying sin)
 Cheat of his dues the Parson of PE-KIN.

Thy mind was form'd upon an ampler scale:
 Each thought is generosity—a whale:

Not a poor sprat to dunghills to be hurl'd—
 Thy soul a dome illum'd by GRANDEUR'S rays,
 That o'er thy mighty empire casts a blaze;
 A beacon to inform a world.

But, ah! KIEN LONG, thou never wilt be rich,
 If generosity thy heart bewitch.

What says ECONOMY? “Let subjects groan—
 “Let MISERY'S howl be music to thine ear—
 “Yes, let the widow's and the orphan's tear
 “Fall printless on thy heart as on a stone.”

The

* A coarse snuff, emphatically so called.

The souls of many Kings are vulgar entries,
 With not a rushlight 'midst the dismal winding;
 A long, dark, dangerous, dreary way, past finding—
 HYPOCRISY and MEANNESS the two sentries.

AMBITION, that on riches casts its eyes,
 Mounts on the tempest of a PEOPLE'S *sighs*!
 O Emp'ror, GENEROSITY'S a fool—
 She wants advice from *saving* WISDOM'S school.

Look at a smiling field of grass:
 Nothing can eat it out, nor horse nor ass,
 Provided that you put, to spare the feast,
 A padlock on the mouth of ev'ry beast.
 Thus, muzzle but thy palace now and then,
 Thou wilt be wealthy among scepter'd men.

Invite not a whole MILLION* to thine hunt:
 Thy purse with such a heavy weight would grunt.
 In England, when a King a deer unharbours,
 The sport a half a dozen butchers share;
 Of smutty chimney-sweeps *perchance* a pair;
 With probably a brace or two of barbers.

What

* This is the number of the Emperor's attendants, in general, at a hunt.

What though 'tis not *quite royal*—still we boast
 Of gaining glorious fun with little cost.
 The pocket is a very serious matter :
Small beer allayeth thirst—nay, *simple water*.

The splendor of a chace, or feast, or ball,
 Though strong, are passing, momentary rays—
 The lustre of a little hour—that's all ;
 While *guineas* with *eternal* splendor blaze.

O D E IV.

PETER breaketh out into a *strange* rhapsody, so unlike PETER,
 who christeneth himself the POET of the PEOPLE—He
 adviseth the EMPEROR to actions *never practised* by Kings!—
 Is it, or is it *not*, one continued vein of happy irony ?

GIVE nothing from thy privy purse away,
 I say—
 Nay, should thy coffers and thy bags *run o'er*,
Neglect or *pension* MERIT on the *Poor*.

Give

Give not to Hospitals—thy *Name's enough*;
 To death-face FAMINE, not a pinch of snuff:
 On WEALTH thy quarry, keep a falcon-view,
 And from thy *very children* steal their *due*.

Shouldst thou, in hunts, be tumbled from thy horse,
 Unlucky, 'midst some river's rapid course;
 Though sharp between *thyself* and *Death* the strife,
 Give not the Page a *sous* that saves thy life.

Should LOVE allure thee to some FAIR-ONE's arms,
 Who yields thee all the luxury of charms,
 And deluges thy panting heart with blisses;
 Take not a *sixpence* from thy groaning chest,
 To buy a ribbon for the fragrant breast
 That swell'd with all its ardour to thy kisses.

Buy not a garland for her flowing hair;
 Buy not of mittens, or of gloves, a pair,
 To shield her hands from frost, or SUMMER's ray;
 But not a bonnet to defend her face,
 Nor 'kerchief to protect each snowy grace,
 And deck her on some rural holiday:
 But suffer her in homely geer to *pine*,
 In simple elegance where *others shine*.

Thou

Thou probably mayst answer, with a groan,
 “ What! give a vile contagion to the throne!
 “ Perdition catch the wealth, in heaps that lies,
 “ Whilst trodden MERIT lifts her asking eyes.!

“ That calf, shall garish OSTENTATION grin,
 “ Deck'd by the sweat of LABOUR's sun-burnt skin,
 “ Poor cart-horse, envy'd e'en his *very oats*?
 “ Heav'ns! shall this Mummer OSTENTATION cry,
 “ Roast in the sun, thou MOB, in ashes lie;
 “ *Mine* be the *guineas*, SLAVE, and *thine* the *groats*.

“ Mine be the luxury of wine and oil;
 “ Thine, that I *condescend* to drink thy toil.”
 Ah! say'st thou thus?—dares honour this high pitch?
 Then, noble EMP'ROR, thou wilt ne'er be *rich*.

Gold should not gather in a *subject's* chest—
 The crew grows mutinous—it cannot rest;
 It talketh of *equality*, indeed!
 No, let the *Monarch's* bags and coffers hold
 The flatt'ring, mighty, nay, *all-mighty* gold;
 On this shall brawny POW'R his sinews feed;

Jove's eagle near the throne, with eye of fire,
 The vengeance-bearer of the royal ire!
 Enrich the realm, SUBORDINATION dies—
 Wealth gives a wing that *dashes* at the *skies*.

Blush not, though up to neck, to nose, in gold,
 To let thy fav'rite Mandarin be told,
 " The Emp'ror pants for money—hunt about:"
 And should thy Minister, with impious breath,
 Say, " SIRE, we've squeez'd the people nigh to
 death"—
 Off with the villain's head, or kick him out.

'Tis pleasant to look down upon the *hovel*,
 And count the royal treasure with a *shovel*!
 Pleasant to mark the whites of wishing eyes,
 And hear of POVERTY the fruitless fights!
 Grand, on their knees to see the million cow'r!
 Pale, starv'd submission is the *feast* of POW'R.

Pr'ythee, to Europe come, KIEN LONG, with speed:
 We'll give thee much instruction on this head;
 Nay, *some examples* also shall be brought,
 Which beats a cold dry precept all to nought.

PRECEPT's a pigmy, heftick, weak, and flight;
 EXAMPLE is a giant in his might.

Then, pr'ythee, to our EUROPE hafte to ftare;
 LO, EUROPE fhall produce thee *such a Pair!*
 A PAIR! to whom lean AV'RICE is a fool,
 And means to take a leffon from *their fchool.*

O D E V.

PETER giveth an account of the expedition of Lord MACARTNEY,
 and, contrary to the tenor of the preceding Ode, abfolutely
 recommendeth GENEROSITY to the EMPEROR.

KIEN LONG, our GREAT GREAT PEOPLE, and
 'SQUIRE PITT,

Fam'd through the univerfe for *faving wit,*
 Have heard uncommon tales about thy wealth;
 And now a vefsel have they fitted out,
 Making for good KIEN LONG a monftrous rout,
 To trade, and beg, and ask about his health.

This, to my fimple and *unconnying* mind,
 Seems economical, and very kind!

And

And now, great EMPEROR of China, say,
What handsome things hast thou to give away?

Accept a proverb out of WISDOM's schools—

'Barbers first learn to shave, by shaving *fools*.'

PITT shav'd *our* faces first, and made us grin—
Next the *poor French*—and now the hopeful LAD,
Ambitious of the honour, seemeth mad
To try this razor's edge upon *thy* chin.

THEE as a *generous* Prince we all regard;

For ev'ry present, lo, returning *double*:

'Tis therefore thought that thou wilt well reward

The *ship* and LORD MACARTNEY for their trouble.

And now to GEORGE and CHARLOTTE what the pre-
sents?

No humming-birds, we beg—no owls, no pheasants;

Such gifts will put the palace in a sweat—

For God's sake send us nothing that can *eat*.

"What gifts, I wonder, will thy KING and QUEEN

"Send to KIEN LONG? thou cry'ft.—Not much,

I ween;

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X

They

They can't afford it; they are very poor—
 And though they shine in so sublime a station,
 They are the *poorest* people in the nation,
 So wide of Charity their neat *trap-door!!!

Our King may send a dozen cocks and hens;
 Perhaps a pig or two, of his own breeding;
 Perhaps a pair of turkeys from his pens;
 Perhaps a duck, of his own feeding—

Or *possibly* a half a dozen geese,
 Worth probably a half a crown a-piece;
 And that he *probably* may deem *enough*.—
 Her gracious MAJESTY man condescend
 Her precious compliments to send,
 Tack'd to a pound or two of snuff:

The history of *Strelitz* too, perhaps;
 A place that *cuts a figure* in the maps.

Most mighty EMP'ROUR, be not thou afraid
 That *we* shall generosity upbraid:

Send

* Reader, this expression is uncommonly beautiful. The *most* secret charities are generally the largest, and most acceptable to God.

Send heaps of things—poh! never heed the mea-
 If Palaces won't hold the precious things, [sure—
 Behold, the best of Queens and *eke* of Kings
 Will build them barns to hold the treasure.

I know thy delicacy's such,
 Thou fancyest thou canst send *too much*;
 But as I know the Great-ones of our isle,
 The very *thought* indeed would make them smile.

Lord! couldst thou send the Chinese Empire o'er,
 So hungry, we should gape for *more*;
 Yes, couldst thou pack the Chinese Empire up,
 We'd make no more on't than a China cup;
 Ev'n then My LADY SCHWELLENBERG would bawl,
 "Gote dem de shabby fella—vat, dis all?"

Whales very rarely make a hearty meal—
 Thus Princes an eternal hunger feel;
 Moreover, fond of good things *gratis*;
 Whose stomach's motto should be, *nunquam satis*.

Then load away with rarities the ship,
 And let us cry, "She made a *handsome trip*"—
 But mind, no humming-birds, apes, owls, mackaws;
 The dev'l take presents that can *wag their jaws*.

O D E.

SIMPLICITY, I dote upon thy tongue;
 And *thee*, O white-rob'd TRUTH, I've rev'renc'd long;
 I'm fond too of that flashy varlet WIT,
 Who skims earth, sea, heav'n, hell, existence o'er,
 To put the merry table in a roar,
 And shake the sides with laugh-convulsing fit.

O yes! in sweet SIMPLICITY I glory—
 To *her* we owe a charming little story.

WILLIAM PENN, NATHAN,

AND

T H E B A I L I F F .

A T A L E .

AS well as I can recollect,
 It is a story of fam'd WILLIAM PENN,
 By bailiffs oft beset, without effect,
 Like numbers of our Lords and Gentlemen—

WILLIAM

WILLIAM had got a private hole to spy
 The folks who came with writs, or "How d'ye do?"
 Possessing, too, a penetrating eye,
 Friends from his foes the Quaker quickly knew.

A bailiff in disguise one day,
 Though not disguis'd to our friend WILL,
 Came, to WILL's shoulder compliments to pay,
 Conceal'd, the catchpole thought, with wond'rous
 skill.

Boldly he knock'd at WILLIAM's door,
 Drest like a gentleman from top to toe,
 Expecting quick admittance, to be sure—
 But no!

WILL's servant NATHAN, with a strait-hair'd head,
 Unto the window gravely stalk'd, not *ran*—
 "Master at home?" the Bailiff sweetly said—
 "Thou canst not speak to him," reply'd the Man.

"What," quoth the Bailiff, "won't he see me then?"
 "Nay, snuffled NATHAN, "let it not thus strike thee;
 "Know, verily, that WILLIAM PENN
 "Hath seen thee, but he doth not *like* thee."

T O A F L Y,
TAKEN OUT OF A BOWL OF PUNCH,

AH! poor intoxicated little knave,
Now senseless, floating on the fragrant wave;
Why not content the cakes alone to munch?
Dearly thou pay'ft for buzzing round the bowl;
Loft to the world, thou busy sweet-lipp'd foul—
Thus Death, as well as Pleasure, dwells with Punch.

Now let me take thee out, and moralise.—
Thus 'tis with mortals, as it is with flies,
For ever hankering after PLEASURE'S cup:
Though FATE, with all his legions, be at hand,
The beasts, the draught of CIRCE can't withstand,
But in goes every nose—they *must, will* sup.

Mad are the PASSIONS, as a colt untam'd!
When PRUDENCE mounts their backs, to ride them
mild,
They fling, they snort, they foam, they rise inflam'd,
Insisting on their own sole will so wild.

Gadsbud!

Gadsbud! my buzzing friend, thou art not dead;
The Fates, so kind, have not yet snipp'd thy thread;
By heav'ns, thou mov'ft a leg, and now its brother,
And kicking, lo, again thou mov'ft another!

And now thy little drunken eyes unclofe;
And now thou feeleft for thy little nose,
And, finding it, thou rubbest thy two hands;
Much as to say, "I'm glad I'm here again."
And well mayst thou rejoice—'tis very plain,
That near wert thou to DEATH'S unfocial lands.

And now thou rollest on thy back about,
Happy to find thyself alive, no doubt—
Now turnest—on the table making rings;
Now crawling, forming a wet track,
Now shaking the rich liquor from thy back,
Now flutt'ring nectar from thy filken wings;

Now standing on thy head, thy strength to find,
And poking out thy small, long legs behind;
And now thy pinions dost thou briskly ply;
Preparing now to leave me—farewell, Fly!

Go, join thy brothers on yon funny board,
And rapture to thy family afford—

There wilt thou meet a mistress, or a wife,
That saw thee, drunk, drop senseless in the stream;
Who gave, perhaps, the wide-resounding scream,
And now sits groaning for thy precious life.
Yes, go and carry comfort to thy friends,
And wisely tell them thy imprudence ends.

Let buns and fugar for the future charm;
These will delight, and feed, and work no harm—
Whilst PUNCH, the grinning merry imp of sin,
Invites th' unwary wand'rer to a kiss,
Smiles in his face, as though he meant him bliss,
Then, like an alligator, drags him in.

E L E G Y

TO THE

FLEAS OF TENERIFFE.

