

**LORD AUCKLAND'S  
TRIUMPH: OR THE DEATH  
OF CRIM. CON., A  
PAIR OF PROPHETIC ODES**

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Lord Auckland's Triumph: Or The Death of Crim. Con., a Pair of Prophetic Odes by Peter Pindar

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**PETER PINDAR**

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*To LORD AUCKLAND.*

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MY GOOD LORD!

**T**HE increasing depravity of the FAIR SEX cries aloud for correction; Adultery is deemed a peccadillo, and Fornication a mere flea-bite: gigantic are the strides that LEWDNESS has taken to subdue the moral world; her steps are like those of Neptune, from promontory to promontory. The recent alterations in the Sex are alarming! every woman is elegant; every woman is accomplished; every woman is handsome; every woman is a witch. In short, Beauty is so common, that I should not wonder (such is the caprice of mankind) at seeing a public advertisement for UGLINESS. At every turn we pop  
upon

upon a CLEOPATRA—and what must murder the blushing sensibilities of Modesty, more than a *half* of those CLEOPATRAS are to be purchased for *half-a-crown*. What dangerous traps of seduction!—what lures of loveliness! Even *I* (like your Lordship, rather the worse for wear) meet the smile, the wink, the stare of those CIRCES, on whose lips are written in capitals (says a great \*LYRIC POET),

“ Kisses, O gentle Shepherd, for a crown.”

The modest, the ingenious, the pious BISHOP of DURHAM has laudably exercised the pruning-knife of reform amongst the OPERA DANCERS: he has lengthened their petticoats, circumscribed their skips, and shaded their nudities. This *reverend* BISHOP and his *reverend* LADY saw *so much* at the Opera as astonished, confounded, and petrified. They saw on a Saturday

day, *with their own eyes*, the wanton BALLET break in on the holy Sabbath—They turned pale at the contamination—They remonstrated, and threatened, and preached, but they could not *convince*. TAYLOR, the Manager, smiled at the BISHOP's and his LADY's reforming zeal: the Performers lifted up their eyes and noses in contempt, while the displeased Audience exclaimed in a burst of thunder, "Out, out, out,—out with the pair of old hypocrites!" My LORD, we may truly say with the nervous and moral *Juvenal*,

" Credo Pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam  
" In terris"—

Which may be thus *elegantly* rendered :

True—MODESTY in *Saturn's* days was seen:  
The dev'l a bit, indeed in George's reign.

But now, My LORD, for that species of vice  
ADULTERY, against whose brazen walls your  
Lordship means to make a push with your bat-  
a tering

( iv )

tering ram. That your bold attack may succeed, for the honour of morality, and the *honourable heads of great FAMILIES*, is my most devout desire; and to encourage your Lordship in the day of battle, I dedicate to your Lordship these my Prophetic ODES.

I am, MY LORD, &c. &c.

P. P.



#### ARGUMENT TO ODE I.

*The BARD, in the true spirit of prophetic poetry, commenceth his Ode with a compliment to WEDLOCK.—PETER treateth the bot-bed of Adultery with much poetical contempt.—He propheseth the fall of CRIM. CON. her acquaintance with the Rakes.—In a sublime strain of insult PETER questioneth CRIM. CON. and proclaimeth a total annihilation of her Rams-borns.—PETER singeth of the wonders done by Rams-borns at JERICHO—he giveth some history of LORD AUCKLAND's Family, and biddeth them beware of desilement.—The Poet candidly accuseth himself of having been a votary to Pleasure, and prettily and poetically depicteth the manner of his courtship, illustrating with a most apt and original comparison.—The Poet abruptly bounceth off to attack the PRINCES of these Realms for not joining the pious efforts of LORD AUCKLAND, to destroy CRIM. CON.—PETER complimenteth the Bench of Bishops for their furious abhorrence of CRIM. CON., for their intimate knowledge of Heaven, and for their great humility, but not for their great poverty, in which article these holy MEN have always varied from their simple PREDECESSORS, the Apostles.—PETER attacketh the Ladies' petticoats, or rather no petticoats.—The Bard, with a mighty Lyric jump, leapeth on the shoulders of KING DAVID, of Israel, and giveth him a stunning blow; and suddenly turning about, knocketh down KING HARRY, of England; concluding with a squint at some modern PRINCES.—PETER praiseth the unparalleled, though ungallant, behaviour of a KING LOUIS, of France, of whom he relateth an entertaining and delicate story, ending with somewhat more than a suspicion that certain Young Gentlemen would not have shewn the same fortitude under the same circumstances.*

## ARGUMENT TO ODE II.

*An apologetic Song for INCONSTANCY, by a SON of the DEVIL.—This SON of a DEVIL pronounceth LOVE and a BUTTERFLY to be similar BEINGS, and encourageth the idea—this DEMON wisbeth to take the licentious FRENCH NATION for a model, who wish to change a Wife as often as a shirt—this IMP continueth to fascinate the mind by beautiful poetry in favour of the unlicenced Passion LOVE.—PETER reprobateb such notions, and prettily telleth, in verse, a story, well known in prose, of a KING of FRANCE, who had experienced a satiety on the beauties of his QUEEN.—PETER triumpheth in the future happiness of the BRITISH EMPIRE on the death of CRIM. CON.—PETER exhibiteth a natural picture of AGE, exulting, amidst his imbecillities, in the idea of possessing blooming virgins, smiling at the same time at the horrors of horns.—PETER again, with his wonted candour, reverseth the medal, and suggesteth an inconveniency that may arise from the fate of CRIM. CON. in the character of a rotten Rake.—PETER here is truly moral as well as poetical.—Another RAKE is brought on the stage, who glorieth in the advantages to be obtained over a Wife, by this attack of LORD AUCKLAND.—PETER, replete with historical knowledge, relateth a story of the great CATO, and also of the WISE MEN, not of GOTHAM, but of GREECE.—The BARD again singeth the song of triumph—he propheseth.—He giveth a picture of the fashionable Wives of the present day, who visit TOM's and JOHN's in Soho-square, with as much ease as Mrs. SNIP the Milliner.—PETER propheseth peace in the house of WEDLOCK, and security to that blusful DAMSEL, CHASTITY.—The impudent and threatening Speech of Miss FORNICATION on the intended destruction of her Sister CRIM. CON.*

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LORD AUCKLAND'S TRIUMPH:

OR THE

DEATH OF *CRIM. CON.*

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A PAIR OF PROPHETIC ODES.

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**S**WEET is the song of wedded Loves,  
The echo of the turtle-dove;  
Then who would turn that song to sounds of woe?  
Bright are the skies, and calm the scene  
Where **HVMEN** holds his halcyon reign;  
Then who would bid the howling tempest blow?  
What but a Ruffian would the spot invade,  
To dash the beam of bliss with hellish shade?

**B**

Doubtless,