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Goldar sc.

„cease despairing Swains!  
And from a Parent hear what Love ordains.

Prophecy of Eamora  
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Vol. IV.

THE  
BEAUTIES  
OF  
CHURCHILL.

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

VOL. III.

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THE  
BEAUTIES  
OF  
CHURCH

KOEN. FRIED.  
UNIVERS.  
ZU HALLE



Rev. Mr. Charles Church





G O T H A M.

B O O K III.

CAN the fond mother from herself depart?  
 Can she forget the darling of her heart,  
 The little darling whom she bore and bred,  
 Nurs'd on her knees, and at her bosom fed,  
 To whom she seem'd her ev'ry thought to give, 5  
 And in whose life alone she seem'd to live?  
 Yes, from herself the mother may depart,  
 She may forget the darling of her heart,  
 The little darling whom she bore and bred,  
 Nurs'd on her knees, and at her bosom fed, 10  
 To whom she seem'd her ev'ry thought to give,  
 And in whose life alone she seem'd to live;  
 But I cannot forget, whilst life remains,  
 And pours her current thro' these swelling veins,  
 Whilst Mem'ry offers up at Reason's shrine; 15  
 But I cannot forget that Gotham's mine.

Can the stern mother, than the brutes more wild,  
 From her disnatur'd breast tear her young child,  
 Flesh of her flesh, and of her bone the bone,  
 And dash the smiling babe against a stone; 20  
 Yes, the stern mother, than the brutes more wild,  
 From her disnatur'd breast may tear her child,  
 Flesh of her flesh, and of her bone the bone,  
 And dash the smiling babe against a stone;  
 But I, (forbid it, Heav'n!) but I can ne'er 25  
 The love of Gotham from this bosom tear;  
 Can ne'er so far true loyalty pervert  
 From its fair course, to do my people hurt.

With how much ease, with how much confidence,  
 As if, superior to each grosser sense 30  
 Reason had only, in full pow'r array'd,  
 To manifest her will, and be obey'd,

Men make resolves, and pass into decrees  
 The motions of the mind! with how much ease,  
 In such resolves, doth passion make a law, 35  
 And bring to nothing what was rais'd to law!

In empire young, scarce warm on Gotham's throne,  
 The dangers and the sweets of pow'r unknown,  
 Pleas'd, tho' I scarce know why, like some young  
 child,

Whose little senses each new toy turns wild, 40  
 How do I hold sweet dalliance with my crown,  
 And wanton with dominion! how lay down,  
 Without the sanction of a precedent,  
 Rules of most large and absolute extent;  
 Rules which from sense of public virtue spring, 45  
 And all at once commence a patriot king!

But, for the day of trial is at hand,  
 And the whole fortunes of a mighty land  
 Are stak'd on me, and all their weal or woe  
 Must from my good or evil conduct flow, 50  
 Will I, or can I, on a fair review,  
 As I assume that name deserve it too?

Have I well weigh'd the great, the noble, part  
 I'm now to play? have I explor'd my heart,  
 That labyrinth of fraud, that deep dark cell, 55  
 Where, unsuspected ev'n by me, may dwell  
 Ten thousand follies? have I found out there  
 What I am fit to do, and what to bear?

Have I trac'd ev'ry passion to its rise,  
 Nor spar'd one lurking seed of treach'rous vice?  
 Have I familiar with my nature grown?  
 And am I fairly to myself made known?

A patriot king—Why, 'tis a name which bears  
 The more immediate stamp of Heav'n; which  
 wears

The nearest, best, resemblance we can show 65  
 Of God above thro' all his works below.





To still the voice of discord in the land,  
 To make weak Faction's discontented band,  
 Detected, weak, and crumbling to decay,  
 With hunger pinch'd, on their own vitals prey; 70  
 Like brethren, in the self-same int'rests warm'd,  
 Like diff'rent bodies with one soul inform'd;  
 To make a nation, nobly rais'd above  
 All meaner thought, grow up in common love;  
 To give the laws due vigour, and to hold 75  
 That secret balance temperate, yet bold,  
 With such an equal hand, that those who fear  
 May yet approve, and own my justice clear;  
 To be a common father, to secure  
 The weak from violence, from pride the poor; 80  
 Vice and her sons to banish in disgrace,  
 To make Corruption dread to show her face;  
 To bid afflicted Virtue take new state,  
 And be at last acquainted with the great;  
 Of all religions to elect the best, 85  
 Nor let her priests be made a standing jest;  
 Rewards for worth with lib'ral hand to carve,  
 To love the arts, nor let the artists starve;  
 To make fair plenty thro' the realm increase,  
 Give fame in war, and happiness in peace; 90  
 To see my people virt'ous, great, and free,  
 And know that all those blessings flow from me;  
 O! 'tis a joy too exquisite, a thought  
 Which flatters Nature more than flatt'ry ought;  
 'Tis a great, glorious, task, for man too hard, 95  
 But no less great, less glorious, the reward;  
 The best reward which here to man is giv'n,  
 'Tis more than earth, and little short of heav'n;  
 A task (if such comparison may be)  
 The same in nature, diff'ring in degree, 100  
 Like that which God, on whom for aid I call,  
 Performs with ease, and yet performs to all.

How much do they mistake, how little know  
 Of kings, of kingdoms, and the pains which flow  
 From royalty, who fancy that a crown, 105  
 Because it glistens, must be lin'd with down!  
 With outside shew and vain appearance caught,  
 They look no farther, and, by Folly taught,  
 Prize high the toys of thrones, but never find  
 One of the many cares which lurk behind. 110  
 The gem they worship which a crown adorns,  
 Nor once suspect that crown is lin'd with thorns.  
 O might Reflection Folly's place supply!  
 Would we one moment use her piercing eye, 114  
 Then should we know what woe from grandeur  
 springs,

And learn to pity, not to envy, kings.

The villager, born humbly and bred hard,  
 Content his wealth, and Poverty his guard,  
 In action simply just, in conscience clear,  
 By guilt untainted, undisturb'd by fear, 120  
 His means but scanty, and his wants but few,  
 Labour his bus'ness, and his pleasure too,  
 Enjoys more comforts in a single hour  
 Than ages give the wretch condemn'd to pow'r.  
 Call'd up by health he rises with the day, 125  
 And goes to work as if he went to play,  
 Whistling off toils, one half of which might make  
 The stoutest Atlas of a palace quake;  
 'Gainst heat and cold, which make us cowards  
 faint,

Harden'd by constant use, without complaint 130  
 He bears what we should think it death to bear:  
 Short are his meals, and homely is his fare;  
 His thirst he slakes at some pure neighb'ring brook,  
 Nor asks for sauce where Appetite stands cook.  
 When the dews fall, and when the sun retires 135  
 Behind the mountains, when the village fires,



Which, waken'd all at once, speak supper nigh,  
 At distance catch and fix his longing eye,  
 Homeward he hies, and with his manly brood  
 Of raw-bon'd cubs enjoys that clean course food 140  
 Which, season'd with good humour, his fond bride  
 'Gainst his return is happy to provide;  
 Then, free from care, and free from thought, he  
 creeps

Into his straw, and 'till the morning sleeps.

Not so the king—with anxious cares oppress'd 145  
 His bosom labours, and admits not rest:

A glorious wretch; he sweats beneath the weight  
 Of majesty, and gives up ease for state:  
 Ev'n when his smiles, which by the fools of pride  
 Are treasur'd and preserv'd from side to side, 150  
 Fly round the court, ev'n when compell'd by form  
 He seems most calm, his soul is in a storm!

Care, like a spectre, seen by him alone,  
 With all her nest of vipers, round his throne  
 By day crawls full in view; when night bids sleep,  
 Sweet nurse of Nature! o'er the seasons creep; 156  
 When Misery herself no more complains,  
 And slaves, if possible, forget their chains;  
 Tho' his sense weakens, tho' his eyes grow dim,  
 That rest which comes to all comes not to him. 160

Ev'n at that hour Care, tyrant Care! forbids  
 The den of sleep to fall upon his lids;  
 From night to night she watches at his bed;  
 Now, as one mop'd, sits brooding o'er his head;  
 Anon she starts, and, borne on raven's wings, 165  
 Croaks forth aloud—Sleep was not made for kings.

Thrice hath the moon, who governs this vast  
 ball,

Who rules most absolute o'er me and all;  
 To whom, by full conviction taught to bow,  
 At new, at full, I pay the deuteous vow; 170

Thrice hath the moon her wonted course pursu'd,  
 Thrice hath she lost her form, and thrice renew'd,  
 Since, (blessed be that season, for before  
 I was a mere, mere mortal, and no more,  
 One of the herd, a lump of common clay,      175  
 Inform'd with life, to die and pass away)  
 Since I become a king, and Gotham's throne,  
 With full and ample pow'r, became my own;  
 Thrice hath the moon her wonted course pursu'd,  
 Thrice hath she lost her form, and thrice renew'd, 180  
 Since sleep, kind sleep! who like a friend supplies  
 New vigour for new toil, hath clos'd these eyes:  
 Nor, if my toils are answer'd with success,  
 And I am made an instrument to bless  
 The people whom I love, shall I repine;      185  
 Theirs be the benefit, the labour mine.  
     Mindful of that high rank in which I stand,  
 Of millions lord, sole ruler in the land,  
 Let me, and Reason shall her aid afford,  
 Rule my own spirit, of myself be lord.      190  
 With an ill grace that monarch wears his crown  
 Who, stern and hard of nature, wears a frown  
 'Gainst faults in other men yet all the while  
 Meet his own vices with a partial smile.  
 How can a king (yet on record we find      195  
 Such kings have been, such curses of mankind)  
 Enforce that law 'gainst some poor subject elf  
 Which Conscience tells him he hath broke himself?  
 Can he some petty rogue to justice call  
 For robbing one, when he himself robs all?      200  
 Must not, unless extinguish'd, conscience fly  
 Into his cheek, and blast his fading eye,  
 To scourge th' oppressor, when the state, distress'd  
 And sunk to ruin, is by him oppress'd?  
 Against himself doth he not sentence give      ? 205  
 If one must die, t'other's not fit to live.



Weak is that throne, and in itself unsound,  
 Which takes not solid virtue for its ground.  
 All envy pow'r in others, and complain  
 Of that which they would perish to obtain. 210  
 Nor can those spirits, turbulent and bold,  
 Not to be aw'd by threats nor bought with gold,  
 Be hush'd to peace, but when fair legal sway  
 Makes it their real int'rest to obey,  
 When kings, and none but fools can then rebel,  
 Not less in virtue than in pow'r excel. 216

Be that my object, that my constant care,  
 And may my soul's best wishes center there;  
 Be it my task to seek, nor seek in vain,  
 Not only how to live, but how to reign, 220  
 And to those virtues which from reason spring,  
 And grace the man, join those which grace the king.

First, (for strict duty bids my care extend  
 And reach to all who on that care depend,  
 Bids me with servants keep a steady hand, 225  
 And watch o'er all the proxies in the land)  
 First, (and that method reason shall support)  
 Before I look into and purge my court,  
 Before I cleanse the stable of the state  
 Let me fix things which to myself relate : 230

That done, and all accounts well settled here,  
 In resolution firm, in honour clear,  
 Tremble, ye Slaves! who dare abuse your trust,  
 Who dare be villains when your king is just.

Are there, amongst those officers of state, 235  
 To whom our sacred pow'r we delegate,  
 Who hold our place and office in the realm,  
 Who, in our name commission'd, guide the helm ;  
 Are there who, trusting to our love of ease,  
 Oppress our subjects, wrest our just decrees, 240  
 And make the laws, warp'd from their fair intent,  
 To speak a language which they never meant ;



Are there such men, and can the fools depend  
 On holding out in safety to their end? 344  
 Can they so much, from thoughts of danger free,  
 Deceive themselves, so much misdeem of me,  
 To think that I will prove a statesman's tool,  
 And live a stranger where I ought to rule?  
 What! to myself and to my state unjust,  
 Shall I from ministers take things on trust, 250  
 And, sinking low the credit of my throne,  
 Depend upon dependents of my own?  
 Shall I, most certain source of future cares,  
 Not use my judgment, but depend on theirs?  
 Shall I true puppet-like, be mock'd with state, 255  
 Have nothing but the name of being great;  
 Attend at councils which I must not weigh,  
 Do what they bid, and what they dictate say,  
 Enrob'd, and hoisted up into my chair,  
 Only to be a royal cipher there? 260  
 Perish the thought—'tis treason to my throne—  
 And who but thinks it, could his thoughts be  
     known,  
 Insults me more than he who, leagu'd with Hell,  
 Shall rise in arms, and 'gainst my crown rebel.  
 The wicked statesman, whose false heart pursues  
 A train of guilt; who acts with double views, 266  
 And wears a double face; whose base designs  
 Strike at his monarch's throne; who undermines  
 Ev'n whilst he seems his wishes to support;  
 Who seizes all departments; packs a court; 270  
 Maintains an agent on the judgment-seat  
 To screen his crimes, and make his frauds complete;  
 New models armies, and around the throne  
 Will suffer none but creatures of his own;  
 Conscious of such his baseness, well may try, 375  
 Against the light to shut his master's eye,



To keep him coop'd, and far remov'd from those  
 Who, brave and honest, dare his crimes disclose,  
 Nor ever let him in one place appear,  
 Where truth, unwelcome truth, may wound his  
 ear.

280

Attempts like these, well weigh'd, themselves  
 proclaim,

And, whilst they publish, baulk their author's aim.  
 Kings must be blind into such snares to run,  
 Or, worse, with open eyes must be undone.

The minister of honesty and worth

285

Demands the day to bring his actions forth;

Calls on the sun to shine with fiercer rays,

And braves that trial which must end in praise.

None fly the day, and seek the shades of night,

But those whose actions cannot bear the light; 290

None wish their king in ignorance to hold

But those who feel that knowledge must unfold

Their hidden guilt; and, that dark mist dispell'd

By which their places and their lives are held,

Confusion wait them, and, by justice led, 295

In vengeance fall on ev'ry traitor's head.

