



19 Ha 179

Ed. 50.







THE
BEAUTIES
OF
CHURCHILL.

Containing all the

CELEBRATED POEMS
OF THE
Rev. Mr. Charles Churchill.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for G. LISTER, No. 46, Old Bailey.

MDCCLXXXII.



THE
BEAUTIFUL

KOEN. FRIED.
UNIVERS.
ZUHALLE

CELEBRATED FORMS



LONDON
PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY AND COMPANY, BUNGAY, SUFFOLK



THE CANDIDATE.

ENough of Actors—let them play the play'r,
And, free from censure, fret, sweat, strut, and
stare,

Garrick abroad, what motives can engage
To waste one couplet on a barren stage?
Ungrateful Garrick! when these tasty days, 5
In justice to themselves, allow'd thee praise;
When, at thy bidding, Sense, for twenty years,
Indulg'd in laughter, or dissolv'd in tears;
When, in return for labour, time, and health,
The Town had giv'n some little share of wealth, 10
Couldst thou repine at being still a slave?
Dar'st thou presume t' enjoy that wealth she gave?
Couldst thou repine at laws ordain'd by those
Whom nothing but thy merit made thy foes?
Whom, too refin'd for honesty and trade, 15
By need made tradesmen, pride had bankrupts made;
Whom fear made drunkards, and, by modern rules,
Whom drink made wits, tho' Nature made them
With such, beyond all pardon is thy crime, [fools;
In such a manner, and at such a time, 20
To quit the stage; but men of real sense,
Who neither lightly give nor take offence,
Shall own thee clear, or pass an act of grace,
Since thou hast left a Powell in thy place.

Enough of Authors—Why, when scribblers fail, 25
Must other scribblers spread the hateful tale?
Why must they pity, why contempt express,
And why insult a brother in distress?
Let those who boast th' uncommon gift of brains
The laurel pluck, and wear it for their pains; 30
Fresh on their brows for ages let it bloom,—
And, ages past, still flourish round their tomb.
Let those who without genius write, and write,
Versemen or profemen, all in Nature's spite,



6 THE CANDIDATE.

The pen laid down, their course of folly run 35
 In peace; unread, unmention'd, be undone.
 Why should I tell, to cross the will of Fate,
 That Francis once endeavour'd to translate?
 Why, sweet oblivion winding round his head,
 Should I recall poor Murphy from the dead? 40
 Why may not Langhorne, simple in his lay,
 Effusion on Effusion pour away,
 With Friendship and with Fancy trifle here,
 Or sleep in Pastoral at Belvidere?
 Sleep let them all, with Dulness on her throne, 45
 Secure from any malice but their own.

Enough of Critics—let them, if they please,
 Fond of new pomp, each month pass new decrees;
 Wide and extensive be their infant state,
 Their subjects many, and those subjects great, 50
 Whilst all their mandates as sound law succeed,
 With fools who write, and greater fools who read.
 What tho' they lay the realms of Genius waste,
 Fetter the fancy, and debauch the taste;
 Tho' they, like doctors, to approve their skill, 55
 Consult not how to cure, but how to kill;
 Tho' by whim, envy, or resentment, led,
 They damn those authors whom they never read;
 Tho', other rules unknown, one rule they hold,
 To deal out so much praise for so much gold: 60
 Tho' Scot with Scot, in damned close intrigues,
 Against the commonwealth of letters leagues?
 Uncensur'd let them pilot at the helm,
 And rule in letters as they rul'd the realm:
 Ours be the curse, the mean tame coward's curse, 65
 (Nor could ingenious Malice make a worse,
 To do our sense and honour deep despite)
 To credit what they say, read what they write.
 Enough of Scotland—let her rest in peace;
 The cause remov'd, effects of course should cease. 70
 Why should I tell how Tweed, too mighty grown,
 And proudly swell'd with waters not his own,

Burst o'er his banks, and, by Destruction led,
 O'er our faint England desolation spread,
 Whilst, riding on his waves, Ambition plum'd 75
 In tenfold pride, the port of Bute assum'd,
 Now that the river god, convinc'd, tho' late,
 And yielding, tho' reluctantly, to Fate,
 Holds his fair course, and with more humble tides,
 In tribute to the sea, as usual, glides? 80

Enough of States, and such like trifling things;
 Enough of kinglings, and enough of kings;
 Henceforth, secure, let ambush'd statesmen lie,
 Spread the court web, and catch the patriot fly;
 Henceforth, unwhipt of Justice, uncontroll'd 85
 By fear or shame, let Vice, secure and bold,
 Lord it with all her sons, whilst Virtue's groan
 Meets with compassion only from the throne.

Enough of Patriots—all I ask of man
 Is only to be honest as he can: 90
 Some have deceiv'd, and some may still deceive;
 'Tis the fools curse at random to believe.
 Would those who, by opinion plac'd on high,
 Stand fair and perfect in their country's eye,
 Maintain that honour, let me in their ear 95
 Hint this essential doctrine — Persevere. [grace
 Should they (which Heav'n forbid!) to win the
 Of some proud courtier, or to gain a place,
 Their king and country sell, with endless shame
 Th' avenging Muse shall mark each trait'rous name;
 But if, to honour true, they scorn to bend, 101
 And, proudly honest, hold out to the end,
 Their grateful country shall their fame record,
 And I myself descend to praise a lord.

Enough of Wilkes—with good and honest men
 His actions speak much stronger than my pen, 106
 And future ages shall his name adore,
 When he can act and I can write no more.
 England may prove ungrateful and unjust,
 But fust'ring France shall ne'er betray her trust: 110



'Tis a brave debt which gods on man impose,
 To pay with praise the merit ev'n of foes.
 When the great warrior of Amilcar's race
 Made Rome's wide empire tremble to her base,
 To prove her virtue, tho' it gall'd her pride, 113
 Rome gave that fame which Carthage had deny'd.
 Enough of Self—that darling luscious theme,
 O'er which philosophers in raptures dream;
 Of which with seeming disregard they write,
 Then prizing most when most they seem to slight;
 Vain proof of folly tinctur'd strong with pride! 121
 What man can from himself himself divide?
 From me, (nor dare I lie) my leading aim
 (Conscience first satisfy'd) is love of fame;
 Some little fame deriv'd from some brave few, 125
 Who prizing Honour, prize her vot'ries too.
 Let all (nor shall resentment flush my cheek)
 Who know me well, what they know freely speak,
 So those (the greatest curse I meet below)
 Who know me not, may not pretend to know. 130
 Let none of those whom, bless'd with parts above
 My feeble genius, still I dare to love,
 Doing more mischief than a thousand foes,
 Posthumous non-sense to the world expose,
 And call it mine; for mine, tho' never known, 135
 Of which, if mine, I living blush'd to own.
 Know all the world, no greedy heir shall find,
 Die when I will, one couplet left behind.
 Let none of those whom I despise tho' great,
 Pretending friendship to give malice weight, 140
 Publish my life; let no false sneaking peer,
 (Some such there are) to win the public ear,
 Hand me to shame with some vile anecdote,
 Nor foul-gall'd bishop damn me with a note.
 Let one poor sprig of bay around my head 145
 Bloom whilst I live, and point me out when dead;
 Let it (may Heav'n, indulgent, grant that pray'r!)
 Be planted on my grave, nor wither there;

THE CANDIDATE.

And when, on travel bound, some rhyming guest
Roams thro' the church-yard whilst his dinner's dress'd,
Let it hold up this comment to his eyes, 151

Life to the last enjoy'd, Here Churchill lies;
Whilst (O! what joy that pleasing flatt'ry gives!)
Reading my Works, he cries—Here Churchill lives.

Enough of Satire—in less harden'd times 135
Great was her force, and mighty were her rhymes.

I've read of men beyond man's daring brave,
Who yet have trembled at the strokes she gave;

Whose souls have felt more terrible alarms
From her one line than from a world in arms: 160

When in her faithful and immortal page
They saw transmitted down from age to age

Recorded villains, and each spotted name
Branded with marks of everlasting shame,

Succeeding villains fought her as a friend, 165
And if not really mended feign'd to mend:

But in an age when actions are allow'd
Which strike all honour dead, and crimes avow'd

Too terrible to suffer the report,
Avow'd and prais'd by men who stain a court, 170

Propp'd by the arm of Power; when Vice, high-born,
High-bred, high-station'd, holds rebuke in scorn;

When she is lost to ev'ry thought of fame,
And, to all virtue dead, is dead to shame;

When Prudence a much easier task must hold 175
To make a new world than reform the old;

Satire throws by her arrows on the ground,
And if she cannot cure she will not wound.

Come, Panegyric!—tho' the Muse disdains,
Founded on truth, to prostitute her strains 180

At the base instance of those men who hold
No argument but pow'r, no god but gold,

Yet, mindful that from heav'n she drew her birth,
She scorns the narrow maxims of this earth;

Virtuous herself, brings Virtue forth to view, 185
And loves to praise where praise is justly due.

115
d.

ht;
121

125

k,

30
ove

33

40

45
d;
r!)



10 THE CANDIDATE.

Come, Panegyric—in a former hour,
 My soul with pleasure yielding to thy pow'r,
 Thy shrine I fought, I pray'd—but wanton air,
 Before it reach'd thy ears, dispers'd my pray'r; 190
 Ev'n at thy altars whilst I took my stand,
 The pen of truth and honour in my hand,
 Fate, meditating wrath 'gainst me and mine,
 Chid my fond zeal, and thwarted my design,
 Whilst, Hayter brought too quickly to his end, 195
 I lost a subject, and mankind a friend,

Come, Panegyric!—bending at thy throne,
 Thee and thy pow'r my soul is proud to own;
 Be thou my kind protector, thou my guide,
 And lead me safe thro' passes yet untry'd. 200
 Broad is the road, nor difficult to find,
 Which to the house of Satire leads mankind;
 Narrow, and unfrequented, are the ways,
 Scarce found out in an age, which lead to praise.

What tho' no theme I chuse of vulgar note, 205
 Nor wish to write as brother bards have wrote,
 So mild, so meek in praising, that they seem
 Afraid to wake their patrons from a dream?
 What tho' a theme I chuse which might demand
 The nicest touches of a master's hand? 210
 Yet if the inward workings of my soul
 Deceive me not, I shall attain the goal,
 And Envy shall behold in triumph rais'd,
 The poet praising, and the patron prais'd.

What patron shall I chuse? shall public voice, 215
 Or private knowledge, influence my choice?
 Shall I prefer the grand retreat of Stowe,
 Or, seeking patriots, to Friend Wildman's go?
 "To Wildman's!" cry'd Discretion, (who had heard,
 Close standing at my elbow, ev'ry word) 220
 "To Wildman's! art thou mad? canst thou be sure
 One moment there to have thy head secure?
 Are they not all (let observation tell)
 All mark'd in characters as black as hell,



THE CANDIDATE. II

In Doomsday book, by ministers set down, 225
 Who style their pride the honour of the crown?
 Make no reply—let reason stand aloof—
 Presumptions here must pass as solemn proof.
 That settled faith, that love which ever springs
 In the best subjects for the best of kings, 230
 Must not be measur'd now by what men think,
 Or say, or do—by what they eat and drink;
 Where and with whom, that question's to be try'd;
 And statesmen are the judges to decide;
 No juries call'd, or, if call'd, kept in awe; 235
 They, facts confess'd, in themselves vest the law.
 Each dish at Wildman's of sedition smacks;
 Blasphemy may be gospel at Almack's." [vain;
 Peace, good Discretion! peace—thy fears are
 Ne'er will I herd with Wildman's factious train;
 Never the vengeance of the great incur, 241
 Nor, without might, against the mighty stir.
 If, from long proof, my temper you distrust,
 Weigh my profession, to my gown be just;
 Dost thou one parson know so void of grace 245
 To pay his court to patrons out of place?
 If still you doubt, (tho' scarce a doubt remains)
 Search thro' my alter'd heart, and try my reins;
 There, searching, find, nor deem me now in sport,
 A convert made by Sandwich to the court. 250
 Let madmen follow error to the end,
 I, of mistakes convinc'd, and proud to mend,
 Strive to act better, being better taught. [wrought:
 Nor blush to own that change which reason
 For such a change as this must Justice speak; 255
 My heart was honest, but my head was weak.
 Bigot to no one man or set of men,
 Without one selfish view I drew my pen;
 My country ask'd, or seem'd to ask, my aid,
 Obedient to that call I left off trade; 260
 A side I chose, and on that side was strong,
 Till time hath fairly prov'd me in the wrong:



12 THE CANDIDATE.

Convinc'd, I change, (can any man do more?
 And have not greater patriots chang'd before?)
 Chang'd, I at once (can any man do less?) 265
 Without a single blush that change confess;
 Confess it with a manly kind of pride,
 And quit the losing for the winning side,
 Granting, whilst virt'ous Sandwich holds the rein,
 What Bute for ages might have fought in vain. 270
 Hail, Sandwich!—nor shall Wilkes resentment
 Hearing the praises of so brave a foe— [show,
 Hail, Sandwich!—nor, thro' pride, shalt thou refuse
 The grateful tribute of so mean a Muse— 274
 Sandwich! all hail—when Bute with foreign hand,
 Grown wanton with ambition, scourg'd the land;
 When Scots, or slaves to Scotsmen, steer'd the helm;
 When peace, inglorious peace! disgrac'd the realm,
 Distrust and gen'ral discontent prevail'd;
 But when, (he best knows why) his spirits fail'd;
 When, with a sudden panic struck, he fled, [281
 Sneak'd out of pow'r, and hid his recreant head;
 When, like a Mars, (fear order'd to retreat)
 We saw thee nimbly vault into his seat,
 Into the seat of pow'r, at one bold leap, 286
 A perfect connoisseur in statesmanship;
 When, like another Machiavel, we saw
 Thy fingers twisting and untwisting law,
 Straining where godlike Reason bade, and where
 She warranted thy mercy pleas'd to spare; 290
 Saw thee resolv'd, and fix'd (come what, come might)
 To do thy God, thy king, thy country, right;
 All things were chang'd, suspense remain'd no more,
 Certain'ty reign'd where doubt had reign'd before:
 All felt thy virtues, and all knew their use, 295
 What virtues such as thine must needs produce.
 Thy foes (for honour ever meets with foes)
 Too mean to praise, to fearful to oppose,
 In fullen silence sit; thy friends (some few,
 Who, friends to thee, are friends to honour too) 300

Plaud thy brave bearing, and the Commonweal
 Expects her safety from thy stubborn zeal.
 A place amongst the rest the Muses claim,
 And bring this free-will off'ring to thy fame;
 To prove their virtue, make thy virtues known,
 And, holding up thy fame, secure their own.

From his youth upwards to the present day,
 When vices, more than years, have mark'd him gray;
 When riotous Excess, with wasteful hand,
 Shakes life's frail glass, and hastes each ebbing sand,
 Unmindful from what stock he drew his birth, 311
 Untainted with one deed of real worth,
 Lothario, holding honour at no price,
 Folly to folly added, vice to vice;
 Wrought sin with greediness, and sought for shame
 With greater zeal than good men seek for fame. 316

Where (reason left without the least defence)
 Laughter was mirth, obscenity was sense:
 Where Impudence made Decency submit; [wit;
 Where noise was humour, and where whim was
 Where rude untemper'd license had the merit 321
 Of liberty, and lunacy was spirit;
 Where the best things were ever held the worst,
 Lothario was, with justice, always first.
 To whip a top, to knuckle down at taw, 325
 To swing upon a gate, to ride a straw,
 To play at push-pin with dull brother peers,
 To belch out catches in a porter's ears,
 To reign the monarch of a midnight cell,
 To be the gaping chairman's oracle; 330
 Whilst, in most blessed union, rogue and whore
 Clap hands, huzza, and hiccup out encore;
 Whilst gray Authority who slumbers there
 In robes of watchman's fur, gives up his chair;
 With midnight howl to bay th' affrighted moon, 335
 To walk with torches thro' the streets at noon;
 To force plain Nature from her usual way,
 Each night a vigil, and a blank each day;

14. THE CANDIDATE.

To match for speed one feather 'gainst another,
 To make one leg run races with his brother; 340
 'Gainst all the rest to take the northern wind,
 Bute to ride first, and he to ride behind;
 To coin newfangled wagers, and to lay 'em,
 Laying to lose, and losing not to pay 'em;
 Lothario, on that stock which Nature gives, 345
 Without a rival stands, tho' March yet lives.

When Folly, (at that name, in duty bound,
 Let subject myriads kneel, and kiss the ground,
 Whilst they who in the presence upright stand
 Are held as rebels thro' the loyal land) 350
 Queen ev'ry where, but most a queen in courts,
 Sent forth her heralds and proclaim'd her sports;
 Bade fool with fool on her behalf engage,
 And prove her right to reign from age to age,
 Lothario, great above the common size, 355
 With all engag'd, and won from all the prize;
 Her cap he wears, which from his youth he wore,
 And ev'ry day deserves it more and more.

Nor in such limits rests his soul confin'd;
 Folly may share but can't engross his mind; 360
 Vice, bold, substantial Vice, puts in her claim,
 And stamps him perfect in the books of shame.
 Observe his follies well, and you will swear
 Folly had been his first, his only care;
 Observe his vices, you'll that oath disown, 365
 And swear that he was born for vice alone.

Is the soft nature of some hapless maid,
 Fond, easy, full of faith, to be betray'd?
 Must she, to virtue lost, be lost to fame, 369
 And he who wrought her guilt declare her shame?
 Is some brave friend who, men but little known,
 Deems ev'ry heart as honest as his own,
 And, free himself, in others fears no guile,
 To be ensnar'd and ruin'd with a simile?
 Is law to be perverted from her course? 375
 Is abject Fraud to league with brutal Force?



Is Freedom to be crush'd, and ev'ry son
 Who dares maintain her cause to be undone?
 Is base Corruption, creeping thro' the land,
 To plan and work her ruin underhand, 380
 With regular approaches, sure, tho' slow?
 Or must she perish by a single blow?

