

# L Y R I C   O D E S

TO THE  
ROYAL ACADEMICIANS,  
FOR M,DCC,LXXXII.

BY  
*PETER PINDAR,*

A DISTANT RELATION OF THE  
POET OF THE BEES.

---

— *Arma virosque cano.*

Paint and the Men of Canvas fire my Lays,  
Who show their Works for Profit and for Praise;  
Whose pockets know most comfortable Fillings—  
Gaining two Thousand Pounds a Year by Shillings.

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THE SIXTH EDITION, ENLARGED.

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L O N D O N:

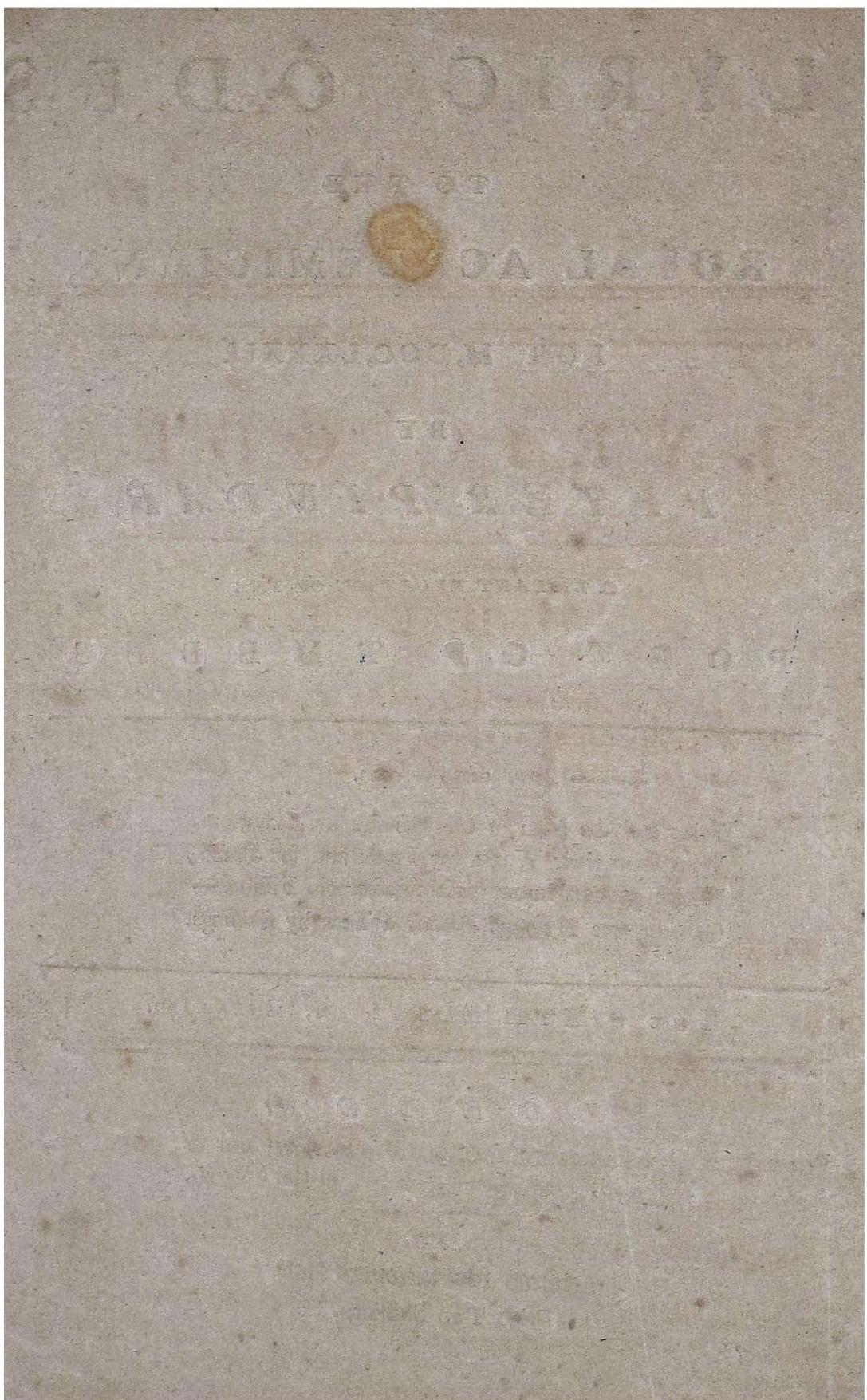
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# LYRIC ODES.

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## O D E I.

PETER giveth an Account of his great RELATION—boasteth—praiseth  
Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS and SOMERSET HOUSE—applaudeth  
Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, and sheweth deep classic Learning.

