

EXPOSTULATORY ODES

TO A

GREAT DUKE,

AND A

LITTLE LORD.

By PETER PINDAR, ESQUIRE.

Torrens dicendi copia multis,
Et sua mortifera est facundia!—

JUVENAL.

Full many a Wight hath suffer'd for a Song,
And curs'd his volubility of Tongue.

That PETER may not THUS have Cause to say
With JUVENAL, poor Fellow, let us pray!

L O N D O N :

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, at JOHNSON'S HEAD, No. 46, FLEET STREET.

M.DCC.LXXXIX.

Price TWO SHILLINGS and SIX PENCE.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.



EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

MY LORDS,

YOUR *UNCOMMON ATTENTION*
to my late Publications demands a Return of
Gratitude. Permit me to present to your Lord-
ships the following Lyric Trifles, which, if
possessed of Merit sufficient to preserve them
from Oblivion, will inform Posterity that you
existed.

I am, my Lords,

&c. &c. &c.

PETER PINDAR

LETTER BINDING

1870

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O D E L

MOST noble Peers, there goes an odd report,
That you, prime fav'rites of an *honest* court,
Are hunting treason 'midst my publications—
Hunting, like bloodhounds, with the keenest noses,
Which hound-like hunting nat'rally supposes
The bard dares satirize the King of Nations.

Ye sharp state moufers, with your watering jaws,
God keep me from the vengeance of your claws :
An Asiatic fight may be renew'd ;
What feathers flying, what a field of blood,

'Twixt falcon Burke and Sheridan, so brave,
 And heron Hastings, such a dainty dish,
 So wont to cram on Asiatic fish,
 The largest, fattest of the eastern wave!

Yes, yes, I hear that you have watch'd my note,
 And wish'd to squeeze my tuneful throat;
 When Thurlow your designs most wisely scouted,
 Swearing the poet should not yet be knouted.

Thus when grimalkin in its cage espies
 A linnet or canary bird, so sweet;
 The scoundrel lifts, so sanctified, his eyes,
 Contriving how the warbler's back to greet:

He squints, and licks his lips, stalks round, and round,
 Twinkling with mischief fraught his tyger tail;
 Now on his rump he sits, in thought profound,
 Looks up with hungry wishes to assail;
 When sudden enters master with a roar,
 And kicks the scheming murderer to door.

O D E II.

RIGHT honest watchdogs of the state,

I like to smile at Kings, but treason hate——

Most busy Jenkinson, Bute's once best friend,

A praise that stamps a character divine !

Believe not thus the Poet can offend ;

Ye gods ! can Peter pour th' unloyal line ?

I Peter, perpetrate so foul a thing !

I offer mischief to so good a King !

Now be it known to all the realms around,

I would not lose my liege for twenty pound !

Mild Osborne, softer than the down of goose,

I beg you will not let suspicion loose——

If so——of history I'll turn compiler——

Divulge some tame amours with Mistress C-yl-r :

So

So tame, indeed, so singularly stupid,
As gave a blush to little pimping Cupid !

O Heav'ns ! can Jenkinson and Osborne long,
Foes to the muse, to cut out Peter's tongue ?
Arm'd with the Jove-like thunders of the crown,
To knock with those dread bolts a simple Poet down ?

Lo ! into life against my will I tumbled,

And, says my nurse, I made a horrid clatter ;
Kick'd, sprawl'd, and sputter'd, gap'd, and cried, and
grumbled,

Quite angry, seemingly, with Mother Nature ;

Who, *queen-like*, thinking all she does is right,
Against my wishes lugg'd me into light ;
And what is harder, and worse manners still,
She'll kick me out of it against my will.

Yet since on this world's theatre I'm thrown,
Which with my temper now begins to suit ;
And since its *drama* pleases, I must own
I should be sorry to remain a mute ;

Inclin'd

Inclin'd to say, like Beckford*, undeterr'd,
 " By G— I'll speak, and d-mme I'll be heard."

My Lords, I fain would live a little longer,
 For lo! desire, as to a bosom wife,
 Undoubtedly the greatest bliss of life,
 Hath taken deeper root and stronger.

Would HE who made the world look down, and say,

" Peter, wilt live on earth a thousand years?"

" Lord, Lord," I should delighted roar away,

" Ten thousand, if to thee it meet appears."

