

Wm. Pindar

FAREWEL ODES.

FOR THE YEAR 1786.

BY

PETER PINDAR, Esq.

Price THREE SHILLINGS.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL.

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A

DISTANT RELATION

OF THE

POET OF THEBES,

AND

LAUREAT TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

—RIDENTEM DICERE VERUM
QUID VETAT?—Horat.

FOURTH EDITION.

L O N D O N :

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Where may be had,

The Author's former Odes, the LOUSIAD, Canto I.; the EPISTLE to BOS-
WELL; and BOZZY and PIOZZI.

M,DCC,LXXXVI.

LYRIC ODES.

ODE I.

PETER talks of resigning the Laureatship—He propheseth the Triumph of the ARTISTS on his Resignation—The ARTISTS also prophesy, to PETER's disadvantage—PETER's last Comforts, should their prophesy be fulfilled.

PETER, like fam'd CHRISTINA, Queen of Sweden,
 Who thought a *wicked* Court was not an *Eden*,
 This year, resigns the laurel crown for ever!
 What, all the fam'd ACADEMICIANS with;
 No more on painted fowl, and flesh and fish,
 He shows the world his carving skill so clever.

A

Brass,

Brass, iron, woodwork, stone, in peace shall rest—

“ Thank God ! ” exclaim the works of Mr. WEST.

“ Thank God ! ” the works of Louthembourg exclaim—

For guns of critics, no ignoble game—

“ No longer now afraid of rhiming praters,

“ Shall we be christ’ned *tea-boards*, *varnish’d waiters* :

“ No verse shall swear that ours are *paste-board* rocks,

“ Our trees, *brass wigs* ; and *mops*, our fleecy flocks.

“ Thank Heav’n ! ” exclaims RIGAUD, with sparkling eyes—

“ Then shall my pictures in importance rise,

“ And fill each gaping mouth and eye with wonder.”

Monfieur Rigaud,

It may be so,

To think thy stars have made so strange a blunder,

That bred to *paint*,—the genius of a glazier :

That spoil’d, to make a *Dauber*, a good brazier.

None but thy partial tongue (believe my lays)
 Can dare stand forth the herald of thy praise :
 Could FAME applaud, whose voice my verse reveres,
 JUSTICE should break her trump about her ears.

“ Thank Heav’n !” cries Mr. GARVY ; and “ Thank God !”
 Cries Mr. COPLEY, “ that this man of ode,
 “ No more, Barbarian-like, shall o’er us ride :
 “ No more like beads, in nasty order strung,
 “ And round the waist of this vile MOHAWK hung,
 “ Shall *Academic scalps* indulge his pride.

“ No more hung up in this dread fellow’s rhyme,
 “ Which he most impudently calls *sublime*,
 “ Shall we, poor inoffensive souls,
 “ Appear just like so many moles,
 “ Trapp’d in an orchard, garden, or a field ;
 “ Which MOLE-CATCHERS suspend on trees,
 “ To show their titles to their fees,
 “ Like DOCTORS, paid too often for the *kill’d*.”

Pleas’d

Pleas'd that no more my verses shall annoy :

Glad that my blister odes shall cease their stinging ;
Each wooden figure's mouth expands with joy—
Hark ! how they all break forth in singing !

In boastful sounds the grinning ARTISTS cry,

“ Lo ! PETER's hour of insolence is o'er :

“ His muse is dead—his lyric pump is dry—

“ His odes, like stinking fish, not worth a groat a score.

“ Art thou, then, weak, like us, thou snarling sniv'ler ?

“ Art thou like one of us, thou lyric driv'ler ?

“ Our Kings and Queens in glory now shall lie,

“ Each unmolested, sleeping in his frame ;

“ Our ponds, our lakes, our oceans, earth, and sky,

“ No longer scouted, shall be put to shame :

“ No poet's rage shall root our stumps and stumplings,

“ And swear our clouds are flying apple-dumplings :

“ Fame shall proclaim how well our plumtrees bud,

“ And sound the merits of our marle and mud.

Our

Our oaks, ^{and} brushwood, and our lofty elms,
No jingling tyrant's wicked rage o'erwhelms,

Now this vile FELLER is laid low :
In peace shall our stone-hedges sleep,
Our huts, our barns, our pigs and sheep,
And wild-fowl, from the eagle to the crow.

They who shall see this PETER in the street,
With fearless eye his front shall meet,

And cry, " Is this the man of keen remark ?
„ Is this the wight ? " shall be their taunting speech ;
" A dog ! who dar'd to snap each artist's breech,
" And bite Academicians like a shark ?

" He whose broad cleaver chopp'd the sons of paint :
" Crush'd like a marrowbone each lovely faint ;
" Spar'd not the very clothes about their backs :
" The little duck-wing'd cherubims abus'd,
" That could not more inhumanly be us'd,
" Poor lambkins ! had they fall'n amongst the BLACKS.

B

He,

“ *He*, once so furious, soon shall want relief,
 “ Stak’d through the body, like a paltry thief.

“ How art thou fall’n, O Cherokee !” they cry ;
 “ How art thou fall’n !” the joyful roofs resound ;
 “ Hell, shall thy body, for a rogue, furround,
 “ And there, for ever roasting, may’st thou lie :
 “ Like Dives may’st thou stretch in fires along,
 “ Refus’d one drop of drink to cool thy tongue.”

Ye goodly gentlemen, repress your yell,
 Your hearty wishes for my *health* restrain ;
 For if our *works* can put us into hell,

Kind Sirs ! we certainly shall meet again :
 Nay, what is worse, I really don’t know whether
 We must not lodge in the *same* room together.

