

Sanje Rajak 2027

THE
L O U I S I A N A D.

30

AN
HEROICOMIC POEM.

C A N T O I.

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

Prima Syracosio, dignata est ludere Versu
Nostra, nec erubuit Sylvas habitare Thalia;
Cum Canerem Reges et Prælia, Cynthus Aurem
Vellit et admonuit —

947
VIRGIL.

I, who so *lately* in my lyric Lays
Sung to the Praise and Glory of R— A—;;
And sweetly tun'd to Love the melting Line,
With OVID's Art, and SAPPHO's Warmth Divine;
Said (nobly daring!) "MUSE, *exalt* thy Wings,
" LOVE and the SONS OF CANVAS quit for K—Gs."
APOLLO, laughing at my Powers of Song,
Cry'd, "PETER PINDAR, prithee hold thy Tongue."
But I, like *Poets, self-sufficient grown,*
Reply'd, "APOLLO, prithee hold thy *own.*"

THE SEVENTH EDITION.
WITH CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS.

L O N D O N :

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, at Johnson's Head, No. 46, Fleet Street.

Where may be had, all the Author's other Pieces. — For a List, see the last Page.

M.DCC.LXXXVII.

Price TWO SHILLINGS and SIX PENCE.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

To the READER.

806

GENTLE READER,

IT is necessary to inform thee, that His M——y actually discovered, some time ago, as he sat at table, a LOUSE on his plate. The emotion occasioned by the unexpected appearance of *such a guest* can be better *imagined than described*.

An edict was, in consequence, passed for shaving the Cooks, Scullions, &c. and the unfortunate Louse condemned to DIE.

Such is the foundation of the LOUSIAD.—With what degree of merit the Poem is executed, the *uncritical* as well as *critical* Reader will decide.

The *ingenious* AUTHOR, who ought to be allowed to know *somewhat* of the matter, hath been heard *privately* to declare, that in *his* opinion the Batrachomyomachia of Homer, the Secchia Rapita of Tassoni, the Lutrin of Boileau, the Dispensary of Garth, and the Rape of the Lock of Pope, are not to be *compared* to it,—and to exclaim at the same time, with all the *modest assurance* of an AUTHOR——

Cedite scriptores Romani, cedite Graii—

Nil ortum in terris, *Lousiadâ*, melius.

Which, for the sake of the *mere* English Reader, is thus beautifully translated:—

Roman and Grecian Authors, great and small,

The Author of the LOUSIAD beats you ALL.

THE
A R G U M E N T.

THE *Proæmium*—Description of the LOUSE's Fall—History of his Wife and Family—A wonderfully sublime Simile of a Cow—Discovery of the LOUSE by His Majesty—The King's Horror and astonishment on seeing him—equal to that he felt at Mr. Fox's attempt on Pre-rogative—at Mr. Burke's dreadful Defalcation of the Royal Table—equal to that he felt in a Tumble from his Horse—equal to the Horrors of disappointed Venifon Eaters—of a Serjeant at Law—of a Country Girl—of a Petit Maitre saluted by a Chimney Sweeper—of the Devil when pinched by St. Dunstan's red-hot Tongs—of Lady Worsley—of Sam House the Patriot—of Billy Ramus—of Kynaston, the Squire of Leatherhead—of the perjured Christopher Atkinson—of the Prince of Asturias—of the King of Spain—of Doctor Johnson and Doctor Wilson—Description of His Majesty's Heart—most naturally and wittily compared to a Dumpling—His Majesty's Speech to the Queen—Her Majesty's most gracious and short Answer—The short Speech of the beautiful Princesses—His Majesty's rough Rejoinder—The Fear that came on the Queen and her Children—beautiful Apostrophe to the Princesses—The King's Speech to the Pages—The King unable to eat—The Queen able—The King's Orders about the LOUSE—Description of Dixon, the Cook Major—his Speech—A Speech of the Cooks—Fine Simile of Bubble and Squeak; thought more sublime than that of Homer's Black Pudding—Speech of a Scullion—of a Scullion's Mate—of a Turnbroche—Noble comparison of a Tartar Monarch after he hath dined—A long and wise Speech of a Yeoman of the Kitchen—The Cooks' Approbation of the Yeoman's Speech—Grand Simile of a Barn and its Lodgers set on Fire by Lightning—The concluding Speech of the Cook Major.



— is this, YOUR LOUSE

Louise's Canto 1st

THE
L O U S I A D.

C A N T O I.