Are kings (who trust to servants, and depend
 In servants (fond, vain thought!) to find a friend)
 To be abus'd, and made to draw their breath 385
 In darkness thicker than the shades of death?

Is God's most holy name to be profan'd,
 His word rejected, and his laws arraign'd,
 His servants scorn'd as men who idly dream'd,
 His service laugh'd at, and his Son blasphem'd? 390

Are debauchees in morals to preside?
 Is Faith to take an Atheist for her guide?
 Is Science by a blockhead to be led?
 Are states to totter on a drunkards head?
 To answer all these purposes and more, 395
 More black than ever villain plann'd before,
 Search earth, search hell, the devil cannot find
 An agent like Lothario to his mind.

Is this nobility which, sprung from kings,
 Was meant to swell the pow'r from whence it springs;
 Is this the glorious produce, this the fruit, 401
 Which Nature hop'd for from so rich a root?
 Were there but two, (search all the world around)
 Were there but two such nobles to be found,
 The very name would sink into a term 405
 Of scorn, and man would rather be a worm
 Than be a lord: but Nature, full of grace,
 Nor meaning birth and titles to be base,
 Made only one, and, having made him, swore,
 In mercy to mankind, to make no more: 410
 Nor stopp'd she there, but, like a gen'rous friend,
 The ills which error caus'd she strove to mend,
 And having brought Lothario forth to view,
 To save her credit brought forth Sandwich too.

16 THE CANDIDATE.

Gods! with what joy, what honest joy of heart,
 Blunt as I am, and void of ev'ry art, 416
 Of ev'ry art which great ones in the state
 Practise on knaves they fear and fools they hate,
 To titles with reluctance taught to bend,
 Nor prone to think that virtues can descend, 420
 Do I behold (a sight, alas! more rare
 Than Honesty could wish) the noble wear
 His father's honours, when his life makes known
 They're his by virtue, not by birth alone;
 When he recalls his father from the grave, 425
 And pays with int'rest back that fame he gave:
 Cur'd of her splenetic and fullen fits,
 To such a peer my willing soul submits,
 And to such virtue is more proud to yield 429
 Than 'gainst ten titled rogues to keep the field.
 Such, (for that truth ev'n Envy shall allow)
 Such Wyndham was, and such is Sandwich now.
 O gentle Montague! in blessed hour
 Didst thou start up, and climb the stairs of pow'r;
 England of all her fears at once was eas'd, 435
 Nor, 'mongst her many foes, was one displeas'd:
 France heard the news, and told it Cousin Spain;
 Spain heard, and told it Cousin France again;
 The Hollander relinquish'd his design
 Of adding spice to spice, and mine to mine; 440
 Of Indian villainies he thought no more,
 Content to rob us on our native shore:
 Aw'd by thy fame, (which winds with open mouth
 Shall blow from east to west, from north to south)
 The western world shall yield us her increase, 445
 And her wild sons be soften'd into peace;
 Rich eastern monarchs shall exhaust their stores,
 And pour unbounded wealth on Albion's shores;
 Unbounded wealth, which from those golden scenes,
 And all acquir'd by honourable means, 450
 Some honourable chief shall hither steer,
 To pay our debts, and set the nation clear.

THE CANDIDATE. 17

Nabobs themselves, allur'd by thy renown,
 Shall pay due homage to the English crown;
 Shall freely as their king our king receive— 455
 Provided the Directors give them leave.

Union at home shall mark each rising year,
 Nor taxes be complain'd of tho' severe;
 Envy her own destroyer shall become, 459
 And Faction with her thousand mouths be dumb:
 With the meek man thy weakness shall prevail,
 Nor with the spirited thy spirit fail:
 Some to thy force of reason shall submit,
 And some be converts to thy princely wit:
 Rev'rence for thee shall still a nation's cries, 465
 A grand concurrence crown a grand excise;
 And unbelievers of the first degree,
 Who have no faith in God, have faith in thee.

When a strange jumble, whimsical and vain,
 Possess'd the region of each heated brain; 470
 When some were fools to censure, some to praise,
 And all were mad, but mad in diff'rent ways;
 When commonwealthsmen, starting at the shade
 Which in their own wild fancy had been made,
 Of tyrants dream'd who wore a thorny crown, 475
 And with state bloodhounds hunted Freedom down;
 When others, struck with fancies not less vain,
 Saw mighty kings by their own subjects slain,
 And in each friend of liberty and law,
 With horror big, a future Cromwell saw, 480
 Thy manly zeal slept forth, bade discord cease,
 And sung each jarring atom into peace:
 Liberty, cheer'd by thy all-cheering eye,
 Shall, waking from her trance, live and not die;
 And, patroniz'd by thee, Prerogative 485
 Shall, striding forth at large, not die, but live;
 Whilst Privilege, hung betwixt earth and sky,
 Shall not well know whether to live or die.

When on a rock which overhung the flood, 489
 And seem'd to totter, Commerce shiv'ring stood;



When Credit, building on a sandy shore,
 Saw the sea swell, and heard the tempest roar,
 Heard death in ev'ry blast, and in each wave
 Or saw, or fancy'd that she saw her grave; 494
 When Property transferr'd from hand to hand,
 Weaken'd by change, crawl'd sickly through the
 When mutual confidence was at an end, [land;
 And man no longer could on man depend;
 Oppress'd with debts of more than common weight,
 When all men fear'd a bankruptcy of state; 500
 When, certain death to honour and to trade,
 A sponge was talk'd of as our only aid;
 That to be fav'd we must be more undone,
 And pay off all our debts by paying none;
 Like England's better genius, born to bless, 505
 And snatch his sinking country from distress,
 Didst thou step forth, and, without sail or oar,
 Pilot the shatter'd vessel safe to shore:
 Nor shalt thou quit, till, anchor'd firm and fast,
 She rides secure, and mocks the threat'ning blast!
 Born in thy house, and in thy service bred, 511
 Nurs'd in thy arms, and at thy table fed,
 By thy sage counsels to reflection brought,
 Yet more by pattern than by precept taught,
 Economy her needful aid shall join 515
 To forward and complete thy grand design,
 And, warm to save, but yet with spirit warm,
 Shall her own conduct from thy conduct form.
 Let friends of prodigals say what they will,
 Spendthrifts at home, abroad are spendthrifts still.
 In vain have sly and subtle sôphists try'd 521
 Private from public justice to divide;
 For credit on each other they rely,
 They live together, and together die.
 'Gainst all experience 'tis a rank offence, 525
 High treason in the eye of common sense,
 To think a statesman ever can be known
 To pay our debts who will not pay his own:

But now, tho' late, now may we hope to see
 Our debts discharg'd, our credit fair and free, 530
 Since rigid Honesty (fair fall that hour!)
 Sits at the helm, and Sandwich is in pow'r.
 With what delight I view thee, wondrous man!
 With what delight survey thy sterling plan,
 That plan which all with wonder must behold, 535
 And stamp thy age the only Age of Gold.

Nor rest thy triumphs here—that Discord fled,
 And fought with grief, the hell where she was bred;
 That Faction, 'gainst her nature forc'd to yield,
 Saw her rude rabble scatter'd o'er the field, 540
 Saw her best friends a standing jest become,
 Her fools turn'd speakers, and her wits struck dumb;
 That our most bitter foes (so much depends
 On men of name) are turn'd to cordial friends;
 That our offended friends (such terror flows 545
 From men of name) dare not appear our foes;
 That Credit, grasping in the jaws of Death,
 And ready to expire with ev'ry breath,
 Grows stronger from disease; that thou hast sav'd
 Thy drooping country; that thy name, engrav'd
 On plates of brass, defies the rage of time; 551
 Than plates of brass more firm, that sacred rhyme
 Embalms thy mem'ry, bids thy glories live,
 And gives thee what the Muse alone can give;
 These heights of virtue, these rewards of fame, 555
 With thee in common other patriots claim.

But that poor sickly Science, who had laid
 And droop'd for years beneath Neglect's cold shade,
 By those who knew her purposely forgot,
 And made the jest of those who knew her not, 560
 Whilst Ignorance in pow'r, and pamper'd Pride,
 Clad like a priest, pass'd by on t'other side,
 Recover'd from her wretched state, at length
 Puts on new health, and clothes herself with strength,
 To thee we owe, and to thy friendly hand 565
 Which rais'd, and gave her to possess the land:



This praise, tho' in a court, and near a throne,
This praise is thine, and thine, alas! alone.

With what fond rapture did the goddess smile,
What blessings doth she promise to this isle, 570
What honour to herself, and length of reign,
Soon as she heard that thou didst not disdain
To be her steward! but what grief, what shame,
What rage, what disappointment, shook her frame,
When her proud children dar'd her will dispute,
When youth was insolent, and age was mute! 576
That young men should be fools, and some wild
To wisdom deaf, be deaf to int'rest too, [few
Mov'd not her wonder; but that men, grown gray
In search of wisdom; men who own'd the sway
Of reason; men who stubbornly kept down 581
Each rising passion; men who wore the gown;
That they should cross her will, that they should
Against the cause of Int'rest to declare; [dare
That they should be so abject and unwise, 585
Having no fear of loss before their eyes,
Nor hopes of gain; scorning the ready means
Of being vicars, rectors, canons, deans,
With all those honours which on mitres wait,
And mark the virt'ous favourites of state; 590
That they should dare a Hardwick to support,
And talk, within the hearing of a court,
Of that vile beggar Conscience, who, undone,
And starv'd himself, starves ev'ry wretched son;
This turn'd her blood to gall, this made her swear
No more to throw away her time and care 596
On wayward sons who scorn'd her love, no more
To hold her courts on Cam's ungrateful shore.
Rather than bear such insults, which disgrace
Her royalty of nature, birth, and place, 600
Tho' Dulness there unrivall'd state doth keep,
Would she at Winchester with Burton sleep;
Or, to exchange the mortifying scene
For something still more dull, and still more mean,

Rather than bear such insults, she would fly 605
 Far, far beyond the search of English eye,
 And reign amongst the Scots: to be a queen
 Is worth ambition, tho' in Aberdeen.

O! stay thy flight, fair Science! what tho' some,
 Some base-born children, rebels are become? 610
 All are not rebels; some are dutious still,
 Attend thy precepts and obey thy will;
 Thy int'rest is oppos'd by those alone
 Who either know not or oppose their own.

Of stubborn virtue marching to thy aid, 615
 Behold in black the liv'ry of their trade,
 Marshall'd by Form, and by Discretion led,
 A grave, grave troop, and Smith is at their head,
 Black Smith of Trinity; on Christian ground
 For faith in mysteries none more renown'd. 620

Next, (for the best of causes now and then
 Must beg assistance from the worst of men)
 Next (if old Story lies not) sprung from Greece,
 Comes Pandarus, but comes without her niece:
 Her wretched maid! committed to his trust, 625
 To a rank lecher's coarse and bloated lust
 The arch, old, hoary hypocrite had sold,
 And thought himself and her well damn'd for gold.
 But (to wipe off such traces from the mind,
 And make us in good humour with mankind) 630
 Leading on men who, in a college bred,

No woman knew but those which made their bed;
 Who, planted virgins on Cam's virt'ous shore,
 Continu'd still male virgins at threescore,
 Comes Sumpner, wife and chaste as chaste can be,
 With Long, as wife, and not less chaste than he. 636

Are there not friends, too, enter'd in thy cause,
 Who, for thy sake, defying penal laws,
 Were, to support thy honourable plan,
 Smuggled from Jersey and the Isle of Man? 640
 Are there not Philomaths of high degree
 Who, always dumb before, shall speak for thee?

Are there not Proctors, faithful to thy will,
 One of full growth, others in embryo still,
 Who may, perhaps, in some ten years, or more,
 Be ascertain'd that two and two make four, 646
 Or may a still more happy method find,
 And, taking one from two, leave none behind?

With such a mighty pow'r on foot to yield
 Were death to manhood; better in the field 650
 To leave our carcasses, and die with fame,
 Than fly, and purchase life on terms of shame.
 Sackvilles alone anticipate defeat,
 And ere they dare the battle sound retreat.

But if persuasions ineffectual prove, 655
 If arguments are vain, nor pray'rs can move,
 Yet in thy bitterness of frantic woe
 Why talk of Burton? why to Scotland go?
 Is there not Oxford? she, with open arms,
 Shall meet thy wish, and yield up all her charms;
 Shall for thy love her former loves resign, 660
 And jilt the banish'd Stewarts to be thine.

Bow'd to the yoke, and, soon as she could read,
 Tutor'd to get, by heart, the despot's creed,
 She, of subjection proud, shall knee thy throne,
 And have no principles but thine alone; 666
 She shall thy will implicitly receive,
 Nor act, nor speak, nor think without thy leave.
 Where is the glory of imperial sway

If subjects none but just commands obey? 670
 Then, and then only, is obedience seen,
 When by command they dare do all that's mean:
 Hither then wing thy flight, here fix thy stand,
 Nor fail to bring thy Sandwich in thy hand.

Gods! with what joy, (for fancy now supplies,
 And lays the future open to my eyes) 676
 Gods! with what joy I see the worthies meet,
 And Brother Litchfield Brother Sandwich greet!
 Bless'd be your greetings, bless'd each dear embrace,
 Bless'd to yourselves, and to the human race! 680



Sick'ning at virtues which she cannot reach,
 Which seem her baser nature to impeach,
 Let Envy, in a whirlwind's bosom hurl'd,
 Outrageous, search the corners of the world,
 Ranfack the present times, look back to past, 685
 Rip up the future, and confess at last,
 No times, past, present, or to come, could e'er
 Produce and bless the world with such a pair!

Phillips, the good old Phillips! out of breath,
 Escap'd from Monmouth, and escap'd from death,
 Shall hail his Sandwich with that virt'ous zeal,
 That glorious ardour for the commonweal,
 Which warm'd his loyal heart and bless'd his tongue,
 When on his lips the cause of rebels hung.
 Whilst Womanhood, in habit of a nun, 695
 At Med'nham lies, by backward monks undone;
 A nation's reck'ning, like an alehouse score,
 Whilst Paul, the aged, chalks behind a door,
 Compell'd to hire a foe to cast it up,
 D——d shall pour, from a communion cup, 700
 Libations to the goddess without eyes,
 And hob or nob in cyder and excise.

From those deep shades where Vanity, unknown,
 Doth penance for her pride, and pines alone,
 Curs'd in herself, by her own thoughts undone,
 Where she sees all, but can be seen by none; 706
 Where she, no longer mistress of the schools,
 Hears praise loud pealing from the mouths of fools,
 Or hears it at a distance, in despair
 To join the crowd, and put in for a share, 710
 Twisting each thought a thousand diff'rent ways,
 For his new friends new-modelling old praise;
 Where frugal sense so very fine is spun,
 It serves twelve hours, tho' not enough for one,
 King shall arise, and, bursting from the dead, 715
 Shall hurl his pickbald Latin at thy head.

Burton (whilst awkward affectations hung
 In quaint and labour'd accents on his tongue,



Who 'gainst their will makes junior blockheads
speak

Ign'rant of both, new Latin and new Greek, 720
Not such as was in Greece and Latium known,
But of a modern cut, and all his own; [string,
Who threads, like beads, loose thoughts on such a
Their praise and censure; nothing, ev'ry thing;
Pantomime thoughts, and style so full of trick, 725
They even make a Merry Andrew sick;
Thoughts all so dull, so pliant in their growth,
They're verse, they're prose, they're neither, and
they're both)

Shall (tho' by Nature ever loath to praise)
Thy curious worth set forth in curious phrase; 730
Obscurely stiff, shall press poor Sense to death,
Or in long periods run her out of breath;
Shall make a babe for which, with all his fame,
Adam could not have found a proper name,
Whilst, beating out his features to a smile, 735
He hugs the bastard brat, and calls it Style.

Hush'd be all nature as the land of Death;
Let each stream sleep, and each wind hold his breath;
Be the bells muffled, nor one sound of care,
Pressing for audience, wake the slumb'ring air; 740
Browne comes—behold how cautiously he creeps—
How slow he walks, and yet how fast he sleeps—
But to thy praise in sleep he shall agree;
He cannot wake but he shall dream of thee.

Physic, her head with opiate poppies crown'd, 745
Her loins by the chaste matron Camphire bound;
Physic, obtaining succour from the pen
Of her soft son, her gentle Heberden!
If there are men who can thy virtue know,
Yet spite of virtue treat thee as a foe, 750
Shall, like a scholar, stop their rebel breath,
And in each recipe send classic death.

So deep in knowledge, that few lines can found
And plumb the bottom of the vast profound,

THE CANDIDATE. 25

Few grave ones with such gravity can think, 755
 Or follow half so fast as he can sink;
 With nice distinctions glossing o'er the text,
 Obscure with meaning, and in words perplex't,
 With subtleties on subtleties refin'd,
 Meant to divide and subdivide the mind, 760
 Keeping the forwardness of youth in awe,
 The scowling Blackstone bears the train of law.

Divinity, enrob'd in college fur,
 In her right hand A New Court Kalendar,
 Bound like a Book of Pray'r, thy coming waits 765
 With all her pack, to hymn thee in the gates.

Loyalty, fix'd on Isis' alter'd shore,
 A stranger long, but stranger now no more,
 Shall pitch her tabernacle, and with eyes
 Brim-full of rapture, view her new allies; 770
 Shall, with much pleasure and more wonder, view
 Men great at court, and great at Oxford too.

O sacred Loyalty! accurs'd be those
 Who, seeming friends, turn out thy deadliest foes,
 Who prostitute to kings thy honour'd name, 775
 And sooth their passions to betray their fame;
 Nor prais'd be those to whose proud nature clings
 Contempt of government and hate of kings,
 Who, willing to be free, not knowing how,
 A strange intemperance of zeal avow, 780
 And start at Loyalty, as at a word
 Which without danger freedom never heard.

Vain errors of vain men—wild both extremes,
 And to the state not wholesome, like the dreams
 Children of night, of indigestion bred, 785
 Which, reason clouded, seize and turn the head;
 Loyalty without Freedom is a chain
 Which men of lib'ral notice can't sustain,
 And Freedom without Loyalty a name 789
 Which nothing means, or means licentious shame.

