

Peter's prophecy, or, The president and poet, or, An important epistle to Sir J. Banks, on the approaching election of a president of the Royal Society. With an etching by an eminent artist / by Peter Pindar [pseud.].

Contributors

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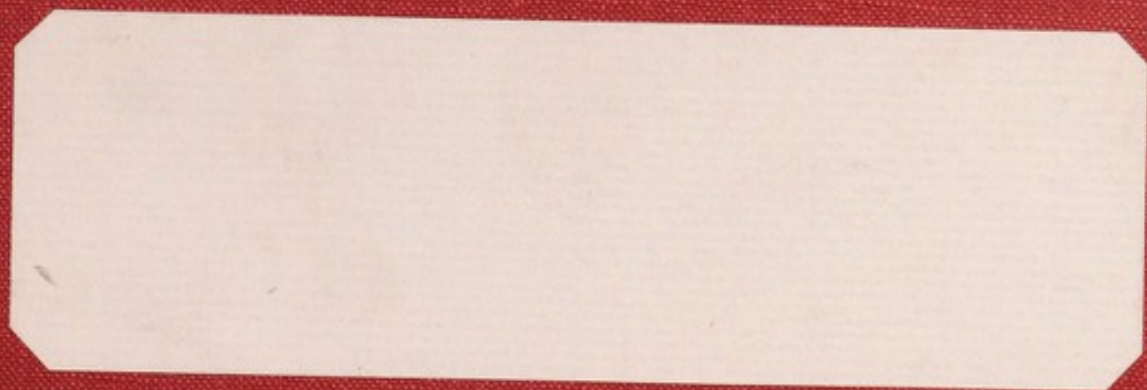
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HUNT. Soc.

/ PINDAR

PETER'S PROPHECY....

1788


PETER'S PROPHECY; OR THE PRESIDENT AND POET, OR, AN IMPORTANT
EPISTLE TO SIR J. BANKS, ON THE APPROACHING ELECTION OF A
PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY. By Peter Pindar Esquire. 1st ed. 1788.

In this lampoon attacking Banks and the scientific attainments of other Fellows of the Royal Society, John Hunter's contributions to the study - so far in advance of his time - of hermaphroditism in birds and animals is derisively referred to. See P 33

The pseudonym of Peter Pindar was adopted by John Wolcot, a physician from a family of physicians, who found more profit in writing scurrilous verses directed against distinguished members of Society - from the Throne downwards - than in the pursuit of his own profession.

An excessively rare pamphlet. No copy in the Royal Society.

PRESENTED BY MR. C. R. RUDOLF. HON. CURATOR.



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PETER'S PROPHECY;

OR,

THE PRESIDENT AND POET.

OR,

AN IMPORTANT EPISTLE TO SIR J. BANKS,

ON THE

APPROACHING ELECTION

OF A

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

With an ETCHING by an EMINENT ARTIST.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQUIRE.

Tros, Rutilasve suat, nullo discrimine habebo.

VIRGIL.

Rank is a Farce—if People Fools will be,
A Scavenger and King's the same to me.

La Societé Royale de Londres fut formée en 1660, six Ans avant notre Académie des Sciences. Elle n'a point de Recompences comme la notre; mais aussi elle est libre. Point de ces Distinctions défagrables, inventées par l' ABBE BIGNON, qui distribua l' Académie des Sciences en *savans* qu'on payait, et en honoraires qui n'étoient pas *savans*. La Societé de Londres independante, et n'étant encouragée que par elle meme, a été composée de Sujets qui ont trouvé le Calcul de l'Infini, les Lois de la Lumière, celles de Pesanteur, l'Aberration des Etoiles, le Telescope de Reflexion, la Pompe a feu, le Microscope solaire, et beaucoup d' autres Inventions aussi utiles qu'admirables. Qu' auroient fait de plus ces GRANDS HOMMES s'ils avoient été Pensionnaires ou Honoraires?

VOLTAIRE, sur la Societé Royale

L O N D O N :

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

M.DCC.LXXXVIII.

PETER'S PROPHETCY

THE PRESIDENT AND POET

AN IMPORTANT TREATISE BY SIR J. BANKS

A NEW EDITION

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN

BY SIR J. BANKS



LONDON

Printed by R. Clarendon, at the University Press, Oxford.

The PROPRIETORS of the Works of
PETER PINDAR, Esquire,

Find themselves obliged, on account of the frequent Piracies
of his Productions, to offer

TWENTY GUINEAS Reward,

On the Conviction of any Offender ;

The Money to be immediately paid by the Publisher,
Mr. KEARSLEY, in Fleet Street; or Mr. COOPER, Printer,
Bow Street, Covent Garden; and the Name or Names of
the communicating Party concealed.

THE ARGUMENT.

A SUBLIME and poetical Exordium, in which the Bard applaudeth himself, condemneth his Sovereign, and condescendeth to instruct Sir Joseph Banks, F. R. S. — Anecdote of Julius Cæsar and a Conjuror — Peter dwelleth with much solemnity on the gloomy Month of November, and compareth Sir Joseph Banks to Jupiter and Mr. Squib—Asketh shrewd questions—Sir Joseph comprehendeth their sage Meaning, and flieth into a Passion, and boasteth how he revengeth himself on the Fun the World enjoyeth at his Expence—Sir Joseph animadverteth wisely on a Fall from the Presidency to the State of a simple Fellow, obliquely and nobly hinting at a few Traits of his own Character—Peter replieth with good Advice, exhibiting at the same Time acute Knowledge of the sexual System in botanical Affairs — Sir Joseph refuseth Peter's Counsel — Peter mentioneth Men of Science, whom Sir Joseph scorneth—Sir Joseph letteth the Cat out of the Bag, and sheweth Principles inimical to the Cause of true Philosophy, by wishing to make great Men Fellows, instead of wise men—Peter moraliseth with profundity, and flappeth the Bugs of Fortune for daring, on Account of their Mammon, to place themselves on a Level with Genius—Sir Joseph maketh more Discovery of his Disposition, by abusing Painting, Poetry, and Music, and wisheth to tread in the Steps of his Sovereign—Peter illustrateth the President's Mode of catching at an Argument, by a beautiful Spider Simile—Sir Joseph boasteth of his Tea and Toast Weapons—Peter animadverteth with his usual Wisdom on the miraculous Powers of Meat, when applied to a hungry Stomach—Sir Joseph findeth out a new Road to the Heart—Boasteth of royal Favour—Peter smileth at it, and frightneth Sir Joseph—Sir Joseph enquireth the World's Opinion of himself—