O D E II.

PETER flogs Academicians and Dinner—Pities the PRINCE OF WALES—DUKE OF ORLEANS, DUKE FITZJAMES, COUNT LAUZUN, LORDS CAERMARTHEN and BESBOROUGH, &c.—and praises Mr. WELTJIE—Exculpates the PRESIDENT—Condemns SIR W. CHAMBERS and the COMMITTEE for their bad Management—PETER talks of visiting the FRENCH KING and the DUKE OF ORLEANS.

WHENE'ER ACADEMICIANS run astray,
 Such should the moral PETER's song reclaim—
 Of *paint*, this ode shall nothing sing or say,
 My eagle satire darts at *diff'rent* game—
 Against *decorum*—I abhor a *sinner* ;
 And therefore lash the Academic dinner.

Th' ACADEMY, tho' marvellously poor,

Can once a year afford to *eat* :

By means of kind donations at the door,

The members make a comfortable treat.

Like *Gipsies* in a barn, around their KING,

That annual meet, to eat, and dance, and sing.

A feast was made of flesh, fish, tarts, creams, jellies,

To suit the various qualities of bellies :

Mine grumbl'd to be ask'd, and be delighted ;

But *wicked* PETER's paunch was not invited.

Yet tho' no message waited on the *bard*,

With compliments from Academic names ;

The PRINCE OF WALES received a civil card,

HIS GRACE OF ORLEANS too, and DUKE FITZJAMES ;

Count de Lauzun, and Count Conflan,

A near relation to the man,

In

In whose poor fides old HAWKE once fix'd his claws,
 Were welcom'd by the Academic Lords,
 Either by writing, or by words,
 To come and try the vigour of their jaws.

Unfortunately for the modest DUKES,
 The nimble artists, all with greyhound looks,
 Fell on the meat, with teeth prodigious able;
 Seiz'd, of the *Synagogue*, the *highest* places,
 And left the poor *forlorn*, their GALLIC GRACES,
 To nibble *at the bottom of the table*!

There sat, too, my good Lord Caermarthen,
 As one of the *Canaille*, not worth a farthing!
 But what can *titles*, *virtues*, at a feast,
 Where *glory* waits upon the *greatest beast*?

To see a stone-cutter and mason
 High mounted o'er those men of quality;
 By no means can our annals blazon
 For feats of *courtly* hospitality.

I've heard, however, one or two were *tanners*:

Granted—it doth not much *improve* the manners.

They probably, in answer, may declare,

They thought the feast just like a *hunt*;

In which, as soon as ever starts the hare,

Each *Nimrod* tries to be first in upon't:

As he's the *greatest*, 'midst the *howling fufs*,

Who *first* can triumph o'er poor dying PUSS.

* PETERS most justly rais'd his eyes of wonder,

And wanted decently to give them *grace*;

But bent on *ven'son* and on *turbot-plunder*,

A clattering peal of knives and forks took place:

Spoons, plates, and dishes, ratling round the table,

Produc'd a *new* edition of *old* Babel.

* A respectable Clergyman, and one of the Academicians.

They

They had no *stomach*, o'er a *Grace*, to nod;
 Nor *time enough* to offer thanks to God:
 That might be done, they wisely knew,
 When they had nothing else to *do*.

HIS HIGHNESS entering somewhat rather late,
 Could scarcely find a knife, or fork, or plate:
 But not one single *maiden* dish,
 Poor gentleman! of flesh or fish.
 Most woefully the *pastry* had been *paw'd*,
 And trembling jellies barbarously *claw'd*.
 In short, my gentle readers, to *amaze*,
 His HIGHNESS pick'd the bones of the R. As.

O * Weltjje, had thy lofty form been there,
 And seen thy PRINCE so serv'd with scrap and slop,
 Thou surely wou'dst have brought him better fare—
 A warm beef steake, perchance, or mutton chop.

* The Prince's German Cook.

Thou would'st have said, "*De PRENCE OF WALES, by Got,*

" *Do too munsh honour to be at der feast;*

" *Vere he can't heb von beet of meat dat's hot,*

" *But treated vid de bones just like a beast.*

" *De PRENCE, he vas too great to sit and eat*

" *De bones and leafings of de meat;*

" *And munsh vat dirty low-lif'd rogues refuse,*

" *By Got! not fit to wipe de PRENCE's shoes!"*

Great Besborough's Earl, too, came off *second best;*

His murmuring stomach had not *half* a feast;

And therefore it was natural to *mutter:*

To rectify the fault, with joyless looks,

His Lordship bore his belly off to BROOKES,

Who filled the grumbler up with bread and butter.

Sirs! those manœuvres were extremely coarse—

This really was the essence of ill-breeding:

Not for your souls could you have treated worse,

Bum-bailiffs, by this dog-like mode of feeding.

Grant, you eclips'd a pack of hounds, with glee
 Pursuing, in full cry, the fainting game—
 Surpass'd them, too, in gobling down the prey :
 Still, *Great R. As.*, I tell you 'twas a *shame* :

Grant, each of you the wond'rous man excell'd,
 Who beat a butcher's dog in eating tripe ;
 And that each paunch with gutling was so *swell'd*,
 Not one bit more could pass your swallow-pipe :

Grant, that you dar'd such *stuffing feats* display,
 That not a soul of you could walk away :
 Still, 'midst the triumphs of your gobling fame,
 I tell you, *Great R. As.*, it was a *shame*.