" So long! what for?" the Deity might cry,

" O great Divinity," quoth I,

* The House of Commons frequently resounded with those emphatic expressions of the late angry patriotic alderman, when gentlemen, by scraping, hemming, coughing, and groaning, (to adopt the phraseology of my old friend Dr. Johnson) meant to oppugn the impetuosity of pecuniary arrogance, and annihilate the ebullition of pertinacious loquacity.

“ A thousand reasons ; principally one,
 “ To see the present Prince of Wales,
 “ Whom many an aspic tongue affails,
 “ Aloft on Britain’s envied throne.

“ Where half the monarchs that have sat before
 “ Have only fat to eat, and drink, and snore ;
 “ To damn the credit of the age,
 “ And load with folly hift’ry’s blushing page.”

And, Jenkinson, should thy hard face behold
 A GEORGE the FOURTH upon the throne,
 Adieu at once thy age of gold !
 Behold thy hopes of higher honours gone !

Then get thyself an Earldom quick, quick, quick,
 For fear of Fortune’s wild vagaries ;
 Thus shall thy daughters all, like mushrooms thick,
 Rise Lady JOANS and MADGES, NELLs and MARYS.

O D E III.

I OWN I love the PRINCE—his virtues charm—

I know the youth receiv'd from heav'n a heart :

In friendship's cause I know his bosom warm,

That maketh *certain folk* with wonder start.

'Tis true that from my soul the man I hate,

Immers'd in mammon, and by mis'ry got ;

Who, to complete his dinner, licks his plate,

And wishes to have ev'ry thing for nought :

Who if he gam'd, the dice would meanly cog ;

Rob the blind beggar's scrip, and starve his dog—

And that there are such wretches near a throne,

Degraded nature tells it with a groan.

Perdition catch the money-grasping wretch,

With hook-like fingers ever on the stretch ;

Who

Who fighting, vents on Charity a curse,
That asks for WANT a penny from his purse :

The heart that lodges in that miser's breast,
For money feels the hunger of the shark ;
Resembling, too, the rusty iron chest
That holds his idol—close, and hard, and dark.

Give me the youth who dares at times unbend,
And scorning Moderation's prude-like stare,
Can to her teeth, and to the world, declare,
Ebriety a merit with a friend.

When friendship draws the corks, and bids the dome
With mirth and fallies of the soul resound :
When friendship bids the bowl o'erflowing foam,
Till morning eyes the board with plenty crown'd ;
Behold the VIRTUES that sublimely soar,
Instead of meanly damning, cry "*Encore.*"

O D E IV.

WITH you, my Lords, I'm ev'ry thing that's evil ;
 There's scarce a crime I've not committed ;
 The very effence of the devil ;
 Deserving by the dæmon to be spitted ;

Just like a turkey, goose, or duck,
 Prepar'd by Joan the cook to go to fire ;
 So wanton have you both been pleas'd to pluck
 The swan that imitates his Theban fire.

Of ev'ry quality am I bereft,
 Not ev'n the shadow of a virtue left ;
 Not one small moral feather in my wings,
 When dead, to lift me to the King of Kings.

My Lords, beware—by mouthing oft my name
 Unwisely, you may damn me into fame :

By letting thus your spleen on PETER loose,
He builds triumphal arches on abuse!

In vain the bard turns oculist, and tries
To purge the film from this world's darken'd eyes :
In vain to Printers and to Printer's devils
I fly, and advertise to cure King's Evils:
With huge contempt you look on me, alack !
My *nostrums* curse, and call the Bard a quack.

In general, authors are such coward things,
They fear to speak their sentiments of Kings,
Till those same Kings are dead, and then the crowd,
Just like a pack of hounds, historian, bard,
With throats of thunder run his mem'ry hard,
And try to tear him piecemeal from his shroud.

Now, if we wish a Monarch to reclaim,
In God's name let us speak before he's dead,
Or else 'tis ten to one we miss our aim,
By staying till the Fates have cut his thread :

After this operation of their knife,
I ne'er knew reformation in my life.

And yet, what is the greatest King when dead,
When dust and worms his eyes and ears o'erspread,
And low he lies beneath the stone?

The man who millions call'd his own,
Howe'er his spectre may be willing,
Cannot give change t'ye for a shilling!

O D E V.