Peter

Peter giveth it without Ceremony — Sir Joseph curseth — Peter prayeth him to be quiet, proceedeth, and telleth terrible Things — Sir Joseph swear-eth — Praiseth himself — Peter answereth — Sir Joseph praiseth himself again for his being able to lead great Folks by the Nose, and braggeth of royal Whispers — Peter guesseth at the royal whispers, and expresth Pleasure thereat — Again boasteth the President of what he can do — Peter solemnly smileth in a superb Simile taken from wild Beasts — Sir Joseph vaunteth on his great Acquaintance with Vegetables and Monkies — Peter acquiesceth in his Monkey Wisdom, but denieth its Importance, and turneth Butterfly and Egg Knowledges over to idle old Maids — Peter acknowledgeth the Merits of Indian, Booby, and Noddy killing; Lizard, Bat, Scurvygrass, and Lady-smock hunting, yet differeth with Sir Joseph as to the Idea of its Importance — The President again boasteth — Peter solemnly replieth, and telleth strange Matters of Sir William Hamilton — Sir Joseph breaketh out violently, and with an Air of Defiance, on the Subject of Mr. Herschel — Peter acquiesceth, in some Measure, on the Merits of Mr. Herschel, and prophesieth more Discoveries by this Astronomer than struck the Imagination of Sir Joseph — Peter prophesieth of the future Grandeur of Cheltenham, by means of Mills to supply the great Flux of People with Paper — Peter giveth more Glory to Mr. Herschel's Glass, than to Mr. Herschel's Head — Sir Joseph groweth abusive — Peter properly replieth — Sir Joseph again triumpheth — Peter cutteth him down for his Laud on his Grace of Marlborough's Spy-glass Discoveries, and John Hunter's Sows and Partridges — Sir Joseph plumeth himself on Dr. Blagden — Peter praiseth Dr. Blagden — Sir Joseph praiseth Sir Benjamin Thompson, Lord Mulgrave, and the unassuming Quaker Dr. Lettsome; moreover praiseth the Doctōr's Hobby Horse, Mangel Worſal, alias Wurtzel — Sir Joseph enquireth the Merits of Mr. Aubert, the Silkman — Peter smileth, and answereth wittily —

THE ARGUMENT.

wittily—Sir Joseph enquireth about Mr. Daines Barrington—Peter answereth in like Manner—Sir Joseph's Ire boileth over—Peter laugheth—Peter cometh to the Point, and telleth the President in plain Terms that he must depend on the many, more than one, meaning our most gracious King—Sir Joseph exclaimeth with his usual Vulgarity, and taxeth the revolting Members with Ingratitude, and flieth to Meat and Drink for his future Supporters—Peter praiseth Meat and Drink, yet insisteth on the Truth of an intended Rebellion—Sir Joseph, in a Strain of Despondency, looketh to the Lord for Support—Peter giveth him no Hopes from that Quarter—Sir Joseph, in a Tyger-like Manner, breaketh out into Rage and Boasting—Peter acknowledgeth his Merits, but informeth the President of their Insufficiency—Sir Joseph voweth to play the Devil—Peter exalteth Sir Joseph's intended Manœuvre by a Comparison of a Miracle frequently worked in Popish Countries on Rats and Grasshoppers—Peter still harpeth on the old String of something more—Sir Joseph adduceth more Instances of Merit, such as eating Matters that would make a Hottentot vomit—Peter acknowledgeth Sir Joseph's uncommon Stomach-Powers and Triumphs over Reptiles; but with Obslinacy insisteth upon it that something more must be atchieved—The President upon this, most wickedly, yet most heroically, declareth, that he will then swallow an Alligator—Peter dissuadeth Sir Joseph, like a Friend, from his bold Intention, and recommendeth a Meal of a milder Quality.

PETER'S

PETER'S PROPHECY;

OR,

THE PRESIDENT AND POET.

THE BARD who fill'd with Friendship's purest fire,
Tun'd to a mighty King the moral lyre;
With all the magic of the Muse's art,
Smil'd at his foibles and enlarg'd * his heart—

* Verily the LYRIC BARD hath cause of triumph—by means of a few *hints*, the close fist of *Royal Economy* hath been a little unclenched. By God's grace, and the Poet's good health, *greater* things are likely to be accomplished, such is the power of *song*!

Ungrateful Prince! like most of modern times,
 Who never thank'd the Poet for his rhymes :
 The BARD with wisdom's voice sublimely strong,
 Who scar'd the maids of honour with his song,
 Turn'd courtiers pale, and turn'd to silent wonder
 Ambassadors, at TRUTH's deep tone of thunder ;
 Who in *their* country, (such a timid thing !)
 Was never known to *whisper* to a king :
 The BARD who dar'd undaunted thus to tow'r,
 And boldly oracles to princes pour,
 Stoops from the zenith of his eagle flight
 To give instruction to a *simple* Knight.

To CÆSAR, who th' advice with scorn repaid,
 " Beware the *Ides of March*," a Conj'ror said.
 More rev'renc'd let a *greater* Conj'ror say,
 " Beware, Sir JOSEPH BANKS, *St. Andrew's Day*."
 Near is the gloomy month, and gloomy hour,
 When of your plumage stripp'd, and fav'rite pow'r,

You

You quit that mace and pompous chair of state,
 And cease Lord Paramount of Moth debate,
 That awe-inspiring hammer'd fist to rear,
 Like scepter'd Jove, and SQUIB the AUCTIONEER!

S I R J O S E P H.

Well! what's *November's** gloomy month or hour?
 The day which ravishes, restores my pow'r.

P E T E R.

Perchance Ambition may be doom'd to mourn!
 Perchance your honours may no more return!
 Think what a host of enemies you make!
 What feeling mind would be a BULL at stake?
 Pinch'd by this mongrel, by that mastiff torn:
 Who'd make a feast to treat the public scorn?