Aware of this, and caution'd 'gainst the pit

Where kings have oft' been lost, shall I submit,

And rust in chains like these? shall I give way,

And, whilst my helpless subjects fall a prey 300

To pow'r abus'd, in ignorance sit down,

Nor dare assert the honour of my crown?

When stern Rebellion, (if that odious name

Justly belongs to those whose only aim

Is to preserve their country; who oppose, 305

In honour leagu'd, none but their country's foes;

Who only seek their own, and found their cause

In due regard for violated laws)

When stern Rebellion, who no longer feels

Nor fears rebuke, a nation at her heels, 310

A nation up in arms, tho' strong not proud,  
 Knocks at the palace-gate, and, calling loud  
 For due redress, presents, from Truth's fair pen,  
 A list of wrongs not to be borne by men;  
 Few must that king be humbled, how disgrace 315  
 All that is royal in his name and place,  
 Who, thus call'd forth to answer, can advance  
 No other plea but that of ignorance!

A vile defence, which, was his all at stake,  
 The meanest subject well might blush to make; 320  
 A filthy source, from whence shame ever springs;  
 A stain to all, but most a stain to kings.  
 The soul, with great and manly feelings warm'd,  
 Panting for knowledge, rests not till inform'd;  
 And shall not I, fir'd with the glorious zeal, 325  
 Feel those brave passions which my subjects feel?  
 Or can a just excuse from ign'rance flow  
 To me, whose first great duty is—to know?

Hence, Ignorance!—thy settled, dull, blank eye,  
 Would hurt me tho' I knew no reason why— 330  
 Hence, Ignorance!—thy slavish shackles bind  
 The free-born soul, and lethargy the mind—  
 Of thee, begot by Pride, who look'd with scorn  
 On ev'ry meaner match, of thee was born  
 That grave inflexibility of soul 335  
 Which Reason can't convince nor fear control;  
 Which neither arguments nor pray'rs can reach,  
 And nothing less than utter ruin teach— [night  
 Hence, Ignorance!—hence to that depth of  
 Where thou wast born, where not one gleam of  
 light 340  
 May wound thine eye—hence to some dreary  
 cell

Where Monks with superstition love to dwell;  
 Or in some college sooth thy lazy pride,  
 And with the heads of colleges reside;



Fit mate for Royalty thou canst not be, 345  
 And if no mate for kings no mate for me.

Come, Study! like a torrent swell'd with rains,  
 Which, rushing down the mountains, o'er the  
 plains

Spreads horror wide, and yet, in horror kind,  
 Leaves seeds of future fruitfulness behind; 350

Come, Study!—painful tho' thy course, and slow,  
 Thy real worth by thy effects we know—

Parent of Knowledge, come—not thee I call

Who, grave and dull, in college or in hall

Dost sit, all solemn sad, and, mooping, weigh 355

Things which, when found, thy labours can't  
 repay—

Nor in one hand, fit emblem of thy trade,

A rod; in t'other, gaudily array'd,

A hornbook, gilt and letter'd, call I thee,

Who dost in form preside o'er A, B, C— 360

Nor (Siren tho' thou art, and thy strange charms,

As 'twere by magic, lure men to thy arms)

Do I call thee who, thro' a winding maze,

A labyrinth of puzzling pleasing ways,

Dost lead us at the last to those rich plains 365

Where, in full glory, real Science reigns;

Fair tho' thou art, and lovely to mine eye,

Tho' full rewards in thy possession lie

To crown man's wish, and do thy fav'rites grace,

Tho' (was I station'd in an humbler place) 370

I could be ever happy in thy fight,

Toil with thee all the day, and thro' the night,

Toil on from watch to watch, bidding my eye,

Fast rivetted on science, sleep defy,

Yet (such the hardships which from empire flow)

Mult I thy sweet society forego, 376

And to some happy rival's arms resign

Those charms which can, alas! no more be mine.



No more from hour to hour, from day to day,  
 Shall I pursue thy steps, and urge my way 380  
 Where eager love of science calls; no more  
 Attempt those paths which men ne'er trod  
 before;

No more the mountain scal'd, the desert cross,  
 Losing myself, nor knowing I was lost,  
 Travel thro' woods, thro' wilds, from morn to  
 night,

From night to morn, yet travel with delight, 386  
 And having found thee, lay me down content,  
 Own all my toil well paid, my time well spent.

Farewell, ye Muses! too—for such mean things  
 Must not presume to dwell with mighty kings—  
 Farewell, ye Muses!—tho' it cuts my heart, 391  
 Ev'n to the quick, we must for ever part.

When the fresh morn bade lusty Nature wake;  
 When the birds, sweetly twitt'ring thro' the brake,  
 Tune their soft pipes; when from the neighb'ring  
 bloom, 395

Sipping the dew, each zephyr stole perfume;  
 When all things with new vigour were inspir'd,  
 And seem'd to say they never cou'd be tir'd,  
 How often have we stray'd, whilst sportive  
 Rhyme

Deceiv'd the way, and clipp'd the wings of Time,  
 O'er hill, o'er dale! how often laugh'd to see 401  
 Yourselves made visible to none but me!

The clown, his works suspended, gape and stare,  
 And seem'd to think that I convers'd with air!

When the sun, beating on the parched soil, 405  
 Seem'd to proclaim an interval of toil;

When a faint languour crept thro' ev'ry breast,  
 And things most us'd to labour wish'd for rest,  
 How often, underneath a rev'rend oak,

Where safe and fearless of the impious stroke, 410



Some sacred Dryad liv'd; or in some grove  
Where, with capricious fingers Fancy wove  
Her fairy bow'r, whilst Nature all the while  
Look'd on, and view'd her mock'ries with a  
smile,

Have we held converse sweet! how often laid, 415  
Fast by the Thames, in Ham's inspiring shade,  
Amongst those poets which make up your train,  
And, after death, pour forth the sacred strain,  
Have I, at your command, in verse grown gray,  
But not impair'd, heard Dryden tune that lay 420  
Which might have drawn an angel from his  
sphere,

And kept him from his office list'ning here!  
When dreary Night, with Morpheus in her  
train,

Led on by Silence to resume her reign,  
With darkness covering, as with a robe, 425  
The scene of levity, blank'd half the globe,  
How oft', enchanted with your heav'nly strains,  
Which stole me from myself; which in soft  
chains

Of music bound my soul; how oft have I,  
Sounds more than human floating thro' the sky,  
Attentive sat, whilst Night, against her will, 435  
Transported with the harmony, stood still!

How oft' in raptures, which man scarce could bear,  
Have I, when gone, still thought the Muses there,  
Still heard their music, and, as mute as death, 435  
Sat all attention, drew in ev'ry breath,

Lest, breathing all too rudely, I should wound  
And mar that magic excellence of sound;  
Then, sense returning with return of day,  
Have chid the night, which fled so fast away! 440

Such my pursuits, and such my joys of yore,  
Such were my mates, but now my mates no more.



Plac'd out of Envy's walk, (for Envy, sure,  
 Would never haunt the cottage of the poor,  
 Would never stoop to wound my homespun lays)  
 With some few friends, and some small share of  
 praise, 446

Beneath oppression, undisturb'd by strife,  
 In peace I trod the humble vale of life.  
 Farwell these scenes of ease, this tranquil state;  
 Welcome the troubles which on empire wait : 450

Light toys from this day forth I disavow ;  
 They pleas'd me once, but cannot suit me now :  
 To common men all common things are free,  
 What honours them might fix disgrace on me.  
 Call'd to a throne, and o'er a mighty land 455

Ordain'd to rule, my head, my heart, my hand,  
 Are all engros'd ; each private view withstood,  
 And task'd to labour for the public good :  
 Be this my study ; to this one great end  
 May ev'ry thought, may ev'ry action, tend. 460

Let me the page of history turn o'er,  
 Th' instructive page, and heedfully explore  
 What faithful pens of former times have wrote  
 Of former kings ; what they did worthy note, 464  
 What worthy blame ; and from the sacred tomb  
 Where righteous monarchs sleep, where laurels  
 bloom

Unhurt by time, let me a garland twine  
 Which, robbing not their fame, may add to mine.  
 Nor let me with a vain and idle eye

Glance o'er those scenes, and in a hurry fly 470

Quick as a post which travels day and night ;  
 Nor let me dwell there, lur'd by false delight ;  
 And, into barren theory betray'd,

Forget that monarchs are for action made.  
 When am'rous Spring, repairing all his charms,  
 Calls Nature forth from hoary Winter's arms, 476



Where, like a virgin to some lecher fold,  
Three wretched months she lay benumb'd and  
cold ;

When the weak flow'r, which, shrinking from the  
breath

Of the rude North, and timorous of death, 480

To its kind mother Earth for shelter fled,

And on her bosom hid its tender head,

Peeps forth afresh, and, cheer'd by milder skies,

Bids in full splendour all her beauties rise,

The hive is up in arms—expert to teach, 485

Nor, proudly, to be taught unwilling, each

Seems from her fellow a new zeal to catch ;

Strength in her limbs, and on her wings dispatch,

The bee goes forth ; from herb to herb she

flies,

From flow'r to flow'r, and loads her lab'ring

thighs

490

With treasur'd sweets, robbing those flow'rs which,

left,

Find not themselves made poorer by the theft,

Their scents as lively, and their looks as fair,

As if the pillager had not been there.

Ne'er doth she sit on pleasure's silken wing ; 495

Ne'er doth she, loit'ring, let the bloom of Spring

Unrifed pass, and on the downy breast

Of some fair flow'r indulge untimely rest :

Ne'er doth she, drinking deep of those rich

dews

Which chymist Night prepar'd, that faith abuse

Due to the hive, and, selfish in her toils, 500

To her own private use convert the spoils :

Love of the stock first call'd her forth to roam,

And to the stock she brings her booty home.

Be this my pattern—As becomes a king, 505

Let me fly all abroad on Reason's wing :

Let mine eye, like the lightning, thro' the earth  
 Run to and fro, nor let one deed of worth,  
 In any place and time, nor let one man,  
 Whose actions may enrich dominion's plan, 510  
 Escape my note: be all, from the first day  
 Of Nature to this hour, be all my prey.  
 From those whom Time, at the desire of Fame,  
 Hath spar'd, let Virtue catch an equal flame:  
 From those who, not in mercy, but in rage, 515  
 Time hath repriev'd to damn from age to age,  
 Let me take warning, lesson'd to distil,  
 And, imitating Heav'n, draw good from ill:  
 Nor let these great researches in my breast  
 A monument of uselefs labour rest; 520  
 No—let them spread—th' effects let Gotham  
 share,

And reap the harvest of their monarch's care:  
 Be other times and other countries known,  
 Only to give fresh blessings to my own.  
 Let me, (and may that God to whom I fly, 525  
 On whom for needful succour I rely  
 In this great hour, that glorious God of truth!  
 Thro' whom I reign, in mercy to my youth  
 Assist my weakness, and direct me right;  
 From ev'ry speck which hangs upon the sight 530  
 Purge my mind's eye, nor let one cloud remain  
 To spread the shades of error o'er my brain),  
 Let me, impartial, with unwear'd thought  
 Try men and things: let me as monarchs ought,  
 Examine well on what my pow'r depends; 535  
 What are the gen'ral principles and ends  
 Of government; how empire first began;  
 And wherefore man was rais'd to reign o'er  
 man.

Let me consider; as from one great source  
 We see a thousand rivers take their course, 540



Dispers'd, and into diff'rent channels led,  
 Yet by their parent still supply'd and fed,  
 That government, (tho' branch'd out far and wide,  
 In various modes to various lands apply'd)  
 Howe'er it differs in its outward frame, 545  
 In the main groundwork's ev'ry where the same;  
 The same her view, tho' different her plan,  
 Her grand and gen'ral view the good of man.

Let me find out, by reason's sacred beams,  
 What system in itself most perfect seems, 550  
 Most worthy man, most likely to conduce  
 To all the purposes of gen'ral use:

Let me find, too, where, by fair reason try'd,  
 It fails when to particulars apply'd;  
 Why in that mode all nations do not join, 555  
 And, chiefly, why it cannot suit with mine.

Let me the gradual rise of empires trace,  
 Till they seem founded on Perfection's base;  
 Then (for when human things have made their  
 way

To excellence they hasten to decay) 560  
 Let me, whilst Observation lends her clue,  
 Step by step to their quick decline pursue,  
 Enabled by a chain of facts to tell  
 Not only how they rose, but how they fell.

Let me not only the distemper know 565  
 Which in all states from common causes grow,  
 But likewise those which, by the will of Fate,  
 On each peculiar mode of empire wait;  
 Which in its very constitution lurk,  
 Too sure at last to do its destin'd work: 570  
 Let me, forewarn'd, each sign, each system,  
 learn,

That I my people's danger may discern,  
 Ere 'tis too late wish'd health to re-assure,  
 And, if it can be found, find out a cure.



Let me, (tho' great grave brethren of the gown,  
 Preach all faith up, and preach all reason down, 576  
 Making those jar whom reason meant to join,  
 And vesting in themselves a right divine)  
 Let me thro' reason's glass, with searching eye,  
 Into the depth of that religion pry 580  
 Which law hath sanction'd: let me find out there  
 What's form, what's essence; what, like vagrant  
 air,  
 We well may change; and what, without a crime,  
 Cannot be chang'd to the last hour of time;  
 Nor let me suffer that outrageous zeal 585  
 Which without knowledge, furious bigots feel,  
 Fair in pretence, tho' at the heart unsound,  
 These sep'rate points at random to confound.  
 The times have been when priests have dar'd  
 to tread,  
 Proud and insulting, on their monarch's head;  
 When whilst they made religion a pretence, 591  
 Out of the world they banish'd common sense;  
 When some soft king, too open to deceit,  
 Easy and unsuspecting join'd the cheat,  
 Dup'd by mock piety, and gave his name 595  
 To serve the vilest purposes of shame.  
 Fear not, my People! where no cause of fear  
 Can justly rise—your king secures you here;  
 Your king, who scorns the haughty prelate's nod,  
 Nor deems the voice of priests the voice of God. 600  
 Let me, (tho' lawyers may perhaps forbid  
 Their monarch to behold what they wish hid,  
 And for the purposes of knavish gain  
 Would have their trade a mystery remain)  
 Let me, disdain'g all such slavish awe, 605  
 Dive to the very bottom of the law;  
 Let me (the weak dead letter left behind)  
 Search out the principles, the spirit find,



Till from the parts made master of the whole,  
I see the Constitution's very soul. 610

Let me, (tho' statesmen will no doubt resist,  
And to my eyes present a fearful list  
Of men whose wills are opposite to mine,  
Of men, great men! determin'd to resign)  
Let me (with firmness, which becomes a king, 615  
Conscious from what a source my actions spring,  
Determin'd not by worlds to be withstood,  
When my grand object is my country's good)  
Unravel all low ministerial scenes,

Destroy their jobs, lay bare their ways and means,  
And trap them step by step; let me well know 621  
How places, pensions, and preferments, go;  
Why Guilt's provided for when Worth is not,  
And why one man of merit is forgot;  
Let me in peace, in war, supreme preside, 625  
And dare to know my way without a guide.