Written in the Year 1768, at SANTA CRUZ, in company with
a Son of the late ADMIRAL BOSCAWEN, at the House of
Mr. MACKERRICK, a Merchant of that place.

YE hopping natives of a hard, hard bed,
Whose bones, *perchaunce*, may ache as well as ours,
O let us rest in peace the weary head,
This night—the first we ventur'd to your bow'rs.

Thick as a flock of starlings on our skins,
Ye turn at once to brown, the lily's white;
Ye stab us also, like so many pins—
SLEEP swears he can't come near us whilst ye bite.

In vain we preach—in vain the candle's ray
Broad flashes on the imps, for blood that itch—
In vain we brush the busy hofts away;
Fearless, on *other parts* their thousands pitch.

And

And now I hear a hungry varlet cry,

“ Eat hearty, fleas—they’re some outlandish men—
 “ Fat stuff—no Spaniards, all so lean and dry—
 “ Such charming ven’fon ne’er may come agen.”

How shall we meet the morn? With shameful eyes!
 With nibbled hands, and eke with nibbled faces,
 Just like two turkey-eggs, we speckled rife,
 Scorn’d by the LOVES, and mock’d by all the GRACIES.

What will the stately Nymph, JOANNA,* say?
 How will the beauteous CATHERINA* stare!
 “ Away, ye nasty Britons—foh! away,”
 In founds of horror will exclaim the Fair.

What though we tell them ’twas MACKERRICK’s† bed?
 What though we swear ’twere all MACKERRICK’s
 Disgusted will the Virgins turn the head; [fleas?
 No more we kiss their fingers on our knees.

No more our groaning verses greet their hand;
 No more they listen to our panting prose;
 No more beneath their window shall we stand,
 And serenade their beauties to repose.

The

* Young Spanish Ladies of the first fashion.

† He is a principal man in the island, and much respected.

The *Conversations** meet their end ;
 The love-inspir'd *Fandango* warms no more ;
 The laugh, the nod, the whisper, will offend ;
 The leer, the squint, the squeezes, all be o'er.

But, O ye ruthless hosts, an Arab train,
 Ye daring light-troops of that roving race,
 Know ye the strangers whom with blood ye stain ?
 Know ye the voyagers ye thus disgrace ?

One is a DOCTOR, of redoubted skill,
 A Briton born, that dauntless deals in death ;
 Who to the Western IND proceeds to kill,
 And, probably, of *thousands* stop the breath :

A BARD, whose wing of thought, and verse of fire,
 Shall bid with wonder all PARNASSUS start ;
 A BARD, whose converse MONARCHS shall admire,
 And, happy, learn his lofty Odes by heart.†

The other, lo, a Pupil rare of MARS,
 A youth who kindles with a FATHER'S flame ;
 BOSCAWEN call'd, who fought a kingdom's wars,
 And gave to *Immortality* a name.

Lo,

* At his Excellency's the Governor.

† Part of this prophecy has been amply verified.

Lo, such are *we*, freebooters, whom ye bite!

Such is our British Quality, O Fleas!—

Then spare our tender skins this one, one night—

To-morrow *eat* MACKERRICK, if ye please.

The present unnatural and fatal enmity towards those best creatures in the world, KINGS and QUEENS, putting our most AUGUST COUPLE more on their guard against evil machinations, by selecting Mr. TOWNSEND, Mr. MACMANUS, and Mr. JEALOUS, the most accomplished Thief-takers upon earth, to watch over them as a Garde de corps; such an important circumstance, so illuminative of the historical page, could not escape the eagle eye of the LYRIC BARD, who, in consequence, has addressed an Ode of praise and admonition to the three aforesaid Gentlemen.

O D E

TO

MESSRS. TOWNSEND, MACMANUS, AND JEALOUS,

THE THIEF-TAKERS, AND ATTENDANTS ON MAJESTY.

YE friends to JUSTICE GIBBET, JUSTICE JAIL,
And JUSTICE CART'S slow-moving tail,

Accept the BARD'S sincere congratulation—

Ye glorious imps, of thief-suppressing spirit,

Elected, for your most heroic merit,

The Guardians of the Rulers of the Nation.

When

When BLOOD, that enterprising chap,
 Attempted *only* on the *crown* a rape,
 Pale HORROR rais'd her hands, and roll'd her eyes:
 But should *some knave*, with fingers most unclean,
 Attempt to steal away our KING and QUEEN,
 How would the Empire in disorder rise!

Just like the nations of the honey'd hive,
 Who, if they lose their SOV'REIGN, never *thrive*.

At midnight, lo, some knave might steal so sly,
 In silence, on the royal sleepy eye,
 And, giving to his sacrilege a loose,
 Bear off the mighty Monarch on his back,
 Just as sly *Reynard*, in his night attack,
 Bears from the farmer's yard a gentle goose.

Ye glorious thief-takers, O watch the Pair;
 We cannot such a precious couple spare—
 O, cat-like, guard the door against TOM PAINE:
 TOM PAINE's an artful and rebellious dog,
 Swears that a sacred throne is but a log,
 And MONARCHS too expensive to maintain.

I know

I know their Majesties are in a fright ;

I know they very badly sleep at night :

TOM PAINE's indeed a most terrific word ;

A name of fear, that sounds in ev'ry wind ;

A goblin damn'd, that haunts the royal mind ;

Of DAMOCLES, the hair-suspended sword.

Why should our glorious Sov'reigns be unblest ?

Why by a paltry subject be distrest ?

Is there no poison for TOM PAINE ?—alas !

Is there no halter for this knave of knaves ?

Audacious fellow ! lo, the Crown he braves,

And calls the Kingdom a poor burden'd *ass*.

For this poor burden'd *ass*, he swears he feels,

And bids him lift, a regicide, his heels.

What a bright thought in GEORGE and CHARLOTTE,

Who, to escape each wicked varlet,

And disappoint TOM PAINE's disloyal crew,

Fix'd on the brave MACMANUS, TOWNSEND, JEALOUS,

Delightful company, delicious fellows,

To point out, ev'ry minute, *who is who !*

To hustle from before their noble Graces,
 Rascals with ill-looking designing faces,
 Where treason, murder, and sedition, dwell;
 To give the life of ev'ry Newgate wretch;
 To say who next the fatal cord shall stretch—
 The sweet historians of the pensive cell.

O with what joy felonious acts ye view!
 How pleas'd, a thief or highwayman to hunt!
 Blest as CORNWALLIS, TIPPOO to pursue;
 Blest as old PURS'RAM BHOW, and HURRY PUNT!

How itch your fingers to entrap a thief!
 How nimbly you pursue him!—with what soul
 Track him from haunt to haunt, to mercy deaf,
 And drag at last the felon from his hole!

Thus when a CHAMBERMAID a FLEA espies,
 How beats her heart! what lightnings fill her eyes!
 To seize him, lo, her twinkling fingers spread,
 And stop his travels through the realm of bed.

He hops—the eager damsel marks the jump;
 Now sudden falls in thunder on his rump—

She misses—off hops BLOODSUCKER again:
 The nymph with wild alacrity pursues;
 Now loses fight of him, and now gets views,
 Whilst all her trembling nerves with ardour strain.

Now fairly tir'd, with melancholy face,
 Poor fighting SUSAN quits th' important chace:—
 Once more resolv'd, she brightens up her wits,
 And, furious, to her lovely fingers spits—
 Thrice happy thought! yet, not to flatter,
 'Tis not the cleanliest trick in nature.

Now in the blanket deep she sees him hide,
 Who, winking, fancieth SUSAN cannot see;
 Now SUSAN drags him forth, with victor pride,
 The culprit crusheth; and thus falls the FLEA!

What pity 'tis for this important nation,
 The Princes all have had their education!
 What pounds on Gottingen were thrown away!
 How had he moralis'd their youngling hearts,
 How had ye giv'n an insight of the Arts,
 So necessary, Sirs, for sov'reign sway!

CUNNING's a pretty monitor for Kings;
 She teacheth most extraordinary things;
 She keepeth subjects in their proper sphere;
 She brings that fool, the Million, tame to hand,
 To dance, to kneel, to prostrate at command—
 A Kingdom is a Monarch's dancing bear.
 By means of this fame humble capering beast,
 What royal showmen fill their fobs, and feast!

O tell the world's great Masters, not to *spare*—
 A subject's murmur is beneath their care:
 When well accustom'd to the busy thong,
 Flogging's a matter of mere sport—a song.

All know the tale of BETTY and the Eel—
 “ You cruel b—h (a man was heard to say)
 “ To serve poor creatures in that horrid way!”
 “ Lord, Sir!” quoth BETTY, turning on her heel,
 “ The eels are *us'd* to it!”—so saying,
 And humming *ça ira*, continued *flaying*.

O how I envy you each happy name!
 TIME shall not eat the mountain of your fame;
 For *thus* myself your Epitaph shall write,
 And dare the vile old stone-eater to bite.

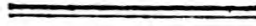
THE EPITAPH.

“ Here lie three crimps of death, knock’d down by
FATE;

“ Of JUSTICE the staunch blood-hounds too, so keen;

“ Who choak’d the little plund’ers of the State,

“ And, glorious, fav’d a mighty King and Queen.”



Behold, the Guards, so disappointed, mourn!

With jealousy their glorious bosoms burn,

To find by *you*, dread Sirs, usurp’d their places:

“ What! not the regiments of Death be trusted!

“ By Thief-takers, O Jesu! to be ousted!

“ Thief-catchers *Gardes de corps* unto their Graces!”

Thus, thus exclaim the angry men in red,

Who, with their swords and guns, may go to bed.

Gods! how I envy our great folk their joys!

Your tales of house-breakers, those nightly curfes;

Of heroes of the heath, St. Giles’s boys;

Hist’ries of pocket-handkerchiefs and purfes;

Oh, for minds-royal, what delightful food!

Stories surpassing those of ROBIN HOOD.

Sweet are of slight-hand BARRINGTON the tales;
 Of *changeful* MAJOR SEMPLE, charming too!
 Delicious story through each HULK prevails,
 Full of instruction, pleasant, sage, and new.

Hence the pure streams of thieving science flow,
 Which through your mouths to gaping Monarchs go;
 And frequently the royal gaze, ye greet
 With curious instruments, for robbing mete.

Who would not wish to see the gliding crook,
 With whom the purses oft in silence stray?
Who would not on the tools with rapture look,
 That from post-chaises snap the trunks away?

Who would not ope false dice, ingenious bones?
 A curious speculation, worthy thrones.

Laugh the loud world, and let it laugh again;
 The GREAT of WINDSOR shall such mirth disdain.
 In days of *yore*, dull days, infipid things,
 Kings trusted *only* to a PEOPLE'S *love*;
 But modern times in politics improve,
 And *Bow-street Runners* are the shields of Kings.

O D E T O C Æ L I A.

ENVY must own that thou art passing fair;
Love in thy smiles, and Juno in thy air :

Yet, CÆLIA, if with Gods I may be free,
I think that Jove commits a sort of sin,
By stripping all the Graces to the skin,
Merely to make a *nonpareille* of thee.

CÆLIA, thou knowest too that thou art pleasing;
Most spider-like, the hearts of mortals seizing;

And what too maketh me confounded sour,
Thou knowest what I wish to hide,
Which rather mortifies my pride,
That I'm a simple fly, and in thy pow'r.

When NATURE sent thee blooming from above,
She meant thee to support the cause of LOVE—

To keep alive a beautiful creation:
Thy graces hoarded, girl, thou must be told,
Are really like the sordid MISER's gold,
Worthless, for want of circulation.

Behold!

Behold! a guinea, by a proper use,
Another pretty guinea will produce;
And thus, O peerless girl, thy beauty
May bring thee *cent. per cent.* within the year;
That is, another beauty may appear,
If properly it minds its duty.

Of wonder, lo, thou puttest on the stare—
It seems a dark and intricate affair;
Thou wantest a good, able, sound adviser:
Well, then, my dear, at once agree,
As *chamber-counsel* to take *me*;
I know none better qualified, nor wiser.

A N O D E

TO

A P R E T T Y M I L L I N E R.

O NYMPH, with bandbox tripping on so sweet,
For Love's sake, stay those pretty tripping feet,
Join'd to an ancle, form'd all hearts to steal—
That ancle to the neatest leg united,
Perhaps—with which I should be much delighted,
For men by *little* matters guesfs a deal.

LOVE lent thee lips, and lent that bloom divine—
But, dearest Damsel, what can make them mine?
Heav'n rests upon those heaving hills of snow;
The fascinating dimple in thy chin;
In short, thy charms without, and charms within,
Speak, are they purchasable? aye, or no?

Thou see'st my soul wild staring from my eyes;
Let me not burst in ignorance, fair Maid—
Why shewest thou, O peerless Nymph, surprisè?
I am no wolf to eat thee—why afraid?

O could

O could I gain by gold those heav'nly charms!

Could gold once give thee to my eager arms

Lo, into guineas would I coin my heart;

Those would I pour pell-mell into thy lap,

With thee to wake to love, and then to nap,

Then wake again—again to sleep depart,

All happy circled in thy arms of bliss;

To snatch, with riot wild, *thy* burning kisses;

A *kiss*!—a *thousand* kisses let me add—

Ten thousand from thy unexhausted mint,

And then ten thousand of *my own* imprint—

Speak, tempting Syren, to a swain stark mad.

Heav'ns! o'er thy cheek how deep the crimson glows,

And spreads upon thy breast of purest snows!

Why mute, my Angel? thou disdain'st reply!

'Sdeath! what a cuckoo, what a rogue am I!

O Nymph, so sweet, forgive my wild desires;

That knave, thy bandbox, wak'd my lawless fires,

Bade me suspect what CHASTITY reveres:—

What will wipe out th' affront, O Virgin, speak,

That flush'd the rose of virtue on thy cheek,

Chill'd thy young heart, and dash'd thine eye with

tears?