**M**Y Cousin Pindar, in his Odes,  
Applauded Horsejockeys and Gods,  
Wrestlers and Boxers in his verse divine!  
Then shall not I, who boast his fire,  
And old hereditary lyre,  
To British Painters give a golden line?

Say, shall yon Dome stupendous rise,  
Striking with Attic front the skies—  
The nursing dame of many a Painting Ape; \*

\* *Painting Ape.*—This expression is by no means meant to convey the idea of insult.—There is great propriety, if not poetry, in it.—The reader will please to recollect, that Painting is an imitative art—Monkeys are prodigious imitators—witness my own Odes.—Besides, Pope compliments the immortal Newton by a similar allusion.

And I immortal rhyme refuse,  
 To tell the nations round the news,  
 And make posterity with wonder gape?

Spirit of Cousin Pindar, ho!  
 By all thy Odes, the world shall know,  
 That *Chambers* plann'd it—Be his name rever'd!—  
 Sir *William's* journeymen and tools,  
 (No pupils of the Chinese schools)  
 With stone, and wood, and lime the fabric rear'd!

Thus having put the Knight in rhyme,  
 Stone, men, and timber, tools and lime;  
 Now let us see what this rare Dome contains—  
 Where rival Artists for a name,  
 Bit by that glorious mad-dog Fame,  
 Have fixt the labours of their brush and brains.

O Muse! Sir *Joshua's* master-hand  
 Shall first our lyric laud command—  
 Lo! Tarleton dragging on his boot so tight!  
 His Horses feel a godlike rage,  
 And long with Yankies to engage—  
 I think I hear them snorting for the fight!

Behold with fire each eye-ball glowing !  
 I wish indeed their manes so flowing  
 Were more like hair---the brutes had been as good,  
 If, flaming with such classic force,  
 They had resembled less that horse  
 Call'd Trojan---and by Greeks compos'd of wood.

Now to yon Angel let us go---  
 A fine performance too, I trow,  
 Who rides a Cloud---indeed a poorish hack---  
 Which to my mind doth *certés* bring  
 That easy bum-delighting thing,  
 Rid by the Chancellor---yclep'd a Sack.

Yet, *Reynolds*, let me fairly say,  
 With pride I pour the lyric lay  
 To most things by thy able hand exprest---  
 Compar'd, alas ! to other men,  
 Thou art an eagle to a wren !---  
 Now, Mrs. Muse, attend on Mr. *West*.

## O D E II.

PETER falleth foul on Mr. WEST for representing our Blessed  
REDEEMER like an OLD-CLOTHES-MAN—and for misrepre-  
senting the APOSTLES.—PETER describeth St. PAUL, and JUDAS  
and the APOSTLES—Cutteth up Mr. WEST's Angels—Attacketh  
another Picture of Mr. WEST's—Weepeth over the bard Fate of  
PRINCE OCTAVIUS and AUGUSTUS, Children of our Most  
Glorious Sovereign.

O WEST, what hath thy pencil done?  
Why, painted God Almighty's Son  
Like an Old-Clothes-man, about London Street!  
Place in his hand a rusty bag,  
To hold each sweet collected rag;  
We then shall see the character complete.

Th' Apostles too, I'm much afraid,  
Were not the fellows thou hast made---  
For Heav'n's sake, *West*, pray rub them out again---  
There's not a mortal who believes  
They look'd like old \* *Salvator's* Thieves,  
Although they might not look like Gentlemen.

St. Paul most candidly declares,  
He could not give himself high airs  
Upon his person---which was rather homely---

But really, as for all the rest,  
 Save Judas, who was a rank beast,  
 They all were decent labourers, and comely.

Thy *Spirits* too can't boast the graces---  
 Two Indian Angels by their faces---  
 But speak---where are their wings to mount the wind?  
 One wou'd suppose M'Bride \* had met 'em---  
 If thou hast spare ones, quickly get 'em,  
 Or else the lads will both be left behind.

Ghoſt of Octavius! tell the Bard,  
 And thou, Augustus, us'd so *hard*,  
 Why *West* hath murder'd you, my tender lambs?  
 You bring to mind vile Richard's deed,  
 Who bid your Royal Cousins bleed,  
 For which the world the Tyrant's mem'ry damns.

*West*, I must own thou doſt inherit  
 Some portion of the painting spirit---  
 But trust me---not extraordinary things---  
 Some merit thou muſt ſurely own,  
 By getting up ſo near the throne,  
 And gaining whispers from the Best of Kings.

\* Capt. M'Bride, famous for winging men of war, as well as partridges. — See his letter to the Admiralty.

## O D E III.

PETER administereth sage Advice to very young Painters.