Grant, you were greas'd up to the nose and eyes,
 Your cheeks all shining like a lantern's horn,
 With tearing hams and fowls, and gilet pies,
 And ducks, and geese, and pigeons newly born :

D

Tho'

Tho' great, in your opinion, be your fame,
I tell you, *Great R. As.*, it was a *shame*.

This, let me own—the candour-loving MUSE
Most willingly SIR JOSHUA, can excuse,
Who tries the nation's glory to increase;
Whose genius rare, is very seldom nodding,
But deep, on painting subjects, plodding
To rival Italy and Greece.

But pray, * SIR WILLIAM, what have *you* to say?
No such impediment is in *your* way:

Genius can't hurt *your etiquette* attention;
And Messieurs Tyler, Wilton, and Rigaud,
Have *you* a genius to impede you?—No!
Nor many a one besides that I could mention.

This year (God willing) I shall visit FRANCE,
And taste of LOUIS, GRAND MONARQUE! the prog:
His GRACE OF ORLEANS, so kind, *perchance*,
May ask me to his house to pick a frog:

* Sir W. Chambers.

And yet, what right have *I* to visit *there*?
To see a man so vilely treated *here*.

Ye ROYAL ARTISTS, at your *future* feasts,
I fear you'll make their GRACES downright DANIELS:
And as the PROPHEET din'd amongst *wild beasts*,
The DUKES will join your *pointers* and your *spaniels*.

O D E III.

Peter giveth sage Advice to mercenary Artists, and telleth a most delectable Story of a Country Bumpkin and a Peripatetic Razor-seller.

FORBEAR, my friends, to sacrifice your fame
 To sordid gain, unless that you are starving :
 I own that hunger will indulgence claim
 For hard stoneheads, and landscape carving,
 In order to make haste to sell and eat ;
 For there is certainly a charm in meat :
 And in rebellious tones, will stomachs speak,
 That have not tasted victuals for a week.

But yet there are a mercenary crew,
 Who value fame no more than an old shoe ;
 Provided for their daubs, they get a sale ;
 Just like the man —— but stay —— I'll tell the tale.

A fel-

A fellow in a market town,
 Most musical, cried razors up and down,
 And offer'd twelve for eighteen pence;
 Which certainly seem'd wondrous cheap,
 And for the money, quite a heap,
 As ev'ry man wou'd buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard :
 Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a broad black beard,
 That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose :
 With chearfulness the eighteen pence he paid,
 And proudly to himself, in whispers, said,
 " This rascal stole the razors, I suppose."

No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,
 Provided that the razors *shave*;
 It certainly will be a monstrous prize :
 So home the clown, with his good fortune, went,
 Smiling in heart, and soul, content,
 And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,

Just like a hedger cutting furze :

'Twas a vile razor !—then the rest he try'd—

All were impostors—“ Ah,” Hodge sigh'd !

“ I wish my eighteen pence within my purse.”

In vain to chace his beard, and bring the graces,

He cut, and dug, and winc'd, and stamp'd, and swore ;

Brought blood, and danc'd, blasphem'd, and made wry faces,

And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er :

His MUZZLE, form'd of *opposition* stuff,

Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff ;

So kept it—laughing at the steel and fuds :

Hodge in a passion, stretch'd his angry jaws,

Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd claws,

On the vile CHEAT that sold the goods.

“ Razors !

“ Razors! a damn’d confounded dog,
Not fit to scrape a hog!”

Hodge fought the fellow—found him, and begun—

“ P’rhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you ’tis fun,

That people flea themselves out of their lives:

You rascal!—for an hour have I been grubbing,

Giving my scoundrel whiskers here a scrubbing,

With razors just like oyfter knives:

Sirrah! I tell you, you’re a knave,

To cry up razors that can’t *shave*.

“ Friend,” quoth the razor-man, “ I am no knave::

As for the razors you have bought,

Upon my soul I never thought:

That they wou’d *shave*.

“ Not

“ Not think they’d shave!” quoth Hodge, with wond’ring eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
“ What were they made for then, you dog?” he cries:
“ Made!” quoth the fellow, with a smile,—“ *to sell.*”

ODE

O D E IV.

Peter *observeth* the Lex Talionis.

WEST tells the world that PETER cannot *rhime*—

PETER declares *point blank*, that WEST can't *paint*—

WEST fwears I've not an atom of *sublime*—

I fwear, he hath no notion of a *saint*:

And that his cross-wing'd cherubims are fowls,

Baptiz'd by naturalists, *owls*:

Half of the meek apostles, gangs of robbers:

His angels, fets of brazen-headed lubbers.

The Holy Scripture says, "All flesh is grafs;"—

With Mr. West, all flesh is brick and brafs;

Except his horse-flesh, that I fairly own

Is often of the choicest Portland stone.

I've said too, that this artist's faces

Ne'er paid a visit to the GRACES :

That on *Expression*, he can never brag :

Yet for this article hath he been studying ;

But in it, never could surpass a pudding—

No, gentle reader, nor a *pudding bag*.

I dare not say that Mr. WEST

Cannot sound criticism impart :

I'm told the man with *technicals* is blest,

That he can talk a deal, upon the art :

Yes, he can talk, I do not doubt it—

“ About it, goddess, and about it ! ”

Thus, then, is Mr. WEST deserving praise—

And let my justice the fair *Laud* afford :

For, lo ! this far-fam'd artist cuts *both ways* ;

Exactly like the ANGEL GABRIEL'S *sword* :

The beauties of the art, his *converse* shows :

His *canvass*, almost ev'ry thing that's *bad* !