YOUR taunting voices now, my Lords, I hear,
And thus they grate the poet's loyal ear :

“ Bard, we are both superior to thy lays——

“ Deaf to thy censure, and despise thy praise.

“ Know that our Monarch lifts his head sublime,

“ Beyond the reach of groveling rhyme,

“ An Atlas hiding midst the thickest clouds ;

“ Whilst thou, a beetle, doom'd to buz below,

“ In circles, envious rambling to and fro,

“ Survey'ft the shining mist his head that shrouds.

“ Thy rhymes, insulting Kings with pigmy pride,

“ Are like the sea's mad waves that make a pother,

“ Wild rushing on some promontory's side,

“ One noisy blockhead following another.

“ The

- " The stately promontory seems to say,
 " Aspiring fools, go back again, go home :
 " At once the shoulder'd bullies dash'd away,
 " Sink from his stately side in fruitless foam.

 " Thou, with rascallions like thyself,
 " A poor opiniated elf,
 " Letting on Kings thy pen licentious loose,
 " Art like an impudent lane goose,
 " Who, as the trav'ler calmly trots along,
 " Starts from amongst his flock, an ill-bred throng,
 " Waddling with pok'd-out neck, and voice so coarse,
 " As if to swallow up the man and horse :
 " With rumped feathers to the steed he steals,
 " And, like a coward, snaps him by the heels ;
 " Then to his gang with out-stretch'd pinions hobbling,
 " The fool erect returns *Te Deum* gobbling,
 " And from each brother's greeting gullet draws
 " The mingled triumph of a coarse applause,

“ As if the trotting enemies were beaten,

“ And man and palfry kill'd and eaten.

“ Poor rogue, thou hast not got the trifling spirit

“ To own thy King e'er did one act of merit.”

My Lords, with great submission to your sense,

Giving the lie, yet hoping no offence ;

An act is his my heart with rapture hails——

George gave the world the Prince of Wales ;

A Prince, who when he fills Old England's throne,

The virtues and fair science shall surround it ;

And when he quits the sceptre, all shall own

He left it as *unsullied* as he found it.

O D E VI.

GREAT was the Bard's desire to sing the Queen,
 Vast in her soul, majestic in her mien ;
 But fierce George Hardinge* swore if pens or pen
 Of woman, women, man, or men,

In any wise or shape, in ode or tale,
 Dar'd mention that superior Lady, lo !
 The law should deal them *such* a blow !—
 Hang, pill'ry, or confine for life in jail !

And as a kite, on whom the small birds stare,
 That tow'ring critic of the air,

Is oft beset by tribes of rooks and crows,
 Amidst the crystal fields of heav'n ;
 By whose hard beaks and wings, no common foes,
 Sad knocks to gentle kite are giv'n ;

* Solicitor to the Queen.

Surrounded thus amidst that lofty hall,

Nam'd Westminster, the gentle bard

Might of the fable legions taste the gall:

He therefore wisely means to play his card:

The Poet's *quidlibet audendi* waves,

And thus his hide an old companion faves.

Ah, me! the legislators of Parnassus,

In liberty, though Englishmen, surpass us!

What's sound at Hippocrene, the Poet's SPA,

Is not at Westminster sound law!

Parnassus never with rare Genius wars;

But aiding, lifts his head to strike the stars:

At Westminster how diff'rent is his fate?

Where if he soars sublime, and boldly sings,

The sheers of law, like Fate's, shall snip his wings,

And bid him warble through an iron grate.

Perchaunce

Perchaunce law neckcloths, form'd of deal or oak,

Like marriage, often an unpleasant yoke,

Shall rudely hug his harmless throat,

And stop his Apollinian note ;

The empire of fair poetry o'erturning,

And putting every muse in mourning.

O D E VII.

YOU tell me both, with grievous malice carping,
On one dull tune eternally I'm harping—

You would have said to MILTON just the same;
Who through twelve books the head of Satan maul'd—
Such names the prince of darkness call'd,
As must have made you roar out shame.

You would (or greatly I mistake) have said,

- “ What! Milton, always plaguing the poor Devil,
“ For ever beating Nick about the head;
“ How canst thou be so dev'lishly uncivil?
“ Was not *one* book sufficient for thy spleen,
“ But must thou to a mummy beat him,
“ And, like a pickpocket, so barb'rous treat him
“ Through books a dozen or fourteen?”

