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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 THIEF-TAKERS;

TO *CÆLIA.*—TO A PRETTY MILLINER.—TO THE FLEAS
OF TENERIFFE.—TO SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.—TO
MY CANDLE, &c. &c. &c.

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

Ανα βαρβιτος δυναω, &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.

L O N D O N:

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E R R A T A.

Page 70, in the first line of the Note, after *antiquarian*, read, *to hunt for him*.
—— in the same line, after *when*, read, *he stumbles on*.



T O T H E
E M P E R O R O F C H I N A.

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 praises 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 quæ me quoque possim
“Tollere humo, viderique virum volitare per ora.”*

B

What,

What, likewise, LUCRETIUS ?

“ Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam

“ Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora Musæ.”

What, also, OVID ?

“ Jamque opus exegi,” &c.

What, moreover, HORACE ?

“ Exegi monumentum ære perennius,” &c.

What, ENNIUS ?

“ Nemo me lacrimis decoret 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' ὕμνῳ ἀιηρ ἠδιστὸν Αἰοιδῶν
 Ἐνθάδε· πωλεῖται ; καὶ τέω τέρπεσθε μάλιστα ;
 Τοφλὸς ἀνήρ· οἰκεῖ δὲ χίω ἐνὶ παιπαλοέσση·
 Τῶ πᾶσαι μετόπισθεν ἀριευνύσιον 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

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 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 surprise 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,

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 literary 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 rhimes.

Witness thy MOUKDEN*, which we all admire ;

Witness thy pretty little Ode to TEA,

C

Compos'd

* A favourite City of the Emperor.

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 soundeth through thy Tartar 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

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-flye’s mire ;

The roar of oxen to Apollo’s lyre.

“ 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 Lamentations 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 ;

D

How

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 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

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

And yet, with all their fins, 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 feizes 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 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 flaves,
 “ Drawn by an afs, 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 found,

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 *humbler* 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 against the stones.

Thus

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 reliques 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 filks 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 pincers broken, snapp'd in twain her cleaver,
 That flogg'd, that burnt a sinner to salvation,
Roasting away the soul'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

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 MIRACLE 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

* Once a year this *fine* mummery is exhibited in France, and in other Romish countries.

† In some part of Ruffia, 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
 " Mama—this is to certify that the bearer hereof died a good Christian."

Soon may this wicked Spirit steal to Rome,
And poison ev'ry sacred dome ;

Reliques 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 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

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 !

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 !

* Of the Organs.

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 gossins under thy tuition ;
 Nor boardest by the week thy neighbour's kine,
 Like PHAROAH'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

Nor fettest traps to fave thy fowls and eggs,
And catch thy loyal subjects by the legs.—

Nor dost thou go a *shopping*, mighty King ;
I know that thou *despise*st such a thing ;

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 coarse snuff, so emphatically called.

Not a poor sprat to dunghills to be hurl'd—
 Thy foul 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 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,

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 grafs :
 Nothing can eat it out, nor horse nor afs,
 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 sceptor'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.

H

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 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

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 mittins, or of gloves, a pair,
 To shield her hands from frost, or SUMMER'S ray ;
 Buy not a bonnet to defend her face,
 Nor 'kerchief to protect each snowy grace,
 And deck her on some rural holiday.

But

But suffer her in homely gear to *pine*,
 In simple elegance where *others shine*.

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, envied 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'ROUR, 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'ER 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

“ 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 pleafant to look down upon the *hovel*,

And count the royal treasure with a *shovel* !

Pleasant to mark the whites of wifhing eyes,

And hear of POVERTY the fruitless fights !

Grand, on their knees to fee the million cow’r !

Pale, starv’d submission is the *feast* of Pow’r.

Pr’ythee, to Europe come, KIEN LONG, with fpeed :

We’ll give thee much inftruction on this head ;

Nay, *some examples* alfo fhall 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 *fhuch a Pair !*

A PAIR ! to whom lean AV'RICE is a fool,

And means to take a leffon from *their fhool.*

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,

This, to my simple and *unconnying* mind,
Seems economical and very kind !

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.

K

And

And now to GEORGE and CHARLOTTE what the presents ?
 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 ;
 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 turkies from his pens ;
 Perhaps a duck of his own feeding—

Or

* Reader, this expression is uncommonly beautiful.—The *most secret* charities are generally the largest, and most acceptable to GOD.

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 may condescend
 Her precious compliments to fend,
 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 heaps of things—poh ! never heed the measure—
 If Palaces won't hold the precious things,
 Behold, the best of Queens and *eke* of Kings
 Will build them Barns to hold the treasure.

