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Ed. 50.





Dodd del.

Cook sc

*Leaning on Sloth, who fainting with the heat,  
Stops at each step, and slumbers on his feet:*

THE  
BEAUTIES  
OF  
CHURCHILL.

Containing all the  
CÉLEBRATED POEMS  
OF THE  
Rev. Mr. Charles Churchill.

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VOL. II.

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M D C C L X X I I I.



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# T H E G H O S T .

## B O O K I V .

**C**Oxcombs, who vainly make pretence  
To something of exalted sense  
'Bove other men, and, gravely wise,  
Affect those pleasures to despise,  
Which, merely to the eye confin'd, 5  
Bring no improvement to the mind,  
Rail at all pomp; they would not go  
For millions to a puppetshow,  
Nor can forgive the mighty crime  
Of countenancing pantomime; 10  
No, not at Covent-Garden, where,  
Without a head for play or play'r,  
Or, could a head be found most fit,  
Without one play'r to second it,  
They must, obeying Folly's call, 15  
Thrive by mere shew, or not at all.

With these grave fops; who (bless their brains!)  
Most cruel to themselves, take pains  
For wretchedness, and would be thought  
Much wiser than a wise man ought, 20  
For his own happiness, to be,  
Who what they hear, and what they see,  
And what they smell, and taste, and feel,  
Distrust, till Reason sets her seal,  
And, by long trains of consequences 25  
Enfur'd, gives sanction to the senses;  
Who would not, Heav'n forbid it! waste  
One hour in what the world calls Taste,  
Nor fondly deign to laugh or cry,  
Unless they know some reason why. 30

With these grave fops, whose system seems  
 To give up certainty for dreams  
 The eye of man is understood  
 As for no other purpose good  
 Than as a door, thro' which of course, 35  
 Their passage crowding, objects force,  
 A downright usher, to admit  
 New-comers to the court of Wit:  
 (Good Gravity! forbear thy spleen,  
 When I say wit I wisdom mean) 40  
 Where (such the practice of the court,  
 Which legal precedents support)  
 Not one idea is allow'd  
 To pass unquestion'd in the crowd,  
 But ere it can obtain the grace 45  
 Of holding in the brain a place,  
 Before the chief in congregation  
 Must stand a strict examination.  
 Not such as those who physic twirl,  
 Full fraught with death from ev'ry curl, 50  
 Who prove, with all becoming state,  
 Their voice to be the voice of Fate,  
 Prepar'd with essence, drop, and pill,  
 To be another Ward or Hill,  
 Before they can obtain their ends, 55  
 To sign death-warrants for their friends,  
 And talents vast as theirs employ,  
*Secundum artem* to destroy,  
 Must pass (or laws their rage restrain)  
 Before the chiefs of Warwick Lane: 60  
 Thrice happy Lane! where, uncontroll'd,  
 In pow'r and lethargy grown old,  
 Most fit to take, in this blest'd land,  
 The reins which fell from Wyndham's hand,  
 Her lawful throne great Dulness rears, 65  
 Still more herself as more in years;



BOOK IV. THE GHOST. 7

Where she, (and who shall dare deny  
 Her right, when Reeves and Chauncy's by)  
 Calling to mind, in ancient time,  
 One Garth, who err'd in wit and rhyme, 70  
 Ordains, from henceforth, to admit  
 None of the rebel sons of Wit,  
 And makes it her peculiar care  
 That Schomberg never shall be there.

Not such as those whom Folly trains 75  
 To letters tho' unblest'd with brains,  
 Who, destitute of pow'r and will  
 To learn, are kept to learning still;  
 Whose heads, when other methods fail,  
 Receive instruction from the tail, 80  
 Because their fires; a common case  
 Which brings the children to disgrace,  
 Imagine it a certain rule

They never could beget a fool,  
 Must pass, or must compound for, ere 85  
 The chaplain, full of beef and pray'r,  
 Will give his reverend permit,  
 Announcing them for orders fit;  
 So that the prelate (what's a name?)

All prelates now are much the same) 90  
 May, with a conscience safe and quiet,  
 With holy hands lay on that Fiat  
 Which doth all faculties dispense,  
 All sanctity, all faith, all sense,  
 Makes Madam quite a saint appear, 95  
 And makes an oracle of Cheere.

Not such as in that solemn seat,  
 Where the Nine Ladies hold retreat,  
 The Ladies Nine, who, as we're told,  
 Scorning those haunts they lov'd of old, 100  
 The banks of Isis now prefer,  
 Nor will one hour from Oxford stir,



Are held for form, which Balaam's ass  
 As well as Balaam's self might pass,  
 And with his master take degrees, 105  
 Could he contrive to pay the fees.

Men of sound parts, who, deeply read,  
 O'erload the storehouse of the head  
 With furniture they ne'er can use  
 Cannot forgive our rambling Muse 110

This wild excursion; cannot see  
 Why Physic and Divinity,  
 To the surprize of all beholders,  
 Are lugg'd in by the head and shoulders;

Or how, in any point of view, 115  
 Oxford hath any thing to do:

But men of nice and subtle learning,  
 Remarkable for quick discerning,  
 Thro' spectacles of critic mould,  
 Without instruction, will behold 120

That we a method here have got  
 To shew what is by what is not;  
 And that our drift (parenthesis  
 For once apart) is briefly this:

Within the brain's most secret cells 125  
 A certain Lord Chief Justice dwells,

Of sov'reign pow'r, whom, one and all,  
 With common voice, we Reason call;  
 Tho', for the purposes of satire,  
 A name, in truth, is no great matter; 130

Jeff'ries or Mansfield, which you will,  
 It means a Lord Chief Justice still.

Here, so our great projectors say,  
 The senses all must homage pay;

Hither they all must tribute bring, 135  
 And prostrate fall before their king,

Whatever unto them is brought  
 Is carry'd on the wings of thought

## BOOK IV. THE GHOST. 9

Before his throne, where in full state,  
He on their merits holds debate, 140

Examines, cross-examines, weighs  
Their right to censure or to praise;

Nor doth his equal voice depend  
On narrow views of foe and friend,

Nor can or flattery or force 145  
Divert him from his steady course;

The channel of inquiry's clear,  
No sham examination's here.

He, upright Justicer! no doubt,  
*Ad libitum* puts in and out, 150

Adjusts and settles in a trice  
What virtue is, and what is vice;

What is perfection, what defect;  
What we must chuse, and what reject

He takes upon him to explain 155  
What pleasure is, and what is pain;

Whilst we, obedient to the whim,  
And resting all our faith on him,

True members of the Stoic weal,  
Must learn to think, and cease to feel. 160

This glorious system form'd, for man  
To practice when and how he can,

If the five senses in alliance  
To reason hurl a proud defiance,

And, tho' oft' conquer'd, yet unbroke, 165  
Endeavour to throw off that yoke,

Which they a greater slav'ry hold  
Than Jewish bondage was of old;

Or if they, something touch'd with shame,  
Allow him to retain the name 170

Of Royalty, and, as in sport,  
To hold a mimic formal court,

Permitted, no uncommon thing,  
To be a kind of puppet king,



- And suffer'd, by the way of toy, 175  
 To hold a globe but not employ,  
 Our system-mongers, struck with fear,  
 Prognosticate destruction near;  
 All things to anarchy must run;  
 The little world of man's undone. 180  
 Nay, should the eye, that nicest sense,  
 Neglect to send intelligence  
 Unto the brain, distinct and clear,  
 Of all that passes in her sphere;  
 Should she presumptuous joy receive 185  
 Without the understanding's leave,  
 They deem it rank and daring treason  
 Against the monarchy of Reason,  
 Not thinking, tho' they're wondrous wise,  
 That few have reason, most have eyes; 190  
 So that the pleasures of the mind  
 To a small circle are confin'd,  
 Whilst those which to the senses fall  
 Become the property of all.  
 Besides, (and this is sure a case 195  
 Not much at present out of place)  
 Where Nature reason doth deny,  
 No art can that defect supply;  
 But if (for it is our intent  
 Fairly to state the argument) 200  
 A man shall want an eye or two,  
 The remedy is sure, tho' new;  
 The cure's at hand—no need of fear—  
 For proof—behold the Chevalier—  
 As well prepar'd, beyond all doubt, 205  
 To put eyes in as put them out.  
 But, argument apart, which tends  
 T' embitter foes and sep'rate friends,  
 (Nor, turn'd apostate for the Nine,  
 Would I, tho' bred up a divine, 210

And foe of course to Reason's weal,  
 Widen that breach I cannot heal)  
 By his own sense and feelings taught,  
 In speech as lib'ral as in thought,  
 Let ev'ry man enjoy his whim;

215

What's he to me, or I to him?  
 Might I, tho' never rob'd in ermine,  
 A matter of this weight determine,  
 No penalties should settled be

220

To force men to hypocrisy,  
 To make them ape an awkward zeal,  
 And feeling not, pretend to feel.  
 I would not have, might sentence rest  
 Finally fix'd within my breast,  
 Ev'n Annot censur'd and confin'd,

225

Because we're of a diff'rent mind.  
 Nature, who in her act most free,  
 Herself delights in liberty,  
 Profuse in love, and without bound,  
 Pours joy on ev'ry creature round;

230

Whom yet, was ev'ry bounty shed  
 In double portions on our head,  
 We could not truly bounteous call,  
 If freedom did not crown them all.

235

By Providence forbid to fray,  
 Brutes never can mistake their way;  
 Determin'd still, they plod along  
 By instinct, neither right nor wrong;  
 But man, had he the heart to use  
 His freedom, hath a right to chuse;

240

Whether he acts or well or ill  
 Depends entirely on his will.  
 To her last work, her fav'rite man  
 Is given on Nature's better plan,  
 A privilege in pow'r to err;

245

Nor let this phrase resentment stir



Amongst the grave ones, since indeed,  
The little merit man can plead  
In doing well dependeth still  
Upon his pow'r of doing ill.

250

Opinions should be free as air;  
No man, whate'er his rank, whate'er  
His qualities, a claim can found  
That my opinion must be bound,  
And square with his; such slavish chains  
From foes the lib'ral soul disdains;  
Nor can, tho' true to friendship, bend  
To wear them even from a friend.

255

Let those who rigid judgment own  
Submissive bow at Judgment's throne,  
And if they of no value hold

260

Pleasure, till pleasure is grown cold,  
Pall'd and insipid, forc'd to wait  
For Judgment's regular debate  
To give it warrant, let them find  
Dull subjects suited to their mind.

265

Theirs be slow wisdom; be my plan,  
To live as merry as I can,  
Regardless as the fashions go,  
Whether there's reason for't or no:  
Be my employment here on earth  
To give a lib'ral scope to mirth,  
Life's barren vale with flow'rs t' adorn,  
And pluck a rose from ev'ry thorn.

270

But if, by error led astray,  
I chance to wander from my way,  
Let no blind guide observe, in spite,  
I'm wrong, who cannot set me right.  
That doctor could I ne'er endure

275

Who found disease and not a cure;  
Nor can I hold that man a friend

280

Whose zeal a helping hand shall lend



To open happy Folly's eyes,  
 And, making wretched, make me wise:  
 For next, a truth which can't admit  
 285  
 Reproof from Wisdom or from Wit,  
 To being happy here below,  
 Is to believe that we are so.

Some few in knowledge find relief;  
 I place my comfort in belief. 290

Some for reality may call;  
 Fancy to me is all in all.

Imagination, thro' the trick  
 Of doctors, often makes us sick;  
 And why, let any sophist tell, 295

May it not likewise make us well?  
 This I am sure, whate'er our view,  
 Whatever shadows we pursue,  
 For our pursuits, be what they will,  
 Are little more than shadows still; 300

Too swift they fly, too swift and strong,  
 For man to catch or hold them long;  
 But joys which in the fancy live,  
 Each moment to each man may give:  
 True to himself, and true to ease, 305

He softens Fate's severe decrees,  
 And (can a mortal wish for more?)  
 Creates, and makes himself new o'er,  
 Mocks boasted vain reality,  
 And is whate'er he wants to be. 310

Hail, Fancy!—to thy pow'r I owe  
 Deliv'rance from the gripe of Woe;  
 To thee I owe a mighty debt,  
 Which Gratitude shall ne'er forget,  
 Whilst Mem'ry can her force employ, 315

A large increase of ev'ry joy.  
 When at my doors, too strongly barr'd,  
 Authority had plac'd a guard,



A knavish guard, ordain'd by law  
 To keep poor Honesty in awe; 320  
 Authority severe and stern,  
 To intercept my wish'd return;  
 When foes grew proud, and friends grew cool,  
 And laughter seiz'd each sober fool;  
 When Candour started in amaze, 325  
 And, meaning censure, hinted praise;  
 When Prudence, lifting up her eyes  
 And hands, thank'd Heav'n that she was wise;  
 When all around me, with an air  
 Of hopeless sorrow, look'd despair; 330  
 When they or said or seem'd to say  
 There is but one, one only way  
 Better, and be advised by us,  
 Not be at all than to be thus;  
 When Virtue shunn'd the shock, and Pride 335  
 Disabled lay by Virtue's side,  
 Too weak my ruffled soul to cheer,  
 Which could not hope, yet would not fear.  
 Health in her motion, the wild grace  
 Of pleasure speaking in her face, 340  
 Dull regularity thrown by,  
 And comfort beaming from her eye,  
 Fancy, in richest robes array'd,  
 Came smiling forth and brought me aid;  
 Came smiling o'er that dreadful time, 345  
 And, more to bless me, came in rhyme.  
 Nor is her pow'r to me confin'd;  
 It spreads, it comprehends mankind.  
 When (to the spirit-stirring sound  
 Of trumpets breathing courage round, 350  
 And fifes well mingled to restrain  
 And bring that courage down again;  
 Or to the melancholy knell  
 Of the dull deep and doleful bell,



BOOK IV. THE GHOST.

15

Such as of late the good Saint Bride 355  
 Muffled, to mortify the pride  
 Of those who, England quite forgot,  
 Paid their vile homage to the Scot,  
 Where Afigill held the foremost place,  
 Whilst my Lord figur'd at a race) 360  
 Processions ('tis not worth debate  
 Whether they are of stage or state)  
 Move on so very very slow,  
 'Tis doubtful if they move or no;  
 When the performers all the while 365  
 Mechanically frown or smile,  
 Or, with a dull and stupid stare,  
 A vacancy of sense declare,  
 Or, with down-bending eye, seem wrought  
 Into a labyrinth of thought, 370  
 Where Reason wanders still in doubt,  
 And, once got in, cannot get out,  
 What cause sufficient can we find,  
 To satisfy a thinking mind,  
 Why, dup'd by such vain farces, man 375  
 Descends to act on such a plan?  
 Why they, who hold themselves divine,  
 Can in such wretched follies join,  
 Strutting like peacocks, or like crows,  
 Themselves and Nature to expose?  
 What cause, but that (you'll understand 380  
 We have our remedy at hand,  
 That if perchance we start a doubt,  
 Ere it is fix'd we wipe it out;  
 As surgeons, when they lop a limb, 385  
 Whether for profit, fame, or whim,  
 Or mere experiment to try,  
 Must always have a styptic by)  
 Fancy steps in, and stamps that real  
 Which *ipso facto* is ideal. 390

A 6



Can none remember? yes, I know,  
 All must remember that rare show  
 When to the country Sense went down,  
 And fools came flocking up to Town;  
 When knights (a work which all admit 395  
 To be for knighthood much unfit)  
 Built booths for hire; when parsons play'd,  
 In robes canonical array'd,  
 And, fiddling, join'd the Smithfield dance,  
 The price of tickets to advance; 400  
 Or, unto tapsters turn'd, dealt out,  
 Running from booth to booth about,  
 To ev'ry scoundrel, by retail,  
 True pennyworths of beef and ale,  
 Then first prepar'd, by bringing beer in, 405  
 For present grand electioneering;  
 When heralds, running all about  
 To bring in order, turn'd it out;  
 When by the prudent Marshall's care  
 Lest the rude populace should stare, 410  
 And with unhallow'd eyes profane  
 Gay puppets of Patrician strain,  
 The whole procession, as in spite,  
 Unhear'd, unseen, stole off by night;  
 When our lov'd monarch, nothing loath, 415  
 Solemnly took that sacred oath,  
 Whence mutual firm agreements spring  
 Betwixt the subject and the king,  
 By which, in usual manner crown'd,  
 His head, his heart, his hands, he bound, 420  
 Against himself, should passion stir  
 The least propensity to err,  
 Against all slaves who might prepare  
 Or open force or hidden snare,  
 That glorious Charter to maintain, 425  
 By which we serve, and he must reign;

Then Fancy with unbounded sway,  
 Revell'd sole mistress of the day,  
 And wrought such wonders as might make  
 Egyptian forcerers forsake 430  
 Their baffled mockeries, and own  
 The palm of magic her's alone.

A knight (who in the silken lap  
 Of lazy Peace had liv'd on pap;  
 Who never yet had dar'd to roam 435  
 'Bove ten or twenty miles from home,  
 Nor even that, unless a guide

Was plac'd to amble by his side,  
 And troops of slaves were spread around  
 To keep his Honour safe and sound; 440  
 Who could not suffer, for his life,  
 A point to sword, or edge to knife,  
 And always fainted at the sight  
 Of blood, tho' 'twas not shed in fight;

Who disinherited one son 445  
 For firing off an alder gun,  
 And whipt another, six years old,  
 Because the boy, presumptuous, bold  
 To madness, likely to become,  
 A very Swift, had beat a drum, 450  
 Tho' it appear'd an instrument  
 Most peaceable and innocent,  
 Having, from first, been in the hands

And service of the City-Bands)  
 Grac'd with those ensigns which were meant 455  
 To further Honour's dread intent,  
 The minds of warriors to inflame,  
 And spur them on to deeds of fame;  
 With little sword, large spurs, high feather,  
 Fearful of ev'ry thing but weather, 460  
 (And all must own, who pay regard  
 To charity, it had been hard



That in his very first campaign  
 His honours should be foil'd with rain)  
 A hero all at once became, 465  
 And (seeing others much the same  
 In point of valour as himself,  
 Who leave their courage on a shelf  
 From year to year, till some such rout  
 In proper season calls it out) 470  
 Strutted, look'd big and swagger'd more  
 Than ever hero did before ;  
 Look'd up, look'd down, look'd all around,  
 Like Mavors, grimly smil'd and frown'd ;  
 Seem'd heav'n, and earth, and hell, to call 475  
 To fight, that he might rout them all,  
 And personated valour's style  
 So long, spectators to beguile,  
 That passing strange, and wondrous true,  
 Himself at last believ'd it too, 480  
 Nor for a time could he discern,  
 Till truth and darkness took their turn,  
 So well did Fancy play her part,  
 That coward still was at the heart.  
 Whistle, (who knows not Whistle's name, 485  
 By the impartial voice of Fame  
 Recorded first thro' all this land  
 In Vanity's illustrious band ?)  
 Who, by all bounteous Nature meant  
 For offices of hardiment, 490  
 A modern Hercules at least,  
 To rid the world of each wild beast,  
 Of each wild beast which came in view,  
 Whether on four legs or on two,  
 Degenerate, delights to prove 495  
 His force on the parade of Love,  
 Disclaims the joys which camps afford,  
 And for the distaff quits the sword ;

BOOK IV.    THE GHOST.    19  
 Who fond of women would appear  
 To public eye and public ear,    500  
 But, when in private, let's them know  
 How little they can trust to show;  
 Who sports a woman, as of course,  
 Just as a jockey shews a horse,  
 And then returns her to the stable,    505  
 Or, vainly plants her at his table,  
 Where he would rather Venus find,  
 (So pall'd, and so deprav'd his mind)  
 Than, by some great occasion led,  
 To seize her panting in her bed,    510  
 Burning with more than mortal fires,  
 And melting in her own desires;  
 Who, ripe in years, is yet a child,  
 Thro' fashion, not thro' feeling, wild;  
 Whate'er in others, who proceed    515  
 As Sense and Nature have decreed,  
 From real passion flows, in him  
 Is mere effect of mode and whim;  
 Who laughs, a very common way,  
 Because he nothing has to say,    520  
 As your choice spirits oaths dispense  
 To fill up vacancies of sense;  
 Who having some small sense defies it,  
 Or, using, always misapplies it;  
 Who now and then brings something forth    525  
 Which seems indeed of sterling worth;  
 Something, by sudden start and fit,  
 Which at a distance looks like wit,  
 But on examination near,  
 To his confusion will appear,    530  
 By truth's fair glass, to be at best  
 A threadbare jester's threadbare jest;  
 Who frisks and dances thro' the street,  
 Sings without voice, rides without seat,



Play's o'er his tricks, like Æsop's ass, 535  
 A gratis fool to all who pass;  
 Who riots, tho' he loves not waste,  
 Whores without lust, drinks without taste,  
 Acts without sense, talks without thought,  
 Does ev'ry thing but what he ought; 540  
 Who, led by forms, without the pow'r  
 Of vice, is vicious; who one hour,  
 Proud without pride, the next will be  
 Humble without humility;  
 Whose vanity we all discern, 545  
 The spring on which his actions turn;  
 Whose aim in erring is to err,  
 So that he may be singular,  
 And all his utmost wishes mean  
 Is, tho' he's laugh'd at, to be seen: 550  
 Such (for when, Flatt'ry's soothing strain  
 Had robb'd the Muse of her disdain,  
 And found a method to persuade  
 Her art to soften ev'ry shade,  
 Justice, enrag'd, the pencil snatch'd 555  
 From her degen'rate hand, and scratch'd  
 Out ev'ry trace, then quick as thought,  
 From life this striking likeness caught)  
 In mind, in manners, and in mien,  
 Such Whistle came, and such was seen 560  
 In the world's eye; but, (strange to tell!)  
 Missed by Fancy's magic spell,  
 Deceiv'd, not dreaming of deceit,  
 Cheated, but happy in the cheat,  
 Was more than human in his own. 565  
 O bow! bow all at Fancy's throne,  
 Whose pow'r could make so vile an elf  
 With patience bear that thing, himself.  
 But, mistress of each art to please,  
 Creative Fancy! what are these, 570

These pageants of a trifler's pen,  
 To what thy pow'r effected then?  
 Familiar with the human mind,  
 As swift and subtle as the wind,  
 Which we all feel, yet no one knows 575  
 Or whence it comes or where it goes,  
 Fancy at once in ev'ry part

Possess'd the eye, the head, the heart,  
 And in a thousand forms array'd,  
 A thousand various gambols play'd. 580

Here, in a face which well might ask  
 The privilege to wear a mask  
 In spite of law, and justice teach  
 For public good t'excuse the breach,  
 Within the furrow of a wrinkle 585

'Twixt eyes which could not shine but twinkle,  
 Like centinels i' th' starry way,  
 Who wait for the return of day,  
 Almost burnt out, and seem to keep

Their watch, like soldiers, in their sleep; 590  
 Or like those lamps which, by the pow'r  
 Of law, must burn from hour to hour,

(Else they, without redemption, fall  
 Under the terrors of that Hall  
 Which, once notorious for a hop, 595

Is now become a justice shop)  
 Which are so manag'd, to go out  
 Just when the time comes round about,

Which yet, thro' emulation, strive  
 To keep their dying light alive, 600  
 And (not uncommon, as we find

Amongst the children of mankind)  
 As they grow weaker would seem stronger,  
 And burn a little, little longer:

Fancy, betwixt such eyes enshrin'd, 605  
 No brush to daub, no mill to grind,



Thrice wav'd her wand around, whose force  
 Chang'd in an instant Nature's course,  
 And, hardly credible in rhyme,  
 Not only stopp'd but call'd back time, 610  
 The face of ev'ry wrinkle clear'd,  
 Smooth as the floating stream appear'd,  
 Down the neck ringlets spread their flame,  
 The neck admiring whence they came;  
 On the arch'd brow the Graces play'd; 615  
 On the full bosom Cupid laid;  
 Suns, from their proper orbits sent,  
 Became for eyes a supplement;  
 Teeth, white as ever teeth were seen,  
 Deliver'd from the hand of Green, 620  
 Started, in regular array,  
 Like train-bands on a grand field day,  
 Into the gums, which would have fled,  
 But, wond'ring, turn'd from white to red;  
 Quite alter'd was the whole machine, 625  
 And Lady ——— was fifteen.  
 Here she made lordly temples rise  
 Before the pious Dashwood's eyes,  
 Temples which, built aloft in air,  
 May serve for show if not for pray'r; 630  
 In solemn form herself, before,  
 Array'd like Faith, the Bible bore:  
 There, over Melcombe's feather'd head,  
 Who, quite a man of gingerbread,  
 Savour'd in talk, in dress, and phiz, 635  
 More of another world than this,  
 To a dwarf Muse a giant page,  
 The last grave sop of the last age,  
 In a superb and feather'd hearse,  
 Bescutcheon'd and betagg'd with verse, 640  
 Which, to beholders from afar,  
 Appear'd like a triumphal car,



She rode, in a cast rainbow clad;  
 There, throwing off the hallow'd plaid,  
 Naked, as when (in those drear cells  
 Where self-blest'd, self-curs'd, Madness dwells) 645

Pleasure, on whom, in Laughter's shape,  
 Frenzy had perfected a rape,  
 First brought her forth, before her time,  
 Wild witness of her shame and crime, 650  
 Driving before an idol band

Of driv'ling Stewarts, hand in hand;  
 Some who, to curse mankind, had wore  
 A crown they ne'er must think of more;  
 Others, whose baby brows were grac'd 655  
 With paper crowns and toys of paste,  
 She jigg'd, and, playing on the flute,  
 Spread raptures o'er the soul of Bute.