Thine be the art, my Sandwich! thine the toil,
 In Oxford's stubborn and untoward soil



To rear this plant of union, till at length,
Rooted by time, and foster'd into strength,
Shooting aloft, all dangers it defies,
And proudly lifts its branches to the skies;
Whilst, Wisdom's happy son, but not her slave,
Gay with the gay, and with the grave ones grave,
Free from the dull impertinence of thought,
Beneath that shade which thy own labour wrought,
And fashion'd into strength, shalt thou repose, 801
Secure of lib'ral praise, since Isis flows
True to her Thame, as duty hath decreed,
Nor longer, like a harlot, lust for Tweed,
And those old wreaths, which Oxford once dar'd
twine
To grace a Stewart brow, she plants on thine. 806

THE JOURNEY.

Some of my friends, (for friends I must suppose
All who, not daring to appear my foes,
Feign great good will, and, not more full of spite
Than full of craft, under false colours fight)
Some of my friends, (so lavishly I print) 5

As more in sorrow than in anger, hint
(Tho' that indeed will scarce admit a doubt)
That I shall run my stock of genius out,
My no great stock, and, publishing so fast,
Must needs become a bankrupt at the last. 10

“ The husbandman, to spare a thankful soil,
“ Which, rich in disposition, pays his toil
“ More than an hundred-fold, which swells his store
“ Ev'n to his wish, and makes his barns run o'er,
“ By long experience taught, who teaches best, 15
“ Foregoes his hopes a while, and gives it rest:
“ The land, allow'd its losses to repair,
“ Refresh'd, and full in strength, delights to wear
“ A second youth, and to the farmer's eyes
“ Bids richer crops and double harvests rise. 20

“ Nor think this practice to the earth confin'd,
“ It reaches to the culture of the mind.
“ The mind of man craves rest, and cannot bear,
“ Tho' next in pow'r to God's continual care.
“ Genius himself (nor here let Genius frown) 25
“ Must, to ensure his vigour, be laid down,
“ And fallow'd well: had Churchill known but this,
“ Which the most slight observer scarce could miss,
“ He might have flourish'd twenty years or more,
“ Tho' now, alas! poor man! worn out in four.” 30

Recover'd from the vanity of youth,
I feel, alas! this melancholy truth,
Thanks to each cordial, each advising friend,
And am, if not too late, resolv'd to mend,



Resolv'd to give some respite to my pen, 35
 Apply myself once more to books and men,
 View what is present, what is past review,
 And, my old stock exhausted, lay in new.
 For twice six moons, (let winds, turn'd porters, bear
 This oath to heav'n (for twice six moons, I swear,
 No Muse shall tempt me with her Siren lay, 41
 Nor draw me from improvement's thorny way.
 Verse I abjure, nor will forgive that friend
 Who in my hearing shall a rhyme commend.
 It cannot be—whether I will or no, 45
 Such as they are, my thoughts in measure flow.
 Convinc'd, determin'd, I in prose begin,
 But ere I write one sentence verse creeps in,
 And taints me thro' and thro' by this good light
 In verse I talk by day, I dream by night! 50
 If now and then I curse, my curses chime,
 Nor can I pray unless I pray in rhyme.
 Ev'n now I err, in spite of common sense,
 And my confession doubles my offence.
 Rest then, my Friends;—spare, spare your pre-
 cious breath, 55
 And be your slumbers not less sound than death;
 Perturbed spirits rest, nor thus appear
 To waste your counsels in a spendthrift's ear;
 On your grave lessons I cannot subsist,
 Nor ev'n in verse become economist. 60
 Rest then, my Friends! nor hateful to my eyes,
 Let Envy in the shape of Pity rise
 To blast me ere my time; with patience wait,
 ('Tis no long interval) propitious Fate
 Shall glut your pride, and ev'ry son of phlegm 65
 Find ample room to censure and censure.
 Read some three hundred lines, (no easy task,
 But probably the last that I shall ask)
 And give me up for ever; wait one hour,
 Nay not so much, revenge is in your pow'r 70

And ye may cry, ere Time hath turn'd his glass,
Lo! what we prophesy'd is come to pass.

Let those who poetry in poems claim,
Or not read this, or only read to blame;
Let those who are by fiction's charms enslav'd, 75
Return me thanks for half-a-crown well sav'd;
Let those who love a little gall in rhyme
Postpone their purchase now and call next time;
Let those who, void of nature, look for art,
Take up their money, and in peace depart; 80
Let those who, energy of diction prize,
For Billingsgate quit Flexney, and be wise:
Here is no lie, no gall, no art, no force,
Mean are the words, and such as come of course;
The subject not less simple than the lay; 85
A plain unlabour'd Journey of a Day.

Far from me now be ev'ry tuneful maid,
I neither ask nor can receive their aid.
Pegasus turn'd into a common hack,
Alone I jog, and keep the beaten track, 90
Nor would I have the Sisters of the Hill
Behold their bard in such a dishabille.
Absent, but only absent for a time,
Let them care for some dearer son of rhyme;
Let them, as far as decency permits, 95
Without suspicion play the fool with wits,
'Gainst fools be guarded; 'tis a certain rule,
Wits are safe things; there's danger in a fool. 98

Let them, tho' modest, Gray more modest woe;
Let them with Mason bleat, and bray, and coo;
Let them with Francklin, proud of some small Greek,
Make Sophocles, disguis'd; in English speak;
Let them with Glover o'er Medea doze;
Let them with Doddsley wail Cleone's woes,
Whilst he, fine feeling creature! all in tears, 105
Melts as they melt, and weeps with weeping peers;
Let them with simple Whitehead, taught to creep
Silent and soft, lay Fontenelle asleep;



Let them with Browne contrive, no vulgar trick,
 To cure the dead, and make the living sick; 110
 Let them, in charity to Murphy, give
 Some old French piece, that he may steal and live;
 Let them with antic Foote subscriptions get,
 And advertise a summer-house of wit.

Thus, or in any better way they please, 115
 With these great men, or with great men like these,
 Let them their appetite for laughter feed;
 In my Journey all alone proceed.

If fashionable grown, and fond of pow'r, 119
 With hum'rous Scots let them disport their hour;
 Let them dance, fairy like, round Ossian's tomb;
 Let them forge lies and histories for Hume;
 Let them with Hume, the very prince of verse!
 Make something like a tragedy in Erse;

Under dark Allegory's flimsy veil 125
 Let them with Ogilvie spin out a tale
 Of rueful length; let them plain things obscure,
 Debase what's truly rich, and what is poor
 Make poorer still by jargon most uncouth;
 With ev'ry pert prim prettiness of youth, 130

Born of false taste, with Fancy (like a child
 Not knowing what is cries for) running wild,
 With bloated style, by Affectation taught,
 With much false colouring and little thought,
 With phrases strange, and dialect decreed 135

By reason never to have pass'd the Tweed,
 With words which Nature meant each other's foe,
 Forc'd to compound whether they will or no;
 With such materials let them, if they will,
 To prove at once their pleasantry and skill, 140
 Build up a bard to war 'gainst common sense,
 By way of compliment to Providence;

Let them with Armstrong, taking leave of sense,
 Read musy lectures on Benevolence,
 Or, on the pages of his gaping Day, 145
 Where all his former fame was thrown away,

THE JOURNEY.

31

Where all but barren labour was forgot,
 And the vain stiffness of a letter'd Scot;
 Let them with Armstrong pass the term of light,
 But not one hour of darkness; when the night 150
 Suspends this mortal coil; when Mem'ry wakes;
 When for our past misdoings Conscience takes
 A deep revenge; when, by Reflection led,
 She draws his curtains, and looks Comfort dead,
 Let ev'ry Muse be gone; in vain he turns, 155
 And tries to pray for sleep; an Ætna burns,
 A more that Ætna, in his coward breast,
 And guilt, with vengeance arm'd, forbids him rest:
 Tho' soft as plumage from young Zephyr's wing,
 His couch seems hard, and no relief can bring; 160
 Ingratitude hath planted daggers there
 No good man can deserve, no brave man bear.

Thus, or in any better way they please,
 With these great men, or with great men like these,
 Let them their appetite for laughter feed,
 I on my Journey all alone proceed. 166



T H E G H O S T .

I N F O U R B O O K S .

B O O K I .

W I T H eager search to dart the soul,
Curiously vain, from pole to pole,
And from the planets' wand'ring spheres
T' extort the number of our years,
And whether all those years shall flow
Serenely smooth, and free from woe, 5
Or rude Misfortune shall deform
Our life with one continual storm;
Or if the scene shall motley be,
Alternate joy and misery, 10
Is a desire which, more or less,
All men must feel, tho' few confess.
Hence ev'ry place and ev'ry age
Affords subsistence to the sage
Who, free from this world and its cares, 15
Holds an acquaintance with the stars,
From whom he gains intelligence
Of things to come some ages hence,
Which unto friends, at easy rates,
He readily communicates. 20
At its first rise, which all agree on,
This noble science was Chaldean;
That ancient people, as they fed
Their flocks upon the mountain's head,
Gaz'd on the stars, observ'd their motions, 25
And suck'd in astrologic notions,
Which they so eagerly pursue,
As folks are apt whate'er is new,
That things below at random rove,
Whilst they're consulting things above; 30
And when they now so poor were grown,
That they'ad no houses of their own,



Book I. THE GHOST. 33

They made bold with their friends the stars,
And prudently made use of theirs.

To Egypt from Chaldee it travell'd, 35
And fate at Memphis was unravell'd:
Th' exotic science soon struck root,
And flourish'd into high repute:

Each learned priest, O strange to tell!
Could circles make and cast a spell; 40
Could read and write, and taught the nation
The holy art of divination:

Nobles themselves, (for at that time
Knowledge in nobles was no crime)
Could talk as learned as the priest, 45
And prophesy as much at least:

Hence all the fortune-telling crew,
Whose crafty skill mars Nature's hue,
Who, in vile tatters with smirch'd face,
Run up and down from place to place, 50
To gratify their friends' desires,

From Bampfield Carew to Moll Squires,
Are rightly term'd Egyptians all
Whom we, mistaken, Gypsies call.

The Grecian sages borrow'd this, 55
As they did other sciences,
From fertile Egypt, tho' the loan
They had not honesty to own.

Dodona's oaks, inspir'd by Jove,
A learned and prophetic grove, 60
Turn'd vegetable necromancers,
And to all comers gave their answers.

At Delphos, to Apollo dear,
All men the voice of Fate might hear;
Each subtle priest on three-legg'd stool, 65
To take in wise men, play'd the fool;
A mystery, so made for gain,

Ev'n now in fashion must remain.
Enthusiasts never will let drop
What brings such bus'ness to their shop, 70

And that great faint we Whitfield call,
 Keeps up the humbug spiritual.
 Among the Romans, not a bird
 Without a prophesy was heard;
 Fortunes of empires often hung
 On the magician magpie's tongue, 75
 And ev'ry crow was to the state
 A sure interpreter of Fate.
 Prophets, embody'd in a college,
 ('Time out of mind your seat of knowledge, 80
 For genius never fruit can bear
 Unless it first is planted there;
 And solid learning never falls
 Without the verge of college walls)
 Infallible accounts would keep
 When it was best to watch or sleep, 85
 To eat or drink, to go or stay,
 And when to fight or run away;
 When matters were for actions ripe,
 By looking at a double tripe; 90
 When emperors would live or die
 They in an afs's scull could spy;
 When gen'ral's would their station keep,
 Or turn their backs, in hearts of sheep.
 In matters whither small or great, 95
 In private families or state,
 As amongst us, the holy seer
 Officially would interfere;
 With pious arts and rev'rend skill
 Would bend lay-bigots to his will; 100
 Would help or injure foes or friends,
 Just as it serv'd his private ends.
 Whither in honest way of trade
 Traps for virginity were laid,
 Or if, to make their party great, 105
 Designs were form'd against the state,
 Regardless of the commonweal,
 By int'rest led, which they call Zeal,

Into the scale was always thrown
 The will of Heav'n to back their own. 110
 England, a happy land we know,
 Where follies naturally grow,
 Where without culture they arise,
 And tow'r above the common size;
 England a fortune-telling host 115
 As num'rous as the stars could boast;
 Matrons who toss the cup, and see
 The grounds of Fate in grounds of tea;
 Who, vers'd in ev'ry modest lore, 120
 Can a lost maidenhead restore,
 Or, if their pupils rather chuse it,
 Can shew the readiest way to lose it.
 Gypsies, who ev'ry ill can cure
 Except the ill of being poor,
 Who charms 'gainst love and agues sell, 125
 Who can in hen-roost set a spell,
 Prepar'd by arts to them best known
 To catch all feet except their own,
 Who as to fortune can unlock it
 As easily as pick a pocket; 130
 Scotchmen who, in their country's right,
 Possess the gift of second-sight,
 Who (when their barren heaths they quit,
 Sure argument of prudent wit,
 Which reputation to maintain, 135
 They never venture back again)
 By lies prophetic heap up riches,
 And boast the luxury of breeches.
 Amongst the rest in former years,
 Campbell, illustrious name! appears, 140
 Great hero of futurity,
 Who blind, could ev'ry thing foresee,
 Who dumb, could every thing foretell,
 Who, Fate with equity to sell,
 Always dealt out the will of Heav'n 145
 According to what price was given.

Of Scottish race, in Highlands born,
 Possess'd with native pride and scorn,
 He hither came, by custom led,
 To curse the hands that gave him bread. 150
 With want of truth and want of sence,
 Amply made up by impudence,
 (A succedaneum which we find
 In common use with all mankind)
 Carefs'd and favour'd too by those 155
 Whose heart with patriot feelings glows,
 Who foolishly, where'er dispers'd,
 Still place their native country first;
 (For Englishmen alone have sense
 To give a stranger preference, 160
 Whilst modest Merit of their own
 Is left in poverty to groan)
 Campbell foretold just what he wou'd,
 And left the stars to make it good,
 On whom he had impress'd such awe, 165
 His dictates current pass'd for law;
 Submissive, all his empire own'd;
 No star durst smile when Campbell frown'd.
 This sage deceas'd, for all must die,
 And Campbell's no more safe than I, 170
 No more than I can guard the heart,
 When Death shall hurl the fatal dart,
 Succeeded, ripe in art and years,
 Another fav'rite of the spheres;
 Another and another came, 175
 Of equal skill and equal fame;
 As white each wand, as black each gown,
 As long each beard, as wise each frown,
 In ev'ry thing so like, you'd swear
 Campbell himself was sitting there: 180
 To ail the happy art was known,
 To tell our fortunes, make their own.
 Seated in garret; for you know
 The nearer to the stars we go

The greater we esteem his art,
 Fools curious flock'd from ev'ry part:
 The rich, the poor, the maid, the marry'd,
 And those who could not walk were carry'd.
 The butler, hanging down his head,
 By chambermaid or cookmaid led, 190
 Inquires if, from his friend the moon,
 He has advice of pilfer'd spoon?
 The court-bred woman of condition,
 (Who to approve her disposition
 As much superior as her birth 195
 To those compos'd of common earth,
 With double spirit must engage
 In ev'ry folly of the age)
 The honourable arts would buy,
 To pack the cards and cog a dye. 200
 The hero (who for brawn and face,
 May claim right honourable place
 Amongst the chiefs of Butcher-row,
 Who might some thirty years ago,
 If we may be allow'd to guess 205
 At his employment by his dress,
 Put med'cines off from cart or stage,
 The grand Toscano of the age,
 Or might about the countries go
 High steward of a puppetshow, 210
 Steward and stewardship most meet,
 For all know puppets never eat;
 Who would be thought, (tho', save the mark,
 That point is something in the dark)
 The man of honour, one like those 215
 Renown'd in story, who lov'd blows
 Better than victuals, and would fight,
 Merely for sport, from morn to night;
 Who treads like Mavors firm, whose tongue
 Is with the triple thunder hung, 220
 Who cries to fear—Stand off—aloof—
 And talks as he were cannon proof,



Would be deem'd ready, when you list,
 With sword and pistol, stick and fist,
 Careless of points, balls, bruises, knocks, 225
 At once to fence, fire, cudgel, box,
 But at the same time bears about
 Within himself some touch of doubt,
 Of prudent doubt, which hints—that same
 Is nothing but an empty name; 230
 That life is rightly understood
 By all to be a real good;
 That even in a hero's heart
 Discretion is the better part;
 That this same honour may be won, 235
 And yet no kind of danger run)
 Like Druggier comes, that magic pow'rs
 May ascertain his lucky hours;
 For at some hours the fickle dame,
 Whom Fortune properly we name, 240
 Who ne'er considers wrong or right,
 When wanted most plays least in fight,
 And, like a modern court-bred jilt,
 Leaves her chief fav'rites in a tilt:
 Some hours there are, when from the heart 245
 Courage into some other part,
 No matter wherefore, makes retreat,
 And fear usurps the vacant seat,
 Whence, planet-struck, we often find
 Stewarts and Sackvilles of mankind. 250
 Farther, he'd know (and by his art
 A conjurer can that impart)
 Whether politer it is reckon'd
 To have or not to have a second?
 To drag the friends in, or alone 255
 To make the danger all their own?
 Whether repletion is not bad,
 And fighters with full stomachs mad?
 Whether, before he seeks the plain,
 It were not well to breathe a vein? 260



Whether a gentle salivation,
 Consistently with reputation,
 Might not of precious use be found,
 Not to prevent indeed a wound,
 But to prevent the consequence 265
 Which oftentimes arises thence,
 Those fevers which the patient urge on
 To gates of death by help of surgeon?
 Whether a wind at east or west
 Is for green wounds accounted best? 270
 Whether (was he to chuse) his mouth
 Should point towards the north or south?
 Whether more safely he might use,
 On these occasions, pumps or shoes?
 Whether it better is to fight 275
 By sunshine or by candlelight?
 Or (lest a candle should appear
 Too mean to shine in such a sphere,
 For who would of a candle tell
 To light a hero into hell, 280
 And lest the sun should partial rise
 To dazzle one or t' other's eyes,
 Or one or t' other's brains to scorch)
 Might not Dame Luna hold a torch?
 These points with dignity discuss, 285
 And gravely fixt, a task which must
 Require no little time and pains,
 To make our hearts friends with our brains,
 The men of war would next engage
 The kind assistance of the sage, 290
 Some previous method to direct,
 Which should make these of none effect.
 Could he not, from the mystic school
 Of art, produce some sacred rule,
 By which a knowledge might be got 295
 Whether men valiant were or not;
 So he that challenges might write
 Only to those who would not fight?