PEOPLE must mount by slow degrees to Glory---  
 'Tis Stairs must lead us to the Attic story---  
 Thus thought my GREAT old Name-sake, PETER CZAR ;  
 Who bound himself, in Holland, to a trade ;  
 A very pretty Carpenter he made ;  
 And then went \* home, and built a Man of War.

The Lad who would a 'Pothecary shine,  
 Should powder Claws of Crabs, and Jalap, fine,  
 Keep the Shop clean, and watch it like a Porter :  
 Learn to boil Glysters---nay, to give them too,  
 If blinking Nurses can't the bus'ness do ;  
 Write well the Labels, and wipe well the Mortar.

Before that Boys can rise to Master-Tanners,  
 Humble those Boys must be, and mind their manners ;  
 Despising PRIDE, whose wish it is to wreck 'em :

And

\* To Russia.

And mornings, with a bucket and a stick,  
 Should never once disdain to pick,  
 From street to street, fair lumps of *Album Græcum*.

Thus should young Limning Lads themselves demean ;  
 Learn how to keep their Masters Brushes clean,  
 And learn to squeeze the Colours from the Bladders---  
 Furbish up Rags---the shining Pallet set---  
 Keep the Knives bright---and eke the Easel neat ---  
 Such arts, to Fame's high Temple are the Ladders.

Young Men---so useful are the arts I mention ;  
 (Believe me, not an atom is invention).  
 The Instant that I pen this Ode, I know  
 A Jew-like, shock-poll'd, scrubby, short, black Man,  
 More like a Cobler than a Gentleman---  
 Working on Canvass, like a dog in dough.

By Heav'ns ! with scarce more knowledges than these,  
 He earns a Guinea ev'ry Day with ease;  
 Attempteth heads of Princes, Dogs, Cats, 'Squires---  
 Now on a Monkey vent'reth---now a Saint---  
 Talks of *himself*, and much himself admires,  
 And struts the veriest *Bantam Cock of Paint*.

But mind me, Youths, I don't Conceit advise,  
Because 'tis fulsome to men's ears and eyes ;  
Whose tongues might cover you with ridicule—  
And pray, who loves the appellation, *Fool* ?

Yet, if in spite of all the Muse can say,  
You will *insist* on going the wrong way,  
And *wish* to be a Laughing-stock—  
Copy our little old black Bantam Cock—

Whose soul, moreover, of such fort is—  
With so much acrimony overflows,  
As makes him, wheresoe'er he goes,  
A walking Thumb-bottle of *Aqua-fortis*.

## O D E IV.

*The Lyric Bard commendeth Mr. GAINSBOROUGH's PIG—Recommendeth LANDSCAPE to the Artist.*

AND now, O Muse, with song so big,  
 Turn round to *Gainsborough's Girl and Pig*,  
 Or Pig and Girl I rather should have said :  
 The Pig in white, I must allow,  
 Is really a well-painted Sow :  
 I wish to say the same thing of the Maid.

As for poor St. Leger and Prince,  
 Had I their places I should wince,  
 Thus to be gibbeted for weeks on high :  
 Just like your felons after death,  
 On Bagshot, or on Hounslow Heath,  
 That force from travellers the pitying sigh.

Yet *Gainsborough* has great merit too,  
 Wou'd he his charming *fort* pursue---  
 To mind his Landscape have the modest grace---  
 Yet there sometimes are Nature's tints despis'd :  
 I wish them more attended to, and priz'd,  
 Instead of Trump'ry that usurps their place.

## O D E V.

PETER quarreleth with FAT,—prooveth its fatal Inconveniencies—  
 Accounteth for the Leanness and Rags of the MUSES—Displayeth  
 Military Science—Telleth a wonderful Story of a SPANISH MARQUIS  
 —Talketh sensibly of a Greyhound, a Hawk, and a Race-Horse—  
 Pointeth out the proper Subjects for Grease.

**P**AINTERS and Poets never should be Fat—  
 Sons of Apollo! listen well to that.  
 Fat is foul weather—dims the Fancy's sight:  
 In poverty, the wits more nimbly muster :  
 Thus Stars, when pinch'd by frost, cast keener lustre  
 On the black blanket of OLD MOTHER NIGHT.

Your heavy Fat, I will maintain,  
 Is perfect Birdlime of the Brain ;  
 And, as to Goldfinches the birdlime clings—  
 Fat holds Ideas by the legs and wings.

Fat flattens the most brilliant Thoughts,  
 Like the Buff-Stop on Harpsichords, or Spinnets—  
 Muffling their pretty little tuneful throats,  
 That would have chirp'd away like Linnets.

Not only Fat is hurtful to the Arts,  
 But LOVE, at Fat—ev'n LOVE ALMIGHTY starts—  
 LOVE hates large, lubberly, fat, clumsy Fellows,  
 Panting and blowing like a Blacksmith's Bellows.