Let me, (tho' Dignity, by nature proud,  
Retires from view, and swells behind a cloud,  
As if the sun shone with less pow'ful ray,  
Less grace, less glory, shining ev'ry day, 630  
Tho' when she comes forth into public light,  
Unbending as a ghost she stalks upright,  
With such an air as we have often seen,  
And often laugh'd at in a tragic queen,  
Nor at her presence, tho' base myriads crook 635  
The supple knee, vouchsafe a single look)

Let me (all vain parade, all empty pride,  
All terrors of dominion laid aside,  
All ornament, and needless helps of art,  
All those big looks which speak a little heart) 640  
Know (which few kings, alas! have ever known)  
How affability becomes a throne,  
Destroys all fear, bids love with reverence live,  
And gives those graces pride can never give.



Let the stern tyrant keep a distant state,  
 And, hating all men, fear return of hate,  
 Conscious of guilt, retreat behind his throne,  
 Secure from all upbraidings but his own :  
 Let all my subjects have access to me,  
 Be my ears open as my heart is free ;  
 In full fair tide let information flow ;  
 That evil is half cur'd whose cause we know.  
 And thou, where'er thou art, thou wretched  
 thing!

645

650

Who art afraid to look up to a king,  
 Lay by thy fears—make but thy grievance plain,  
 And if I not redress thee may my reign  
 Close up that very moment—To prevent  
 The course of Justice from her fair intent,  
 In vain my nearest, dearest, friend shall plead,  
 In vain my mother kneel—My soul may bleed,  
 But must not change—When Justice draws the dart,  
 Tho' it is doom'd to pierce a fav'rite's heart,  
 'Tis mine to give it force, to give it aim—  
 I know it duty, and I feel it fame.

656

664



# THE PROPHECY OF FAMINE.

## A SCOTS PASTORAL.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

**W**HEN Cupid first instructs his darts to fly  
From the sly corner of some cook-maid's eye,  
The stripling raw, just enter'd in his teens,  
Receives the wound, and wonders what it means;  
His heart, like dripping, melts, and new desire 5  
Within him stirs each time she stirs the fire;  
Trembling and blushing he the fair one views,  
And fain would speak, but can't—without a Muse.  
So to the sacred mount he takes his way,  
Prunes his young wings, and tunes his infant lay,  
His oaten reed to rural ditties frames, 11  
To flocks and rocks, to hills and rills, proclaims,  
In simplest notes, and all unpolish'd strains,  
The loves of nymphs, and eke the loves of swains.  
Clad, as your nymphs were always clad of yore,  
In rustic weeds—a cook-maid now no more— 16  
Beneath an aged oak Lardella lies—  
Green moss her couch, her canopy the skies.  
From aromatic shrubs the roguish gale 19  
Steals young perfumes, and wafts them thro' the vale.  
The youth, turn'd swain, and skill'd in rustic lays,  
Past by her side his am'rous descant plays,  
Herds lowe, flocks bleat, pies chatter, ravens scream,  
And the full chorus dies a-down the stream.  
The streams, with music freighted, as they pass 25  
Present the fair Lardella with a glass,  
And Zephyr, to complete the love-sick plan,  
Waves his light wings, and serves her for a fan.



But when maturer Judgment takes the lead,  
 These childish toys on Reason's altar bleed; 30  
 Form'd after some great man, whose name breeds  
 awe,

Whose ev'ry sentence Fashion makes a law;  
 Who on mere credit his vain trophies rears,  
 And founds his merit on our servile fears;  
 Then we discard the workings of the heart, 35  
 And Nature's banish'd by mechanic art;  
 Then, deeply read, our reading must be shown;  
 Vain is that knowledge which remains unknown:

Then Ostentation marches to our aid,  
 And letter'd Pride stalks forth in full parade; 40  
 Beneath their care behold the work refine,  
 Pointed each sentence, polish'd ev'ry line:  
 Trifles are dignify'd, and taught to wear  
 The robes of ancients with a modern air;  
 Nonsense with classic ornaments is grac'd, 45  
 And passes current with the stamp of taste.

Then the rude Theocrite is ransack'd o'er,  
 And courtly Maro call'd from Mincio's shore;  
 Sicilian Muses on our mountains roam, 50  
 Easy and free as if they were at home;  
 Nymphs, Naiads, Nereids, Dryads, Satyrs, Fauns,  
 Sport in our floods, and trip it o'er our lawns;  
 Flow'rs which once flourish'd fair in Greece and  
 Rome,

More fair revive in England's meads to bloom;  
 Skies without cloud exotic funs adorn, 55  
 And roses blush, but blush without a thorn;  
 Landscapes unknown to dowdy Nature rise,  
 And new creations strike our wond'ring eyes.

For bards like these, who neither sing nor say,  
 Grave without thought, and without feeling gay, 61  
 Whose numbers in one even tenor flow,  
 Attun'd to pleasure, and attun'd to woe;



THE PROPHECY OF FAMINE

Who, if plain Common-sense her visit pays,  
 And mars one couplet in their happy lays,  
 As at some ghost affrighted, start and stare, 65  
 And ask the meaning of her coming there:  
 For bards like these a wreath shall Mason bring,  
 Lin'd with the softest down of Folly's wing;  
 In Love's pagoda shall they ever doze,  
 And Gissal kindly rock them to repose; 70  
 My Lord — to letters as to faith most true—  
 At once their patron and example too—  
 Shall quaintly fashion his love-labour'd dreams,  
 Sigh with sad winds, and weep with weeping streams;  
 Curious in grief, (for real grief, we know, 75  
 Is curious to dress up the tale of woe)  
 From the green umbrage of some Druid's feat  
 Shall his own works in his own way repeat.

Me, whom no Muse of heav'nly birth inspires,  
 No judgment tempers when rash genius fires; 80  
 Who boast no merit but mere knack of rhyme,  
 Short gleams of sense, and satire out of time;  
 Who cannot follow where trim Fancy leads  
 By prattling streams o'er flow'r-empurpled meads;  
 Who often, but without success, have pray'd 85  
 For apt Alliteration's artful aid;  
 Who would, but cannot, with a master's skill,  
 Coin fine new epithets which mean no ill:  
 Me, thus uncouth, thus ev'ry way unfit  
 For pacing poesy and ambling wit, 90  
 Taste with contempt beholds, nor deigns to place  
 Amongst the lowest of her favour'd race.

Thou, Nature! art my goddess—to thy law  
 Myself I dedicate—hence, slavish awe,  
 Which bends to fashion, and obeys the rules 95  
 Impos'd at first, and since observ'd by fools;  
 Hence those vile tricks which mar fair Nature's hue,  
 And bring the sober matron forth to view,

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With all that artificial tawdry glare  
 Which virtue scorns, and none but strumpets wear.  
 Sick of those pomps, those vanities, that waste 101  
 Of toil, which critics now mistake for taste,  
 Of false refinements sick, and labour'd ease,  
 Which art, too thinly veil'd, forbids to please,  
 By Nature's charms (inglorious truth!) subdu'd,  
 However plain her dress, and 'haviour rude, 106  
 To northern climes my happier course I steer,  
 Climes where the goddess reigns throughout the  
 Where undisturb'd by Art's rebellions plan, [year,  
 She rules the loyal laird and faithful clan. 110  
 To that rare soil, where virtues clust'ring grow,  
 What mighty blessings doth not England owe!  
 What waggon-loads of courage, wealth and sense,  
 Doth each revolving day import from thence!  
 'To us she gives, disinterested friend! 115  
 Faith without fraud, and Stewarts without end.  
 When we prosperity's rich trappings wear,  
 Come not her gen'rous sons and take a share?  
 And if, by some disastrous turn of fate,  
 Change should ensue, and ruin seize the state, 120  
 Shall we not find, safe in that hallow'd ground,  
 Such refuge as the holy Martyr found?  
 Nor lets our debt in science, tho' deny'd  
 By the weak slaves of prejudice and pride.  
 Thence came the Ramsays, names of worthy note,  
 Of whom one paints as well as t'other wrote; 126  
 Thence Home, disbanded from the sons of pray'r  
 For loving plays, tho' no dull dean was there;  
 Thence issu'd forth, at great Macpherson's call,  
 That old, new, epic pastoral, Fingal; 130  
 Thence Malloch, friend alike of church and state,  
 Of Christ and Liberty, by grateful Fate  
 Rais'd to rewards which, in a pious reign,  
 All darling insidels should seek in vain;



THE PROPHECY OF FAMINE. 29

Thence simple bards, by simple prudence taught,  
 To this wise Town by simple patrons brought, 136  
 In simple manner utter simple lays,  
 And take, with simple pensions, simple praise.

Waft me, some Muse, to Tweed's inspiring  
 stream,

Where all the little Loves and Graces dream; 140

Where, slowly winding, the dull waters creep,  
 And seem themselves to own the pow'r of sleep;

Where on the surface lead, like feathers, swims;  
 There let me bathe my yet unhallow'd limbs,

As once a Syrian bath'd in Jordan's flood, 145

Wash off my native stains, correct that blood  
 Which mutinies at call of English pride,

And, deaf to prudence, rolls a patriot tide.

From solemn thought which overhangs the  
 brow,

Of patriot care, when things are--God knows how;

From nice trim points, where Honour, slave to  
 rule, 151

In compliment to Polly, plays the fool;

From those gay scenes where Mirth exalts his  
 pow'r,

And easy Humour wings the laughing hour;

From those soft better moments, when desire 155  
 Beats high, and all the world of man's on fire;

When mutual arduours of the melting fair

More than repay us for whole years of care,

At Friendship's summons will my Wilkes retreat,

And see, once seen before, that ancient seat, 160  
 That ancient seat where Majesty display'd

Here ensigns long before the world was made!

Mean narrow maxims, which enslave mankind,

Ne'er from its bias warp thy settled mind:

Not dup'd by party, nor Opinion's slave, 165  
 Those faculties which bounteous Nature gave



30 THE PROPHECY OF FAMINE.

Thy honest spirit into practice brings,  
Nor courts the smile nor dreads the frown of  
kings,

Let rude licentious Englishmen comply  
With tumult's voice, and curse they know not  
why; 170

Unwilling to condemn, thy soul disdains  
To wear vile Faction's arbitrary chains,  
And strictly weighs, in apprehension clear,  
Things as they are, and not as they appear. 175  
With thee good humour tempers lively wit,  
Enthron'd with judgment Candour loves to sit,  
And Nature gave thee, open to distress,  
A heart to pity, and a hand to bless.

Oft' have I heard thee mourn the wretched lot  
Of the poor, mean, despis'd, insulted Scot, 180  
Who, might calm reason credit idle tales,  
By rancour forg'd where prejudice prevails,  
Or starves at home, or practises, thro' fear  
Of starving, arts which damn all conscience here.  
When scribblers, to the charge by int'rest led, 185  
The fierce North-Briton foaming at their head,  
Pour forth invectives, deaf to Candour's call,  
And, injur'd by one alien, rail at all;  
On Northern Pisgah when they take their stand,  
To mark the weakness of that Holy Land, 190  
With needless truths their libels to adorn,  
And hang a nation up to public scorn,  
Thy gen'rous soul condemns the frantic rage,  
And hates the faithful but ill-natur'd page.

The Scots are poor, cries furly English pride; 195  
True is the charge, nor by themselves deny'd.  
Are they not then in strictest reason clear,  
Who wisely come to mend their fortunes here?  
If, by low supple arts successful grown,  
They sapp'd our vigour to increase their own; 200





THE PROPHECY OF FAMINE.

31

If, mean in want, and insolent in pow'r,  
 They only fawn'd more surely to devour,  
 Rous'd by such wrongs should Reason take alarm,  
 And ev'n the Muse for public safety arm?  
 But if they own ingenuous Virtue's sway, 205  
 And follow where true honour points the way;  
 If they revere the hand by which they're fed,  
 And bless the donors for their daily bread,  
 Or, by vast debts of higher import bound,  
 Are always humble, always grateful, found: 210  
 If they, directed by Paul's holy pen,  
 Become discreetly all things to all men,  
 That all men may become all things to them,  
 Envy may hate, but Justice can't condemn. 214  
 "Into our places, states, and beds, they creep;"  
 They've sense to get what we want sense to keep.  
 Once, be the hour accurs'd! accurs'd the place!  
 I ventur'd to blaspheme the chosen race.  
 Into those traps which men, call'd Patriots, laid,  
 By specious arts unwarily betray'd, 220  
 Madly I leagu'd against that sacred earth,  
 Vile parricide! which gave a parent birth:  
 But shall I meanly Error's path pursue,  
 When heav'nly Truth presents her friendly clue?  
 Once plung'd in ill, shall I go farther in? 225  
 To make the oath was rash; to keep it sin.  
 Backward I tread the paths I trode before,  
 And calm Reflection hates what Passion swore.  
 Converted, (blessed are the souls which know  
 Those pleasures which from true conversion flow,  
 Whether to reason, who now rules my breast, 231  
 Or to pure faith, like Lyttleton and West)  
 Past crimes to expiate, be my present aim  
 To raise new trophies to the Scottish name;  
 To make (what can the proudest Muse do more?)  
 Ev'n Faction's sons her brighter worth adore; 236



32 THE PROPHECY OF FAMINE.

To make her glories, stamp'd with honest rhymes,  
In fullest tide roll down to latest times.