Go, guard that honour which I deem'd departed—
 O yield thy beauties to some swain kind-hearted,
 Whose soul congenial shall with thine unite,
 And Love allow no respite from delight.

A MORAL AFTER-THOUGHT

ON THE ABOVE.

DEAR INNOCENCE, where'er thou deign'st to dwell,
 The PLEASURES sport around thy simple cell;
 The song of NATURE melts from grove to grove;
 Perpetual sunshine sits upon thy vale;
 CONTENT and ruddy HEALTH thy hamlet hail,
 And ECHO waits upon the voice of LOVE.

But where—but where is scowling GUILT's abode?
 The spectred heath, and DANGER's cavern'd road;
 The shuffling monster treads with panting breath—
 The cloud-wrapp'd storm insulting roars around,
 FEAR pales him at the thunder's awful sound,
 He stares with horror on the flash of death.

He

He calls on DARKNESS with affright,
 And bids her pour her deepest night;
 Her clouds impenetrable bring,
 And hide him with her raven wing!

Are these the pictures? Then I need not muse,
 Nor gape, nor ponder *which* to choofe:
 O INNOCENCE, this instant I'm thy slave—
 What but the greatest *fool* would be a *knave*?



A

L Y R I C E P I S T L E

T O

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

SIR WILLIAM! what, a new estate!
 I give thee joy of * GABIA's fate—
 More broken pans, more gods, more mugs;
 More fnivel bottles, jordans, and old jugs;
 More faucepans, lamps, and candlesticks, and kettles;
 In short, all forts of culinary metals!

Leave

* A newly-discovered town, sister in misfortune to Herculanum, Pompeia, and Pæstum.

Leave not a dust-hole unexplor'd;
 Something shall rise to be ador'd:

 Search the old bedsteads and the rugs;
 Such things are sacred—if, by chance,
 Amidst the wood, thine eye, should glance
 On a nice pair of antique bugs;

Oh, in some box the curious vermin place,
 And let us Britons breed the Roman race!

Old nails, old knockers, and old shoes,
 Would much DAINES BARRINGTON amuse;
 Old mats, old dish-clouts, dripping-pans, and spits,
 Would prove delectable to other wits;
 Gods legs, and legs of old joint stools,
 Would ravish all our antiquarian schools.

Some rev'rend moth, with ne'er a wing,
 Would charm the * Knight of Soho-Square:
 A headless flea would be a pretty thing,
 To make the Knight of Wonders stare.

A curl

* Sir Joseph Banks.

A curl of some old Emp'ror's wig,
 Or Nero's fiddle, 'mid the flames of Rome,
 That gave so exquisite a jig,
 Believe me, would be well worth sending home.

Oh, if some *lumping* rarity of gold,
 Thy lucky lucky eyes by chance behold,
 Sent it to our good K*** and gracious Q****:
 No matter what th' inscription—if there's none,
 'Tis all one!

Plain gold will please, as well as *work'd*, I ween—
 Much will the present their *great* eyes regale,
 Let it but cut a figure in the *scale*.

Oh! could an earthquake shake down WAPPING,
 And catch th' inhabitants and goods all napping,
 And then a thousand years the ruin shade,
 What fortunes would be quickly made!
 What rare Musæums from the rubbish rise,
 Wapping antiquities to glad the eyes!

How portraits of MOLL FLANDERS, HANNAH SNELL,
 And Miss D'EON, those heroines, would sell!

CANNING and SQUIRES!

How

How would the *dilettanti* of the nation
 Devour the prints with eyes of admiration!
 And to their merits, Poets strike their lyres!

Sign-posts, with Old Blue Boars, and Heads of Nags,
 Would from the proud possessor draw *such* brags!
 Red Lions, Crowns and Magpies, George the Third—
 The Cat and Gridiron, our most gracious Queen,
 With rapt'rous adoration would be seen;
 They would, upon my word.
 Such would transport the people of hereafter,
 Though subjects now of merriment and laughter.

POSTSCRIPT (*sub Rosa.*)

HIST!—what fresh ovens of Etrurian ware;
 What pretty jordans has my friend to spare?
 What gods are ripe for digging up, O Knight?
 What Britons, *knowing* in the *Virtú* trade,
 Soon as a grand discov'ry shall be made,
 Are near thee, gudgeon-like, prepar'd to bite?

What

What brazen god, baptis'd with chamber lye,*
 For which the future *connoisseurs* may sigh,
 Is going into ground, with front sublime?
 Hereafter to be worshipp'd soon as seen;
 A resurrection rare, array'd in green,
 A downright satire upon TIME;
 Who seems, a poor old fumbling fool, to dote;
 Taking two thousand years to make a coat.

A whisper—lock'd is the Musæum door,†
 From whence antiques were wont to stray;
 Whose parents ne'er sat eyes upon them more,
 So much the little creatures lost their way?
 Pity thou couldst not news of them obtain,
 And send the gods and godlings back again!

Sir WILLIAM, what's become of that same Monk,‡
 From whose old corner-cupboard, or old trunk,

Thine

* Sir WILLIAM keeps an old antiquarian to hunt for him, who, when he stumbles on a tolerable statue, bathes him in urine, buries him, and, when ripe for digging up, they proclaim a great discovery to be made, and out comes an *antique* for universal admiration.

† Some valuable *antiques*, not long since, made their escape from the Royal Musæum, and travelled *the Lord knows where*.

‡ He lived in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius, and furnished the Knight with all his volcanic observations, which pass on the world as *his own*—*Nam quod emis, possis dicere jure tuum*.

Thine hist'ry issued about burning mountains?
 For who would toil, and sweat, and hoe the hill,
 To find, perhaps, of knowledge a poor rill,
 Who easily can buy the fountains?

O Knight of Naples, is it come to pass,
 That thou hast left the gods of store and brass,
 To wed a deity of *flesh* and *blood*?*
 O lock the temple with thy strongest key,
 For fear thy deity, a *comely* She,
 Should one day ramble, in a frolic mood.

For since the idols of a *youthful* King,
 So very volatile indeed, take wing;
 If *bis*, to wicked wand'rings can incline,
 Lord! who would answer, poor old Knight, for *tbine*?
 Yet *should* thy Grecian Goddess fly the fane,
 I think that we may catch her in Hedge-Lane. †

* It is really true—the Knight *is married* to a beautiful *virgin*, whom he styles his *Grecian*. Her attitudes are the most *desirable* models for *young* artists.

† The resort of the Cyprian corps, an avenue that opens into Cockspur-street.

E P I G R A M .

ON A STONE THROWN AT A *VERY GREAT MAN*,
BUT WHICH MISSED HIM.

TALK no more of the lucky escape of the *head*,
From a flint so unluckily thrown—
I think very diff'rent, with thousands indeed,
'Twas a lucky escape for the *Stone*.

T O C H L O E .

DEAR CHLOE, well I know the swain,
Who gladly would embrace thy chain;
And who, alas! can blame him?
Affect not, CHLOE, a surprise;
Look but a moment on *these* eyes,
Thou'lt ask me not, to *name* him.

ON A NEW-MADE LORD.

THE carpenters of ancient Greece,
 Although they bought of wood a stubborn piece,
 Not fit to make a block—yet, very odd!
 No losers were the men of chipping trade,
 Because of this same stubborn stuff they made
 A damn'd good God!

Thus, of the Lower House, a stupid wretch,
 Whose mind to A, B, C, can scarcely stretch,
 Shall, by a *Monarch's* all-creative word,
 Become a very decent Lord.

 TO MY CANDLE.

THOU lone companion of the spectred night,
 I wake amid thy friendly-watchful light,
 To steal a precious hour from lifeless sleep—
 Hark, the wild uproar of the winds! and hark,
 HELL's genius roams the regions of the dark,
 And swells the thund'ring horrors of the DEEP.

From

From cloud to cloud the pale moon hurrying flies;
Now blacken'd, and now flashing through her skies.

But all is silence here—beneath thy beam,
I own I labour for the voice of praise—
For who would sink in dull OBLIVION'S stream?
Who would not live in songs of distant days?

Thus while I wond'ring pause o'er SHAKESPEARE'S page,
I mark, in visions of delight, the SAGE,
High o'er the wrecks of man, who stands sublime;
A COLUMN in the melancholy Waste,
(Its cities humbled, and its glories past)
Majestic, 'mid the solitude of TIME.
Yet now to sadness let me yield the hour—
Yes, let the tears of purest friendship show'r.

I view, alas! what ne'er should die,
A form, that wakes my deepest sigh;
A form, that feels of Death the leaden sleep—
Descending to the realms of shade,
I view a pale-ey'd panting Maid;
I see the VIRTUES o'er their fay'rite weep.

Ah! could the MUSE's simple pray'r
 Command the envied trump of FAME,
 OBLIVION should ELIZA spare:
 A world should echo with her name.

Art thou departing too, my trembling friend?
 Ah! draws thy little lustre to its end?
 Yes, on thy frame, FATE too shall fix her seal—
 O let me, penfive, watch thy pale decay;
 How fast that fame, so tender, wears away!
 How fast thy life the restless minutes steal!

How slender now, alas! thy thread of fire!
 Ah, falling, falling, ready to expire!
 In vain thy struggles—all will soon be o'er—
 At life thou snatchest with an eager leap:
 Now round I see thy flame so feeble creep,
 Faint, less'ning, quiv'ring, glimm'ring—now
 more!

Thus shall the fons of Science sink away,
 And thus of Beauty fade the fairest flow'r—
 For where's the GIANT who to TIME shall say,
 "Destructive tyrant, I arrest thy pow'r?"

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

ALSO,

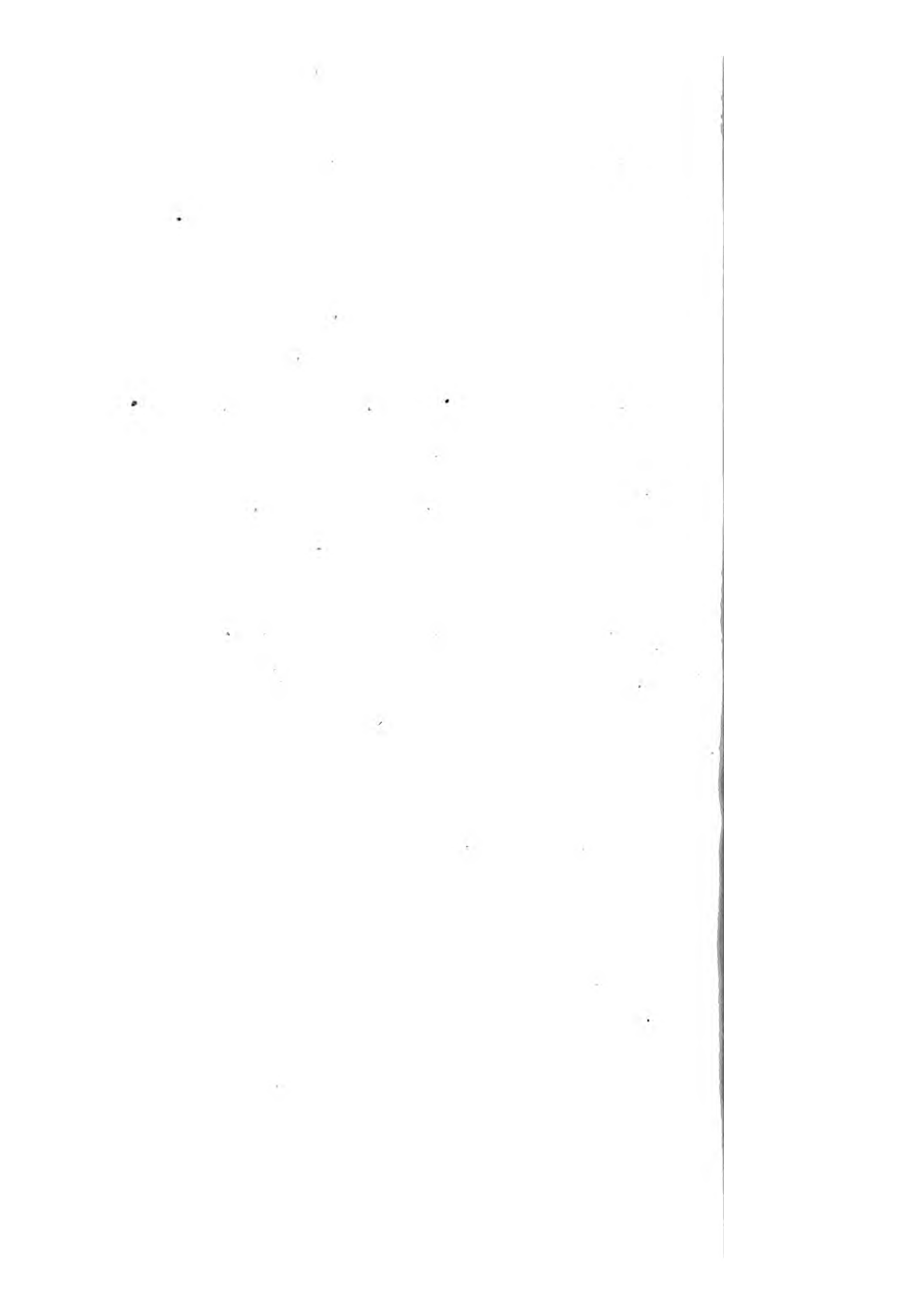
A PAIR OF ODES TO HIS HOLINESS,
ON HIS KEEPING A DISORDERLY HOUSE;

WITH

A PRETTY LITTLE ODE TO INNOCENCE.