In Parliament, amidst the various chat,  
 What eloquence of NORTH's is lost by Fat !  
 Mute in his head-piece on his bosom hung,  
 How many a Speech hath slept upon his Tongue !

So far Apollo's right, I needs must own,  
 To keep his Sons and Daughters high in bone :  
 The NINE too, as from History we glean,  
 Are, like Don Quixote's ROSINANTE, lean ;

Who likewise fancy all incumbrance bad,  
 And therefore travel very thinly clad ;  
 Looking like Damsels just escap'd from jails,  
 With backs *al fresco*, and with tatter'd tails..

How, with large rolls of Fat, would act  
 A Soldier, or a Sailor ?  
 And 'tis a well-attested fact,  
 Apollo was as nimble as a Taylor.  
 How could he else have caught that handsome flirt,  
 MISS DAPHNE, racing through the pools and dirt ?

The Marquis of CERONA, of great Parts,  
 Could scarce support himself, he was so big—  
 He starv'd—drank Vinegar by pints and quarts,  
 And got down to a Christian—from a Pig.  
 Some Author says, his skin (but some will doubt him)  
 Would fold a half-a-dozen times about him.

Reader!—of lie I urge not an iöta:  
 His skin would really round his body come,  
 Though tight before as parchment on a drum—  
 Just like a Portuguese Capota.—

Yes—yes—indeed I solemnly repeat,  
 Painters and Eards should very little eat:  
 No matter, verily, how slight their fare—  
 Nay, though Camelion-like they fed on air—

Else they're, like Ladies much inclin'd to Feeding—  
 Who, often when they fatten, leave off Breeding;  
 Or, like the Hen, facetious Æsop's story,  
 So known—I shall not lay the Tale before ye.

You would not load with Fat, a Running-Horse,  
 Or Greyhound you design to course;  
 Nor would you fatten up the Hawk,  
 You mean to nimble birds to talk.

Then pray, young Brushmen, if you wish to thrive,  
 And keep your Genius, and the Art alive,  
 Gobble not quantities of flesh and fish up:  
 BEINGS who can no harm from Fat receive,  
 May feast securely—then for Heav'n's sake lea ve  
 Grease to an Alderman, a Hog, or Bishop.—

## O D E VI.

PETER flattereth Mr. MASON CHAMBERLIN—and that most  
 brilliant Landscape-Painter, Mr. LOUTHERBOURGH—PETER  
 admireth, praiseth, and consoleth the English Claude, WILSON.

THY Portraits, Chamberlin, may be  
 A likeness, far as I can see;  
 But, faith! I cannot praise a single feature:  
 Yet, when it so shall please the Lord,  
 To make his people out of Board,  
 Thy pictures will be tolerable Nature.

And Loutherbourg, when Heav'n so wills,  
 To make Brafs Skies, and Golden Hills,  
 With Marble Bullocks in Glass Pastures grazing;  
 Thy reputation too will rise,  
 And people, gaping with surprise,  
 Cry, “ Monsieur Loutherbourg is most amazing!”

But thou must wait for that event---  
 Perhaps the change is never meant---  
 Till then, with me, thy pencil will not shine---  
 Till then, old red-nos'd *Wilson's* art  
 Will hold its empire o'er my heart,  
 By Britain left in poverty to pine.

But, honest *Wilson*, never mind ;  
 Immortal praises thou shalt find,  
 And for a dinner have no cause to fear---  
 Thou start'st at my prophetic rhimes---  
 Don't be impatient for those times ;  
 Wait till thou hast been dead an hundred year.

## O D E VII.

PETER breaketh out into Learning, and talketh Latin—Adviseth young Artists to do no more than they can do—Recommendeth to each the Knowledge of his Genius.—PETER talketh of Aesop's Fables and Mr. STUBBS—PETER ventureth on the Stage—Recordeth a Story of an Actor, and concludeth facetiously.

“ *QUI fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo quam sibi sortem*” —  
*Q*Was partly written for those fools  
 Who slight the very art that would support 'em,  
 In spite of Gratitude's and Wisdom's rules.

It brings to mind old Æsop's tale, so sweet,  
 Of a poor country-bumpkin of a Stag,  
 Who us'd to curse his clumsy Legs and Feet,  
 But of his Horns did wonderfully brag.

Unlike our London poor John-Bulls,  
 Who, from the wardrobe of their sculls,  
 Could, with the greatest pleasure, piece-meal tear  
 Such pretty-looking ornamental geer.

But, to the story of the Buck,  
 Like (many English ones) much out of luck.

When to a thicket Master Buck was chac'd,  
 His fav'rite Horns contriv'd to spoil his trot—  
 By keeping the young 'Squire in limbo fast,  
 Till John the Huntsman came and cut his throat.