“ Presumptuous wretch! and shall a Muse like  
thine,

“ An English Muse! the meanest of the Nine, 240

“ Attempt a theme like this? Can her weak strain

“ Expect indulgence from the mighty Thane?

“ Should he from toils of government retire,

“ And for a moment fan the poet's fire;

“ Should he, of sciences the moral friend, 245

“ Each curious, each important, search suspend,

“ Leave unassisted Hill of herbs to tell,

“ And all the wonders of a cockleshell,

“ Having the Lord's good grace before his eyes,

“ Would not the Home step forth and gain the  
prize? 250

“ Or if this wreath of honour might adorn

“ The humble brows of one in England born,

“ Presumptuous still thy daring must appear;

“ Vain all thy tow'ring hopes whilst I am here.”

Thus spake a form, by silken smile, and tone

Dull and unvary'd, for the Leareat known, 256

Folly's chief friend, Decorum's eldest son,

In ev'ry party found, and yet of none.

This airy substance, this substantial shade,

Abash'd I heard, and with respect obey'd. 260

From themes too lofty for a bard so mean,

Discretion beckons to an humbler scene;

The restless fever of ambition laid,

Calm I retire, and seek the sylvan shade.

Now be the Muse disrob'd of all her pride, 265

Be all the glare of verse by truth supply'd,

And if plain Nature pours a simple strain,

Which Bute may praise, and Ossian not disdain,

Ossian! sublimest, simplest bard of all,

Whom English infidels Macpherson call, 270





Then round my head shall Honour's ensigns wave,  
 And pensions mark me for a willing slave.  
 Two boys, whose birth, beyond all question, springs  
 From great and glorious, tho' forgotten, kings,  
 Shepherds of Scottish lineage, born and bred 275  
 On the same bleak and barren mountain's head,  
 By niggard Nature doom'd on the same rocks  
 To spin out life, and starve themselves and flocks,  
 Fresh as the morning which, enrob'd in mist,  
 The mountain's top with usual dulness kiss'd; 280  
 Jockey and Sawney to their labours rose;  
 Soon clad I ween, where Nature needs no clothes;  
 Where, from their youth enur'd to winter-skies,  
 Dress and her vain refinements they despise.  
 Jockey, whose manly high-bon'd cheeks to crown,  
 With freckles spotted flam'd the golden down, 286  
 With meikle art could on the bag-pipes play,  
 Ev'n from the rising to the setting day;  
 Sawney as long without remorse could bawl  
 Home's madrigals, and ditties from Fingal: 290  
 Oft' at his strains, all natural tho' rude,  
 The Highland lass forgot her want of food,  
 And, whilst she seratch'd her lover into rest,  
 Sunk pleas'd, tho' hungry, on her Sawney's breast.  
 Far as the eye could reach no tree was seen, 295  
 Earth, clad in russet, scorn'd the lively green:  
 The plague of locusts, they secure defy,  
 For in three hours a grasshopper must die:  
 No living thing, what'er its food, feasts there,  
 But the chameleon, who can feast on air. 300  
 No birds, except as birds of passage, flew;  
 No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo:  
 No streams, as amber smooth, as amber clear,  
 Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here: 304  
 Rebellion's spring, which thro' the country ran,  
 Furnish'd with bitter draughts the steady clan:

## 34 THE PROPHECY OF FAMINE.

No flow'rs embalm'd the air but one White Rose,  
Which on the Tenth of June by instinct blows;  
By instinct blows at morn, and, when the shades  
Of drizzly eve prevail, by instinct fades. 310

One, and but one poor solitary cave,  
Too sparing of her favours, Nature gave;  
That one alone (hard tax on Scottish pride!)  
Shelter at once for man and beast supply'd.  
Their snares without entangling briers spread, 315  
And thistles, arm'd against th' invader's head,  
Stood in close ranks, all entrance to oppose;  
Thistles! now held more precious than the Rose.  
All creatures which, on Nature's earliest plan,  
Were form'd to loath, and to be loath'd by man,  
Which ow'd their birth to nastiness and spite, 321  
Deadly to touch, and hateful to the sight;  
Creatures, which when admitted in the ark  
Their favour shun'd, and rankled in the dark,  
Found place within. Marking her noisome road 325  
With poison's trail, here crawl'd the bloated toad;  
There webs were spread of more than common  
size,  
And half-starv'd spiders prey'd on half-starv'd  
flies:

In quest of food efts strove in vain to crawl; 329  
Slugs pinch'd with hunger smear'd the slimy wall:  
The cave around with hissing serpents rung;  
On the damp roof unhealthy vapour hung;  
And Famine, by her children always known,  
As proud as poor, here fixt her native throne.

Here, for the fullen sky was overcast, 335  
And summer shrunk beneath a wintry blast;  
A native blast, which, arm'd with hail and rain,  
Beat unrelenting on the naked swain,  
The boys for shelter made: behind the sheep,  
Of which those shepherds every day take keep, 340





THE PROPHECY OF FAMINE. 35

Sickly crept on, and, with complainings rude,  
On Nature seem'd to call, and bleat for food.

J O C K E Y.

Sith to this cave, by tempest, we're confin'd,  
And within ken our flocks, under the wind,  
Safe from the pelting of this per'ous storm, 345  
Are laid among yon' thistles, dry and warm,  
What, Sawney, if by shepherds' art we try  
To mock the rigour of this cruel sky?  
What if we tune some merry roundelay?  
Well dost thou sing, nor ill doth Jockey play. 350

S A W N E Y.

Ah! Jockey, ill advisest thou, I wis,  
To think of songs at such a time as this:  
Sooner shall herbage crown these barren rocks,  
Sooner shall fleeces clothe these ragged flocks,  
Sooner shall want seize shepherds of the south, 355  
And we forget to live from hand to mouth,  
Than Sawney, 'out of season, shall impart  
The songs of gladness with an aching heart.

J O C K E Y.

Still have I known thee for a silly swain;  
Of things past help what boots it to complain? 360  
Nothing but mirth can conquer Fortune's ipite;  
No sky is heavy if the heart be light:  
Patience is sorrow's salve: what can't be cur'd,  
So Donald right areeds, must be endur'd.



## S A W N E Y.

Full filly fwain, I wot, is Jockey now. 365  
 How didst thou bear thy Maggy's falsehood? how,  
 When with a foreign loon she stole away,  
 Didst thou forswear thy pipe and shepherd's lay?  
 Where was thy boasted wisdom then, when I  
 Apply'd those proverbs which you now apply? 370

## J O C K E Y.

O she was bonny! all the Highlands round  
 Was there a rival to my Maggy found?  
 More precious (tho' that precious is to all)  
 Than the rare med'cine which we Brimstone call,  
 Or that choicé plant, so grateful to the nose, 373  
 Which in I know not what far country grows,  
 Was Maggy unto me: dear do I rue  
 A las! so fair should ever prove untrue.

## S A W N E Y.

Whether with pipe or song to charm the ear,  
 Thro' all the land did Jamie find a peer? 380  
 Could be that year by ev'ry honest Scot,  
 And in the shepherds' calendar forgot,  
 That fatal year when Jamie, hapless swain!  
 In evil hour forsook the peaceful plain:  
 Jamie, when our young laird discreetly fled, 385  
 Was seiz'd, and hang'd till he was dead, dead, dead.

## J O C K E Y.

Full sorely may we all lament that day,  
 For all were losers in the deadly fray.



THE PROPHECY OF FAMINE. 37

Five brothers had I on the Scottish plains, 389  
 Well dost thou know were none more hopeful swains;  
 Five brothers there I lost, in manhood's pride,  
 Two in the field, and three on gibbets dy'd:  
 Ah! silly swains! to follow war's alarms;  
 Ah! what hath shepherd's life to do with arms?

S A W N E Y.

Mention it not—There saw I strangers clad 395  
 In all the honours of our ravish'd Plaid;  
 Saw the Ferrara, too, our nation's pride,  
 Unwilling grace the awkward victor's side.  
 There fell our choicest youth, and from that day  
 Mote never Sawney tune the merry lay; 400  
 Bless'd those which fell! curs'd those which still  
 survive!  
 To mourn Fifteen renew'd in Forty-five.

Thus plain'd the boys, when from her throne of  
 turf,  
 With boils emboss'd, and overgrown with scurf,  
 Vile humours, which, in life's corrupted well, 405  
 Mix'd at the birth, not abstinence could quell,  
 Pale Famine rear'd the head; her eager eyes,  
 Where hunger ev'n to madness seem'd to rise,  
 Speaking aloud her throes and pangs of heart, 409  
 Strain'd to get loose, and from their orbs to start:  
 Her hollow cheeks were each a deep-sunk cell,  
 Where wretchedness and horror lov'd to dwell:  
 With double rows of useless teeth supply'd,  
 Her mouth from ear to ear extended wide, 414  
 Which when for want of food her entrails pin'd,  
 She op'd, and, cursing, swallow'd nought but wind:  
 All shrivell'd was her skin; and here and there,  
 Making their way by force, her bones lay bare:



Such filthy fight to hide from human view,  
 O'er her foul limbs a tatter'd Plaid she threw. 420  
 "Cease," cry'd the goddess, "cease, despairing  
 And from a parent hear what Jove ordains. [Swains!  
 Pent in this barren corner of the isle,  
 Where partial Fortune never deign'd to smile;  
 Like Nature's bastards, reaping for our share 425  
 What was rejected by the lawful heir;  
 Unknown amongst the nations of the earth,  
 Or only known to raise contempt and mirth;  
 Long free, because the race of Roman braves  
 Thought it not worth their while to make us slaves;  
 Then into bondage by that nation brought, 431  
 Whose ruin we for ages vainly fought;  
 Whom still with unslak'd hate we view, and still,  
 The pow'r of mischief lost, retain the will;  
 Consider'd as the refuge of mankind, 435  
 A mass till the last moment left behind,  
 Which frugal Nature doubted, as it lay,  
 Whether to stamp with life or throw away;  
 Which, form'd in haste, was planted in this nook,  
 But never enter'd in Creation's book; 440  
 Branded as traitors, who for love of gold  
 Would sell their God, as once their king they sold.  
 Long have we borne this mighty weight of ill,  
 These vile injurious taunts, and bear them still;  
 But times of happier note are now at hand, 445  
 And the full promise of a better land:  
 There, like the sons of Isr'el, having trod,  
 For the fix'd term of years ordain'd by God,  
 A barren desert, we shall seize rich plains, 449  
 Where milk with honey flows, and plenty reigns:  
 With some few natives join'd, some pleasant few,  
 Who worship Int'rest and our track pursue;  
 There shall we, tho' the wretched people grieve,  
 Revenge at large, nor ask the owners' leave.





THE PROPHECY OF FAMINE. 39

For us the earth shall bring forth her increase;  
 For us the flocks shall wear a golden fleece; 456  
 Fat beeves shall yield us dainties not our own,  
 And the grape bleed a nectar yet unknown:  
 For our advantage shall their harvests grow,  
 And Scotsmen reap what they disdain'd to sow: 460  
 For us the sun shall climb the eastern hill;  
 For us the rain shall fall, the dew distil:  
 When to our wishes Nature cannot rise,  
 Art shall be task'd to grant us fresh supplies;  
 His brawny arm shall drudging Labour strain, 465  
 And for our pleasure suffer daily pain:  
 Trade shall for us exert her utmost pow'rs,  
 Her's all the toil, and all the profits ours:  
 For us the oak shall from his native steep  
 Descend, and fearless, travel thro' the deep: 470  
 The sail of commerce, for our use unfurl'd,  
 Shall waft the treasures of each distant world:  
 For us sublimer heights shall science reach;  
 For us their statesmen plot, their churchmen preach:  
 Their noblest limbs of council we'll disjoint, 475  
 And, mocking, new ones of our own appoint:  
 Devouring War, imprison'd in the North,  
 Shall, at our call, in horrid pomp break forth,  
 And when, his chariot-wheels with thunder hung,  
 Fell Discord braying with her brazen tongue, 480  
 Death in the van, with Anger, Hate, and Fear,  
 And Desolation stalking in the rear,  
 Revenge, by Justice guided, in his train,  
 He drives impet'ous o'er the trembling plain,  
 Shall, at our bidding, quit his lawful prey, 485  
 And to meek, gentle, gen'rous, Peace give way.  
 Think not, my Sons! that this so bleis'd estate  
 Stands at a distance on the roll of Fate;  
 Already big with hopes of future sway,  
 Ry'n from this cave I scent my destin'd prey. 490



## 40 THE PROPHECY OF FAMINE.

Think not that this dominion o'er a race  
 Whose former deeds shall time's last annals grace,  
 In the rough face of peril must be fought,  
 And with the lives of thousands dearly bought:  
 No—fool'd by cunning, by that happy art 495  
 Which laughs to scorn the blund'ring hero's heart,  
 Into the snare shall our kind neighbours fall  
 With open eyes, and fondly give us all.

When Rome, to prop her sinking empire, bore  
 Their choicest levies to a foreign shore, 500  
 What if we seiz'd, like a destroying flood,  
 Their widow'd plains, and fill'd the realm with  
 blood,

Gave an unbounded loose to manly rage,  
 And, scorning mercy, spar'd nor sex nor age?  
 When, for our interest too mighty grown, 505  
 Monarchs of warlike bent possess'd the throne,

What if we strove divisions to foment,  
 And spread the flames of civil discontent,  
 Assisted those who 'gainst their king made head,  
 And gave the traitors refuge when they fled? 510

When restless Glory bade her sons advance,  
 And pitch'd her standard in the fields of France,  
 What if, disdaining oaths, and empty sound,  
 By which our nation never shall be bound,  
 Bravely we taught unmuzzled War to roam, 515  
 Thro' the weak land, and brought cheap laurels  
 home?