Big with vast hopes, some mighty plan,  
 Which wrought the busy soul of man 660  
 To her full bent, the Civil Law,  
 Fit code to keep a world in awe,  
 Bound o'er his brows, fair to behold,

As Jewish frontlets were of old,  
 The famous Charter of our land 665  
 Defac'd, and mangled in his hand;

As one whom deepest thoughts employ,  
 But deepest thoughts of truest joy,  
 Serious and slow he strode, he stalk'd,  
 Before him troops of heroes walk'd, 670  
 Whom best he lov'd, of heroes crown'd,  
 By Tories guarded all around,  
 Dull solemn pleasure in his face,

He saw the honours of his race,  
 He saw their lineal glories rise, 675  
 And touch'd, or seem'd to touch, the skies:  
 Not the most distant mark of fear,  
 No sign of axe or scaffold near,



Not one curs'd thought to cross his will  
Of such a place as Tower Hill.

680

Curse on this Muse, a flippant jade,  
A shrew, like ev'ry other maid  
Who turns the corner of nineteen,  
Devour'd with peevishness and spleen:  
Her tongue, (for as one bound for life,

685

The husband suffers for the wife,  
So if in any works of rhyme  
Perchance there blunders out a crime,  
Poor culprit bards must always rue it,  
Altho' 'tis plain the Muses do it)

690

Sooner or later, cannot fail  
To send me headlong to a jail.  
Whate'er my theme, (our themes we chuse  
In modern days without a Muse,  
Just as a father will provide

695

To join a bridegroom and a bride,  
As if, tho' they must be the play'rs,  
The game was wholly his, not theirs)  
Whate'er my theme, the Muse, who still

700

Owens no direction but her will,  
Flies off, and, ere I could expect,  
By ways oblique and indirect,  
At once quite over head and ears  
In fatal politics appears.

705

Time was, and, if I ought discern  
Of Fate, that time shall soon return,  
When, decent and demure at least,

As grave and dull as any priest,  
I could see Vice in robes array'd,  
Could see the game of Folly play'd  
Successfully in Fortune's school,

710

Without exclaiming rogue or fool:  
Time was, when nothing loath or proud,  
I lacky'd with the fawning crowd,

Book IV. THE GHOST. 25

Scoundrels in office, and would bow  
To ciphers great in place; but now 715

Upright I stand, as if wise Fate,  
To compliment a shatter'd state,  
Had me, like Atlas, hither sent  
To shoulder up the firmament, 720

And if I stoop'd, with gen'ral crack  
The heav'ns would tumble from my back:  
Time was, when rank and situation  
Secur'd the great ones of the nation  
From all control; satire and law 725

Kept only little knaves in awe;  
But now, decorum lost, I stand  
Bemus'd, a pencil in my hand,  
And, dead to ev'ry sense of shame,  
Careless of safety and of fame, 730  
The names of scoundrels minute down,  
And libel more than half the Town.

How can a statesman be secure  
In all his villanies, if poor  
And dirty authors thus shall dare 735  
To lay his rotten bosom bare?

Muses should pass away their time  
In dressing out the poet's rhyme  
With bills and ribbands, and array,  
Each line in harmless taste, tho' gay. 740

When the hot burning fit is on,  
They should regale their restless son  
With something to allay his rage,  
Some cool Castalian beverage,  
Or some such draught (tho' they, 'tis plain, 745

Taking the Muse's name in vain,  
Know nothing of their real court,  
And only fable from report)  
As makes a Whitehead's Ode go down,  
Or flakes the Feverette of Brown: 750



But who would in his senses think,  
 Of Muses giving gall to drink,  
 Or that their folly should afford  
 To raving poets gun or sword?  
 Poets were ne'er design'd by Fate 755  
 To meddle with affairs of state,  
 Nor should (if we may speak our thought  
 Truly as men of honour ought)  
 Sound policy their age admit,  
 To launch the thunderbolts of wit 760  
 About those heads which, when they're shot,  
 Can't tell if 'twas by Wit or not.

These things well known, what devil, in spite,  
 Can have seduc'd me thus to write  
 Out of that road, which must have led 765  
 To riches without heart or head,  
 Into that road which, had I more  
 Than ever poet had before  
 Of wit and virtue, in disgrace  
 Would keep me still, and out of place, 770  
 Which, if some judge (you'll understand  
 One famous, famous thro' the land  
 For making law) should stand my friend,  
 At last may in a pill'ry end;  
 And all this, I myself admit, 775  
 Without one cause to lead to it?—

For instance now—this book—The Ghost—  
 Methinks I hear some critic post  
 Remark most gravely—"The first word  
 Which we about The Ghost have heard." 780  
 Peace, my good Sir!—not quite so fast—  
 What is the first may be the last,  
 Which is a point, all must agree,  
 Cannot depend on you or me.  
 Fanny, no Ghost of common mould; 785  
 Is not by forms to be controll'd;

To keep her state, and shew her skill,  
 She never comes but when she will.  
 I wrote and wrote, (perhaps you doubt,  
 And shrewdly, what I wrote about; 790  
 Believe me, much to my disgrace,  
 I, too, am in the self-same case)  
 But still, I wrote till Fanny came  
 Impatient nor could any shame  
 On me, with equal justice, fall, 795  
 If she had never come at all.  
 An underling, I could not stir  
 Without the cue thrown out by her,  
 Nor from the subject aid receive  
 Until she came and gave me leave. 800  
 So that, (ye sons of Erudition!  
 Mark, this is but a supposition,  
 Nor would I to so wise a nation  
 Suggest it as a revelation)  
 If henceforth, dully turning o'er 805  
 Page after page, ye read no more  
 Of Fanny, who, in sea or air,  
 May be departed God knows where,  
 Rail at jilt Fortune; but agree  
 No censure can be laid on me, 810  
 For sure (the cause let Mansfield try)  
 Fanny is in the fault not I.  
 But, to return—and this I hold  
 A secret worth its weight in gold  
 To those who write, as I write now, 815  
 Not to mind where they go, or how,  
 Thro' ditch, thro' bog, o'er hedge and stile,  
 Make it but worth the reader's while,  
 And keep a passage fair and plain  
 Always to bring him back again. 820  
 Thro' dirt who scruples to approach,  
 At Pleasure's call, to take a coach?



But we should think the man a clown  
Who in the dirt should set us down,

But, to return—If Wit, who ne'er 825

The shackles of restraint could bear,

In wayward humour should refuse

Her timely succour to the Muse,

And, to no rules and orders ty'd,

Roughly deny to be her guide, 830

She must renounce Decorum's plan,

And get back when and how she can;

As parsons, who, without pretext,

As soon as mention'd, quit their text,

And, to promote sleep's genial pow'r, 835

Creep in the dark for half an hour,

Give no more reason (for we know

Reason is vulgar, mean, and low)

Why they come back (should it befall

That ever they come back at all) 840

Into the road, to end the rout,

Than they can give why they went out.

But to return—this book—The Ghost—

A mere amusement at the most;

A trifle, fit to wear away 845

The horrors of a rainy day;

A slight shot silk, for summer wear,

Just as our modern statesmen are,

If rigid honesty permit

That I for once purloin the wit 850

Of him who, were we all to steal,

Is much too rich the theft to feel:

Yet in this Book, where Ease should join

With Mirth to sugar ev'ry line;

Where it should all be mere chit-chat, 855

Lively, good-humour'd, and all that;

Where honest Satire, in disgrace,

Should not so much as show her face,

The shrew, o'erleaping all due bounds,  
Breaks into Laughter's sacred grounds, 860  
And, in contempt, plays o'er her tricks  
In science, trade and politics.

But why should the distemper'd scold  
Attempt to blacken men enroll'd  
In Pow'r's dread book, whose mighty skill 865  
Can twist an empire to their will;

Whose voice is Fate, and on their tongue  
Law, liberty, and life, are hung;  
Whom on inquiry, Truth shall find,  
With Stewarts link'd, time out of mind 870

Superior to their country's laws,  
Defenders of a tyrant's cause;  
Men who the same damn'd maxims hold  
Darkly, which they avow'd of old;  
Who, tho' by diff'rent means, pursue 875

The end which they had first in view,  
And, force found vain, now play their part  
With much less honour, much more art?

Why, at the corners of the streets,  
To ev'ry patriot drudge she meets, 880  
Known or unknown, with furious cry

Should she wild clamours vent? or why,  
The minds of groundlings to inflame,  
A Dashwood, Bute, and Wyndham, name?

Why, having not, to our surprize, 885  
The fear of death before her eyes,  
Bearing, and that but now and then,

No other weapon but her pen,  
Should she an argument afford  
For blood to men who wear a sword? 890

Men who can nicely trim and pare  
A point of honour to a hair;  
(Honour—a word of nice import,

A pretty trinket in a court,



Which my Lord, quite in rapture, feels 895  
 Dangling and rattling with his seals—  
 Honour—a word which all the Nine  
 Would be much puzzled to define—  
 Honour—a word which torture mocks,  
 And might confound a thousand Lockes— 900  
 Which (for I leave to wiser heads,  
 Who fields of death prefer to beds  
 Of down, to find out, if they can,  
 What Honour is on their wild plan)  
 Is not, to take it in their way, 905  
 And this we sure may dare to say  
 Without incurring an offence,  
 Courage, law, honesty, or sense)  
 Men who, all spirit, life, and soul,  
 Neat butchers of a buttonhole, 910  
 Having more skill, believe it true  
 That they must have more courage too;  
 Men who, without a place or name,  
 Their fortunes speechless as their fame,  
 Would by the sword new fortunes carve, 915  
 And rather die in fight than starve  
 At coronations, a vast field,  
 Which food of ev'ry kind might yield;  
 Of good found food, at once most fit  
 For purposes of health and wit? 920  
 Could not ambitious Satire rest,  
 Content with what she might digest?  
 Could she not feast on things of course,  
 A champion, or a champion's horse?  
 A champion's horse—no better say, 925  
 Tho' better figur'd on that day—  
 A horse, which might appear to us  
 Who deal in rhyme a Pegasus;  
 A rider who, when once got on,  
 Might pass for a Bellerophon, 930



Dropt on a sudden from the skies,  
 To catch and fix our wond'ring eyes,  
 To witch, with wand instead of whip,  
 The world with noble horsemanship,  
 To twist and twine both horse and man, 935  
 On such a well-concerted plan,  
 That, Centaur-like, when all was done,  
 We scarce could think they were not one?  
 Could she not to our itching ears  
 Bring the new names of new-coin'd peers, 940  
 Who walk'd, nobility forgot,  
 With shoulders fitter for a knot  
 Than robes of honour, for whose sake  
 Heralds, in form, were forc'd to make;  
 To make, because they could not find, 945  
 Great predeceffors to their mind?  
 Could she not (tho'tis doubtful since  
 Whether he plumber is or prince)  
 Tell of a simple knight's advance  
 To be a doughty peer of France? 950  
 Tell how he did a dukedom gain,  
 And Robinfon was Aquitain?  
 Tell how her City chiefs, disgrac'd,  
 Were at an empty table plac'd?  
 A gross neglect! which, whilst they live, 955  
 They can't forget, and won't forgive?  
 A gross neglect of all those rights  
 Which march with City appetites,  
 Of all those canons which we find  
 By Gluttony time out of mind 960  
 Establish'd, which they ever hold  
 Dearer than any thing but gold?  
 Thanks to my stars—I now see shore—  
 Of courtiers and of courts no more—  
 Thus stumbling on my City friends, 965  
 Blind Chance, my guide, my purpose bends



In line direct, and shall pursue  
 The point which I had first in view,  
 Nor more shall with the reader sport  
 Till I have seen him safe in port. 970  
 Hush'd be each fear—no more I bear  
 Thro' the wide regions of the air  
 The reader terrify'd, no more  
 Wild ocean's horrid paths explore.  
 Be the plain track from henceforth mine— 975  
 Cross-roads to Allen I resign;  
 Allen! the honour of this nation;  
 Allen! himself a corporation;  
 Allen! of late notorious grown  
 For writings none, or all his own; 980  
 Allen! the first of letter'd men,  
 Since the good Bishop holds his pen,  
 And at his elbow takes his stand  
 To mend his head and guide his hand.  
 But hold—once more, Digression hence— 985  
 Let us return to common sense;  
 The car of Phœbus I discharge,  
 My carriage now a Lord's May's barge.  
 Suppose we now—(we may suppose  
 In verse what would be sin in prose—) 990  
 The sky with darkness overspread,  
 And ev'ry star retir'd to bed;  
 The gewgaw robes of Pomp and Pride  
 In some dark corner thrown aside;  
 Great lords and ladies giving way 995  
 To what they seem to scorn by day,  
 The real feelings of the heart,  
 And Nature taking place of Art;  
 Desire triumphant thro' the night,  
 And Beauty panting with delight; 1000  
 Chastity, woman's fairest crown,  
 Till the return of morn laid down,

Then to be worn again as bright  
 As if not fully'd in the night;  
 Dull Ceremony, bus'ness o'er,  
 1005  
 Dreaming in form at Cottrell's door;  
 Precaution trudging all about  
 To see the candle safely out,  
 Bearing a mighty master-key,  
 Habited like Economy,  
 1010  
 Stamping each lock with triple seals,  
 Mean Av'rice creeping at her heels.

Suppose we, too, like sheep in pen,  
 The May'r and Court of Aldermen  
 Within their barge, which thro' the deep,  
 1015

The rowers more than half asleep,  
 Mov'd slow, as overcharg'd with state;  
 Thames groan'd beneath the mighty weight,  
 And felt that bawble heavier far

Than a whole fleet of men of war.  
 1020  
 Sleep o'er each well-known faithful head  
 With lib'ral hand his poppies shed,  
 Each head, by Dulneis, render'd fit  
 Sleep and his empire to admit.

Thro' the whole passage not a word,  
 1025  
 Not one faint, weak, half-found, was heard;  
 Sleep had prevail'd, to overwhelm

The steerfinan nodding o'er the helm;  
 The rowers, without force or skill,  
 Left the dull barge to drive at will;  
 1030

The sluggish oars suspended hung,  
 And even Beardmore held his tongue.  
 Commerce, regardful of a freight

On which depended half her state,  
 Stepp'd to the helm; with ready hand  
 She safely clear'd that bank of sand  
 1035

Where, stranded, our west-country fleet  
 Delay and danger often meet,



Till Neptune, anxious for the trade,  
 Comes in full tides, and brings them aid. 1040  
 Next (for the Muses can survey  
 Objects by night as well as day;  
 Nothing prevents their taking aim,  
 Darkness and light to them the same)  
 They pass'd that building which of old 1045  
 Queen-mothers was design'd to hold,  
 At present a mere lodging-pen,  
 A palace turn'd into a den,  
 To barracks turn'd, and foldiers tread  
 Where dowagers have laid their head. 1050  
 Why should we mention Surrey-street,  
 Where ev'ry week grave judges meet,  
 All fitted out with hum and ha,  
 In proper form to drawl out law,  
 To see all causes duly try'd 1055  
 'Twixt knaves who drive and fools who ride?  
 Why at the Temple should we stay?  
 What of the Temple dare we say?  
 A dang'rous ground we tread on there,  
 And words perhaps may actions bear; 1060  
 Where, as the brethren of the seas  
 For fares the lawyers ply for fees.  
 What of that Bridge, most wisely made  
 To serve the purposes of trade,  
 In the great mart of all this nation, 1065  
 By stopping up the navigation,  
 And to that sandbank adding weight,  
 Which is already much too great?  
 What of that Bridge, which, void of sense,  
 But well supply'd with impudence, 1070  
 Englishmen, knowing not the Guild,  
 Thought they might have a claim to build,  
 Till Paterson, as white as milk,  
 As smooth as oil, as soft as silk,

BOOK IV. THE GHOST. 35

In solemn manner had decreed, 1075  
 That on the other side the Tweed  
 Art, born and bred, and fully grown,  
 Was with one Mylne, a man unknown;  
 But grace, preferment, and renown,  
 Deserving, just arriv'd in Town: 1080  
 One Mylne! an artist perfect quite,  
 Both in his own and country's right,  
 As fit to make a bridge as he,  
 With glorious Patavinity,  
 To build inscriptions, worthy found 1085  
 To lie for ever under ground.

Much more, worth observation too,  
 Was this a season to pursue  
 The theme, our Muse might tell in rhyme:  
 The will she hath, but not the time; 1090  
 For, swift as shaft from Indian bow,  
 (And when a goddess comes, we know,  
 Surpassing Nature acts prevail,  
 And boats want neither oar nor sail)  
 The vessel pass'd, and reach'd the shore 1095  
 So quick, that thought was scarce before.

Suppose we now our City court  
 Safely deliver'd at the port,  
 And, of their state regardless quit,  
 Landed, like smuggled goods, by night. 1100  
 The solemn magistrate laid down,  
 The dignity of robe and gown,  
 With ev'ry other ensign gone,  
 Suppose the woollen nightcap on;  
 The flesh-brush us'd, with decent state, 1105  
 To make the spirits circulate,  
 (A form which, to the senses true,  
 The liq'rish chaplain uses too,  
 Tho', something to improve the plan,  
 He takes the maid instead of man) 1110



Swath'd, and with flannel cover'd o'er,  
 To shew the vigour of threescore,  
 The vigour of threescore and ten  
 Above the proof of younger men,  
 Suppose the mighty Dulman led III 5  
 Betwixt two slaves, and put to bed;  
 Suppose, the moment he lies down,  
 No miracle in this great Town,  
 The drone as fast asleep as he  
 Must in the course of Nature be, II 20  
 Who, truth for our foundation take,  
 When up is never half awake.

There let him sleep, whilst we survey  
 The preparations for the day;  
 That day on which was to be shown II 25  
 Court pride by City pride outdone.

The jealous mother sends away,  
 As only fit for childish play,  
 That daughter who, to gall her pride,  
 Shoots up too forward by her side. II 30

The wretch, of God and man accurst,  
 Of all hell's instruments the worst,  
 Draws forth his pawns, and for the day  
 Struts in some spendthrift's vain array;  
 Around his awkward doxy shine II 35  
 The treasures of Golconda's mine;  
 Each neighbour, with a jealous glare,  
 Beholds her folly publish'd there.

Garments well fav'd, (an anecdote  
 Which we can prove or would not quote) II 40  
 Garments well fav'd, which first were made  
 When tailors, to promote their trade,  
 Against the Picts in arms arose,  
 And drove them out, or made them cloaths;  
 Garments immortal, without end, II 45  
 Like names and titles, which descend



Successively from fire to son ;  
 Garments, unless some work is done  
 Of note, not suffer'd to appear  
 'Bove once at most in ev'ry year, 1150  
 Were now, in solemn form, laid bare,  
 To take the benefit of air,  
 And, ere they came to be employ'd  
 On this solemnity, to void  
 That scent which Russia's leather gave, 1155  
 From vile and impious moth to save.

Each head was busy, and each heart  
 In preparation bore a part ;  
 Running together all about  
 The servants put each other out, 1160  
 Till the grave master had decreed,  
 The more haste ever the worst speed.  
 Miss, with her little eyes half-clos'd,  
 Over a smuggled toilette dos'd :  
 The waiting-maid, whom story notes 1165  
 A very Scrub in petticoats,  
 Hir'd for one work, but doing all,  
 In slumbers lean'd against the wall.  
 Milliners, summon'd from afar,  
 Arriv'd in shoals at Temple-Bar, 1170  
 Strictly commanded to import  
 Cart-loads of foppery from court ;  
 With labour'd visible design  
 Art strove to be superbly fine ;  
 Nature, more pleasing, tho' more wild, 1175  
 Taught otherwise her darling child,  
 And cry'd, with spirited disdain,  
 Be H—— elegant and plain.

Lo ! from the chambers of the East,  
 A welcome prelude to the feast, 1180  
 In saffron-colour'd robe array'd,  
 High in a car by Vulcan made,

Who work'd for Jove himself, each steed  
 High-mettled, of celestial breed,  
 Pawing and pacing all the way,  
 Aurora brought the wish'd-for day,  
 And held her empire, till out-run  
 By that brave jolly groom the Sun.

1185

The trumpet—hark! it speaks—it swells  
 The loud full harmony; it tells  
 The time at hand when Dulman, led  
 By form, his citizens must head  
 And march those troops which, at his call,  
 Were now assembled to Guildhall,  
 On matters of importance great  
 To court and city, church and state.

1190

From end to end the found makes way,  
 All hear the signal and obey;  
 But Dulman, who, his charge forgot,  
 By Morpheus fetter'd, heard it not;  
 Nor could, so sound he slept and fast,  
 Hear any trumpet but the last.

1200

Crape, ever true and trusty known,  
 Stole from the maid's bed to his own,  
 Then in the spirituals of pride,  
 Planted himself at Dulman's side.  
 Thrice did the ever-faithful slave,  
 With voice which might have reach'd the grave,  
 And broke death's adamantine chain,  
 On Dulman call, but call'd in vain.

1205

Thrice with an arm that might have made  
 The Theban boxer curse his trade,  
 The drone he shook, who rear'd the head,  
 And thrice fell backward on his bed.  
 What could be done? Where force hath fail'd  
 Policy often hath prevail'd,  
 And what, an inference most plain,  
 Had been, Crape thought might be again.

1210

1215



IV.

## BOOK IV. THE GHOST.

39

- Under his pillow (still in mind  
 The proverb kept, Fast bind, fast find) 1220  
 Each blessed night the keys were laid,  
 185 Which Crape to draw away assay'd.  
 What not the pow'r of voice or arm  
 Could do, this did, and broke the charm;  
 Quick started he with stupid stare, 1225  
 For all his little soul was there.
- 190 Behold him taken up, rubb'd down,  
 In elbow-chair and morning-gown;  
 Behold him, in his latter bloom,  
 Stripp'd, wash'd, and sprinkled with perfume; 1230  
 Behold him bending with the weight  
 195 Of robes, and trumpery of state;  
 Behold him (for the maxim's true,  
 Whate'er we by another do  
 We do ourselves, and chaplain paid, 1235  
 Like slaves, in ev'ry other trade,  
 200 Had mutter'd over God knows what,  
 Something which he by heart had got)  
 Having, as usual, said his pray'rs,  
 Go titter-totter to the stairs; 1240  
 Behold him for descent prepare  
 205 With one foot trembling in the air;  
 He starts, he pauses on the brink,  
 And, hard to credit, seems to think;  
 e, Thro' his whole train (the chaplain gave 1245  
 The proper cue to ev'ry slave)  
 210 At once, as with infection caught,  
 Each started, paus'd, and aim'd at thought;  
 He turns, and they turn; big with care,  
 He waddles to his elbow-chair, 1250  
 Squats down, and, silent for a season,  
 215 At last with Crape begins to reason;  
 But first of all he made a sign  
 That ev'ry soul but the divine



Should quit the room; in him, he knows, 1255  
He may all confidence repose.