THE LOUSE, I sing, that, from some head unknown,
Yet born and educated near a throne,
Dropp'd down---(so will'd the dread decree of Fate,
With legs wide sprawling on the M---ch's plate:
Far from the raptures of a WIFE's embrace:
Far from the gambols of a tender RACE,
Whose little feet he taught, with care, to tread
Amidst the wide dominions of the head;
Led them to daily food, with fond delight,
And taught the tiny wand'ers *where to bite*;

B

To

To hide, to run, advance, or turn their tails,
 When hostile combs attack'd, or vengeful nails :
 Far from those pleasing scenes, ordain'd to roam,
 Like wife Ulysses, from his native home ;
 Yet, like that SAGE, tho' forc'd to roam and mourn—
 Like *him*, alas ! not fated to *return* ;
 Who, full of rags and glory, saw his Boy *
 And WIFE † again, and Dog ‡ that dy'd for joy.
 Down dropp'd the luckless LOUSE, with fear appall'd,
 And wept his wife and children, as he sprawl'd.
 Thus, on a promontory's misty brow,
 The POET's eye, with sorrow, saw a cow
 Take leave abrupt of bullocks, goats, and sheep,
 By tumbling headlong down the dizzy steep ;
 No more to reign a Queen amongst the cattle,
 And urge her rival beaux, the bulls, to battle ;

* Telemachus.

† Penelope.

‡ Argus, for whose history, see the Odyffey.

She fell*, rememb'ring ev'ry roaring lover,
 With all her wild *courants* in fields of clover.
 Now on his legs, amidst a thousand woes,
 The LOUSE, with judge-like gravity, arose :
 He wanted not a *motive* to *intreat* him,
Beside the *horror* that the K*** might *eat* him---
 The dread of gasping on the fatal fork,
 Stuck with a piece of mutton, beef, or pork ;
 Or drowning 'midst the sauce in dismal dumps,
 Was full enough to make him stir his stumps.
 Vain hope of stealing unperceiv'd away !
 He might as well have tarried where he lay.
 Seen was this LOUSE, as with the Royal brood
 Our hungry K*** amus'd himself with food ;
 Which proves (tho' scarce believ'd by one in ten)
 That Kings have appetites like common men ;
 And that, like London Aldermen and Mayor,
 They feed on more substantial stuff than *air*.

* ——— moriens dulces reminiscitur Argos. VIRG.

Paint, heav'nly muse, the look, the *very* look,
 That of the S——n's face possession took
 When first he *saw* the LOUSE, in solemn state,
 Grave as a Spaniard, march across the plate!
 Yet, could a LOUSE a British King surprize,
 And, like a pair of faucers, stretch his eyes?
 The little tenant of a *mortal* HEAD,
 Shake the great RULER of three realms with DREAD?
 Good Lord! (as Somebody sublimely sings,)
 What great effects arise from *little things*!
 As many a loving swain and nymph can tell,
 Who, following Nature's law, have *lov'd too well*!

Not with more *horror* did his eyes behold
 Charles Fox, that cunning enemy of old,
 When Triumph hung upon his plotting brains,
 And dear PREROGATIVE was just in chains:
 Not with more *horror* did his eye-balls work
 Convulsive on the patriotic Burke,

When

When guilty of œconomy, the *crime*!
 Edmund wide wander'd from the *true sublime*,
 And, cat-like, watchful of the flesh and fish,
 Cribb'd from the R-y-l table many a dish —
 Saw ev'ry slice of bread and butter cut,
 Each apple told, and number'd ev'ry nut;
 And gaug'd (compos'd upon no sneaking scale)
 The Monarch's belly like a cask of ale;
 Convinc'd that, in his scheme of state-salvation,
 To *starve** the PALACE, was to *save* the NATION:
 Not more *aghast* he look'd, when, 'midst the course,
 He tumbled, in a stag-chace, from his horse,
 Where all his Nobles deem'd their M——ch dead,
 But luckily he pitch'd upon his HEAD!

* His M——y was really reduced some time since to a most mortifying dilemma: the apples at dinner-time having been, by too great a liberality to the Royal children, *expended*, the K—g ordered a supply, but was informed that the BOARD OF GREEN CLOTH would *positively allow no more*. Enraged at the unexpected and *unroyal* disappointment, he furiously put his hand into his pocket, took out sixpence, sent a PAGE for two pennyworth of pippins, and received the *change*.

Not VENISON EATERS at the vanish'd FAT,
 With stomachs wider than a Quaker's hat :
 Not with more *horror* Mr. Serjeant Pliant
 Looks down upon an empty-handed client :
 Not with more *horror* stares the rural MAID,
 By hopes, by fortunetellers, dreams, betray'd,
 Who sees her ticket a *dire blank* arise,
 Too fondly thought the twenty thousand prize,
 With which the simple damsel meant, no doubt,
 To bless her faithful fav'rite COLIN CLOUT.

Not with more *horror* stares each lengthen'd feature,
 Of some fine fluttering, mincing *Petit-maitre*,
 When of a wanton chimney-sweeping wag,
 The Beau's white vestment feels the sooty bag :
 Not with more *horror* did the Devil look,
 When Dunstan by the nose the dæmon took,
 (As gravely say our legendary songs)
 And led him with a pair of redhot tongs ;

Not

Not Lady Worsley, chaste as *many* a nun,
 Look'd with more *horror* at Sir Richard's fun,
 When rais'd on high to view her naked charms,
 He held the peeping Captain in his arms ;
 Like David, that most am'rous little dragon,
 Ogling sweet Bethsheba without a rag on :

Not more the great SAM HOUSE * with *horror* star'd,
 By mob affronted to the very beard ;
 Whose impudence (enough to damn a jail)
 Snatch'd from his waving hand his Fox's tail,
 And stuff'd it, 'midst his thunders of applause,
 Full in the center of Sam's gaping jaws,
 That forcing down his patriotic throat,
 Of Fox and Freedom stopp'd the glorious note.