* On the thirtieth of November the President is annually elected.

Who'd be a BEAR that grasps his club with pride
 With which his *Dancing Master* drubs his hide?
 None, dear Sir JOSEPH, but the arrant'st fool
 Turns butt to catch the shafts of ridicule.

S I R J O S E P H.

Your meaning, friend, I easily divine!

P E T E R.

Yes, quit for life the chair—reign, reign.

S I R J O S E P H.

No! with contempt the grinning world I see,
 And always laugh at *those* who laugh at *me*.

P E T E R.

To steal a point then, may I never thrive
 But you must be the *merriest* man alive.

S I R J O S E P H.

Good!—but, my friend, 'twould be a black November,
 To lose the chair, and sneak a vulgar member;

Sit on a bench *mumchance* without my hat*,
 Sunk from a Lion to a tame Tom Cat:
 Just like a Schoolboy trembling o'er his book,
 Afraid to move, or speak, or think, or look,
 When Mr. Prefident, with mastiff air,
 Vouchsafes to grumble "Silence" from the chair.

P E T E R.

All this is mortifying to be sure,
 And more than flesh and blood can well endure!
 Then to your turnip fields in peace retire:
 Return like CINCINNATUS, country squire:
 Go with your wisdom, and amaze the Boors
 With appletree, and shrub, and flow'r amours;
 And tell them all, with wide-mouth'd wonder big,
 How gnats † can make a cuckold of a fig.

* The Prefident always wears his hat.

† See the Natural History of the Fig.

Form fly clubs, shell clubs, weed clubs, if you please,
 And proudly reign the PRESIDENT of *these* :
 Go, and with periwinkle wisdom charm ;
 With loves of lobsters, oysters, crabs, alarm ;
 And tell them how like *ours*, the females woo'd,
 By kissing, people all the realms of mud :
 Thus, tho' proud LONDON dares refuse you fame,
 The TOWNS of LINCOLNSHIRE shall raise your name,
 Knock down the bear, and bull, and calf, and king,
 And bid SIR JOSEPH on their signposts swing.

S I R J O S E P H.

No! since I've fairly mounted Fortune's mast,
 Till Fate shall chop my hands off, I'll hold fast.

P E T E R.

And yet, Sir Joseph, fame reports you stole
 To Fortune's topmast through the *lubberhole**.

* A part of the ship well-known to seamen.

Think of the men, whom Science so reveres !

HORSLEY, and WILSON, MASKELYNE, MASERES,

LANDEN, and HORNSBY, ATWOOD, GLENIE, HUTTON,——

S I R J O S E P H.

Blockheads! for whom I do not care a button!

Fools, who to *mathematics* would confine us,

And *bother* all our ears with *plus* and *minus*.

P E T E R.

No more they search the philosophic mine,

To bid the journals with their labours shine,

And yield a glorious splendor to the page,

Such as when NEWTON, HALLEY grac'd the age!

Retir'd, those members now behold with sighs

The dome, like Egypt, swarm with frogs and flies;

And *you*, the PHARAOH too without remorse,

The stubborn parent of the reptile curse;

See

See Wisdom yield to Folly's rude control ;
 Jove's eagle murder'd by a mousing owl*.

S I R J O S E P H.

Poh! poh! my friend, I've stargazers enough ;
 I now look round for diff'rent kind of stuff :
 Besides—*untitled* members are mere swine ;
 I wish for *princes* on my list to shine ;
 I'll have a company of stars and strings ;
 I'll have a proud society of *kings* !
 I'll have no miserable squeal tomtit,
 Whilst Fortune offers pheasants to my spit!
 For me, the Dev'l may take a nameless fry—
 No sprats, no sprats, whilst whales can feast my eye.

P E T E R.

Thus on a stall, amidst a country fair,
 Old Women show of gingerbread their ware !

* Vide Shakespeare.

King DAVID and Queen BETHSHEBA behold,
 Strut from their dough majestic, grac'd with gold!
 King SOLOMON so great in all his glory,
 The Queen of SHEBA too, renown'd in story!
 The Grannies these display with doting eyes;
 Delighted see them all the Louts surprize;
 Whilst no poor bak'd Plebeian, great or small,
 Dares show his sneaking nose upon the stall!

Sir Joseph, do not fancy, that by fate
 Great wisdom goes with titles and estate!
 I grant that pride and insolence appear
 Where purblind FORTUNE thousands gives a year.
 Too many of Fortune's insects have I seen,
 Proud of some little name, with scornful mien,
 High o'er the head of modest Genius rise,
 Pert, foppish, whiffling, flutt'ring butterflies!
 Weak imps! on whom, their planets all so kind,
 In pity to their poverty of mind,

D

Around

Around them treasure bountifully shed,
 Convinc'd the fools would want a bit of bread.

S I R J O S E P H.

Since truth must out, then know, my biting friend,
 Philosophers my soul with horror rend ;
 Whene'er their mouths are open'd, I am mum——
 Plague take 'em, should a *President* be dumb ?
 I loathe the arts—the universe may know it——
 I hate a painter, and I hate a poet——
 'To these two ears, a bear MARCHESI growls,
 MARA and BILLINGTON a brace of owls.
 To circles of pure ignorance conduct me ;
 I hate the company that can *instruct* me ;
 I wish to imitate my King, so *nice*,
 Great Prince, who ne'er was known to take advice !
 Who keeps no company (delightful plan !)
 That dares be wiser than himself, good man !

P E T E R.

P E T E R.

In troth, Sir Joseph, I have often seen ye
 Look in debate a *little* like a ninny,
 Struggling to grasp the sence with mouth, hands, eyes,
 And with the philosophic Speaker rise ;
 Just like a spider brush'd by SUSAN's broom,
 That tries to claw its thread, and mount the room,
 Poor sprawling reptile, but with humbled air
 Condemn'd to sneak away behind a chair.

S I R J O S E P H.

Still to the point—a rout let *fellows* make ;
 My pow'r is too well fix'd for *such* to shake ;
 My fure artill'ry hath o'ercome a *host*.

P E T E R.

I own the great, past pow'rs of tea and toast !