Unfortunately for the Graphic Art,  
 Painters too often their true genius thwart ;  
 Mad to accomplish what can ne'er be done,  
 They form for criticism—a world of fun.

The Man of Hist'ry longs to deal in *little*,  
 Quits lasting oil, for perishable spittle :

The Man of Miniature to Hist'ry springs,  
 Mounts with an ardour wild the broom-like Brush,  
 Makes for Sublimity a daring push,  
 And shows, like Icarus, his feeble wings.

'Tis said that nought so much the temper rubs  
 Of that ingenious Artist, Mr. STUBBS,  
 As calling him a Horse-painter—How strange,  
 That STUBBS the title should desire to change!

Yet doth he curses on th' occasion utter,  
 And foolish quarrels with his bread and *butter*.  
 Yet, after Landscape, Gentlemen and Ladies,  
 This very Mr. STUBBS prodigious mad is ;

So quits his Horse—on which the Man might ride  
 To Fame's fair Temple, happy and unhurt ;  
 And takes a Hobby-horse to gall his pride,  
 That flings him, like a lubber, in the dirt.

The self-same folly reigns, too, on the Stage,  
Such for impossibilities the rage !

The Man of Farce, to Tragedy aspires,  
And, calf-like bellowing, feels heroic fires---

WESTON for *Hamlet* and *Othello* sigh'd,  
And thought it dev'lish hard to be denied.---  
The courtly ABINGTON's untoward Star  
Wanted her reputation much to mar,  
And sink the *Lady* to the Washing-tub---  
So whisper'd---“ Mrs. Abington, play *Scrub*”---  
To folly full as great, some imp may lug her,  
And bid her slink in *Filch*, and *Abel Drugger*.

An Actor, living at this time,  
That now I pen my verse sublime,  
Could not, to save his soul, find out his *fort*---  
But lo! it happen'd, on a lucky night,  
He on the subject got a deal of light ;  
And thus doth Fame the circumstance report.

After exhibiting to Pit, and Boxes,  
To take a dram, the Actor stroll'd to \* Fox's---  
Where soon his friend came in, such fine things saying,

\* A Tavern near the Playhouse.

Offering a thousand pretty salutations,  
 With full-confirming Oath-ejaculations  
 Unto this Son of Thespis, for his playing.

“ By Heav’ns!” quoth he, “ unrivall’d is thy merit---  
 “ Thou play’dst to-night, my friend, with matchless spirit:  
 “ Zounds! my dear fellow, let me go to H-ll,  
 “ If ever part was acted half so well!”

The Actor blush’d, and bow’d, and silly look’d,  
 To hear such compliments so nicely cook’d---  
 Getting the better of his *mauvaise honte*—  
 And staring at the other’s steady front,

He ask’d---‘ What part, pray, mean ye? for, in troth,  
 ‘ I know of none that you should so commend’---  
 “ What part!” replied the other with an oath:  
 “ The *hind-part* of a JACK-ASS, \* my dear friend!”

The Player, pleas’d instead of being hurt,  
 Thank’d him for the discovery of his *fort*---  
 Pursued his genius---sought no higher game,  
 And by his JACK-ASS won *unenvied* fame.

\* A Part in one of the Pantomimes, which contains a large portion of kicking, braying, obstinacy, and tail-wriggling.

## O D E VIII.

PETER abuseth Mr. and Mrs. COSWAY.

FIE, *Cosway!* I'm ashamed to say  
 Thou own'st the title of R. A.---  
 I fear, to damn thee 'twas the devil's sending---  
 Some honest calling quickly find,  
 And bid thy Wife her kitchen mind,  
 Or shirts and shifts be making, or be mending.

If Madam cannot make a shirt,  
 Or mend, or from it wash the dirt,  
 Better than paint---the Poet for thee feels---  
 Or take a stitch up in thy stocking,  
 (Which for a wife is very shocking)  
 I pity the condition of thy heels.

What vanity was in your skulls,  
 To make you act so like two fools,  
 T' expose your daubs, tho' made with wond'rous pains out?  
 Could *Raphael's* angry ghost arise,  
 And on the figures cast his eyes,  
 He'd catch a pistol up, and blow your brains out.

MUSE

MUSE, in this criticism, I fear,  
Thou really hast been too severe:  
COSWAY paints Miniature with truth and spirit,  
And Mrs. COSWAY boasts a fund of merit.

Be more like courtly Horace's thy page;  
And shun of furious Juvenal the rage,  
Of whom old Scaliger asserts---“*qui jugulat*”---  
*Id est*---the fellow would not murder, boggle at.