* In Westminster Hall, where the *sense* (the Author was just about to say *non-sense*) of the people was to be taken on an election.

Not with more *horror* BILLY RAMUS * star'd,
 When PUFF †, the P—ce's hair-dresser, appear'd
 Amidst their eating room, with dread design,
 To *sit* with PAGES, and with PAGES *dine* !
 Not with more *horror* GLOSTER'S DUTCHESS star'd,
 When (blest in metaphor!) the K*** declar'd,
 That not of all her *mongrel breed*, one *whelp*
 Should in the Royal kennel ever *yelp* :

* Billy Ramus—emphatically and constantly called by His M——y *Billy Ramus*. One of the Pages who shaves the S——n, airs his shirt, reads to him, writes for him, and collects anecdotes.

† Puff, his R-y-l H-gh-es's hair-dresser, who attending him at Windsor, the P—ce, with his usual good nature, ordered him to dine with the PAGES. The pride of the Pages immediately took fire, and a petition was dispatched to the K— and P—ce, to be relieved from the distressful circumstance of dining with a *hair-dresser*. The petition was treated with the *proper* contempt, and the Pages commanded to receive Mr. Puff into their mess, or quit the table. With unspeakable mortification Mr. Ramus and his brethren *submitted*; but, like the poor Gentoos who have lost their *Cast*, have not held up their heads *since*.

Not

Not more, that man so *sweet*, so *unprepar'd*,
 The *gentle* SQUIRE of LEATHERHEAD *, was *scar'd*,
 When after prayers so *good*, and *rare* a sermon,
 He found his FRONT attack'd by fierce Miss Vernon;
 Who meant (Thalestris-like, disdaining fear!)
 To pour her FOOT in thunder on his REAR;
 Who, in GOD's house †, without one grain of grace,
 Spit, like a VIXEN, in his WORSHIP's face;
 Then shook her nails, as sharp's a taylor's shears,
 That itch'd to scrape acquaintance with his ears:
 Not Atkinson ‡ with stronger terror started
 (Somewhat afraid, perchance, of being carted)

* Kynaston is the name of the gentleman assailed by this furious Maid of Honour, for his disapprobation of the lady as an acquaintance for his wife.

† Verily in the HOUSE of the LORD, on the Lord's Day, in the year of our Lord 1785, in the village of Leatherhead, in the county of Surry, did this profane *salival* assault take place on the phiz of Squire Kynaston, to the disgrace of his family, the wonder of the parson, the horror of the clerk, and the stupefaction of the congregation.

‡ Mr. Christopher Atkinson's airing on the pillory is sufficiently known to the public.

When JUSTICE, a fly dame, one day thought fit
 To pay her serious compliments to KIT,
 Ask'd him a few short questions about *corn*,
 And whisper'd, she believ'd he was *forsworn*,
 Then hinted that he probably would find,
 That tho' she sometimes *wink'd*, she was not *blind*.

Not more Asturias' Princesses * *look'd affright*,
 At breakfast, when her spouse, the *unpolite*,
 Hurl'd, *madly* heedless both of time and place,
 A cup of boiling coffee in her face ;
 Because the fair-one eat a butter'd roll,
 On which the *selfish Prince* had fix'd his soul :
 Not more *astonish'd* look'd that Prince to find
 His Royal father to his face unkind ;
 Who, to the cause of injur'd beauty won,
 Seiz'd on the proud Proboscis of his son,

* This quarrel between the Prince of Asturias and his Princess, with the interference of the Spanish Monarch, as described here, is not a poetic fiction, but an absolute fact, that happened not many months ago.

(Just like a TYGER of the Lybian shade,
 Whose furious claws the helpless deer invade,)
 And led him, till *that* SON its durance freed,
 By asking pardon for the brutal deed ;
 Led him thrice round the room (the story goes)
 Who follow'd with great gravity his nose,
 Resolv'd at first (for Spaniards are *stiff* stuff)
 To ask *no* pardon, tho' the *snout* came off :
 Not more *astonish'd* look'd *that* Spanish King*,
 Whene'er he miss'd a snipe upon the wing :
 Not more *astonish'd* look'd *that* King of Spain,
 To see his gun-boats blazing on the main :
 Not Doctor Johnson more, to hear the tale
 Of vile Piozzi's marrying Mrs. Thrale ;

* His Most Catholic Majesty's shooting merits are universally acknowledged. Though far advanced in years, he is still the admiration of his subjects, and the envy of his brother Kings, as a SHOT ; and it is well known, that even on those days when the Royal Robes are obliged to be worn, his breeches pockets are stuffed with gun flints, screws, hammers, and other implements necessary for the destruction of snipes, partridges, and wild pigs.