Thus at th' ACADEMY, we must suppose

A man more *useful*, never could be had :

Who in himself, a *host*, so much can *do* ;

Who is both *precept* and *example* too !

ODE

O D E V.

*Great Advice is given to Gentlemen Authors—To Mr Webb
and Mr. H. Walpole particularly—PETER taketh the Part
of Lady Lucan—Showeth wonderful Knowledge in the Art
of Painting—Administreth Oil of Fool, vulgarly called
Praise, to the Squire of Strawberry Hill.*

ASTRONOMERS should treat of stars and comets,

Physicians of the bark and vomits :

Of apoplexies those light troops of DEATH,

That use no ceremony with our breath ;

Ague and dropfy, jaundice and catarrh,

The grim-look Tyrant's heavy horse of war.

Farriers should write on farcys and the glanders :

Bug-Doctors only upon bed-disorders :

Farmers on land, ploughs, pigs, ducks, geese and ganders :

Nightmen alone, on aromatic ordures :

The

The Artists should on painting solely write :
 Like David, then they may ' good thinks indite.'
 But when the mob of *gentlemen*,
 Break on their province and take up the pen,
 The Lord have mercy on the art !
 I'm fure their goose-quills can no light impart.
 This verse be thine, * Squire Webb—it is thy due.
 Pray, Mr. Horace † Walpole, what think *you* ?

HORACE, thou art a man of taste and sense,
 Then don't, of *folly*, be at such expence :
 Do not to ‡ LADY LUCAN pay such court—
 Her wisdom surely will not thank thee for't—

* Author of a Treatise on Painting, who seems to display more erudition than science.

† A gentleman well known in the literary world, an *amateur* in the Graphic line.

‡ A Lady of great ingenuity in the miniature department.

Ah! don't endeavour *thus* to dupe her,
By swearing that she equals *COOPER.

So gross the flattery, it seems to show
That verily thou dost not know

The pow'rs requir'd for copying a *picture*,
And those for copying *Dame Nature* :
Alas! a much more arduous matter!

So don't expose thyself, but mind my *fricture*.

Thoul't say it was mere compliment :
That nothing else was thy intent,

Altho' it might disgrace a boy at school :
I grant the fact, and think that no man
Says or writes fillier things to woman ;
But still 'tis making each of you, a fool.

Yet, HORACE, think not that I write
Through spite :

* A famous miniature painter in the time of Cromwell.

Think

Think not I read thy works with jealous pain :
Lord ! no, thou art a favourite with *me* :
I think thee one of *us*, *un bel esprit*—

By heav'ns ! I like the windmill of thy brain :
It is a pretty and ingenious mill :
Long may it grind on Strawb'rry Hill.

ODE

O D E VI.

PETER *still continueth to give great Advice, and to exhibit deep
Reflection—He telleth a miraculous Story.*

THERE is a *knack* in doing many a thing,
Which *labour* cannot to perfection bring :
Therefore, however great in your own eyes,
Pray do not hints from other folks, despise :

A *fool* on something great, at times, may stumble,
And consequently be a good adviser :
On which, for ever, your *wise men* may fumble,
And never be a whit the wiser.

Yes! I advise you, for there's wisdom in't,
Never to be superior to a hint—

The

The genius of each man, with keenest view—
 A *spark*, from this, or t'other, caught,
 May kindle, quick as thought,
 A glorious *bonfire* up, in you.

A question of you, let me beg—
 Of fam'd Columbus and his egg,
 Pray, have you heard? “ Yes.”—O, then if you *please*,
 I'll give you the two Pilgrims and the Peas.

H

The

The PILGRIMS and the PEAS.

A true Story.

A Brace of sinners for no good,
 Were ordered to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
 Who at Loretto, dwelt in wax, stone, wood,
 And in a fair white wig, look'd wond'rous fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to travel
 With something in their shoes, much worse than gravel:
 In short, their toes so gentle, to *amuse*;
 The PRIEST had ordered peas into their shoes:

A *nostrum* famous in old Popish times
 For purifying souls, that stunk of crimes:
 A sort of apostolic salt,
 That Popish parsons for its powers exalt

For

For keeping souls of finners, *sweet*,
Just as our kitchen salt keeps *meat*.

The knaves sat off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray :

But very diff'rent was their speed, I wot :
One of the finners gallop'd on,
Light as a bullet from a gun ;

The other limp'd, as if he had been *shot*.

ONE saw the VIRGIN soon—*peccavi* cried—

Had his soul whitewash'd all so clever ;
Then home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit, with saints above, to live *for ever*.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother rogue, about half way—
Hobling with outstretch'd bum and bending knees ;
Damning the souls and bodies of the peas :

His

His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

“ How now,” the light-toed, whitewash’d pilgrim, broke—

“ You lazy lubber !”

“ Ods curse it,” cried the other, “ ’tis no *joke*—

“ My feet, once hard, as any rock,

“ Are now as soft as *blubber*.

“ Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear—

“ As for Loretto I shall not get there ;

“ No ! to the Dev’l my sinful soul must go,

“ For damme if I ha’nt lost ev’ry toe.

“ But, brother finner, do explain

“ How ’tis that you are not in pain :

“ What Pow’R hath work’d a wonder for *your* toes :

“ Whilst *I*, just like a snail, am crawling,

“ Now swearing, now on Saints devoutly bawling,

“ Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes ?