—*Paulo majora canamus.* VIRG.

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



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 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 sells a good snug seat 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."

Perehant

Perchance his Holiness may also add,

“ P-x take me, PETER, if you ar'n't too bad :

“ Dare fix thine irnpious foot on my dominions,

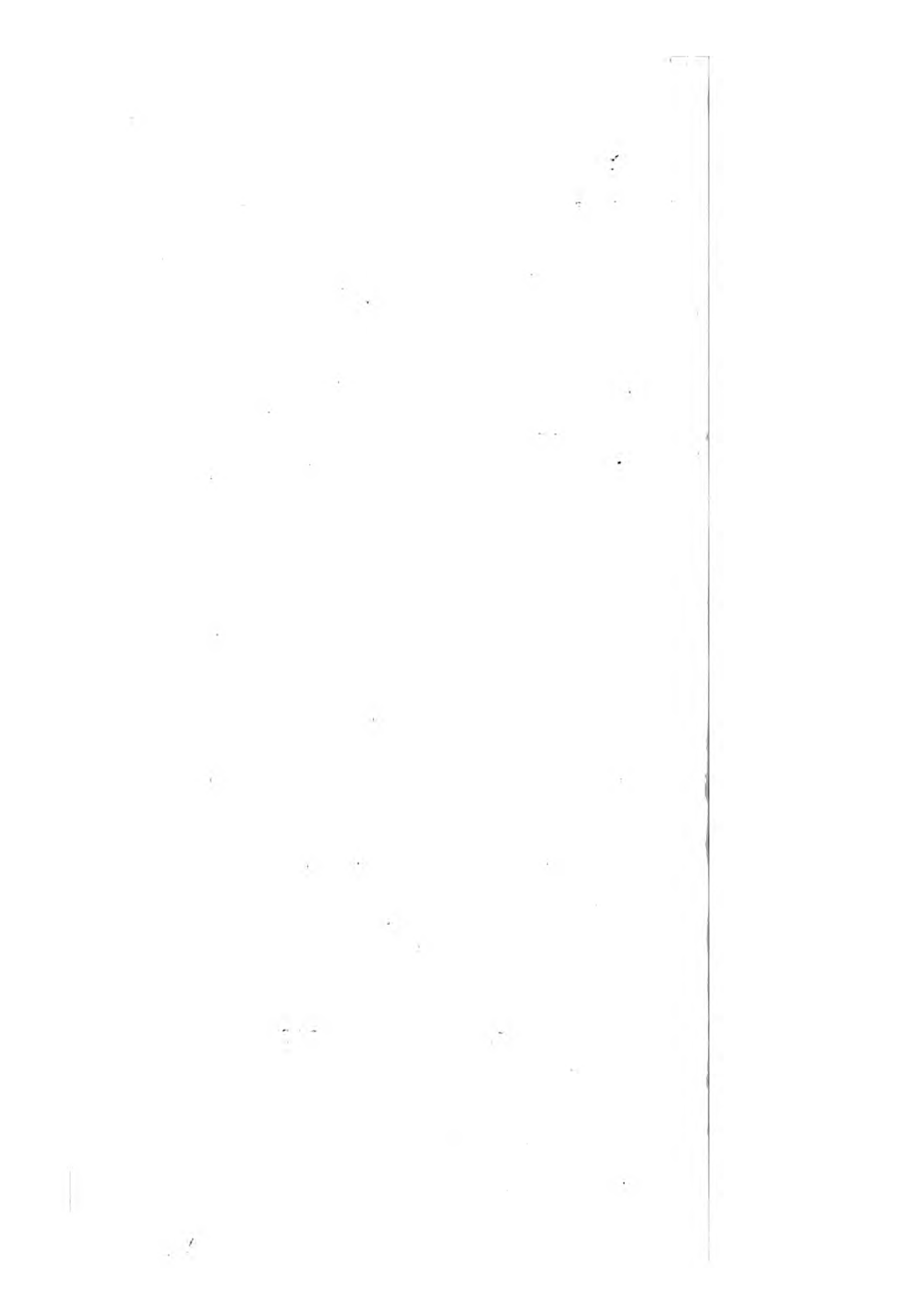
“ I'll *pay* thee for epistles and opinions.”

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

And DANGER with his poniard lurks at Rome,

I'll not fet off to kifs your Worship's toe ;

But wave the glory, and remain at home.



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

WHILE FRANCE, 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 cheese and grout;
Gives poor SARDINIA'S MONARCH a black eye,
And makes the Nimrod KING of NAPLES cry;
What's worse too, threatens poor LORETTO'S shrine,
Where the good Virgin goes each day so * fine,
Threatens to tear the muslin 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?

Z 4

O thou,

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

† The cap of Liberty.

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 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, brass, stones;
 Bid the dark catacombs disgorge their bones;
 Create new regiments of Saints for fight;
 And chase 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 suffering for her evil!
 For what are States, without a KING and DEVIL?

A pair

* The Author 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.

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 on K——, void of art ;
 As melting mercy *bangs* 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 was the pow'r of Saints, though dead and rotten,
 By thee (one verily would think) forgotten :

Then

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 fwore, 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!
“ 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

“ My woolcomber, my fadler, 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 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 Hosier 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 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

* Every trade has its Saints.

“ 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.
 “ Away with fasts—a *foal* 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 soul.
 “ Heav’n kindly sends to man the things man chooses;
 “ 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*;
 “ 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 apply’d,
 “ 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 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

- “ 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 bliss,
 “ And spoil'd that first of joys, the rapt'rous kiss;
 “ Delicious novelty from BEAUTY drove,
 “ And made the gloomy state the tomb of LOVE;
 “ 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!

Suck

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 fitch.
 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 sinner 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 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,

QUAKO, high priest of all the Negro nation,
 And full of Negro faith in conjuration,
 Loaded his jackafs deep with wonder-bags
 Of monkeys teeth, glafs, horfe-hair, and red * rags;
 When forth they march'd—a goodly, folemn pace,
 To pour deftruction on the Christian race;
 To fend the husbands to th' infernal fhades,
 Hug their dear wives, and ravifh the fair maids;
 To bring God MUMBO JUMBO into vogue,
 And fanctify the names of wh— and rogue!
 By FORTUNE'S foot behold the fcheme disjointed;
 And, lo, the BLACK APOSTLE, difappointed!
 But mark! this diff'rence, to the world's furprife,
 Between your HOLINESS and QUAKO lies:—
 O'er FRANCE (no more an unbelieving foe,
 Who bought their relicks, and ador'd thy toe)
 Divine dominion fhalt thou ftretch, O POPE,
 While lucklefs QUAKO only ftretch'd—a rope.

Where is the Priefl that cannot curfe a rat,
 A weafel, locuft, grafshopper, and gnat?—
 If *journeymen* can curfe the reptile clan,
 The mafter certainly can curfe a *man*.

A a 2

Father

* Thefe little bags are called by the Negroes, *Obia*, and are fupposed to be poffeffed of great witchcraft virtues.

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.
 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!" cry'd 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

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;

Designing him for partridge—nobler game.

As the foul'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

Blest is the man who marks the cherry lip,
 And sigheth 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, 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 a murder to a certain 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 fornication ev'ry man enjoys—

“ A smart anchovy sandwich—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 wo'n't do.

“ A girl of pleasure's a light fowling-piece—

“ With this you follow up your game with ease :

“ That

“ 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* 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 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

So an old Abbess, 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 un sanctified careffes.

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 salt 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 *Procurefs* groaning, fighting, 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, mother! what young filly haft 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 fuch a braying;

“ Let's fee your stuff—come, Beldame, show your ware;

“ Some little Phillis, fresh from country air.”

“ O Captain, how *unpiously* you prate!

“ Well, well, I fee there's no refifting fate;

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

“ And fuch a charming creature in't—fuch grace!

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

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

“ I thank

- “ 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 massy door would not be barricaded!
Sure, in her mind, that PETER would unlock it!
Thus had her foul 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*.

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 soil;
 Beholding the small myriads of the plain,
The pismires, some upon their sunny 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
Contemtuous on their toils and tiny town!

Now see thee playful chase 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 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, 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 wanton 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*.

P A T H E T I C O D E S.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND'S DOG

T H U N D E R,

AND THE WIDOW'S PIGS:

A T A L E.

THE POOR SOLDIER OF TILBURY FORT.

ODE TO CERTAIN FOREIGN SOLDIERS.

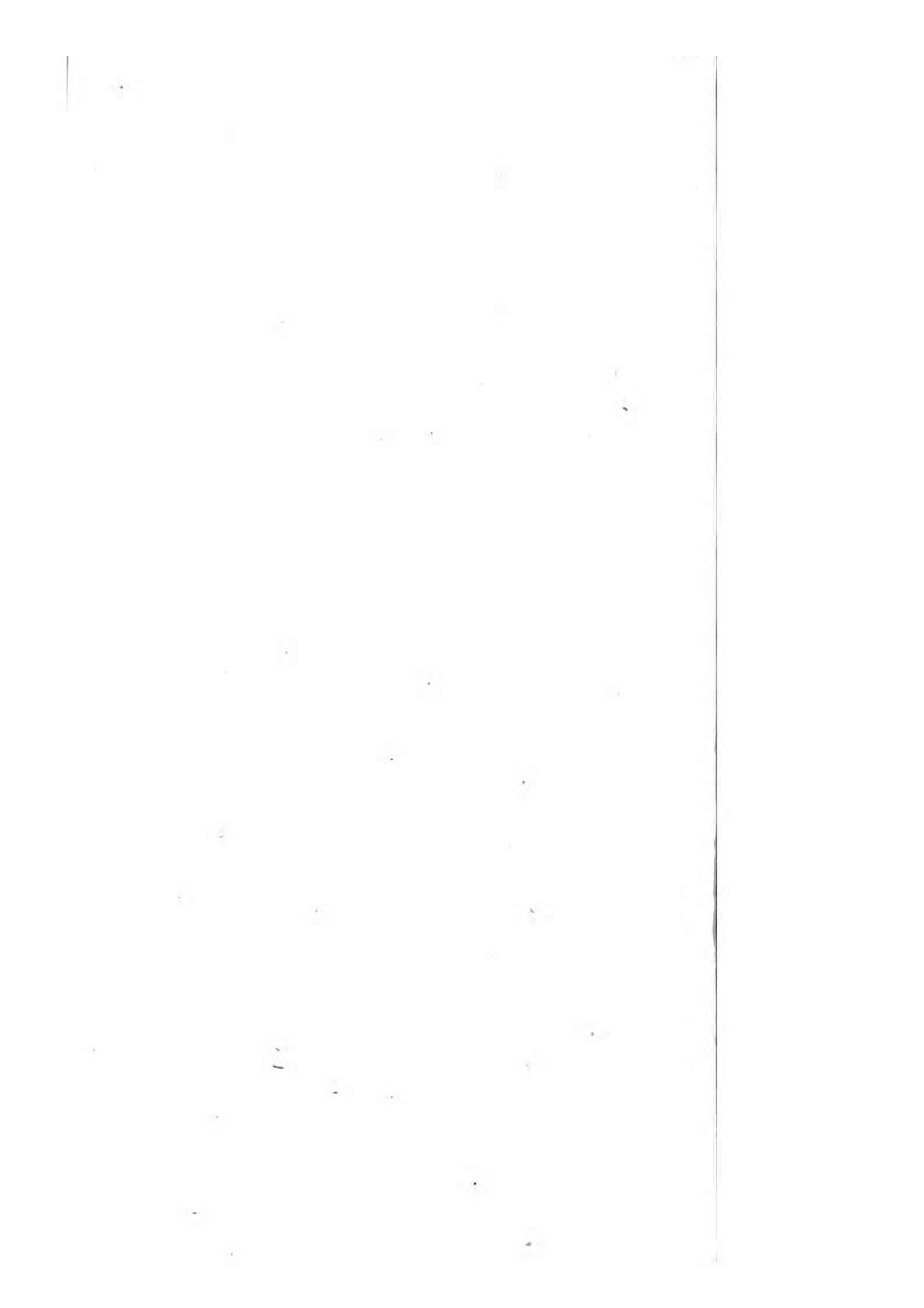
ODE TO EASTERN TYRANTS.

THE FROGS AND JUPITER—A FABLE.

THE DIAMOND PIN AND CANDLE—A FABLE.

THE SUN AND THE PEACOCK—A FABLE.

Far off the HERO bleeds in Brighton Wars,
At least his Horse's ribs so glorious bleed;
Where, nobly daring danger, death, and scars,
He flies and rallies on his bounding steed!



EPISTLE DEDICATORY,

TO

HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

S I R,

YOUR GRACE'S well-known accomplishments; your GRACE'S well-known liberality; your GRACE'S well-known love of sham-fights; your GRACE'S well-known rage for Public Liberty; your GRACE'S well-known political economy; your GRACE'S well-known private economy; and last, though not least, your GRACE'S well-known Christian-like benevolence to objects of charity; form such a constellation of virtues as must inspire every Author with an ambition of dedicating his labours to so splendid a character. Flies are fond of the sun.

The great displeasure lately given by your GRACE to their *High Mightinesses Messieurs* PITT and DUNDAS, and *one or two* more whom we forbear to mention, has spurred the Muse to take the part of exalted

Merit, defend you with her ægis against the united wishes of a whole kingdom, and endeavour to restore your GRACE to a *firm seat* on that high-mettled war-horse, ORDNANCE, upon which your GRACE seems to sit so *dangerously loose*.

I am, your GRACE's, &c.

P. PINDAR.

O D E.