When the bold traitors leagu'd for the defence  
 Of law, religion, liberty, and sense,  
 When they against their lawful monarch rose,  
 And dar'd the Lord's anointed to oppose, 520  
 What if we still rever'd the banish'd race,  
 And strove the royal vagrants to replace,  
 With fierce rebellions shook th' unsettled state,  
 And greatly dar'd, tho' cross'd by partial Fate? 524





THE PROPHESY OF FAMINE. 41

These facts, which might, where wisdom held the  
sway,

A wake the very stones to bar our away,  
There shall be nothing, nor one trace remain

In the dull region of an English brain:

Bless'd with that faith which mountains can re-  
move,

First they shall dupes, next faints, last martyrs,  
prove. 530

Already is this game of Fate begun

Under the sanction of my darling son;

That son, of nature royal as his name,

Is destin'd to redeem our race from shame:

His boundless pow'r, beyond example great, 535

Shall make the rough way smooth, the crooked  
straight;

Shall for our ease the raging floods restrain,

And sink the mountain level to the plain.

Discord, whom in a cavern under ground

With massy fetters their late patriot bound; 540

Where her own flesh the furious hag might tear,

And vent her curses to the vacant air;

Where, that she never might be heard of more,

He planted Loyalty to guard the door,

For better purpose shall our chief release, 545

Disguise her for a time, and call her Peace.

Lur'd by that name, fine engine of deceit!

Shall the weak English help themselves to cheat;

To gain our love, with honours shall they grace

The old adherents of the Stewart race, 550

Who pointed out, no matter by what name,

Tories or Jacobites, are still the same:

To sooth our rage, the temporising brood

Shall break the ties of truth and gratitude, 554

Against their saviour venom'd falsehoods frame,

And brand with calumny their William's name:



42 THE PROPHECY OF FAMINE.

To win our grace, (rare argument of wit!)  
To our untainted faith shall they commit  
(Our faith which, in extremest perils try'd,  
Disdain'd, and still disdain'd, to change her side) 560  
That sacred Majesty they all approve,  
Who most enjoys, and best deserves, their love." 562





T H E  
T I M E S.

THE time hath been, a boyish blushing time,  
 When modesty was scarcely held a crime;  
 When the most wicked had some touch of grace,  
 And trembled to meet Virtue face to face;  
 When those who, in the cause of Sin grown gray, 5  
 Had serv'd her without grudging day by day,  
 Were yet so weak an awkward shame to feel,  
 And strove that glorious service to conceal:  
 We, better bred, and than our fires more wise, 10  
 Such paltry narrowness of soul despise;  
 To virtue ev'ry mean pretence disclaim,  
 Lay bare our crimes, and glory in our shame.

Time was, ere Temperance had fled the realm,  
 Ere Luxury sat guttling at the helm  
 From meal to meal, without one moment's space 15  
 Reserv'd for bus'ness, or allow'd for grace;  
 Ere vanity had so far conquer'd sense  
 To make us all wild rivals in expense,  
 To make one fool strive to outvie another,  
 And ev'ry coxcomb dress against his brother; 20  
 Ere banish'd Industry had left our shores,  
 And Labour was by Pride kick'd out of doors;  
 Ere Idleness prevail'd sole queen in courts,  
 Or only yielded to a rage for sports;  
 Ere each weak mind was with externals caught, 25  
 And Dissipation held the place of Thought;  
 Ere gambling lords in vice so far were gone  
 To cog the die, and bid the sun look on;  
 Ere a great nation, not less just than free,  
 Was made a beggar by Economy;

Ere rugged Honesty was out of vogue ;  
 Ere Fashion stamp'd her sanction on the rogue :  
 Time was that men had conscience, that they made  
 Scruples to owe what never could be paid.

Was one then found, however high his name, 35  
 So far above his fellows damn'd to shame,

Who dar'd abuse and falsify his trust,  
 Who being great yet dar'd to be unjust,  
 Shunn'd like a plague, or but at distance view'd,  
 Hé walk'd the crowded streets in solitude, 40

Nor could his rank and station in the land  
 Bribe one mean knave to take him by the hand.

Such rigid maxims (O, might such revive  
 To keep expiring Honesty alive !)  
 Made rogues, all other hopes of fame deny'd, 45  
 Not just thro' principle, but just thro' pride.

Our times, more polish'd, wear a diff'rent face ;  
 Debts are an honour, payment a disgrace.

Men of weak minds, high-plac'd on folly's list,  
 May gravely tell us trade cannot subsist, 50

Nor all those thousands who're in trade employ'd,  
 If faith 'twixt man and man is once destroy'd.

Why—be it so—we in that point accord ;  
 But what is trade and tradesmen to a lord ?

Faber from day to day, from year to year, 55  
 Hath had the cries of tradesmen in his ear,

Of tradesmen by his villany betray'd,  
 And, vainly seeking justice, bankrupts made.

What is't to Faber? lordly, as before,  
 He sits at ease, and lives to ruin more : 60

Fix'd at his door, as motionless as stone,  
 Begging, but only begging for their own ;

Unheard they stand, or only heard by those,  
 Those slaves in livery, who mock their woes.

What is't to Faber? he continues great, 65  
 Lives on in grandeur, and runs out in state.





The helpless widow, wrung with deep despair,  
 In bitterness of soul pours forth her pray'r,  
 Hugging her starving babes with streaming eyes,  
 And calls down vengeance, vengeance from the  
 skies. 70

What is't to Faber? he stands safe and clear,  
 Heav'n can commence no legal action here,  
 And on his breast a mighty plate he wears,  
 A plate more firm than triple brass, which bears  
 The name of Privilege, 'gainst vulgar awe; 75  
 He feels no conscience, and he fears no law.

Nor think, acquainted with small knaves alone,  
 Who have not shame outliv'd and grace outgrown,  
 The great world hidden from thy reptile view,  
 That on such men, to whom contempt is due, 80  
 Contempt shall fall, and their vile author's name  
 Recorded stand thro' all the land of shame.

No—to his porch, like Persians to the sun,  
 Behold contending crowds of courtiers run;  
 See, to his aid what noble troops advance, 85  
 All sworn to keep his crimes in countenance:  
 Nor wonder at it—they partake the charge,  
 As small their conscience, and their debts as large.

Propp'd by such clients, and without control  
 From all that's honest in the human soul; 90  
 In grandeur mean, with insolence unjust,  
 Whilst none but knaves can praise and fools will  
 trust,

Carefs and courted, Faber seems to stand  
 A mighty pillar in a guilty land.

And (a sad truth, to which succeeding times 95  
 Will scarce give credit when 'tis told in rhymes)  
 Did not strict Honour with a jealous eye  
 Watch round the throne, did not true Piety,  
 (Who, link'd with Honour for the noblest ends,  
 Ranks none but honest men amongst her friends) 100



Forbid us to be crush'd with such a weight,  
He might in time be minister of state.

But why enlarge I on such petty crimes?  
They might have shock'd the faith of former times,  
But now are held as nothing—We begin 105  
Where our fires ended, and improve in sin;  
Rack our invention, and leave nothing new  
In vice and folly for our sons to do.

Nor deem this censure hard; there's not a  
place

Most consecrate to purposes of grace, 110  
Which vice hath not polluted; none so high,  
But with bold pinion she hath dar'd to fly,  
And build there for her pleasure; none so low,  
But she hath crept into it, made it know  
And feel her pow'r: in courts, in camps, she  
reigns, 115

O'er sober citizens and simple swains;  
Ev'n in our temples she hath fix'd her throne,  
And 'bove God's holy altars plac'd her own.

More to increase the horror of our state,  
To make her empire lasting as 'tis great; 120  
To make us, in full-grown perfection feel  
Curfes which neither art nor time can heal;  
All shame discarded, all remains of pride,  
Meanness sits crown'd, and triumphs by her side:  
Meanness, who gleans out of the human mind 125  
Those few good seeds which Vice had left behind,  
Those seeds which might in time to virtue tend,  
And leaves the soul without a pow'r to mend:  
Meanness, at sight of whom, with brave disdain,  
The breast of manhood swells, but swells in vain; 130  
Before whom Honour makes a forc'd retreat,  
And Freedom is compell'd to quit her seat;  
Meanness which, like that mark by bloody Cain  
Borne in his forehead for a brother slain,



God, in his great and all-subduing rage, 135  
 Ordains the standing mark of this vile age.

The venal hero trucks his fame for gold,  
 The patriot's virtue for a place is sold;  
 The statesman bargains for his country's shame,  
 And for preferment priests their God disclaim. 140

Worn out with lust, her day of lech'ry o'er,  
 The mother trains the daughter which she bore  
 In her own paths; the father aids the plan,  
 And, when the innocent is ripe for man,  
 Sells her to some old lecher for a wife, 145

And makes her an adulteress for life,  
 Or in the Papers bids his name appear,  
 And advertises for a L——:

Husband and wife (whom Av'rice must applaud)  
 Agree to save the charge of pimp and bawd; 150  
 These parts they play themselves, a frugal pair,  
 And share the infamy, the gain to share,

Well pleas'd to find, when they the profits tell,  
 That they have play'd the whore and rogue so well.

Nor are these things (which might imply a spark  
 Of shame still left) transacted in the dark: 156  
 No—to the public they are open laid,  
 And carry'd on like any other trade,

Scorning to mince damnation, and too proud  
 To work the works of darkness in a cloud. 160

In fullest vigour Vice maintains her sway;  
 Free are her marts, and open at noon-day.  
 Meanness, now wed to Impudence, no more

In darkness sculks, and trembles, as of yore,  
 When the light breaks upon her coward eye; 165  
 Boldly she stalks on earth, and to the sky

Lifts her proud head, nor fears lest time abate,  
 And turn her husband's love to canker'd hate,  
 Since Fate, to make them more sincerely one,  
 Hath crown'd their loves with Montague their son;

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A son so like his dam, so like his fire, 171  
 With all the mother's craft, the father's fire,  
 An image so express in ev'ry part,  
 So like in all bad qualities of heart,  
 That had they fifty children, he alone 175  
 Would stand as heir-apparent to the throne.  
 With our own island-vices not content,  
 We rob our neighbours on the Continent;  
 Dance Europe round, and visit ev'ry court,  
 To ape their follies and their crimes import: 180  
 To diff'rent lands for diff'rent sins we roam,  
 And, richly freighted, bring our cargo home,  
 Nobly industrious to make Vice appear  
 In her full state, and perfect only here.  
 To Holland, where politeness ever reigns, 185  
 Where primitive sincerity remains,  
 And makes a stand; where Freedom in her course  
 Hath left her name, tho' she hath lost her force  
 In that as other lands; where simple Trade  
 Was never in the garb of Fraud array'd; 190  
 Where Av'rice never dar'd to shew his head;  
 Where, like a smiling cherub, Mercy, led  
 By Reason, blesses the sweet-blooded race,  
 And Cruelty could never find a place;  
 To Holland for that charity we roam, 195  
 Which happily begins and ends at home.  
 France, in return for peace and pow'r restor'd,  
 For all those countries which the hero's sword  
 Unprofitably purchas'd, idly thrown  
 Into her lap, and made once more her own; 200  
 France hath afforded large and rich supplies  
 Of vanities full-trimm'd; of polish'd lies,  
 Of soothing flatteries, which thro' the ears  
 Steal to, and melt the heart; of slavish fears  
 Which break the spirit, and of abject fraud— 205  
 For which, alas! we need not send abroad.



Spain gives us pride—which Spain to all the  
earth

May largely give, nor fear herself a dearth—

Gives us that jealousy which, born of Fear

And mean Distrust, grows not by Nature here—

Gives us that superstition which pretends

By the worst means to serve the best of ends—

That cruelty which, stranger to the brave,

Dwells only with the coward and the slave;

That cruelty which led her Christian bands

With more than savage rage o'er savage lands,

Bade her, without remorse, whole countries thin,

And bold of nought but mercy as a sin.

Italia, nurse of ev'ry softer art,

Who feigning to refine unmans the heart;

Who lays the realms of Sense and Virtue waste;

Who ma'st whilst she pretends to mend our taste;

Italia, to complete and crown our shame,

Sends us a fiend, and Legion is his name.

The farce of greatness, without being great,

Pride without pow'r, titles without estate,

Souls without vigour, bodies without force,

Hate without cause, revenge without remorse,

Dark mean revenge, murder without defence,

Jealousy without love, sound without sense,

Mirth without humour, without wit grimace,

Faith without reason, Gospel without grace,

Zeal without knowledge, without nature art,

Men without manhood, women without heart;

Half-men, who, dry and pithless, are debarr'd

From man's best joys—no sooner made than

marr'd—

Half-men, whom many a rich and noble dame,

To serve her lust, and yet secure her fame,

Keeps on high diet, as we capons feed,

To glut our appetites at last decreed;

240



Women who dance in postures so obscene,  
 They might awaken shame in Aretine;  
 Who, when retir'd from the day's piercing light,  
 They celebrate the mysteries of Night,  
 Might make the Muses, in a corner plac'd 245  
 To view their monstrous lusts, deem Sappho  
 chaste :

These, and a thousand follies rank as these,  
 A thousand faults, ten thousand fools, who please  
 Our pall'd and sickly taste, ten thousand knaves,  
 Who serve our foes as spies and us as slaves, 250  
 Who, by degrees, and unperceiv'd, prepare  
 Our necks for chains which they already wear,  
 Madly we entertain, at the expense  
 Of fame, of virtue, taste, and common sense.