How

“ How is't that *you* can like a greyhound *go*,

“ Merry, as if that nought had happen'd, burn ye!”

“ Why,” cried the other grinning, “ you must *know*,

“ That just before I ventur'd on my journey,

“ To walk a little more at ease,

“ I took the liberty to boil *my* peas.”

O D E VII.

P E T E R *grinnetb.*

YOUNG men, be cautious of each critic word,
That blasphemous may much offence afford—

I mean, that wounds an ancient master's fame :
At Titian, Guido, Julio, Veronese,
Your length'ning phiz, let admiration seize,
And throw up both your eyes at Raphael's name.

Ev'n by a printshop should you chance to pass,
Revere their effigy inside the glass :

Just as with Papists, the religious care is
In churches, lanes, to bend their marrow-bones
To bees-wax faints, bon-dieux of stones,

And beech, or deal, or wainscot Virgin Marys.

Whate'er

Whate'er their errors, they no more remain,
 For Time, like Fuller's earth, takes out each stain:
 Nay more—on faults, that *modern works* wou'd tarnish,
 TIME spreads a sacred coat of varnish.

Spare not on brother artists backs, the lash;
 Put a good wire in't—let it *lash*;
 Since ev'ry stroke with int'rest is repaid:
 For though you cannot kill the *man*, outright;
 Yet by this effort of your rival spite,
 Fifty to one, if you don't spoil his *trade*.
 His ruins may be feathers for your nest—
 The maxim's not amiss—*probatum est*.

O D E VIII.

*The Poet enquires into the State of the EXHIBITION — Lashes
 Father TIME for making great Geniuses, and destroying
 them — Praises REYNOLDS — Fancies a very curious Dia-
 logue between KING ALEXANDER, and the Deer the
 Subject of Mr. WEST's Picture — Turns to Mr. WEST's
 Resurrection.*

WELL, Muse! what is there in the Exhibition?

How thrive the beauties of the Graphic art?

Whose racing genius, seems in best condition

For GLORY's plate, to start?

Say what fly rogues old Fame cajole?

Speak,—who hath brib'd her trumpet, or who stole?

For much is *prais'd* that ought in fires to mourn—

Nay, what would ev'n *disgrace* a fire to burn.

What

What *artist* boasts a work sublime,
That mocks the teeth of raging TIME?

Old fool! who after he hath form'd with pains,
A genius rare,
To make folks *stare*,

Knocks out his brains:
Like children, *dolls* creating with high brags:
Then tearing all their handy works, to rags.

Lo! REYNOLDS shines with *undiminish'd* ray!
Keeps, like the BIRD of JOVE, his distant way—
Yet, simple portrait strikes too oft our eyes,
Whilst HIST'RY, anxious for his pencil, sighs:

We don't desire to see on canvass live,
The *copy* of a jowl of lead;
When for th' *original* we wou'd not give,
A small pin's head.

This year, of picture, Mr. WEST
 Is quite a Patagonian maker—
 He knows that *bulk* is not a *jest*;
 So gives us painting by the *acre*:

But ah! this ARTIST's brush can never brag
 Upon KING ALEXANDER and the STAG:
 For as they play'd at loggerheads, a rubber;
 We surely ought to see a handsome battle,
 Between the MONARCH and the PIECE OF CATTLE:
 Whereas, each keeps his distance, like a lubber.

His MAJESTY upon his breech laid low,
 Seems *preaching* to his horned foe;
 Observing what a very wicked thing
 To hurt the sacred person of a KING:
 And seems, about his business, to intreat him
 To *march*, for fear the hounds should eat *him*.

The STAG appears to say in plaintive note,

“ I own KING ALEXANDER, my offence :

“ True! I’ve not show’d my loyalty, nor sense ;

“ So bid your huntsman come and cut my throat.”

The cavalry adorn’d with fair stone bodies,

Seem on the dialogue with wonder, staring ;

And on their flinty backs, a set of NODDIES

Not one brass farthing for their MASTER, *caring*.

Behold ! *one* fellow lifts his mighty spear .

To save the owner of the Scottish Crown ;

Which harmless hanging o’er the gaping deer,

Seems in no mighty hurry to come down.

Another on a *Pegasus*, comes flying !

His phiz, *his errand*, *much belying* ;

For if he means to *baste* the beast so cruel,

God knows, ’tis with a face of *water-gruel*.

So then, sweet Muse, the picture boasts no merit—

As flat as dish-water, or dead small-beer—

Or what the mark, is tolerably near ;

As heads of Aldermen, devoid of spirit.

Well then ! turn round—view t'other side the room,

And see his SAVIOUR mounting from the tomb :

Is *this* piece too with painting fins so cramm'd—

Born to increase the number of the *damn'd* ?

My sentiments by no means I refuse—

Was our REDEEMER like that *wretched thing*,

I do not wonder that the cunning Jews

Scorn'd to acknowledge him for KING.

D D E IX.

PETER moraliseth, and giveth good Advice.

ENVY and JEALOUSY, that pair of devils,
 Stuff'd like PANDORA's box with wond'rous evils,
 I hate, abhor, abominate, detest:
 Like CIRCE turning *man* into a *beast*.

Beneath their cankering breath, no bud can blow:
 Their blackning pow'r resembles *smut* in corn,
 Which kills the rising ears that should *adorn*,
 And bid the vales with golden plenty, glow.

Yet fierce in yonder dome, each demon reigns:
 Their poison swells too many an artist's veins:
 Draws from each lab'ring heart, the fearful sigh,
 And casts a fullen gloom on ev'ry eye.