Ven'son's

Ven'fon's a CÆSAR in the fiercest fray :

Turtle an ALEXANDER in its way :

And then, in quarrels of a flighter nature,

Mutton's a most successful Mediator !

So much superior is the stomach's smart

To all the vaunted horrors of the heart ;

E'en LOVE, who often triumphs in his grief,

Hath ceas'd to feed on sighs to feed on beef.

S I R J O S E P H .

Yes, yes, my friend, my tea and butter'd rolls

Have found an easy pass to people's souls :

My well-tim'd dinners (*certain folks* revere)

Have left this easy bosom nought to fear.

The turnpike road to people's hearts I find,

Lies through their guts, or I mistake mankind ;

Besides, whilst thus I boast my Sov'reign's smile,

Let raggamuffins rage, and rogues revile.

P E T E R .

P E T E R.

Alas! Sir Joseph! grant the KING you please,
 Which ev'ry Courtier's eye with envy sees;
 A glorious thing too, no man can deny it;
 Though no man ever got a fixpence by it;
 Yet of our lucky island, *certain* KINGS,
 Far from *all*-mighty, are not *mighty* things;
 And though with many a wren you make him blest,
 And many a tomtit's egg and tomtit's nest;
 And many a monkey stuff'd to make him grin,
 And many a flea and beetle on a pin;
 And promise (to cajole the royal mind)
 To make his butcher member, and his hind;
 It is not *be*, with Polyphemus stare,
 And stern command, perpetuates the Chair!
 I know that disaffection taints the throng,
 And know the world is lavish in its tongue.

S I R J O S E P H.

Ah! tell me fairly without more delay,
 What 'tis the blackguard world hath dar'd to say;
 Perhaps a pretty devil I'm pourtray'd;
 The world's free brush deals damnably in shade.

P E T E R.

Thus, then, "How dares that man his carcase squat,
 " Bold in the sacred chair where Newton sat;
 " Whose eye could NATURE'S darkest veil pervade,
 " And, fun-like, view the solitary MAID;
 " Pursue the Wand'rer through each secret maze,
 " And on her labours dart a noontide blaze?
 " When to the chair BANKS forc'd his bold ascent,
 " He crawl'd a *bug* upon the *monument*."

S I R J O S E P H.

Curse them!—

P E T E R.

Have patience, dear Sir Joseph, pray!
 I have not mention'd half the people say:—

Thus

Thus then again, " He beats the bears, so rude,
 " With bulldog aspect, and with brains of mud :
 " His words, like stones for pavements, make us start ;
 " Rude, roughly rumbling, tumbling from the cart ;
 " Who for importance all his lungs employs,
 " And thinks that words, like drums, were made for noise*
 " A fellow so unqualified to shine !
 " Who never to the Journals gave a line ;
 " But into SWEDEN cast a fox-like look,
 " And caught GOOSE DRYANDER to write his book*,
 " Such is the *mania* for the claps of Fame,
 " So fought by many a Squire and gentle Dame,
 " Resembling Beggars that on alms grow fat ;
 " Who, if too weak *themselves* to make a brat,
 " Buy children up to melt the trav'ler's eye,
 " And from his pocket call the charity.

* A most pompous Birth in the botanical way is to make its appearance soon ; Sir Joseph the reputed father, though Jonas Dryander, the Swede, his secretary, begets it.

- “ Through *him* each trifle-hunter that can bring
 “ A grub, a weed, a moth, a beetle’s wing,
 “ Shall to a FELLOW’s dignity succeed;
 “ Witness LORD CHATHAM and his *piss-a-bed**!
 “ How had he pow’rs to muster up the face
 “ To ask a PRESIDENT’s important place?
 “ How with a matchless insolence to dare
 “ Abuse and jostle PRINGLE † from the chair?

* *Vulgarly* called *Dandelion*. Something of this kind, (a most wonderful species!) was presented by the eldest born of the great PITT, for which he was created F. R. S.

† About the year 1779, conductors were ordered to be placed near all our magazines to secure them from the effects of lightning. A question then arose, *which* would best succeed, *blunt* or *pointed* conductors. Sir John Pringle, with the sensible part of the Society, were of opinion, as, indeed, was Dr. Franklin, that points were preferable — Sir Joseph Banks and his party roared loudly for the blunts. — The dispute ran so high, that His Majesty took a part in it; and being rather *partial* to *blunt conductors*, thought to put an end to the matter by giving his own peremptory decision, and announcing to the world the superiority of NOBS. To confirm his *great* and *wise* opinion, NOBS were actually fixed on iron rods at the end of Buckingham House. This, however, was
 not

“ A moth-hunter, a crab-catcher, a bat,
 “ That owes its sole existence to a gnat !
 “ A hunter of the meanest reptile breed,
 “ A f--l that crosses oceans for a weed !

“ Once tow’ring SCIENCE made Crane Court * her home,
 “ And heav’n-born WISDOM patroniz’d the dome ;
 “ With awful aspect at the portal shone,
 “ And to her mansion woo’d the wife alone ;

not all ; on the birth-day, His Majesty desired Sir John to give it to the world as the opinion of the Royal Society, that Dr. Franklin was *wrong*. The President replied, like a man, that it was not in his power to reverse the order of Nature. The Sovereign could not easily see that, and therefore repeated his commands. — Teized by the King from time to time to oppose the decided opinion of the rebellious Franklin, and the laws of Nature ; and constantly barked at by Sir Joseph and his moth-hunting phalanx ; he resigned the chair and returned to Scotland. — The honour was instantaneously snapped at and caught by the present possessor, such as he is !

* The Royal Society’s rooms are removed from Crane Court to Somerset Place.

F

“ Now

“ Now at the door see moon-eyed FOLLY grin,
 “ Inviting birds-nest hunters to come in :
 “ Idiots who specks on eggs devoutly ken,
 “ And furbish up a folio on a wren.”

You see the world, Sir Joseph, scorns to flatter——

S I R J O S E P H.

By G-d ! I think it hath not minc'd the matter.
 Yet, by the Pow'r who made me, PETER, know,
 I'm honour'd, star'd at, wheresoe'er I go !
 Soon as a room I enter, lo, all ranks
 Get up to compliment Sir JOSEPH BANKS !——

P E T E R.