The Poet giveth PHILOSOPHY's modest and sublime picture of INFINITY, a picture damned by the GREAT FOLK of the present day.—PETER maketh a most sagacious discovery of a connexion never thought of before, viz. between FOLLY and GRANDEUR.—He talketh of wisdom, and abuseth the blindness of the *Vulgar*.—He talketh of FLATTERY.—He plumply contradicteth the *Vulgar*, and advanceth unanswerable reasons.—He descanteth on MIND and BODY, proving that a horse-whip is as necessary for the one as the other.—The wise and elegant Speech of the 'SQUIRE, or Elder Brother.—The Poet discovereth Distance to be the parent of Admiration, and confuteth the opinion of MOB, by a pantomimical illustration.—PETER attacketh many GREAT MEN, most aptly making use of a wind-mill and a warming-pan.—He selecteth *one* Great and Good Man from the herd of *bad*.

THOUGH huge to *us* this flying World appears,
And *great* the bustle of a thousand years;
How *small* to HIM who form'd the VAST of nature!
One trembling drop of animated water!*

What

* Consult the wonders of the microscope.

“ What are we?—Reptiles claiming PITY’s sigh,
 “ Though in our own conceits so fiercely stout;
 “ Nay, such small wights in PROVIDENCE’s eye,
 “ As asks *Omnipotence* to *find us out.*”

So says PHILOSOPHY.—“ *Fudge*, cant, mere words,
 “ Trash, nonsense, impudence,” cry Kings and Lords.

Ah, Sirs! believe the sacred truth I tell—
 FOLLY and GRANDEUR oft together dwell:
 FOLLY with TITLE oft is seen to skip,
 Stare from his eye, and grin upon his lip.

Wisdom descendeth not from king to king,
 Or lord to lord, like an estate;
 The present day believeth no such thing—
 Matters are *vastly* chang’d of late.

What says EXPERIENCE from her sober school?
 “ NATURE on many a titled front writes *fool.*
 “ But lo, the vulgar world is blind, stone blind;
 “ The beast can see no writing of the kind;
 “ Or if it *sees*, it cannot *read*—
 “ Now this is marvellous indeed.”

Hark

Hark to the voice of FLATT'RY! thus she sings—
 “ Gods of the earth are Emp'rors, Popes, and Kings ;
 “ Godlings, our Dukes and Earls, and such fine folk.”
 And thus the liar FLATT'RY sung of yore ;
 The fascinated million cry'd *encore*,
 For WISDOM was too young to smell the joke.

Wide was the sphere of IGNORANCE, alas !
 And faint, too faint, of TRUTH'S young sun the ray ;
 Too feeble through th' IMMENSE of gloom to pass,
 And beaming chase a world of fog away.

Ye VULGAR cry, “ GREAT MEN are wond'rous
 wise”—

Whoever told you so, told arrant lies :
 It cannot be.—Not be ! why ?—Hear me, pray,
 They are so dev'lish *lazy*, let me say.

The Mind wants lusty flogging, to be *great* :
 To use a vulgar phrase, “ The Mind must *sweat*.”
 Now men of worship will *not* sweat the Mind ;
 Meat, clothes, and pleasure, come *without*, they find.

What

What man will make a drayhorse of the soul,
 To drag from SCIENCE'S hard quarry, stone,
 Who really wanteth nothing from the hole—
 A toil which therefore may be let alone?

Th' idea seems so wond'rously *uncouth*,
 As maketh ev'ry elder brother *start*;
 Who openeth thus his widely-grinning mouth,
 " Fine fun indeed for *me* to drag a *cart* !

" Let *younger brothers* join it, if they please ;
 " Old SQUARE-TOES, thank my God, has caught *my*
fleas."

Suppose ye want a fine strong fellow?—speak,
 Where for this fine strong fellow would ye seek?
 " Seek ! seek a drayman," with one voice ye cry ;
 " A chairman or a ploughman, to be sure ;
 " Men who a constancy of toil endure ;
 " Such are the fellows that we ought to try."

This then is granted—well then, don't ye find
 Some likeness 'twixt the *body* and the *mind*?

Distance

Distance has wonderful effects indeed ;
 But, Sirs, this is not ev'ry body's creed :
 MOB is not in the secret—that's the case ;
 MOB deemeth great men Gods !—yes, ev'ry where,
 Far off, or near.

Now let a short remark or two take place.

First, I assure you that things are not *so* ;
 By G—d, they are *not* Gods.—I pray ye, go
 To pantomimes, where fine cascades, and fields,
 And rocks, a huge delight to WONDER yields :

Approach them—what d'ye find the frowning rocks ?
 Lord ! what imagination really shocks !

Black pairs of breeches, scarcely worth a groat :
 What are the fields so flourishing ? green bays,
 The objects of your most astonish'd gaze :

What the cascade ? a tinsel petticoat,
 And tinsel gown upon a windlafs turning,
 The fields and rocks so *nat'rally* adorning.

Great men, I've said it, often are great fools,

Great sycophants, great swindlers, and great knaves ;
 Too often bred in TYRANNY'S dark schools,

Happy to see the under-world their slaves.

Great men, at *diff'rent* times, are *diff'rent* too ;
 More so when int'rest is the game in view.

A windmill and a warming-pan, no doubt,
 Are most unlike each other in their nature;
 Yet, trust me, the same man, *in place and out,*
 Is to the full as opposite a creature.

Yet *some* great men are good!—and, by mischance,
 Their eyes on mis'ry will not always glance:

As, for example, RICHMOND'S glorious GRACE,
 A Duke of most *unquestionable* merit,
 With MERC'RY'S cunning, and dread MARS'S spirit,
 Who took the ORDNANCE, a tremendous place!

This DUKE of THUNDER is for ever *spying*;
 To find out objects of sheer merit, trying:
 How happy too, if objects of *distress*!
 Thus is his GRACE of Guns ador'd by all;
 For this, where'er he rides, both great and small,
 Him and his horse, with eyes uplifted, blefs.

This TURENNE* would be sorry, very sorry,
 Should *one* pale form of want his eye escape:
 "No," cries his Grace, "MISFORTUNE shall not worry,
 "Whilst *I* a fixpence for the poor can scrape."

How

* A French General, of the last century, possessed of the
 sublimest qualities.

How much like MAJESTY in Windsor town,
Hunting for PITY's objects up and down!

Yet since distress *has* 'scap'd his GRACE's eye,
The Muse o'er TILB'RY Fort shall breathe a sigh.
Yet ere on TILB'RY FORT we drop a tear,
Lo, with a tale we treat the public ear—

Relate a pretty story of his GRACE:
Much will the tale his GRACE's soul display—
Happ'ning ('tis said) at Goodwood on a day—
'Twill put a smile or frown on ev'ry face.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND'S DOG
T H U N D E R,
 A N D
 THE WIDOW'S PIGS.

The Widow's whole fortune lodged in the Sow.—Her joy on the Sow's lying-in.—The Duke's dog THUNDER much like Courtiers.—THUNDER killeth the young Pigs, yet surpasseth Courtiers in modesty.—The Sow cryeth out—The Widow joineth the Sow in her exclamations.—The old Steward cometh forth at the cry of the Sow and Widow, and uttereth a most pathetic exclamation.—A sensible dissertation on the different species of *compassion*.—The Widow's piteous address to his GRACE.—His GRACE's humane and generous answer to the Widow.

A DAME near Goodwood, own'd a Sow, her all,
 Which nat'rally did into travail fall,
 And brought forth many a comely son and daughter;
 On which the WIDOW wond'rously was glad,
 Caper'd and fung, as really she were mad—
 But TEARS oft hang upon the heels of LAUGHTER.

At

At Goodwood dwelt the Duke's great dog, call'd

THUNDER,

A dog, like courtiers, much inclin'd to plunder;
This dog, with courtier-jealousy so bitter,
Beheld the sweetly-snuffling sportive litter.

Bounce! without "by your leave," or least harangue,
Upon this harmless litter, THUNDER sprang,

And murder'd brothers, sisters, quick as thought;
Then sneak'd away, his tail between his rear,
Seeming ashamed—unlike great courtiers here,

Who (FAME reporteth) are ashamed of nought.

The childless Sow set up a shriek so loud!

All her sweet babies ready for the shroud;

Now chas'd the rogue that such sad mischief work'd:
Out ran the DAME—join'd MISTRESS Sow's shrill cries;
Burst was at once the bag that held her sighs,
And all the bottles of her tears uncork'd.

"Oh! the Duke's dog has ruin'd me outright;

"Oh! he hath murder'd all my pretty pigs."

Forth march'd the Steward grey, with lifted sight,

And lifted hands, good man, and cry'd "Odsnigs!"

Word of surprife ! which, with a plaintive tone,
 And rueful countenance, and hollow groan,
 Did feem like *pity* alfo, for her cafe :
 Yet what's *Odjnigs*, or moan, or groan, or fighs,
 Unhelp'd, by FAMINE if the object *dies* ?
 Or what a yard of methodiftic face ?

Compassions differ very much, we find !
 One deals in *fighs*—now fighs are merely *wind* :
Another only good advice affords,
 Inftead of alms—now this is only *words* :
 Another cannot bear to *fee* the poor ;
 So orders the pale beggar from the door.

Now *that* compassion is the beft, I think,
 (But, ah ! the human foul it rarely graces)
 Inftead of groans, which giveth meat and drink ;
 Off'ring *long* purfes too, inftead of faces.

But, MUSE, we drop DOG, DUKE, and Sow, and
 DAME,
 To follow an old pitiful remark ;
 Like wanton fpaniels that defert the game,
 To yelp and courfe a butterfly or lark.

Now to his GRACE the howling Widow goes,
Wiping her eyes so red, and flowing nose.

“ Oh! please your Grace, your Grace's dev'lish dog,
“ THUNDER's confounded wicked chops
“ Have murder'd all my beauteous hopes—
“ I hope your Grace will pay for ev'ry hog.”

What answer gave his GRACE?—With placid brow,
“ Don't cry,” quoth he, “ and make so much foul
weather—

“ Go home, DAME; and when Thunder eats the *sow*,
“ I'll pay for all the *family* together.”

O D E

TO

A POOR SOLDIER OF TILBURY FORT.

The Poet pronounceth the very great *shyness* subsisting between MERIT and MONEY.—MERIT's connexion with Poverty, and the consequence.—Attack on FORTUNE.—Address to the poor SOLDIER.—He pitieth the poor Soldier's pitiable fate, viz. his ragged coat, hungry stomach, and want of fire.—His companions on the mud.—PETER smileth at the hubbub made on account of a shot-hole in the *little* coat of a *great* PRINCE, a remnant of glory that may probably add another ray to the lustre of SAINT PAUL's.—PETER most pathetically enquireth for his GRACE—proclaimeth him to be at Brighton, most heroically engaged.—The different amusements of his GRACE at Brighton, awake and asleep.—Crumbs of consolation to the poor Soldier.

MERIT and MONEY very seldom meet;
 Form'd for each other, they should oftener greet;
 Indeed *much* oftener should be seen together:
 But MONEY, vastly shy, doth keep aloof;
 Thus POVERTY and MERIT beat the hoof,
 Expos'd, poor souls, to every kind of weather.

Thus

Thus as a greyhound is meek MERIT lean,
 So flammakin, *untidy*, ragged, mean,
 Her garments all so shabby and unpinn'd:
 But look at FOLLY's fat Dutch lubber CHILD;
 How on the tawdry cub has FORTUNE *smil'd*,
 When with contempt the GODDESS should have
grinn'd!

So much for preamble; and now for THEE,
 Whose state forlorn, his GRACE could never *see*.

Poor SOLDIER, after many a dire campaign,
 Drawn mangled from the gory hills of slain,
 Perhaps the soul of Belifarius *thine*;
 Why with a tatter'd coat along the shore,
 Where OCEAN seems to heave a pitying roar,
 Why do I see thee thus neglected pine?

Poor wretch! along the sands condemn'd to go,
 And join a hungry dog, or famish'd cat,
 A pig, a gull, a cormorant, a crow,
 In quest of crabs, a muscle, or a sprat!

Now, at NIGHT's awful, pale, and silent noon,
 Along the beach I see thee lonely creep,
 Beneath the passing solitary moon,
 A spectre stealing 'mid the world of sleep.

Griev'd at thy channell'd cheek, and hoary hair,
 And quiv'ring lip, I mark thy famish'd form,
 And hollow jellied orbs that dimly stare,
 Thou piteous pensioner upon the storm.
 The MUSE's handkerchief shall wipe thine eye,
 And bring sweet HOPE to sooth the mournful sigh.

Deserted Hero! what! condemn'd to pick,
 With wither'd, palsy'd, shaking, wounded hand,
 Of wrecks, alas! the melancholy stick,
 Thrown by the howling tempest on the strand?

Glean'd with the very hand that grasp'd the sword,
 To guard the throne of BRITAIN'S SACRED LORD!
 While COWARDICE at home, from danger shrinks,
 And on an Empire's vitals eats and drinks.

Heav'ns! let a spent and rambling shot
 Touch but a *Prince's* hat or coat,

Expanded

Expanded are the hundred mouths of FAME;
 Whilst braver thousands (but *untitled* wretches),
 Swept by the sword, shall drop like paltry vetches,
 Their fate unpitied, and unheard their name!

Poor Soldier! is that stick to make a fire,
 To warm thyself, and wife, and children dear?
 Where is the goodly Duke—of Coals the 'SQUIRE,
 Whose heart hath melted off at MIS'RY's tear?

Sad vet'ran! is that *coat* thy ragged ALL?
 Sport of the faucy winds and foaking rain!
 For *this* has COURAGE fac'd the flying ball?
 For *this* has bleeding BRAV'RY prefs'd the plain?

Where is the Man who mocks the grin of Death,
 Turns Bagshot pale, and frightens Hounslow Heath?