“Crape—tho’ I’m yet not quite awake—  
Before this awful step I take,  
On which my future all depends,  
I ought to know my foes and friends. 1260  
My foes and friends—observe me still—  
I mean not those who well or ill  
Perhaps may wish me, but those who  
Have’t in their pow’r to do it too.

Now if, attentive to the state, 1265  
In too much hurry to be great,  
Or thro’ much zeal, a motive, Crape,  
Deserving praise, into a scrape  
I, like a fool, am got, no doubt  
I, like a wise man, should get out: 1270  
Note that remark without replies;  
I say that to get out is wise,  
Or by the very self-same rule  
That to get in was like a fool.  
The marrow of this argument 1275  
Must wholly rest on the event,  
And therefore, which is really hard,  
Against events too I must guard.

Should things continue as they stand,  
And Bute prevail thro’ all the land 1280  
Without a rival, by his aid  
My fortunes in a trice are made;  
Nay, honours on my zeal may smile,  
And stamp me Earl of some great Isle:  
But if, a matter of much doubt, 1285  
The present minister goes out,  
Fain would I know on what pretext  
I can stand fairly with the next?  
For as my aim, at ev’ry hour,  
Is to be well with those in pow’r, 1290

And my material point of view,  
 Whoever's in, to be in too,  
 I should not, like a blockhead, chuse  
 To gain these so as those to lose :  
 'Tis good in ev'ry case, you know, 1295  
 To have too strings unto our bow."

As one in wonder lost, Crape view'd  
 His lord, who thus his speech pursu'd :  
 " This, my good Crape! is my grand point ;  
 And as the times are out of joint, 1300

The greater caution is requir'd  
 To bring about the point desir'd.  
 What I would wish to bring about  
 Cannot admit a moment's doubt ;  
 The matter in dispute, you know, 1305  
 Is what we call the *Quomodo*.

That be thy task"—The rev'rend slave,  
 Becoming in a moment grave,  
 Fix'd to the ground and rooted, stood  
 Just like a man cut out of wood, 1310

Such as we see (without the least  
 Reflection glancing on the priest)  
 One or more, planted up and down,  
 Almost in ev'ry church in Town ;  
 He stood some minutes, then, like one 1315  
 Who wish'd the matter might be done,  
 But could not do it, shook his head,  
 And thus the man of Sorrow said :

" Hard is this task, too hard, I swear,  
 By much too hard, for me to bear ; 1320  
 Beyond expression hard my part,  
 Could mighty Dulman see my heart,  
 When he, alas! makes known a will  
 Which Crape's not able to fulfil.  
 Was ever my obedience barr'd 1325  
 By any trifling nice regard



To sense and honour? could I reach  
 Thy meaning without help of speech,  
 At the first motion of thy eye  
 Did not thy faithful creature fly? 1330  
 Have I not said not what I ought,  
 But what by earthly master taught?  
 Did I e'er weigh, thro' duty strong,  
 In thy great biddings, right and wrong?  
 Did ever Int'rest, to whom thou 1335  
 Canst not with more devotion bow,  
 Warp my sound faith, or will of mine  
 In contradiction run to thine?  
 Have I not, at thy table plac'd,  
 When bus'ness call'd aloud for haste, 1340  
 Torn myself thence, yet never heard  
 To utter one complaining word,  
 And had, till thy great work was done,  
 All appetites as having none?  
 Hard is it, this great plan pursu'd 1345  
 Of voluntary servitude,  
 Pursu'd without or shame or fear,  
 Thro' the great circle of the year,  
 Now to receive in this grand hour,  
 Commands which lie beyond my pow'r, 1350  
 Commands which baffle all my skill,  
 And leave me nothing but my will:  
 Be that accepted; let my Lord  
 Indulgence to his slave afford:  
 This task, for my poor strength unfit, 1355  
 Will yield to none but Dulman's wit."  
 With such gross incense gratify'd,  
 And turning up the lip of pride,  
 "Poor Crape"—and shock his empty head—  
 "Poor puzzled Crape!"—wife Dulman said, 1360  
 "Of judgment weak, of sense confin'd,  
 For things of lower note design'd."

For things within the vulgar reach,  
 To run of errands, and to preach,  
 Well hast thou judg'd that heads like mine 1365  
 Cannot want help from heads like thine;  
 Well hast thou judg'd thyself unmeet  
 Of such high argument to treat;  
 'Twas but to try thee that I spoke,  
 And all I said was but a joke. 1370

Nor think a joke, Crape, a disgrace  
 Or to my person or my place;  
 The wisest of the sons of men  
 Have deign'd to use them now and then.  
 The only caution, do you see, 1375  
 Demanded by our dignity,  
 From common use and men exempt,  
 Is that they may not breed contempt.  
 Great use they have when in the hands  
 Of one like me, who understands, 1380  
 Who understands the time and place,  
 The persons, manner, and the grace,  
 Which fools neglect; so that we find,  
 If all the requisites are join'd,  
 From whence a perfect joke must spring, 1385  
 A joke's a very serious thing.

But to our bus'ness—My design,  
 Which gave so rough a shock to thine,  
 To my capacity is made  
 As ready as a fraud in trade; 1390  
 Which, like broad cloth, I can, with ease,  
 Cut out in any shape I please.

Some, in my circumstance, some few,  
 Aye, and those men of genius too,  
 Good men, who, without love or hate, 1395  
 Whether they early rise or late,  
 With names uncrack'd, and credit sound,  
 Rise worth a hundred thousand pound,



By threadbare ways and means would try  
 To bear their point—so will not I. 1400  
 New methods shall my wisdom find  
 To suit these matters to my mind,  
 So that the infidels at court,  
 Who make our City wits their sport,  
 Shall hail the honours of my reign, 1405  
 And own that Dulman bears a brain.  
 Some, in my place, to gain their ends,  
 Would give relations up and friends;  
 Would lend a wife, who they might swear  
 Safely, was none the worse for wear; 1410  
 Would see a daughter, yet a maid,  
 Into a statesman's arms betray'd;  
 Nay, should the girl prove coy, nor know  
 What daughters to a father owe,  
 Sooner than schemes so nobly plan'd 1415  
 Sould fail, themselves would lend a hand;  
 Would vote on one side, whilst a brother,  
 Properly taught, would vote on t'other;  
 Would ev'ry petty band forget;  
 To public eye be with one set, 1420  
 In private with a second herd,  
 And be by proxy with a third;  
 Would (like a queen, of whom I read  
 The other day—her name is fled—  
 In a book (were, together bound, 1425  
 Whittington and his Cat I found;  
 A tale most true, and free from art,  
 Which all Lord May'rs shou'd have by heart)  
 A queen (O might those days begin  
 Afresh when queens would learn to spin!) 1430  
 Who wrought, and wrought, but for some plot,  
 The cause of which I've now forgot,  
 During the absence of the sun  
 Undid what she by day had done)

Book IV. THE GHOST.

45

Whilst they a double visage wear, 1435  
 What's sworn by day by night unswear.

Such be their arts, and such perchance  
 May happily their ends advance;  
 From a new system mine shall spring,  
 A *Locum tenens* is the thing. 1440

That's your true plan—to obligate  
 The present ministers of state,  
 My shadow shall our court approach,  
 And bear my pow'r, and have my coach;  
 My fine state-coach! superb to view, 1445  
 A fine state-coach, and paid for too!

To curry favour, and the grace  
 Obtain of those who're out of place;  
 In the mean time I—that's to say—  
 I proper, I myself—here stay. 1450

But hold—perhaps unto the nation,  
 Who hate the Scots administration,  
 To lend my coach may seem to be  
 Declaring for the ministry,  
 For where the City-coach is, there 1455  
 Is the true essence of the May'r:

Therefore (for wise men are intent  
 Evils at distance to prevent,  
 Whilst fools the evils first endure,  
 And then are plagu'd to seek a cure) 1460  
 No coach—a horse—and free from fear

To make our Deputy appear,  
 Fast on his back shall he be ty'd,  
 With two grooms marching by his side;  
 Then for a horse—thro' all the land, 1465

To head our solemn city-band,  
 Can any one so fit be found  
 As he who, in Artill'ry ground,  
 Without a rider, noble fight!  
 Led on our bravest troops to fight? 1070

C 3



But first, Crape, for my honour's sake,  
 A tender point, inquiry make  
 About that horse, if the dispute  
 Is ended, or is still in suit :  
 For whilst a cause (observe this plan 1475  
 Of justice) whether horse or man  
 The parties be, remains in doubt,  
 Till 'tis determin'd out and out,  
 That pow'r must tyranny appear  
 Which should, prejudging, interfere, 1480  
 And weak faint judges overawe  
 To bias the free course of law.

You have my will—now quickly run,  
 And take care that my will be done.  
 In public, Crape, you must appear, 1485  
 Whilst I in privacy sit here ;  
 Here shall great Dulman sit alone,  
 Making this elbow-chair my throne,  
 And you, performing what I bid,  
 Do all, as if I nothing did." 1490

Crape heard, and speeded on his way ;  
 With him to hear was to obey ;  
 Not without trouble, be assur'd,  
 A proper proxy was procur'd  
 To serve such infamous intent, 1495  
 And such a lord to represent,  
 Nor could one have been found at all  
 On t'other side of London Wall.

The trumpet sounds—solemn and slow  
 Behold the grand procession go, 1500  
 All-moving on, cat after kind,  
 As if for motion ne'er design'd.

Constables, whom the laws admit  
 To keep the peace by breaking it ;  
 Beadles, who hold the second place 1505  
 By virtue of a silver mace,



Which ev'ry Saturday is drawn,  
 For use of Sunday out of pawn;  
 Treasurers, who with empty key  
 Secure an empty treasury; 1510  
 Churchwardens, who their course pursue  
 In the same state, as to their pew;  
 Churchwardens of Saint Marg'ret go,  
 Since Peirson taught them pride and show,  
 Who in short transient pomp appear, 1515  
 Like almanacks chang'd ev'ry year;  
 Behind whom, with unbroken locks,  
 Charity carries the poor's box,  
 Not knowing that with private keys  
 They ope and shut it when they please: 1520  
 Overseers who, by frauds, ensure  
 The heavy curses of the poor,  
 Unclean came flocking; bulls and bears,  
 Like beasts into the ark, by pairs.  
 Portentous, flaming in the van, 1525  
 Stalk'd the Professör Sheridan,  
 A man of wire, a mere pantine,  
 A downright animal machine;  
 He knows alone, in proper mode,  
 How to take vengeance on an ode, 1530  
 And how to butcher Ammon's son  
 And poor Jack Dryden both in one:  
 On all occasions next the chair  
 He stands for service of the May'r,  
 And to instruct him how to use 1535  
 His A's and B's, and P's and Q's:  
 O'er letters, into tatters worn,  
 O'er syllables defac'd and torn,  
 O'er words disjointed, and o'er sense,  
 Left destitute of all defence, 1540  
 He strides, and all the way he goes  
 Wades deep in blood o'er Criss-cross-rows:

Before him ev'ry consonant  
 In agonies is seen to pant ;  
 Behind, in forms not to be known, 1545  
 The ghosts of tortur'd vowels groan.  
 Next Hart and Duke, well worthy grace  
 And City-favour, came in place :  
 No children can their toils engage,  
 Their toils are turn'd to rev'rend age ; 1550  
 When a court-dame, to grace his brows  
 Resolv'd, is wed to City-spouse,  
 Their aid with Madam's aid must join,  
 The awkward dotard to refine,  
 And teach, whence truest glory flows, 1555  
 Grave Sixty to turn out his toes.  
 Each bore in hand a kit ; and each  
 To shew how fit he was to teach  
 A Cit, an Alderman, a May'r,  
 Led in a string a dancing bear. 1560  
 Since the revival of Fingal,  
 Custom, and custom's all in all,  
 Commands that we should have regard,  
 On all high seasons, to the bard.  
 Great acts like these, by vulgar tongue 1565  
 Profan'd, should not be said, but sung.  
 This place to fill, renown'd in fame,  
 The high and mighty Lockman came,  
 And, ne'er forgot in Dulman's reign,  
 With proper order to maintain 1570  
 The uniformity of pride,  
 Brought Brother Whitehead by his side.  
 On horse who proudly paw'd the ground,  
 And cast his fiery eyeballs round,  
 Snorting and champing the rude bit, 1575  
 As if for warlike purpose fit,  
 His high and gen'rous blood disdain'd  
 To be for sports and pastimes rein'd,

Great Dymock, in his glorious station,  
 Paraded at the coronation. 1580  
 Not so our City Dymock came,  
 Heavy, dispirited, and tame;  
 No mark of sense, his eyes half clos'd,  
 He on a mighty dray-horse doz'd :  
 Fate never could a horse provide 1585  
 So fit for such a man to ride,  
 Nor find a man, with strictest care,  
 So fit for such a horse to bear.  
 Hung round with instruments of death,  
 The sight of him would stop the breath 1590  
 Of braggart Cowardice, and make  
 The very Court Drawcansir quake ;  
 With durks which, in the hands of Spite,  
 Do their damn'd business in the night,  
 From Scotland sent, but here display'd 1595  
 Only to fill up the parade ;  
 With swords unbleed'd, of maiden hue,  
 Which Rage or Valour never drew ;  
 With blunderbuffes taught to ride  
 Like pocket-pistols by his side, 1600  
 In girdle stuck, he seem'd to be  
 A little moving armory.  
 One thing much wanted to complete  
 The fight, and make a perfect treat,  
 Was, that the horse, (a courtesy 1605  
 In horses found of high degree)  
 Instead of going forward on,  
 All the way backward should have gone.  
 Horses, unless they breeding lack,  
 Some scruple make to turn their back, 1610  
 Tho' riders, which plain truth declares,  
 No scruple make of turning theirs.  
 Far, far apart from all the rest,  
 Fit only for a standing jest,



The independent, (can you get 1615  
 A better suited epithet)  
 The independent Amyand came,  
 All burning with the sacred flame  
 Of liberty, which well he knows  
 On the great stock of slav'ry grows, 1620  
 Like sparrow who, depriv'd of mate,  
 Snatch'd by the cruel hand of Fate,  
 From spray to spray no more will hop,  
 But sits alone on the house-top;  
 Or like himself, when all alone 1625  
 At Croydon he was heard to groan,  
 Lifting both hands in the defence  
 Of interest and common sense;  
 Both hands, for as no other man  
 Adopted and pursu'd his plan, 1630  
 The left hand had been lonesome quite,  
 If he had not held up the right:  
 Apart he came, and fix'd his eyes  
 With rapture on a distant prize,  
 On which, in letters worthy note, 1635  
 There twenty thousand pounds was wrote.  
 False trap, for credit sapp'd is found  
 By getting twenty thousand pound:  
 Nay, look not thus on me, and stare,  
 Doubting the certainty—to swear 1640  
 In such a case I should be loath—  
 But Perry Cust may take his oath,  
 In plain and decent garb array'd,  
 With the prim Quaker Fraud came Trade;  
 Connivance, to improve the plan, 1645  
 Habited like a juryman,  
 Judging as interest prevails,  
 Came next, with measures, weights, and scales;  
 Extortion next, of hellish race,  
 A cub most damn'd, to shew his face, 1650

Forbid by fear, but not by shame,  
 Turn'd to a Jew, like — came ;  
 Corruption, Midas-like, behold  
 Turning whate'er she touch'd to gold ;  
 Impotence, led by Lust and Pride, 1655  
 Strutting with Ponton by her side ;  
 Hypocrisy, demure and fad,  
 In garments of the priesthood clad,  
 So well disguis'd, that you might swear,  
 Deceiv'd, a very priest was there ; 1660  
 Bankruptcy, full of ease and health,  
 And wallowing in well-sav'd wealth,  
 Came sneering thro' a ruin'd band,  
 And bringing B — in her hand ;  
 Victory, hanging down her head, 1665  
 Was by a Highland stallion led ;  
 Peace, cloath'd in fables, with a face  
 Which witness'd sense of huge disgrace,  
 Which spake a deep and rooted shame  
 Both of herself and of her name, 1670  
 Mourning creeps on, and, blushing, feels  
 War, grim War, treading on her heels ;  
 Pale Credit, shaken by the arts  
 Of men with bad heads and worse hearts,  
 Taking no notice of a band 1675  
 Which near her were ordain'd to stand,  
 Well nigh destroy'd by sickly fit,  
 Look'd wistful all around for Pitt :  
 Freedom—at that most hallow'd name  
 My spirits mount into a flame, 1680  
 Each pulse beats high, and each nerve strains  
 Ev'n to the cracking ; thro' my veins  
 The tides of life more rapid run,  
 And tell me I am Freedom's son !—  
 Freedom came next ! but scarce was seen, 1685  
 When the sky which appear'd serene



And gay before, was overcast;  
 Horror bestrode a foreign blast,  
 And from the prison of the North,  
 To Freedom deadly, storms burst forth. 1690

A car like those in which, we're told,  
 Our wild forefathers warr'd of old,  
 Loaded with death, six horses bear  
 Thro' the blank region of the air.  
 Too fierce for time or art to tame, 1695

They pour'd forth mingled smoke and flame  
 From their wide nostrils; ev'ry steed  
 Was of that ancient savage breed  
 Which fell Geryon nurs'd; their food  
 The flesh of man, their drink his blood. 1700

On the first horses, ill match'd pair,  
 This fat and sleek, that lean and bare,  
 Came ill-match'd riders side by side,  
 And Poverty was yok'd with Pride;  
 Union most strange it must appear, 1705  
 Till other Unions make it clear.

Next, in the gall of bitterness,  
 With rage which words can ill express,  
 With unforgiving rage, which springs  
 From a false zeal for holy things, 1710

Wearing such robes as prophets wear,  
 False prophets plac'd in Peter's chair,  
 On which, in characters of fire,  
 Shapes antic, horrible, and dire,  
 Inwoven flam'd, where, to the view, 1715  
 In groups appear'd a rabble crew

Of fainted devils; where, all round,  
 Vile reliques of vile men were found,  
 Who, worse than devils, from the birth  
 Perform'd the work of hell on earth, 1720  
 Jugglers, Inquisitors, and Popes,  
 Pointing at axes, wheels, and ropes,

And engines, fram'd on horrid plan,  
 Which none but the destroyer man  
 Could, to promote his selfish views,  
 Have heads to make or hearts to use,  
 Bearing, to consecrate her tricks,  
 In her left hand a crucifix,  
 Remembrance of our dying Lord,  
 And in her right a two-edg'd sword,  
 Having her brows, in impious sport,  
 Adorn'd with words of high import,  
 "On earth peace, amongst men good will,  
 Love bearing and forbearing still,"  
 All wrote in the hearts' blood of those  
 Who rather death than falsehood chose :  
 On her breast, (where, in days of yore,  
 When God lov'd Jews, the High Priest wore  
 Those oracles which were decreed  
 T'instruct and guide the chosen seed)  
 Having with glory clad and strength,  
 The Virgin pictur'd at full length,  
 Whilst at her feet, in small portray'd,  
 As scarce worth notice, Christ was laid,  
 Came Superstition, fierce and fell,  
 An imp detested ev'n in hell ;  
 Her eye inflam'd, her face all o'er  
 Fouly besmear'd with human gore,  
 O'er heaps of mingled saints she rode ;  
 Fast at her heels Death proudly strode,  
 And grimly smil'd, well pleas'd to see  
 Such havoc of mortality :  
 Close by her side, on mischief bent,  
 And urging on each bad intent,  
 To its full bearing, savage, wild,  
 The mother fit of such a child,  
 Striving the empire to advance  
 Of Sin and Death, come Ignorance.

1725

1730

1735

1740

1745

1750

1755



With looks where dread command was plac'd,  
 And sov'reign pow'r by pride disgrac'd, 1760  
 Where, loudly witnessing a mind  
 Of savage more than human kind,  
 Not chusing to be lov'd but fear'd,  
 Mocking at right, Misrule appear'd,  
 With eyeballs glaring fiery red, 1765  
 Enough to strike beholders dead,  
 Gnashing his teeth, and in a flood  
 Pouring corruption forth and blood  
 From his chaf'd jaws : without remorse  
 Whipping and spurring on his horse, 1770  
 Whose sides, in their own blood embay'd,  
 Ev'n to the bone were open laid,  
 Came Tyranny, diidaining awe,  
 And trampling over sense and law :  
 One thing, and only one, he knew, 1775  
 One object only would pursue ;  
 Tho' less (so low doth passion bring)  
 Than man, he would be more than king.

With ev'ry argument and art,  
 Which might corrupt the head and heart, 1780  
 Soothing the frenzy of his mind,  
 Companion meet, was Flatt'ry join'd ;  
 Winning his carriage, ev'ry look  
 Employ'd, whilst it conceal'd a hook ;  
 When simple most, most to be fear'd ; 1785  
 Most crafty when no craft appear'd ;  
 His tales no man like him could tell ;  
 His words, which melted as they fell,  
 Might ev'n a hypocrite deceive,  
 And make an infidel believe, 1790  
 Wantonly cheating o'er and o'er  
 Those who had cheated been before,  
 Such Flatt'ry came, in evil hour,  
 Pois'ning the royal ear of pow'r,



## BOOK IV. THE GHOST. 55

And, grown by prostitution great, 1795  
 Would be first minister of state.

Within the chariot, all alone,  
 High seated on a kind of throne,  
 With pebbles grac'd, a figure came,  
 Whom Justice would, but dare not, name. 1800

Hard times when Justice, without fear,  
 Dare not bring forth to public ear  
 The names of those who dare offend  
 'Gainst justice, and pervert her end;  
 But, if the Muse afford me grace, 1805  
 Description shall supply the place.

In foreign garments he was clad;  
 Sage ermine o'er the glossy plaid

Cast rev'rend honour; on his heart, 1810  
 Wrought by the curious hand of Art,

In silver wrought, and brighter far  
 Than heav'nly or than earthly star,  
 Shone a White Rose, the emblem dear  
 Of him he ever must revere,

Of that dread lord who, with his host 1815  
 Of faithful native rebels lost,

Like those black spirits doom'd to hell,  
 At once from pow'r and virtue fell:

Around his clouded brows was plac'd 1820  
 A Bonnet, most superbly grac'd

With mighty Thistles, nor forgot  
 The sacred motto, "Touch me not."

In the right hand a sword he bore  
 Harder than adamant, and more

Fatal than winds, which from the mouth 1825  
 Of the rough North invade the South;

The reeking blade to view presents  
 The blood of helpless innocents,

And on the hilt, as meek become  
 As lambs before the shearers dumb, 1830

With downcast eye, and solemn frow  
 Of deep unutterable woe,  
 Mourning the time when Freedom reign'd,  
 Fast to a rock was Justice chain'd.

In his left hand, in wax imprest, 1835  
 With bells and gewgaws idly drest,

An image, cast in baby mould,  
 He held, and seem'd o'erjoy'd to hold:

On this he fix'd his eyes; to this, 1840  
 Bowing, he gave the loyal kifs,

And, for rebellion fully ripe,

Seem'd to desire the antitype.

What if to that Pretender's foes

His greatness, nay, his life, he owes?

Shall common obligations bind, 1845  
 And shake his constancy of mind?