Nor Doctor Wilfon, child of am'rous folly,
 When young Mac Clyfter bore off *Kit M'Auley* *.

What dire emotions shook the M——ch's soul!
 Just like two billiard balls his eyes 'gan roll,
 Whilst anger all his Royal HEART possess'd,
 That swelling, wildly bump'd against his breast,
 Bounc'd at his ribs with all its might so stout,
 As resolutely bent on jumping out,
 T' avenge, with all its powers, the dire disgrace,
 And nobly spit in the offender's face.
 Thus a large Dumpling to its cell confin'd,
 (A very apt allusion to my mind)
 Lies snug, until the water waxeth hot,
 Then buffles 'midst the tempest of the pot:
 In vain!—the lid keeps down the child of dough,
 That bouncing, tumbling, sweating, rolls below.

“ O dearest partner of my throne!” he cries,
 Lifting to pitying Heav'n his piteous eyes)

* The fair Historian.

“ Thou

“ Thou brightest gem of G——ge’s Royal House,

“ Look there, and tell me if that’s not a LOUSE!”

The Q—— look’d down, and then exclaim’d, “ Good la!”

And with a smile the dappled STRANGER saw:

Each P——cess strain’d her lovely neck to see,

And, with another smile, exclaim’d, “ Good me!”

“ O la! Good me! is that all you can say?”

(Our gracious M——ch cry’d, with huge dismay.)

“ What! what a silly vacant smile take place

“ Upon your M-----y’s and Children’s face,

“ Whilst that vile LOUSE (soon, soon to be unjointed!)

“ Affronts the presence of the LORD’s ANOINTED!”

Dash’d, as if tax’d with Hell’s most deadly sins,

The Q—— and P-----s drew in their chins,

Look’d prim, and gave each exclamation o’er,

And very prudent, ‘ *word spake never more.*’

Sweet MAIDS! the beauteous boast of Britain’s isle

Speak --- were those peerless LIPS forbid to smile?

E

LIPS!

LIPS ! that the foul of simple Nature moves ---
 Form'd by the bounteous hands of all the Loves !
 LIPS OF DELIGHT ! unstain'd by Satire's gall !
 LIPS ! that I never *kiss'd* --- and *never shall*.

Now, to each trembling Page, as mute's a mouse,
 The *pious* M----CH cry'd, " Is this *your* LOUSE ?"
 " Ah ! Sire," (reply'd each Page with pig-like whine)
 " An't please your M-----y, it is not *mine*."
 " *Not thine ?*" (the hasty Monarch cry'd agen)
 " What? what? what? what? what? who the devil's then?"

Now at this sad event the S-----n fore,
 Unhappy, could not eat a mouthful more ;
 His *wiser* Q---n, her gracious stomach studying,
 Stuck most devoutly to the beef and pudding ;
 For GERMANS are a very *bearty* SORT,
 Whether begot in HOG-STYES or a COURT,
 Who bear (which shews their hearts are not of *stone*)
 The ills of *others* better than *their own*.

Grim

Grim TERROR seiz'd the souls of all the Pages,
 Of different sizes, and of different ages ;
 Frighten'd about their pensions or their bones,
 They on each other gap'd, like Jacob's sons !

Now to a PAGE, but *which* we can't determine,
 The growling M——ch gave the plate and vermin :
 “ Watch, watch that blackguard animal, (he cries)
 “ That soon or late, to glut my vengeance, *dies* !
 “ Watch, like a CAT, that vile marauding LOUSE,
 “ Or G——GE shall play the devil in the house.
 “ Some SPIRIT whispers, that to *Cooks* I owe
 “ The *precious* VISITOR that crawls below ;
 “ Yes, yes ! the *whisp'ring* SPIRIT tells me true,
 “ And soon, soon vengeance shall their locks pursue.
 “ Cooks, scourers, scullions too, with tails of pig,
 “ Shall lose their coxcomb curls, and wear a wig,”
 Thus roar'd the K——G — not Hercules so BIG ;
 And all the Palace echo'd — “ WEAR a WIG !”

FEAR,

FEAR, like an ague, struck the pale-nos'd Cooks—
 And dash'd the beef and ven'son from their looks ;
 Whilst from each cheek OLD PORT withdrew his RED,
 And PITY blubber'd o'er each menac'd head.

But lo! the great COOK-MAJOR comes! his eyes
 Fierce as the redd'ning flame that *roasts* and *fries* ;
 His cheeks like BLADDERS, with high passion glowing,
 Or like a fat DUTCH TRUMPETER's, when *blowing* :
 A neat white APRON his huge corps embrac'd,
 Tied by two comely strings about his waist :
 An APRON ! that he purchas'd with his riches,
 To guard from hostile greafe his velvet breeches---
 An APRON ! that in Monmouth Street, high hung,
 Oft to the winds with *sweet department* swung.