This Scaliger employs, too, the word *trucidat*:  
That is, the Bard would dash through thick and thin,  
And, like a ruffian, would so use ye, that  
He would not leave a whole bone in your skin.

## O D E IX.

PETER exhibiteth Bible Knowledge—Condemneth Imitators, and maketh Comparisons.

SIR JOSHUA---for I've read my Bible over,  
 Of whose fine art I own myself a lover,  
 Puts me in mind of Mathew, the first chapter—  
 Abrâm got Isaac—Isaac, Jacob got—  
 Joseph to get, was lucky Jacob's Lot,  
     And all his brothers,  
     Who very *nat'rally* made others,  
 Continuing to the end of a long chapter—  
 A genealogy I read with rapture.

Yet, possibly, not with so much delight,  
     As Queensb'ry's DUKE delighting in *good courses*,  
 Reads (which I'm told he doth, from morn to night),  
     The noble pedigrees of Running-Horses,  
 Penn'd with a deal of subtlety, and labor,  
 By that great Turf-Apostle, Mr. HEBER.

Sir JOSHUA's happy pencil hath produc'd  
     A host of Copyists, much of the same feature;  
 By which the Art hath greatly been abus'd—  
     I own Sir JOSHUA, *great*—but Nature *greater*.

But what, alas ! is ten-times worse—  
 The progress of the Art to curse :  
 The *Copyists* have been *copied* too ;  
 And that, I'm sure, will never do.

Such Painters are like Pointers hunting game—  
 Intent on pleasure, and Dog-fame ;  
 Suppose a half-a-dozen dogs, or more,  
 Snuffing, and scamp'ring, crossing the field o'er.

One Pointer scents the Partridge---points---  
 Fix'd like a statue on the pleasing gale !  
 How act the others?---Stop their scamp'ring joints ;  
 And, lo ! one's *Nose* is on his neighbour's *Tail*.

Perhaps this Dog-comparison of mine,  
 Though vastly natural, and vastly fine,  
 May not be fully understood  
 By all the youngling Painter Brood ;  
 Therefore, that into error they may'nt roam,  
 I think I'll be a little more *at home*.

Suppose a Damsel of the Cyprian class,  
 A fresh-imported, lovely, blooming lass,  
 Gay, careless, smiling, ogling in the Park —

Suppose

Suppose those charms, so pleasing to the eye,  
 Catch the wild glance, and start the am'rous sigh,  
 Of some young roving military Spark !

Lo! as if touch'd by bailiffs, or by thunder,  
 Sudden he stops—all-over staring wonder—  
 A thousand fancies, his warm brain surround ;  
 And nail'd, as if by magic, to the ground,  
 He *points* towards those fascinating charms  
 That rous'd the host of Passions up in arms.

A brother Ensign spies the stock-still lad,  
 And sudden halts—grave pond'ring what it means—  
 Another Ensign, taking *this* for mad,  
 Upon his supple-jack, deep-marv'ling leans :

Another Ensign after *him*, too, sauntering,  
 Stops short, and to his eye applies his glass—  
 To know what stay'd his brother Ensign's cantering,  
 Not dreaming of that eye-catcher, the Lass.

Thus nosing one the other's back,  
 Stands in a goodly row the King's red Pack ;  
 Except the *first*, whom NATURE's charms inflame---  
*His* nose is properly towards the *game*.

E'en so, the PRESIDENT, to NATURE true,  
 Doth mark her form, and all her haunts pursue ;  
 Whilst half the silly Brushmen of the land,  
 Contented take the NYMPH at *second-hand* ;  
 Imps, who just boast the merit of *Translators*---  
 Horacé's *servum pecus*---*Imitators*.

## O D E X.

PETER jeereth *Messieurs SERRES and ZOFFANI*, and praiseth and  
 condemneth Mr. BARRET.

SERRES and ZOFFANI ! I ween,  
 I better works than yours have seen---  
 You'll say, no compliment can well be colder---  
 Why, as you scarce are in your prime,  
 And wait the strength'ning hand of Time,  
 I hope that you'll improve as you grow older \*.

Believe me, BARRET, thou hast truth and taste ;  
 Yet sometimes art thou apt to be *unchaste* :  
 Too oft thy pencil, or thy genius, flags---  
 Too oft thy Landscapes, Bonfires seem to be ;  
 And in thy bustling Clouds, methinks I see  
 The Resurrection of OLD RAGS.

\* The first is about 70 years of age, and the last 63 or 64.

O CATTON, our poor feelings spare!  
 Suppress thy trash another year;  
 Nor of thy folly make us say a hard thing---  
 And lo! those daubs amongst the many,  
 Painted by Mr. EDWARD PENNY!  
 They truly are not worth a half a farthing.