Or could he not some way dispense
 By help of which (without offence) 300
 To Honour, whose nice nature's such
 She scarce endures the slightest touch)
 When he for want of t'other rule
 Mistakes his man, and, like a fool,
 With some vain fighting blade gets in, 305
 He fairly may get out again?
 Or should some demon lay a scheme
 To drive him to the last extreme,
 So that he must confess his fears,
 In mercy to his nose and ears, 310
 And, like a prudent recreant knight,
 Rather do any thing than fight,
 Could he not some expedient buy
 To keep his shame from public eye?
 For well he held, and, men review, 315
 Nine in ten hold the maxim too,
 That honour's like a maidenhead,
 Which if in private brought to bed
 Is none the worse, but walks the Town,
 Ne'er lost until the loss be known. 320
 The parson, too, (for now and then
 Parsons are just like other men,
 And here and there a grave divine
 Has passions such as your's and mine)
 Burning with holy lust to know 325
 When Fate preferment will bestow,
 'Fraid of detection, not of sin,
 With circumspection sneaking in
 To conj'rer, as he does to whore,
 Thro' some bye alley or backdoor, 330
 With the same caution Orthodox
 Consults the stars, and gets a pox.
 The citizen, in fraud grown old,
 Who knows no deity but gold,
 Worn out, and grasping now for breath, 335
 A med'cine wants to keep off death,

Would know, if that he cannot have,
 What coins are current in the grave;
 If, when the stocks (which, by his pow'r,
 Would rise or fall in half an hour, 340
 For, tho' unthought of and unseen,
 He work'd the springs behind the screen)
 By his direction came about,
 And rose to par, he should fell out;
 Whether he safely might, or no, 345
 Replace it in the funds below?
 By all address'd, believ'd, and paid,
 Many pursu'd the thriving trade,
 And, great in reputation grown,
 Successive held the magic throne. 350
 Favour'd by ev'ry darling passion,
 The love of novelty and fashion,
 Ambition, av'rice, lust, and pride,
 Riches pour'd in on ev'ry side:
 But when the prudent laws thought fit 355
 To curb the insolence of wit;
 When senates wisely had provided,
 Decreed, enacted, and decided,
 That no such vile and upstart elves
 Should have more knowledge than themselves; 360
 When fines and penalties were laid
 To stop the progress of the trade,
 And stars no longer could dispense,
 With honour, farther influence;
 And wizards (which must be confess'd 365
 Was of more force than all the rest)
 No certain way to tell had got
 Which were informers and which not;
 Affrighted sages were, perforce,
 Oblig'd to steer some other course: 370
 By various ways, these sons of Chance
 Their fortunes labour'd to advance,
 Well knowing, by unerring rules,
 Knaves starve not in the land of fools.



- Some, with high titles and degrees, 375
 Which wise men borrow when they please,
 Without or trouble or expence,
 Physicians instantly commence,
 And proudly boast an equal skill
 With those who claim the right to kill. 380
 Others about the countries roam
 (For not one thought of going home)
 With pistol and adopted leg,
 Prepar'd at once to rob or beg.
 Some, the more subtle of their race, 385
 (Who felt some touch of coward grace,
 Who Tyburn to avoid had wit,
 But never fear'd deserving it)
 Came to their brother Smollet's aid,
 And carry'd on the critic trade. 390
 Attach'd to letters and the Muse,
 Some verses wrote, and some wrote news;
 Those each revolving month are seen
 The heroes of a magazine;
 These ev'ry morning great appear 395
 In Ledger or in Gazetteer,
 Spreading the falsehoods of the day,
 By turns, for Faden and for Say;
 Like Swift, their force is always laid
 On that side where they best are paid: 400
 Hence mighty prodigies arise,
 And daily monsters strike our eyes;
 Wonders, to propagate the trade,
 More strange than ever Baker made,
 Are hawk'd about from street to street, 405
 And fools believe whilst liars eat.
 Now armies in the air engage,
 To fright a superstitious age;
 Now comets thro' the ether range,
 In governments portending change; 410
 Now rivers to the ocean fly
 So quick, they leave their channels dry;

Now monstrous whales on Lambeth shore
 Drink the Thames dry, and thirst for more;
 And ev'ry now and then appears 415

An Irish savage, num'bring years
 More than those happy fages cou'd
 Who drew their breath before the flood;
 Now, to the wonder of all people,
 A church is left without a steeple; 420

A steeple now is left in lurch,
 And mourns departure of the church,
 Which, borne on wings of mighty wind,
 Remov'd a furlong off we find;

Now, wrath on cattle to discharge, 425
 Hailstones as deadly fall, and large,
 As those which were on Egypt sent,
 At once their crime and punishment,
 Or those which, as the prophet writes,
 Fell on the necks of Amorites, 430

When, struck with wonder and amaze,
 The sun suspended stay'd to gaze,
 And, from her duty longer kept,
 In Ajalon his sister slept.

But if such things no more engage 435
 The taste of a politer age,
 To help them out in time of need

Another Tofts must rabbits breed:
 Each pregnant female trembling hears,
 And, overcome with spleen and fears, 440
 Consults her faithful glass no more,
 But, madly bounding o'er the floor,
 Feels hairs all o'er her body grow,
 By Fancy turn'd into a doe.

Now, to promote their private ends, 445
 Nature her usual course suspends,
 And varies from the stated plan
 Observ'd e'er since the world began.
 Bodies (which foolishly we thought,
 By Custom's servile maxims taught, 450



Needed a regular supply,
 And without nourishment must die)
 With craving appetites and sense
 Of hunger easily dispense,
 And, pliant to their wondrous skill,
 Are taught, like watches, to stand still, 455
 Uninjur'd, for a month or more,
 Then go on as they did before.
 The novel takes, the tale succeeds,
 Amply supplies its author's needs, 460
 And Betty Canning is at least,
 With Gascoyne's help, a six months' feast.
 Whilst in contempt of all our pains
 The tyrant Superstition reigns
 Imperious in the heart of man, 465
 And warps his thoughts from Nature's plan;
 Whilst fond Credulity, who ne'er
 The weight of wholesome doubts could bear,
 To reason and herself unjust,
 Takes all things blindly upon trust; 470
 Whilst Curiosity, whose rage
 No mercy shews to sex or age,
 Must be indulg'd at the expense
 Of judgment, truth, and common sense;
 Impostures cannot but prevail, 475
 And when old miracles grow stale,
 Jugglers will still the art pursue,
 And entertain the world with new.
 For them, obedient to their will,
 And trembling at their mighty skill, 480
 Sad spirits, summon'd from the tomb,
 Glide glaring ghastly thro' the gloom,
 In all the usual pomp of storms,
 In horrid customary forms,
 A wolf, a bear, a horse, an ape, 485
 As fear and fancy give them shape,
 Tormented with despair and pain,
 They roar, they yell, and clank the chain.

Book I. THE GHOST. 45

Folly and Guilt (for Guilt, howe'er
The face of Courage it may wear,
Is still a coward at the heart) 490

At fear-created phantoms start,
The priest, that very word implies
That he's both innocent and wise,
Yet fears to travel in the dark, 495
Unless escorted by his clerk.

But let not ev'ry bungler deem
Too lightly of so deep a scheme;
For reputation of the art
Each Ghost must act a proper part, 500

Observe decorum's needful grace,
And keep the laws of time and place;
Must change, with happy variation,
His manners with his situation;
What in the country might pass down, 505
Would be impertinent in Town.

No spirit of discretion here
Can think of breeding awe and fear,
'Twill serve the purpose more by half
To make the congregation laugh. 510

We want no ensigns of surprize,
Locks stiff with gore, and saucer eyes;
Give us an entertaining sprite,
Gentle, familiar, and polite,
One who appears in such a form 515

As might an holy hermit warm,
Or who on former schemes refines,
And only talks by sounds and signs,
Who will not to the eye appear,
But pays her visits to the ear, 520
And knocks so gently, 'twould not fright
A lady in the darkest night.

Such is our Fanny, whole good will,
Which cannot in the grave lie still,
Brings her on earth to entertain
Her friends and lovers in Cock-Lane. 526



T H E G H O S T.

B O O K II.

A Sacred standard rule we find,
By poets held time out of mind,
To offer at Apollo's shrine,
And call on one, or all the Nine.

This custom, thro' a bigot zeal, 5
Which Moderns of fine taste must feel,
For those who wrote in days of yore,
Adopted stands like many more;
Tho' ev'ry cause, which then conspir'd 10
To make it practis'd and admir'd,
Yielding to time's destructive course,
For ages past hath lost its force.

With ancient bards, an invocation
Was a true act of adoration,
Of worship an essential part, 15
And not a formal piece of art,
Of paltry reading a parade,
A dull solemnity in trade,
A pious fever, taught to burn
An hour or two, to serve a turn. 20

They talk'd not of Castalian springs,
By way of saying pretty things,
As we dress out our flimsy rhymes,
'Twas the religion of the times;
And they believ'd that holy stream 25
With greater force made fancy teem,
Reckon'd by all a true specific
To make the barren brain prolific:
Thus Romish church, (a scheme which bears 30
Not half so much excuse as theirs)
Since Faith implicitly hath taught her,
Reveres the force of holy water.



BOOK II. THE GHOST. 47

The Pagan system, whether true
 Or false, its strength, like buildings, drew
 From many parts dispos'd to bear, 35
 In one great whole, their proper share.
 Each god of eminent degree

To some vast beam compar'd might be;
 Each godling was a peg, or rather
 A cramp, to keep the beams together: 40
 And man as safely might pretend
 From Jove the thunderbolt to rend,
 As with an impious pride aspire
 To rob Apollo of his lyre.

With settled faith and pious awe, 45
 Establish'd by the voice of Law,

Then poets to the Muses came,
 And from their altars caught the flame.
 Genius, with Phoebus for his guide,
 The Muse ascending by his side, 50

With tow'ring pinions dar'd to soar,
 Where eye could scarcely strain before.
 But why should we, who cannot feel
 These glowings of a Pagan zeal,
 That wild enthusiastic force, 55

By which, above her common course,
 Nature, in ecstasy upborne,
 Look'd down on earthly things with scorn;
 Who have no more regard, 'tis known,
 For their religion than our own, 60
 And feel not half so fierce a flame

At Clio's as at Fisher's name;
 Who know these boasted sacred streams
 Were mere romantic idle dreams,

That Thames has waters clear as those 65
 Which on the top of Pindus rose,
 And that the fancy to refine
 Water's not half so good as wine;

Who know, if profit strikes our eye,
 Should we drink Helicon quite dry, 70



Th' whole fountain would not thither lead
So soon as one poor jug from Tweed:

Who, if to raise poetic fire,

The pow'r of Beauty we require,

In any public place can view

75

More than the Grecians ever knew;

If wit into the scale is thrown,

Can boast a Lennox of our own;

Why should we servile customs chuse,

And court an antiquated Muse?

80

No matter why—to ask a reason

In pedant bigotry is treason.

In the broad beaten turnpike-road

Of hackney'd panegyric ode,

No modern poet dares to ride

85

Without Apollo by his side,

Nor in a sonnet take the air,

Unless his lady Muse be there;

She, from some amarantline grove,

Where little Loves and Graces rove,

90

The laurel to my Lord must bear,

Or garlands make for whores to wear;

She, with soft elegiac verse,

Must grace some mighty villain's hearse,

Or for some infant, doom'd by Fate

95

To wallow in a large estate,

With rhymes the cradle must adorn,

To tell the world a fool is born.

Since then our Critic Lords expect

No hardy poet should reject

100

Establish'd maxims, or presume

To place much better in their room,

By nature fearful, I submit,

And in this dearth of sense and wit,

With nothing done, and little said,

105

(By wild excursive Fancy led

Into a Second Book thus far,

Like some unwary traveller,

Whom vary'd scenes of wood and lawn
 With treacherous delight have drawn, 110
 Deluded from his purpos'd way,
 Whom ev'ry step leads more astray;
 Who, gazing round, can no where spy,
 Or house or friendly cottage nigh,
 And resolution seems to lack 115
 To venture forward or go back)
 Invoke some goddess to defend,
 And help me to my journey's end;
 Tho' conscious Arrow all the while
 Hears the petition with a smile, 120
 Before the glass her charms unfolds,
 And in herself my Muse beholds.
 Truth, goddess of celestial birth,
 But little lov'd or known on earth,
 Whose pow'r but seldom rules the heart, 125
 Whose name, with hypocritic art,
 An errant stalking-horse is made,
 A snug pretence to drive a trade,
 An instrument convenient grown
 To plant, more firmly, Falsehood's throne, 130
 As rebels varnish o'er their cause
 With specious colouring of laws,
 And pious traitors draw the knife
 In the king's name against his life;
 Whether (from cities far away, 135
 Where Fraud and Falsehood scorn thy sway)
 The faithful nymph's and shepherd's pride,
 With Love and Virtue by thy side,
 Your hours in harmless joys are spent
 Amongst the children of Content; 140
 Or, fond of gaiety and sport,
 You tread the round of England's court,
 Howe'er my Lord may frowning go,
 And treat the stranger as a foe,
 Sure to be found a welcome guest 145
 In George's and in Charlotte's breast;

If, in the giddy hours of youth,
 My constant soul adber'd to truth;
 If, from the time I first wrote Man,
 I still pursu'd thy sacred plan,
 Tempted by Interest in vain
 To wear mean Falschood's golden chain;
 If, for a season drawn away,
 Starting from Virtue's path astray,
 All low disguise I scorn'd to try,
 And dar'd to sin, but not to lie;
 Hither, O hither! condescend,
 Eternal Truth! thy steps to bend,
 And favour him who, ev'ry hour,
 Confesses and obeys thy pow'r!
 But come not with that easy mien
 By which you won the lively Dean,
 Nor yet assume that strumpet air
 Which Rab'lais taught thee first to wear,
 Nor yet that arch ambiguous face
 Which with Cervantes gave thee grace;
 But come in sacred vesture clad,
 Solemnly dull, and truly sad!
 Far from thy seemly matron train
 Be idiot Mirth and Laughter vain!
 For Wit and Humour, which pretend
 At once to please us and amend;
 They are not for my present turn;
 Let them remain in France with Sterne.
 Of noblest City parents born,
 Whom wealth and dignities adorn,
 Who still one constant tenor keep,
 Not quite awake nor quite asleep;
 With thee let formal Dulness come,
 And deep Attention, ever dumb,
 Who on her lips her fingers lays,
 Whilst ev'ry circumstance she weighs,
 Whose downcast eye is often found
 Bent without motion to the ground,

150

155

160

165

170

175

180



Book II.	THE GHOST.	51
Or, to some outward thing confin'd,		185
Remits no image to the mind,		
No pregnant mark of meaning bears,		
But stupid without vision stares;		
Thy steps let Gravity attend,		
Wisdom's and Truth's unerring freind;	190	
For one may see with half an eye,		
That Gravity can never lie,		
And his arch brow, pull'd o'er his eyes,		
With solemn proof proclaims him wise.		
Free from all waggeries and sports,	195	
The produce of luxurious courts,		
Where sloth and lust enervate youth,		
Come thou, a downright City Truth;		
The City, which we ever find		
A sober pattern for mankind,	200	
Where man, in equilibrio hung,		
Is seldom old, and never young,		
And from the cradle to the grave,		
Not Virtue's friend nor Vice's slave;		
As dancer's on the wire we spy,	205	
Hanging between the earth and sky,		
She comes—I see her from afar		
Bending her course to Temple-Bar;		
All sage and silent is her train,		
Deportment grave, and garments plain,	210	
Such as may suit a parson's wear,		
And fit the headpiece of a may'r.		
By Truth inspir'd, our Bacon's force		
Open'd the way to learning's source;		
Boyle thro' the works of Nature ran,	215	
And Newton, something more than man,		
Div'd into Nature's hidden springs,		
Laid bare the principles of things,		
Above the earth our spirits bore,		
And gave us worlds unknown before.	220	
By Truth inspir'd, when Lauder's spight		
O'er Milton cast the veil of night,		

Douglas arose, and thro' the maze
 Of intricate and winding ways
 Came were the subtle traitor lay, 225
 And dragg'd him, trembling, to the day;
 Whilst he, (O shame to noblest parts!
 Dishonour to the lib'ral arts!
 To traffic in so vile a scheme!)
 Whilst he, our letter'd Polypheme, 230
 Who had confed'rate forces join'd,
 Like a base coward skulk'd behind.
 By Truth inspir'd, our critics go
 To track Fingal in Highland snow,
 To form their own and other's creed 235
 From manuscripts they cannot read.
 By Truth inspir'd, we numbers see
 Of each profession and degree,
 Gentle and simple, lord and cit,
 Wit without wealth, wealth without wit, 240
 When Punch and Sheridan have done,
 To Fanny's Ghostly lectures run.
 By Truth and Fanny now inspir'd,
 I feel my glowing bosom fir'd;
 Desire beats high in ev'ry vein 245
 To sing the spirit of Cock Lane;
 To tell (just as the measure flows
 In halting rhyme, half verse, half prose)
 With more than mortal arts endu'd,
 How she united force withstood, 250
 And proudly gave a brave defiance
 To Wit and Dulness in alliance.
 This Apparition (with relation
 To ancient modes of derivation,
 This we may properly so call, 255
 Altho' it ne'er appears at all,
 As by the way of inuendo,
Lucus is made *à non lucendo*)
 Superior to the vulgar mode,
 Nobly disdains that servile road 260

BOOK II. THE GHOST. 53

Which coward Ghosts, as it appears,
Have walk'd in full five thousand years,
And, for restraint too mighty grown,
Strikes out a method of her own.