And then sit down again, I do suppose ;
And then around the room a whisper goes,
 “ Lord, that's Sir JOSEPH BANKS !——how grand his look !
 “ Who sail'd all round the world with CAPTAIN COOK !”

S I R J O S E P H.

Zounds ! what the devil's fame if this be not ?

P E T E R.

Sir Joseph, prithee don't be such a sot——

Those

Those wonderful admirers, man, were dozens
 Of fresh imported, staring country Cousins;
 To London come, the waxwork to devour,
 And see their brother beasts within the Tow'r:
 True fame is praise by men of *wisdom* giv'n,
 Whose souls display some workmanship of Heav'n;
 Not by the wooden million—Nature's chips,
 Whose twilight souls are ever in eclipse;
 Puppies! who, though on idiotism's dark brink,
 Because they've *heads*, dare fancy they can *think*.

S I R J O S E P H.

What though unletter'd*, I can lead the herd,
 And laugh at half the members to their beard.
 Frequent to Court I go, and midst the ring,
 I catch most gracious whispers from the KING—

* In spite of our objection to Sir Joseph as a President, we must allow his candour in acknowledging himself *unlettered*, as he really was refused his degree at CAMBRIDGE, though every interest was implored to make him pass muster.

P E T E R.

And well (I think) I hear each precious speech,
In sentiment sublime, and language rich ;

“ What’s new, Sir JOSEPH? what, what’s new found out ?

“ What’s the society, what, what about ?

“ Any more monsters, lizard, monkey, rat,

“ Egg, weed, mouse, butterfly, pig, what, what, what ?

“ Toad, spider, grasshopper, Sir JOSEPH BANKS ?

“ Any more thanks, more thanks, more thanks, more thanks ?

“ You still eat raw flesh, beetle, viper, bat,

“ Toad, tadpole, frog, Sir Joseph, what, what, what ?”

Such is the language of the first of Kings,
That many a fighting heart with envy stings !
And much I’m pleas’d to fancy that I hear
Such wise and gracious whispers greet your ear :
Yet if the greater part of members growl,
Though owls themselves, and curse *you* for an owl ;
And bent the great Sir JOSEPH BANKS to humble,
Behold the GIANT PRESIDENT must tumble.

S I R

S I R J O S E P H.

Zounds! Sir, the GREAT-ONES to my whistle come;
I have 'em ev'ry one beneath my thumb.

ELECTORS, MARGRAVES, PRINCES, grace my list,
And shall a few poor ragged rogues resist,
Because (a flock of astronomic gulls,)

The cobweb mathematics cloud their sculls?

The GREAT, when beckon'd to, my cause shall aid,
And happy think themselves with *thanks* o'erpaid:

These shall arise, and with a single frown,
Beat the bold front of opposition down.

P E T E R.

Thus by a word, the SHOWMAN at the Tow'r
Exerts on brother savages his pow'r;
Bids NERO, CÆSAR, POMPEY, spread their paws,
And show the dangers of their gaping jaws!

G

S I R

S I R J O S E P H.

By heav'ns! I've merit, say what e'er you please!
 Can name the vegetable tribes with ease—
 What monkey walks the woods or climbs a tree
 Whose genealogy's unknown to *me*?

P E T E R.

I grant you, Sir, in monkey knowledge great;
 Yet say, should monkeys give you NEWTON'S seat?
 Such merit scarcely is enough to dub
 A man a member of a country club.

With novel specks on eggs to feast the eye,
 Or gaudy colours of a butterfly,
 Or new-found fibre of some grassy blade,
 Well suits the idle hours of some old maid,
 (Whose sighs each lover's vanish'd sighs deplore)
 To murder time when Cupids kill no more;

Not

Not men, who, lab'ring with a Titan mind,
 Should scale the skies to benefit mankind.
 I grant you full of anecdote, my friend—
Bons mots, and wond'rous stories without end ;
 Yet if a tale can claim, or jest so rare,
 Ten thousand gossips might demand the chair.

To shoot at boobies*, noddies, with such luck,
 And pepper a poor Indian like a duck ;
 To hunt for days a lizard or a gnat,
 And run a dozen miles to catch a bat ;
 To plunge in marshes, and to scale the rocks,
 Sublime, for scurvygrafs and lady-smocks †,

* “ Great and manifold were Sir Joseph’s triumphs over these defenceless animals,” says Dr. Hawksworth’s most miserable account ; which might more properly be christened “ The history of Sir Joseph Banks,” so much, indeed, is Sir Joseph the *hero* of the tale.

† See Hawksworth’s account of Captain Cook’s Voyage.

Are matters of proud triumph, to be sure,
 And such as FAME's fair volume should secure:
 Yet to my mind, it is not such a feat,
 As gives a man a claim to NEWTON's feat.

S I R J O S E P H.

Yet are there men of genius who support me!
 Proud of my friendship, see Sir WILLIAM court me!

P E T E R.

Great in the eating knowledge all allow;
 Who sent you once the *Sumen* of a fow*;
 Far richer food than pigs that lose their breath,
 Whipp'd, like poor soldiers on parades, to death.

* Sir W. HAMILTON, who sent Sir Joseph from Italy this precious present—The mode of making it properly is, by tying the teats of a fow, soon after she hath littered, continuing the ligature till the poor creature is nearly exhausted with torture, and then cutting her throat. The effects of the milk diffused through this belly part are so delicious, as to be thought to make ample atonement for the barbarity.

Sir WILLIAM, hand and glove with NAPLES KING !
 Who made with rare antiques the nation ring ;
 Who when VESUVIUS foam'd with melted matter,
 March'd up and clapp'd his nose into the *crater*,
 Just with the same *sang froid* that JOAN the cook
 Casts on her dumplings in the crock a look.

But more the world reports (I hope untrue)
 That half SIR WILLIAM'S Mugs and Gods are *new* ;
Himself the Baker of th' Etrurian ware,
 That made our British Antiquarians stare ;
 Nay, that he means ere long to cross the main,
 And at his Naples oven sweat again ;
 And by his late successes render'd bolder,
 To bake *new* mugs, and gods some ages *older* !

S I R J O S E P H.

God blefs us ! what to Herfchel dare you fay,
 The aftronomie genius of the day,

H

Who

Who soon will find more wonders in the skies,
And with more *Georgium Siduses* surprize?