“ Ye sons of Dripping, on your MAJOR look !
 (In sounds of deep-ton'd thunder cry'd the Cook)

“ By this white APRON, that no more can hope

“ To join the piece in Mr. INKLE's shop ;

“ That

" That oft hath held the best of Palace meat,
 " And from this forehead wip'd the briny sweat;
 " I swear *this* HEAD *disdains* to lose its locks,
 " And *those* that do not, tell them they are BLOCKS :
 " *Whose* head, my Cooks, such vile disgrace endures ?
 " Will it be *yours*, or *yours*, or *yours*, or *yours* ?
 " Ten thousand crawlers *in that* HEAD *be hatch'd*,
 " For ever *itching*, but be never *scratch'd*.
 " Then may the charming perquisite of grease,
 " The Mammon of your pocket, ne'er *increase* ; ---
 " GREASE ! that so frequently hath brought you coin,
 " From VEAL, PORK, MUTTON, and the GREAT SIR LOIN
 " O brothers of the spit, be firm as rocks ---
 " Lo ! to *no* KING on earth I yield these locks.
 " Few are my hairs *behind*, by age endear'd ! ---
 " But *few* or *many*, they shall not be *shear'd*.

" Sooner shall Madam *Schwellenberg* *, the jade,
 " Yield up her fav'rite perquisites of trade,

* Mistress of the Robes to Her Majesty.

- " Give up her sacred Majesty's old GOWNS,
 " CAPS, PETTICOATS, and APRONS, without FROWNS ;
 " SHE ! who for ever studies MISCHIEF --- She !
 " Who soon will be as busy as a bee,
 " To get the liberty of locks *enslav'd*,
 " And every harmless Cook and Scullion *shav'd* ---
 " She, if by chance a BRITISH SERVANT MAID,
 " By some insinuating tongue betray'd,
 " Induc'd the fair forbidden fruit to taste,
 " Grows (luckless) somewhat *bigger in the* WAIST ;
 " Rants, storms, swears, turns the penitent to door,
 " Grac'd with the pretty names of B--ch and W---,
 " To range a prostitute upon the town,
 " Or, if the weeping wretch think better, *drown* :
 " But, if a GERMAN SPIDER-BRUSHER *fails*,
 " Whose *nose* grows *sharper*, and whose *shape* tells tales ;
 " *Husb'd* is th' affair ! --- the Q---, and SHE, good Dame,
 " Both club their wits to hide the growing shame :
 " To wed her, get some fool --- I mean some *wise man* ;
 " Then dub the prudent Cuckold an *Exciseman* :
 " SHE !

" SHE ! who hath got more insolence and pride,
 " God mend her heart ! than half the world beside :
 " SHE ! who, of guttling fond, stuffs down more meat,
 " Heav'n help her stomach ! than ten men can eat !
 " *Ten men ! aye, more than ten, the hungry HAG !*
 " Why, zounds ! the WOMAN'S Stomach's like a BAG :
 " SHE ! who will swell the uproar of the house,
 " And tell the K--G damn'd lies about the LOUSE ;
 " When probably that Louse (a vile old trull !)
 " Was born and nourish'd in her own gray scull.

" Sooner the room shall buxom NANNY * *quit,*
 " Where oft she charms her master with her wit---
 " Tells tales of ev'ry *body*, ev'ry *thing*,
 " From honest courtiers to the thieves who *swing*---
 " Waits on her S-----n while he reads *Dispatches*,
 " And wisely *winds* up STATE AFFAIRS OR WATCHES :

* Buxom Nanny—a female servant of the Palace, who *constantly* attends the
 K--g when he reads the dispatches:

" Sooner

" Sooner the PRINCE (may Heav'n his income mend!)
 " Shall quit his bottle, mistress, and his friend---
 " Laugh at the drop on MISERY's languid eye,
 " And hear her finking voice without a sigh:
 " Break, for the wealth of REALMS, his sacred word,
 " And let the world write *Coward* on his sword:
 " Sooner shall ham from fowl and turkey part!
 " And STUFFING, leave a calf's or bullock's heart!
 " Sooner shall toasted cheese take leave of mustard!
 " And from the codlin tart be torn the custard:
 " Sooner these hands the glorious haunch shall spoil,
 " And all our melted butter turn to oil:
 " Sooner our pious K--G, with pious face,
 " Sit down to dinner without saying grace;
 " And ev'ry night salvation pray'rs put forth,
 " For Portland, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, and North:
 " Sooner shall fashion order frogs and snails,
 " And dish-clouts stick eternal to our tails.
 " Let G---GE view MINISTERS with *surly* LOOKS,
 " Abuse 'em, kick 'em---but revere his COOKS!"
 " What,

“ What, lose our locks !” (reply’d the roasting CREW)
 “ To Barbers yield ’em ?--- Damme if we *do* !
 “ Be *shav’d* like *foreign* Dogs one daily meets,
 “ Naked and blue, and shiv’ring in the streets ?
 “ And from the Palace be *asham’d* to *range*,
 “ For fear the world should think we had the *mange* ;
 “ By taunting boys made weary of our lives,
 “ Broad-grinning wh—es, and ridiculing wives !”