Far off, alas! he bleeds in Brighton wars;
 At least his horse's ribs so glorious *bleed*;
 Where, nobly daring danger, death, and scars,
 He flies and rallies on his bounding steed.

There too his GRACE may wield his happy pen,
 To prove that truly great and valiant men,

In idle duels never should engage,
But nurse for dread Reviews their godlike rage.

Far off, the HERO, in his tent reclin'd,
Where high and mighty meditations suit,
On leather, leather, turns his lofty mind,
To make a cannon of an old jack-boot!

Great geniuses, how loftily they jump!
Lord! what his rapture when he deigns to ride!
To feel beneath his GRACE's gracious rump,
An eighteen-pounder in his horse's hide!

There too, to Barracks, fir'd in FREEDOM's cause,
And to Mount Wyse,* his lyre the HERO tunes;
There too the pow'r of doting FANCY draws
The Royal George to fight by air-balloons.†

This, FANCY's pow'r most easily can dare—
By FANCY's pow'r the royal ship may rise,
Borne by her bladders through the fields of air,
Just like a twig, by rooks, along the skies.

There

* A place near Plymouth Dock, on which the national treasure has been so *wisely* expended for the *innumerable conveniencies* of his brother Lennox.

† This was actually proposed by his GRACE, with every sanguine idea of success.

There too, at midnight drear, the HERO schemes,
 'Midst hum and snore of troops, for England's good ;
 Explores machines of death in happy dreams,
 For hills of bones, and cataracts of blood.

There, like King Richard, whom the Furies rend,
 He bustles in his sleep, and starts, and turns ;
 Now grasps the sword, and now a candle end,
 That, blazing like *himself*, beside him burns.

Thus, 'mid his tent reclin'd, the GODLIKE MAN
 Vast schemes in slumber spins for England's sake ;
 " And lo," quoth FAME, " his Godlike Grace can plan
 " As wisely in his sleep as when awake."

When, with his host, CALIGULA came over,
 No matter where—for rhyme-fake call it *Dover*—
 What were the trophies hence to Rome he bore ?
 Of paltry perriwinkles just a score !

But RICHMOND from his Brighton wars shall bring
 Life to the State, and safety to a King !

Blest

Blest Man! from Brighton field, with laurels crown'd,
 He triumphs up to town without a wound;*
 From Brighton wars, that witness'd not a corse!
 Most lucky, losing neither man nor horse!

Thus then, O SOLDIER, *distance* hides his GRACE;
 Thus is the sun, at times, of clouds the sport:
 Yet soon the glories of his Lordship's face
 Shall, like a comet, blaze o'er TILB'RY FORT.

There shall the MUSE thy piteous tale unfold,
 Gain thee a coat, and coals, to kill the cold;
 Nay, fat shall swim upon thy meagre porridge:
 The sympathising DUKE her tale will hear,
 And drop, at sound of coat and coals, a tear—
 For RICHMOND'S *bounty* equals RICHMOND'S *courage*.

* The Poet seems to have forgotten himself: his motto talks a different language: but the *quidlibet audendi* belongs as much to P. P. as to every other poet.

A N
 O D E
 T O
 C E R T A I N F O R E I G N S O L D I E R S
 I N
 C E R T A I N P A Y .

A complimentary address to the Soldiers.—Wholesome advice.—PETER draweth a natural and pathetic picture of poor LITTLE LOUIS, reported to have been disgracefully put an apprentice to a Cobbler.—The insolence and cruelty of his master the COBBLER.—The COBBLER blasphemously abuseth TITLE.—The little COBBLER KING cryeth.—Sensible reflexions on the genius of Kings, with a lick at the French Convention, and also at his own stupidity.—PETER supplicateth for the little LOUIS.—Adviseeth the Soldiers to a bold action.—Enquireth of Soldiers *who* is to receive their *Death-money*.—PETER comforteth, and reconcileth them to *Death*.

PETER bleisseth the King and the War, and curseth REFORM, a word in the mouths of Mr. PITT and the DUKE OF RICHMOND *before* they got into office.—PETER adviseeth *more* taxes, for a weighty political reason, *videlicet*, on account of the *impudence* of a NATION, which always increaseth in an insufferable *ratio*, with riches.

Y E Heroes, from your wives and turnips far,
 Who wage so gloriously the flying war,
 I give you joy of hand and leg endeavour;
 And though ye sometimes chance to run away,
 The generous GENERAL MURRAY's pleas'd to say,
 " 'Tis very great indeed—'tis vastly clever."

O cut

O cut the Frenchmen's throats, the restless dogs!
 O with the tiger's gripe upon them spring!
 A pack of vile, degrading, horrid hogs;
 To make a dirty cobbler of a King!

See *stool-propp'd* MAJESTY the leather spread;
 Behold its pretty fingers wax the thread,
 And now the leather on the lapstone, hole;
 Now puts his Majesty the bristle in,
 Now wide he throws his arms with milk-white skin,
 And now he spits and hammers on the sole.

And lo, a rascal, christen'd SANS-CULOTTE,
 Leers on the window of his shed; and lo,
 He bawls (without of awe a single jot)
 "Come, Master King—quick, firrah, mend my
 shoe."

And see! the *shoe* the little Monarch takes,
 And lo, at ev'ry stitch with fear he quakes.—
 Such is of *Liberty* the blessed fruit!
 The name *Licentiousness* would better suit.

Behold SAINT CRISPIN's picture, strange to tell,
 The low-life cobbler's tutelary Saint,
 Of little LOUIS deck the dirty cell;
 How different from the lofty LOUVRE's paint!

See!

See! his hard Master catches up the strap,
 And lashes the young King's poor back and side—
 How! flog his MAJESTY!—for what mishap?
 Ye Gods! because he spoil'd a bit of hide!

Near, hear the cruel tyrant thus exclaim!
 “ Sirrah, there's nothing in a lofty name;
 “ 'Tis all mere nonsense, sound, and stuff together:
 “ Don't think, because thy ancestors, so great,
 “ Have to a *paring* brought a glorious State,
 “ I give thee leave to spoil a *piece* of leather.”

And now behold the little tears, like peas,
 Course o'er his tender cheek in silence down;
 And now, with bitter grief, he feels and sees
 The difference 'twixt a stirrup and a crown.

Folly! to make a *cobbler* of a *King*!
 'Tis such a piece of madness, to my mind!
 What could CONVENTION hope from such a thing?
 The race is fit for *nothing*—of the kind.

Heav'ns! then how dull I am! It was *disgrace*
 FRANCE meant to put upon the royal race;
 “ Aye, and disgrace upon the *Cobbler* too,”
 Most impudently roars the MAN OF SHOE.

O from the lapstone fet the Monarch free!
 O snatch the stirrup from his royal knee;
 Pull the hand-leather off, and seize the awl!
 Seize too the hammer that his fingers gall!

Soldiers! to Paris rush—strike ROBERSPIERRE,
 Knock DANTON down, and crucify BARRERE;
 Crush the vile egg from which the Serpent springs,
 To dart th' envenom'd fang at sacred KINGS.

O soldiers, *whose* your skin-money, I pray?
 At thirty guineas each—how dear your hides!
 Much should I like the contract, let me say:
 Thrice lucky ROGUE, that o'er your lives presides!

Then pray don't grumble, Sirs, should ye be *shot*;
 That is to say, if ye desire to *thrive*;
 For know, if death should prove your lucky lot,
 You're worth a vast *deal more* than when *alive*.

P O S T S C R I P T.

NOW God blefs our good King, and this good war,
And d-mn that wicked word we call REFORM;
Breeding in Britain fo much horrid jar,
So witch-like, conj'ring up a dangerous ftorm!

Yet in the mouths of PITT and RICHMOND'S LORD,
Once what a fweet and inoffenfive word!
Thus proving the delightful proverb true,
“ What's meat to *me*, may poifon be to *you*.”

And now God blefs once more good Mifter PITT,
Who for *invention* beats nineteen in twenty;
And may this Gentleman's moft ready wit
Supply the nation all with taxes plenty;
And as the kingdom has unclench'd its fift,
Pick out a few odd pence for Civil Lift.

We are too rich—Dame FORTUNE grows too faucy;
Wealth is inclin'd to be confounded *brassy*.

War is a wholesome blister for the back ;
Draining away the humours all so *gross* ;
Else would the Empire be of guts a sack—
A Falstaff—woolpack—an unwieldy Joss.

War yieldeth such rare spirits to a nation !
Giving the blood so brisk a circulation !
A kingdom, and a poet, and a cat,
Should never, never, never be *too fat*.

O D E.

CATS and PRINCES very much alike.

“ A CAT who from a window peepeth *out*,
 “ Is very like a CAT who peepeth *in*”—
 Thus is it said—and he who is no lout,
 Knoweth that *Cats* are unto *Men* akin.

For PRINCES looking *up* towards a throne,
 Are very much like PRINCES looking *down*;
 That is, love pow’r, love wealth, have great propensities,
 Sublimely dealing ever in *immensities*.

PRINCES have *clawing* passions too, I ween—
 Yes, many a *foreign* King and *foreign* Queen;
 With stomachs wide too as a whale’s, or wider:
 The subject and a king, in *foreign* land,
 I often have been giv’n to understand,
 Are a poor JACK-ASS and his RIDER.

O D E T O T Y R A N T S.

PETER, with his poetical broomstick, belaboureth foreign Tyrants—Taketh the part of the oppressed POOR—Asketh Tyrants knotty and puzzling questions—Giveth a speech of CATO,—PETER seriously informeth them that they are not like the LORD.—PETER taketh a survey of the furniture of their heads.—PETER solemnly declareth that the MILLION doth not like to be ridden—Giveth an insolent speech of Tyrants, and calleth them *Highwaymen*.—The TAYLOR and the Satin Breeches.—The SHOEMAKER and the Shoes.—PETER lamenteth that there should be *some* who think it a *sin* to *resist* Tyrants.—Adviseeth them to read ÆSOP'S fables.

WHO, and *what* are ye, sceptred bullies?—speak,
That millions to *your* will must bow the neck,
And, ox-like, meanly take the galling yoke?
Philosophers your ignorance despise;
E'en FOLLY, laughing, lifts her maudlin eyes,
And freely on your *wisdoms* cracks her joke.

How dare ye on the men of labour tread,
Whose honest toils supply your mouths with bread;
Who, groaning, sweating, like so many hacks,
Work you the very clothes upon your backs?
Clothes of *calamity*, I fear,
That hold in ev'ry stitch a tear.

Who sent you?—Not the Lord who rules on high,
 Sent you to MAN on *purpose* from the sky,
 Because of *wisdom* it is not a *proof*:
 Show your credentials, Sirs:—if ye refuse,
 Terrific Gentlemen, our smiles excuse,
 BELIEF most certainly will keep aloof.

Old virtuous rugged CATO, on a day,
 Thus to the SOOTHSAYERS was heard to say,
 “ AUGURS! by all the Gods it is a shame
 “ To gull the mole-ey’d million at this rate;
 “ Making of gaping blockheads such a game,
 “ Pretending to be hand and glove with FATE!

“ On guts and garbage when ye meet,
 “ To carry on the holy cheat,
 “ How is it ye preserve that solemn grace,
 “ Nor burst with laughter in each other’s face?”

Thus to your courtiers, SIRs, might I exclaim—

“ In wonder’s name,
 “ How can ye meanly grov’ling bow the head
 “ To pieces of gilt gingerbread?
 “ Fetch, carry, fawn, kneel, flatter, crawl, tell lies,
 “ To *please* the creature that ye should *despise*?”

Tyrants, with all your wonderful dominion,
 Ye ar'n't a whit like God, in my opinion ;
 Though *you* think otherwise, I do presume :
 Hot to the marrow with the *ruling* lust,
 Fancying your crouching subjects so must *dust*,
 Your *lofty selves* the mighty sweeping *broom*.

Open the warehouses of all your brains ;
 Come, Sirs, turn out—let's see what each contains :
 Heav'ns, how ridiculous ! what motley stuff !
 Shut, quickly shut again the brazen doors ;
 Too much of balderdash the eye explores ;
 Yes, shut them, shut them, we have seen enough.

Are *these* the *Beings* to bestride a world ?
 To *such* sad beasts, has God his creatures hurl'd ?

Men want not *Tyrants*—overbearing knaves ;
Despots that rule a realm of *slaves* ;
 Proud to be gaz'd at by a *reptile* race :
 Charm'd with the music of their clanking chains,
 Pleas'd with the fog of STATE that clouds their brains,
 Who cry, with all the impudence of face,

“ Behold your GODS!—down, rascals, on your knees;
 “ Your money, miscreants—quick, no words, no
 strife;
 “ Your lands too, scoundrels, vermin, lice, bugs, fleas;
 “ And thank our mercy that allows you *life!*”

Thus speak the HIGHWAYMEN in purple pride,
 On *Slavery's* poor gall'd back so wont to ride.

Who would not laugh to see a TAYLOR bow
 Submissive to a pair of satin breeches?
 Saying, “ O Breeches, all men must allow
 “ There's something in your aspect that bewitches!

“ Let me admire you, Breeches, crown'd with glory;
 “ And though *I made* you, let me still *adore* ye:
 “ Though a Rump's humble servant, form'd for need,
 “ To keep it warm, yet, Lord! you are so fine,
 “ I cannot think you are my work indeed—
 “ Though merely mortal, lo, ye seem divine!”

Who would not quick exclaim, “ The TAYLOR'S
 Yet Tyrant-adoration is as bad. [mad!”