P L T E R.

More Ætnas in the Moon—*more* cinder loads!
Perhaps mail coaches on her turnpike roads,
By some great LUNAR PALMER taught to fly,
To gain the gracious glances of the eye
Of some penurious Prince of high degree,
And charm the monarch with a *postage free*;
Such as to CHELT'NAM* waters urg'd their way,
Where CLOACINA holds her *easy* sway;
Where paper mills shall load with wealth the town,
And ev'ry shop shall deal in *whitish-brown*;
Where for the coach the KING was wont to watch,
Loaded with fish, fowl, bacon, and dispatch*;

Eggs

* Mr. PALMER very *generously* offered His SOVEREIGN a mail coach to carry letters and dispatches to and from Cheltenham—the offer was *too great* to be refused—a splendid carriage was built for the occasion: His

most

Eggs and small beer, potatoes, too, a store,
 That cost in CHEL'TNAM market twopence more;
 Converting thus a coach of matchless art,
 With two rare geldings, to a *Sutler's cart*.—
 But, voluble Sir Joseph—not so fast—
 The fame of HERSCHEL is a dying blast:
 When on the moon he first began to peep,
 The wond'ring world pronounc'd the Gazer deep:
 But wiser now th' *un-wond'ring* world, alas!
 Gives all poor HERSCHEL'S glory to his *glafs*;
 Convinc'd his boasted astronomic strength,
 Lies in his *tube's**, not *head's* prodigious length.

most æconomic Majesty, however, wisely knowing that something more than a few letters might be contained in Mr. Palmer's vehicle, converted it, as the Poet hath observed, into a cart, and saved many a sixpence.

* We would not detract from Mr. HERSCHEL'S *real* merit.—By a true German cart-horse labour, he made a little improvement on Dr. MUDGE'S method of constructing mirrors; such are this gentleman's pretensions to a niche in the temple of FAME.—As for his mathematical abilities, they can scarcely be called the *shadows* of Science.

S I R J O S E P H.

What, niggard, not on HERSCHEL fame bestow,
So curious a discov'rer? —

P E T E R.

No! man, no!

Give it to MUDGE*, whose head contains more
Than (trust me) ever lodg'd in HERSCHEL'S House.

S I R J O S E P H.

Lo, at my call the noble MARLB'ROUGH'S vote,
Whose observations much our fame promote.

P E T E R.

Who from his Blenheim chimnies wonders spies—
The *daily advertiser* of the skies:

* Dr. MUDGE of Plymouth.

Who

Who equals his great Ancestor in head ;
 A Hero * who could neither write nor read :
 Thus equal form'd, to all the world's surprife ;
 As one *swept* earth, the other *sweeps* the skies.

S I R J O S E P H.

HUNTER † with fish intrigues our House regales—

P E T E R.

The tender history of cooing whales ‡!—

* The famous Duke of Marlborough was reported to have been a very illiterate man ; which shows that a headpiece for the arts and sciences, and a headpiece for facing cannon balls, are wisely formed of different materials.

† John Hunter actually received the Society's gold medal for three papers, viz. on fowgelding ; on the wolf, jackall, and dog ; *proving incontestably*, what the world knew before, that the aforesaid animals were *bonâ fide* of the same species : and on the loves of whales.

‡ See Article 30, 1780, in the Philosophical Transactions, where Mr. John Hunter gives a wonderful account of a partridge with three legs, that by age changed from a *female* to a *male*.

S I R J O S E P H.

Great in the noble art of gelding fows!—

P E T E R.

And giving to the boar a barren spoufe!

Who proves, what many unbelievers shocks,

That age converts hen partridges to cocks!

And why not, since it is denied by no man

That age hath made JOHN HUNTER an OLD WOMAN?

Beleive me, still as well might papists bring

Quills from a SERAPH'S tail, or CHERUB'S wing;

Saint DUNSTAN'S crab stick, which the SAINT, uncivil,

Broke on the back of our great foe, the DEVIL;

SAINT ANDREW'S toe, SAINT AGATHA'S old smock,

And stones that rattled round SAINT STEPHEN'S block;

SAINT JOSEPH'S figs so deep, preserv'd in bottles,

Amounting, legends say, to many pottles;

Caught

Caught as the SAINT, with all his might and main,
 Was cleaving billets for his fire in twain;
 Or bones* from Catacombs to form new saints,
 To cure, like all quack medecines, all complaints!
 Such might the journals of the house record,
 As well as HUNTER'S wondrous *cock-hen bird*.

S I R J O S E P H.

Like BLAGDEN who can write and deeply think?

P E T E R.

Who write like *him* on iron moulds and ink †?—
 See shirts and shifts by iron moulds that rot,
 By BLAGDEN'S wisdom lose each yellow spot!

* In 1672, four hundred saints were recruited. Such was the extraordinary harvest of baptized and canonized bones from the Catacombs at Rome. *Vid.* Religious Rites and Ceremonies.

* *Vid.* Article 39, 1787, of the *Philos. Trans.*

For this shall laundry virgins lift their voice ; }
 Napkins and damask tablecloths rejoice ;
 Robins and caps, and sheets, and pillow cases,
 Lose their sad stains, and smile with lily faces.
 Lo ! to improve of man the soaring mind,
 For sacred science, to his skin unkind,
 Did Doctor Blagden in an oven* bake,
 Brown as burnt coffee or a barley cake,
 Whilst down his nose projecting, sweat in rills
 Unfav'ry flow'd like hartshorn streams from stills.

S I R J O S E P H.

Great Duckweed THOMPSON †, all my soul reveres !
 And MULGRAVE charms me with his arctic bears.
 My eyes with shells, lo ! limpet DAVIES greets !
 And Doctor LETTSOME with his rare horse beets !

* The Doctor's body in the hot oven, with his nose projecting from the hole for air, would be no bad subject for the graver.

† Sir Benjamin, a second Linnæus.

Beets, that with shame our parsnips shall o'erwhelm,
 And fairly drive potatoes from the realm!
 Beets! in whose just applauses we are hoarse all;
 Such are the wondrous pow'rs of *Mangel Worfal**.

P E T E R.