Scorning such weak and petty chains,

Faithful to James he still remains

Tho' he the friend of George appear:

Disimulation's virtue here. 1850

Jealous and mean he with a frown

Would awe and keep all merit down,

Nor would to truth and justice bend,

Unless out bully'd by his friend:

Brave with the coward, with the brave 1855  
 He is himself a coward slave:

Aw'd by his fears, he has no heart

To take a great and open part:

Mines in a subtle train he springs,

And, secret, saps the ears of kings; 1860

But not ev'n there continues firm

'Gainst th' resistance of a worm:

Born in a country where the will

Of one is law to all, he still

Retain'd th' infection, with full aim

To spread it wheresoe'er he came: 1865

- Freedom he hated, law defy'd,  
 The prostitute of pow'r and pride;  
 Law he with ease explains away,  
 And leads bewilder'd Sense astray; 1870  
 Puzzles the cause he can't maintain,  
 Proceeds on most familiar grounds,  
 And where he can't convince confounds:  
 Talents of rarest stamp and size, 1875  
 To Nature false, he misapplies,  
 And turns to poison what was sent  
 For purposes of nourishment.  
 Paleness, not such as on his wings  
 The messenger of Sickness brings, 1880  
 But such as takes its coward rise  
 From conscious baseness, conscious vice,  
 O'erspread his cheeks; disdain and pride,  
 To upstart fortunes ever ty'd,  
 Scowll'd on his brow: within his eye, 1885  
 Insidious, lurking like a spy  
 To caution principled by fear,  
 Not daring open to appear,  
 Lodg'd cover'd mischief: passion hung  
 On his lip quiv'ring: on his tongue 1890  
 Fraud dwelt at large: within his breast  
 All that makes villain found a nest;  
 All that, on hell's completest plan,  
 E'er join'd to damn the heart of man.  
 Soon as the car reach'd land he rose, 1895  
 And with a look which might have froze  
 The heart's best blood, which was enough  
 Had hearts been made of sterner stuff  
 In cities than elsewhere, to make  
 The very stoutest quail and quake, 1900  
 He cast his baleful eyes around:  
 Fix'd without motion to the ground,

Fear waiting on surprize, all stood,  
 And horror chill'd their curdled blood;  
 No more they thought of pomp, no more 1905  
 (For they had seen his face before)  
 Of law they thought; the cause forgot,  
 Whether it was or Ghost or plot,  
 Which drew them there: they all stood more  
 Like statues than they were before. 1910  
 What could be done? Could art, could force,  
 Or both, direct a proper course  
 To make this savage monster tame,  
 Or send him back the way he came?  
 What neither art nor force, nor both, 1915  
 Could do, a Lord of foreign growth,  
 A Lord to that base wretch ally'd  
 In country, not in vice and pride,  
 Effected; from the self-same land,  
 (Bad news for our blaspheming band 1920  
 Of scribblers, but deserving note)  
 The poison came and antidote.  
 Abash'd, the monster hung his head,  
 And like an empty vision fled;  
 His train, like virgin snows, which run, 1925  
 Kiss'd by the burning bawdy sun,  
 To loveick streams, dissolv'd in air;  
 Joy, who from absence seem'd more fair,  
 Came smiling, freed from slavish awe;  
 Loyalty, Liberty, and Law, 1930  
 Impatient of the galling chain,  
 And yoke of pow'r, resum'd their reign;  
 And, burning with the glorious flame  
 Of public virtue, Mansfield came. 1934

IV.  
905  
THE AUTHOR.

910  
A Ccurs'd the man whom Fate ordains, in spite,  
And cruel parents teach, to read and write!  
What need of letters? wherefore should we spell?  
Why write our names? a mark will do as well.

915  
Much are the precious hours of youth mispent 5  
In climbing Learning's rugged steep ascent;  
When to the top the bold advent'rer's got,  
He reigns vain monarch o'er a barren spot,  
Whilst in the vale of ignorance below  
Folly and vice to rank luxuriance grow; 10  
Honours and wealth pour in on ev'ry side,  
And proud Preferment rolls her golden tide.

920  
O'er crabbed authors life's gay prime to waste,  
To cramp wild genius in the chains of taste,  
To bear the slavish drudgery of schools, 15  
And tamely stoop to ev'ry pedant's rules;  
For sev'n long years debarr'd of lib'ral ease,  
To plod in college trammels to degrees;  
Beneath the weight of solemn toys to groan,  
Sleep over books, and leave mankind unknown; 20  
To praise each senior blockhead's threadbare tale,  
And laugh till Reason blush, and spirits fail;  
Manhood with vile submission to disgrace,  
And cap the fool, whose merit is his place;  
Vice Chancellors, whose knowledge is but small, 25  
And Chancellors who nothing know at all,  
Ill-brook'd the gen'rous spirit in those days  
When learning was the certain road to praise,  
When nobles, with a love of science bless'd,  
Approv'd in others what themselves possess'd. 30

930  
934  
But now, when Dulness rears aloft her throne,  
When lordly vassals her wide empire own;

When Wit, seduc'd by Envy, starts aside,  
 And basely leagues with Ignorance and Pride; 34  
 What, now, should tempt us, by false hopes misled,  
 Learning's unfashionable paths to tread,  
 To bear those labours which our fathers bore,  
 That crown with-held which they in triumph wore?

When with much pains this boasted learning's got,  
 'Tis an affront to those who have it not: 40

In some it causes hate, in others fear,  
 Instructs our foes to rail, our friends to sneer.

With prudent haste the worldly minded fool  
 Forgets the little which he learnt at school:

The elder brother, to vast fortunes born, 45

Looks on all science with an eye of scorn;

Dependent brethren the same features wear,

And younger sons are stupid as the heir.

In senates, at the bar, in church and state,

Genius is vile, and learning out of date. 50

Is this—O death to think! is this the land

Where merit and reward went hand in hand?

Where heroes, parent-like, the poet view'd,

By whom they saw their glorious deeds renew'd?

Where poets, true to honour, tun'd their lays, 55

And by their patrons sanctify'd their praise?

Is this the land where, on our Spenser's tongue,

Enamour'd of his voice, Description hung?

Where Johnson rigid Gravity beguil'd,

Whilst Reason thro' her critic fences smil'd? 60

Where Nature list'ning stood whilst Shakespeare

And wonder'd at the work herself had made? [play'd,

Is this the land where, mindful of her charge

And office high, fair Freedom walk'd at large?

Where, finding in our laws a sure defence, 65

She mock'd at all restraints but those of sense?

Where, Health and Honour trooping by her side,

She spread her sacred empire far and wide;



Pointed the way, Affliction to beguile,  
 And bade the face of sorrow wear a smile, 70  
 Bade those who dare obey the gen'rous call  
 Enjoy her blessings, which God meant for all?  
 Is this the land where in some tyrant's reign,  
 When a weak, wicked, ministerial train,  
 The tools of pow'r, the slaves of int'rest, plann'd 75  
 Their country's ruin, and with bribes unman'd  
 Those wretches who, ordain'd in Freedom's cause,  
 Gave up our liberties, and sold our laws;  
 When Pow'r was taught by Meanness where to go,  
 Nor dar'd to love the virtue of a foe; 80  
 When, like a lep'rous plague, from the foul head  
 To the foul heart her sores Corruption spread,  
 Her iron arm when stern Oppression rear'd,  
 And Virtue, from her broad base shaken, fear'd 85  
 The scourge of Vice; when, impotent and vain,  
 Poor Freedom bow'd the neck to Slav'ry's chain;  
 Is this the land where, in those worst of times,  
 The hardy poet rais'd his honest rhymes  
 To dread rebuke, and bade Controlment speak  
 In guilty blushes on the villain's cheek; 90  
 Bade Pow'r turn pale, kept mighty rogues in awe,  
 And made them fear the Muse who fear'd not law?  
 How do I laugh when men of narrow souls,  
 Whom folly guides and prejudice controls;  
 Who, one dull drowsy track of bus'ness trod, 95  
 Worship their Mammon, and neglect their God;  
 Who, breathing by one musty set of rules,  
 Dote from the birth, and are by system fools;  
 Who, form'd to dulness from their very youth,  
 Lies of the day prefer to Gospel-truth; 100  
 Pick up their little knowledge from Reviews,  
 And lay out all their stock of faith in news;  
 How do I laugh when creatures, form'd like these,  
 Whom Reason scorns, and I should blush to please,

Rail at all lib'ral arts, deem verſe a crime, 105  
 And hold not truth as truth if told in rhyme?  
 How do I laugh when Publius, hoary grown  
 In zeal for Scotland's welfare and his own,  
 By ſlow degrees, and courſe of office, drawn  
 In mood and figure at the helm to yawn, 110  
 Too mean (the worſt of curſes Heav'n can ſend)  
 To have a foe, too proud to have a friend;  
 Erring by form, which blockheads ſacred hold,  
 Ne'er making new faults, and ne'er mending old,  
 Rebukes my ſpirit, bids the daring Muſe 115  
 Subjects more equal to her weakneſs chuſe;  
 Bids her frequent the haunts of humble ſwains,  
 Nor dare to traffic in ambitious ſtrains;  
 Bids her, indulging the poetic whim  
 In quaint-wrought ode, or ſonnet pertly trim, 120  
 Along the church-way path complain with Gray,  
 Or dance with Maſon on the firſt of May?  
 " All ſacred is the name and pow'r of kings;  
 " All ſtates and ſtateſmen are thoſe mighty things  
 " Which, howſoe'er they out of courſe may roll,  
 " Were never made for poets to control." 126  
 Peace, peace, thou Dotard! nor thus vilely deem  
 Of ſacred numbers, and their pow'r blaſpheme.  
 I tell thee, Wretch! ſearch all creation round,  
 In earth, in heav'n, no ſubject can be found 130  
 (Our God alone except) above whoſe weight  
 The poet cannot riſe, and hold his ſtate.  
 The bleſſed ſaints above, in numbers, ſpeak  
 The praiſe of God, tho' there all praiſe is weak;  
 In numbers here below the bard ſhall teach 135  
 Virtue to ſoar beyond the villain's reach; [throat,  
 Shall tear his lab'ring lungs, ſtrain his hoarſe  
 And raiſe his voice beyond the trumpets note,  
 Should an afflicted country, aw'd by men  
 Of ſlavish principles, demand his pen, 140



This is a great, a glorious point of view,  
Fit for an English poet to pursue,  
Undaunted to pursue, tho', in return,  
His writings by the common hangman burn.

How do I laugh when men, by Fortune plac'd  
Above their betters, and by rank disgrac'd, 146

Who found their pride on titles which they stain,  
And mean themselves, are of their fathers vain;

Who would a Bill of Privilege prefer,  
And treat a poet like a creditor, 150

The gen'rous ardour of the Muse condemn,  
And curse the storm they know must break on them?

"What, shall a reptile bard, a wretch unknown,

"Without one badge of merit but his own, 154

"Great nobles lash, and lords, like common men,

"Smart from the vengeance of a scribbler's pen?"

What's in this name of Lord, that I should fear  
To bring their vices to the public ear?

Flows not the blood of humble swains 159

Quick as the tide which swells a monarch's veins?

Monarchs, who wealth and titles can bestow,

Cannot make virtues in succession flow.

Wouldst thou, proud Man! be safely plac'd above

The censure of the Muse, deserve her love:

Act as thy birth demands, as nobles ought; 165

Look back, and, by thy worthy father taught,

Who earn'd those honours thou wert born to wear,

Follow his steps, and be his virtue's heir:

But if, regardless of the road to fame,

You start aside, and tread the paths of shame; 170

If such thy life, that should thy fire arise,

The sight of such a son would blast his eyes, [birth,

Would make him curse the hour which gave thee

Would drive him, shudd'ring, from the face of earth,

Once more, with shame and sorrow, mongst the dead

In endless night to hide his rev'rend head; 176

If such thy life, tho' kings had made thee more  
 Than ever king a scoundrel made before;  
 Nay, to allow thy pride a deeper spring,  
 Tho' God in vengeance had made thee a king, 180  
 Taking on Virtue's wing her daring flight,  
 The Muse should drag thee trembling to the light,  
 Probe thy foul wounds, and lay thy bosom bare  
 To the keen question of the searching air.

Gods! with what pride I see the titled slave, 185  
 Who smarts beneath the stroke which Satire gave,  
 Aiming at ease and with dishonest art  
 Striving to hide the feelings of his heart;  
 How do I laugh when, with affected air,  
 (Scarce able thro' despite to keep his chair, 190  
 Whilst on his trembling lip pale Anger speaks,  
 And the chaf'd blood flies mounting to his cheeks),  
 He talks of Conscience, which good men secures  
 From all those evil moments guilt endures,  
 And seems to laugh at those who pay regard 195  
 To the wild ravings of a frantic bard!

“ Satire, whilst envy and ill-humour sway  
 “ The mind of man, must always make her way;  
 “ Nor to a bosom, with discretion fraught,  
 “ Is all her malice worth a single thought. 200  
 “ The wise have not the will, nor fools the pow'r,  
 “ To stop her headstrong course; within the hour,  
 “ Left to herself, she dies; opposing strife  
 “ Gives her fresh vigour, and prolongs her life.  
 “ All things her prey, and ev'ry man her aim, 205  
 “ I can no patent for exemption claim,  
 “ Nor would I wish to stop that harmless dart  
 “ Which plays around but cannot wound my heart;  
 “ Tho' pointed at myself be Satire free;  
 “ To her 'tis pleasure, and no pain to me.” 210  
 Dissembling Wretch! hence to the Stoic school,  
 And there amongst thy brethren play the fool;

There, unrebuk'd, these wild, vain, doctrines preach:  
 Lives there a man whom Satire cannot reach?  
 Lives there a man who calmly can stand by, 215  
 And see his conscience ripp'd with steady eye?  
 When Satire flies abroad on Falsehood's wing,  
 Short is her life, and impotent her sting;  
 But when to truth ally'd, the wound she gives  
 Sinks deep and to remotest ages lives. 220

When in the tomb thy pamper'd flesh shall rot,  
 And ev'n by friends thy mem'ry be forgot,  
 Still shalt thou live, recorded for thy crimes,  
 Live in her page, and stink to after-times.

Hast thou no feeling yet? Come, throw off pride,  
 And own those passions which thou shalt not hide.  
 S——, who from the moment of his birth 227

Made human nature a reproach on earth,  
 Who never dar'd, nor wish'd, behind to stay,  
 When Folly, Vice, and Meanness, led the way, 230  
 Would blush, should he be told by Truth and Wit  
 Those actions which he blush'd not to commit.  
 Men the most infamous are fond of fame,  
 And those who fear not guilt yet start at shame.

But whether runs my zeal, whose rapid force, 235  
 Turning the brain, bears Reason from her course;  
 Carries me back to times when poets, bless'd  
 With courage, grac'd the science they profess'd;  
 When they, in honour rooted, firmly stood  
 The bad to punish and reward the good; 240  
 When, to a flame by public virtue wrought,  
 The foes of freedom they to justice brought,  
 And dar'd expose those slaves who dar'd support  
 A tyrant plan, and call'd themselves a Court?  
 Ah! what are poets now? as slavish those 245  
 Who deal in verse as those who deal in prose.  
 Is there an Author, search the kingdom round,  
 In whom true worth and real spirit's found?

D



The slaves of bookfellers, or (doom'd by Fate  
 To baser chains) vile pensioners of state, 250  
 Some, dead to shame, and of those shackles proud  
 Which Honour scorns, for slav'ry roar aloud;  
 Others, half-palsy'd only, mutes become, [dumb.  
 And what makes Smollet write makes Johnson  
 Why turns you' villain pale? why bends his eye  
 Inward, abash'd, when Murphy passes by? 256  
 Dost thou sage Murphy for a blockhead take,  
 Who wages war with vice for virtue's sake?  
 No, no—like other worldlings, you will find  
 He shifts his sails, and catches ev'ry wind: 260  
 His soul the shock of int'rest can't endure:  
 Give him a pension then, and sin secure.  
 With laurell'd wreaths the flatterer's brows  
 Bid Virtue crouch, bid Vice exalt her horn; [adorn,  
 Bid cowards thrive, put Honesty to flight, 265  
 Murphy should prove, or try to prove it right.  
 Try, thou state-juggler! ev'ry paltry art,  
 Ransack the inmost closet of my heart, [way  
 Swear thou'rt my friend; by that base oath make  
 Into my breast, and flatter to betray; 270  
 Or, if those tricks are vain, if wholesome doubt  
 Detects the fraud and points the villain out,  
 Bribe those who daily at my board are fed,  
 And make them take my life who eat my bread.  
 On Authors for defence for praise depend, 275  
 Pay him but well, and Murphy is thy friend:  
 He, he shall ready stand with venal rhymes,  
 To varnish guilt, and consecrate thy crimes,  
 To make corruption in false colours shine,  
 And damn his own good name to rescue thine. 280  
 But if thy niggard hands their gifts with-hold,  
 And Vice no longer rains down show'rs of gold,  
 Expect no mercy; facts, well grounded, teach:  
 Murphy, if not rewarded, will impeach.

What tho' each man of nice and juster thought, 285  
 Shunning his steps, decrees, by honour taught,  
 He ne'er can be a friend who stoops so low  
 To be the base betrayer of a foe?

What tho' with thine together link'd, his name  
 Must be with thine transmitted down to shame? 290  
 To ev'ry manly feeling callous grown,  
 Rather than not blast thine he'll blast his own.

To ope the fountain whence sedition springs,  
 To slander government and libel kings;  
 With Freedom's name to serve a present hour, 295  
 Tho' born and bred to arbitrary pow'r;

To talk of William with insidious art,  
 Whilst a vile Stewart's lurking in his heart,  
 And whilst mean Envy rears her loathsome head,  
 Flatt'ring the living to abuse the dead, 300  
 Where is Shebbeare? O! let not foul reproach,  
 Travelling thither in a City-coach,

The pill'ry dare to name: the whole intent  
 Of that parade was fame, not punishment; 304  
 And that old, staunch Whig, Beardmore, standing  
 Can in full court give that report the lie. [by]

With rude unnat'ral jargon to support,  
 Half Scotch, half English, a declining court;  
 To make most glaring contraries unite, 309  
 And prove beyond dispute that black is white;

To make firm Honour tamely league with Shame,  
 Make Vice and Virtue differ but in name;  
 To prove that chains and freedom are but one,  
 That to be sav'd must mean to be undone,

Is there not Guthrie? Who, like him, can call 315  
 All opposites to proof and conquer all?

He calls forth living waters from the rock;  
 He calls forth children from the barren stock;

He, far beyond the springs of Nature led,  
 Makes women bring forth after they are dead: 320

He, on a curious, new and happy plan,  
 In wedlock's sacred bands joins man to man;  
 And, to complete the whole, most strange, but true,  
 By some rare magic makes them fruitful too, 324  
 Whilst from their loins, in the due course of years,  
 Flows the rich blood of Guthrie's English Peers!

Dost thou contrive some blacker deed of shame,  
 Something which Nature shudders but to name,  
 Something which makes the soul of man retreat,  
 And the life-blood run backward to her seat? 330

Dost thou contrive, for some base private end,  
 Some selfish view, to hang a trusting friend,  
 To lure him on, ev'n to his parting breath,  
 And promise life to work him surer death?  
 Grown old in villany, and dead to grace, 335

Hell in his heart, and Tyburn in his face,  
 Behold! a parson at thy elbow stands,  
 Low'ring damnation, and with open hands  
 Ripe to betray his Saviour for reward,  
 The Atheist chaplain of an Atheist lord. 340

Bred to the church, and for the gown decreed,  
 Ere it was known that I should learn to read;  
 Tho' that was nothing, for my friends, who knew  
 What mighty Dulness of itself could do,  
 Never desig'n'd me for a working priest, 345  
 But hop'd I should have been a Dean at least:

Condemn'd (like many more and worthier men,  
 'To whom I pledge the service of my pen) [lawn,  
 Condemn'd (whilst proud and pamper'd sons of  
 Cramm'd to the throat, in lazy plenty yawn) 350

In pomp of rev'rend begg'ry to appear,  
 To pray, and starve on forty pounds a-year.  
 My friends, who never felt the galling load,  
 Lament that I forsook the packhorse road,  
 Whilst Virtue to my conduct witness bears, 355  
 In throwing off that gown which Francis wears.

What creature's that, so very pert and prim,  
 So very full of foppery and whim,  
 So gentle, yet so brisk; so wondrous sweet,  
 So fit to prattle at a lady's feet, 360  
 Who looks as he the Lord's rich vineyard trod,  
 And by his garb appears a man of God?  
 Trust not to looks, nor credit outward show;  
 The villain lurks beneath the cassock'd beau;  
 That's an informer; what avails the name? 365  
 Suffice it that the wretch from Sodom came.

His tongue is deadly—from his presence run,  
 Unless thy rage would wish to be undone.  
 No ties can hold him, no affection bind,  
 And fear alone restrains his coward mind; 370  
 Free him from that, no monster is so fell,  
 Nor is so sure a blood-hound found in hell.  
 His silken smiles, his hypocritic air,  
 His meek demeanour, plausible and fair,  
 Are only worn to pave Fraud's easier way, 375  
 And make gull'd Virtue fall a surer prey.  
 Attend his church—his plan of doctrine view—  
 The preacher is a Christian, dull, but true;  
 But when the hallow'd hour of preaching's o'er,  
 That plan of doctrine's never thought of more; 380  
 Christ is laid by neglected on the shelf,  
 And the vile priest is Gospel to himself.

By Cleland tutor'd, and with Blacow bred,  
 (Blacow, whom, by a brave resentment led,  
 Oxford, if Oxford had not sunk in fame, 385  
 Ere this had damn'd to everlasting shame)  
 Their steps he follows, and their crimes partakes;  
 To virtue lost, to vice alone he wakes,  
 Most lasciviously declaims 'gainst lascivious themes,  
 And whilst he rails at blasphemy blasphemes. 390

Are these the arts which policy supplies?  
 Are these the steps by which grave churchmen rise?



Forbid it, Heav'n! or, should it turn out so,  
 Let me and mine continue mean and low.  
 Such be their arts whom honest controls;      395  
 Kidgell and I have free and modest souls:  
 We scorn preferment which is gain'd by sin,  
 And will, tho' poor without, have peace within 398



# THE DUELLIST.

## IN THREE BOOKS.

### B O O K I.

**T**HE clock struck twelve; o'er half the globe  
Darkness had spread her pitchy robe:  
Morpheus, his feet with velvet shod,  
Treading as if in fear he trod,  
Gentle as dews at even-tide,  
Distill'd his poppies far and wide.

Ambition, who, when waking, dreams  
Of mighty but fantastic schemes,  
Who, when asleep, ne'er knows that rest  
With which the humbler soul is blest,  
Was building castles in the air,  
Goodly to look upon and fair,  
But, on a bad foundation laid,  
Doom'd at return of morn to fade.

Pale Study, by the taper's light,  
Wearing away the watch of night,  
Sat reading, but with o'ercharg'd head,  
Remember'd nothing that he read.  
Starving 'midst plenty, with a face  
Which might the court of Famine grace,  
Ragged and filthy to behold,  
Gray Av'rice nodded o'er his gold.

Jealousy, his quick eye half-clos'd,  
With watchings worn, reluctant doz'd:  
And mean Distrust not quite forgot,  
Slumber'd as if he slumber'd not,  
Stretch'd at his length on the bare ground,  
Is hardy offspring sleeping round;



Snor'd restless Labour; by his side  
Lay Health, a coarse but comely bride. 30

Virtue, without the doctor's aid,  
In the soft arms of Sleep was laid;  
Whilst Vice, within the guilty breast,  
Could not be physick'd into rest.

