

**BROTHER PETER TO
BROTHER TOM: AN
EXPOSTULATORY EPISTLE**

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Brother Peter to Brother Tom: An Expostulatory Epistle by Peter Pindar

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PETER PINDAR

**BROTHER PETER TO
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EXPOSTULATORY EPISTLE**

BROTHER *PETER*
TO
BROTHER *TOM*.
A N
EXPOSTULATORY EPISTLE.

SLIFE! Thomas, what hath swallow'd all the praise?

Of royal virtues not the slightest mention!

Strung, like mock pearl, so lately on thy lays!

Tell me, a bankrupt, TOM, is thy invention?

How cou'dst thou so thy PATRON's fame forget,

As not to pay, of praise, the annual debt?

WHITEHEAD and CIBBER, all the Laureat Throng,

To FAME's fair Temple, twice a year, presented

Some royal virtues, real or invented,

In all the grave sublimity of song.

Heralds so kind for many a chance-born wight,

Creeping from cellars, just like snails from earth ;

Or moles, or field-mice, stealing into light,

Forge Arms to prove a loftiness of birth ;

Tracing of each ambitious *Sir* and *Madam*

The branches to the very trunk of ADAM.

Then why not thou, the herald, TOM, of rhyme,

Still bid thy Royal Master soar sublime ?

Bards shine in fiction ; then how slight a thing

To make a coat of merit for a King !

Know, General CARPENTER had been a theme

For furnishing a pretty lyric dream ;

Once a monopolist of nod and smile :

Of broken sentences and questions rare,

Of snipnap whispers sweet, and grin, and stare,

For which thy muse would travel many a mile.

But lo ! the General, for a crying sin,

Loft broken sentences, and nod, and grin,

And

And stare and snipsnap of the best of Kings ;
 The sin, the crying sin, of rambling
 Where Osnaburgh's good Bishop, gambling,
 Loft some few golden feathers from his wings ;
 Which made th' unlucky General run and drown ;
 Such were the horrors of the royal frown !
 For lo ! His M——y most roundly swore
 He'd nod to General CARPENTER no more.

Oh ! glorious love of all-commanding money !
 Dear to *some* Monarchs, as to Bruin, honey ;
 Dear as to gamblers, pigeons fit to pluck ;
 Or show'rs to hackney coachmen or a duck !

Thomas, thy lyrics might have prais'd the King
 For making sinners mind the Sabbath day,
 Bidding the idle sons of pipe and string,
 Instead of scraping jigs, sing psalms and pray ;
 Thus piously (against their inclination)
 Dragooning souls unto salvation.

The

The MONARCH gave up Mr. JOAH BATE,
 With that sweet nightingale his lovely mate ;
 Who with the organ and one fiddle
 Made up a concert every Sunday night :
 Thus yielding MAJESTIES supreme delight,
 Who relish cheapness e'en in tweedle tweedle.

For NATURE formeth oft a kind
 Of money-loving, scraping, fave-all mind,
 That happy glorieth in the nat'ral thought
 Of getting ev'ry thing for nought :

From Delhi's diamonds to a Bristol stone ;
 From royal eagles to a squawling parrot ;
 From bulls of Bafan to a marrow-bone ;
 From rich ananas to a mawkish carrot :
 And getting things for nought, I needs must say,
 If not the *noblest*, is the *cheapest* way.

And often nature manufactures stuff
 That thinks it never hath enough ;

Hoard-

Hoarding up treasure — never once enjoying —

Such is the composition of *some* souls!

Like jackdaws all their cunning art employing,

In hiding knives, and forks, and spoons, in holes.

Lo! by the pious Monarch's proclamation,

The courtier *Amateurs* of this fair nation

On Sundays con their Bibles — make no riot —

The stubborn UXBRIDGE, music-loving Lord,

Pays dumb obedience to the royal word,

And bids the instruments lie quiet.

Sweet MISTRESS WALSINGHAM is forc'd to pray,

And turn her eyes up, much against her will;

SANDWICH sings psalms too, in his pious way;

And Lady YOUNG forbears the tuneful trill:

And very politic is Lady Young:

A husband must not suffer for a song.

The gentle EXETER his treat gave up,

So us'd upon the sweet repast to sup;

As eager for his Sunday's quaver dish,
As cats and rav'nous Aldermen for fish.

LORD BRUDENELL, too, a Lord with lofty nose,
Bringing to mind a verse the world well knows ;
 Against sublimity that rather wars ;
Which in an almanack all eyes may see :
" God gave to man an upright form, that he
 " Might view the Stars."

I say this watchful LORD, who boasts the knack,
Behind His Sacred Majesty's *great* back,
 Of placing for his *latter end* a chair
Better than any Lord (so says Fame's trump)
That ever waited on the royal rump,
 So swift his motions, and so sweet his air ;

Who, if His Majesty but cough or hiccup,
Trembles for fear the King should *kick up* ;
Drops, with concern, his jaw — with horror freezes —
Or smiles " God bleſs you, SIR," when'er he sneezes ;

This

This LORD, I say, uprais'd his convert chin;
And curs'd the concert for a crying sin.

King WATKIN, from the land of leeks and cheefe,
With fighs, forbore his bafs to feize ;
With huge concern he dropp'd his Sunday airs,
And grumbled out in-Welfh his thanklefs pray'rs.
The bafs, indeed, *Te Deum* fung,
Glad on the willows to be hung.

And really 'twas a very nat'ral cafe —

Poor, inoffensive bafs !

For when King Watkin scrubbeth him — alack !
The instrument, like one upon the rack,
Sends forth fuch horrid, Inquisition groans !
Enough to pierce the hearts of ftones !

Thus though in *concert* politics the Knight
Battled with Miftrefs WALSINGHAM *outright* ;
Yet both agreed to lift their palms,
Not in hofilities, but finging pſalms.