Beets that shall keep gaunt FAMINE to his East,
 And make him on Gentoos, as usual, feast;
 Whilst ev'ry lucky BRITON that one meets,
 Shall strut a FALSTAFF, such the pow'r of Beets!
 Beets, that must bring the Quaker wealth and fame,
 And give his cheek the virgin glow of shame;
 Who ne'er, meek man, was known a face to push,
 Nor hear his own applause without a blush!
 Beets, that shall form an *epoch* in our times,
 And thus by PETER prais'd, embalm his rhymes!

* The more pompous name of the Beet.

S I R J O S E P H.

Then, what of AUBERT* think you, that great man,
 Whose broad eye deems creation scarce a span?

P E T E R.

Who weekly with his watch is seen to run,
 The little pupil of a Greenwich sun,
 To learn the motions of old Time, and mock
 The *fatal* errors of each London clock.
 Thus LUBIN from his solitary Down,
 Leads *little* LUBIN to a neighb'ring town :
 The lad with ecstacy surveys the scene,
 Then home returning, with triumphant mien,

* A Silk Merchant, and F. R. S. who every Sunday, wet or dry, cloudy or sunshine, calm or windy, visits Greenwich, to catch the sun on the meridian ;—such is this gentleman's rage for the art, that he now has at LOAMPIT-HILL, near Greenwich, two thousand pounds worth of astronomical instruments.

Corrects his mother's, sister's conversations,
And wonders at his ignorant relations.

AUBERT who meriteth indeed applause!
Full of high-sounding phrases, and wise *saws*;
Who from his cradle learn'd the stars to lisp,
And to a meteor* turn'd a will-o-wisp!

S I R J O S E P H.

Pray, then, what think ye of our famous DAINES?

P E T E R.

Think of a man deny'd by Nature brains!
Whose trash so oft the royal leaves disgraces:
Who knows not jordans brown, from Roman vases!

* One fortunate evening, as he was returning from his beloved observatory, a Jack-a-lantern sprung up and played some tricks before the philosophical silkman, whose optics being apt to magnify objects, converted it into an amazing meteor, with which the royal journals soon after *blazed*.

About old pots his head for ever puzzling,
 And boring earth, like pigs for truffles * muzling ;
 Who likewise from old urns to crotchets leaps,
 Delights in music, and at concerts sleeps †.

S I R J O S E P H.

Zounds! 'tis in vain, I see, to utter praise!—

P E T E R.

Then mention some one who deserves my lays.

S I R J O S E P H.

Know then, I've sent to distant parts to find
 Beings the most uncommon of their kind :

* There are pigs kept expressly for hunting Truffles in some parts of England.

† Such are the powers of somnolency over Mr. DAINES BARRINGTON, —at several of the Hanover-Square concerts hath the LYRIC PETER seen the ANTIQUARIAN in *seeming* musical speculation, but verily employed in a most comfortable nap:

The greatest monsters of the land and water——

P E T E R.

The beautiful deformities of nature !
 Birds without heads, and tails, and wings, and legs,
 Tremendous Cyclop pigs, and speckless eggs,
 Snails from Japan, and wasps, and Indian jays,
 Command attention, and excite our praise :
 Chopsticks and backscrapers are curious things ;
 Scalps, and tabaccopipes, and Indian strings,
 Such, as to charm the wond'ring Cits we see,
 Where DON SALTERO * gives his Sunday's tea ;
 Great DON SALTERO, name of high renown,
 Who treats, too, with immortal rolls the town !

Rare are the buttons of a Roman's breeches,
 In antiquarian eyes surpassing riches :

* At Chelsea.

Rare is each crack'd, black, rotten, earthen dish,
 That held of ancient Rome the flesh and fish :
 Rare are the talismans that drove the Devil,
 And rare the bottles that contain'd old snivel.
 Owls' heads, and snoring frogs, preserv'd in spirits,
 Most certainly are not without their merits ;
 Yet these to gain, and give to public view,
 Lo ! PARKINSON knows full as well as you ;
 As did Sir ASHTON fam'd, whose mental pow'r
 Just reach'd to tell us by the clock the hour.

S I R J O S E P H .

Poh ! p-x, don't laugh—such things are rich and scarce—
 Be something sacred—let not all be farce.

P E T E R .

Sir Joseph, I *must* laugh when things like these
 Beyond sublimities have pow'r to please :
 To croud with such-like *littleness* your walls,
 Is putting Master PUNCH into St. PAUL'S.

Yet,

Yet, to the point—the place on which you dote
Hath been for ever carried by the vote—

Know then, your *parasites* begin to bellow,

And call you openly a shallow fellow :

In vain to fav'ring Majesty you fly,

'Tis on the *many* that you must rely :

E'en *blockheads* blush, so much are they ashamed—

S I R J O S E P H.

They and their modest blushes may be d—n'd.

Ungrateful scoundrels ! eat my rolls and butter,

And daring thus their insolences mutter !

Swallow my turtle and my beef by pounds,

And tear my ven'son like a pack of hounds ;

Yet have the impudence, the brazen face,

To say I am not fitted for the place !

In God's name let my wine in torrents flow !

E'en be my house a *tavern* in SOHO !

Of daily ven'son let me try the force,

And keep an open house for man and horse.

Oh !

Oh! let me hold by any means the chair!—
 To keep *that* honour *every* thing I dare!

P E T E R.

I own that nothing like good cheer succeeds—

A man's a *God* whose hoghead freely bleeds;

Champaigne can consecrate the damned'st evil:

A hungry Parasite adores a *Devil*;

In radiant virtues his poor host arrays,

And smooths him with the gossamer of praise;

Stuff'd to the throat till repetition tires,

And GLUTTONY's huge greasy wish expires;

Apostate then, the knave denies his church,

And leaves his Saint, with laughter, in the lurch.

In short, your Gormandizers and your Drinkers

Quit their old faith, and turn out rank Freethinkers.

Dead is the novelty of fine fat haunches,

And truth no longer sacrific'd to paunches:

Asham'd

Asham'd, at length, the sad, repentant SINNERS
 All blush to barter flatt'ry for good dinners :
 No charms furround the knocker of your door,
 That beam'd with honour, but now beams no more !