I know

I know thy delicacy's such,
 Thou fanciest 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 the BAILIFF,

A TALE.

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 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

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, ” replied 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.”

TO A FLY,

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'st for buzzing round the bowl ;
Lost 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,
Infisting on their own sole will so wild.

Gadfbud ! 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 fay, “ I'm glad I'm here again ”—
And well mayst thou rejoice—'tis very plain,

That near wert thou to DEATH's unsocial lands.

M

And

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 silken 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,

Yes, go and carry comfort to thy friends,
And wisely tell them thy imprudence ends.

Let buns and sugar 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 kifs,
Smiles in his face, as though he meant him blifs,
 Then, like an Alligator, drags him in.

ELEGY 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, *perchance*, 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 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 rise,

Scorn’d by the LOVES, and mock’d by all the GRACES.

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.

N

What

* Young Spanish Ladies of the first fashion.

What though we tell them 'twas MACKERRICK's* bed ?

What though we swear 'twere all MACKERRICK's fleas ?
 Disgusted will the Virgins turn the head ;
 No more we kifs their fingers on our knees.

No more our groaning verfes greet their hand ;
 No more they liften to our panting profe ;
 No more beneath their window fhall we ftand,
 And ferenade their beauties to refofe.

The *Converfationi* † 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,

* He is a principal man in the ifland, and much reſpected.

† At his Excellency's the Governor.

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

* Part of this prophecy has been amply verified.

BOSCAWEN call'd, who fought a kingdom's wars,
And gave to *Immortality* a name.

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

T O

MESSRS. TOWNSEND, MACMANUS, AND JEALOUS,

The THIEF-TAKERS, and ATTENDANTS ON MAJESTY.

YE friends to JUSTICE GIBBET, JUSTICE JAIL,

And JUSTICE CART'S flow-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.

O

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 honied hive,

Who, if they lose their SOV'REIGN, never *thrive*.

At midnight, lo, some knave might steal so fly,

In silence, on the royal sleepy eye,

And, giving to his sacrilege a loose,

Bear off the mighty Monarch on his back,

Just as fly *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 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 distressed ?

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 *afs*.

For this poor burden'd *afs*, 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

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 penfive 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 sight 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

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 ye 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

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 E P I T A P H.

“ 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, sav’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 !”

Q

Thus,

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 curses ;
 Of Heroes of the Heath, Saint Giles's boys ;
 Hist'ries of pocket-handkerchiefs and purses.

O for minds-royal, what delightful food !
 Stories surpassing those of ROBIN HOOD.

Sweet are of flight-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

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.

Yet

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 ! 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.

R

An

An ODE to a PRETTY MILLINER.

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 guess a deal—

LOVE lent thee lips, and lent that bloom divine—
 But, dearest Damfel, 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 seest my soul wild staring from my eyes;
 Let me not burst in ignorance, fair Maid—

Why

Why shewest thou, O peerless Nymph, surprisèd ?

I am no wolf to eat thee—why afraid ?

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 kifs ;

A *kifs* !—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

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

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 found,
 He stares with horror on the flash of death.

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 choose—

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

S I R W I L L I A M H A M I L T O N.

SIR WILLIAM! what, a new estate!
I give thee joy of †GABIA's fate—
More broken pans, more gods, more mugs,
More snivel bottles, jordans, and old jugs,
More faucepans, lamps, and candlesticks, and kettles,
In short, all forts of çulinary metals!

Leave not a dust-hole unexplor'd ;
Something shall rise to be ador'd—

Search.

† A newly-discovered town, sister in misfortune to Herculaneum, Pompeia, and Pæstum.

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,
 Send 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

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 fell!

CANNING and SQUIRES!

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.

T

POST-

P O S T S C R I P T (*sub Rosá*).

Hift!—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 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

* Sir WILLIAM keeps an old antiquarian, who, when a tolerable statue is discovered, 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.

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 set eyes upon them more,
So much the little creatures lost their way ?
Pity thou could'st 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 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 ?

Dear

* 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*.

O Knight of Naples, is it come to pass,
 That thou hast left the gods of stone 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 frolick mood.

For since the idols of a *youthful* King,
 So very volatile indeed, take wing;
 If *his*, to wicked wand'rings can incline,
 Lord! who would answer, poor old Knight, for *thine*?
 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 surprize;
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

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 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 SHAKSPEARE'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

Yet now to fadness 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 fav'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 ;

Too

How fast that frame, 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 no 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 ? ”

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