See! CRISPIN makes a pair of handsome shoes,
 Silk and bespangled, such as ladies use—

Suppose the shoes so proud, upon each heel,
 Perk it in CRISPIN's face, with saucy pride,
 And all the meanness of his trade deride,
 And all the state of self-importance feel;

Tell him the distance between *them* and *him*,
 CRISPIN would quickly cry, "A pretty whim!
 " Confound your little bodies, though so fine,
 " Is not the filk and spangles that ye boast,
 " Put on you at *my* proper cost?
 " Whatever's on ye, is it not all *mine*?
 " Did not I put you *thus* together, pray?"
 What could the simple shoes in answer say?

There too are *some* (thank Heav'n they do not *swarm*)
 Who deem it *foul* to stay a TYRANT's arm,
 That falls with fate upon their humble skulls:
Some for a DESPOT's rod have heav'd the sigh!—
 Let *such* on wiser ÆSOP cast an eye,
 And read the fable of the *Frogs*, the fools.

THE FROGS AND JUPITER.

THE FROGS, so happy 'midst their peaceful pond,
Of *Emp'rors* grew at once extremely fond;

Yes, yes, an *Emp'ror* was a *glorious thing*;
Each really took it in his addle pate,
'Twould be so *charming* to exchange their state!
An *Emp'ror* would *such* heaps of blisses bring!

Sudden out hopp'd the NATION on the grafs,
Frog-man and yellow wife, and youth and lasfs,
A numerous tribe, to knuckle down to JOVE,
And pray the Gods to fend an *Emp'ror* down,
'Twas such a pretty thing, th' IMPERIAL CROWN!
So form'd their pleasures, honours, to improve,

Forth from his old blue *weather-box*, the SKIES,
JOVE briskly stepp'd, with two wide-wond'ring eyes:
"MYNHEERS," quoth JOVE, "if ye are wise, be quiet;
"Know when you're happy"—but he preach'd in
They made the most abominable riot; [vain;
"An *Emp'ror*, *Emp'ror*, yes, we *must* obtain."

"Well, *take one*," cry'd the God, and down he fwopp'd
A monstrous piece of wood, from whence he chopp'd

Kings for the gentlefolk of ancient days :
 Stunn'd at the sound, the frogs all shook with dread ;
 Like dabchicks, under water push'd each head,
 Afraid a single nose so pale to raise.

At length *one* stole a peep, and then a *second*,
 Who, sily winking to a *third* frog, beckon'd ;
 And so on, till they all obtain'd a peep ;
 Now nearer, nearer edging on they drew,
 And finding nothing terrible, nor new,
 Bold on his MAJESTY began to *leap* :

Such hopping this way, that way, off and on !
 Such croaking, laughing, ridiculing fun !

In short, so very shameless were they grown ;
 So much of grace and manners did they lack,
 One little villain saucily squat down,
 And, with a grin, defil'd the ROYAL BACK.

NOW unto JOVE they, kneeling, pray'd again,
 " O JUPITER, this is so sad a beast,
 " So *dull* a Monarch—so devoid of brain !
 " Give us a king of *spirit*, JOVE, *at least*."

The God comply'd, and sent them EMP'ROR STORK,
 Who with his loving subjects went to work ;
 Chas'd the poor sprawling imps from pool to pool,
 Resolv'd to get a handsome belly full.

Now gasping, wedg'd within his iron beak,
 Did wriggling scores most lamentably squeak :
 Bold push'd the EMP'ROR on, with stride *so* noble,
Bolting * his subjects with majestic gobble.

Again the croaking Tribe began to pray,
 'Midst hoppings, scramblings, murder, and dismay :

“ O save us, JOVE, from this inhuman TURK !

“ O save us from this Imp of Hell !

“ MYNHEERS,” quoth JOVE, “ pray keep your *Em-*
p'ror STORK—

“ Fools never know when they are *well*.”

* A term to be found in the HAMPSHIRE DICTIONARY, implying a *rapid* deglutition of bacon, without the *sober ceremony* of mastication. It is, moreover, to be observed, that Hampshire servants, who are bacon-*bolters*, have always less wages than bacon-*chewers*.

O D E.

PETER giveth a *gentle* trimming to the jackets of foreign
 POTENTATES; and a pair of pretty Fables, by way of
 looking-glasses, for their MOST HIGH HAUGHTINESSES.

EMP'RORS, and POPES, and NABOBS, *mighty things*,
 I think, too, we may take in *foreign* KINGS,
 Too often deem their HUMBLE MAKERS, *Slaves*;
 Now such high *Folk* are either fools or knaves,
 Or *both* together probably—a case
 That happens frequently amongst the *Race*.
 Methinks now, this is scandalous—'tis hateful—
 Wicked, and, what is full as bad, ungrateful.

The GREAT of many a Continent and Isle,
 Enough to make the fourest Cynic smile,
 Or, as the proverb says, "*make a dog laugh*,"
 Think honours from *themselves* arise alone;
 Thus are their MAKERS at a *distance* thrown,
 Consider'd as mere mob, mere dirt, mere chaff,

The following Fables then will let them know
 What to *us riffraff* of the world they owe.

THE
DIAMOND PIN
AND THE
FARTHING CANDLE.
A FABLE.

UPON a Lady's toilet, full of lustre,
A Di'mond PIN one night began to bluster:
Full of conceit, like some young flirting girl,
Her senses lost in VANITY's wild whirl:

Highly disgusted at a Farthing Candle,
Left by the LADY of the *broom*,
Nam'd SUSAN, slipp'd into another room,
Something of consequence to handle—

“ You nasty tallow thing,” exclaim'd Miss PIN,
“ Pray keep your distance—don't stay here, and wink;
“ I loath ye—you and all your greasy kin—
“ Good heav'ns! how horribly you look and stink!”

“ Good Lord! Miss PIN,” Miss CANDLE quick re-
“ Soften a little that ungrateful pride: [ply'd,
“ You

" You *shine* indeed—to this I must agree :
 " Yes, *Miss*, you make a very pretty blaze ;
 " But let me tell ye, that your wond'rous rays
 " Owe all their boasted brilliancy to *me*."

" How! *Madam* IMPUDENCE!" rejoin'd Miss PIN,
 First with a frown, and then a scornful grin ;
 " I should not fure have dreamt of *that*,
 " MISS FAT!"

" SUSAN," Miss CANDLE bawl'd, "SUSAN, come here;
 " Such faucy language I'll no longer bear :
 " SUSAN, come, fatisfy the *Lady's* doubt—
 " Take me away, I say, or blow me out."

SUSAN, who, list'ning, heard the great dispute,
 By no means could refuse Miss CANDLE's fuit ;
 So into darkness SUSAN blew her beam :
 " *Now*," with a sharp sarcastic sneer,
 " *Now*," quoth Miss CANDLE, " *now*, my dear,
 " Where is of radiance *now* your boasted stream ?

" Where are your keen and fascinating rays,
 " Ten thousand of them—such a mighty blaze?"

Miss

Miss DI'MOND star'd, and star'd, and star'd again,
To find departed radiance, but in *vain*.

Quite vanish'd! not a single ray display'd!
Each sparkle swallow'd in the depth of shade!
Alter'd, quite alter'd, sadly disappointed,
The bones of her high pride disjointed,
“ I fear,” quoth PIN, “ I much mistake my nature.”
“ True,” answer'd CANDLE, “ true, my dear Miss PIN;
“ Lift not, in future, *quite so high*, your chin,
“ But show some rev'ence for your BLAZE-CRE-
ATOR.”

T H E S U N
AND
T H E P E A C O C K.

A F A B L E.

A PEACOCK, mounted on a barn one day,
Blest with a *quantum sufficit* of pride,
All consequence amid the solar ray,
Spread with a strut his circling plumage wide.

“ Good morrow, (quoth the Coxcomb) MASTER SUN;

“ Your brassy face has greatly been admir’d—

“ Now pray, SOL, answer me—I’m not in fun—

“ What is there in it to be so desir’d?

“ If I have any eyes to see,

“ And, that I have, is clear to *me*,

“ My *tail* possesses far more splendid grace,

“ By far more beauty than your WORSHIP’S *face*.”

The SUN look’d down with smiles upon the fowl,
Supposing it at first an owl;

And thus with gravity reply’d, “ Sir, know

“ That

“ That though unluckily my *Worship's* face
 “ Seems far beneath your *tail* in splendid grace,
 “ Still to *my face that glitt'ring tail* you owe.”

“ Poh! (quoth the Peacock) Master SUN,
 “ Your *Highbness* loves a bit of *fun*.”
 “ I beg your pardon,” answer'd SOL again—
 “ And, if you please, Ill condescend to show
 “ How much to *me*, you ev'ry moment owe
 “ The boasted beauties of your waving train.”

“ Agreed, with all my soul,” the Bird reply'd,
 In all the full-blown insolence of pride;
 “ To credit such a tale I'm not the noddy:
 “ Prove that the glorious plumage I display
 “ Owes all its happy colours to thy ray,
 “ D-m'ne I'll tear my feathers from my body.”

The challeng'd SUN in clouds withdrew
 His flaming beams from ev'ry view;
 And o'er the world a depth of darkness spread:
 The bats their churches left, to wing the air;
 The cocks and hens and cows began to stare,
 And sulky went all supperless to bed;

For

For not an Almanack had op'd its lips
About so very wond'rous an eclipse.

The Peacock too, amongst the rest
Of marv'ling fowl and staring beast,
Turn'd to his feathers with some doubt,
Amaz'd to find his hundred eyes put out;
Indeed all nature now appear'd as black
As if old SOL had popp'd into a sack.

Pleas'd with his triumph, from a cloud,
The Sun, still hiding, call'd aloud,

“ Well! can ye merit to *my face* allow ?

“ What's now your colour? where your hundred eyes?

“ The mingled radiance of a thousand dies ?

“ Speak, Master PEACOCK, what's your colour
now ?”

“ What colour!” quoth the Bird, as much a sham'd
As courtiers high, by loss of office tam'd—

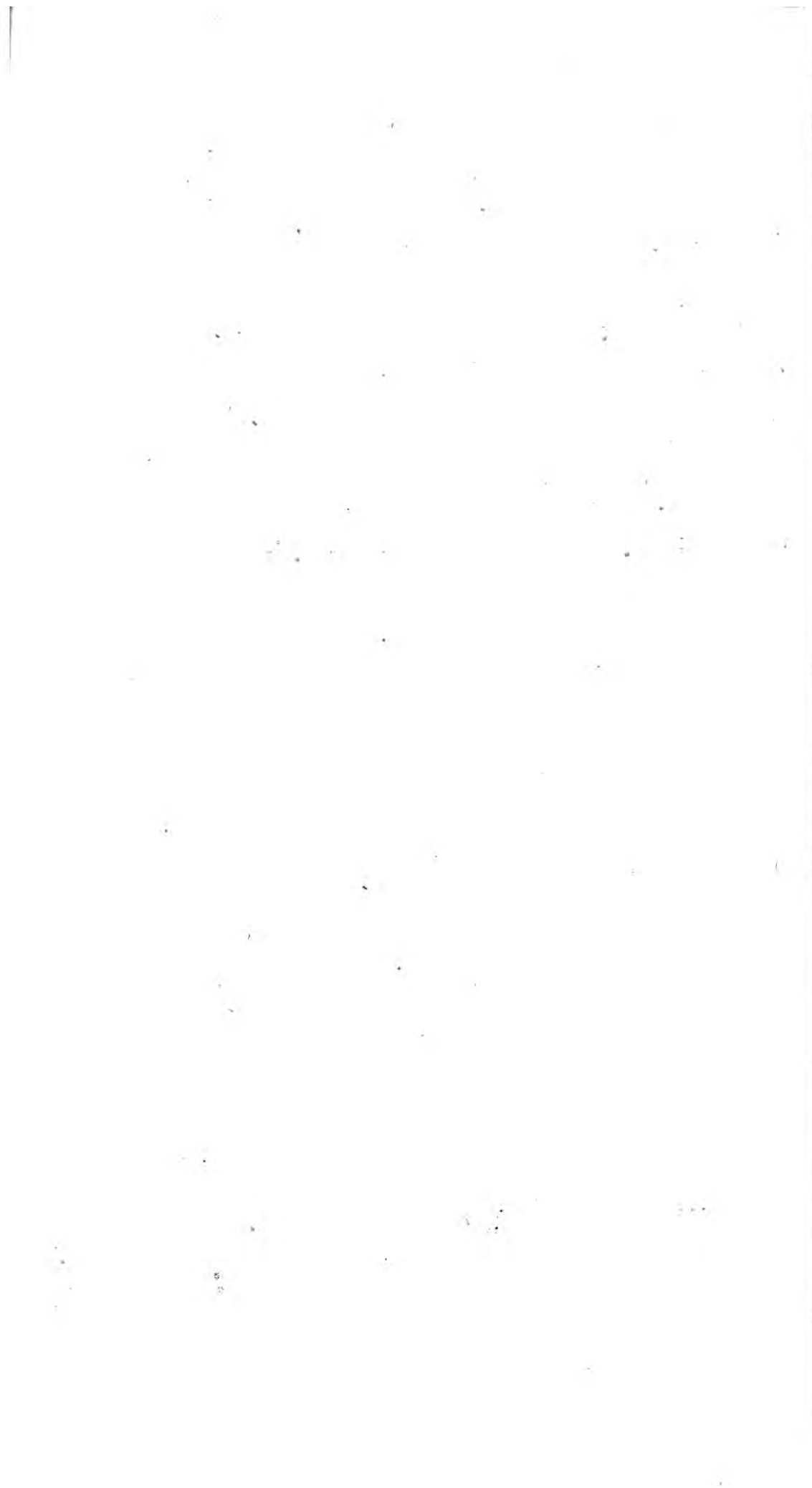
“ To own the truth, much-injur'd PHŒBUS, know,

“ I'm not one atom better than a *crow*.