Thou bloody Man! whose ruffian knife 35  
Is drawn against thy neighbour's life,  
And never scruples to descend

Into the bosom of a friend;  
A firm, fast friend, by vice ally'd,  
And to thy secret service ty'd, 40

In whom ten murders breed no awe,  
If properly secur'd from law:

Thou man of Lust! whom passion fires  
To foulest deeds, whose hot desires  
O'er honest bars with ease make way, 45

Whilst idiot Beauty falls a prey,  
And to indulge thy brutal flame  
A Lucrece must be brought to shame;

Who dost, a brave, bold finner, bear  
Rank incest to the open air, 50

And rapes, full blown upon thy crown,  
Enough to weigh a nation down:

Thou simular of Lust! vain man,  
Whose restless thoughts still form the plan  
Of guilt, which, wither'd to the root, 55

Thy lifeless nerves can't execute,  
Whilst in thy marrowless dry bones  
Desire without enjoyment groans;

Thou perjur'd Wretch! whom Falschood clothes  
Ev'n like a garment, who with oaths 60

Dost trifle, as with brokers, meant  
To serve thy ev'ry vile intent,  
In the days broad and searching eye

Making God witness to a lie,

BOOK I. THE DUELLIST. 73

Blaspheming heaven and earth for self, 65

And hanging friends to save thyself:

Thou son of Chance! whose glorious soul,

On the four aces doom'd to roll,

Was never yet with honour caught,

Nor on poor virtue lost one thought; 70

Who dost thy wife, thy children, set;

Thy all, upon a single bet,

Risking, the desp'rate stake to try,

Here and hereafter on a die;

Who, thy own private fortune lost, 75

Dost game on at thy country's cost,

And, grown expert in sharpening rules,

First fool'd thyself, now prey'it on fools:

Thou noble Gamester! whose high place

Gives too much credit to disgrace, 80

Who, with the motion of a die,

Dost make a mighty island fly,

The fums, I mean, of good French gold

For which a mighty island sold;

Who dost betray intelligence, 85

Abuse the dearest confidence,

And, private fortune to create,

Most falsely play the game of state;

Who dost within the Alley sport

Sums which might beggar a whole court, 90

And make us bankrupts all, if Care,

With good Earl Talbot, was not there:

Thou daring Infidel! whom pride

And sin have drawn from Reason's side;

Who fearing his avengeful rod, 95

Dost wish not to believe a God;

Whose hope is founded on a plan

Which should distract the soul of man,

And make him curse his abject birth;

Whose hope is, once return'd to earth, 100



There to lie down, for worms a feast,  
 To rot and perish like a beast;  
 Who dost, of punishment afraid,  
 And by thy crimes a coward made,  
 To ev'ry gen'rous soul a curse, 105  
 Than hell and all her torments worse,  
 When crawling to thy latter end,  
 Call on Destruction as a friend,  
 Chusing to crumble into dust  
 Rather than rise, tho' rise you must: 101  
 Thou Hypocrite! who dost profane,  
 And take the patriot's name in vain;  
 Then most thy country's foe when most  
 Of love and loyalty you boast;  
 Who for the filthy love of gold 115  
 Thy friend, thy king, thy God, hast sold,  
 And, mocking the just claim of Hell,  
 Were bidders found, thyself wouldst sell.  
 Ye Villains! of whatever name,  
 Whatever rank, to whom the claim 120  
 Of Hell is certain, on whose lids  
 That worm which never dies forbids  
 Sweet sleep to fall, come, and behold,  
 Whilst envy makes your blood run cold,  
 Behold, by pitiless Conscience led, 125  
 So Justice wills, that holy bed  
 Where Peace her full dominion keeps,  
 And Innocence with Hoiland sleeps.  
 Bid Terror, posting on the wind,  
 Affray the spirits of mankind; 130  
 Bid Earthquakes, heaving for a vent,  
 Rive their concealing continent,  
 And, forcing an untimely birth  
 Thro' the vast bowels of the earth,  
 Endeavour, in her monstrous womb, 135  
 At once all Nature to entomb;

Bid all that's horrible and dire,  
 All that man hates and fears, conspire  
 To make night hideous as they can,  
 Still is thy sleep, thou virt'ous Man! 140  
 Pure is the thoughts which in thy breast  
 Inhabit, and inture thy rest;  
 Still shall thy Ayliff, taught, tho' late,  
 Thy friendly justice in his fate,  
 Turn'd to a guardian angel, spread 145  
 Sweet dreams of comfort round thy head.  
 Dark was the night, by Fate decreed  
 For the contrivance of a deed  
 More black than common, which might make  
 This land from her foundations shake, 150  
 Might tear up Freedom from the root,  
 Destroy a Wilkes, and fix a Bute.  
 Deep Horror held her wide domain;  
 The sky in fullen drops of rain  
 Forewept the morn, and thro' the air, 155  
 Which, op'ning, laid its bosom bare,  
 Loud thunders roll'd and lightning stream'd;  
 The owl at Freedom's window scream'd,  
 The screech-owl, prophet dire! whose breath  
 Brings sickness, and whose note is death; 160  
 The churchyard teem'd, and from the tomb,  
 All sad and silent, thro' the gloom  
 The ghosts of men in former times,  
 Whose public virtues were their crimes,  
 Indignant stalk'd; sorrow and rage 165  
 Blank'd their pale cheeks: in his own age  
 The prop of Freedom, Hampden there  
 Felt after death the gen'rous care;  
 Sidney, by grief, from heav'n was kept,  
 And for his brother patriot wept:  
 All friends of Liberty, when Fate 170  
 Prepar'd to shorten Wilke's date,



Heav'd deeply hurt, the heart-felt groan,  
And knew that wound to be their own.

Hail, Liberty! a glorious word, 175  
In other countries scarcely heard,  
Or heard but as a thing of course,  
Without or energy or force:  
Here felt, enjoy'd, ador'd, the springs,  
Far, far beyond the reach of kings; 180  
Fresh blooming from our mother Earth,  
With pride and joy she owns her birth  
Deriv'd from us, and in return  
Bids in our breasts her genius burn;  
Bids us with all those blessings live 185  
Which Liberty alone can give,  
Or nobly with that spirit die  
Which makes death more than victory.

Hail those old patriots, on whose tongue  
Persuasion in the senate hung, 190  
Whilst they the sacred cause maintain'd!  
Hail those old chiefs, to honour train'd,  
Who spread, when other methods fail'd,  
War's bloody banner, and prevail'd!  
Shall men like these unmention'd sleep 195  
Promiscuous with the common heap,  
And (Gratitude forbid the crime!)  
Be carry'd down the stream of time  
In shoals, unnotic'd and forgot,  
On Lethe's stream, like flags, to rot? 200  
No—they shall live, and each fair name,  
Recorded in the book of Fame,  
Founded on honour's basis, fast  
As the round earth to ages last.  
Some virtues vanish with our breath; 205  
Virtue like this lives after death.  
Old Time himself, his fithe thrown by,  
Himself lost in eternity,

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77

An everlasting crown shall twine  
To make a Wilkes and Sidney join.

210

75 But should some have-got villain dare  
Chains for his country to prepare,  
And, by his birth to slav'ry broke,  
Make her, too, feel the galling yoke,  
May he be evermore accurst,

215

180 Amongst bad men be rank'd the worst;  
May he be still himself, and still  
Go on in vice, and perfect ill;

May his broad crimes each day increase,  
Till he can't live nor die in peace;

220

185 May he be plung'd so deep in shame  
That Satan mayn't endure his name,  
And hear, scarce crawling on the earth,  
His children curse him for their birth;  
May Liberty, beyond the grave,  
Ordain him to be still a slave,

225

190 Grant him what here he most requires,  
And damn him with his own desires!

But should some villain, in support

And zeal for a despairing court,

230

195 Placing in craft his confidence,

And making honour a pretence

To do a deed of deepest shame,

Whilst filthy lucre is his aim;

Should such a wretch, with sword or knife

235

200 Contrive to practise 'gainst the life

Of one who, honour'd thro' the land,

For Freedom made a glorious stand,

Whose chief, perhaps his only, crime

Is, (if plain Truth at such a time

240

205 May dare her sentiments to tell)

That he his country loves too well:

May he—but words are all too weak

The feelings of my heart to speak—



May he—O for a noble curfe  
Which might his very marrow pierce!— 245  
The general contempt engage,  
And be the Martin of his age. 248





# THE DUELLIST.

## BOOK II.

**D**EEP in the bosom of a wood,  
Out of the road, a temple stood;  
Ancient, and much the worse for wear,  
It call'd aloud for quick repair,  
And, tottering from side to side, 5  
Menac'd destruction far and wide,  
Nor able seem'd, unless made stronger,  
To hold out four or five years longer.  
Four hundred pillars, from the ground  
Rising in order, most unbound; 10  
Some rotten to the heart, aloof,  
Seem to support the tottering roof,  
But to inspection nearer laid,  
Instead of giving, wanted aid.  
The structure, rare and curious, made 15  
By men most famous in their trade,  
A work of years, admir'd by all,  
Was suffer'd into dust to fall,  
Or, just to make it hang together,  
And keep off the effects of weather, 20  
Was patch'd and patch'd from time to time  
By wretches whom it were a crime,  
A crime which Art would treason hold,  
To mention with those names of old.  
Builders, who had the pile survey'd, 25  
And those not Flitcrofts in their trade,  
Doubted (the wise hand in a doubt  
Merely sometimes to hand her out)  
Whether (like churches in a Brief,  
Taught wisely to obtain relief 30



Thro' Chancery, who gives her fees  
 To this and other charities)  
 It must not, in all parts unsound,  
 Be ripp'd and pull'd down to the ground;  
 Whether (tho' after ages ne'er 35  
 shall raise a building to compare)  
 Art, if they should their art employ,  
 Meant to preserve, might not destroy,  
 As human bodies, worn away,  
 Batter'd and halting to decay, 40  
 Bidding the power of Art despair,  
 Cannot those very med'cines bear  
 Which, and which only, can restore,  
 And make them healthy as before.  
 To Liberty, whose gracious smile 45  
 Shed peace and plenty o'er the Isle,  
 Our grateful ancestors, her plain  
 But faithful children, rais'd this fanc.  
 Full in the front, stretch'd out in length,  
 Where Nature put forth all her strength 50  
 In spring eternal, lay a plain  
 Where our brave fathers us'd to train  
 Their sons to arms, to teach the art  
 Of war, and steel the infant heart;  
 Labour, their hardy nurse, when young, 55  
 Their joints had knit, their nerves had strung;  
 Abstinence, foe declar'd to death,  
 Had, from the time they first drew breath,  
 The best of doctors, with plain food  
 Kept pure the channel of their blood; 60  
 Health in their cheeks bade colour rise,  
 And Glory sparkled in their eyes.  
 The instruments of husbandry,  
 As in contempt, were all thrown by,  
 And, flattering a manly pride, 65  
 War's keener tools their place supply'd.

Their arrows to the head they drew ;  
 Swift to the point their jav'lines flew ;  
 They grasp'd the sword, they shook the spear ;  
 Their fathers felt a pleasing fear, 70  
 And even Courage, standing by,  
 Scarcely beheld with steady eye.  
 Each stripling, lesson'd by his fire,  
 Knew when to close, when to retire ;  
 When near at hand, when from afar 75  
 To fight, and was himself a war.

Their wives, their mothers, all around,  
 Careless of order, on the ground,  
 Breath'd forth to Heav'n the pious vow,  
 And for a son's or husband's brow, 80  
 With eager fingers, laurel wove ;  
 Laurel which in the sacred grove,  
 Planted by Liberty, they find,  
 The brows of conquerors to bind,  
 To give them pride and spirits, fit 85  
 To make a world in arms submit.

What raptures did the bosom fire  
 Of the young, rugged, peasant fire,  
 When, from the toil of mimic fight,  
 Returning with return of night, 90  
 He saw his babe resign the breast,  
 And, smiling, stroke those arms in jest,  
 With which hereafter he shall make  
 The proudest heart in Gallia quake!

Gods! with what joy, what honest pride, 95  
 Did each fond, wishing, rustic bride,  
 Behold her manly swain return!  
 How did her love-sick bosom burn,  
 Tho' on parades he was not bred,  
 Nor wore the liv'ry of red, 100  
 When, Pleasure height'ning all her charms,  
 She strain'd her warrior in her arms,



And begg'd, whilst love and glory fire,  
 A son, a son just like his fire!  
 Such were the men in former times,  
 Ere luxury had made our crimes  
 Our bitter punishment, who bore  
 Their terrors to a foreign shore;  
 Such were the men who, free from dread,  
 By Edwards and by Henries led,  
 Spread, like a torrent swell'd with rains,  
 O'er haughty Gallia's trembling plains:  
 Such were the men, when lust of pow'r,  
 To work him woe, in evil hour  
 Debauch'd the tyrant from those ways  
 On which a king should found his praise;  
 When stern Oppression, hand in hand  
 With Pride, stalk'd proudly thro' the land;  
 When weeping Justice was miss'd  
 From her fair course, and Mercy dead:  
 Such were the men, in virtue strong,  
 Who dar'd not see their country's wrong,  
 Who left the mattock and the spade,  
 And, in the robes of War array'd,  
 In their rough arms, departing, took  
 Their helpless babes, and with a look  
 Stern and determin'd, swore to see  
 Those babes no more or see them free:  
 Such were the men whom tyrant Pride  
 Could never fasten to his side  
 By threats or bribes, who, freemen born,  
 Chains, tho' of gold, beheld with scorn;  
 Who, free from ev'ry servile awe,  
 Could never be divorc'd from law,  
 From that broad gen'ral law which Sense  
 Made for the general defence;  
 Could never yield to partial ties  
 Which from dependent stations rise:

105

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135

Could never be to slav'ry led,  
For Property was at their head: 140

Such were the men, in days of yore,  
Who, call'd by Liberty, before  
Her temple on the sacred green,  
In martial pastimes oft' were seen—  
Now seen no longer—in their stead, 145

To laziness and virmin bred,  
A race who, strangers to the cause  
Of Freedom, live by other laws,  
On other motives fight, a prey  
To interest, and slaves for pay. 150

Valour, how glorious on a plan  
Of honour founded! leads their van;  
Discretion, free from taint of fear,  
Cool, but resolv'd, brings up their rear;  
Discretion, Valour's better half; 155

Dependence holds the gen'ral's staff.  
In plain and home-spun garb array'd,  
Not for vain shew, but service, made,  
In a green flourishing old age,  
Not damn'd yet with an equipage, 160

In rules of Porterage untaught,  
Simplicity, not worth a groat,  
For years had kept the temple-door;  
Full on his breast a glass he wore,  
Thro' which his bosom open lay 165

To ev'ry one that pass'd that way:  
Now turn'd adrift—with humbler face,  
But prouder heart, his vacant place  
Corruption fills, and bears the key;  
No entrance now without a fee. 170

With belly round, and full fat face,  
Which on the house reflected grace,  
Full of good fare, and honest glee,  
The steward Hospitality;

Old Welcome smiling by his side, 175  
 A good old servant, often try'd  
 And faithful found, who kept in view  
 His lady's fame and int'rest too,  
 Who made each heart with joy rebound,  
 Yet never run her state a-ground, 180  
 Was turn'd off, or (which word I find  
 Is more in modern use) resign'd.  
 Half-starv'd, half-starving others, bred  
 In beggary, with carrion fed,  
 Detested, and detesting all, 185  
 Made up of avarice and gall,  
 Boasting great thrift, yet wasting more  
 Than ever steward did before,  
 Succeeded one who, to engage  
 The praise of an exhausted age, 190  
 Assum'd a name of high degree,  
 And call'd himself Economy.  
 Within the temple, full in sight,  
 Where without ceasing, day and night  
 The workman toil'd; where Labour bar'd 195  
 His brawny arm; where art prepar'd,  
 In regular and even rows,  
 Her types, a Printing-press arose;  
 Each workman knew his task, and each  
 Was honest and expert as Leach. 200  
 Hence Learning struck a deeper root,  
 And Science brought forth riper fruit;  
 Hence Loyalty receiv'd support,  
 Even when banish'd from the court;  
 Hence Government gain'd strength, and hence 206  
 Religion fought and found defence;  
 Hence England's fairest fame arose,  
 And Liberty subdu'd her foes.  
 On a low, simple, turf-made throne,  
 Rais'd by Allegiance, scarcely known 210

From her attendants, glad to be  
 Pattern of that equality  
 She wish'd to all, so far as cou'd  
 Safely consist with social good,  
 The goddesses sat; around her head 215  
 A cheerful radiance Glory spread:  
 Courage, a youth of royal race,  
 Lovelily stern, possess'd a place  
 On her left hand, and on her right  
 Sat Honour, cloath'd with robes of light; 220  
 Before her Magna Charta lay,  
 Which some great lawyer, of his day  
 The Pratt, was offic'd to explain  
 And make the basis of her reign:  
 Peace, crown'd with olive, to her breast 225  
 Two smiling twin-born infants prest;  
 At her feet couching War was laid,  
 And with a brindled lion play'd:  
 Justice and Mercy hand in hand,  
 Joint guardians of the happy land, 230  
 Together held their mighty charge,  
 And Truth walk'd all about at large:  
 Health for the royal troop the feast  
 Prepar'd, and Virtue was high priest.  
 Such was the fame our goddess bore, 235  
 Her temple such in days of yore.  
 What changes ruthless Time presents!  
 Behold her ruin'd battlements,  
 Her walls decay'd, her nodding spires,  
 Her altars broke, her dying fires, 240  
 Her name despis'd, her priests destroy'd,  
 Her friends disgrac'd, her foes employ'd,  
 Herself (by ministerial arts  
 Depriv'd ev'n of the people's hearts,  
 Whilst they, to work her surer woe, 245  
 Feign her to monarchy a foe)



Exil'd by grief, self-doom'd to dwell  
 With some poor hermit in a cell;  
 Or, that retirement tedious grown,  
 If she walks forth she walks unknown, 250  
 Hooted and pointed at with scorn  
 As one in some strange country born.

Behold a rude and ruffian race,  
 A band of spoilers, seize her place;  
 With looks which might the heart diffeat, 255  
 And make life found a quick retreat,

'To rapine from the cradle bred,  
 A staunch old blood-hound at their head,  
 Who, free from virtue and from awe,  
 Knew none but the bad part of law, 260

They rov'd at large; each on his breast  
 Mark'd with a greyhound, stood confest:  
 Controlment waited on their nod  
 High-wielding Persecution's rod;

Confusion follow'd at their heels, 265  
 And a cast statesman held the seals;  
 Those seals for which he dear shall pay,  
 When awful justice takes her day.

The Printers saw—they saw and fled—  
 Science, declining, hung her head; 270  
 Property in despair appear'd,

And for herself destruction fear'd;  
 Whilst, underfoot, the rude slaves trod  
 The works of men and Word of God;  
 Whilst, close behind, on many a book, 275

In which he never deigns to look,  
 Which he did not, nay—could not read,  
 A bold bad man (by pow'r decreed  
 For that bad end, who in the dark

Scorn'd to do mischief) set his mark 280  
 In the full day, the mark of Hell,  
 And on the Gospel stamp'd an L.





Liberty fled, her friends withdrew;  
 Her friends, a faithful, chosen few;  
 Honour in grief threw up, and Shame, 285  
 Clothing herself with Honour's name,  
 Usurp'd his station; on the throne  
 Which Liberty once call'd her own,  
 (Gods! that such mighty ills should spring 290  
 Under so great, so good, a king,  
 So lov'd, so loving, thro' the arts  
 Of statesmen, curs'd with wicked hearts!)  
 For ev'ry darker purpose fit,  
 Behold in triumph Statecraft fit, 294



THE DUELLIST.

BOOK III.

AH me! what mighty perils wait  
The man who meddles with a state  
Whether to strengthen or oppose!  
False are his friends, and firm his foes:  
How must his soul, once ventur'd in,  
Plunge blindly on from sin to sin!  
What toils he suffers, what disgrace,  
To get, and then to keep, a place!  
How often, whether wrong or right,  
Must he in jest or earnest fight,  
Risking for those both life and limb  
Who would not risk one groat for him!  
Under the temple lay a cave,  
Made by some guilty coward slave,  
Whose actions fear'd rebuke; a maze  
Of intricate and winding ways,  
Not to be found without a clue;  
One passage only, known to few,  
In paths direct led to a cell,  
Where Fraud in secret lov'd to dwell,  
With all her tools and slaves about her,  
Nor fear'd lest Honesty should rout her.  
In a dark corner, shunning fight  
Of man, and shrinking from the light,  
One dull dim taper thro' the cell  
Glimm'ring, to make more horrible  
The face of darkness, she prepares,  
Working unseen, all kinds of snares,  
With curious but destructive art.  
Here, thro' the eye to catch the heart,

5  
10  
15  
20  
25  
30



Gay stars their tinsel beams afford,  
 Neat artifice to trap a lord;  
 There, fit for all whom Folly bred,  
 Wave plumes of feathers for the head;  
 Garters the hag contrives to make, 35  
 Which, as it seems, a babe might break,  
 But which ambitious madmen feel  
 More firm and sure than chains of steel,  
 Which, slipp'd just underneath the knee,  
 Forbid a freeman to be free. 40

Purses she knew (did ever curse  
 Travel more sure than in a purse?)  
 Which, by some strange and magic bands,  
 Enslave the soul and tie the hands.  
 Here Flatt'ry, eldest born of Guile, 45  
 Weaves with rare skill the filken smile,  
 The courtly cringe, the supple bow,  
 The private squeeze, the levee vow,  
 With which, no strange or recent case,  
 Fools in, deceive fools out of place. 50

Corruption (who in former times,  
 Thro' fear or shame conceal'd her crimes,  
 And what she did contriv'd to do it,  
 So that the public might not view it)  
 Presumpt'ous grown, unfit was held 55  
 For their dark councils, and expell'd,  
 Since in the day her bus'ndfs might  
 Be done as safe as in the night.

Her eye down bending to the ground,  
 Planning some dark and deadly wound, 60  
 Holding a dagger on which stood,  
 All fresh, and reeking, drops of blood,  
 Bearing a lanthorn, which of yore,  
 By Treason borrow'd, Guy Fawkes bore,  
 By which, since they improv'd in trade, 65  
 Excisemen have their lanthorns made;



Assassination, her whole mind,  
 Blood-thirsting, on her arm reclin'd;  
 Death, grinning, at her elbow stood,  
 And held forth instruments of blood, 70  
 Vile instruments, which cowards chuse,  
 But men of honour dare not use;  
 Around his Lordship and his Grace,  
 Both qualify'd for such a place,  
 With many a Forbes and many a Dun, 75  
 Each a resolv'd and pious son,  
 Wait her high bidding; each prepar'd  
 As she around her orders shar'd,  
 Proof 'gainst remorse, to run, to fly, 80  
 And bid the destin'd victim die,  
 Posting on Villany's black wing,  
 Whether he patriot is, or king.  
 Oppression willing to appear  
 An object of our love, not fear,  
 Or, at the most, a rev'rend awe 85  
 To breed, usurp'd the garb of Law.  
 A book she held, on which her eyes  
 Were deeply fix'd, whence seem'd to rise  
 Joy in her breast; a book of might 90  
 Most wonderful, which black to white  
 Could turn, and without help of laws,  
 Could make the worse the better cause.  
 She read, by flatt'ring hopes deceiv'd;  
 She wish'd, and what she wish'd believ'd,  
 To make that book for ever stand 95  
 The rule of wrong thro' all the land;  
 On the back, fair and worthy note,  
 At large was Magna Charta wrote,  
 But turn your eye within, and read,  
 A bitter lesson, N——'s Creed. 100  
 Ready, ev'n with a look, to run,  
 Fast as the coursers of the sun,

BOOK III. THE DUELLIST. 91

To worry Virtue, at her hand  
Two half-starv'd grayhounds took their stand.  
A curious model, cut in wood, 195  
Of a most ancient castle stood  
Full in her view; the gates were barr'd,  
And soldiers on the watch kept guard;  
In the front, openly, in black  
Was wrote, The Tow'r; but on the back, 110  
Mark'd with a Secretary's seal,  
In bloody letters, The Bastile.

Around a table, fully bent  
On mischief of most black intent,  
Deeply determin'd, that their reign 115  
Might longer last, to work the bane  
Of one firm patriot, whose heart, ty'd  
To honour, all their pow'r defy'd,  
And brought those actions into light  
They wish'd to have conceal'd in night, 120  
Begot, born, bred, to infamy,  
A privy council sat of three:  
Great were their names, of high repute  
And favour thro' the land of Bute.