L

BRUSHMEN!

BRUSHMEN! accept the counsel PETER sends,
 Who scorns th' acquaintance of this brood of fiends:

Should any, with *uncommon* talents tow'r:
 To any, is *superior* science giv'n—

O, let the *weaker* feel their happy pow'r:
 Like plants, that triumph in the dews of Heav'n.

Be pleas'd like REYNOLDS to direct the blind:

Who aids the feeble fault'ring feet of youth:
 Unfolds the ample volume of his mind
 With genius stor'd and NATURE's simple truth:

Who tho' a SUN, resembles not his *brother*,
 Whose beams so full of jealousy conspire,

Whene'er admitted to the *room*—to *smother*
 The humble *kitchen*, or the *parlour fire*.

O D E X.

PETER *speakes* figuratively — *Accommodateth himself to vulgar Readers* — *Lasbeth Pretenders to Fame* — *Concludeth merrily.*

A *Modest* love of praise, I do not blame—
 But I abhor a *Rape* on MISTRESS FAME—
 Altho' the Lady is exceeding *chaste*;
 Young forward bullies seize her round the waist,
 Swear *nolens, volens* that she shall be *kiss'd*;
 And tho' she vows, she does not *like 'em*,
 Nay threatens, for their impudence to *strike 'em*,
 The saucy rascals still *persist*.

Reader!—of images, here's no confusion—
 Thou therefore understand't the bard's allusion;

But

But *possibly* thou hast a *thickish* head:

And therefore no *vast* quantities of brain—

Why then, my precious PIG of LEAD,

'Tis necessary to *explain*.

Some ARTISTS, if I *so* may *call* 'em,

So ignorant (the foul fiend, *maul* 'em!)

Mere drivlers in the charming art;

Are vastly fond of being *prais'd*:

Wish to the stars, like Blanchard, to be rais'd:

And rais'd they should be, reader—from a *cart*.

If disappointed in some STENTOR's tongue;

Upon *themselves*, they pour forth prose or song;

Or *buy* it in some venal paper,

And then *heroically*, vapour.

What *prigs* to *immortality*, aspire,

Who stick their trash around the room!—

Trash meriting a very *diff'rent* doom,—

I mean the warmer regions of the *fire*!

Heav'n

Heav'n knows, that I am anger'd to the foul,

To find some blockheads of their works, *so vain—*
So proud to see them hanging, *cheek by jowl,*

With * *his*, whose pow'rs, the ART's high fame, sustain:

To wond'rous merit, their pretension

On such *vicinity—suspension*;
 Brings to my mind, a *not unpleasant* story,
 Which, gentle readers, let me lay before ye.

A *shabby* FELLOW chanc'd, one day, to meet
 The BRITISH ROSCIUS in the street:

GARRICK, on whom our nation justly brags—
 The fellow hugg'd him with a kind embrace—
 “ Good Sir, I do not recollect your face,”

Quoth Garrick—“ No ?” replied the man of rags.

* The President.

“ The boards of Drury, *you* and *I* have trod

“ Full many a time together, I am sure—

“ When ?” with an oath, cried GARRICK—“ for by G—

“ I never saw that face of *yours*, before!—

“ What characters, I pray,

“ Did *you* and *I* together play ?”

“ Lord !” quoth the fellow, “ think not that I *mock*—

“ When *you* play’d HAMLET, Sir,—*I* play’d the *Cock.”

* In the Ghost Scene.

O D E XI.

PETER *talketh* sensibly, and knowingly — *recommendeth it to*
 ARTISTS *to prefer Pictures for their Merit — Discovereth*
musical Knowledge, and sheweth, that he not only hath kept
Company with Fid-lers, but Fiddle-makers — He satirizeth
the Pseudo-Cognoscenti — Praiseth his ingenious Neighbour
 SIR JOSHUA.

BE not impos'd on by a *name*;
 But bid your eye the picture's *merit* trace :

POUSSIN at times in outline may be *lame*,
 And GUIDO's angels destitute of *grace*.

Yet lo ! a picture of some famous school :
 A warranted *old Daub* of reputation,
 Where charming PAINTING's *almost ev'ry* rule
 Hath suffer'd *almost* every violation ;

Oft

Oft hath been gaz'd at, by devouring eyes,
Where NATURE banish'd from the picture, sighs.

So some old DUTCHESS as a badger grey :
Her snags, by TIME *sure* DENTIST, *snatch'd away*,
With long, lank, flannel cheeks ;
Where AGE in ev'ry wrinkled feature,
Unto the poor weak *shaking* creature,
Of death, unwelcome tidings, *speaks* ;
Draws from the gaping mob, the *envying* look,
Because her OWNER chanc'd to be a DUKE.

How many *pasteboard* rocks, and *iron* seas :
How many torrents *wild*, of *still stone* water :
How many *brooms*, and *broomsticks* meant for *trees*,
Because the *fancied* labours of * SALVATOR ;
Whose pencil, too, most grossly may have blunder'd,
Have brought the blest *possessor* many a hundred ?

Thus prove a *crowd*, a * STAINER, or † AMATI;

No matter for the fiddle's *sound* :

The fortunate POSSESSOR shall not bate ye

A doit, of fifty, nay a hundred pound;

And tho', what's vulgarly baptiz'd a *rep*,

Shall in a hundred pounds be deem'd *dog-cheap*.