“ I see

“ I see my folly—pity my poor train ;
“ And let thy goodness bid it shine again.”

TYRANTS of *eastern* realms, whose subjects' noses,
Like a smith's vice, your iron pow'r incloses ;
Who treat your people just like dogs or swine ;
The meaning of my tale, can ye divine ?
If *not*, go try to *find* it, I beseech ye,
And do not let your angry SUBJECTS *teach* ye.



CELEBRATION;
OR
THE ACADEMIC PROCESSION
TO
SAINT JAMES'S:
AN ODE.

Rare Band! whom wide-mouth'd MOB with shouts shall hail;
WEST at the *head*, and WILTON at the *tail*!

1. The first part of the document is a list of names.

2. The second part is a list of dates.

3. The third part is a list of locations.

4. The fourth part is a list of events.

5. The fifth part is a list of people.

6. The sixth part is a list of organizations.

7. The seventh part is a list of institutions.

8. The eighth part is a list of departments.

9. The ninth part is a list of committees.

10. The tenth part is a list of boards.

11. The eleventh part is a list of councils.

12. The twelfth part is a list of commissions.

13. The thirteenth part is a list of committees.

14. The fourteenth part is a list of boards.

15. The fifteenth part is a list of councils.

16. The sixteenth part is a list of commissions.

17. The seventeenth part is a list of committees.

18. The eighteenth part is a list of boards.

19. The nineteenth part is a list of councils.

20. The twentieth part is a list of commissions.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

T O

T H E R E A D E R.

MARVELLING READER,

SOON after the death of Dr. JOHNSON, a subscription for a Monument to the memory of that celebrated MORALIST being in circulation amongst the *first* people of the kingdom, the ROYAL ACADEMY generously and unanimously voted One Hundred Pounds towards the expences, as a tribute of regard for so extraordinary a Man, and one of their own Members; Dr. JOHNSON holding the place of PROFESSOR OF MODERN LITERATURE. This resolution being presented to the KING, his MAJESTY, in consideration of the *extreme poverty* of the ROYAL ACADEMY, instead of giving the ROYAL ASSENT, imposed the ROYAL VETO.—So much for Dr. JOHNSON.

In consequence of the exalted idea entertained by the MEMBERS of the Royal Academy of the late PRESIDENT'S (SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS) discourses, they resolved in council that an ELEGANT EDITION should be printed at the expence of the Academy; one copy to be presented to each of the Members; the remainder of the copies to be deposited in the Library of the Academy; and a copy to be given occasionally to the most successful Student, and, to the newly-elected Academicians. This resolution was also offered to the KING, who, on account of the *still-reigning poverty* of the Academy, put a period to the proceeding, by a ROYAL VETO!

MISTER WEST, the present *extraordinary* PRESIDENT of the Royal Academy, *unterrified* by ROYAL VETOS, *with* and *by* the advice of his COUNCIL, magnanimously produced another string of resolutions:—viz. to beg to be *permitted* to *eat* and *drink*, *totis viribus*, in spite of the Academy's *poverty*, the ACADEMY'S and his MAJESTY'S good health, amidst *mountains* of meat, and *oceans* of drink; to present an address of *humble* thanks to his MAJESTY for his *unexampled Munificence* to his own Academy; and to be indulged with the honour of presenting a handsome

MEDAL

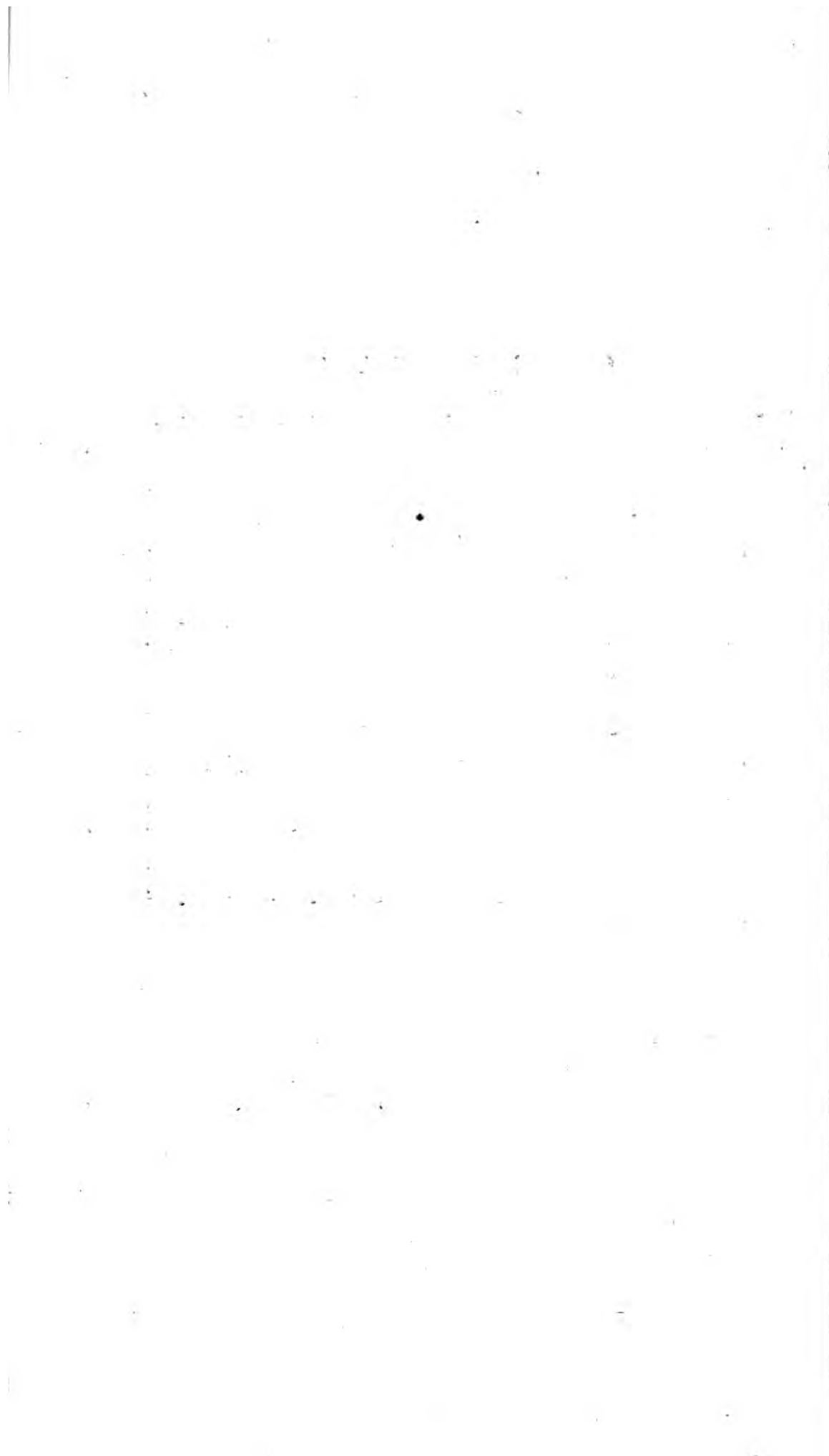
MEDAL of GOLD to *his* MAJESTY, to *her* MAJESTY, to the PRINCE OF WALES, and to the PRINCES ROYAL. These resolutions were *fortunately* received by MAJESTY with the most *flattering cordiality*; and *this day*, all these things (God willing) are to be *performed* and *executed*, together with the most *august* and *sublime* ceremony of MISTER BENJAMIN WEST'S *Knighthood*.*

Redeunt Saturnia Regna!

* Since the first edition, the POET (as hath been *sometimes* the case with the most inspired characters) finds himself mistaken; the ceremony did *not* take place: had this *ne plus ultra* of laughable and degraded Knighthood happened, the Knights of PEG NICHOLSON would have *held up their heads*.

C O N T E N T S.

PETER, after the manner of Parsons, prayeth for good weather.
—He beggeth MORNING to smile on the meat and drink,
and the cavalcading Members of the ROYAL ACADEMY.—
PETER upbraideth Mister WILTON for guzzling porter with
low People *below*, when he should be *above* amongst the
Antiques. — The CAVALCADE described. — It arriveth at
SAINT JAMES'S.—The MEMBERS tremble.—They appear
before their SOVEREIGN.—They fall on their faces.—They
get up again.—The PRESIDENT receives the honour of
Knighthood.—He feeleth himself metamorphosed into a
sublimier creature.—A most original, beautiful, and striking
comparison between Mister WEST'S new state, and that of a
Butterfly.—PETER wondereth at the *great power* of a SWORD,
and a *word*, and wisheth they could improve the literary
abilities of Mister WEST.—The MEMBERS *kiss bands*; who,
PETER thinketh, would gladly kiss *any other part*, than *no part*
of MAJESTY.



THE
ACADEMIC PROCESSION
TO
S A I N T J A M E S ' S .

SOL, put thee on thy best gold wig to-day:
Let rude DECEMBER be the gentle MAY;
Chain'd be the tempests, and well bung'd the rain;
Nor let a fog his fullen twilight spread,
As lately dark'ning bade us think the head
Of some HIGH-TITLED MAN was cleft in twain.

Yes, yes, let MORN look down with smiling pride,
And smile on roast, and boil'd, and bak'd, and fry'd,
And grill'd, and devill'd, gums of GENIUS greeting;
Smile too upon the Academic Men,
Respectables indeed! who, nine in ten,
Well as of *painting*, know the *art of eating*.

Smile too on the Proceſſion—*grateful* Throng,
That glorious through the Strand shall move along,

And at Saint James's give th' address of honey;
 Full of rich loyalty and candied praise,
 For royal favours that a world *amaze*!

Viz. pictures, statues, drawings, books, and money.

Rare Band! whom wide-mouth'd *Mob* with shouts
 shall hail;

WEST at the head, and WILTON at the tail.
 Yet let not WILTON join the glorious rear;
 No, let not WILTON in the band appear;
 WILTON, who, lazy beer-admiring Master,
 For Whitbread, quits his pupils and their plaster;
 Deferts, for common serving-men, the room,
 And *hobs or nob*s with LADIES of the Broom:

Preferring thus black Charles's * Æthiop face
 To BELVIDERE APOLLO's head and grace;
 O fie! 'midst vulgar porter-pots regaling;
 Who leav'st great HERCULES for poor grey JOHN †,
 And, what must shock the feelings of a stone,
 The youthful VENUS for old MOTHER MALING ‡.

See!

* A Servant of the R. Academy.

† An old Servant *also* of the R. Academy.

‡ A Servant *likewise* of the R. Academy.

See! from yon DOME, amid th' expectant throng,
 Slow moves the tribe of BENJAMIN along,
 While FAME before them with her trumpet flies;
 Whilst on their heads, from bulks and chimney-tops,
 As thick as herrings, or as thick as hops,
 Wild ADMIRATION casts her countless eyes.

And now they reach the GATE of ADORATION!
 And now a very sudden palpitation
 Amid the fibres of their hearts they feel!
 And now of ROYALTY th' electric shock,
 Just as a man upon the black-brow'd rock
 Has oft experienc'd from the numbing EEL!*

And now they panting mount SAINT JAMES'S stairs,
 In *goodly* order and in *goodly* pairs;
 Now at the HALL OF AUDIENCE they arrive;
 Now 'midst the blaze of MAJESTY they fall
 Prone on their faces, like affrighted PAUL,
 Half dead, alas! poor Saint! and half alive.

See them, like nine-pins tumbled on the plain!
 And now they get upon their *ends* again!—

Behold

* The Torpedo.

Behold grave BENJAMIN th' Address present!
 Now on his knees (his soul's first wish!) delighted,
 Behold *once-Quaker-BENJAMIN* be-knighted,
 Amidst a moon-ey'd host of wonderment!

Now on his shoulder drops the magic sword:
 "Arise SIR BENJAMIN!" the SOVEREIGN says—
 Happy, the KNIGHT ariseth at the word,
 And feels himself o'erwhelm'd with GLORY's rays.

In bolder streams his blood begins to flow;
 His heart sublime, a richer torrent pours;
 He looks contemptuous on the mob below,
 And, swelling, now a pyramid he tow'rs.
 With *Lords* behold him talk—with *Ladies* chat
 Of sceptres, snuff, rebellions, and *all that*.

Thus from his humble shop the filken WORM
 That *crawl'd* at first the earth, to man's surprise,
 Bursts forth with splendour—what an angel form!
 And mounts on glittering wings of gold the skies;
 Talks to *this mealy* LORD, and now *that* FAIR,
 So happy mingling with the Tribes of Air!

Ah!

Ah! dwelleth fuch rare virtue in a *sword*?
 Ah! lodgeth fuch huge magic in a word?
 Good heav'ns! what pity for th' unletter'd KNIGHT,
 They cannot teach to *speak* and *read* and *write*!

And now they humbly all kifs hands fo sweet;
 How blest the hand of MAJESTY to greet!

For which, miles high would thousands gladly jump:
 And would but facred MAJESTY *permit*,
 Such really is AMBITION's raging fit,
 (Unlike RABELAIS the rogue*) they'd kifs the *rump*!

Now cloth'd with honour, see the troop retreat!

Now MAJESTY's good health they *drink* and *eat*!

Now, maudlin, MAJESTY's good health *disgorge*!

Now on poor *kinglefs* FRANCE they run their rigs!

Now mad for MAJESTY they burn their wigs!

Now, loyal, fry their watches † for KING GEORGE!

* The story of Rabelais running from the Pope's presence is too well known to be repeated.

† This farce was actually performed during the late reign, in the full form of loyalty, by the MAYOR and ALDERMEN of a *certain* Corporation in a western county.

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