“ Rouze, OPPOSITION !” (roar’d a *tipsy* Cook,
 With hands *a kimbo*, and bubonic look)
 “ ’Tis SHE alone our noble curls can keep—
 “ Without HER, MINISTERS would fall asleep :
 “ ’Tis SHE who makes great men—our FOXES, PITTS,
 “ And sharpens, whetstone-like, the NATION’S Wits :
 “ Knocks off your knaves and fools, however great,
 “ And, broom-like, sweeps the COBWEBS of the STATE :
 “ In casks like sulphur that expels *bad air*,
 “ And makes, like thunder-claps, *foul* weather *fair* ;

- “ Acts like a gun, that, fir’d at gather’d foot,
 “ Preserves the chimney and the house to boot :
 “ Or, like a school-boy’s WHIP, that keeps up TOPS :
 “ The sinking Realm, by FLAGELLATION, props.
 “ Our M——h must not be indulg’d *too far* :
 “ Besides ! I love a little bit of war.
 “ Whether to crop our curls he boasts a right,
 “ Or not, I do not care the Louse’s *bite* —
 “ But then, *no Force-work* ! No ! *No Force*, by Heav’n !
 “ *COOKS ! YEOMEN ! SCOURERS !* we will not be
 driv’n.
 “ Try but to force a PIG *against his will*,
 “ Behold ! the *sturdy GENTLEMAN stands still* !
 “ Or, p’rhaps (his pow’r, to let the driver know)
 “ Gallops the *very* road he should not go —
 “ *No force for me* ! --- the FRENCH, the fawning dogs,
 “ E’en let *them* lose their *freedom*, and eat frogs —
 “ Damme ! I hate each pale soupe-meagre thief—
 “ Give me my darling LIBERTY and BEEF.”

He spoke—and from his jaws a lump he slid,
 And, swearing, manful flung to earth his QUID.
 The swelling PRIDE forbade his tongue to rest,
 Whilst wild emotions labour'd in his breast—
 Now sounds confus'd his ANGER made him utter,
 And when he thought on *shaving*, curses sputter.
 Such is the sound (the simile's not weak)
 Form'd by what mortals BUBBLE * call, and SQUEAK,
 When 'midst the FRYING-PAN, in accents savage,
 The BEEF *so furly*, quarrels with the CABBAGE.
 “ Be shav'd,” a SCULLION loud began to bellow,
 Loud as a PARISH BULL, or poor OTHELLO,
 Plac'd by that *rogue* IAGO upon thorns,
 With all the horrors of a pair of HORNS :

* The modest Author of the LOUSIAD must do himself the justice to declare here, that his simile of the Bubble and Squeak is vastly more *natural* and more *sublime*, than Homer's black pudding on a gridiron, illustrating the *motions* and *emotions* of his Hero ULYSSES.

(Vid. ODYSSEY.

Loud as th' EXCISEMAN *, struggling for his life,
 And panting in a most inglorious strife;
 When, on his face, the *smuggling Princess* sprung,
 And, cat-like clawing, to his visage clung.

“ Be shav'd like *pigs*,” rejoin'd the Scullion's mate,
 His dishclout shaking, and his POT-crown'd PATE—
 “ What BARBER dares it, let him watch his NOSE,
 “ And, curse me! dread the rage of these ten toes.”
 So saying, with an oath to *raise* one's hair,
 He kick'd with threat'ning foot, the yielding air—
 Thus have I seen an *ASS* (baptiz'd a JACK)
 Grac'd by a CHIMNEY-SWEEPER on his back,

* This affair happened a few years since—An Exciseman seizing some smuggled goods belonging to a Princess, a relation of the Great Frederic, her HIGHNESS fell upon the poor *Rat de Cave*, and almost scratch'd his eyes out—the Exciseman made a *formal* complaint to the King, begging to be relieved from the *disgrace*.—The gallant Monarch returned for answer, that he gave up the duties to his cousin the Princess, but could not conceive how the hand of a *Fair Lady* could dishonour the face of an Exciseman.

Prance,

Prance, snort, and fling his heels with liberality,

In imitation of a HORSE of QUALITY :

“ Be shav’d !” (an understrapper TURNBROCHE cry’d,

In all the foaming energy of pride)

“ Zounds ! let *us* take His M——y in hand ! —

“ The K*** shall find he lives at *our* command :

“ Yes ; let him know, with all his wond’rous state,

“ His teeth and stomach on *our wills* shall wait :

“ *We rule* the platters, *we command* the spit,

“ And G***** shall have his *meßs* when *we* think fit ;

“ *Stay* till *ourselves* shall condescend to *eat*,

“ And then, if *we think proper*, have his *meat*.”

Thus, having fed on venison *rather coarse*,

A COLT, or CROCODILE, or DISH OF HORSE,

The TARTAR quits his smoaky hut with scorn,

Sounds to the kingdoms of the world his horn ;

And treating MONARCHS like his slaves or swine,

Informs them, they have *liberty* to *dine*.

H

“ Heav’ns !”