Suppóse

Suppose these things you could have mutter'd,
And glorious MILTON, like a ninny,
Had answer'd, "There is sense and reason in ye—

"Thank ye, kind Gentlemen, for all you've utter'd;
"The hint you offer not amiss is;
"I'll tear my Paradise to pieces."

Suppose I ask you what had been the evil?

Believe me, something to the world's sad cost—
By such civility to spare the Devil,
My Lords, a second Iliad had been lost.

Thus from poor Peter take the GREAT away;

Of fun you rob him of cart-loads—
What would his customers all do and say?
P'rhaps, curse you for the loss of Odes..

You'll

You'll say, " Let satire meaner subjects look."

Well, JENKY *, grant my satire flies at *you*,
Who'd buy my melancholy vulgar book?—

Adieu fair fame, and fortune's smiles adieu!

But if we daring trim a royal jacket,
Lord! what a buying, reading, what a racket!
How spruce the metamorphos'd bard appears!
With what a confidence he pricks his ears!
Who just before, in piteous chop-fall'n plight,
Look'd of the woeful face, LA MANCHA'S KNIGHT!

Who runs to see a monkey in a trap?

But let the noble lion grace the gin,
Lo! the whole world is out to see him snap,
To hear him growl, and triumph o'er his grin!

* Here seemeth to be a contradiction; but when the reader is informed that JENKY cannot without mockery be ranked amongst the GREAT, the mystery stands explained.

Cut off the head of a great Lord,

Not wiser than the head of a great goose,

Tow'r Hill at once with gapers will be stor'd,

As if the world was all broke loose ;

But when a little villain haps to fwing,

What a poor solitary string !

How few by curiosity are fetch'd

To see the rope of justice stretch'd !

Scarce any but the hangman and the priest

To do their duty at the culprit's fide,

With hemp and prayrs his neck and soul assist,

And wish the lonely trav'ler a good ride.

O D E VIII.

HARK ! hark ! I hear you courtier pair exclaim,

“ This Peter is the most audacious dog ;

“ The fellow hath no rev'rence for a name——

“ A King to him is scarce above a log.”

Sometimes *below** a log, Sirs, if you please ;

A bold assertion, to be prov'd with ease.

But, goodly Gentlemen, I do desire ye,

T'avoid in this affair minute enquiry

Concerning their respective merit ;

I fear less prudence will be seen than spirit ;

Logs universally are useful things ;

A *postulatum* not allow'd to Kings.

“ For us, on Honour's pinnacle,” you cry,

“ Whose heads are nearly level with the sky,

* A few foreign Monarchs justify the Poet's assertion.

“ High basking in the blaze of regal pow’r;
 “ This Peter, seldom from rank pride exempt,
 “ Calls us, with scowling eyes of fix’d contempt,
 “ A pair of jackdaws perch’d upon a tow’r.

 “ Archbishops, bishops, servants of the Lord,
 “ Head servants, too, who preach the purest word,
 “ With waving hands enforcing goodly matter,
 “ No more by him, the scorner, are accounted
 “ Than sweepers on their chimneys mounted,
 “ That wield their brush, and to the vulgar chatter.”

True, my dear Lords—for merit only warm,
 Rank and fine trappings long have ceas’d to charm—
 And yet, their eyes the stupid million bless,
 For barely getting fights of rank and dress!

When Judges a campaigning go,
 And on their benches look so big,
 What gives them consequence, I trow,
 Is nothing but a bushel wig:

Yet

Yet bumpkins, gaping with a bullock stare,
See learning lodg'd in ev'ry hair.
But heads, not hair, my admiration draw ;
Not wigs, but wisdom, strikes *my* soul with awe.

ODE

O D E IX.

THE man who printeth his poetic fits,
 Into the Public's mouth his head commits ;
 Too oft a lion's mouth, of danger full,
 Or flaming mouth of PHALARIS's bull ;
 He pours the sad repentant groan in vain,
 The cruel world but giggles at his pain.

For lo ! our world, so savage in its nature,
 Would rather see a fellow under water,
 Or, from the attic story of a house

Fall down soufe

Upon a set of curfed iron spikes ;
 Than see him with the blooming lass he likes,
 Blest on a yielding bed of down or roses,
 Where LOVE's fond couples often join their noses.