The first (entitled to the place 125  
Of honour both by gown and grace,  
Who never let occasion slip  
To take right hand of fellowship,  
And was so proud, that should he meet  
The Twelve Apostles in the street, 130  
He'd turn his nose up at them all,  
And shove his Saviour from the wall;  
Who was so mean (Meanness and Pride  
Still go together side to side)  
That he would cringe, and creep, be civil, 135  
And hold a stirrup for the devil;  
If in a journey to his mind,  
He'd let him mount, and ride behind;



Who basely fawn'd thro' all his life,  
 For patrons first; then for a wife; 140  
 Wrote Dedications which must make  
 The heart of ev'ry Christian quake;  
 Made one man equal to, or more  
 Than God; then left him, as before  
 His God he left, and, drawn by pride, 145  
 Shifted about to t' other side)  
 Was by his fire a parson made,  
 Merely to give the boy a trade;  
 But he himself was thereto drawn  
 By some faint omens of the lawn, 150  
 And on the truly Christian plan  
 To make himself a gentleman,  
 A title in which Form array'd him,  
 Tho' Fate ne'er thought on't when she made him.  
 The oaths he took, 'tis very true, 155  
 But took them, as all wise men do,  
 With an intent, if things should turn,  
 Rather to temporize than burn,  
 Gospel and loyalty were made  
 To serve the purposes of trade: 160  
 Religion's are but paper ties,  
 Which bind the fool, but which the wife,  
 Such idle notions far above,  
 Draw on and off, just like a glove:  
 All gods, all kings, (let his great aim 165  
 Be answer'd) were to him the same.  
 A curate first, he read and read,  
 And laid in whilst he should have sed  
 The souls of his neglected flock,  
 Of reading such a mighty stock, 170  
 That he o'ercharg'd the weary brain  
 With more than she could well contain;  
 More than she was with spirits fraught  
 To turn, and methodize to thought,

Book III. THE DUELLIST. 93

And which, like ill-digested food, 175

To humours turn'd, and not to blood.

Brought up to London, from the plow

And pulpit how to make a bow

He try'd to learn; he grew polite,

And was the poet's parasite. 180

With wits conversing (and wits then

Were to be found 'mongst noblemen)

He caught, or would have caught, the flame,

And would be nothing, or the same.

He drank with drunkards, liv'd with sinners, 185

Herded with infidels for dinners;

With such an emphasis and grace

Blasphem'd, that Potter kept not pace:

He, in the highest reign of noon,

Bawl'd bawdy songs to a psalm tune; 190

Liv'd with men infamous and vile,

Truck'd his salvation for a smile;

To catch their humour caught their plan,

And laugh'd at God to laugh with man;

Prais'd them, when living, in each breath, 195

And damn'd their memories after death.

To prove his faith, which all admit

Is at least equal to his wit,

And make himself a man of note,

He in defence of Scripture wrote: 200

So long he wrote, and long, about it,

That ev'n believers 'gan to doubt it:

He wrote, too, of the inward light,

Tho' no one know how he came by't,

And of that influencing grace 205

Which in his life ne'er found a place:

He wrote, too, of the Holy Ghost,

Of whom no more than doth a post

He knew, nor, should an angel show him,

Would he or know or chuse to know him. 210



Next (for he knew 'twixt ev'ry science  
 There was a natural alliance)  
 He wrote, t'advance his Maker's praise,  
 Comments on rhymes, and notes on plays,  
 And with an all-sufficient air 215  
 Plac'd himself in the critic's chair,  
 Usurp'd o'er reason full dominion,  
 And govern'd merely by opinion.  
 At length dethron'd, and kept in awe  
 By one plain simple man of law, 220  
 He arm'd dead friends, to vengeance true,  
 T' abuse the man they never knew.

Examine strictly all mankind,  
 Most characters are mix'd we find,  
 And vice and virtue take their turn 225  
 In the same breast to beat and burn.  
 Our priest was an exception here,  
 Nor did one spark of grace appear,  
 Not one dull dim spark in his soul;  
 Vice, glorious Vice! possess'd the whole, 230  
 And, in her service truly warm,  
 He was in sin most uniform.

Injurious Satire! own at least  
 One sniv'ling virtue in the priest,  
 One sniv'ling virtue, which is plac'd, 235  
 They say, in or about the waist,  
 Call'd Chastity; the prudish dame  
 Knows it at large by Virtue's name.  
 To this his wife (and in these days  
 Wives seldom without reason praise) 240  
 Bears evidence—then calls her child,  
 And swears that Tom was vastly wild.

Ripen'd by a long course of years,  
 He great and perfect now appears.  
 In shape scarce of the human kind, 245  
 A man, without a manly mind;



III.	BOOK III. THE DUELLIST.	95
	No husband tho' he's truly wed;	
	Tho' on his knees a child is bred	
	No father; injur'd, without end	
	A foe; and tho' oblig'd no friend;	250
215	A heart which virtue ne'er disgrac'd;	
	A head where learning runs to waste;	
	A gentleman well-bred, if breeding	
	Rests in the article of reading;	
	A man of this world, for the next	255
220	Was ne'er included in his text;	
	A judge of genius, tho' confess'd	
	With not one spark of genius blest'd;	
	Amongst the first of critics plac'd,	
	Tho' free from ev'ry taint of taste;	260
225	A Christian without faith or works,	
	As he would be a Turk 'mongst Turks;	
	A great divine as lords agree,	
	Without the least divinity.	
	To crown all, in declining age,	265
230	Inflan'd with church and party rage,	
	Behold him, full and perfect quite,	
	A false faint and true hypocrite.	
	Next sat a lawyer, often try'd	
	In perilous extremes; when Pride	270
235	And Pow'r, all wild and trembling, stood,	
	Nor dar'd to tempt the raging flood,	
	This bold bad man arose to view,	
	And gave his hand to help them thro':	
	Steel'd 'gainst compassion, as they pass	275
240	He saw poor Freedom breathe her last;	
	He saw her struggle, heard her groan;	
	He saw her helpless and alone,	
	Whelm'd in that storm which, fear'd and prais'd	
	By slaves less bold, himself had rais'd.	280
245	Bred to the law, he from the first	
	Of all bad lawyers was the worst.	



Perfection (for bad men maintain  
 In ill we may perfection gain)  
 In others is a work of time, 285  
 And they creep on from crime to crime;  
 He, for a prodigy design'd  
 To spread amazement o'er mankind,  
 Started full ripen'd all at once  
 A perfect knave and perfect dunce. 290  
 Who will for him may boast of sense,  
 His better guard is impudence;  
 His front, with ten fold plates of brass  
 Secur'd, Shame never yet could pass,  
 Nor on the surface of his skin 295  
 Blush for that guilt which dwelt within.  
 How often, in contempt of laws,  
 To sound the bottom of a cause,  
 To search out ev'ry rotten part,  
 And worm into its very heart, 300  
 Hath he ta'en briefs on false pretence,  
 And undertaken the defence  
 Of trusting fools, whom in the end  
 He meant to ruin, not defend?  
 How often, ev'n in open court, 305  
 Hath the wretch made his shame his sport,  
 And laugh'd off, with a villain's ease,  
 Throwing up briefs and keeping fees?  
 Such things, as, tho' to roguery bred,  
 Had struck a little villain dead. 310  
 Causes, whatever their import,  
 He undertakes to serve a court;  
 For he by heart this rule had got,  
 Pow'r can effect what law cannot.  
 Fools he forgives, but rogues he fears; 315  
 If Genius, yok'd with Worth, appears,  
 His weak soul sickens at the sight,  
 And strives to plunge them down in night.

So loud he talks, so very loud,  
 He is an angel with the croud,  
 Whilst he makes Justice hang her head,  
 And judges turn from pale to red.

320

Bid all that Nature, on a plan  
 Most intimate, makes dear to man,  
 All that with grand and gen'ral ties  
 Binds good and bad, the fool and wise,  
 Knock at his heart; they knock in vain;  
 No entrance there such suitors gain:

325

Bid kneeling kings forsake the throne,  
 Bid at his feet his country groan;  
 Bid Liberty stretch out her hands,  
 Religion plead her stronger bands;  
 Bid parents, children, wife, and friends,  
 If they come thwart his private ends,  
 Unmov'd he hears the gen'ral call,  
 And bravely tramples on them all.

330

Who will, for him, may cant and whine,  
 And let weak Conscience with her line  
 Chalk out their ways; such starving rules  
 Are only fit for coward fools;

340

Fellows who credit what priests tell,  
 And tremble at the thoughts of hell;  
 His spirit dares contend with Grace,  
 And meets Damnation face to face.

Such was our lawyer; by his side  
 In all bad qualities ally'd,

345

In all bad counsels, set a third,  
 By birth a lord; O sacred word!  
 O word most sacred! whence men get  
 A privilege to run in debt;

350

Whence they at large exemption claim  
 From Satire, and her servant Shame;  
 Whence they, depriv'd of all her force,  
 Forbid bold Truth to hold her course.



Consult his person, dress, and air, 355  
 He seems, which strangers well might swear,  
 The master, or, by courtesy,  
 The captain of a colliery.  
 Look at his visage, and agree  
 Half-hang'd he seems, just from the tree 360  
 Escap'd ; a rope may sometimes break,  
 Or men be cut down by mistake.  
 He hath not virtue (in the school  
 Of Vice bread up) to live by rule,  
 Nor hath he sense (which none can doubt 365  
 Who know the man) to live without.  
 His life is a continued scene  
 Of all that's infamous and mean ;  
 He knows not change, unless grown nice  
 And delicate, from vice to vice ; 370  
 Nature design'd him, in a rage,  
 To be the Wharton of his age,  
 But having giv'n all the sin,  
 Forgot to put the virtues in.  
 To run a horse, to make a match, 375  
 To revel deep, to roar a catch ;  
 To knock a tott'ring watchman down,  
 To sweat a woman of the Town ;  
 By fits to keep the peace, or break it,  
 In turn to give a pox, or take it ; 380  
 He is, in faith, most excellent,  
 And, in the word's most full intent,  
 A true Choice Spirit we admit ;  
 With wits a fool, with fools a wit.  
 Hear him but talk, and you would swear 385  
 Obscenity herself was there ;  
 And that Profaneness had made choice,  
 By way of trump, to use his voice ;  
 That in all mean and low things great,  
 He had been bred at Billingsgate ; 390

- 55 And that, ascending to the earth  
 Before the season of his birth,  
 Blasphemy, making way and room,  
 Had mark'd him in his mother's womb :  
 'Too honest (for the worst of men  
 360 In forms are honest now and then)  
 Not to have, in the usual way,  
 His bills sent in ; too great to pay :  
 'Too proud to speak to, if he meets  
 The honest tradesman whom he cheats : 395  
 365 Too infamous to have a friend ;  
 Too bad for bad men to commend,  
 Or good to name ; beneath whose weight  
 Earth groans ; who hath been spar'd by Fate  
 Only to shew, on mercy's plan, 405  
 370 How far and long God bears with man.  
 Such were the three who, mocking sleep,  
 At midnight sat, in counsel deep,  
 Plotting destruction 'gainst a head  
 Whose wisdom could not be misled ; 410  
 375 Plotting destruction 'gainst a heart  
 Which ne'er from honour would depart.  
 " Is he not rank'd amongst our foes ?  
 " Hath not his spirit dar'd oppose  
 " Our dearest measures, made our name 415  
 380 " Stand forward on the roll of shame ?  
 " Hath he not won the vulgar tribes,  
 " By scorning menaces and bribes,  
 " And proving that his darling cause,  
 " Is of their liberties and laws 420  
 385 " To stand the champion ? In a word,  
 " Nor need one argument be heard  
 " Beyond this to awake our zeal,  
 " To quicken our resolves, and steel  
 " Our steady souls to bloody bent, 425  
 390 " (Sure ruin to each dear intent

" Each flatt'ring hope) he, without fear,  
 " Hath dar'd to make the truth appear."  
 They said, and, by resentment taught,  
 Each on revenge employ'd his thought; 430  
 Each, bent on mischief, rack'd his brain  
 To her full stretch, but rack'd in vain:  
 Scheme after scheme they brought to view;  
 All were examin'd; none would do:  
 When Fraud, with pleasure in her face, 435  
 Forth issu'd from her hiding-place,  
 And at the table where they meet,  
 First having blest them, took her seat.  
 " No trifling cause my darling Boys!  
 " Your present thoughts and cares employs; 440  
 " No common snare, no random blow,  
 " Can work the bane of such a foe,  
 " By Nature cautious as he's brave,  
 " To honour only he's a slave;  
 " In that weak part without defence, 445  
 " We must to honour make pretence;  
 " That lure shall to his ruin draw  
 " The wretch who stands secure in law:  
 " Nor think that I have idly plann'd  
 " This full-ripe scheme; behold at hand, 450  
 " With three months training on his head,  
 " An instrument whom I have bred,  
 " Born of these bowels, far from sight  
 " Of virtue's false but glaring light,  
 " My youngest born, my dearest joy, 455  
 " Most like myself, my darling boy:  
 " He, never, touch'd with vile remorse,  
 " Resolv'd and crafty in his course,  
 " Shall work our ends, complete our schemes,  
 " Most mine when most he Honour's seems; 460  
 " Nor can be found, at home, abroad,  
 " So firm and full a slave of Fraud."

II.

BOOK III. THE DUELLIST.

101

She said, and from each envious son  
 A discontented murmur run  
 Around the table; all in place 465  
 Thought his full praise their own disgrace,  
 Wond'ring what stranger she had got,  
 Who had one vice that they had not;  
 When straight the portals open flew,  
 And, clad in armour, to their view 470  
 M——, the Duellist, came forth;  
 All knew, and all confess'd his worth;  
 All justify'd, with smiles array'd,  
 The happy choice their dam had made. 474

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F



# G O T H A M.

## IN THREE BOOKS.

### BOOK I.

**F**AR off (no matter whether east or west,  
 A real country, or one made in jest,  
 Not yet by modern Mandevilles disgrac'd,  
 Nor by map-jobbers wretchedly misplac'd)  
 There lies an island, neither great nor small, 5  
 Which for distinction sake, I Gotham call.  
 The man who finds an unknown country out,  
 By giving it a name acquires, no doubt,  
 A Gospel title, tho' the people there  
 The pious Christian thinks not worth his care; 10  
 Bar this pretence, and into air is hurl'd  
 The claim of Europe to the Western world.

Cast by a tempest on the savage coast,  
 Some roving buccaneer fet up a post;  
 A beam, in proper form transversely laid, 15  
 Of his Redeemer's cross the figure made,  
 Of that Redeemer, with whose laws his life,  
 From first to last, had been one scene of strife;  
 His royal master's name thereon engrav'd,  
 Without more process the whole race enslav'd, 20  
 Cut off that charter they from Nature drew,  
 And made them slaves to men they never knew.

Search ancient histories, consult records,  
 Under this title the most Christian lords [ball;  
 Hold (thanks to conscience) more than half the  
 O'erthrow this title, they have none at all; 26  
 For never yet might any monarch dare,  
 Who liv'd to truth, and breath'd a Christian air,  
 Pretend that Christ, (who came, we all agree,  
 To bless his people, and to set them free) 30  
 To make a convert ever one law gave  
 By which converters made him first a slave.





Spite of the glosses of a canting priest,  
 Who talks of charity but means a feast,  
 Who recommends it (whilst he seems to feel) 35  
 The holy glowings of a real zeal)  
 To all his hearers, as a deed of worth, [earth,  
 To give them heav'n whom they have robb'd of  
 Never shall one, one truly honest man,  
 Who blest'd with Liberty, reveres her plan, 40  
 Allow one moment that a savage fire  
 Could from his wretched race, for childish hire,  
 By a wild grant, their all, their freedom pass,  
 And sell his country for a bit of glass. [France,  
 Or grant this barb'rous right, let Spain and  
 In slav'ry bred, as purchasers advance; 46  
 Let them, whilst conscience is at distance hurl'd,  
 With some gay bauble buy a golden world:  
 An Englishman, in charter'd freedom born,  
 Shall spurn the slavish merchandise, shall scorn 50  
 To take from others, thro' base private views,  
 What he himself would rather die than lose.

Happy the savage of those early times, [crimes!  
 Ere Europe's sons were known, and Europe's  
 Gold, curst gold! slept in the womb of earth, 55  
 Unfelt its mischiefs, as unknown its worth;  
 In full content he found the truest wealth,  
 In toil he found diversion, food, and health;  
 Stranger to ease and luxury of courts,  
 His sports were labours, and his labours sports; 60  
 His youth was hardy, and his old age green;  
 Life's morn was vig'rous, and her eve serene;  
 No rules he held but what were made for use,  
 No arts he learn'd, nor ills which arts produce;  
 False lights he follow'd, but believed them true; 65  
 He knew not much, but liv'd to what he knew.

Happy, thrice happy, now, the savage race,  
 Since Europe took their gold, and gave them grace?



Pastors she sends to help them in their need, 69  
 Some who can't write, with others who can't read;  
 And on sure grounds the Gospel pile to rear,  
 Sends missionary felons ev'ry year;  
 Our vices, with more zeal than holy pray'rs,  
 She teaches them, and in return takes their's :  
 Her rank oppressions give them cause to rise, 75  
 Her want of prudence means and arms supplies,  
 Whilst her brave rage, not satisfy'd with life,  
 Rising in blood, adopts the scalping-knife :  
 Knowledge she gives, enough to make them know  
 How abject is their state, how deep their woe : 80  
 The worth of freedom strongly she explains, [chains:  
 Whilst she bows down and loads their necks with  
 Faith, too, she plants, for her own ends impress,  
 To make them bear the worst and hope the best ;  
 And whilst she teaches, on vile int'rest's plan, 85  
 As laws of God the wild decrees of man,  
 Like Pharisees, of whom the Scriptures tell,  
 She makes them ten times more the sons of Hell.

But wither do these grave reflections tend ?  
 Are they design'd for any or no end ? 90  
 Briefly but this—to prove, that by no act  
 Which Nature made, that by no equal pact  
 'Twixt man and man, which might, if Justice heard,  
 Stand good ; that by no benefits conferr'd,  
 Or purchase made, Europe in chains can hold 95  
 The sons of India and her mines of gold.  
 Chance led her there in an accursed hour ;  
 She saw, and made the country her's by pow'r ;  
 Nor drawn by virtue's love from love of fame,  
 Shall my rash folly controvert the claim, 100  
 Or wish in thought that title overthrown  
 Which coincides with and involves my own.  
 Europe discover'd India first ; I found  
 My right to Gotham on the self-same ground ;

I first discover'd it, nor shall that plea 105  
 To her be granted and deny'd to me  
 I plead possession, and, till one more bold  
 Shall drive me out, will that possession hold.  
 With Europe's rights my kindred rights I twine;  
 Her's be the Western world, be Gotham mine. 110  
 Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;  
 Left up your voice on high, a mighty voice;  
 The voice of gladness; and on ev'ry tongue,  
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,  
 The praises of so great and good a king; 115  
 Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

As on a day, a high and holy day,  
 Let ev'ry instrument of music play,  
 Ancient and modern; those which drew their birth  
 (Punctilio's laid aside) from Pagan earth, 120  
 As well as those by Christian made and Jew,  
 Those known to many, and those known to few;  
 Those which in whim and frolic lightly float,  
 And those which swell the slow and solemn note;  
 Those which (whilst Reason stands in wonder by) 125  
 Make some complexions laugh and others cry;  
 Those which, by some strange faculty of sound,  
 Can build walls up, and raze them to the ground;  
 Those which can tear up forests by the roots, [brutes;  
 And make brutes dance like men, and men like  
 Those which, whilst Ridicule leads up the dance, 131  
 Make clowns of Monmouth, ape the fops of France;  
 Those which, where Lady Dulness with Lord May'r's  
 Presides, disflaming light and trifling airs,  
 Hallow the feast with psalmody, and those 135  
 Which, planted in our churches to dispose  
 And lift the mind to Heaven, are disgrac'd  
 With what a foppish organist calls Taste:  
 All from the fiddle (on which ev'ry fool,  
 The pert son of dull sire, discharg'd from school, 140

Serves an apprenticeship in college ease,  
 And rises thro' the gamut to degrees)  
 To those which (tho' less common, not less sweet)  
 From fam'd Saint Gile's, and more fam'd Vine-street,  
 (Where Heav'n, the utmost wish of Man to grant,  
 Gave me an old house, and an older aunt) 146  
 Thornton, whilst Humour pointed out the road  
 To her arch cub, hath hitch'd into an ode;  
 All instruments, (attend ye list'ning Spheres,  
 Attend ye sons of men, and hear with ears) 150  
 All instruments, (nor shall they seek one hand  
 Impres'd from modern Music's coxcomb band)  
 All instruments, self-acted, at my name  
 Shall pour forth harmony, and loud proclaim,  
 Loud but yet sweet, to the according globe, 155  
 My praises, whilst gay Nature, in a robe,  
 A coxcomb doctor's robe, to the full sound  
 Keeps time, like Boyce, and the world dances round.  
 Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;  
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice, 160  
 The voice of gladness; and on ev'ry tongue,  
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,  
 The praises of so great and good a king;  
 Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?  
 Infancy, straining backward from the breast, 165  
 Tetchy and wayward, what he loveth best  
 Refusing in his fits, whilst all the while  
 The mother eyes the wrangler with a smile,  
 And the fond father sits on t' other side, 169  
 Laughs at his moods, and views his spleen with pride.  
 Shall murmur forth my name, whilst at his hand  
 Nurse stands interpreter thro' Gotham's land.  
 Childhood, who like an April morn, appears  
 Sunshine and rain, hopes clouded o'er with fears,  
 Pleas'd and displeas'd by starts, in passion warm,  
 In reason weak; who wrought into a storm,

Like to the fretful billows of the deep,  
 Soon spends his rage, and cries himself asleep;  
 Who, with a fev'rish appetite oppress'd,  
 For trifles sighs, but hates them when possess'd, 180  
 His trembling lash suspended in the air,  
 Half-bent, and stroking back his long lank hair,  
 Shall to his mates look up with eager glee,  
 And let his top go down to prate of me.

Youth, who, fierce, fickle, insolent and vain, 185  
 Impatient urges on to Manhood's reign,  
 Impatient urges on, yet with a cast  
 Of dear regard looks back on Childhood past,  
 In the mid-chase, when the hot blood runs high,  
 And the quick spirits mount into his eye; 190  
 When pleasure, which he deems his greatest wealth,  
 Beats in his heart, and paints his cheeks with health;  
 When the chaf'd steed tugs proudly at the rein,  
 And ere he starts hath run o'er half the plain;  
 When, wing'd with fear, the stag flies full in view,  
 And in full cry the eager hounds pursue, 196  
 Shall shout my praise to hills which shout again,  
 And ev'n the huntsmen stop to cry Amen.

Manhood, of form erect, who would not bow  
 Tho' worlds should crack around him; on his brow  
 Wisdom serene, to passion giving law, 201  
 Bespeaking love, and yet commanding awe;  
 Dignity into grace by mildness wrought;  
 Courage temper'd and refin'd by thought;  
 Virtue supreme enthron'd, within his breast 205  
 The image of his Maker deep impress;  
 Lord of this earth, which trembles at his nod,  
 With reason bless'd, and only less than God;  
 Manhood, tho' weeping Beauty kneels for aid,  
 Tho' Honour calls in Danger's form array'd, 210  
 Tho' cloath'd with sackcloth, justice in the gates,  
 By wicked elders chain'd, Redemption waits,

Manhood shall steal an hour, a little hour,  
(Is't not a little one?) to hail my pow'r.

Old Age, a second child, by Nature curst 215

With more and greater evils than the first:

Weak, sickly, full of pains, in ev'ry breath

Railing at life, and yet afraid of death;

Putting things off, with sage and solemn air,

From day to day, without one day to spare; 220

Without enjoyment covetous of self,

Tiresome to friends, and tiresome to himself;

His faculties impair'd, his temper four'd,

His memory of recent things devour'd

Ev'n with the acting on his shatter'd brain; 225

Tho' the false registers of youth remain;

From morn to ev'ning babbling forth vain praise

Of those rare men who liv'd in those rare days,

When he, the hero of his tale, was young,

Dull repetitions falt'ring on his tongue; 230

Praising gray hairs, sure mark of Wisdom's sway,

Ev'n whilst he curses Time which made him gray;

Scoffing at youth, ev'n whilst he would afford

All but his gold to have his youth restor'd,

Shall for a moment, from himself set free, 235

Lean on his crutch, and pipe forth praise to me.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice:

Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,

The voice of gladness; and on ev'ry tongue,

In strains of gratitude, be praises hung, 240

The praises of so great and good a king;

Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

Things without life shall in this chorus join,

And dumb to others' praise be loud in mine.