Others may meanly start away, 265
Aw'd by the herald of the day;

With faculties too weak to bear
The freshness of the morning air,
Nay vanish with the melting gloom,
And glide in silence to the tomb; 270

She dares the sun's most piercing light,
And knocks by day as well as night:

Others, with mean and partial view,
Their visits pay to one or two;
She, great in reputation grown, 275
Keeps the best company in Town.

Our active enterprising Ghost,
As large and splendid routs can boast
As those which, rais'd by Pride's command,
Block up the passage thro' the Strand. 280

Great adepts in the fighting trade,
Who serv'd their time on the Parade;
She-faints, who, true to Pleasure's plan,
Talk about God, and lust for man;
Wits who believe nor God nor Ghost, 285

And fools who worship ev'ry post;
Cowards, whose lips with war are hung;
Men truly brave who hold their tongue;
Courtiers, who laugh they know not why,
And cits, who for the same cause cry; 290

The canting tabernacle brother,
(For one rogue still suspects another)

Ladies who to a spirit fly,
Rather than with their husbands lie;
Lords who as chastly pass their lives 295

With other women as their wives;
Proud of their intellects and clothes,
Physicians, lawyers, parsons, beaux,



And, truant from their desks and shops,
 Spruce Temple clerks and 'prentice fops, 300
 To Fanny come, with the same view,
 To find her false, or find her true.

Hark! something creeps about the house!
 Is it a spirit or a mouse?

Hark! something scratches round the room! 305
 A cat, a rat, a stubb'd birch broom.

Hark! on the wainscot now it knocks!
 "If thou'rt a Ghost," cry'd Orthodox,
 With that affected solemn air
 Which hypocrites delight to wear, 310

And all those forms of consequence
 Which fools adopt instead of sense;
 "If thou'rt a Ghost, who from the tomb
 Stalk'st sadly silent thro' this gloom,
 In breach of Nature's stated laws, 315
 For good, or bad, or for no cause,
 Give now nine knocks; like priests of old,
 Nine we a sacred number hold."

"Psha," cry'd Profound, (a man of parts,
 Deep read in all the curious arts, 320
 Who to their hidden springs had trac'd
 The force of numbers rightly plac'd)
 "As to the number, you are right;
 As to the form mistaken quite.

What's nine?—Your adepts all agree 325
 The virtue lies in three times three."

He said, no need to say it twice,
 For thrice she knock'd, and thrice, and thrice.

The crowd, confounded and amaz'd,
 In silence at each other gaz'd: 330

From Cælia's hand the snuff-box fell,
 Tinsel, who ogled with the belle,
 To pick it up attempts in vain,
 He stoops, but cannot rise again.

Immane Pomposo was not heard 335
 T'import one crabbed foreign word:

Fear feizes heroes, fools, and wits,
And Plausible his pray'rs forgets.

At length, as people just awake,
Into wild dissonance they break ; 340
All talk'd at once, but not a word
Was understood or plainly heard.

Such is the noise of chatt'ring geese,
Slow sailing on the summer breeze ;
Such is the language Discord speaks 345
In Welsh women o'er beds of leeks ;
Such the confus'd and horrid sounds
Of Irish in potatoe grounds.

But tir'd, for even C——'s tongue
Is not on iron hinges hung, 350
Fear and Confusion sound retreat,
Reason and Order take their seat.

The fact confirm'd beyond all doubt,
They now would find the causes out.
For this a sacred rule we find 355

Among the nicest of mankind,
Which never might exception brook
From Hobbes ev'n down to Bolingbroke,
To doubt of facts, however true,
Unless they know the causes too. 360

Trifle, of whom 'twas hard to tell
When he intended ill or well ;
Who, to prevent all farther pothor,
Probably meant nor one nor t'other ;
Who to be silent always loath, 365
Would speak on either side, or both ;
Who led away by love of fame,
If any new idea came,

Whate'er it made for, always said it,
Not with an eye of truth but credit ; 370
For orators profess'd, 'tis known,
Talk not for our sake but their own ;
Who always shew'd his talents best
When serious things were turn'd to jest,

And under much impertinence 375
 Possess'd no common share of sense;
 Who could deceive the flying hours
 With chat on butterflies and flow'rs;
 Could talk of powder, patches, paint,
 With the same zeal as of a saint; 380
 Could prove a Sibyl brighter far
 Than Venus or the Morning Star;
 Whilst something still so gay, so new,
 The smile of approbation drew,
 And females ey'd the charming man, 385
 Whilst their hearts flutter'd with their fan;
 Trifle, who would by no means miss
 An opportunity like this,
 Proceeding on his usual plan,
 Smil'd, strok'd his chin, and thus began: 390
 " With sheers or scissors, sword or knife,
 When the Fates cut the thread of life,
 (For if we to the grave are sent,
 No matter with what instrument)
 The body in some lonely spot, 395
 On dunghill vile, is laid to rot,
 Or sleep among the holy dead,
 Or sleep among the holy dead,
 With pray'rs irreverently read;
 The soul is sent where Fate ordains,
 To reap rewards, to suffer pains. 400
 The virtuous to those mansions go,
 Where pleasure unembitter'd flow,
 Where, leading up a jocund band,
 Vigour and Youth go hand in hand,
 Whilst Zephyr, with harmonious gales, 405
 Pipes softest music thro' the vales,
 And Spring and Flora, gaily crown'd,
 With velvet carpets spread the ground;
 With livelier blush where roses bloom,
 And ev'ry shrub expires perfume, 410
 Where crystal streams meandring glide,
 Where warbling flows the amber tide,

Where other suns dart brighter beams,
 And light thro' purer ether streams.
 Far other feats, far diff'rent state, 415
 The sons of Wickedness await.
 Justice, (not that old hag I mean
 Who's nightly in the garden seen,
 Who lets no spark of mercy rise,
 For crimes by which men lose their eyes; 420
 Nor her who, with an equal hand,
 Weighs tea and sugar in the Strand;
 Nor her who, by the world deem'd wife,
 Deaf to the widow's piercing cries,
 Steel'd 'gainst the starving orphan's tears, 425
 On pawns her base tribunal rears;
 But her who after death presides,
 Whom sacred truth unerring guides,
 Who, free from partial influence,
 Nor sinks nor raises evidence, 430
 Before whom nothing's in the dark,
 Who takes no bribe, and keeps no clerk)
 Justice with equal scale below,
 In due proportion weighs out woe,
 And always with such lucky aim 435
 Knows punishments so fit to frame,
 That she augments their grief and pain,
 Leaving no reason to complain.
 Old maids and rakes are join'd together,
 Coquettes and prudes, like April weather. 440
 Wit's forc'd to chum with Common Sense,
 And Lust is yok'd to Impotence.
 Professors (Justice so decreed)
 Unpaid must constant lectures read;
 On earth it often doth befall, 445
 They're paid, and never read at all:
 Parsons must practise what they teach,
 And b——ps are compelled to preach.
 She, who on earth was nice and prim,
 Of delicacy full and whim, 450

Whose tender nature could not bear
 The rudeness of the churlish air,
 Is doom'd to mortify her pride,
 The change of weather to abide,
 And sells, whilst tears with liquor mix, 455
 Burnt brandy on the shore of Styx.

Avaro, by long use grown bold
 In ev'ry ill which brings him gold,
 Who his Redeemer would pull down,
 And sell his God for half-a-crown, 460
 Who, if some blockhead should be willing
 To lend him on his soul a shilling,
 A well made bargain would esteem it,
 And have more sense than to redeem it,
 Justice shall in those shades confine, 465
 To drudge for Plutus in the mine,
 All the day long to toil and roar,
 And, curling, work the stubborn ore
 For coxcombs here who have no brains,
 Without a sixpence for his pains : 470

Thence, with each due return of night,
 Compell'd, the tall, thin, half-starv'd sprite
 Shall earth revisit, and survey
 The place where once his treasure lay,
 Shall view the stall where holy Pride, 475
 With letter'd Ignorance ally'd,
 Once hail'd him mighty and ador'd,
 Descended to another lord :
 Then shall he, screaming, pierce the air,
 Hang his lank jaws, and scowl despair ; 480
 Then shall he ban at Heav'n's decrees,
 And, howling, sink to hell for ease.

Those who on earth thro' life have past
 With equal pace from first to last,
 Nor vex'd with passions nor with spleen, 485
 Insipid, easy, and serene,
 Whose heads were made too weak to bear
 The weight of bus'ness or of care,

Who without merit, without crime,
 Contrive to while away their time; 490
 Nor good nor bad, nor fools nor wits,
 Mild justice, with a smile, permits
 Still to pursue their darling plan,
 And find amusement how they can.

The beau, in gaudiest plumage drest 495
 With lucky fancy, o'er the rest
 Of air a curious mantle throws,
 And chats among his brother beaus;
 Or, if the weather's fine and clear,
 No sign of rain or tempest near, 500
 Encourag'd by the cloudless day,
 Like gilded butterflies at play,
 So lively all, so gay so brisk,
 In air they flutter, float and frisk.

The belle (what mortal doth not know 505
 Belles after death, admire a beau ?)
 With happy grace renews her art
 To trap the coxcomb's wand'ring heart;
 And after death, as whilst they live,
 A heart is all which beaus can give. 510

In some still, solemn, sacred shade,
 Behold a group of authors laid,
 Newspaper wits, and sonneteers,
 Gentlemen bards, and rhyming peers,
 Biographers, whose wondrous worth 515
 Is scarce remember'd now on earth,
 Whom Fielding's humour led astray,
 And plaintive fops, debauch'd by Gray,
 All sit together in a ring,
 And laugh and prattle, write and sing. 520

On his own works, with laurel crown'd,
 Neatly and elegantly bound,
 (For this is one of many rules,
 With writing lords and laureat fools,
 And which for ever must succeed 525
 With other lords who cannot read,



However destitute of wit,
 To make their works for bookcase fit)
 Acknowledg'd master of those seats,
 Cibber his Birth-day Odes repeats. 530
 With triumph now possess that seat,
 With triumph now thy Odes repeat;
 Unrivall'd vigils proudly keep,
 Whilst ev'ry hero lull'd to sleep;
 But know, illustrious Bard! when Fate, 535
 Which still pursues thy name with hate,
 The regal laurel blasts, which now
 Blooms on the placid Whitehead's brow,
 Low must descend thy pride and fame,
 And Cibber's be the second name." 540
 Here Trifle cough'd, (for coughing still
 Bears witness of the speaker's skill,
 A necessary piece of art,
 Of rhet'ric an essential part,
 And adepts in the speaking trade 545
 Keep a cough by them ready made,
 Which they successfully dispense
 When at a loss for words or sense)
 Here Trifle cough'd, here paus'd—but while
 He strove to recollect his smile, 550
 That happy engine of his art,
 Which triumph'd o'er the female heart,
 Credulity, the child of Folly,
 Begot on cloyster'd Melancholy,
 Who heard, with grief, the florid fool 555
 Turn sacred things to ridicule,
 And saw him, led by whim away,
 Still farther from the subject stray,
 Just in the happy nick, aloud,
 In shape of M——e, address'd the crowd: 560
 " Were we with patience here to sit,
 Dupes to th' impertinence of wit,
 Till Trifle his harangue should end,
 A Greenland night we might attend,

Whilst he, with fluency of speech, 565

Would various mighty nothings teach.

(Here Trifle, sternly looking down,

Gravely endeavour'd at a frown,

But Nature unawares slept in,

And, mocking, turn'd it to a grin) 570

And when, in Fancy's chariot hurl'd,

We had been carry'd round the world,

Involv'd in error still and doubt,

He'd leave us where we first set out.

Thus soldiers (in whose exercise 575

Material use with grandeur vies)

Lift up their legs with mighty pain,

Only to set them down again.

Believe ye not (yes, all I see

In sound belief concur with me) 380

That Providence, for worthy ends,

To us unknown, this Spirit sends?

Tho' speechless lay the trembling tongue,

Your faith was on your features hung;

Your faith I in your eyes could see, 585

When all were pale and star'd like me:

But scruples to prevent, and root

Out ev'ry shadow of dispute,

Pomposo, Plausible; and I,

With Fanny, have agreed to try 590

A deep-concerted scheme—this night

To fix or to destroy her quite.

If it be true, before we've done,

We'll make it glaring as the sun;

If it be false, admit no doubt, 595

Ere morning's dawn we'll find it out.

Into the vaulted womb of death,

Where Fanny now, depriv'd of breath,

Lies fest'ring, whilst her troubled sprite

Adds horror to the gloom of night, 600

Will we descend, and bring from thence

Proofs of such force to common sense,



Vain triflers shall no more deceive,
And Atheists tremble and believe."

He said, and ceas'd; the chamber rung 605
With due applause from ev'ry tongue:
The mingled sound (now let me see
Something by way of simile)

Was it more like Strymonian cranes,
Or winds low murmur'ing when it rains, 610
Or drowsy hum of clust'ring bees,
Or the hoarse roar of angry seas?
Or (still to heighten and explain,
For else our simile is vain)

Shall we declare it, like all four, 615
A scream, a murmur, hum, and roar?

Let fancy now in awful state
Present this great triumvirate,
(A method which receiv'd we find
In other cases by mankind) 620
Elected with a joint consent,
All fools in Town to represent.

The clock strikes twelve—M—e starts and swears,
In oaths, we know, as well as pray'rs,
Religion lies, and a church brother 625
May use at will or one or t'other;
Plausible from his cassock drew
A holy manual, seeming new;
A book it was of private pray'r,
But not a pin the worse for wear: 630

For, as we by the bye may say,
None but small saints in private pray:
Religion, fairest maid on earth!
As meek as good, who drew her birth
From that blest'd union, when in heav'n 635
Pleasure was bride to Virtue given;

Religion! ever pleas'd to pray,
Possess'd the precious gift one day;
Hypocrisy, of Cunning born,
Crept in and stole it ere the morn; 640



Wh—te—d, that greatest of all saints,
 Who always prays, and never faints,
 (Whom she to her own brothers bore,
 Rapine and Lust, on Severn's shore)
 Receiv'd it from the squinting Dame; 645
 From him to Plausible it came,
 Who, with unusual care oppress,
 Now, trembling, pull'd it from his breast;
 Doubts in his boding heart arise,
 And fancy'd spectres blast his eyes; 650
 Devotion springs from abject fear,
 And stamps his pray'rs for once sincere.
 Pomposo, (insolent and loud,
 Vain idol of a scribbling croud,
 Whose very name inspires an awe, 655
 Whose ev'ry word is sense and law,
 For what his greatness hath decreed,
 Like laws of Persia and of Mede,
 Sacred thro' all the realm of Wit,
 Must never of repeal admit; 660
 Who, cursing flatt'ry, is the tool
 Of ev'ry fawning, flatt'ring, fool;
 Who wit with jealous eye surveys,
 And sickens at another's praise;
 Who, proudly seiz'd of Learning's throne, 665
 Now damns all learning but his own;
 Who scorns those common wares to trade in,
 Reas'ning, convincing, and persuading,
 But makes each sentence current pass
 With puppy, coxcomb, scoundrel, ass; 670
 For 'tis with him a certain rule,
 The folly's prov'd when he calls fool;
 Who, to increase his native strength,
 Draws words six syllables in length,
 With which, assisted with a frown 675
 By way of club, he knocks us down;
 Who 'bove the vulgar dares to rise,
 And sense of decency defies;



For this same decency is made
 Only for bunglers in the trade, 680
 And, like the cobweb laws, is still
 Broke thro' by great ones when they will)—
 Pomposo, with strong sense supply'd,
 Supported, and confirm'd by Pride,
 His comrades' terrors to beguile 685
 Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile :
 Features so horrid, were it light,
 Would put the devil himself to flight.
 Such were the three in name and worth,
 Whom Zeal and Judgment singled forth 690
 To try the sprite on reason's plan,
 Whether it was of God or man.
 Dark was the night ; it was that hour
 When terror reigns in fullest pow'r,
 When, as the learn'd of old have said, 695
 The yawning grave gives up her dead ;
 When Murder, Rapine by her side,
 Stalks o'er the earth with giant stride ;
 Our Quixotes (for that knight of old
 Was not in truth by half so bold, 700
 Tho' reason at the same time cries,
 Our Quixotes are not half so wise,
 Since they with other follies, boast
 An expedition 'gainst a Ghost)
 Thro' the dull deep surrounding gloom, 705
 In close array, t'wards Fanny's tomb
 Adventur'd forth—Caution before,
 With heedful step, the lanthorn bore,
 Pointing at graves ; and in the rear,
 Trembling and talking loud, went Fear. 710
 The church-yard teem'd—th' unsettled ground,
 As in an ague, shook around ;
 While, in some dreary vault confin'd,
 Or riding on the hollow wind,
 Horror, which turns the heart to stone, 715
 In dreadful sounds was heard to groan.

All staring, wild, and out of breath,
At length they reach the place of death.

A vault it was, long time apply'd
To hold the last remains of Pride : 720

No beggar there, of humble race,
And humble fortunes, finds a place;
To rest in pomp as well as ease,
The only way's to pay the fees.

Fools, rogues, and whores, if rich and great, 725
Proud ev'n in death, here rot in state.

No thieves disrobe the well-dress'd dead;
No plumbers steal the sacred lead
Quiet and safe the bodies lie;
No sextons sell, no surgeons buy. 730

Thrice each the pond'rous key apply'd,
And thrice to turn it vainly try'd,
Till taught by Prudence to unite,
And straining with collected might,
The stubborn wards resist no more, 735
But open flies the growling door.

Three paces back they fell, amaz'd,
Like statues stood, like madmen gaz'd;
The frighted blood forsakes the face,
And seeks the heart with quicker pace; 740

The throbbing heart its fears declares,
And upright stand the bristled hairs;
The head in wild destruction swims,
Cold sweats bedew the trembling limbs;
Nature, whilst fears her bosom chill, 745
Suspends her pow'rs, and life stands still.