H

Upon

Upon me what a host I've got !

Who by their black abuses boil their pot.

Ay, that's the reason—wide-mouth'd hunger calls,

And from the hollows of each stomach bawls !

Thus the poor filk-worms, born to bless mankind,

Whilst for the shiv'ring world the robe they spin,

In ev'ry ring a thousand insects find,

Gnawing voraciously their harmless skin.

And thus the lambs, whose useful fleeces treat

With coats and blankets people of all stations,

By preying maggots are beset,

Harb'ring whole stinking nations ;

Which from their backs the crows so kindly pick,

Enough to make a Christian sick.

Oh, would some critic crow but eat the pack

Now nestling in my lyric back,

That daily in their hosts increase,

And try to spoil the finest fleece.

Why

Why am I persecuted for my rhymes,
That kindly try to cobble Kings and times?

To mine, Charles Churchill's rage was downright rancour.
He was a first-rate man of war to *me*,
Thund'ring amidst a high tempestuous sea;
I'm a small cockboat bobbing at an anchor;
Playing with patereroes that alarm,
Yet scorn to do a bit of harm.

My satire's blunt—his boasted a keen edge—
A fugar hammer mine—but his a blacksmith's fledge!

And then *that* Junius!—what a scalping fellow;
Who dar'd such treason and sedition bellow!

Compar'd to them, whose pleasure 'twas to stab,
Lord! I'm a melting medlar to a crab!

My humour of a very diff'rent sort is—
Their satire's horrid hair cloth, mine is filk—
I am a pretty nipperkin of milk;
They two enormous jugs of *aqua fortis*.

Compar'd

Compar'd to their high floods of foaming satire,
 My rhyme's a rill—a thread of murmuring water;
 A whirlwind they, that oaks like stubble heaves—
 I, zephyr whisp'ring, sporting through the leaves.

And such all candid people must conclude it—
 The world should say of Peter Pindar's strain,
 “ In *him* the courtly Horace lives again—
 “ *Circum præcordia Petrus ludit.*”

Which easy scrap of Latin thus I render—

No man by Peter's verse is harshly bitten;
 Like lambkins bleats the bard so sweet and tender,
 And playful as the sportive kitten.

So chaste his *similes*, so soft his stile,
 That ev'n his bitt'rest enemies should smile;

He biddeth not his verse in thunder roar—
 His lines perpetual summer—sunshine weather—

He tickles only—how can he do more,
 Whose only instrument's a feather?

O D E X.

LIKE children, charm'd with Praise's sugar'd song,

How much the Great admire the cringing throng;

And how most *lovingly* the men they hate,

Who to the stubbornness of conscience born,

Tenacious of the rights of nature, scorn

To hold the censor to the nose of State!

Too many a weak-brain'd man, and silly dame,

Are made ridiculous by fulsome fame;

Rais'd on high pedestals in rich attire,

For half the globe to laugh at, not admire.

You bid the bard in panegyric shine;

With courtly adulation load the line:

Sirs, adulation is a fatal thing—

Rank poison for a subject, or a King.

I

My

My Lords, I do declare that it requires
A brain well fortified to bear great flatt'ries ;
Such very dangerous mask'd batt'ries,

That keep on great men's brains such ceaseless fires !—
I hope that God will give such great men grace
To know the gen'ral weakness of the place.

Pray do not fancy what I utter strange—
The love of flatt'ry is the soul's rank mange,
Which, though it gives such tickling joys,
Instead of doing service, it destroys :
Just as the mange to lapdogs' skins apply'd,
Though pleasing, spoils the beauty of the hide.

A sonnet now and then to please the fair,
With flatt'ry spic'd a little, does no harm—
That talks of flames, perfections, hope, despair,
And hyperbolically paints each charm.

P'rhaps

P'rhaps to a fault at times, my muse's art,
 By admiration swell'd, hath soar'd too high;
 But Cynthia knew the lover's partial art,
 And chid her poet for the tuneful lie.

Perhaps too loud the bard hath struck the lyre;
 And when th' enthusiast, with a lover's fire,
 More bright than angels, gave the nymph to glow;
 By Truth's delightful dictates solely sway'd,
 Ought of his fav'rite Cynthia to have said,
 " She triumphs only o'er the world *below*."

O D E XI.