The snow-drop, who in habit white and plain,

Comes on, the herald of fair Flora's train: 246

The coxcomb crocus, flow'r of simple note,

Who by her side struts in a herald's coat;

The tulip, idly glaring to the view, 249  
 Who, tho' no clown, his birth from Holland drew;  
 Who, once full dress'd, fears from his place to stir,  
 The fop of flow'rs, the More of a parterre;  
 The woodbine, who her clm in marriage meets,  
 And brings her dow'ry in furrounding sweets;  
 The lily, silver mistress of the vale, 255  
 The rose of Sharon, which perfumes the gale;  
 The jessamine, with which the queen of flow'rs  
 To charm her god adorns his fav'rite bow'rs,  
 Which brides, by the plain hand of Neatness dress'd,  
 Unenvy'd rival, wear upon their breast, 260  
 Sweet as the incense of the morn, and chaste  
 As the pure zone which circles Dian's waist;  
 All flow'rs of various names and various forms,  
 Which the sun into strength and beauty warms, 264  
 From the dwarf daisy, which, like infants, clings,  
 And fears to leave the earth from whence it springs,  
 To the proud giant of the garden race,  
 Who, madly rushing to the sun's embrace,  
 O'ertops her fellows with aspiring aim,  
 Demands his wedded love, and bears his name; 270  
 All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,  
 And dumb to others' praise be loud in mine.  
 Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;  
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,  
 The voice of gladness; and on ev'ry tongue, 275  
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,  
 The praises of so great and good a king;  
 Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?  
 Forming a gloom thro' which, to spleen-struck  
 Religion, horror stamp'd, a passage finds, [minds,  
 The ivy crawling o'er the hallow'd cell 281  
 Where some old hermit's wont his beads to tell  
 By day, by night; the myrtle ever green,  
 Beneath whose shade Love holds his rites unseen;

The willow, weeping o'er the fatal wave 285  
 Where many a lover finds a watry grave;  
 The cypress, sacred held when lovers mourn  
 Their true love snatch'd away; the laurel worn  
 By poets in old-time, but destin'd now,  
 In grief, to wither on a Whitehead's brow; 290  
 The fig, which, large as what in India grows,  
 Itself a grove, gave our first parents clothes;  
 The vine, which, like a blushing new-made bride,  
 Clust'ring, empurples all the mountain's side;  
 The yew, which, in the place of sculptur'd stone,  
 Marks out the resting-place of men unknown;  
 The hedge-row elm, the pine, of mountain race;  
 The fir, the Scotch fir, never out of place;  
 The cedar, whose top mates the highest cloud,  
 Whilst his old father Lebanon grows proud 300  
 Of such a child, and his vast body laid  
 Out many a mile, enjoys the filial shade;  
 The oak, when living, monarch of the wood;  
 The English oak, which, dead, commands the flood;  
 All, one and all, shall in this chorus join, 305  
 And dumb to others' praise be loud in mine.  
 Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;  
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,  
 The voice of gladness; and on ev'ry tongue,  
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung, 310  
 The praises of so great and good a king;  
 Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?  
 The show'rs, which make the young hills, like  
 young lambs,  
 Bound and rebound; the old hills, like old rams,  
 Unwieldy, jump for joy; the streams, which glide,  
 Whilst Plenty marches smiling by their side,  
 And from their bosom rising Commerce springs,  
 The winds, which rise with healing on their wings,  
 Before whose cleansing breath Contagion flies;  
 The sun, who, travelling in eastern skies, 320



Fresh, full of strength, just risen from his bed,  
 Tho' in Jove's pastures they were born and bred,  
 With voice and whip can scarce make his steeds stir,  
 Step by step, up the perpendicular;  
 Who, at the hour of eve, panting for rest, 325  
 Rolls on amain, and gallops down the west  
 As fast as Jehu, oil'd for Ahab's sin,

Drove for a crown, or postboys for an inn;  
 The moon, who holds o'er night her silver reign,  
 Regent of tides, and mistress of the brain, 330  
 Who to her sons, those sons who own her pow'r,  
 And do her homage at the midnight hour,  
 Gives madness as a blessing, but dispenses  
 Wisdom to fools, and damns them with their senses;  
 The stars, who, by I know not what strange right,  
 Preside o'er mortals in their own despite,  
 Who, without reason, govern those who most  
 (How truly judge from thence!) of reason boast,  
 And, by some mighty magic yet unknown,  
 Our actions guide yet cannot guide their own; 340  
 All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,  
 And dumb to others' praise be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;  
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,  
 The voice of gladness; and on ev'ry tongue, 345  
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,  
 The praises of so great and good a king;  
 Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

The moment, minute, hour, day, week, month,  
 Morning and eve as they in turn appear; [year, 350  
 Moments and minutes, which, without a crime,  
 Can't be omitted in accounts of time,  
 Or if omitted, (proof we might afford)  
 Worthy by parliaments to be restor'd; 354  
 The Hours, which, dress'd by turns in black and  
 white,

Ordain'd as handmaids, wait on Day and Night;



The Day, those hours, I mean, when light presides,  
 And Bus'ness in a cart with Prudence rides ;  
 The Night, those hours, I mean, with darkness hung,  
 When Sense speaks free, and Folly holds her tongue ;  
 The morn, when Nature, rousing from her strife 361  
 With death-like sleep, awakes to second life ;  
 The eve, when, as unequal to the task,  
 She mercy from her foe descends to ask ;  
 The week, in which six days are kindly given 365  
 To think of earth, and one to think of heav'n ;  
 The months, twelve sisters, all of diff'rent hue,  
 Tho' there appears in all a likeness too ;  
 Not such a likeness as, thro' Hayman's works,  
 Dull Mannerist! in Christians, Jews, and Turks,  
 Cloys with a sameness in each female face, 371  
 But a strange something born of Art and Grace,  
 Which speaks them all, to vary and adorn,  
 At diff'rent times of the same parents born ;  
 All, one and all, shall in this chorus join, 375  
 And dumb to others' praise be loud in mine.  
 Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice ;  
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,  
 The voice of gladness ; and on ev'ry tongue,  
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung, 380  
 The praises of so great and good a king ;  
 Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing ?  
 Frore January, leader of the year,  
 Mine'd-pies in van and calves heads in the rear ;  
 Dull February, in whose leaden reign 385  
 My mother bore a bard without a brain ; [cheeks,  
 March, various, fierce, and wild, with wind-crack'd  
 By wilder Welshmen led, and crown'd with leeks ;  
 April with fools, and May with bastards blest ;  
 June with White Roses on her rebel breast ; 390  
 July, to whom, the Dog-star in her train,  
 Saint James gives oysters, and Saint Swithin rain ;

August, who, banish'd from her Smithfield stand,  
 To Chelsea flies, with Dogget in her hand;  
 September, when by custom (right divine) 395  
 Geese are ordain'd to bleed at Michael's shrine,  
 Whilst the priest, not so full of grace as wit,  
 Falls to unblest'd, nor gives the faint a bit;  
 October, who the cause of freedom join'd,  
 And gave a second George to bless mankind; 400  
 November, who at once to grace our earth,  
 Saint Andrew boasts, and our Augusta's birth;  
 December, last of months, but best, who gave  
 A Christ to man, a Saviour to the slave,  
 Whilst, falsely grateful, man, at the full feast, 405  
 To do God honour makes himself a beast;  
 All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,  
 And dumb to others praise be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;  
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice, 410  
 The voice of gladness; and on every tongue,  
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,  
 The praises of so great and good a king;  
 Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing!

The seasons as they roll; Spring, by her side 415  
 Lech'ry and Lent, lay-folly and church-pride,  
 By a rank monk to copulation led,  
 A tub of fainted salt-fish on her head:

Summer, in light transparent gauze array'd,  
 Like maids of honour at a masquerade, 420  
 In bawdry gauze, for which our daughters leave  
 The fig, more modest, first brought up by Eve,  
 Panting for breath, inflam'd with lustful fires,  
 Yet wanting strength to perfect her desires,  
 Leaning on Sloth, who, fainting with the heat, 425  
 Stops at each step, and slumbers on his feet:

Autumn, when Nature, who with sorrow feels  
 Her dread foe winter treading on her heels,



Makes up in value what she wants in length,  
 Exerts her pow'rs, and puts forth all her strength,  
 Bids corn and fruits in full perfection rise, 431  
 Corn fairly tax'd, and fruits without excise :  
 Winter, benumb'd with cold, no longer known  
 By robes of fur, since furs became our own ;  
 A hag who, loathing all, by all is loath'd, 435  
 With weekly, daily, hourly, libels cloath'd,  
 Vile Faction at her heels, who, mighty grown,  
 Would rule all ruler, and foreclose the throne,  
 Would turn the state affairs into a trade,  
 Make laws one day, the next to be unmade, 440  
 Beggar at home a people fear'd abroad,  
 And, force defeated, make them slaves by fraud ;  
 All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,  
 And dumb to others' praise be loud in mine.  
 Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice ; 445  
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,  
 The voice of gladness ; and on ev'ry tongue,  
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,  
 The praises of so great and good a king ; 449  
 Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?  
 The year, grand circle! in whose ample round  
 The seasons regular and fix'd are bound,  
 (Who in his course repeated o'er and o'er,  
 Sees the same things which he had seen before ;  
 The same stars keep their watch, and the same sun  
 Runs in the track where he from first hath run ; 456  
 The same moon rules the night ; tides ebb and  
 Man is a puppet and this world a show ; [flow,  
 Their old dull follies old dull fools pursue,  
 And vice in nothing but in mode is new ; 460  
 He — a lord (now far befall that pride,  
 He liv'd a villain, but a lord he dy'd)  
 Dashwood is pious, Berkely fix'd as Fate,  
 Sandwich (thank Heav'n!) first Minister of State,

And tho' by fools despis'd, by saints unblest'd, 465  
 By friends neglected, and by foes oppress'd,  
 Scorning the servile arts of each court elf,  
 Founded on honour, Wilkes is still himself)  
 The year, encircled with the various train  
 Which waits, and fills the glories of his reign, 470  
 Shall, taking up this theme in chorus join,  
 And dumb to others' praise be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;  
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,  
 The voice of gladness; and on ev'ry tongue, 475  
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,  
 The praises of so great and good a king;  
 Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

Thus far in sport—nor let our critics hence,  
 Who sell out Monthly trash, and call it Sense, 480  
 Too lightly of our present labours deem,  
 Or judge at random of so high a theme;  
 High is our theme, and worthy are the men  
 To feel the sharpest stroke of Satire's pen;  
 But when kind Time a proper season brings, 485  
 In serious mood to treat of serious things,  
 Then shall they find, disdainful idle play,  
 That I can be as grave and dull as they.

Thus, far in sport—nor let half patriots, those  
 Who shrink from ev'ry blast of Pow'r which blows,  
 Who, with tame Cowardice familiar grown, 491  
 Would hear my thoughts, but fear to speak their own;  
 Who, lest bold truths, (to do sage Prudence spite,  
 Should burst the portals of their lips by night,  
 Tremble to trust themselves one hour in sleep) 495  
 Condemn our course, and hold our caution cheap;  
 When brave Occasion bids, for some great end  
 When Honour calls the poet as a friend,  
 Then shall they find that, ev'n on danger's brink,  
 He dares to speak what they scarce dare to think. 500

# G O T H A M.

## BOOK II,

**H**OW much mistaken are the men who think  
 That all who will without restraint may drink;  
 May largely drink, ev'n till their bowels burst,  
 Pleading no right but merely that of thirst,  
 At the pure waters of the living well, 5  
 Beside whose streams the Muses love to dwell!  
 Verse is with them a knack, an idle toy,  
 A rattle gilded o'er, on which a boy  
 May play untaught, whilst, without art or force,  
 Make it but jingle, music comes of course. 10

Little do such men know the toil, the pains,  
 The daily, nightly, racking of the brains,  
 To range the thoughts, the matter to digest,  
 To cull fit phrases, and reject the rest;  
 To know the times when Humour on the cheek 15  
 Of Mirth may hold her sports; when Wit should  
 And when be silent; when to use the pow'rs [speak,  
 Of ornament, and how to place the flow'rs,  
 So that they neither give a tawdry glare,  
 Nor waste their sweetness in the desert air; 20  
 To form, (which few can do, and scarcely one,  
 One critic in an age, can find when done)  
 To form a plan, to strike a grand outline,  
 To fill it up, and make the picture shine  
 A full and perfect piece; to make coy Rhyme 25  
 Renounce her follies, and with Sense keep time;  
 To make proud Sense against her nature bend,  
 And wear the chains of Rhyme, yet call her Friend.

Some fops there are, among the scribbling tribe,  
 Who make it all their bus'ness to describe, 30  
 No matter whether in or out of place;  
 Studious of finery, and fond of lace,



Alike they trim, as coxcomb Fancy brings,  
 The rags of beggars and the robes of kings.  
 Let dull Propriety in state preside 35  
 O'er her dull children, Nature is their guide;  
 Wild Nature, who at random breaks the fence  
 Of those tame drudges, Judgment, Taste, and Sense,  
 Nor would forgive herself the mighty crime  
 Of keeping terms with Person, Place, and Time. 40  
 Let liquid gold emblaze the sun at noon,  
 With borrow'd beams let silver pale the moon;  
 Let surges hoarse lash the resounding shore,  
 Let streams meander, and let torrents roar;  
 Let them breed up the melancholy breeze 45  
 To sigh with sighing, sob with sobbing trees;  
 Let vales embroid'ry wear; let flow'rs be ting'd  
 With various tints; let clouds be lac'd or fring'd,  
 They have their wish; like idle monarch boys,  
 Neglecting things of weight, they sigh for toys; 50  
 Give them the crown, the sceptre, and the robe,  
 Who will may take the pow'r, and rule the globe.  
 Others there are who, in one solemn pace,  
 With as much zeal as Quakers rail at lace,  
 Railing at needful ornament, depend 55  
 On sense to bring them to their journey's end:  
 They would not (Heav'n forbid!) their course delay,  
 Nor for a moment step out of the way,  
 To make the barren road those graces wear 59  
 Which Nature would, if pleas'd, have planted there.  
 Vain Men! who blindly thwarting Nature's plan,  
 Ne'er find a passage to the heart of man;  
 Who, bred 'mongst fogs in academic land,  
 Scorn ev'ry thing they do not understand;  
 Who, destitute of humour, wit, and taste, 65  
 Let all their little knowledge run to waste,  
 And frustrate each good purpose, whilst they wear  
 The robes of Learning with a sloven's air.



Tho' solid reas'ning arms each sterling line,  
 Tho' Truth declares aloud, "This work is mine,"  
 Vice, whilst from page to page dull morals creep, 71  
 Throws by the book, and Virtue falls asleep.

Sense, mere dull, formal, Sense, in this gay Town,  
 Must have some vehicle to pass her down;  
 Nor can she for an hour insure her reign, 75  
 Unless she brings fair Pleasure in her train.

Let her from day to day, from year to year,  
 In all her grave solemnities appear,  
 And, with the voice of trumpets thro' the streets  
 Deal lectures out to ev'ry one she meets; 80  
 Half who pass by are deaf, and t'other half  
 Can hear indeed, but only hear to laugh.

Quit then, ye graver sons of letter'd Pride!  
 Taking for once Experience as a guide;  
 Quit this grand error, this dull college mode; 85  
 Be your pursuits the same, but change the road;  
 Write, or at least appear to write, with ease,  
 And if you mean to profit learn to please.

In vain for such mistakes they pardon claim,  
 Because they wield the pen in Virtue's name: 90  
 Thrice sacred in that name, thrice bless'd the man  
 Who thinks, speaks, writes, and lives on such a plan!  
 This, in himself, himself of course must bless,  
 But cannot with the world promote success.  
 He may be strong, but, with effect to speak, 95  
 Should recollect his readers may be weak:  
 Plain rigid truths, which saints with comfort bear,  
 Will make the sinner tremble and despair.  
 True Virtue acts from love, and the great end  
 At which she nobly aims is to amend: 100  
 How then do those mistake who arm her laws  
 With rigour not ther own, and hurt the cause  
 They mean to help, whilst with a zealot rage  
 They make that goddess, whom they'd have engage



Our dearest love, in hideous terror rise! 105  
Such may be honest, but they can't be wise.

In her own full and perfect blaze of light  
Virtue breaks forth too strong for human fight;  
The dazzled eye, that nice but weaker sense,  
Shuts herself up in darkness for defence: 110

But to make strong conviction deeper sink,  
To make the callous feel, the thoughtless think,  
Like God made man, she lays her glory by,  
And beams mild comfort on the ravish'd eye:  
In earnest most when most she seems in jest, 115

She worms into, and winds around; the breast;  
To conquer vice, of vice appears the friend,  
And seems unlike herself to gain her end.

The sons of Sin, to while away the time  
Which lingers on their hands, of each black crime  
To hush the painful memory, and keep 121

The tyrant Conscience in delusive sleep,  
Read on at random, nor suspect the dart  
Until they find it rooted in their heart.

'Gainst vice they give their vote, nor know at first  
That, cursing' that, themselves too they have curst;  
They see not till they fall into the snares,  
Deluded into virtue unawares.

Thus the shrewd doctor, in the spleen-struck mind,  
When pregnant horror sits and broods o'er wind,  
Discarding drugs, and striving how to please, 131

Lures on insensibly, by slow degrees,  
The patient to those manly sports which bind  
The slacken'd sinews, and relieve the mind;  
The patient feels a change as wrought by stealth,  
And wonders on demand to find it health. 136

Some few, whom Fate ordain'd to deal in rhymes  
In other lands, and here, in other times,  
Whom, waiting at their birth, the midwife Muse  
Sprinkled all over with Castalian dews, 140

To whom true Genius gave his magic pen,  
 Whom Art by just degrees led up to men; [tween  
 Some few, extremes well shunn'd, have steer'd be-  
 These dang'rous rocks, and held the golden mien:  
 Sense in their works maintains her proper state, 145  
 But never sleeps, or labours with her weight;  
 Grace makes the whole look elegant and gay,  
 But never dares from Sense to run astray:  
 So nice the master's touch, so great his care,  
 The colours boldly glow, not idly glare; 150  
 Mutually giving and receiving aid,  
 They set each other off like light and shade,  
 And, as by stealth, with so much softness blend,  
 'Tis hard to say where they begin or end:  
 Both give us charms, and neither gives offence; 155  
 Sense perfects grace, and grace enlivens sense.  
 Peace to the men who these high honours claim,  
 Health to their souls, and to their mem'ries fame:  
 Be it my task, and no mean task, to teach  
 A rev'rence for that worth I cannot reach: 160  
 Let me at distance, with a steady eye,  
 Observe and mark their passage to the sky;  
 From envy free, applaud such rising worth, [earth.  
 And praise their heav'n tho' pinion'd down to  
 Had I the pow'r, I could not have the time, 165  
 Whilst spirits flow, and life is in her prime,  
 Without a sin 'gainst pleasure, to design  
 A plan, to methodize each thought, each line  
 Highly to finish, and make ev'ry grace,  
 In itself charming, take new charms from place. 170  
 Nothing of books, and little known of men,  
 When the mad fit comes on I seize the pen,  
 Rough as they run, the rapid thoughts set down,  
 Rough as they run, discharge them on the Town;  
 Hence rude unfinish'd brats, before their time, 175  
 Are born into this idle world of Rhyme;

And the poor slattern Muse is brought to bed  
 With all her imperfections on her head.  
 Some, as no life appears, no pulses play  
 Thro' the dull dubious mafs, no breath makes way,  
 Doubt, greatly doubt, till for a glafs they call, 181  
 Whether the child can be baptiz'd at all;  
 Others on other grounds objections frame,  
 And, granting that the child may have a name,  
 Doubt, as the sex might well a midwife pose, 185  
 Whether they should baptize it Verse or Prose.

Ev'n what my masters please; bards, mild, meek  
 In love to critics stumble now and then. [men,  
 Something I do myself, and something too,  
 If they can do it, leave for them to do. 190

In the small compass of my careless page  
 Critics may find employment for an age;  
 Without my blunders they were all undone;  
 I twenty feed where Mason can feed one.

When Satire stoops, unmindful of her state, 195  
 To praise the man I love, curse him I hate;  
 When sense, in tides of passion borne along,  
 Sinking to prose, degrades the name of song:  
 The censor smiles, and, whilst my credit bleeds,  
 With as high relish on the carrion feeds 200  
 As the proud Earl fed at a turtle feast,  
 Who, turn'd by gluttony to worse than beast,  
 Ate till his bowels gush'd upon the floor,  
 Yet still ate on, and dying call'd for more.

When loose Digression, like a colt unbroke, 205  
 Spurning Connexion and her formal yoke,  
 Bounds thro' the forest, wanders far astray  
 From the known path, and loves to lose her way,  
 'Tis a full feast to all the mongrel pack  
 To run the rambler down and bring her back. 210

When gay Description, Fancy's fairy child,  
 Wild without art, and yet with pleasure wild,

Waking with Nature at the morning hour  
 To the lark's call, walks o'er the op'ning flow'r  
 Which largely drank all night of heav'n's fresh dew,  
 And, like a mountain nymph of Dian's crew, 216  
 So lightly walks she not one mark imprints,  
 Nor brushes off the dews nor soils the tints;  
 When thus Description sports, even at the time  
 That drums should beat and cannons roar in rhyme.  
 Critics can live on such a fault as that 221  
 From one mouth to the other, and grow fat.

Ye mighty Monthly Judges! in a dearth  
 Of letter'd blockheads, conscious of the worth  
 Of my materials, which against your will 225  
 Oft' you've confes'd, and shall confes it still;  
 Materials rich, tho' rude, inflam'd with thought,  
 Tho' more by fancy than by judgment wrought;  
 Take, use them as your own, a work begin, 229  
 Which suit your genius well, and weave them in,  
 Fram'd for the critic loom with critic art,  
 Till thread on thread depending, part on part,  
 Colour with colour mingling, light with shade,  
 To your dull taste a formal work is made, 234  
 And, having wrought them into one grand piece,  
 Swear it surpasses Rome and rivals Greece.

Nor think this much, for at one single word,  
 Soon as the mighty critic Fiat's heard,  
 Science attends their call; their pow'r is own'd;  
 Order takes place, and Genius is dethron'd! 240  
 Letters dance into books, defiance hurl'd  
 At means, as atoms danc'd into a world.

Me higher bus'ness calls, a greater plan,  
 Worthy man's whole employ, the good of man,  
 The good of man committed to my charge; 245  
 If idle Fancy rambles forth at large,  
 Careless of such a trust, these harmless lays  
 May Friendship envy, and may Folly praise;

The crown of Gotham may some Scot assume, 249  
And vagrant Stewarts reign in Churchill's room.

O my poor People! O thou wretched Earth!  
To whose dear love, tho' not engaged by birth,  
My heart is fix'd, my service deeply sworn,  
How, (by thy father can that thought be borne,  
For monarchs, would they all but think like me,  
Are only fathers in the best degree) 256

How must thy glories fade, in ev'ry land  
Thy name be laugh'd to scorn, thy mighty hand  
Be shorten'd, and thy zeal, by foes confess'd,  
Bless'd in thyself, to make thy neighbours bless'd,  
Be robb'd of vigour! how must Freedom's pile,  
The boast of ages, which adorn the Isle,  
And makes it great and glorious, fear'd abroad,  
Happy at home, secure from force and fraud;  
How must that pile, by ancient Wisdom rais'd 265  
On a firm rock, by friends admir'd and prais'd,  
Envy'd by foes, and wonder'd at by all,  
In one short moment into ruins fall,  
Should any slip of Stewart's tyrant race,  
Or bastard or legitimate, disgrace 270

Thy royal seat of empire! but what care,  
What sorrow, must be mine, what deep despair  
And self-reproaches, should that hated line  
Admittance gain thro' any fault of mine! 274

Curs'd be the cause whence Gotham's evils spring,  
Tho' that curs'd cause be found in Gotham's king.