It tickles one excessively to hear

Wife prating pedants the *old Masters*, praise :

Damning by wholesale, with sarcastic sneer,

The *wretched* works of *modern* days :

Making at *living* wights, such fatal pushes,

As if not good enough to *wipe their brushes*.

And yet on each wise *cognoscenté* ass,

Who shall for hours, on paint, and sculpture din ye;

A person with facility may pass,

RIGAUD for RAPHAEL—BACON for BERNINI :

* A German fiddle-maker.

† A maker of the fiddles called Cremonas.

N

Or

Or *little* as an OVEN to VESUVIUS,
 WILL TYLER for PALLADIO or VITRUVIUS!

One wou'd imagine by the mad'ning fools,
 Who talk of *nothing* but the *ancient* schools,
 And vilify the works of *modern* brains ;
 They think poor Mother NATURE's art is fled,
 That now she cannot make a head,

Who took with old Italian nob's such pains :
 Nay, to a *driv'ler* turn'd, her pow'r so sunk is,
 Tame soul! that nothing now, she makes, but *monkies* :

“ Look at your fav'rite REYNOLDS,” is their strain,—

“ Allow'd by all, the *first* in EUROPE's eye :

“ One atom of repute, can Reynolds gain,

“ When TITIAN, RUBENS, and VANDYKE, are nigh?

“ Can REYNOLDS live near RAPHAEL's matchless line?”

Yes, blinkards! and with *equal* lustre, shine!

ODE

O D E XII.

PETER increaseth in Wisdom, and adviseth wisely — Seemeth
 angry at the Illiberality of Nature in the Affair of his good
 Acquaintance the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR of ENGLAND
 and Mr. PEPPER ARDEN — PETER treateth his Readers
 with Love-Verses of past Times.

COPY not NATURE's forms, too closely,
 Whene'er she treats your SITTER, grossly :
 For when she gives deformity for grace,
 Pray show a little mercy to the face.
 Indeed 'twould be but *charity* to flatter
 Some dreadful works, of *seeming drunken Nature*.
 As for example,—let us now suppose
 THURLOW's *black scowl*, and PEPPER ARDEN's *nose* :

But

But when your pencil's powers are bid to trace
 The smiles of DEVONSHIRE—DUNCANNON's grace—
 To bid the blush of beauteous CAMPBELL rise,
 And wake the radiance of * AUGUSTA's eyes,
 (Gad! Muse, thou art beginning to grow *loyal*)
 And paint the graces of the PRINCESS ROYAL :
 Try all your art—and when your toils are done,
 You show a *flimsy meteor*, for a SUN.

Or should your skill attempt *her* face and air,
 Who fir'd my heart, and fix'd my roving eye—
 The LOVES who robb'd a *world* to make her *fair*,
 Would quickly triumph, and your art defy.

Sweet NYMPH! but reader, take the song
 Which CYNTHIA's charms alone, inspir'd :
 That left of yore, the poet's tongue,
 When LOVE, his raptur'd fancy fir'd.

* Second daughter of the King.

SONG.

S O N G.

FROM *her*, alas ! whose smile was *love*,
 I wander to some lonely cell :
 My sighs *too weak* the maid to move,
 I bid the *flatterer*, HOPE, farewell.

Be all her Siren arts, forgot,
 That fill'd my bosom with alarms :
 Ah ! let her crime—a *little* spot,
 Be lost amidst her *blaze* of charms.

As, on I wander flow, my sighs,
 At ev'ry step for Cynthia mourn :
 My anxious HEART within me dies,
 And sinking, whispers, "Oh, return."

Deluded heart ! thy folly know—
 Nor fondly nurse the fatal flame—
 By *absence*, thou shalt lose thy woe ;
 And *only flutter* at her name.

Readers! I own the song of *love* is *sweet* :

Most pleasing to the soul of *gentle* PETER :

Your eyes then, with *another*, let me *treat*,

O *gentle* Sirs, and in the same sweet metre.

SONG.

S O N G to D E L I A.

SAY, lonely MAID, with down-cast eye —

O DELIA, say, with cheek so *pale*;

What gives thy heart the length'ned sigh,

That tells the world a *mournful* tale?

Thy tears that thus each other chace,

Bespeak a bosom swell'd with woe:

Thy sighs, a storm that wrecks thy peace,

Which souls like *thine* should never know.

O tell me, doth some favour'd youth,

With virtue tir'd, thy beauty flight;

And leave those thrones of love and truth,

That lip, and bosom of delight?

Perhaps to NYMPHS of other shades,

He feigns the soft impassioned tear,

With songs their easy faith, invades,

That treach'rous won *thy* witlefs ear.

Yet

Let not *those* MAIDS, thy envy move;

For whom his heart may seem to pine—

That HEART can ne'er be blest by LOVE;

Whose *guilt*, could force a pang from *thine*.

ODE

O D E XIII.

*Pious PETER acknowledgeth great Obligations to the Reverend
Mr. MARTYN LUTHER—Yet lamenteth the Effects of this
Parson's Reformation, on Painting.*

WE PROTESTANTS owe much to MARTYN LUTHER

Who found to Heav'n, a *shorter* way and *smoother*;

And shall not soon repay the obligation:—

MARTYN against the PAPISTS, got the laugh;

WHO, as the butchers bleed and bang a CALF

To whiteness—bled and bang'd unto *salvation*:

As if such drubbings could expel their sins:

As if that POW'R, whose works, with awe, we view;

Grac'd all our backs with sets of *comely* skins,

Then order'd us to beat them *black* and *blue*.