Thus had they stood till now; but Shame
(An useful tho' neglected dame,
By Heav'n design'd the friend of man,
Tho' we degrade her all we can, 750

And strive, as our first proof of wit,
Her name and nature to forget)
Came to their aid in happy hour,
And with a wand of mighty pow'r



Struck on their hearts ; vain fears subside,
And, baffled, leave the field to Pride. 755

Shall they, (forbid it, Fame!) shall they
The dictates of vile Fear obey?

Shall they, the idols of the Town,
To bugbears, fancy-form'd, bow down? 760

Shall they, who greatest zeal express,
And undertook for all the rest,

Whose matchless courage all admire,
Inglorious from the talk retire?

How would the wicked ones rejoice,
And infidels exalt their voice, 765

If M—e and Plausible were found,
By shadows aw'd, to quit their ground?

How would fools laugh, should it appear
Pomposo was the slave of fear? 770

“ Perish the thought! tho’ to our eyes
“ In all its terrors hell should rise,

“ Tho’ thousand Ghosts, in dread array,
“ With glaring eyeballs, cross our way;

“ Tho’ Caution, trembling, stands aloof,
“ Still we will on, and dare the proof.” 775

They said; and, without farther halt,
Dauntless march’d onward to the vault.

What mortal men, who e’er drew breath,
Shall break into the house of Death, 780

With foot unhallow’d, and from thence
The myst’ries of that state dispense,

Unless they, with due rites, prepare
Their weaker sense such sights to bear,

And gain permission from the state,
On earth their journal to relate? 785

Poets themselves, without a crime,
Cannot attempt it ev’n in rhyme,

But always, on such grand occasion,
Prepare a solemn invocation, 790

A posy for grim Pluto weave,
And in smooth numbers ask his leave.



But why this caution? why prepare
 Rites needless now? for thrice in air
 The spirit of the Night hath sneez'd,
 And thrice hath clapp'd his wings well-pleas'd. 795

Descend, then Truth, and guard thy side,
 My Muse, my patroness, and guide!
 Let others at invention aim,
 And seek by falsities for fame; 800

Our story wants not, at this time,
 Flounces and furbelows in rhyme;
 Relate plain facts; be brief and bold;

And let the poets, fam'd of old,
 Seek, whilst our artless tale we tell,
 In vain to find a parallel. 805

Silent all three went in; about
 All three turn'd silent, and came out. 808



T H E G H O S T .

B O O K I I I .

IT was the hour when Hufwife Morn
With pearl and linen hangs each thorn ;
When happy bards, who can regale
Their Muse with country air and ale,
Ramble a-field to brooks and bow'rs,
To pick up sentiments and flow'rs ;
When dogs and squires from kennel fly,
And hogs and farmers quit their sty ;
When my Lord rises to the chace,
And brawney chaplain takes his place.
These images, or bad or good,
If they are rightly understood,
Sagacious readers must allow
Proclaim us in the country now ;
For observations mostly rise
From objects just before our eyes,
And ev'ry lord, in critic wit,
Can tell you where the piece was writ ;
Can point out as he goes along,
(And who shall dare to say he's wrong ?)
Whether the warmth (for bards, we know,
At present never more than glow)
Was in the town or country caught,
By the peculiar turn of thought.
It was the hour—tho' critics frown,
Who now declare ourselves in Town,
Nor will a moment's pause allow
For finding when we came, or how.
The man who deals in humble prose,
Ty'd down, by rule and method goes ;
But they who court the vig'rous Muse
Their carriage have a right to chuse.

5

10

15

20

25

30



BOOK III. THE GHOST.

69

Free as the air, and unconfin'd,
 Swift as the motions of the mind,
 The poet darts from place to place,
 And instant bounds o'er time and space;
 Nature (whilst blended fire and skill

35

Inflame our passions to his will)
 Smiles at her violated laws,
 And crowns his darling with applause.

40

Should there be still some rigid few
 Who keep propriety in view,
 Whose heads turn round, and cannot bear
 This whirling passage thro' the air,
 Free leave have such at home to sit,
 And write a regimen for wit;
 To clip our pinions let them try,
 Not having heart themselves to fly.

45

It was the hour when devotees
 Breathe pious curses on their knees;
 When they with pray'rs the day begin
 To sanctify a night of sin;

50

When rogues of modesty, who roam
 Under the veil of night, sneak home,
 That free from all restraint and awe,
 Just to the windward of the law,
 Lest modest rogues their tricks may play,
 And plunder in the face of day.

55

But hold—Whilst thus we play the fool,
 In bold contempt of ev'ry rule,
 Things of no consequence expressing,
 Describing now, and now digressing,
 To the discredit of our skill,
 The main concern is standing still.

60

In plays, indeed, when storms of rage
 Tempest'ous in the soul engage,
 Or when the spirits, weak or low,
 Are sunk in deep distress and woe,
 With strict propriety we hear
 Description stealing on the ear,

65

70



And put off feeling half an hour
 To thatch a cot or paint a flow'r ;
 But in these serious works, design'd
 To mend the morals of mankind,
 We must for ever be disgrac'd, 75
 With all the nicer sons of taste,
 If once, the shadow to pursue,
 We let the substance out of view.
 Our means must uniformly tend
 In due proportion to their end, 80
 And ev'ry passage aptly join
 To bring about the one design.
 Our friends themselves cannot admit
 This rambling, wild, digressive wit ;
 No—not these very friends who found 85
 Their credit on the self-same ground.
 Peace my good grumbling Sir—For once,
 Sunk in the solemn, formal dunce,
 This coxcomb shall your fears beguile——
 We will be dull—that you may smile. 90
 Come, Method! come in all thy pride,
 Dulness and Whitehead by thy side ;
 Dulness and Method still are one,
 And Whitehead is their darling son :
 Not he whose pen, above controul 95
 Struck terror to the guilty soul,
 Made Folly tremble thro' her state,
 And villains blush at being great ;
 Whilst he himself, with steady face,
 Disdaining modesty and grace, 100
 Could blunder on thro' thick and thin,
 Thro' ev'ry mean and servile sin,
 Yet swear by Philip and by Paul
 He nobly scorn'd to blush at all ;
 But he who in the Laureat chair,
 By grace, not merit, planted there, 105
 In awkward pomp is seen to sit,
 And by his patent proves his wit ;

For favours of the great, we know,
Can wit as well as rank bestow; 110

And they who, without one pretension,
Can get for fools a place or pension,
Must able be suppos'd of course
(If reason is allow'd due force)
To give such qualities and grace 115
As may equip them for the place.

But he—who measures as he goes,
A mongrel kind of tinkling prose,
And is too frugal to dispense,
At once, both poetry and sense; 120

Who, from amidst his slumb'ring guards,
Deals out a charge to subject bards,
Where couplets after couplets creep
Propitious to the reign of sleep;
Yet ev'ry word imprints an awe, 125

And all his dictates pass for law
With beaux, who simmer all around,
And belles who die in ev'ry sound:
For in all things of this relation,
Men mostly judge from situation, 130

Nor in a thousand find we one
Who really weighs what's said or done;
They deal out censure or give credit,
Merely from him who did or said it.

But he—who, happily serene, 135
Means nothing, yet would seem to mean,
Who rules and cautions can dispense
With all that humble insolence

Which impudence in vain would teach,
And none but modest men can reach, 140
Who adds to sentiments the grace
Of always being out of place,

And drawls out morals with an air
A gentleman would blush to wear;
Who on the chafteft, simplest plan, 145
As chaste, as simple, as the man



Without or character or plot,
 Nature unknown and art forgot,
 Can, with much raking of the brains,
 And years consum'd in letter'd pains, 150
 A heap of words together lay,
 And, smirking, call the thing A Play;
 Who, champion sworn in virtue's cause,
 'Gainst vice his tiny bodkin draws,
 But to no part of prudence stronger, 155
 First blunts the point for fear of danger.
 So nurses sage, as caution works,
 When children first use knives and forks,
 For fear of mischief, it is known,
 To others' fingers or their own, 160
 To take the edge off wisely chuse,
 Tho' the same stroke takes off the use.
 Thee, Whitehead! thee I now invoke,
 Sworn foe to satire's gen'rous stroke,
 Which makes unwilling conscience feel, 165
 And wounds, but only wounds to heal;
 Good-natur'd, easy creature! mild
 And gentle as a new-born child,
 Thy heart would never once admit
 Ev'n wholesome rigour to thy wit; 170
 Thy head if conscience should comply,
 Its kind assistance would deny,
 And lend thee neither force nor art
 To drive it onward to the heart.
 O may thy sacred pow'r control 175
 Each fiercer working of my soul,
 Damp ev'ry spark of genuine fire,
 And languors like thine own inspire!
 Trite be each thought, and ev'ry line
 As moral and as dull as thine! 180
 Pois'd in the mid-air—it matters not
 To ascertain the very spot,
 Nor yet to give you a relation
 How it eluded gravitation——)

Book III. THE GHOST.

73

Hung a watch-tow'r—by Vulcan plann'd 185
 With such rare skill by Jove's command,
 That ev'ry word which whisper'd here
 Scarce vibrates to the neighbour ear,
 On the still bosom of the air
 Is borne, and heard distinctly there, 190
 The palace of an ancient dame,
 Whom men as well as gods call Fame.

A prattling gossip, on whose tongue
 Proof of perpetual motion hung,
 Whose lungs in strength all lungs surpass, 195
 Like her own trumpet made of brass;
 Who with an hundred pair of eyes
 The vain attacks of sleep defies;
 Who with an hundred pair of wings
 News from the farthest quarters brings; 200
 Sees, hears, and tells, untold before,
 All that she knows, and ten times more.

Not all the virtues which we find
 Concentred in a Hunter's mind,
 Can make her spare the ranc'rous tale, 205
 If in one point she chance to fail;
 Or if, once in a thousand years,
 A perfect character appears,
 Such as of late with joy and pride
 My soul possess'd ere Arrow dy'd; 210
 Or such as envy must allow

The world enjoys in H—— now;
 This hag, who aims at all alike,
 At virtues ev'n like theirs will strike,
 And make faults, in the way of trade, 215
 When she can't find them ready made.

All things she takes in, small and great,
 Talks of a toyshop and a state;
 Of wits and fools, of saints and kings,
 Of garters, stars, and leading strings; 220
 Of old lords fumbling for a clap,
 And young ones full of pray'r and pap;



Of courts, of morals, and tye-wigs,
 Of bears and ferjeants dancing jigs;
 Of grave profesors at the bar 225
 Learning to thrum on the guitar,
 Whilst laws are slubber'd o'er in haste,
 And judgment sacrific'd to taste;
 Of whited sepulchres, lawn sleeves,
 And God's house made a den of thieves; 230
 Of fun'ral pomps, where clamours hung,
 And fix'd disgrace on ev'ry tongue,
 Whilst Sense and Order blush'd to see
 Nobles without humanity;
 Of coronations where each heart, 235
 With honest raptures, bore a part;
 Of City feasts, where Elegance
 Was proud her colours to advance,
 And Gluttony, uncommon case,
 Could only get the second place; 240
 Of new-rai'd pillars in the state,
 Who must be good, as being great;
 Of shoulders on which honours sit
 Almost as clumsily as wit;
 Of doughty knights whom titles please, 245
 But not the payment of the fees;
 Of lectures, whither ev'ry fool
 In second childhood goes to school;
 Of gray-beards, deaf to Reason's call,
 From Inn of Court, or City Hall, 250
 Whom youthful appetites enslave,
 With one foot fairly in the grave,
 By help of crutch, a needful brother,
 Learning of Hart to dance with t'other;
 Of docters regularly bred 255
 To fill the mansions of the dead;
 Of quacks (for quacks they must be still,
 Who save when forms require to kill)
 Who life, and health, and vigour, give
 To him, not one would wish to live 260



Of artists who, with noblest view,
 Disinterested plans pursue,
 For trembling worth the ladder raise,
 And mark out the ascent to praise;
 Of arts and sciences, where meet, 265
 Sublime, profound and all complete,
 A set (whom at some fitter time
 The Muse shall consecrate in rhyme)
 Who, humble, artists to out-do,
 A far more lib'ral plan pursue, 270
 And let their well-judg'd premiums fall
 On those who have no worth at all;
 Of sign-post exhibitions rais'd
 For laughter more than to be prais'd,
 (Tho' by the way we cannot see 275
 Why praise and laughter mayn't agree)
 Where genuine humour runs to waste,
 And justly chides our want of taste,
 Cenfur'd, like other things, tho' good,
 Because they are not understood. 280
 To higher subjects now she soars,
 And talks of politics and whores;
 (If to your nice and chaster ears
 That term indelicate appears,
 Scripture politely shall refine 285
 And melt it into Concubine)
 In the same breath spread Bourbon's league,
 And publishes the grand intrigue;
 In Brussels or our own Gazette
 Makes armies fight which never met, 290
 And circulates the pox or plague
 To London by the way of Hague;
 For all the lies which there appear
 Stamp'd with authority come here;
 Borrows as freely from the gabble 295
 Of some rude leader of a rabble,
 Or from the quaint harangues of those
 Who lead a nation by the nose,



As from those storms which, void of art,
 Burst from our honest patriot's heart, 300
 When Eloquence and Virtue (late
 Remark'd to live in mutual hate)
 Fond of each other's friendship grown,
 Claim ev'ry sentence for their own,
 And with an equal joy recites 305
 Parade amours and half pay fights,
 Perform'd by heroes of fair weather,
 Merely by dint of lace and feather,
 As those rare acts which Honour taught
 Our daring sons where Granby fought, 310
 Or those which, with superior skill,
 S—— achiev'd by standing still.

This hag (the curious, if they please,
 May search, from earliest times, to these,
 And poets they will always see 315
 With gods and goddesses make free,
 Treating them all, except the Muse,
 As scarcely fit to wipe their shoes)
 Who had beheld, from first to last,
 How our triumvirate had past 320
 Night's dreadful interval, and heard,
 With strict attention, ev'ry word,
 Soon as she saw return of light,
 On sounding pinions took her flight.

Swift thro' the regions of the sky, 325
 Above the reach of human eye,
 Onward she drove the furious blast,
 And rapid as a whirlwind past
 O'er countries, once the seats of taste,
 By time and ignorance laid waste; 330
 O'er lands where former ages saw
 Reason and truth the only law;
 Where arts and arms, and public love,
 In gen'rous emulation strove;
 Where kings were proud of legal sway, 335
 And subjects happy to obey,

Tho' now in slav'ry sunk and broke
 To Superstition's galling yoke ;
 Of arts, of arms, no more they tell,
 Or freedom, which with science fell : 340
 By tyrants aw'd, who never find
 The passage to their people's mind ;
 To whom the joy was never known
 Of planting in the heart their throne ;
 Far from all prospect of relief, 345
 Their hours in fruitless pray'rs and grief
 For loss of blessings they employ,
 Which we unthankfully enjoy.

Now is the time (had we the will)
 T' amaze the reader with our skill, 350
 To pour out such a flood of knowledge
 As might suffice for a whole college,
 Whilst with a true poetic force,
 We trac'd the goddess in her course,
 Sweetly describing, in our flight, 355
 Each common and uncommon fight,
 Making our journal gay and pleasant,
 With things long past and things now present.
 Rivers—once Nymphs—(a transformation
 Is mighty pretty in relation) 360
 From great authorities we know
 Will matter for a tale bestow :
 To make the observation clear
 We give our friends an instance here.

The day (that never is forgot) 365
 Was very fine, but very hot ;
 The nymph (another gen'ral rule)
 Enflam'd with heat, laid down to cool ;
 Her hair (we no exceptions find)
 Wav'd careless, floating in the wind ; 370
 Her heaving breasts, like summer seas,
 Seem'd am'rous of the playful breeze ;
 Should fond Description tune our lays
 In choicest accents to her praise,



Description we at last should find, 375
 Baffled and weak, would halt behind.
 Nature had form'd her to inspire
 In ev'ry bosom soft desire;
 Passions to raise she could not feel,
 Wounds to inflict she would not heal. 380
 A god (his name is no great matter,
 Perhaps a Jove, perhaps a Satyr)
 Raging with lust, a godlike flame,
 By chance, as usual, thither came;
 With gloating eye the fair one view'd,
 Desir'd her first, and then pursu'd: 385
 She (for what other can she do?)
 Must fly—or how can he pursue?
 The Muse (so custom hath decreed)
 Now proves her spirit by her speed, 390
 Nor must one limping line disgrace
 The life and vigour of the race.
 She runs and he runs, till at length,
 Quite desitute of breath and strength,
 To Heav'n (for there we all apply 395
 For help, when there's no other nigh)
 She offers up her virgin pray'r,
 (Can virgins pray unpity'd there?)
 And when the god thinks he has caught her,
 Slips thro' his hands and runs to water, 400
 Becomes a stream, in which the poet
 If he has any wit may show it.
 A city oncé for pow'r renown'd
 Now levell'd even to the ground,
 Beyond all doubt is a direction 405
 To introduce some fine reflection.
 Ah! woeful me! ah! woeful man!
 Ah! woeful all, do all we can!
 Who can on earthly things depend
 From one to t' other moment's end? 410
 Honour, wit, genius, wealth, and glory,
 Good lack! good lack! are transitory;

Nothing is sure and stable found,
 The very earth itself turns round:
 Monarchs, nay ministers, must die, 415
 Must rot, must sink—Ah, me! ah, why!
 Cities themselves in time decay;
 If cities thus—ah! well-a-day!

If brick and mortar have an end,
 On what can flesh and blood depend! 420
 Ah! woeful me! ah! woeful man!
 Ah! woeful all! do all we can!