## O D E XI.

PETER cannonadeth FASHION—*Adviseth People to use their own Eyes  
 and Noses; and ordereth what is to be done with a bad Nose.*

ONE Year the Pow'rs of Fashion rule  
 In favour of the Roman School---  
 Then hey, for Drawing! Raphael and Poussin.  
 The following year, the Flemish Schools shall strike---  
 Then hey, for Col'ring---Rubens and Vandyke;  
 And, lo! the Roman is not worth a pin.

Be not impos'd upon by FASHION's roar---  
 FASHION too often makes a monstrous noise,  
 Bids us, a fickle jade, like fools adore  
 The poorest trash, the meanest toys.

And as a Gang of Thieves a bustle make,  
With greater ease your purse to take,

So FASHION frequently, her point to gain,  
Sets up a howl enough to stun a stone,

And fairly picks the Pocket of your Brain,  
That is, if any Brain you chance to own.

Carry your Eyes with you where-e'er you go---

For not to trust to them, is to abuse 'em,  
As Nature gave them t'ye, you ought to know

The wise old Lady meant that you should *use* 'em ;  
And yet, what thousands, to our vast surprise,  
Of Pictures judge by other people's Eyes!

When Nature made a present of a Nose  
To each man's face, we justly may suppose  
She meant, that for itself the Nose should *think*,  
And *judge* in matters of Perfume and Stink ;  
Not meant it for a mule alone, poor hack !  
To bear Horn Spe&tacles upon its back---  
" Suppose it cannot smell, what then ? " you'll say.  
Fling it away.

## O D E XII.

*The LYRIC BARD groweth witty on Mr. PETERS's Angel and Child—  
and Madam ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.*

DEAR Peters! who, like Luke the Saint,  
A man of Gospel art, and Paint,  
Thy pencil flames not with poetic fury :  
If Heav'n's fair Angels are like thine,  
Our Bucks, I think, O grave Divine,  
May meet in t'other world the Nymphs of Drury.

The Infant Soul I do not much admire:  
It boasteth somewhat more of flesh than fire---  
The picture, Peters, cannot much adorn ye---  
I'm glad though, that the red-fac'd little Sinner,  
Poor soul! hath made a hearty dinner,  
Before it ventur'd on so long a journey.

Angelica my plaudit gains---  
Her art so sweetly canvass stains!---  
Her Dames, so Grecian! give me such delight!  
But, were she married to such gentle males  
As figure in her painted tales---  
I fear she'd find a stupid wedding-night.

## O D E XIII.

PETER lasheth the Ladies.—He turneth Story-teller.—PETER grieveth.

ALTHOUGH the Ladies with such Beauty blaze,  
 They very frequently my passion raise---  
 Their charms compensate, scarce, their want of *Taste*---  
 Passing amidst the EXHIBITION crowd,  
 I heard some Damsels *fashionably* loud,  
 And thus I give the Dialogue that pass'd.

“ Oh ! the dear Man ! (cried one) look ! here's a bonnet !  
 “ He shall paint *me*---I am determin'd on it---  
 “ Lord ! Cousin, see ! how beautiful the Gown !  
 “ What charming Colours ! here's fine Lace, here's Gauze !  
 “ What pretty Sprigs the fellow draws !  
 “ Lord, Cousin ! he's the cleverest Man in town !”

“ Ay, Cousin,” cried a second, “ very true---  
 “ And here, here's charming green, and red and blue---  
 “ There's a complexion beats the *Rouge* of WARREN !

“ See those red Lips, oh la ! they are so nice !  
 “ What rosy Cheeks then, Cousin, to entice !—  
 “ Compar’d to this, all other heads are carrion.—

“ Cousin, this Limner quickly will be seen  
 “ Painting the PRINCESS ROYAL, and the QUEEN :  
 “ Pray, don’t you think as I do, Coz ?  
 “ But we’ll be painted *first*, that’s *poz.*”

Such was the very *pretty* Conversation  
 That pass’d between the *pretty* Misses,  
 Whilst unobserv’d, the glory of our Nation,  
 Close by them hung SIR JOSHUA’s matchless pieces—  
 Works ! that a TITIAN’s hand could form alone—  
 Works ! that a REUBENS had been proud to own.

Permit me, Ladies, now to lay before ye  
 What lately happen’d—therefore a true Story.

## A S T O R Y.

WALKING one afternoon along the Strand,  
 My wond'ring eyes did suddenly expand  
 Upon a pretty leash of Country Lasses.—  
 “ Heav’ns ! My dear beauteous Angels, how d’ye do ?  
 “ Upon my soul I’m monstrous glad to see ye.”  
 “ Swinge ! PETER, we are glad to meet with *you* ;  
 “ We’re just to London come—well, pray how be ye ?  
 “ We’re just a going, while ’tis light,  
 “ To see St. PAUL’s before ’tis dark.—  
 “ Lord ! come, for once, be so polite,  
 “ And condescend to be our spark.”  
 “ With all my heart, my Angels.”—On we walk’d,  
 And much of London—much of Cornwall talk’d :  
 Now did I hug myself to think  
 How much that glorious structure would surprise—  
 How from its awful grandeur they would shrink  
 With open mouths, and marv’ling eyes !