Nor stop we here—the soft luxurious East, 255  
 Where man, his soul degraded, from the beast  
 In nothing different but in shape we view,  
 They walk on four legs, and he walks on two,  
 Attracts our eye, and flowing from that source,  
 Sins of the blackest character, sins worse 260  
 Than all her plagues, which truly to unfold;  
 Would make the best blood in my veins run cold,  
 And strike all manhood dead, which but to name;  
 Would call up in my cheeks the marks of shame:  
 Sins, if such sins can be, which shut out grace, 265  
 Which for the guilty leave no hope, no place,  
 Ev'n in God's mercy; sins 'gainst Nature's plan  
 Possess the land at large, and man for man  
 Burn in those fires which hell alone could raise  
 To make him more than damn'd; which, in the  
 days 270

Of punishment, when guilt becomes her prey,  
 With all her tortures she can scarce repay  
 Be grace shut out, be mercy deaf, let God  
 With tenfold terrors arm that dreadful nod



Which speaks them lost, and sentenc'd to despair;  
 Distending wide her jaws, let hell prepare, 276  
 For those who thus offend amongst mankind,  
 A fire more fierce, and tortures more refin'd:  
 On earth, which groans beneath their monstrous  
 weight,

On earth, alas! they meet a diff'rent fate; 280  
 And whilst the laws, false grace, false mercy, shown,  
 Are taught to wear a softness not their own,  
 Men whom the beasts would spurn, should they  
 appear

Amongst the honest herd, find refuge here.

No longer by vain fear or shame controll'd, 285  
 From long, too long, security grown bold,  
 Mocking rebuke, they brave it in our streets,  
 And Lumley ev'n at noon his mistress meets:  
 So public in their crimes, so daring grown,  
 They almost take a pride to have them known, 290  
 And each unnat'ral villain scarce endures  
 To make a secret of his vile amours.

Go where we will, at ev'ry time and place,  
 Sodom confronts, and stares us in the face;  
 They ply in public at our very doors, 295  
 And take the bread from much more honest whores.  
 Those who are mean high paramours secure,  
 And the rich guilty screen the guilty poor;  
 The sin too proud to feel from reason awe,  
 And those who practise it too great for law. 300

Woman! the pride and happiness of man,  
 Without whose soft endearments Nature's plan  
 Had been a blank, and life not worth a thought;  
 Woman! by all the Loves and Graces taught,  
 With softest arts, and sure tho' hidden skill, 305  
 To humanize and mould us to her will;  
 Woman! with more than common grace form'd here,  
 With the persuasive language of a tear



To melt the rugged temper of our isle,  
 Or win us to her purpose with a smile; 310  
 Woman! by Fate the quickest spur decreed,  
 The fairest, best, reward of ev'ry deed  
 Which bears the stamp of honour, at whose name  
 Our ancient heroes caught a quicker flame,  
 And dar'd beyond belief, whilst o'er the pain, 315  
 Spurning the carcases of princes slain,  
 Confusion proudly strode whilst Horror blew  
 The fatal trump, and Death stalk'd full in view;  
 Woman is out of date, a thing thrown by,  
 As having lost its use: no more the eye, 320  
 With female beauty caught in wild amaze,  
 Gazes entranc'd, and could for ever gaze;  
 No more the heart, that seat where Love resides,  
 Each breath drawn quick and short, in fuller tides  
 Life posting thro' the veins, each pulse on fire, 325  
 And the whole body tingling with desire,  
 Pants for those charms which Virtue might en-  
 gage  
 To break his vow, and thaw the frost of Age,  
 Bidding each trembling nerve, each muscle strain,  
 And giving pleasure which is almost pain. 330  
 Women are kept for nothing but the breed;  
 For pleasure we must have a Ganemede,  
 A fine, fresh Hylas, a delicious boy,  
 To serve our purposes of beastly joy!  
 Fairest of nymphs, where ev'ry nymph is fair, 335  
 Whom Nature form'd with more than common  
 care,  
 With more than common care whom Art improv'd,  
 And both declar'd most worthy to be lov'd,  
 ————— neglected wanders, whilst a crowd  
 Pursue and consecrate the steps ————— 340  
 She, hapless maid! born in a wretched hour,  
 Wastes life's gay prime in vain, like some fair flow'r,



Sweet in its scent, and lively in its hue,  
 Which withers on the stalk from whence it grew,  
 And dies uncropp'd; whilst he admir'd caref's'd,  
 Belov'd, and ev'ry where a welcome guest,  
 With brutes of rank and fortune plays the whore,  
 For this unnatural lust a common fow'r.

Dine with Apicius—at his sumpt'ous board  
 Find all the world of dainties can afford—  
 And yet (so much distemper'd spirits pall  
 The sickly appetite) amidst them all  
 Apicius finds no joy, but whilst he carves  
 For ev'ry guest the landlord sits and starves.

The forest haunch, fine, fat, in flavour high,  
 Kept to a moment, smokes before his eye,  
 But smokes in vain; his heedless eye runs o'er  
 And loaths what he had deify'd before:  
 The turtle of a great and glorious size,  
 Worth its own weight in gold, a mighty prize,  
 For which a man of taste all risks would run,  
 Itself a feast, and ev'ry dish in one;  
 The turtle in luxurious pomp comes in,  
 Kept, kill'd, cut up, prepar'd, and dress'd by

Quin;  
 In vain it comes, in vain lays full in view;  
 As Quin hath dress'd it he may eat it too;  
 Apicius cannot—When the glass goes round,  
 Quick-circling, and the roofs with mirth resound,  
 Sob'èr he sits, and silent—all alone  
 Tho' in a crowd; and to himself scarce known  
 On grief he feeds; nor friends can cure, nor wine  
 Suspend, his cares, and make him cease to pine.

Why mourns Apicius thus? why runs his eye,  
 Heedless, o'er delicates, which from the sky  
 Might call Jove down? Where now his gen'rous  
 wish

That, to invent a new and better dish,

The world might burn and all mankind expire,  
 So he might roast a phoenix at the fire?  
 Why swims that eye in tears which, thro' a race  
 Of sixty years, ne'er shewed one sign of grace? 380  
 Why feels that heart which never felt before?  
 Why doth that pamper'd glutton eat no more,  
 Who only liv'd to eat, his stomach pall'd,  
 And drown'd in floods of sorrow? hath Fate  
 call'd  
 His father from the grave to second life? 385  
 Hath Clodius on his hands return'd his wife?  
 Or hath the law, by strictest justice taught,  
 Compell'd him to restore the dow'r she brought?  
 Hath some bold creditor, against his will,  
 Brought in, and forc'd him to discharge, a bill, 390  
 Where! eating had no share? hath some vain  
 wench  
 Run out his wealth, and forc'd him to retrench?  
 Hath any rival glutton got the start,  
 And beat him in his own luxurious art?  
 Bought cates for which Apicius could not pay, 395  
 Or dress'd old dainties in a newer way?  
 Hath his cook, worthy to be slain with rods,  
 Spoil'd a dish fit to entertain the gods?  
 Or hath some varlet, cross'd by cruel Fate,  
 Thrown down the price of empires in a plate? 400  
 None, none of these—his servants all are try'd,  
 So sure, they walk on ice and never slide;  
 His cook, an acquisition made in France,  
 Might put a Cloe out of countenance;  
 Nor, tho' old Holles still maintains his stand, 405  
 Hath he one rival glutton in the land.  
 Women are all the objects of his hate;  
 His debts are all unpaid, and yet his state  
 In full security and triumph held,  
 Unless for once a knave should be expell'd: 410



His wife is still a whore, and in his pow'r,  
The woman gone, he still retains the dow'r;  
Sound in the grave (thanks to his filial care  
Which mix'd the draught, and kindly sent him  
there)

His father sleeps, and, till the last trump shake  
The corners of the earth, shall not awake.

Whence flows this sorrow, then? Behind his  
chair

Didst thou not see, deck'd with a solitaire,  
Which on his bare breast glitt'ring play'd, and grac'd  
With nicest ornaments, a stripling plac'd, <sup>420</sup>

A smooth smug stripling, in life's fairest prime?  
Didst thou not mind, too, how from time to time,

The monstrous lecher, tempted to despise  
All other dainties, thither turn'd his eyes?  
How he seem'd inly to reproach us all, <sup>425</sup>

Who strove his fix'd attention to recall,  
And how he wish'd, ev'n at the time of grace,  
Like Janus, to have had a double face?

His cause of grief behold in that fair boy;  
Apicius dotes, and Corydon is coy. <sup>430</sup>

Vain and unthinking stripling! when the glass  
Meets thy too curious eye, and, as you pass,

Flatt'ring, presents in smiles thy image there,  
Why dost thou bless the gods who made thee fair?  
Blame their large bounties, and with reason blame;  
Curse, curse thy beauty, for it leads to shame: <sup>436</sup>

When thy hot lord, to work thee to his end,  
Bids show'rs of gold into thy breast descend,

Suspect his gifts, nor the vile giver trust;  
They're baits for virtue, and smell strong of lust.

On those gay gaudy trappings, which adorn  
The temple of thy body, look with scorn;  
View them with horror; they pollution mean

And deepest ruin: thou hast often seen



From 'mongst the herd the fairest and the best 445  
 Carefully singled out, and richly drest,  
 With grandeur mock'd, for sacrifice decreed,  
 Only in greater pomp at last to bleed.  
 Be warn'd in time, the threaten'd danger shun,  
 To stay a moment is to be undone. 450  
 What tho', temptation proof, thy virtue shine,  
 Nor bribes can move, nor arts can undermine?  
 All other methods failing, one resource  
 Is still behind, and thou must yield to force.  
 Paint to thyself the horrors of a rape, 455  
 Most strongly paint, and, whilst thou canst, escape:  
 Mind not his promises—they're made in sport—  
 Made to be broke—was he not bred at court?  
 Trust not his honour, he's a man of birth;  
 Attend not to his oaths—they're made on earth,  
 Not register'd in heav'n—he mocks at grace  
 And in his creed God never found a place—  
 Look not for Conscience—for he knows her not,  
 So long a stranger, she is quite forgot—  
 Nor think thyself in law secure and firm— 465  
 Thy master is a lord, and thou a worm,  
 A poor mean reptile, never meant to think,  
 Who, being well supply'd with meat and drink,  
 And suffer'd just to crawl from place to place,  
 Must serve his lusts, and think he does thee grace.  
 Fly, then, whilst yet 'tis in thy pow'r to fly:  
 But whither canst thou go? on whom rely  
 For wish'd protection? Virtue's sure to meet  
 An armed host of foes in ev'ry street.  
 What boots it, of Apicius fearful grown, 575  
 Headlong to fly into the arms of Stone?  
 Or why take refuge in the house of pray'r  
 If sure to meet with an Apicius there?  
 Trust not old age, which will thy faith betray;  
 Saint Socrates is still a goat tho' gray: 480



Trust not green youth; Florio will scarce go  
down,

And at eighteen hath surfeited the Town:  
Trust not to rakes—alas! 'tis all pretence—  
They take up raking only as a fence  
'Gainst common fame—place H—— in thy  
view,

He keeps one whore as Barrowby kept two: 846

Trust not to marriage—T—— took a wife,  
Who chaste as Dian might have pass'd her life,  
Had she not, far more prudent in her aim,

(To propagate the honours of his name, 490

And save expiring titles) taken care,  
Without his knowledge, to provide an heir:  
Trust not to marriage, in mankind unread;  
S——'s a married man, and S—— new wed.

Wouldst thou be safe? society foreswear, 495  
Fly to the desert, and seek shelter there;

Herd with the brutes—they follow Nature's plan—  
There's not one brute so dangerous as man.

In Afric's wilds—'monst them that refuge find  
Which lust denies thee here among mankind: 500

Renounce thy name, thy nature, and no more  
Pique thy vain pride on manhood: on all four  
Walk, as you see those honest creatures do,  
And quite forget that once you walk'd on two.

But if the thought of solitude alarm, 505

And social life hath one remaining charm;

If still thou art to jeopardy decreed  
Among the monsters of Augusta's breed,

Lay by thy sex thy safety to procure,  
Put off the man, from men to live secure; 510

Go forth a woman to the public view,  
And with their garb assume their manners too.  
Had the light-footed Greek of Chiron's school  
Been wise enough to keep this single rule,



The maudlin hero, like a puling boy 515  
 Robb'd of his plaything, on the plains of Troy  
 Had never blubber'd at Patroclus' tomb.  
 And plac'd his minion in his mistress' room!  
 Be not in this than catamites more nice,  
 Do that for virtue which they do for vice; 520  
 Thus shalt thou pass untainted life's gay bloom,  
 Thus stand uncourted in the drawing room;  
 At midnight thus, untempted, walk the street,  
 And run no danger but of being beat.  
 Where is the mother whose officious zeal, 525  
 Discreetly judging what her daughters feel  
 By what she felt herself in days of yore,  
 Against that lecher man makes fast the door?  
 Who not permits, ev'n for the sake of pray'r,  
 A priest uncastrated to enter there, 530  
 Nor (could her wishes and her care prevail)  
 Would suffer in the house a fly that's male?  
 Let her discharge her cares, throw wide her doors,  
 Her daughters cannot, if they would, be whores;  
 Nor can a man be found, as Times now go, 535  
 Who thinks it worth his while to make them so.  
 Tho' they more fresh, more lively, than the  
 morn;  
 And brighter than the noon-day sun, adorn  
 The works of Nature; tho' the mother's grace  
 Revives improv'd in ev'ry daughter's face, 540  
 Undisciplin'd in dull discretion's rules,  
 Untaught and undebauch'd by boarding schools,  
 Free and unguarded let them range the Town,  
 Go forth at random, and run pleasure down,  
 Start where she will; discard all taint of fear, 454  
 Nor think of danger when no danger's near.  
 Watch not their steps—they're safe without thy  
 care,  
 Unless, like Jennets, they conceive by air,



And ev'ry one of them may die a nun,  
Unless they breed, like carron, in the sun. 550

Men dead to pleasure as they're dead to grace,  
Against the law of Nature set their face,  
The grand primeval law, and seem combin'd  
To stop the propagation of mankind;  
Vile pathics read the Marriage Act with pride, 555  
And fancy that the law is on their side.

Broke down, and strength a stranger to his bed,  
Old L——, tho' yet alive, is dead;

T—— lives no more, or lives not to our Use;  
No longer bless'd with a Cz——'s smile; 560  
T—— is at P—— disgrac'd,

And M—— grown gray, perforce grows chaste;  
Nor, to the credit of our modest race,  
Rises one stallion to supply their place.