S I R J O S E P H.

Betray'd by those on whom my all depends ! —

P E T E R.

Betray'd, like CÆSAR, by his bosom friends !

S I R J O S E P H.

Though man, ungrateful man, his aid deny ;
 The Pow'r whose wisdom rules yon lofty sky,
 May grant his gracious and protecting pow'r,
 And aid my efforts in the trying hour !

P E T E R.

Left by your earthly friends, I fear your pray'rs,
 Most *pious* PRESIDENT, won't mend affairs :

M

The

The Pow'r you mention, with all-seeing eyes,
 Well knows your little rev'rence for his skies*.
 Thus may your pray'rs be vain, however hearty;—
 Besides, HEAV'N oftneft joins the strongest party.

S I R J O S E P H.

'Sblood! have I practis'd ev'ry art in vain?
 Undaunted fac'd the dangers of the main? —

P E T E R.

And fac'd QUEEN OBOREA in the boat,
And lost your shoes and stockings, and your coat;
 A circumstance that much the tale enriches,
 But providentially preserv'd your breeches!
 For unknown weeds, dar'd unknown paths explore,
 And frighten'd Cannibals from shore to shore;
 On each new island clapp'd King George's seal,
 A sharp impression too of *hardest steel*;
 Whilst Witnefs Pistol and his Brother Gun
 Look'd with a *pointed* approbation on.

* The Poet here most facetiously and beautifully alludes to the secession of the astronomical geniuses from the Society.

A decent method of appropriation,
 And adding glory to the British nation !
 True, you have try'd to be as great as HE,
 The vent'rous TROJAN, sport of wind and sea,
 Who left old Troy, his parish, far from home,
 To find a lodging for imperial Rome ; —
 Yet are those feats what vulgars term *a bore* :
 Stale stuff—the Members look for something more.
 I grant you naked with your servants pranc'd,
 To show how folks at Otaheité danc'd ;
 And much the smiling audience you amus'd,
 Though DECENCY, indeed, the dance abus'd :
 SHE, blushing damsel, turn'd her head aside,
 And wish'd a whip to ev'ry hopping hide.
 Grant that you sent, to charm the public eye,
 Egyptian stones *, that form'd for hogs a stye ;

* Sir Joseph sent some *curious* Egyptian stones to the British Museum ; such was his zeal for the honour of Hieroglyphics ; but as that building possesses already as much of the *antique* as it can well *authenticate*, they were returned in a cart upon his hands.

With seeming hieroglyphics on their faces,
 That prov'd unfortunately pigs'-feet traces :
 Yet lo ! like bullocks, in a fair, they roar,
 Or vacate bid you, or do something more.

S I R J O S E P H .

'Sdeath, then, I'll spit in ev'ry blockhead's face ;
 Kick them, and purge the dwelling from disgrace.

P E T E R .

Thus when a host of grasshoppers and rats,
 By men undaunted, unabash'd by cats,
 In hopping, and in running legions pours,
 Affrights the Papists, and their grass devours ;
 Lo, arm'd with pray'rs to thunder in their ears,
 A BISHOP boldy meets the buccaneers ;
 Sprinkles his holy water on the sod,
 And drives, and damns them in the name of God * !

You

* This is actually done in Roman Catholic countries by order of the church. In some places two attorneys are employed in the affair of the grasshoppers ;

You purge the tainted dwelling from disgrace,
 By boldly spitting in each Member's face!
 Where, *sweet* Sir Joseph, will you find the spittle,
 Since what would float the ALBION * were too little?

With solemn, sentimental step, so slow,
 I see you through the streets of London go,
 With poring, studious, staring, earth-nail'd eye,
 As heedless of the mob that bustles by;
 This *was* a scheme of wisdom, let me say,
 But lo, this trap for fame hath had its day;
 And let me tell you, what I've urg'd before,
 The restless Members look for something more.

grasshoppers; one for the grasshoppers, the other for the people: but it is the fate of the grasshoppers to have the worst of it, as they are always *anathematized*, and ordered to be excommunicated if they do not quit the place within a certain number of days.

* One of our first rates.

S I R J O S E P H.

Zounds! ha'nt I swallow'd raw flesh like a hound?
 On vilest reptiles rung the changes round?
 Eat ev'ry filthy insect you can mention;
 Tarts made of grasshoppers, my own invention?
 Frogs; tadpoles by the spoonfull, long-tail'd imps;
 And munch'd cockchaffers just like prawns or shrimps?

P E T E R.

In troth, I've seen you many a reptile eat,
 And heard you call the dirty dish a treat;
 Oft have I seen you meals on monkeys make;
 Nay, Hercules surpass—*devour* your SNAKE;
 And make as little of a toad or viper,
 As pelicans of mack'rel or a piper;
 And wriggling round your mouth its little claws,
 Have heard a bat cry "Murder!" in your jaws:

Yet,

Yet, hear, Sir Joseph, what I've said before,
The blushing Members look for something more.

S I R J O S E P H.

Hell seize the Pack!—unconscionable dogs!—
Snakes, spiders, beetles, chaffers, tadpoles, frogs,
All swallow'd to display what *man* can do,
And must the villains still have something new?—
Tell, then, each pretty PRESIDENT CREATOR,
G—d d-mn him, that I'll eat an ALLIGATOR!

P E T E R.

Sir Joseph, pray don't eat an Alligator—
Go swallow somewhat of a *softer* nature;
Feast on the arts and sciences, and learn
Sublimity from trifle to discern:
With shells, and flies, and daisies, cover'd o'er,
Let pert QUEEN FIDDLEFADDLE rule no more:

Thus

Thus shall PHILOSOPHY her suffrage yield,
 Sir Joseph wear his hat *, and hammer wield ;
 No more shall WISDOM on the Journals stare,
 Nor NEWTON'S † image blush behind the CHAIR.

* The President has the inestimable and sole privilege of sitting covered at the Royal Society's meeting.—The hammer forms a part of the *regalia*, to command silence, and rouse the Members from their happy slumbers, whilst their Secretary, Dr. Blagden, proclaims *rare news* from the moth, bat, butterfly, and spider countries.

† The picture of this great man is immediately behind the chair of the PRESIDENT.

F I N I S.