“ Heav’ns !” (cry’d a YEOMAN, with much learning grac’d)---

In *Books* as well as *meat*, a man of *taste*,

Who read with *vast* applause the daily NEWS,

And kept a *close* acquaintance with the MUSE ;

Conundrum, Rebus, made--- Acrostic, Riddle,

And fung his dying sonnets to his fiddle,

When LOVE, with cruel dart, the murd’ring THIEF,

His heart had spitted, like a piece of BEEF :

“ Are these (he said) of KINGS, the whims and jokes ?

“ Then KINGS can be as *mad* as *common folks*.

“ DAME NATURE, when a PRINCE’S head she makes,

“ No more concern about the *inside* takes,

“ Than of the *inside* of a Bug’s or Bat’s,

“ A Flea’s, a Grasshopper’s, a Cur’s, a Cat’s !

“ As careless as the ARTIST, *trunks* designing,

“ About the trifling circumstance of LINING ;

“ Whether of Cumberland he use the Plays,

“ Miss Burney’s Novels, or Miss Seward’s Lays ;

“ Or

- " Or sacred Dramas of Miss Hannah More,
 " Where all the NINE, with little MOSES, snore ;
 " Or good SQUIRE PINDAR'S Odes, or Wharton's stick,
 " Or Horace Walpole's Doubts upon King Dick,
 " Who furious drives, at times, his old goose quill,
 " On *Strawb'rry*, (Reader !) not th' *Aonian Hill*;
 " Whether he doom the ROYAL SPEECH to cling,
 " Or *those* of Lords and Commons to the King ;
 " Where ONE begs money, and the OTHERS grant
 " So *easy, freely, friendly, complaisant*,
 " As if the *Cash* were really all *their own*,
 " To purchase *Knick-knacks* * that disgrace a throne.
 " Ah, me ! did people know what *trifling things*
 " Compose those idols of the Earth, call'd K——s,

* The Civil List, we are inclined to think, feels deficiencies from *Toys*—For an instance, we will appeal to Mr. Cumming's non-descript of a Time-piece at the Queen's House, which cost nearly two thousand pounds.—The same artist is also allowed 200l. per annum to keep the *Bauble* in repair.

" Those

“ Those counterparts of that *important fellow*,
 “ The Children’s *wonder*—SIGNOR PUNCHINELLO;
 “ Who struts upon the stage his hour away :
 “ His *outside*, gold --- his *inside*, rags and hay ;
 “ No more as God’s Vicegerents would they shine,
 “ Nor make the world cut throats for RIGHT DIVINE.

“ Those LORDS of Earth, at dinner, we have seen,
 “ Sunk, by the merest trifles, with the spleen ---
 “ Oft, for an ill-dress’d egg, have heard them groan,
 “ And seen them quarrel for a mutton bone :
 “ At salt or vinegar, with passion, fume,
 “ And kick dogs, chairs, and pages, round the room *.

* This is partly a picture of the *last* reign as well as the PRESENT. The passions of George the Second were of the most impetuous kind — his hat and his favourite Minister, Sir Robert Walpole, were too frequently the foot-balls of his ill-humours — nay, poor Queen Caroline came in for a share of his foot benevolence — but he was a Prince of virtues — *ubi plura nitent, non ego paucis offendar maculis.*

“ Alas !

- " Alas ! how often have we heard them *grunt*,
 " Whene'er the rushing rain hath spoil'd a HUNT !
 " Their sanguine wishes cross'd, their spirits clogg'd,
 " Mere RIDING DISH-CLOUTS homeward they have jogg'd ;
 " Poor imps ! the sport (with all their pride and pow'r)
 " Of NATURE's diuretic stream --- a SHOW'R !
 " *This* we, the ACTORS in the *Farce*, perceive ;
 " But *this*, the *distant* world will ne'er believe ---
 " Who fancy K--GS to all the *Virtues* born :
 " Ne'er by the vulgar storms of PASSION torn ;
 " But, blest with souls so calm ! like Summer seas,
 " That smile to Heav'n, unruffled by a breeze :
 " Who think that K--GS, on Wisdom always fed,
 " Speak *sentences* like BACON's brazen HEAD ;
 " Hear from their lips the *vilest* nonsense fall,
 " Yet think some HEAVENLY SPIRIT dictates *all* ;
 " Conceive their bodies of cœlestial clay,
 " And, tho' all *ailment*, *sacred* from *decay* ;

- “ To nods and smiles their *gaping* homage bring,
 “ And thank their God their eyes have seen a KING !
 “ Lord ! in the circle when our ROYAL MASTER
 “ Pours out his words as fast as hail, or faster,
 “ To *Country Squires*, and *wives of Country Squires* ;
 “ Like *Stuck Pigs* staring, how each Oaf *admires* !
 “ Lo ! ev’ry syllable becomes a GEM !
 “ And if, by chance, the M-----h *cough*, or *hem*,
 “ Seiz’d with the symptoms of a deep surprise,
 “ Their joints with *rev’rence* tremble, and their eyes
 “ Roll wonder first ; then, shrinking back with fear,
 “ Would *hide* behind the *brains*, were any *there*.
 “ How taken is this *idle* WORLD by *show* !
 “ BIRTH, RICHES, are the BAALS to whom we bow ;
 “ Preferring (ev’n with foul as black as foot)
 “ A ROGUE on *horseback*, to a SAINT on *foot*.
 “ See FRANCE, see PORTUGAL, SICILIA, SPAIN,
 “ And mark the *Desert* of each DESPOT’s brain ;
- Whose