Well then ! we must confess for certain,
 That much we owe to Mr. Martyn
 Who altered for the better, our religion—
 Yet, by it, glorious PAINTING *much* did lose—
 Was pluck'd, poor GODDESS ! like a *goose* ;
 Or, for the rhyme-sake, like a *pigeon*.

Mad at the WHORE OF BABYLON, and BULL ;
 Down from the churches, men began to pull
 Pictures, that long had held a lofty station—
 Pictures of SAINTS, of pious reputation,

For curing by a *miracle* the ills.
 That now so stubborn yield not to *devotions*,
 But unto blisters, bolusses, and potions,
 That make such handsome 'pothecaries bills.

Down tumbled ANTHONY who preach'd to SPRATS—
 And * HE who held discourses with a HOG,
 That grunting after him, so us'd to jog ;
 Came down by *favour* of long sticks and bats.

* Commonly known by the name of PIG ANTHONY.

The SAINTS who grinn'd on spits like ven'son, roasting,
 Broiling on gridir'ns—baking in an oven ;
 Or on a fork, like cheefe of Cheshire, *toasting*,
 Or kick'd to death, by Satan's hoof so cloven,
 All humbled, to the ground were forc'd to fall—
 Spits, forks, and gridir'ns, ovens, dev'l and all.

Ev'n Saints of poor old England's *breeding* :
 In wonders, many *foreign ones*, exceeding ;
 Our hot REFORMERS did as *roughly* handle :
 In troth, poor harmless souls ! they met no quarter ;
 But down were tumbled, MIRACLE and MARTYR :
 Put up in *lots*, and sold by inch of candle.

Had we been Papists—Lord ! we still had seen
 Devils and Devil's mates, young pimping lyars,
 Tempting the *blushing* NUNS of frail fifteen,
 With gangs of ogling, rosy, wanton FRIARS :
 Which NUNS so pure, no love-speech could cajole—
 Who *starv'd* the body, to *preserve* the soul.

Then

Then had we seen St. DENNIS with his head
 Fresh in his hand, and with affection, *kissing* ;
 As if the nob, that from his shoulders fled,
 By knife or broad-sword, never had been *missing* :
 Then had we seen, upon their friendly *coating*,
 SAINTS on the waves like gulls and wigeons, floating.

I've seen a SAINT on board a ship,
 To whom, for a fair wind, the Papists pray ;
 Well flogg'd from stem to stern, by birch and whip,
 Poor wooden fellow ! twenty times a day :

Pull'd by the nose, and kick'd—call'd lubber, owl ;
 To make him turn a wind, to *fair* from *foul* !
 And often, *this* hath brought a prosp'rous gale,
 When pray'rs and curses, have been found to *fail*.
This, had we Papists been, had grac'd our churches,
 Saint, seamen, nose-pulling, kicks, whips and birches.

O D E XIV.

PETER *attacketh* the Exotic R. As.

YE ROYAL SIRs! *before* I bid *adieu*,—

Let me inform you, *some* deserve my praise:

But trust me, gentle Squires, ye are but few

Whose names would not *disgrace* my lays:

You'll say, with grinning sharp sarcastic *face*,

We must be *bad indeed*, if that's the case—

Why if the truth I must declare;

So, gentle squires, you really are.

I'm greatly pleas'd, I must allow,

To see the *Foreigners* beat *hollow*;

Who stole into that dome the Lord knows how:

I hope to God no more will follow:

Who curs'd with a poor sniv'ling spirit,

Were never known to vote for *merit*—

Poor narrow-minded imps,
Hanging together just like shrimps.
I own, (so little they have merited)

That from yon noble dome,
Made almost an Italian and French home,
I long to see the vermin ferreted.

Yet where's the house, however watch'd by cats,
That can get rid of all its rats?
Or, if a prettier simile may please,
Where is the bed that hath not fleas?
Or if a *prettier still*---what London rugs,
Have not at times been visited by *bugs*?

O D E XV.

PETER *taketh leave*—*Displayeth wonderful Learning*—
Seemeth sorry to part with his Readers—*Administereth*
Crumbs of Comfort.

M Y dearest readers! 'tis with grief I tell,
 That now, for ever, I must bid farewel!—

Glad, if an ode of mine, with *grins*, can treat ye,

Valete:

And if you like the Lyric PETER's *oddity*;

Plaudite.

Rich as a Jew am I in *Latian lore*—

So, classic readers, take a sentence *more*:

Pulchrum est monstrari digito et dicier hic est!

Says JUVENAL, who lov'd a bit of fame—

In English—Ah! 'tis sweet amongst the thickest

To be found out, and pointed at by *name*.

To

To hear the *shrinking* GREAT exclaim, “ that’s PETER,
 “ Who makes much immortality by *metre* :
 “ Who nobly dares indulge the tuneful whim,
 “ And cares no more for KINGS than KINGS for *him* !”

Yet one word more, before we part—
 Should any take it grievously to heart :
 Look melancholy, pale, and wan, and thin,
 Like a poor pullet that hath eat a pin :
 Put on a poor desponding face and pine,
 Because that PETER the *Divine*,
 Resolves to give up painting odes :—
 By all the rhyming GODDESSES and GODS,
 I here, upon a poet’s word, protest,
 That if, it is the world’s request,

That I again in Lyrics should appear :
 Lo ! rather than be guilty of the sin
 Of losing GEORGE THE THIRD, *one* SUBJECT’S *skin*,
 My LYRIC BAGPIPE shall be tun’d *next year*.