England, (for that's at last the scene,
 Tho' worlds on worlds should rise between,
 Whither we must our course pursue) 425
 England should call into review
 Times long since past indeed, but not
 By Englishmen to be forgot,
 Tho' England, once so dear to Fame,
 Sinks in Great Britain's dearer name. 430

Here could we mention chiefs of old,
 In plain and rugged honour bold,
 To virtue kind, to vice severe,
 Strangers to bribery and fear,
 Who kept no wretched clans in awe, 435
 Who never broke or warp'd the law;
 Patriots whom, in her better days,
 Old Rome might have been proud to raise;
 Who, steady to their country's claim,
 Boldly stood up in Freedom's name, 440
 Ev'n to the teeth of tyrant Pride,
 And when they could no more they dy'd.
 There (striking contrast!) might we place
 A servile, mean, degen'rate race;
 Hirelings who valued nought but gold, 445
 By the best bidder bought and sold;
 Trajants from honour's sacred laws,
 Betrayers of their country's cause;
 The dupes of party, tools of pow'r,
 Slaves to the minion of an hour; 450



Lackies who watch'd a favourite's nod,
And took a puppet for their god.

Sincere and honest in our rhymes,
How might we praise these happier times!

How might the Muse exalt her lays,
And wanton in a monarch's praise!

455

Tell of a prince in England born,
Whose virtues England's crown adorn,

In youth a pattern unto age,
So chaste, so pious, and so sage;

460

Who true to all those sacred bands
Which private happiness demands,

Yet never lets them rise above

The stronger ties of public love.

With conscious pride see England stand,
Our holy Charter in her hand;

465

She waves it round, and o'er the Isle

See Liberty and Courage smile!

No more she mourns her treasures hurl'd

In subsidies to all the world;

470

No more by foreign threats dismay'd,

No more deceiv'd with foreign aid,

She deals out fums to petty states,

Whom Honour scorns and Reason hates,

But wiser by experience grown,

475

Finds safety in herself alone.

Whilst thus, she cries, "My children, stand,

An honest, valiant, native band,

A train'd militia, brave and free,

480

True to their king, and true to me,

No foreign hirelings shall be known,

Nor need we hirelings of our own:

Under a just and pious reign

The statesman's sophistry is vain;

485

Vain is each vile corrupt pretence,

These are my natural defence;

Their faith I know, and they shall prove

The bulwark of the king they love."



These, and a thousand things beside,
 Did we consult a poet's pride, 490
 Some gay, some serious, might be said,
 But ten to one they'd not be read;
 Or were they by some curious few,
 Not even those would think them true;
 For from the time that Jubal first 495
 Sweet ditties to the harp rehears'd,
 Poets have always been suspected
 Of having truth in rhyme neglected,
 That bard except, who from his youth
 Equally fam'd for faith and truth, 500
 By prudence taught, in courtly chime
 To courtly ears brought truth in rhyme.
 But tho' to poets we allow,
 No matter when acquir'd or how,
 From truth unbounded deviation, 505
 Which custom calls Imagination,
 Yet can't they be suppos'd to lie
 One half so fast as Fame can fly;
 Therefore (to solve this Gordian knot,
 A point we almost had forgot) 510
 To courteous readers be it known,
 That, fond of verse and falsehood grown,
 Whilst we in sweet digression sung,
 Fame check'd her flight, and held her tongue,
 And now pursues, with double force 515
 And double speed, her destin'd course,
 Nor stops till she the place arrives
 Where Genius starves and Dulness thrives;
 Where riches virtue are esteem'd,
 And craft is truest wisdom deem'd, 520
 Where Commerce proudly rears her throne
 In state to other lands unknown;
 Where to be cheated and to cheat;
 Strangers from ev'ry quarter meet;
 Where Christians, Jews, and Turks, shake hands,
 United in commercial bands; 526

All of one faith, and that to own

No god but Interest alone!

When gods and goddesſes come down

To look about them here in Town,

530

(For change of air is underſtood

By ſons of Phyſic to be good,

In due proportion, now and then,

For theſe ſame gods as well as men)

By cuſtom rul'd, and not a poet

535

So very dull but he muſt know it,

In order to remain *incog.*

They always travel in a fog;

For if we majeſty expoſe

To vulgar eyes, too cheap it grows;

540

The force is loſt, and, free from awe,

We ſpy and cenſure ev'ry flaw;

But well preferv'd from public view

It always breaks forth freſh and new;

Fierce as the ſun in all his pride

545

It ſhines, and not a ſpot's deſery'd.

Was Jove to lay his thunder by,

And with his brethren of the ſky

Deſcend to earth, and friſk about,

Like chatt'ring N***, from rout to rout,

550

He would be ſound, with all his hoſt,

A nine days' wonder at the moſt.

Would we in trim our honours wear,

We muſt preſerve them from the air:

What is familiar men neglect,

555

However worthy of reſpect.

Did they not find a certain friend

In novelty to recommend,

(Such we, by ſad experience, find

The wretched folly of mankind)

560

Venus might unattractive ſhine,

And H*** fix no eyes but mine.

But Fame, who never car'd a jot,

Whether ſhe was admir'd or not,

And never blush'd to shew her face
 At any time in any place,
 In her own shape, without disguise,
 And visible to mortal eyes,
 On 'Change, exact at seven o'clock,
 Alighted on the weathercock,
 Which, planted there time out of mind
 To note the changes of the wind,
 Might no improper emblem be
 Of her own mutability.

565

570

Thrice did she sound her trump, (the same
 Which from the first belong'd to Fame,
 An old ill-favour'd instrument,
 With which the goddess was content,
 Tho' under a politer race
 Bagpipes might well supply its place)
 And thrice awaken'd by the sound,
 A gen'ral din prevail'd around;
 Confusion thro' the City past,
 And Fear bestrode the dreadful blast.

580

Those fragrant currents which we meet
 Distilling soft thro' ev'ry street,
 Affrighted from the usual course,
 Ran-murm'ring upwards to their source:
 Statues wept tears of blood, as fast
 As when a Cæsar breath'd his last:
 Horses, which always us'd to go
 A foot-pace in my Lord Mayor's show,
 Impetuous from their stable broke,
 And aldermen and oxen spoke.

585

590

Halls felt the force, tow'rs shook around,
 And steeples nodded to the ground;
 St. Paul himself (strange sight!) was seen
 To bow as humble as the Dean:
 The Mansion-house, for ever plac'd,
 A monument of City taste
 Trembled, and seem'd aloud to groan
 Thro' all that hideous weight of stone.

600



'To still the sound, or stop her ears,
 Remove the cause or sense of fears,
 Physic, in college seated high, 605
 Would any thing but med'cine try.
 No more in Pewt'ers' Hall was heard
 The proper force of ev'ry word;
 Those seats were desolate become,
 A hapless Elocution dumb. 610
 From, City-born, and City-bred,
 By strict decorum ever led,
 Who threescore years had known the grace
 Of one dull, stiff, unvary'd pace;
 Terror prevailing over Pride, 615
 Was seen to take a larger stride;
 Worn to the bone, and cloath'd in rags,
 See Av'rice cloſer hug his bags;
 With her own weight unwieldy grown,
 See Credit totter on her throne; 620
 Virtue alone, had ſhe been there,
 The mighty ſound, unmov'd, could bear.
 Up from the gorgeous bed, where Fate
 Dooms annual fools to ſleep in ſtate,
 To ſleep ſo ſound, that not one gleam 625
 Of fancy can provoke a dream,
 Great Dulman ſtarted at the ſound,
 Gap'd, rubb'd his eyes, and ſtar'd around,
 Much did he wiſh to know, much fear,
 Whence ſounds to horrid ſtruck his ear, 630
 So much unlike thoſe peaceful notes,
 That equal harmony which ſtoſes
 On the dull wing of City air,
 Grave prelude to a feaſt or fair:
 Much did he inly ruminatē 635
 Concerning the decrees of Fate,
 Revolving, tho' to little end,
 What this ſame trumpet might portend.
 Could the French—no—that could not be
 Under Bute's active miniſtry, 640



Too watchful to be so deceiv'd,
 Have stolen hither unperceiv'd?
 To Newfoundland, indeed, we know
 Fleets of war unobserv'd may go;
 Or, if observ'd, may be suppos'd,

645

At intervals when reason doz'd,
 No other point in view to bear
 But pleasure, health, and change of air;
 But Reason ne'er could sleep so sound
 To let an enemy be found

650

In our land's heart, ere it was known
 They had departed from their own.

Or could his successor, (Ambition
 Is ever haunted with suspicion)
 His daring successor elect,

655

All customs, rules, and forms, reject,
 And aim, regardless of the crime,
 To seize the chair before his time?

Or (deeming this the lucky hour,
 Seeing his countrymen in pow'r,
 Those countrymen who, from the first,

660

In tumults and rebellion nurs'd,
 Howe'er they wear the mask of art,
 Still love a Stewart in their heart)
 Could Scottish Charles—

665

Conjecture thus,
 That mental *ignis fatuus*
 Led his poor brains a weary dance
 From France to England, hence to France,
 Till Information (in the shape

670

Of chaplain learned, good Sir Crape,
 A lazy, lounging, pamper'd priest,
 Well known at ev'ry City feast,
 For he was seen much oft'ner there
 Than in the house of God at pray'r;
 Who always ready in his place,

675

Ne'er let God's creatures wait for grace,



Tho', as the best historians write,
 Less fam'd for faith than appetite ;
 His disposition to reveal,
 The grace was short, and long the meal ; 680
 Who always would excess admit,
 If haunch or turtle came with it,
 And ne'er engag'd in the defence
 Of self-denying Abstinence,
 When he could fortunately meet 685
 With any thing he lik'd to eat ;
 Who knew that wine, on Scripture plan,
 Was made to cheer the heart of man ;
 Knew too, by long experience taught,
 That cheerfulness was kill'd by thought ; 690
 And from those premisses collected,
 (Which few perhaps would have suspected)
 That none who, with due share of sense,
 Observ'd the ways of Providence,
 Could with safe conscience leave off drinking 695
 Till they had lost the pow'r of thinking ;
 With eyes half-clos'd came waddling in,
 And, having strok'd his double chin,
 (That chin, whose credit to maintain
 Against the scoffs of the profane,
 Had cost him more than ever state
 Paid for a poor electorate,
 Which, after all the cost and rout
 It had been better much without)
 Briefly (for breakfast, you must know, 705
 Was waiting all the while below)
 Related, bowing, to the ground,
 The cause of that uncommon sound ;
 Related, too, that at the door
 Pomposo, Plausible, and M—e, 710
 Begg'd that Fame might not be allow'd
 Their shame to publish to the crowd ;
 That some new laws he would provide,
 (If old could not be misapply'd

With as much ease and safety there 715

As they are misapply'd elsewhere)

By which it might be constru'd treason

In man to exercise his reason,

Which might ingeniously devise

One punishment for truth and lies, 720

And fairly prove, when they had done,

That truth and falsehood were but one;

Which juries must indeed retain,

But their effect should render vain,

Making all real pow'r to rest 725

In one corrupted rotten breast,

By whose false gloss the very Bible

Might be interpreted a libel.

M**** (who, his reverence to save,
Pleaded the fool to screen the knave, 730

Tho' all who witness'd on his part

Swore for his head against his heart)

Had taken down from first to last,

A just account of all that past;

But since the gracious will of Fate, 735

Who mark'd the child for wealth and state

Ev'n in the cradle, had decreed

The mighty Dulman ne'er should read,

That office of disgrace to bear

The smooth-lipp'd Plausible was there; 740

From H***** ev'n to Clerkenwell,

Who knows not smooth-lipp'd Plausible?

A preacher deem'd of greatest note

For preaching that which others wrote.

Had Dulman now (and fools, we see, 745

Seldom want curiosity)

Consented (but the mourning shade

Of Gascoyne hasten'd to his aid,

And in his hand, what could he more?

Triumphant Canning's picture bore) 750

That our three heroes should advance

And read their comical romance,

How rich a feast, what royal fare,
 We for our readers might prepare!
 So rich, and yet so safe a feast, 755
 That no one foreign blatant beast,
 Within the purlieus of the law,
 Should dare thereon to lay his paw,
 And, growling, cry, with surly tone,
 Keep off—this feast is all my own. 760
 Bending to earth the downcast eye,
 Or planting it against the sky,
 As one immers'd in deepest thought,
 Or with some holy vision caught,
 His hands, to aid the traitor's art, 765
 Devoutly folded o'er his heart;
 Here M****, in fraud well skill'd, should go
 All faint, with solemn step and slow.
 O that Religion's sacred name,
 Meant to inspire the purest flame, 770
 A prostitute should ever be
 To that arch-fiend Hypocrisy,
 Where we find ev'ry other vice
 Crown'd with damn'd sneaking cowardice!
 Bold sin reclaim'd is often seen; 775
 Past hope that man who dares be mean.
 There, full of flesh, and full of grace,
 With that fine round unmeaning face
 Which Nature gives to sons of earth
 Whom she designs for ease and mirth, 780
 Should the prim Plausible be seen,
 Observe his stiff affected mien;
 'Gainst Nature, arm'd by gravity,
 His features too in buckle see;
 See with what sanctity he reads, 785
 With what devotion tells his beads!
 Now, Prophet! shew me, by thine art,
 What's the religion of his heart;
 Shew there, if truth thou can'st unfold,
 Religion centred all in gold; 790

Book III. THE GHOST.

89

Shew him, nor fear correction's rod,
As false to friendship as to God.

Horrid, unwieldy, without form,
Savage as ocean in a storm,

795

Of size prodigious, in the rear,
That post of honour, should appear
Pomposo. Fame around should tell
How he a slave to int'rest fell;

How, for integrity renown'd,
Which booksellers have often found,

800

He for subscribers baits his hook,
And takes their cash—but where's the book?

No matter where—wise Fear, we know,
Forbids the robbing of a foe;

805

But what, to serve our private ends,
Forbids the cheating of our friends?

No man alive who would not swear
All's safe, and therefore honest there:

For, spite of all the learned say,
If we to truth attention pay,

810

The word Dishonesty is meant
For nothing else but punishment.

Fame, too, should tell, nor heed the threat
Of rogues who brother rogues abet,

815

Nor tremble at the terrors hung
Aloft, to make her hold her tongue;

How to all principles untrue,

Not fix'd to old friends nor to new,
He damns the pension which he takes,

820

And loves the Stewart he forsakes.
Nature (who, justly regular,

Is very seldom known to err,
But now and then in sportive mood,

825

As some rude wits have understood,
Or thro' much work requir'd in haste,

Is with a random stroke disgrac'd)
Pomposo, form'd on doubtful plan,

Not quite a beast nor quite a man;

Like—God knows what—for never yet
 Could the most subtle human wit 830
 Find out a monster which might be
 The shadow of a simile.

These three, these great, these mighty, three!
 Nor can the poet's truth agree,
 Howe'er report hath done him wrong, 835
 And warp'd the purpose of his song,
 Amongst the refuse of their race,
 The sons of Infamy to place,
 That open, gen'rous, manly mind,
 Which we, with joy, in Aldrich find. 840
 These three, who now are faintly shown,
 Just sketch'd, and scarcely to be known,
 If Dulman their request had heard,
 In stronger colours had appear'd,
 And friends, tho' partial, at first view, 845
 Shudd'ring, had own'd the picture true.

But had their journal been display'd,
 And their whole process open laid,
 What a vast unexhausted field
 For mirth must such a journal yield! 850
 In her own anger strongly charm'd,
 'Gainst hope, 'gainst fear, by conscience arm'd,
 Then had bold Satire made her way,
 Knights, lords, and dukes, her destin'd prey.

But Prudence, ever sacred name 855
 To those who feel not virtue's flame,
 Or only feel it, at the best,
 As the dull dupe of interest,
 Whisper'd aloud (for this we find
 A custom current with mankind, 860
 So loud to whisper, that each word
 May all around be plainly heard;
 And Prudence sure would never miss
 A custom so contriv'd as this
 Her candour to secure, yet aim 865
 Sure death against another's fame)

Knights, lords, and dukes—Mad wretch! forbear,
 Dangers, thought of ambush there;
 Confine thy rage to weaker slaves,
 Laugh at small fools, and lash small knaves, 870
 But never, helpless, mean, and poor,
 Rush on where laws cannot secure,
 Nor think thyself, mistaken youth!
 Secure in principles of truth:

Truth! why shall ev'ry wretch of letters 875
 Dare to speak truth against his betters!

Let ragged Virtue stand aloof,
 Nor mutter accents of reproof;
 Let ragged Wit a mute become,
 When Wealth and Pow'r would have her dumb; 880
 For who the devil doth not know
 That titles and estates bestow

An ample stock, where'er they fall,
 Of graces which we mental call?
 Beggars, in ev'ry age and nation, 885
 Are rogues and fools by situation;

The rich and great are understood
 To be of course both wise and good;
 Consult then int'rest more than pride,
 Discreetly take the stronger side; 890
 Desert, in time, the simple few,
 Who virtue's barren path pursue;

Adopt my maxims—follow me—
 To Baal bow the prudent knee;
 Deny thy God, betray thy friend, 895
 At Baal's altars hourly bend,
 So shalt thou rich and great be seen;
 To be great now you must be mean.

Hence, Tempter! to some weaker soul,
 Which fear and interest controul; 900
 Vainly thy precepts are address'd
 Where virtue steels the steady breast;
 Thro' meanness wade to boasted pow'r
 Thro' guilt repeated ev'ry hour;

What is thy gain when all is done, 905
 What mighty laurels hast thou won?
 Dull crowds to whom the heart's unknown,
 Praise thee for virtues not thy own;
 But will, at once man's scourge and friend,
 Impartial Conscience too commend? 910
 From her reproaches canst thou fly?
 Canst thou with worlds her silence buy?
 Relieve it not—her stings shall find
 A passage to thy coward mind:
 There shall she fix her sharpest dart; 915
 There shew thee truly as thou art,
 Unknown to those by whom thou'rt priz'd,
 Known to thyself to be despis'd.

The man who weds the sacred Muse
 Disdains all mercenary views, 920
 And he who Virtue's throne would rear
 Laughs at the phantoms rais'd by fear.
 Tho' Folly, rob'd in purple, shines,
 Tho' vice exhausts Peruvian mines,
 Yet shall they tremble, and turn pale, 925
 When Satire wields her mighty flail;
 Or should they of rebuke afraid,
 With Melcombe seek hell's deepest shade,
 Satire, still mindful of her aim,
 Shall bring the coward back to shame. 930

Hated by many, lov'd by few,
 Above each little private view,
 Honest, tho' poor, (and who shall dare
 To disappoint my boasting there?)
 Hardy and resolute, tho' weak, 935
 The dictates of my heart to speak,
 Willing I bend at Satire's throne;
 What pow'r I have be all her own.