As near to Ludgate-Hill we drew,  
 St. PAUL’s just opening on our view ;

Behold,

Behold, my lovely strangers, one and all,  
 Gave, all at once, a diabolic squawl,  
 As if they had been tumbled on the stones,  
 And some confounded cart had crush'd their bones.

After well fright'ning people with their cries,  
 And sticking to a Ribbon-Shop their eyes---  
 They all rush'd in, with sounds enough to stun---  
 And clattering all together, thus begun.---

“ Swinge ! here are Colours then, to please !  
 “ Delightful things, I vow to Heav'n !  
 “ Why ! not to see such things as these,  
 “ We never should have been forgiv'n.—

“ Here, here, are clever things—good Lord !  
 “ And, Sister, here, upon my word—  
 “ Here, here !—look ! here are beauties to delight ;  
 “ Why ! how a body's heels might dance  
 “ Along from Launceston to Penzance,  
 “ Before that one might meet with fuch a fight !”

“ Come, Ladies, 'twill be dark,” cried I—“ I fear:  
 “ Pray let us view St. PAUL's, it is so near.”---  
 “ Lord ! PETER, (cried the girls) don't mind St. PAUL!---  
 “ Sure ! you're a most *incurious* soul---

“ Why

“ Why---we can see the Church another day,  
 “ Don’t be afraid---St. PAUL’s can’t *run away.*”

## R E A D E R,

If e’er thy bosom felt a Thought *sublime*,  
 Drop tears of pity with the Man of Rhime !

## O D E XIV.

PETER *disclaimeth Flattery—Describeth the GRAND MONARQUE—and promiseth critical Candour.*

’T IS very true, that Flattery’s not my *fort*—  
 I cannot to Stupidity pay court—  
 And swear a face *looks sense*, (the picture puffing)  
 That boasts no more *expression* than a muffin.

And yet, a Frenchman can do this,  
 And think he doth not act amiss ;  
 Although he tells a most confounded lie---  
 KING LEWIS leads me into this remark,  
 Call’d by his People all, LE GRAND MONARQUE---  
 A Demi-God in every Frenchman’s eye.

His Portrait by some famous hand was done,  
 And then exhibited at the *Salon*---  
 At once a courtly Critic *criticises*---

“ Where

" Where is the brilliant eye, the charming grace,  
 " The sense profound that marks the Royal Face---  
 " The Soul of Lewis, that so very wise is ?"

Yet when he bawl'd for Sense, he bawl'd, I wot,  
 For furniture the head had never got.

Reader, believe me that this *Gentleman*  
 Was form'd on Nature's very homely plan.---

Clumsy in legs and shoulders, head and gullet,  
 His mouth abroad in seeming wonder lost,  
 As if its meaning had given up the ghost :  
 His eye far duller than a leaden bullet ;  
 Nature so slighting the poor Royal Nob,  
 As if she bargain'd for it, by the job..

Therefore, should mighty G....., or great LORD NORTH,  
 Both *Gentlefolks* of high condition,  
 Think it worth while to send their Faces forth,  
 To stare amidst the ROYAL EXHIBITION---

If Likenesses, I'll not condemn the Pictures,  
 To compliment those mighty People's polls.---  
 I scorn to pass unfair, and cruel strictures,  
 By asking for the *Graces*, or their *Souls*.

## O D E XV.

PETER praiseth Mr. STUBBS, and administereth wholesome Advice—  
Surpriseth Mr. HONE with a Compliment—Concludeth with suspecting  
the Ingratitude of the ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.

WELL-pleas'd thy Horses, *Stubbs*, I view,  
And eke thy Dogs, to nature true :  
Let modern artists match thee if they can---  
Such animals thy genius suit---  
Then stick, I beg thee, to the Brute,  
And meddle not with Woman, nor with Man.

And now for Mr. *Nathan Hone*---  
In portrait thou'rt as much *alone*,  
As in his Landscape stands th' unrival'd *Claude*---  
Of pictures I have seen enough,  
Most vile, most execrable stuff !  
But none so bad as thine, I vow to God.

Thus in the cause of Painting loyal  
Sublime I've sung to Artists Royal---  
With Labour-pains the Muse hath sore been torn !  
And yet each Academic Face,  
I fear me, hath not got the graee  
To smile upon the Bantling, now 'tis born.