Let War, with all his needy ruffian band,  
In pomp of Horror stalk thro' Gotham's land  
Knee-deep in blood let all her stately tow'rs  
Sink in the dust; that court which now is ours 280  
Become a den, where beasts may, if they can,  
A lodging find, nor fear rebuke from man;  
Where yellow harvests rise be brambles found;  
Where vines now creep let thistles curse the ground;

Dry in her thousand vallies be the rills; 285  
 Barren the cattle on her thousand hills;  
 Where Pow'r is plac'd let tigers prowl for prey;  
 Where Justice lodges let wild asses bray;  
 Let cormorants in churches make their nest,  
 And on the sails of commerce bitterns rest; 290  
 Be all, tho' princes in the earth before,  
 Her merchants bankrupts, and her marts no more;  
 Much rather would I, might the will of Fate  
 Give me to chuse, see Gotham's ruin'd state  
 By ills on ills, thus to the earth weigh'd down, 295  
 Than live to see a Stewart wear a crown.

Let Heav'n in vengeance arm all Nature's host,  
 Those servants who their Maker know, who boast  
 Obedience as their glory, and fulfil,  
 Unquestion'd, their great Master's sacred will; 300  
 Let raging winds root up the boiling deep,  
 And with destruction big o'er Gotham sweep;  
 Let rains rush down, till Faith, with doubtful eye,  
 Looks for the sign of mercy in the sky;  
 Let Pestilence in all her horrors rise; 305  
 Where'er I turn, let Famine blast my eyes;  
 Let the earth yawn, and, ere they've time to think,  
 In the deep gulf let all my subjects sink  
 Before my eyes, whilst on the verge I reel;  
 Feeling, but as a monarch ought to feel, 310  
 Not for myself, but them, I'll kiss the rod,  
 And, having own'd the justice of my God,  
 Myself with firmness to the ruin give,  
 And die with those for whom I wish to live. 314

This, (but may Heav'n's more merciful decrees  
 Ne'er tempt his servant with such ills as these)  
 This, or my soul deceives me, I could bear;  
 But that the Stewart race my crown should wear,  
 That crown where, highly cherish'd, Freedom shone  
 Bright as the glories of the mid-day sun; 320

Born and bred slaves, that they, with proud misrule,  
Should make brave freeborn men, like boys at school,  
To the whip crouch and tremble—O, that thought!  
The lab'ring brain is ev'n to madness brought

By the dread vision; at the mere surmise 325

The thronging spirits, as in tumult, rise;

My heart, as for a passage, loudly beats,

And turn me where I will distraction meets.

O my brave Fellows! great in arts and arms,

The wonder of the earth, whom glory warms 330

To high achievements; can your spirits bend,

Thro' base control, (ye never can descend

So low by choice) to wear a tyrant's chain,

Or let in Freedom's seat a Stewart reign?

If Fame, who hath for ages, far and wide, 335

Spread in all realms the cowardice, the pride,

The tyranny and falsehood of those lords,

Contents you not, search England's fair records;

England! where first the breath of life I drew,

Where next to Gotham my best love is due; 340

There once they rul'd, tho' crush'd by William's

They rul'd no more to curse that happy land. [hand,

The first, who, from his native soil remov'd,

Held England's sceptre a tame tyrant prov'd: 344

Virtue he lack'd, curs'd with those thoughts which

In souls of vulgar stamp to be a king: [spring

Spirit he had not, tho' he laugh'd at laws,

To play the bold face tyrant with applause;

On practices most mean he rais'd his pride,

And craft oft' gave what wisdom oft' deny'd. 350

Ne'er could he feel how truly man is blest

In blessing those around him; in his breast,

Crowded with follies, honour found no room:

Mark'd for a coward in his mother's womb,

He was too proud without affronts to live, 355

Too timorous to punish or forgive.

To gain a crown, which had in course of time,  
 By fair descent, been his without a crime,  
 He bore a mother's exile; to secure  
 A greater crown he basely could endure 360  
 The spilling of her blood by foreign knife,  
 Nor dar'd revenge her death who gave him life:  
 Nay, by fond Fear and fond Ambition led, [shed.  
 Struck hands with those by whom her blood was  
 Call'd up to pow'r, scarce warm on England's throne,  
 He fill'd her court with beggars from his own: 366  
 Turn where you would the eye with Scots was caught,  
 Or English knaves, who would be Scotsmen thought.  
 To vain expense unbounded loose he gave,  
 The dupe of minions, and of slaves the slave; 370  
 On false pretences mighty sums he rais'd, [prais'd:  
 And damn'd those senates rich, whom poor he  
 From empire thrown, and deem'd to beg her bread,  
 On foreign bounty whilst a daughter fed,  
 He lavish'd sums, for her receiv'd, on men 375  
 Whose names would fix dishonour on my pen.  
 Lies were his playthings, parliaments his sport;  
 Book-worms and catamites engross'd the court:  
 Vain of the scholar, like all Scottsmen since,  
 The pedant scholar! he forget the prince; 380  
 And having with some trifles stor'd his brain,  
 Ne'er learn'd, or wish'd to learn, the arts to reign.  
 Enough he knew to make him vain and proud,  
 Mock'd by the wise, the wonder of the crowd;  
 False friend, false son, false father, and false king,  
 False wit, false statesmen, and false ev'ry thing: 386  
 When he should act he idly chose to prate,  
 And pamphlets wrote when he should save the state.  
 Religious, if religion holds in whim,  
 To talk with all he let all talk with him; 390  
 Not on God's honour, but his own intent,  
 Not for religions' sake but argument;



More vain if some sly, artful, High-Dutch slave,  
Or, from the Jesuit school, some precious knave  
Conviction feign'd, than if, to peace restor'd 395  
By his full soldiery, worlds hail'd him Lord.

Pow'r was his wish, unbounded as his will,  
The pow'r, without control, of doing ill;  
But what he wish'd, what he made bishops preach,  
And statesmen warrant, hung within his reach, 400  
He dar'd not feize: fear gave, to gall his pride,  
That freedom to the realm his will deny'd.

Of treatise fond, o'erweening of his parts,  
In ev'ry treaty of his own mean arts  
He fell the dupe: peace was his coward care, 405  
Ev'n at a time when justice call'd for war:  
His pen he'd draw to prove his lack of wit,  
But rather than unheath the sword submit.  
Truth fairly must record; and, pleas'd to live  
In league with mercy, justice may forgive 410  
Kingdoms betray'd, and worlds resign'd to Spain,  
But never can forgive a Raleigh slain.

At length, (with whitelet Freedom mark that year)  
Nor fear'd by those whom most he wish'd to fear,  
Not lov'd by those whom most he wish'd to love,  
He went to answer for his faults above, 415  
To answer to that God from whom alone  
He claim'd to hold and to abuse the throne,  
Leaving behind, a curse to all his line,  
The bloody legacy of Right Divine. 420

With many virtues which a radiance fling  
Round private men, with few which grace a king,  
And speak the monarch, at the time of life  
When passion holds with reason doubtful strife,  
Succeeded Charles, by a mean fire undone, 425  
Who envy'd virtue even in a son.

His youth was froward, turbulent, and wild;  
He took the man up ere he left the child;

His soul was eager for imperial sway  
 Ere he had learn'd the lesson to obey. 430  
 Surrounded by a fawning, flatt'ring throng,  
 Judgment each day grew weak, and humour strong;  
 Wisdom was treated as a noisome weed,  
 And all his follies let to run to seed.

What ills from such beginnings needs must  
 spring?

What ills to such a land from such a king! 436

What could she hope! what had she not to fear!

Base Buckingham possess'd his youthful ear;  
 Straßbrd and Laud when mounted on the throne

Engross'd his love, and made him all their own;

Strafford and Laud, who boldly dar'd avow 441

The trait'rous doctrines taught by Tories now;

Each strove t' undo him in his turn and hour,

The first with pleasure and the last with pow'r.

Thinking (vain thought, disgraceful to the  
 throne!)

That all mankind were made for kings alone, 446

That subjects were but slaves, and what was whim,

Or worse, in common men, was law in him;

Drunk with Prerogative, which Fate decreed

To guard good kings and tyrants to mislead; 450

Which in a fair proportion to deny

Allegiance dares not, which to hold too high

No good can wish, no coward king can dare,

And held too high no English subject bear;

Besieg'd by men of deep and subtle arts, 455

Men void of principle, and damn'd with parts,

Who saw his weakness made their king their tool,

Then most a slave when most he seem'd to rule:

Taking all public steps for private ends,

Deceiv'd by fav'rites, whom he called friends, 460

He had not strength enough of soul to find

That monarchs, meant as blessings to mankind,

Sink their great state, and stamp their fame undone,  
When what was meant for all they give to one.

List'ning uxorious whilst a woman's prate 465

Modell'd the church and parcell'd out the state,

Whilst (in the state not more than women read)

High-churchmen preach'd and turn'd his pious  
head.

Tutor'd to see with ministerial eyes,

Forbid to hear a loyal nation's cries; 470

Made to believe (what can't a fav'rite do)

He heard a nation hearing one or two;

Taught by state-quacks himself secure to think,

And out of danger ev'n on danger's brink;

Whilst pow'r was daily crumbling from his hand,

Whilst murmurs ran thro' an insulted land, 476

As if to sanction tyrants Heav'n was bound,

He proudly fought the ruin which he found.

Twelve years, twelve tedious and inglorious  
years, 479

Did England, crush'd by pow'r, and aw'd by fears,

Whilst proud Oppression struck at Freedom's root,

Lament her senates lost, her Hampden mute:

Illegal taxes and oppressive loans,

In spite of all her pride, call'd forth her groans;

Patience was heard her griefs aloud to tell, 485

And loyalty was tempted to rebel.

Each day new acts of outrage shook the state,

New courts were rais'd to give new doctrines weight;

State-Inquisitions kept the realm in awe,

And curs'd Star-Chambers made or rul'd the law;

Juries were pack'd, and judges were unfound; 491

Thro' the whole kingdom not one Pratt was found.

From the first moments of his giddy youth

He hated senates, for they told him truth:

At length against his will compell'd to treat, 425

Those whom he could not fright he strove to cheat,

With base dissembling ev'ry grievance heard,  
 And often giving often broke his word.  
 O! where shall helples Truth for refuge fly,  
 If kings, who should protect her, dare to lie? 500  
 Those who, the gen'ral good their real aim,  
 Sought in their country's good their monarch's  
 fame;

Those who were anxious for his safety; those  
 Who were induc'd by duty to oppose,  
 Their truth suspected, and their worth unknown,  
 He held as foes and traitors to his throne, 506  
 Nor found his fatal error till the hour  
 Of saving him was gone and past; till pow'r  
 Had shifted hands, to blast his hapless reign,  
 Making their faith and his repentance vain. 510

Hence (be that curse confin'd to Gotham's foes)  
 War, dread to mention, Civil War, arose;  
 All acts of outrage and all acts of shame  
 Stalk'd forth at large, disguis'd with honour's  
 name:

Rebellion, raising high her bloody hand, 515  
 Spread universal havoc thro' the land;  
 With zeal for party, and with passion drunk,  
 In public rage all private love was sunk;  
 Friend against friend, brother 'gainst brother stood,  
 And the son's weapon drank the father's blood:  
 Nature, aghast, and fearful lest her reign 521  
 Should last no longer, bled in ev'ry vein.

Unhappy Stewart! harshly tho' that name  
 Grates on my ear, I should have dy'd with shame  
 To see my king before his subjects stand, 525  
 And at their bar hold up his royal hand;  
 At their commands to hear the monarch plead,  
 By their decrees to see that monarch bleed!  
 What tho' thy faults were many and were great?  
 What tho' thy shock the basis of the state? 530

In royalty secure thy person stood,  
 And sacred was the fountain of thy blood.  
 Vile ministers, who dar'd abuse their trust, 533  
 Who dar'd seduce a king to be unjust, [strong,  
 Vengeance, with justice leagu'd, with pow'r made  
 Had nobly crush'd. "The king could do no wrong."

Yet grieve not, Charles! nor thy hard fortunes  
 blame;

They took thy life, but they secur'd thy fame.  
 Their greater crimes made thine like specks ap-  
 pear,

From which the sun in glory is not clear. 540

Hadst thou in peace and years resign'd thy breath  
 At Nature's call hadst thou laid down in death;

As in a sleep, thy name by Justice borne

On the four winds, had been in pieces torn.

Pity, the virtue of a gen'rous soul, 545

Sometimes the vice hath made thy mem'ry whole.

Misfortunes gave what virtue could not give,

And bade, the tyrant slain, the Martyr live.

Ye Princes of the earth! ye mighty few!

Who worlds subduing, can't yourselves subdue;

Who, goodness scorn'd, wish only to be great,

Whose breath is blasting, and whose voice is fate;

Who own no law, no reason, but your will,

And scorn restraint, tho' 'tis from doing ill;

Who of all passions groan beneath the worst, 555

Then only blest'd when they make others curs'd;

Think not for wrongs like these unscourg'd to live;

Long may ye sin, and long may Heav'n forgive;

But when ye least expect, in sorrow's day,

Vengeance shall fall more heavy for delay; 560

Nor think that vengeance heap'd on you alone

Shall (poor amends) for injur'd worlds atone;

No; like some base distemper, which remains,

Transmitted from the tainted father's veins

In the son's blood, such broad and gen'ral crimes  
 Shall call down vengeance ev'n to latest times,  
 Call vengeance down on all who bear your name,  
 And make their portion bitterness and shame.

From land to land for years compell'd to roam,  
 Whilst Usurpation lorded it at home, 570  
 Of majesty unmindful, forc'd to fly,  
 Not daring like a king, to reign or die,  
 Recall'd to repossess his lawful throne  
 More at his people's seeking than his own,  
 Another Charles succeeded. In the school 575  
 Of travel he had learn'd to play the fool,  
 And, like pert pupils with dull tutors sent  
 To shame their country on the Continent,  
 From love of England by long absence wean'd,  
 From ev'ry court he ev'ry folly glean'd, 580  
 And was, so close do evil habits cling,  
 Till crown'd a beggar, and when crown'd no  
 king.

Those grand and gen'ral pow'rs which Heav'n  
 design'd

An instance of his mercy to mankind  
 Were lost, in storms of Dissipation hurl'd, 585  
 Nor would he give one hour to bless a world;  
 Lighter than levity which strides the blast,  
 And of the present fond, forgets the past,  
 He chang'd and chang'd, but ev'ry hope to curse,  
 Chang'd only from one folly to a worse: 590  
 State he resign'd to those whom state could please;  
 Careless of majesty, his wish was ease;  
 Pleasure, and pleasure only, was his aim;  
 Kings of less wit might hunt the bubble fame:  
 Dignity thro' his reign was made a sport, 595  
 Nor dar'd Decorum shew her face at court:  
 Morality was held a standing jest,  
 And faith a necessary fraud at best:

Courtiers, their monarch ever in their view,  
 Possess'd great talents, and abus'd them too : 600  
 Whate'er was light, impertinent, and vain,  
 Whate'er was loose, indecent, and profane,  
 (So ripe was folly, folly to acquit)  
 Stood all absolv'd in that poor bawble, wit.

In gratitude, alas! but little read, 605  
 He let his father's servants beg their bread,  
 His father's faithful servants and his own,  
 To place the foes of both around his throne.

Bad counsels he embrac'd thro' indolence,  
 Thro' love of ease, and not thro' want of sense ; 610  
 He saw them wrong, but rather let them go  
 As right, than take the pains to make them so.

Women rul'd all, and ministers of state  
 Were for commands at toilettes forc'd to wait ;  
 Women who have as monarchs grac'd the land,  
 But never govern'd well at second hand.

To make all other errors slight appear,  
 In mem'ry fix'd stand Dunkirk and Tangier ;  
 In mem'ry fix'd so deep, that time in vain  
 Shall strive to wipe those records from the brain.  
 Amboyna stands—Gods! that a king should hold  
 In such high estimate vile paltry gold, 622  
 And of his duty be so careless found,

That when the blood of subjects from the ground  
 For vengeance call'd, he should reject their cry,  
 And, brib'd from honour, lay his thunders by,  
 Give Holland peace, whilst English victims groan'd,  
 And butcher'd subjects wander'd unaton'd!

O! dear, deep injury to England's fame,  
 To them, to us, to all! to him deep shame! 630  
 Of all the passions which from frailty spring,  
 Av'rice is that which least becomes a king.

To crown the whole, scorning the public good,  
 Which thro' his reign he little understood

Or little heeded, with too narrow aim 635  
 He reassum'd a bigot brother's claim,  
 And having made time-serving senates bow,  
 Suddenly dy'd, that brother best knew how.

No matter how—he slept amongst the dead,  
 And James his brother reigned in his stead: 640  
 But such a reign—so glaring an offence

In ev'ry step 'gainst freedom, law, and sense,  
 'Gainst all the rights of Nature's gen'ral plan,  
 'Gainst all which constitutes an Englishman,  
 That the relation would mere fiction seem, 645

The mock creation of a poet's dream;  
 And the poor bard's would, in this sceptic age,  
 Appear as false as their historian's page.

Ambitious folly seiz'd the seat of wit,  
 Christians were forc'd by bigots to submit; 650  
 Pride without sense, without religion zeal,  
 Made daring inroads on the commonweal;

Stern Persecution rais'd her iron rod,  
 And call'd the pride of kings the pow'r of God;  
 Conscience and fame were sacrific'd to Rome, 655  
 And England wept at Freedom's sacred tomb.

Her laws despis'd, her constitution wrench'd  
 From its due nat'ral frame, her rights retrench'd  
 Beyond a coward's suff'rance, conscience forc'd,  
 And healing justice from the crown divorc'd, 660

Each moment pregnant with vile acts of pow'r,  
 Her patriot Bishops sentenc'd to the Tow'r,  
 Her Oxford (who yet loves the Stewart name)  
 Branded with arbitrary marks of shame,

She wept—but wept not long; to arms she flew, 665  
 At Honour's call th' avenging sword she drew,

Turn'd all her terrors on the tyrant's head,  
 And sent him in despair to beg his bread;  
 Whilst she, (may ev'ry state in such distress  
 Dare with such zeal, and meet with such success)



Whilst she, (may Gotham, should my abject mind  
Chuse to enslave rather than free mankind,  
Pursue her steps, tear the proud tyrant down,  
Nor let me wear if I abuse the crown)  
Whilst she, (thro' ev'ry age in ev'ry land, 675  
Written in gold let Revolution stand)  
Whilst she, secur'd in liberty and law,  
Found what she sought, a saviour in Nassau. 678

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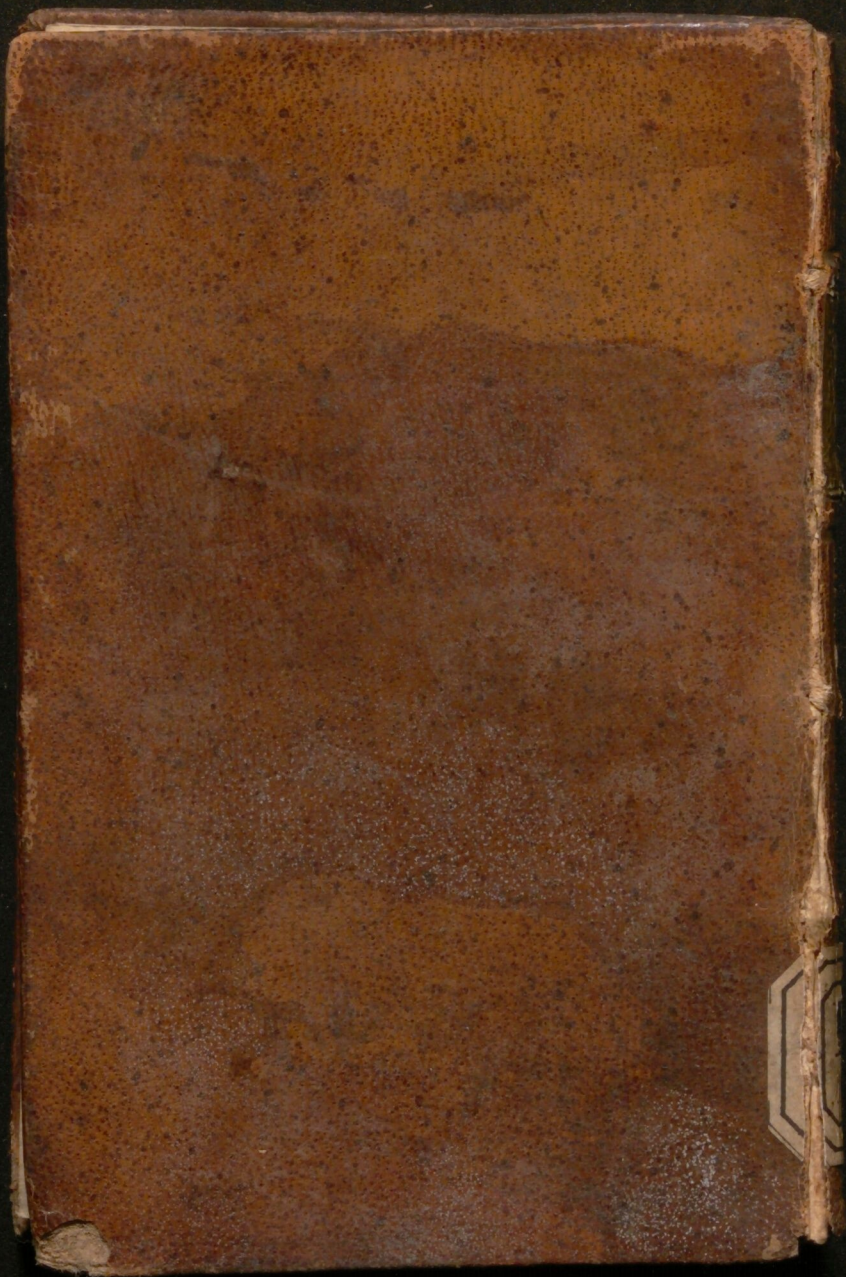
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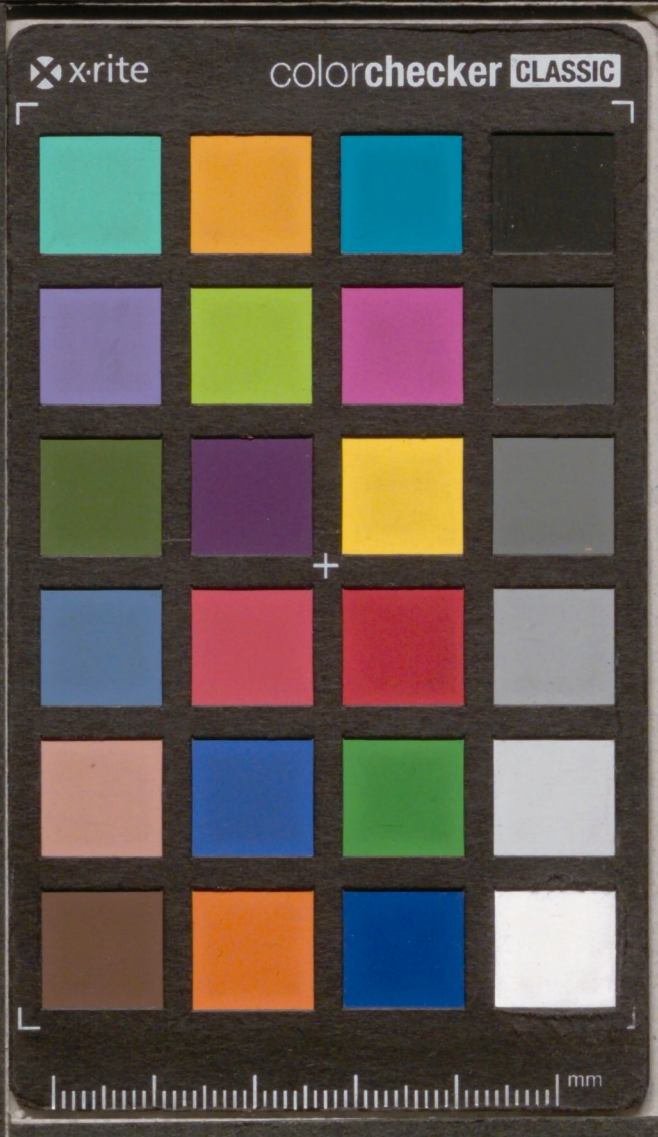
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