Nor shall yon' lawyer's specious art,
 Conscious of a corrupted heart, 940
 Create imaginary fear
 To damp us in our bold career.



Why should we fear; and what? the laws?
 They all are arm'd in virtue's cause;
 And aiming at the self-same end, 945
 Satire is always virtue's friend.
 Nor shall that Muse whose honest rage,
 In a corrupt degen'rate age,
 (When, dead to ev'ry nicer sense,
 Deep sunk in vice and indolence, 950
 The spirit of old Rome was broke
 Beneath the tyrant fiddler's yoke)
 Banish'd the rose from Nero's cheek,
 Under a Brunswick fear to speak.
 Drawn by conceit from reason's plan, 955
 How vain is that poor creature, man!
 How pleas'd is ev'ry paltry elf
 To prate about that thing himself!
 After my promise made in rhyme,
 And meant in earnest at that time, 960
 To jog, according to the mode,
 In one dull pace, in one dull road.
 What but that curse of heart and head
 To this digression could have led?
 Where plung'd in vain I look about, 965
 And can't stay in, nor well get out.
 Could I, whilst Humour held the quill,
 Could I digress with half that skill;
 Could I with half that skill return,
 Which we so much admire in Sterne, 970
 Where each digression, seeming vain,
 And only fit to entertain,
 Is found, on better recollection,
 To have a just and nice connexion,
 To help the whole with wondrous art, 975
 Whence it seems idly to depart;
 Then should our readers ne'er accuse
 These wild excursions of the Muse;
 Ne'er backward turn dull pages o'er
 To recollect what went before; 980



Deeply impress'd, and ever new,
 Each image past shall start to view,
 And we to Dulman now come in,
 As if we ne'er had absent been.

Have you not seen, when danger's near, 985
 The coward cheek turn white with fear?

Have you not seen, when danger's fled,
 The self-same cheek with joy turn red?
 These are low symptoms which we find
 Fit only for a vulgar mind, 990

Where honest features, void of art,
 Betray the feelings of the heart:

Our Dulman with a face was bless'd
 Where no one passion was express'd;

His eye, in a fine stupor caught, 995
 Imply'd a plentiful lack of thought;

Nor was one line that whole face seen in
 Which could be justly charg'd with meaning.

To Avarice by birth ally'd,
 Debauch'd by marriage into pride, 1000

In age grown fond of youthful sports,
 Of poms, of vanities, and courts,

And by success too mighty made
 To love his country or his trade;

Stiff in opinion, (no rare case) 1005
 With blockheads in or out of place)

Too weak and insolent of soul
 To suffer reason's just controul,

But bending, of his own accord,
 To that trim transient toy, my Lord; 1010

The dupe of Scots, (a fatal race,
 Whom God in wrath contriv'd to place

To scourge our crimes and gall our pride,
 A constant thorn in England's side;

Whom first, our greatness to oppose, 1015
 He in his vengeance mark'd for foes,

Then, more to serve his wrathful ends,
 And more to curse us, mark'd for friends)

Deep in the state, if we give credit
 To him, for no one else e'er said it, 1020
 Sworn friend of great ones not a few,
 Tho' he their titles only knew,
 And those (which envious of his breeding,
 Book-worms have charg'd to want of reading)
 Merely to shew himself polite 1025
 He never would pronounce aright;
 An orator with whom a host
 Of those which Rome and Athens boast,
 In all their pride might not contend,
 Who with no pow'rs to recommend, 1030
 Whilst Jackey Hume and Billy Whitehead,
 And Dicky Glover, sat delighted,
 Could speak whole days in Nature's spite,
 Just as those able versemen write;
 Great Dulman from his bed arose— 1035
 Thrice did he spit—thrice wip'd his nose—
 Thrice strove to smile—thrice strove to frown—
 And thrice look'd up—and thrice look'd down—
 Then silence broke—"Crape, who am I?"
 Crape bow'd, and smil'd an arch reply. 1040
 "Am I not, Crape?—I am, you know,
 Above all those who are below.
 Have I not knowledge? and for wit,
 Money will always purchase it;
 Nor, if it needful should be found, 1045
 Will I grudge ten or twenty pound,
 For which the whole stock may be bought
 Of scoundrel wits not worth a groat.
 But lest I should proceed too far,
 I'll feel my friend the Minister, 1050
 (Great men, Crape, must not be neglected)
 How he in this point is affected;
 For as I stand a magistrate,
 To serve him first, and next the state,
 Perhaps he may not think it fit 1055
 To let his magistrates have wit.

Boast I not, at this very hour,
 Those large effects which troop with pow'r?
 Am I not mighty in the land?
 Do not I fit whilst others stand? 1060

Am I not with rich garments grac'd,
 In seat of honour always plac'd?
 And do not Cits of chief degree,
 Tho' proud to others, bend to me?

Have I not, as a Justice ought, 1065
 The laws such wholesome rigour taught,
 That Fornication, in disgrace,
 Is now afraid to shew her face,

And not one whore these walls approaches
 Unless they ride in their own coaches? 1070

And shall this Fame, an old poor strumpet,
 Without our license found her trumpet;

And, envious of our City's quiet,
 In broad day-light blow up a riot?
 If insolence like this we bear, 1075

Where is our state? our office where?

Farewell all honours of our reign,

Farewell the neck-ennobling chain,

Freedom's known badge o'er all the globe, 1080

Farewell the solemn-spreading robe,

Farewell the sword, farewell the mace,

Farewell all title, pomp, and place;

Remov'd from men of high degree,

(A loss to them, Crape, not to me)

Banish'd to Chippenham or to Froome, 1085

Dulman once more shall ply the loom."

Crape, lifting up his hands and eyes,

"Dulman—the loom—at Chippenham"—cries;

"If there be pow'rs which greatness love, 1090

Which rule below, but dwell above,

Those pow'rs united all shall join

To contradict the rash design.

Sooner shall stubborn Will lay down

His opposition with his gown;



BOOK III. THE GHOST.

97

Sooner shall Temple leave the road
Which leads to Virtue's mean abode; 1095

Sooner shall Scots this country quit,
And England's foes be friends to Pitt,
Than Dulman, from his grandeur thrown,
Shall wander outcast and unknown. 1100

Sure as that cane, (a cane there stood
Near to a table made of wood,
Of dry fine wood a table made,
By some rare artist in the trade,
Who had enjoy'd immortal praise
If he had liv'd in Homer's days) 1105

Sure as that cane, which once was seen
In pride of life all fresh and green,
The banks of Indus to adorn,
Then of its leafy honours shorn, 1110

According to exactest rule,
Was fashion'd by the workman's tool,
And which at present we behold
Curiously polish'd, crown'd with gold,
With gold well wrought; sure as that cane 1115

Shall never on its native plain
Strike root afresh, shall never more
Flourish in tawny India's shore,
So sure shall Dulman and his race
To latest times this station grace." 1120

Dulman, who all this while had kept
His eyelids clos'd as if he slept,
Now looking stedfastly on Crape,
As at some god in human shape—

“Crape, I protest, you seem to me
To have discharg'd a prophesy: 1125

Yes—from the first it doth appear
Planted by Fate, the Dulmans here
Have always held a quiet reign,
And here shall to the last remain. 1130

Crape, they're all wrong about this Ghost—
Quite on the wrong side of the post—



Blockheads! to take it in their head
 To be a message from the dead,
 For that by Mission they design, 1135
 A word not half so good as mine.
 Crape—here it is—start not one doubt—
 A plot—a plot—I've found it out."
 "O God!"---cries Crape,"---how blest'd the nation,
 Where one son boasts such penetration!" 1140
 Crape, I've not time to tell you now
 When I discover'd this, or how;
 To Stentor go—if he's not there,
 His place let Bully Norton bear—
 Our citizens to council call— 1145
 Let all meet—'tis the cause of all:
 Let the three witnesses attend,
 With allegations to befriend,
 To swear just so much, and no more,
 As we instruct them in before. 1150
 Stay—Crape—come back—What, don't you see
 Th' effects of this discovery?
 Dulman all care and toil endures—
 The profit, Crape, will all be your's.
 A mitre, (for, this arduous task 1155
 Perform'd, they'll grant whate'er I ask)
 A mitre (and perhaps the best)
 Shall, thro' my int'rest, make thee blest:
 And at this time, when gracious Fate
 Dooms to the Scot the reins of state, 1160
 Who is more fit (and for your use
 We could some instances produce)
 Of England's church to be the head,
 Than you, a Presbyterian bred?
 But when thus mighty you are made, 1165
 Unlike the brethren of thy trade,
 Be grateful, Crape, and let me not,
 Like old Newcastle, be forgot.
 But an affair, Crape, of this size
 Will ask from conduct vast supplies; 1170



It must not, as the vulgar say,
 Be done in hugger-mugger way:
 Traitors, indeed, (and that's discreet)
 Who hatch the plot in private meet:
 They should in public go, no doubt, 1175
 Whose bus'ness is to find it out.
 To-morrow—if the day appear
 Likely to turn out fair and clear—
 Proclaim a grand processionade—
 Be all the City-pomp display'd; 1180
 Let the Train-bands"—Crape shook his head—
 They heard the trumpet, and were fled—
 "Well"—cries the Knight—"if that's the case,
 My servants shall supply their place—
 My servants—mine alone—no more 1185
 Than what my servants did before—
 Dost not remember, Crape, that day,
 When, Dulman's grandeur to display,
 As all too simple and too low,
 Our City friends were thrust below, 1190
 Whilst, as more worthy of our love,
 Courtiers were entertain'd above?
 Tell, me, who waited then? and how?
 My servants—mine—and why not now?
 In haste then, Crape, to Stentor go— 1195
 But send up Hart, who waits below;
 With him, till you return again,
 (Reach me my spectacles and cane)
 I'll make a proof how I advance in
 My new accomplishment of dancing." 1200
 Not quite so fast as lightning flies,
 Wing'd with red anger, thro' the skies;
 Not quite so fast as, sent by Jove,
 Iris descends on wings of love;
 Not quite so fast as Terror rides 1205
 When he the chafing winds bestrides.
 Crape hobbled—but his mind was good—
 Cou'd he go faster than he cou'd?



Near to that tow'r which, as we're told,
 The mighty Julius rais'd of old; 1210
 Where, to the block by Justice led,
 The rebel Scot hath often bled;
 Where arms are kept so clean, so bright,
 'Twere sin they should be soil'd in fight;
 Where brutes of foreign race are shown 1215
 By brutes much greater of our own;
 Fast by the crowded Thames is found
 An ample square of sacred ground,
 Where artless Eloquence presides,
 And Nature ev'ry sentence guides. 1220
 Here female parliaments debate
 About religion, trade, and state;
 Here ev'ry Naiad's patriot soul,
 Disdaining foreign base controul,
 Despising French, despising Erse, 1225
 Pours forth the plain Old English curse,
 And bears aloft, with terrors hung,
 The honours of the vulgar tongue.
 Here Stentor, always heard with awe,
 In thund'ring accents deals out law: 1230
 Twelve furlongs off each dreadful word
 Was plainly and distinctly heard,
 And ev'ry neighbour hill around
 Return'd and swell'd the mighty sound.
 The loudest virgin of the stream, 1235
 Compar'd with him, would silent seem;
 Thames, (who, enrag'd to find his course
 Oppos'd, rolls down with double force,
 Against the bridge indignant roars,
 And lashes the resounding shores) 1240
 Compar'd with him, at lowest tide,
 In softest whispers seems to glide.
 Hither directed by the noise,
 Swell'd with the hope of future joys,
 Thro' too much zeal and haste made lame, 1245
 The rev'rend slave of Dulman came.

Stentor—with such a serious air,
With such a face of solemn care,
As might import him to contain
A nation's welfare in his brain— 1250
“ Stentor”—cries Crape—“ I'm hither sent
On bus'ness of most high intent,
Great Dulman's orders to convey;
Dulman commands, and I obey:
Big with those throes which patriots feel, 1255
And lab'ring for the commonweal,
Some secret, which forbids him rest,
Tumbles and tosses in his breast;
Tumbles and tosses to get free,
And thus the Chief commands by me: 1260
To-morrow, if the day appear
Likely to turn out fair and clear—
Proclaim a grand processionade—
Be all the City-pomp display'd—
Our citizens to council call—
Let all meet—'tis the cause of all,” 1266



* * * The Public are hereby respectfully informed, that the Third Volume of the POETICAL MAGAZINE will contain The GHOST, Book IV. the AUTHOR; the DUELLIST; GOTHAM, Book I. and Book II.—The fourth Volume will contain GOTHAM, Book III. the PROPHESY of FAMINE, the TIMES, INDEPENDENCE, and the POETRY PROFESSORS. In the subsequent Volumes will be given all the Poetical Works of those Authors who are universally and deservedly esteemed.

NEAT POCKET VOLUMES,
Of the same Size as the POETICAL MAGAZINE,
Price only 6d. sewed, or 9d. bound and lettered.

This Day is published,

Embellished with a curious Frontispiece, (the whole to be illustrated with elegant Copper-plates, designed by Dodd, and engraved by Collyer, Cooke, Walker, or some other celebrated Engraver) in a neat Pocket Volume, elegantly printed, Price only Six-pence sewed, or Nine-pence bound and lettered,

VOL. I. (To be continued every Saturday) Of

T H E

Entertaining Museum;

O R,

Complete Circulating Library.

Containing complete and perfect Editions of the most celebrated

Histories,	Peruvian,	Sentimental
Novels,	Eastern,	Journies,
Romances,	and	Works of Hu-
Adventures,	Arabian Tales,	mour, &c. &c.

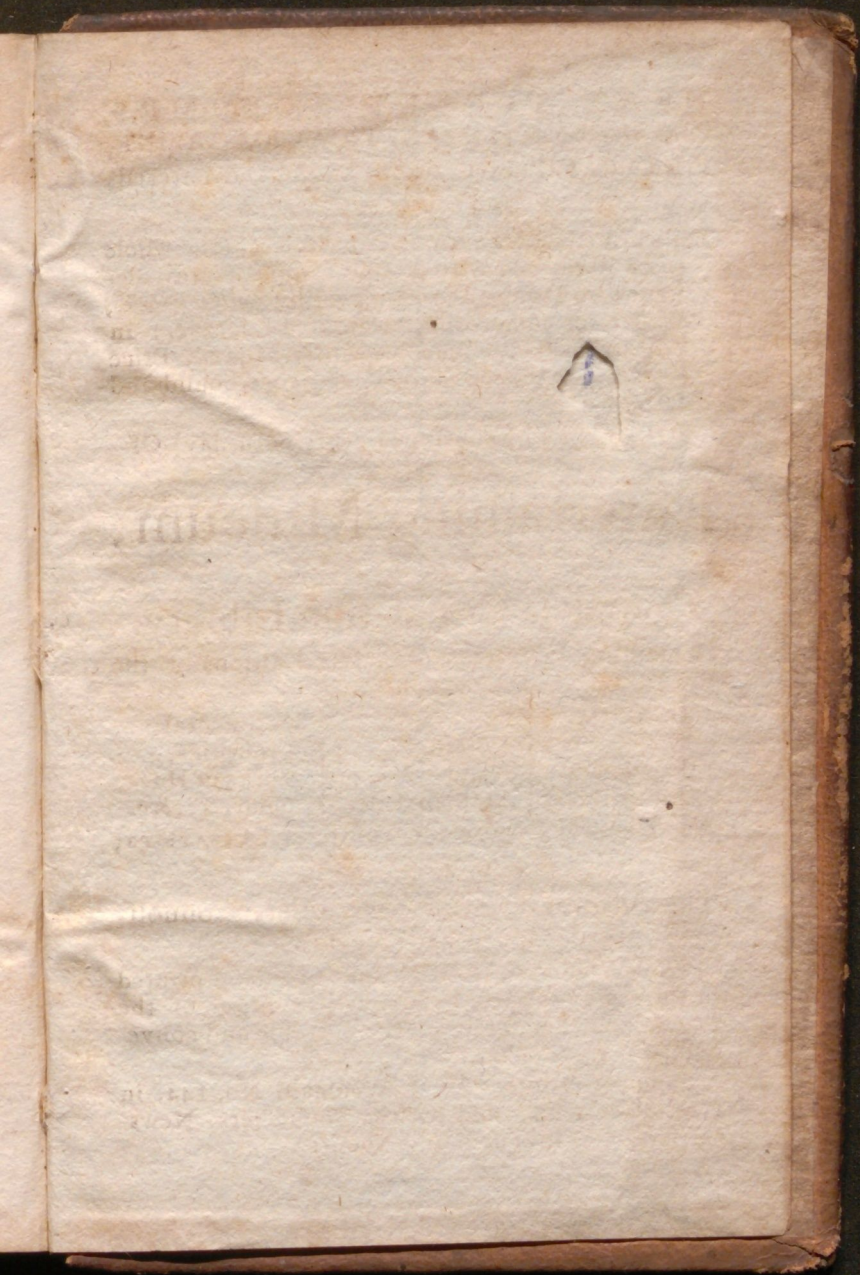
As well as the Performances of the best ESSAYISTS;

S U C H A S

The Adventurer, Rambler, Idler, Connoisseur, and World.

These Volumes are of the same Size, and printed in the same Manner, as Mr. Bell's Edition of the Poets, and therefore are very portable and convenient for the Pocket.

London: Printed for J. Wenman, No. 144, in Fleet-Street; and sold by the Booksellers, News-carriers, &c. in Town and Country.



ix-pa
ed,
r

385-86 87
M^o 1826
\$ (H)

ULB Halle

3

005 217 27X



40-3 B

M.L.





x:rite

colorchecker CLASSIC



THE
BEAUTIES
OF
CHURCHILL.

Containing all the

CELEBRATED POEMS

OF THE

Rev. Mr. Charles Churchill.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for G. LISTER, No. 46, Old Bailey.

MDCCLXXXII.