MY Lords, I won't consent to be a bug,
To batten in the royal rug,

And on the backs of Monarchs meanly crawl,

And more, my Lords, I hope I never shall.

Yet certain vermin I can mention, love it,

You know the miserables that can *prove* it.

I cannot, Papist-like, (a dupe to Kings)

Create divinities from wooden things.

Somewhere in Asia—I forget the place—

Ceylon I think it is—Yes, yes, I'm right ;

There Kings are deem'd of heav'nly race,

And blasphemy it is their pow'r to flight.

Like

Like crouching spaniels down black Lords must lie,
 Whene'er admitted to the Royal eye,
 And say, whene'er the mighty Monarch chats
 To those black Lords about their wives and brats,
 That happen in the world to tumble;

" Dread Sire, your slave and bitch my wife,
 " Hath brought to blefs your dog so humble,
 " One, two, three, four, five puppies into life;
 " All subject to your godlike will and pow'r,
 " To hang or drown in half an hour."

This is too servile, I must dare confefs—
 'Twixt man and man the diff'rence should be less.

I own I brought two wond'ring eyes to town,
 Got bent by mobs my ribs like any hoop,
 To see the mighty man who wore a crown—
 To see the man to whom great courtiers stoop.

Much had I read, which *certés* some time since is,

My bible so replete with Kings and Princes,

And thought Kings taller than my parish steeple;

I thought too, which was natural enough,

Jove made their skins of very diff'rent stuff

From that which clothes the bones of common people.

But mark! by staring, gaping ev'ry day,

The edge of admiration wore away,

Like razors' edges rubb'd against a stone;

Kings ceas'd to be such objects of devotion,

I saw the Beings soon without emotion,

And thought like mine their bodies flesh and bone.

Like many thousands, I was weak enough

To think Jove kept a foul and body shop—

Like mercers had variety of stuff,

For such whose turn it was to be made up ;

And

And that he treated with great liberality
 Folks born to figure in the line of quality ;
 Giving souls superfine, and bones and bloods,
 In short, the choicest of cœlestial goods :

But on the lower classes when employ'd,
 It struck me, that he work'd with much *sang froid*,
 Not caring one brass farthing for the chaps ;
 Forming them just as girls themselves amuse
 In making workbags, pincushions, and shoes——

VIDELICET—from scraps.

Now can't I give a thimblefull of praise,
 E'en to an Emp'ror, if uncrown'd by merit ;
 A starving principle, 'faith, now a-days,
 And unconnected with the courtier's spirit——
 You, Sirs, I think, can give it with a ladle,
 And rock of grinning idiotism the cradle.

O D E

O D E XII.

SO much abus'd, I lose my lyric merit—
Evaporated half its spirit;
Reduc'd from alcohol to phlegm:
From solid pudding to whipp'd cream!

There was a time when not one bit afraid
Of ought the people roar'd, or sung, or said;
I carelessly my fav'rite trade pursued;
Invok'd Apollo, and the Muses woo'd:
And with the stoicism that sooths a stone,
I sat me down and pick'd my mutton bone.

Thus when amidst the tumbling world of waves
The cloud-wrapp'd Genius of the tempest raves,
And midst the hurrying mafs of specter'd gloom,
FATE mounted on the wild wing of the blast,
Shouts desolation through the twilight waste,
And, thund'ring, threats a system's doom;

Lo! with light wing a gull the billows sweeps,
 Sports on the storm, and mocks the bellowing deeps ;
 Now on the mountain surge compos'd he squats,
 Adjusts his feathers, and looks round for sprats.

I now may say with righteous David, “ Lord,
 “ With foes I’m fore encompassed about ;”
 And rhyme like Sternhold, once for verse ador’d,
 “ I wote not when I shall get out ;
 “ So craftily the heathen me assail,
 “ My canticle doth not a whit avail.”

Lo! almost ev’ry one at Peter’s head
 Levels his blunderbuss, and takes a pop——
 Bounce on my dear *os frontis* falls the lead,
 But harmless yet, thank God, I’ve seen it drop :

Yet by and by some luckless shot
 May knock about the brains of tuneful Peter——
 Thousands will smile to see him go to pot,
 And mock him in his grave with shameless metre :

Not fo our gracious King and Queen, I know it—
 They've pity, if not pence to give a poet.