A maidenhead, which, twenty years ago, 565

In mid December the rank fly would blow  
Tho' closely kept, now, when the Dog-star's heat  
Inflames the marrow, in the very street

May lie untouch'd, left for the worms, by those  
Who daintily pass by and hold their nose, 570  
Poor plain Concupiscence is in disgrace,

And simple Lech'ry dares not shew her face,  
Lest she be sent to Bridewell; bankrupts made,  
To save their fortunes bawds leave off that trade,  
Which first had left off them; to Well-clofe

Square 576  
Fine, fresh, young strumpets (for Dodd preaches  
there)

Throng for subsistence: pimps no longer thrive,  
And pensions only keep L—— alive.

Where is the mother who thinks all her pain  
And all her jeopardy of travail gain 580  
When a manchild is born, thinks ev'ry pray'r  
Paid to the full and answer'd in an heir?



Short-sighted Woman! little doth she know  
 What streams of sorrow from that source may  
 flow;

Little suspect, while she surveys her boy, 585

Her young Narcissus, with an eye of joy  
 Too full for continence, that Fate could give

Her darling as a curse; that she may live,

Ere sixteen winters their short course have run,

In agonies of soul to curse that son.

590

Pray then for daughters, ye wise Mothers!  
 pray;

They shall reward your love, not make you gray

Before your time with sorrow; they shall give

Ages of peace and comfort; whilst ye live

Make life most truly worth your care, and save, 595

In spite of death, your memories from the grave.

That sense, with more than manly vigour fraught,

That fortitude of soul, that stretch of thought,

That genius great beyond the narrow bound

Of earth's low walk, that judgment perfect found

When wanted most, that purity of taste

601

Which critics mention by the name of Chaste;

Adorn'd with elegance, that easy flow

Of ready wit which never made a foe;

That face, that form, that dignity, that ease, 605

Those pow'rs of pleasing, with that will to please,

By which Lepel, when in her youthful days,

Ev'n from the curriish Pope extorted praise,

We see, transmitted, in her daughter shine,

And view a new Lepel in Caroline. 610

Is a son born into this world of woe?

In never-ceasing streams let sorrow flow;

Be from that hour the house with fables hung,

Let lamentations dwell upon thy tongue

Ev'n from the moment that he first began 615

To wail and whine, let him not see a man:



Lock, lock him up, far from the public eye;  
 Give him no opportunity to buy,  
 Or to be bought; B——, tho' rich, was sold,  
 And gave his body up to shame for gold. 620

Let it be bruited all about the Town  
 That he is coarse, indelicate, and brown,  
 An antidote to lust; his face deep scarr'd  
 With the small-pox, his body maim'd and marr'd;  
 Ate up with the king's-evil, and his blood 625  
 Tainted throughout, a thick and putrid flood,  
 Where dwells corruption, making him all o'er,  
 From head to foot, a rank and running sore.  
 Shouldst thou report him as by nature made  
 He is undone, and by thy praise betray'd: 630  
 Give him out fair, lechers, in number more,  
 More brutal and more fierce, than throng'd the  
 door

Of Lot in Sodom, shall to thine repair,  
 And force a passage tho' a god is there.  
 Let him not have one servant that is male; 635  
 Where lords are baffled servants oft' prevail.  
 Some vices they propose, to all agree;  
 H—— was guilty, but was M—— free?

Give him no tutor—throw him to a punk,  
 Rather than trust his morals to a monk—— 640  
 Monks we all know—we, who have liv'd at  
 home,

From fair report, and travellers, who roam,  
 More feelingly—nor trust him to the gown,  
 'Tis oft' a covering in this vile Town  
 For base designs: ourselves have liv'd to see 645  
 More than one parson in the pillory.  
 Should he have brothers, (image to thy view  
 A scene which, tho' not public made, is true)  
 Let not one brother be to t'other known,  
 Nor let his father sit with him alone. 650



Be all his servants female, young and fair,  
 And if the pride of Nature spur thy heir  
 To deads of venery, if, hot and wild,  
 He chanced to get some score of maids with child,  
 Chide, but forgive him; whoredom is a crime 655  
 Which, more at this than any other time,  
 Calls for indulgence, and 'mongst such a race  
 To have a bastard is some sign of grace.

Born in such Times, should I sit tamely down,  
 Suppress my rage, and saunter thro' the Town 660  
 As one who knew not, or who shar'd these crimes?  
 Should I at lesser evils point my rhymes,  
 And let this giant sin, in the full eye  
 Of Observation, pass unwounded by?

Tho' our meek wives, passive obedience taught, 665  
 Patiently bear those wrongs for which they ought,  
 With the brave spirit of their dams possess'd,  
 To plant a dagger in each husband's breast.  
 To cut off male-increase in this fair Isle,  
 And turn our Thames into another Nile; 670

Tho', on his Sunday, the smug Pulpiteer,  
 Loud 'gainst all other crimes, is silent here,  
 And thinks himself absolv'd, in the pretence  
 Of decency, which, meant for the defence  
 Of real virtue, and to raise her price, 675  
 Becomes an agent for the cause of vice;

Tho' the law sleeps, and thro' the care they take  
 To drug her well, may never more awake;  
 Born in such Times, nor with that patience curst  
 Which saints may boast of, I must speak or burst.

But if, too eager in my bold career, 681  
 Haply I wound the nice and chaster ear;  
 If, all unguarded, all too rude, I speak,  
 And call up blushes in the maiden's cheek,  
 Forgive, ye Fair!—my real motives view, 685  
 And to forgiveness add your praises too.



For you I write—nor wish a better plan,  
The cause of woman is most worthy man—  
For you I still will write, nor hold my hand  
Whilst there's one slave of Sodom in the land. 690

Let them fly far, and sculk from place to place,  
Not daring to meet Manhood face to face,  
Their steps I'll track, nor yield them one retreat  
Where they may hide their heads or rest their feet,  
Till God in wrath shall let his vengeance fall, 695  
And make a great example of them all,  
Bidding in one grand pile, this Town expire,  
Her tow'rs in dust, her Thames a lake of fire,  
Or they (most worth our wish) convinc'd, tho' late,  
Of their past crimes, and dangerous estate, 700  
Pardon of women with repentance buy,  
And learn to honour them as much as I. 702

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The first part of the book is a history of the  
of the world from the beginning of time  
to the present day. It is written in a  
simple and plain style, and is  
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# INDEPENDENCE.

**H**APPY the hard (tho' few such bards we find)  
Who 'bove controlment, dares to speak his  
mind;

Dares, unabash'd, in ev'ry place appear,  
And nothing fears but what he ought to fear :  
Him Fashion cannot tempt, him abject Need 5  
Cannot compel, him Pride cannot mislead

To be the slave of Greatness, to strike sail  
When, sweeping onward with her peacock's tail,  
Quality in full plumage passes by ;  
He views her with a fix'd contemptuous eye, 10

And mocks the puppet, keeps his own due state,  
And is above conversing with the great.

Perish those slaves, those minions of the quill,  
Who have conspir'd to seize that sacred hill  
Where the Nine Sisters pour a genuine strain, 15  
And sunk the mountain level with the plain ;

Who with mean private views and servile art,  
No spark of virtue living in their heart,  
Have basely turn'd apostates ; have debas'd  
Their dignity of office ; have disgrac'd, 20

Like Eli's sons, the alters where they stand,  
And caus'd their name to sink thro' all the land ;  
Have stoop'd to prostitute their venal pen  
For the support of great but guilty men ;

Have made the bard, of their own vile accord, 25  
Inferior to that thing we call a Lord.

What is a Lord ? Doth that plain simple word  
Contain some magic spell ? As soon as heard,  
Like an alarum bell on Night's dull ear,  
Doth it strike louder, and more strong appear 30

Than other words? Whether we will or no,  
 Thro' Reason's court doth it unquestion'd go  
 Ev'n on the mention, and of course transmit  
 Notions of something excellent, of wit  
 Pleasing tho' keen, of humour free tho' chaste, 35  
 Of sterling genius with sound judgment grac'd,  
 Of virtue far above temptation's reach,  
 And honour which not malice can impeach?  
 Believe it not—'twas Nature's first intent,  
 Before their rank became their punishment, 40  
 They should have pass'd for men, nor blush'd to  
 prize

The blessings she bestow'd—She gave them eyes,  
 And they could see—she gave them ears—they  
 heard—

The instrument of stirring, and they stirr'd—  
 Like us they were design'd to eat, to drink, 45  
 To talk, and (ev'ry now and then) to think;  
 Till they, by pride corrupted, for the sake  
 Of singularity, disclaim'd that make;  
 Till they, disdain'g Nature's vulgar mode,  
 Flew off, and struck into another road, 50  
 More sitting Quality, and to our view  
 Came forth a species of another new,  
 Something we had not known, and, could not know,  
 Like nothing of God's making here below;  
 Nature exclaim'd with wonder—Lords are things  
 Which, never made by me, were made by kings. 56

A Lord, (nor let the honest and the brave,  
 The true old noble, with the fool and knave  
 Here mix his fame; curs'd be that thought of mine,  
 Which with a B— and F— should Grafton join) 60  
 A Lord, (nor here let Censure rashly call  
 My just contempt of some abuse of all,  
 And, as of late, when Sodom was my theme,  
 Slander my purpose, and my Muse blaspheme,



I N D E P E N D E N C E. 67

Because she stops not, rapid in her song, 65  
 To make exceptions as she goes along,  
 Tho' well she hopes to find, another year,  
 A whole Minority exceptions here)

A mere, mere Lord, with nothing but the name,  
 Wealth all his worth, and title all his fame, 70  
 Lives on another man, himself a blank,  
 Thankless he lives, or must some grandfire thank  
 For smuggled honours and ill-gotten pelf;  
 A bard owes all to Nature and himself.

Gods! how my soul is burnt up with disdain, 75  
 When I see men, whom Phoebus in his train  
 Might view with pride, lackey the heels of those  
 Whom Genius ranks amongst her greatest foes!  
 And what's the cause? why, these same sons of  
 scorn,

No thanks to them, were to a title born, 80  
 And could not help it; by Chance hither sent,  
 And only deities by accident.

Had Fortune on our getting chanc'd to shine,  
 Their birthright honours had been yours or mine.  
 'Twas a mere random stroke, and should the throne  
 Eye thee with favour, proud and lordly grown, 86  
 Thou, tho' a bard, mightst be their fellow yet;  
 But Felix never can be made a wit.

No, in good faith—that's one of those few things  
 Which Fate hath plac'd beyond the reach of kings;  
 Bards may be lords, but 'tis not in the cards, 91  
 Play how we will, to turn lords into bards.

A Bard!—a Lord!—Why, let them, hand in  
 hand,  
 Go forth as friends, and travel thro' the land, 96  
 Observe which word the people can digest 95  
 Most readily, which goes to market best,  
 Which gets most credit, whether men will trust  
 A bard because they think he may be just,



Or on a lord will chuse to risk their gains,  
Tho' privilege in that point still remains. 100

A Bard!—a Lord!—Let Reason take her  
scales,

And fairly weigh those words, see which prevails,  
Which in the balance lightly kicks the beam,  
And which by sinking we the victor deem. 104

'Tis done, and Hermes, by command of Jove,  
Summons a synod in the sacred grove,  
Gods throng with gods to take their chairs on  
high,

And sit in state the senate of the sky,  
Whilst, in a kind of parliament below,  
Men stare at those above, and want to know 110

What they're transacting: Reason takes her stand  
Just in the midst, a balance in her hand,

Which o'er and o'er she tries, and finds it true:  
From either side, conducted full in view, 114

A man comes forth, of figure strange and queer;  
We now and then see something like them here.

The first was meagre, flimsy, void of strength,  
But Nature kindly had made up in length

What she in breadth deny'd: erect and proud,  
A head and shoulders taller than the crowd, 120

He deem'd them pigmies all; loose hung his skin  
O'er his bare bones: his face so very thin,

So very narrow, and so much beat out,  
That physiognomists have made a doubt,

Proportion lost, expression quite forgot, 125  
Whether it could be call'd a face or not:

At end of it howe'er, unblest'd with beard,  
Some twenty fathom length of chin appear'd:

With legs which we might well conceive that Fate  
Meant only to support a spider's weight, 130

Firmitly he strove to tread, and with a stride  
Which shew'd at once his weakness and his pride,



Shaking himself to pieces, seem'd to cry,  
Observe, good People! how I shake the sky.

In his right hand a paper did he hold, 135

On which, at large, in characters of gold,  
Distinct and plain for those who run to see,  
Saint Archibald had wrote L, O, R, D.

This, with an air of scorn, he from afar  
'Twirl'd into Reason's scales, and on that bar, 140

Which from his soul he hated yet admir'd,  
Quick turn'd his back, and as he came retir'd.

The judge to all around his name declar'd;  
Each goddess titter'd, each god laugh'd, Jove  
star'd,

And the whole people cry'd, with one accord, 145  
Good Heaven bless us all! is that a Lord?

Such was the first—The second was a man  
Whom Nature built on quite a diff'rent plan;  
A bear whom, from the moment he was born,  
His dam despis'd, and left unlick'd in scorn, 150  
A Babel which, the pow'r of art outdone,  
She could not finish when she had begun:

An utter Chaos, out of which no might,  
But that of God, could strike one spark of light,  
Broad were his shoulders, and from blade to  
blade 155

A H——— might at full length have laid:  
Vast were his bones, his muscles twisted strong;  
His face was short, but broader than 'twas long;  
His features, tho' by Nature they were large,  
Contentment have contriv'd to overcharge 160

And bury meaning, save that we might spy  
Sense low'ring on the penthouse of his eye;  
His arms were two twin oaks; his legs so stout  
That they might bear a Mansionhouse about;  
Nor were they, look but at his body there, 165  
Design'd by Fate a much less weight to bear.



O'er a brown cassock, which had once been black,  
 Which hung in tatters on his brawny back,  
 A sight most strange, and awkward to behold,  
 He threw a covering of blue and gold. 170  
 Just at that time of life when man by rule,  
 The fop laid down, takes up the graver fool,  
 He started up a fop, and, fond of show,  
 Look'd like another Hercules turn'd beau.  
 A subject met with only now and then, 175  
 Much fitter for the pencil than the pen;  
 Hogarth would draw him (Envy must allow)  
 Ev'n to the life, was Hogarth living now.