" Whose tongues should never treat with taunts a Fool;
 " Who *prove* that *nothing* is too mean to *rule*.
 " What could the PRINCE, high tow'ring like a steeple,
 " Without the MAJESTY of *Us* the PEOPLE?
 " Go, like the King of Babylon*, to grafs,
 " Or wander, like a beggar, with a PASS!
 " However *modern* KINGS may COOKS despise,
 " WARRIORS and KINGS were COOKS, or HIST'RY *lies*—
 " PATROCLUS broil'd *beef-steaks* to quell his hunger:
 " The MIGHTY AGAMEMNON potted CONGER!—
 " And Charles of Sweden, 'midst his guns and drums,
 " Spread his own bread and butter with his thumbs.
 " Be *shav'd*! --- No! --- sooner pill'ries, jails, the stocks,
 " Shall pinch this corps, than BARBERS snatch my locks."
 " Well hast thou said," a SCOWRER bold rejoin'd ---
 " Damme! I love the man who speaks his mind."
 Then in his arms the *Orator* he took,
 And swore he was an *angel* of a *Cook*.

* Nebuchadnezzar.

Awhile he held him with a *Cornish* hug;
 Then seiz'd, with glorious grasp, a *pewter mug*,
 Whose ample womb nor cyder held, nor ale,
 But nectar, - fit for Jove, and brew'd by THRALE.
 " A health to *Cooks*, (he cry'd, and wav'd the pot)
 " And he who fights for TITLES, is a *fo*t---
 " Let *Dukes* and *Lords* the world in *wealth*, surpass---
 " Yet many a LION's skin conceals an Afs.
 " Lo! this is one amongst my golden rules,
 " To think the *greatest Men* the *greatest Fools* :
 " The GREAT are judges of an opera song---
 " And fly a *Briton's* for a *Eunuch's* tongue;
 " Can starve their families to hear BABINIS,
 " *Gaunt* PACCHIAROTIS, *fat-rump'd squab* RAUZZINIS ;
 " Thus idly squand'ring for a *squawl* their riches ----
 " To *faint* with rapture at those *Cats in Breeches*.
 " Accept this truth from *me*, my lads --- the man
 " Who first found out a SPIT, or FRYING-PAN,
 " Did ten times more towards the PUBLIC GOOD,
 " Than all the *tawdry* TITLES since the flood :
 " TITLES !

“ TITLES ! that KINGS may grant to ASSES, MULES,
 “ The scorn of SAGES, and the boast of FOOLS.”

He ended---All the *Cooks* exclaim'd, “ *divine!*”
 Then whisper'd one another, 'twas “ *damn'd fine!*”
 Thus spoke the SCOWRER like a MAN *inspir'd*,
 Whose speech the HEROES of the kitchen fired :
Grooms, Master Scowrers, Scullions, Scullion's Mates,
 With all the *Overseers* of knives and plates,
 Felt their brave souls, like *frisky cyder*, work,
 Whizzing in opposition to the *cork* :
 Earth's *Potentates* appear'd *ignoble things*,
 And *Cooks* of greater consequence than KINGS ;
Such is the pow'r of words, where TRUTH unites,
 And *such* the rage that injur'd WORTH excites !
 The SCOWRER's speech, indeed, with reason blest,
 Inflam'd with godlike ardour all the rest :
 Thus if a BARN Heav'n's vengeful lightning draw,
 The flame ætherial strikes the kindling straw :

Doors, rafters, beams, owls, weazels, mice, and rats,
And (if unfortunately mousing) cats ;
All feel the wide devouring fire in turn,
And mingling in one conflagration, burn.

“ SONS of the SPIT,” the Major cry’d again,
“ Your noble speeches prove you blest with *brain* ;
“ BRAIN ! that *Dame Nature* gives not *ev’ry* head,
“ But fills the vast vacuity with lead ! ---
“ Yet ere for *Opposition* we prepare,
“ And fight the *glorious Cause* of *Heads* of *Hair*,
“ Methinks ’twould be but *decent* to *petition*,
“ And tell the K--G, with *firmness*, our *CONDITION* :
“ Soon as our *sad* complaint he hears us utter,
“ His gracious heart may melt away like butter ;
“ Fair *MERCY* shine amidst our gloomy house,
“ And anger’d M-----y forget the *LOUSE*.”

END OF CANTO I.

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Two Master Cooks
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Two Master Scowrers
Six Under Scowrers
Six Turnbroaches

Two Soil-Carriers
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Eight Boys
Five Pastry People
Eight Silver Scullery for
laughing at the Cooks.

In all Fifty-one.

A young man, named John Bear, would not submit, and lost his place.

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