Patient as Job, when Satan, all fo vile,
 Betting his fkin againft the Lord's,
 Adding a moft contemptuous fmile,
 As well as moft indecent words,
 Cover'd the man of UZ with boils,
 At which with horror ev'ry heart recoils :

Yes, patient as the man of UZ am I,
 Though forc'd on envy's burning coals to fry.

Seek I the court?—Lords, Lordlings fly the place—
 The ladies, too, fo full of loyal grace,
 Turn their gay backs when there I fhew my head ;
 As happen'd at St. James's t'other day,
 When up the ftairs I took my folemn way,
 And fill'd the fine-drefs'd gentlefolks with dread.

Off

Off Brudenell flew, and with his star so blazing ;
 Off flew the frighten'd Sir John Dick, so stout,
 Who won his blazing star by means amazing—
 By manufacturing four crout.

Off flew with this great crout-composing Dick,
 Thomson and Salisb'ry, Harcourt, and Gold-stick ;
 Such was the terror at the man of rhymes,
 As though he enter'd to divulge their crimes.

Thus on a bank upon a summer's day,
 Of some fair stream of East or Western Ind,
 When puppies join in wanton play,
 Free from the slightest fear of being skinn'd ;

If from that stream, which all so placid flows,
 A fly old alligator pokes his nose ;

P'rhaps with a wish to taste a slice of cur ;
At once the dogs are off upon the spur ;
Nor once behind them cast a courtly look,
To compliment the monarch of the brook.

ODE

O D E XIII.

DESERTED in my utmost need by fate,

Like fam'd Darius, great and good ;

Fall'n, fall'n, poor fellow, from a large estate ;

Forc'd, forc'd to brouse, like goats, the lanes for food !

Alas ! deserted quite by ev'ry friend ;

And what than friendship can be sweeter ?

Lo ! not a soul will kind assistance lend ;

Lo ! ev'ry puppy lifts his leg at Peter !

Like some lone insulated rock am I,

Where midst th' Atlantic vast, old Æol raves ;

Shook by the thunders of each angry sky,

And roll'd on by the rushing world of waves !

So hard, indeed, the critic tempest blows,

I scarce can point against the gale my nose——

M

A storm

A storm more violent was never seen !
 So dread the war !—indeed it must be dread,
 When from his shop John Nichols pops his head,
 And pours the thunders of his Magazine.

For heavier artill'ry ne'er was play'd :—

And yet, not all th'artill'ry is his own ;
 Hayley, a close ally, in ambuscade
 Behind, assists the war of furious John.

John Nichols, with Will. Hayley for his Squire,
 Are serious things, howe'er the world may laugh—
 And therefore dread I much to face the fire
 Of this intrepid *Hudibras* and *Ralph*.

You too, my Lords, combin'd with those dread foes
 To tear the bard to pieces for his rhymes,
 Is very cruel, Heav'n well knows,
 And does no fort of credit to the times.

Yet let me feel myself—I'm not yet dead,
 Though maul'd so terribly about the head :

By Printer's Devils and allies furrounded :
 P'rhaps, like the Prussian Monarch, I may rise
 Herculean, to the world's surprize,
 And see my enemies confounded.

Full many a cock hath won ten pound,
 Though seeming dead, stretch'd out amidst the pit—
 Leap'd up, and giv'n his foe a fatal wound—
 Then why not mine, ye Gods, the lucky hit?

O D E XIV.

WITH your good leave, my Lords, I'll now take mine,
Not deem'd, *perchaunce*, a poet quite divine——

Perchaunce with beasts at Ephesus I've warr'd,
Like that prodigious orator St. Paul,
And for my stanzas, p'rhaps both great and small,
You kindly wish me feather'd well, and tarr'd.

You think I loathe the name of King, no doubt——
Indeed, my Lords, you never were more out:

I am not of that envious class of elves;
Though Dame M'Auley turns on Kings her tail;
With great *respect* the sacred names I hail,
That is, of Monarchs who *respect* themselves.

But should they act with meanness, or like fools,
The muse shall place a fool's cap on their skulls.

Stubborn

Stubborn as many a King, indeed, I am——

That is, as stubborn as a halter'd ram :

A change in Peter's life you must not hope :

To try to wash an ass's face,

Is really labour to misplace;

And really loss of time, as well as sope.

N

O D E

O D E XV.

