

**ODES TO KIEN LONG: THE  
PRESENT EMPEROR OF CHINA;  
WITH THE QUAKERS, A TALE, TO  
A FLY, DROWNED IN A BOWL OF  
PUNCH**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649354184

Odes to Kien Long: The Present Emperor of China; with The Quakers, a Tale, To a Fly, Drowned in a Bowl of Punch by Peter Pindar

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

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**PETER PINDAR**

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ODES TO KIEN LONG,  
THE PRESENT EMPEROR OF CHINA;

WITH

THE QUAKERS, a TALE;

TO A FLY, DROWNED IN A BOWL OF PUNCH;

ODE TO *MACMANUS, TOWNSEND,* AND *JEALOUS,*  
THE THIEF-TAKERS;

TO *CÆLIA*.—TO A PRETTY MILLINER.—TO THE FLEAS  
OF TENERIFFE.—TO SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.—TO  
MY CANDLE, &c. &c. &c.

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

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*Ανακρέωνος Ὀδῶν, &c.* ANACREON.

"Yes, let us strike the Lyre, and sing, and rhyme;  
"By far the wisest Way of spending Time."  
So says ANACREON, my dear KIEN LONG;  
Let BRITAIN then, and CHINA, hear *our* Song.

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L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR H. D. SYMONDS, N<sup>o</sup> 20, PATERNOSTER-ROW,  
AND ROBERTSON AND BERRY, N<sup>o</sup>. 39, SOUTHBRIDGE, EDINBURGH.

M. DCC. XCH.

[Price THREE SHILLINGS.]

E R R A T A.

Page 70, in the first line of the Note, after *aniquarian*, read, *is dum for his*.  
\_\_\_\_\_ in the same line, after *uben*, read, *be flumbles on*.



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TO THE  
EMPEROR OF CHINA.

Dear KIEN LONG,

AT length an opportunity presents itself for conversing with the *second* POTENTATE upon earth, GEORGE the THIRD being most undoubtedly the *first*, although he never made verses. Thy praises of MOUKDEN, thy beautiful little Ode to TEA, &c. have afforded me infinite delight; and to gain *my plaudit*, who am rather difficult to please, will, I assure thee, be a feather in thy imperial cap.

*Principibus placuisse viris, non ultima laus est.*

Praise from a BARD of my poetic spirit,  
Proclaims indeed no small degree of merit.

Excuse this piece of egotism—it is natural, and justified by the sublimest authorities. What says VIRGIL?

*“Tentanda via est quæ me quoque possim  
“Tollere humo, viâterque virum volitare per ora.”*

B

What,

What, likewise, **LUCRETIVS** ?

*" Infigentque meo capiti petere inde coronam  
" Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora Musæ."*

What, also, **OVID** ?

*" Jamque opus exegi," &c.*

What, moreover, **HORACE** ?

*" Exegi monumentum ære perennius," &c.*

What, **ENNIUS** ?

*" Nemo me lacrimis decoret nec funera fletus," &c.*

What, again, the great Father of Poetry, **HOMER**, in his delightful **HYMN**, that some impudent Scholiasts declare he never wrote ?

— τίς δ' ὕμνῳ ἀνεῖρε ἄλκι' ἈΟΙΔΩΝ  
Ἐυθάδ'· πολὺταί· καὶ τίς τέρπειδ' ἄλλοις·  
Τυφλὸς ἀνὴρ· οἷός· δ' ἐκὶ δὲ χέλυ' ἐπὶ παιπαλοῖσσι·  
Τὸ πάσαι μετόπισθεν ἀριμεύουσι· λαιδαί,

which, with a few preceding lines omitted in the quotation, I thus a little paraphrastically and beautifully translate :

Should **CURIOUSNESS** at times enquire  
**WHO** strikes with sweetest art the **MUSE'S** lyre ;

This



This be thine answer—"A poor man, stark blind;  
 An aged minstrel that at CHIOS dwells,  
 Who fells and fings his works, and fings and fells,  
 And leaves all other poets far behind."

So much for my *profound* learning in defence of egotism; for where is the man that does not rank himself amongst his own admirers?

Now to the point.—As LORD MACARTNEY, with his most splendid retinue, is about to open a trade with thee, in the various articles of tin, blankets, woollen in general, &c. &c. in favour of the two Kingdoms; why might not a *literary commerce* take place between the GREAT KIEN LONG, and the no less celebrated PETER PINDAR? Thou art a man of rhymes—and so am I. Thou art a genius of uncommon versatility—so am I. Thou art an enthusiast to the Muses—so am I. Thou art a lover of novelty—so am I. Thou art an idolater of Royalty—so am I. With such a congeniality of mind, in *my* God's name, and *thine*, let us surprize the world with an interchange of our lucubrations, both for its improvement and delight. And to shew thee that I am not a literary  
 fwindler,

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swindler, unable to repay thee for goods I may receive from thy Imperial Majesty, I now transmit specimens of my talents, in Ode, Ballad, Elegy, Fable, and Epigram.

I am, dear KIEN LONG,

Thy humble Servant and brother Poet,

P. PINDAR.

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ODES TO KIEN LONG.

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O D E I.

PETER *complimenteth* KIEN LONG *on his poetical talent, and condemneth  
the want of literary taste in Western Kings.*

DEAR EMP'ROUR, PRINCE OF POETS, noble BARD,

Thy brother PETER sendeth thee a card,

To say thou art an honour to the times—

Yes, PETER telleth thee, that for a King,

Indeed a most extraordinary thing,

Thou really makest very charming rhimes.

Witness thy MOUKDEN\*, which we all admire ;

Witness thy pretty little Ode to TEA,

C

Compos'd

\* A favourite City of the Emperor.