PRAY let me laugh my ; Lords, I must, I will—

My Lords, my laughing muscles can't lie still :

Unpolish'd in the supple schools of France,

I cannot burst to pleasure complaisance.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt ;

And ev'ry grin, so merry, draws one out :

I own I like to laugh, and hate to sigh,

And think that risibility was giv'n

For human happiness, by gracious heav'n,

And that we came not into life to cry :

To wear long faces, just as if our Maker,

The God of goodness, was an undertaker,

Well pleas'd to wrap the foul's unlucky mien

In sorrow's dismal crape or bombasin.

Methinks

Methinks I hear the Lord of Nature say,

“ Fools, how you plague me ! go, be wife, be gay ;

“ No tortures, penances, your God requires—

“ Enjoy, be lively, innocent, adore,

“ And know that Heav’n hath not one angel more

“ In consequence of groaning nuns and friars.

“ Heav’n never took a pleasure or a pride

“ In starving stomachs, or a horsewhipp’d hide.

“ Mirth be your motto—merry be your heart ;

“ Good laughs are pleasant inoffensive things ;

“ And if their follies happen to divert,

“ I shall not quarrel at a joke on Kings.”

O D E

O D E XVI.

IF Monarchs (the suggestion, p'rhaps, of liars) .
 Turn housebreakers, and rob the nuns and friars ;
 Steal pictures, crucifixes, heav'nly chattels,
 To purchase swords and guns and souls for battles :

In spite of all the world may say and think,
 If Empreſſes will punk-like kiſs and drink :

If Kings will ſell the hares and boars they kill,
 And ſnipe and partridge blood for mammon ſpill,
 Denying thus themſelves a dainty diſh,
 And go themſelves to market with their fiſh :

Pleas'd with the vulgar herd to join their name,
 If Kings, ambitious of a blackſmith's fame,
 Not wondrously ambitious in their views,
 Inſtead of mending empires, make horſe ſhoes :

Dead to fair science, if to vagrant hogs,
 To toymen, conjurors, and dancing dogs,
 Great Princes, pleas'd, a patronage extend;
 Whilst modest genius pines without a friend:

Dismissing grandeur as an idle thing,
 If on bob wigs, flouch'd hats, and thread-bare coats,
 Upon vulgarity a Monarch doats,
 More pleas'd to look a coachman than a King:

If with their bullocks Kings delight to battle;
 On hard horse chesnuts make them dine and sup,
 Resolv'd to starve the nice-mouth'd cattle
 Until they eat the chesnuts up;
 Poor fellows, from the nuts who turn away,
 And think it dev'lish hard they can't have hay:

If Kings will mount old houses upon rollers,
 Converting sober mansions into strollers,
 Heraclitus's gravity can't bear it—
 I must laugh out, and all the world must hear it.

O D E XVII.

JUST one word more, my Lords, before we part—
 Do not vow vengeance on the tuneful art ;
 'Tis very dang'rous to attack a poet—
 Also ridiculous—the end would show it.
 Though not to *write*—to *read* I hear you're able :—
 Read, then, and learn instruction from a fable.

The P I G and M A G P I E,

A F A B L E.

COCKING his tail, a faucy prig,
 A Magpie hopp'd upon a Pig,
 To pull some hair, forsooth, to line his nest ;
 And with such ease began the hair attack,
 As thinking the fee simple of the back
 Was by himself, and not the Pig, posselt.

The Boar look'd up as thunder black to Mag,
 Who, squinting down on him like an arch wag,
 Inform'd Mynheer some bristles must be torn ;
 Then busy went to work, not nicely culling ;
 Got a good handsome beakfull by good pulling,
 And flew without a " Thank ye " to his thorn.

The Pig set up a dismal yelling ;
 Follow'd the robber to his dwelling,
 Who, like a fool, had built it midst a bramble :
 In manfully he fallied, full of might,
 Determin'd to obtain his right,
 And midst the bushes now began to scramble.

He drove the Magpie, tore his nest to rags,
 And, happy on the downfall, pour'd his brags :

But

But ere he from the brambles came, alack !
 His ears and eyes were miserably torn,
 His bleeding hide in such a plight forlorn,
 He could not count ten hairs upon his back.

This is a pretty tale, my Lords, and pat :
 To folks like you, so clever, *verbum sat*.

THE END.