With such accoutrements, with such a form,  
 Much like a porpoise just before a storm, 180  
 Onward he roll'd: a laugh prevail'd around;  
 Ev'n Jove was seen to simper; at the fount  
 (Nor was the case unknown, for from his youth  
 Himself he study'd by the glass of truth) 184  
 He join'd their mirth; nor shall the gods condemn  
 If, whilst they laugh at him, he laugh'd at them.  
 Judge Reason view'd him with an eye of grace,  
 Look'd thro' his soul, and quite forgot his face,  
 And from his hand receiv'd, with fair regard,  
 Plac'd in her other scale, the name of Bard. 190

Then, (for she did as judges ought to do,  
 She nothing of the case beforehand knew,  
 Nor wish'd to know; she never stretch'd the laws,  
 Nor, basely to anticipate a cause,  
 Compell'd solicitors, no longer free, 195  
 To show those briefs she had no right to see)  
 Then she with equal hand her scales held out,  
 Nor did the cause one moment hang in doubt;  
 She held her scales out fair to public view, 199  
 The Lord, as sparks fly upwards, upwards flew,  
 More light than air, deceitful in the weight;  
 The Bard, preponderating, kept his state;



Reason approv'd, and with a voice, whose sound  
 Shook earth, shook heaven, on the clearest ground  
 Pronouncing for the Bards a full decree, 205  
 Cry'd—"Those must honour them who honour me;  
 They from this present day, where'er I reign,  
 In their own right precedence shall obtain:  
 Merit rules here; be it enough that birth  
 Intoxicates and sways the fools of earth." 210

Nor think that here, in hatred to a lord,  
 I've forg'd a tale, or alter'd a record;  
 Search when you will, (I am not now in sport)  
 You'll find it register'd in Reason's court.

Nor think that Envy here hath strung my lyre,  
 That I depreciate what I most admire, 216  
 And look on titles with an eye of scorn,  
 Because I was not to a title born.

By Him that made me I am much more proud,  
 More inly satisfy'd, to have a crowd 220  
 Point at me as I pass, and cry,—“That's he—

A poor but honest bard, who dares be free  
 Amidst corruption,” than to have a train  
 Of slobbering lewce slaves to make me vain  
 Of things I ought to blush for; to run, fly, 225  
 And live but in the motion of my eye;  
 When I am less than man my faults t'adore,  
 And make me think that I am something more.

Recall past times, bring back the days of old,  
 When the great noble bore his honours bold, 230  
 And in the face of peril, when he dar'd

Things which his legal bastard, if declar'd,  
 Might well discredit; faithful to his trust,  
 In the extremest points of justice just,

Well knowing all, and lov'd by all he knew, 235  
 True to his king, and to his country true;  
 Honest at court, above the baits of gain,

Plain in his dress, and in his manners plain;

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Mod'rate in wealth, gen'rous, but not profuse,  
 Well worthy riches for he knew their use; 240  
 Possessing much, and yet deserving more,  
 Deserving those high honours which he wore  
 With ease to all, and in return gain'd fame,  
 Which all men paid, because he did not claim.  
 When the grim War, was plac'd in dead array, 245  
 Fierce as the lion roaring for his prey,  
 Or lions of royal whelps foredone,  
 In peace, as mild as the departing sun,  
 A gen'ral blessing wheresoe'er he turn'd,  
 Patron of learning, nor himself unlearn'd; 250  
 Ever awake at Pity's tender call,  
 A father of the poor, a friend to all;  
 Recall such times, and from the grave bring back  
 A worth like this, my heart shall bend or crack,  
 My stubborn pride give way, my tongue proclaim,  
 And ev'ry Muse conspire to swell his fame, 256  
 Till Envy shall to him that praise allow  
 Which she cannot deny to Temple now.

This justice claims, nor shall the bard forget,  
 Delighted with the task, to pay that debt, 260  
 To pay it like a man, and in his lays,  
 Sounding such worth, prove his own right to praise.  
 But let not Pride and Prejudice misdeem,  
 And think that empty titles are my theme;  
 Titles with me are vain and nothing worth; 265  
 I rev'rence virtue, but I laugh at birth.  
 Give me a lord that's honest, frank, and brave,  
 I am his friend, but cannot be his slave;  
 Tho' none, indeed, but blockheads would pretend  
 To make a slave where they may make a friend. 270  
 I love his virtues, and will make them known,  
 Confess his rank, but can't forget my own.  
 Give me a lord who, to a title born,  
 Boasts nothing else, I'll pay him scorn with scorn.



What! shall my pride (and pride is virtue here)  
 Tamely make way if such a wretch appear? 276

Shall I uncover'd stand, and bend my knee  
 To such a shadow of nobility,  
 A sired, a remnant? he might rot unknown  
 For any real merit of his own, 280

And never had come forth to public note  
 Had he not worn, by chance, his father's coat.  
 To think a M—— — worth my least regards  
 Is treason to the majesty of bards. 284

By Nature form'd, (when, for her honour's sake  
 She something more than common strove to  
 make,

When, overlooking each minute defect,  
 And all too eager to be quite correct,  
 In her full heat and vigour she impress  
 Her stamp most strongly on the favour'd breast) 290  
 The bard, (nor think too lightly that I mean  
 Those little piddling witlings who o'erween  
 Of their small parts, the Murphys of the stage,  
 The Masons and the Whiteheads of the age,  
 Who all in raptures their own works rehearse, 295  
 And drawl out measur'd prose, which they call  
 Verse)

The real bards, whom native genius fires,  
 Whom every maid of Castaly inspires,  
 Let him consider wherefore he was meant,  
 Let him but answer Nature's great intent, 300  
 And fairly weigh himself with other men,  
 Would ne'er debase the glories of his pen,  
 Would in full state, like a true monarch, live,  
 Nor bate one inch of his prerogative.

Methinks I see old Wingate frowning here, 305  
 (Wingate may in the season be a peer,  
 Tho' now, against his will, of figures sick,  
 He's forc'd to diet on arithmetic,



Ev'n whilst he envies ev'ry Jew he meets,  
 Who cries old clothes to sell about the streets) 310  
 Methinks (his mind with future honours big,  
 His Tyburn bob turn'd to a drefs'd bag wig)  
 I hear him cry—"What doth this jargon mean?  
 Was ever such a damn'd dull blockhead seen?  
 Majesty—Bard—Prerogative—Disdain      315  
 Hath got into and turn the fellow's brain:  
 To Bethlem with him—give him whips and  
 straw—

I'm very sensible he's mad in law.  
 A saucy groom, who trades in reason, thus  
 To set himself upon a par with us;      320  
 If this here's suffer'd, and if that there fool,  
 May when he pleases send us all to school,  
 Why, then our only bus'ness is outright  
 To take our caps, and bid the world good night.  
 I've kept a bard myself this twenty years,      325  
 But nothing of this kind in him appears;  
 He, like a thorough true-bred spaniel, licks;  
 The hand which cuffs him, and the foot which  
 kicks;

He fetches and he carries, blacks my shoes,  
 Nor thinks it a discredit to his Muse;      330  
 A creature of the right chameleon hue,  
 He wears my colours, yellow or true blue,  
 Just as I wear them: 'tis all one to him  
 Whether I change thro' conscience or thro' whim.  
 Now this is something like, on such a plan      335  
 A bard may find a friend in a great man;  
 But this proud coxcomb--Zounds! I thought that all  
 Of this queer tribe had been like my old Paul."

Injurious thought! accursed be the tongue  
 On which the vile insinuation hung.      340  
 The heart where 'twas engender'd! curse be those,  
 Those bards, who not themselves alone expose,





I N D E P E N D E N C E. 75

But me, but all, and make the very name  
 By which they're call'd a standing mark of  
 shame!

Talk not of custom—'tis the coward's plea, 245  
 Current with fools, but passes not with me;

An old stale trick, which Guilt hath often try'd  
 By numbers to o'erpow'r the better side.

Why tell me then that from the birth of Rhyme,  
 No matter when, down to the present time, 350

As by th' original decree of Fate,  
 Bards have protection sought amongst the great;  
 Conscious of weakness have apply'd to them

As vines to elms, and twining round their stem,  
 Flourish'd on high? to gain this wish'd support 355  
 Ev'n Virgil to Mecænas paid his court.

As to the custom, 'tis a point agreed,  
 But 'twas a foolish diffidence, not need,  
 From which it rose; had bards but truly known  
 That strength which is most properly their own,  
 Without a lord, unpropp'd, they might have  
 stood, 361

And overtopp'd those giants of the wood,  
 But why, when present times my care engage,

Must I go back to the Augustan age?  
 Why, anxious for the living, am I led 365  
 Into the mansions of the ancient dead?

Can they find patrons no where but at Rome,  
 And must I seek Mecænas in the tomb?

Name but a Wingate, twenty fools of note  
 Start up, and from report Mecænas quote; 370

Under his colours lords are proud to fight,  
 Forgetting that Mecænas was a knight;  
 They mention him, as if to use his name

Was, in some measure, to partake his fame,  
 Tho' Virgil, was he living, in the street, 375  
 Might rot for them, or perish in the Fleet.



See how they redden, and the charge disclaim—  
 Virgil, and in the Fleet—forbid it, Shame!  
 Hence, ye vain Boasters! to the Fleet repair,  
 And ask, with blushes ask, if Lloyd is there. 380

Patrons in days of yore were men of sense,  
 Were men of taste, and had a fair pretence  
 To rule in letters—Some of them were heard  
 To read off-hand, and never spell a word:  
 Some of them, too, to such a monstrous height 385  
 Was learning risen, for themselves could write,  
 And kept their secretaries, as the great  
 Do many other foolish things, for state.

Our patrons are of quite a different strain,  
 With neither sense nor taste; against the grain 390  
 They patronize for fashion's sake—no more—  
 And keep a bard just as they keep a whore.

M—— (on such occasion I am loath  
 To name the dead) was a rare proof of both.  
 Some of them would be puzzled ev'n to read, 395  
 Nor could deserve their clergy by their creed:  
 Others can write, but such a Pagan hand,  
 A Willes should always at our elbow stand:  
 Many, if begg'd, a chancellor, of right,  
 Would order into keeping at first sight. 400

Those who stand fairest to the public view  
 Take to themselves the praise to others due,  
 They rob the very 'Spital, and make free  
 With those, alas! who've least to spare—We see  
 ——— hath not had a word to say, 405  
 Since winds and waves bore Singlespeech away.

Patrons in days of yore, like patrons now,  
 Expected that the bard should make his bow  
 At coming in, and ev'ry now and then  
 Hint to the world that they were more than men; 410  
 But, like the patrons of the present day,  
 They never bilk'd the poet of his pay.



Virgil lov'd rural ease, and, far from harm,  
 Mecænas fix'd him in a neat snug farm,  
 Where he might, free from trouble, pass his days 415  
 In his own way, and pay his rent in praise.  
 Horace lov'd wine, and, thro' his friend at court,  
 Could buy it off the key in ev'ry port :

Horace lov'd mirth, Mecænas lov'd it too ;  
 They met, they laugh'd, as Goy and I may do, 420  
 Nor in those moments paid the least regard  
 To which was minister and which was bard.

Not so our patrons—grave as grave can be,  
 They know themselves, they keep up dignity ;  
 Bards are a forward race, nor is it fit 425

That men of fortune rank with men of wit :  
 Wit, if familiar made, will find her strength—  
 'Tis best to keep her weak, and at arm's length.

'Tis well enough for bards if patrons give,  
 From hand to mouth, the scanty means to live. 430  
 Such is their language, and their practice such ;  
 They promise little, and they give not much.

Let the weak bard, with prostituted strain,  
 Praise that proud Scot whom all good men disdain ;  
 What's his reward ? why, his own fame undone, 435

He may obtain a patent for the run  
 Of his lord's kitchen, and have ample time,  
 With osfal fed, to court the cook in rhyme ;  
 Or (if he strives true patriots to disgrace)

May at the second table get a place, 440  
 With somewhat greater slaves allow'd to dine,  
 And play at crambo o'er his gill of wine.

And are there bards who, on Creation's file,  
 Stand rank'd as men, who breathe in this fair Isle  
 The air of freedom, with so little gall, 445

So low a spirit, prostrate thus to fall  
 Before these idols, and without a groan  
 Bear wrongs might call forth murmurs from a stone ?



## 78 INDEPENDENCE.

Better, and much more noble, to abjure  
 The fight of men, and in some cave, secure 450  
 From all the outrages of Pride, to feast  
 On Nature's fallads, and be free at least.  
 Better (tho' that, to say the truth, is worse  
 Than almost any other modern curse)  
 Discard all sense, divorce the thankless Muse, 455  
 Critics commence, and write in the Reviews;  
 Write without tremor, Griffiths cannot read;  
 No fool can fail where Langhorne can succeed.  
 But (not to make a brave and honest pride  
 Try those means first she must disclaim when try'd)  
 There are a thousand ways, a thousand arts, 461  
 By which, and fairly, men of real parts  
 May gain a living, gain what Nature craves;  
 Let those who pine for more live and be slaves.  
 Our real wants in a small compass lie, 465  
 But lawless appetite with eager eye,  
 Kept in a constant fever, more requires,  
 And we are burnt up with our own desires.  
 Hence our dependence, hence our slav'ry springs;  
 Bards, if contented, are as great as kings. 470  
 Ourselves are to ourselves the cause of ill;  
 We may be independent if we will.  
 The man who suits his spirit to his state  
 Stands on an equal footing with the great;  
 Moguls themselves are not more rich, and he 475  
 Who rules the English nation not more free.  
 Chains were not forg'd more durable and strong  
 For bards than others, but they've worn them  
 long,  
 And therefore wear them still; they've quite for-  
 got  
 What freedom is, and therefore prize her not. 480  
 Could they, tho' in their sleep, could they but know  
 The blessings which from Independence flow;





I N D E P E N D E N C E. 79

Could they but have a short and transient gleam  
Of liberty, tho' 'twas but in a dream,  
They would no more in bondage bend their knee, 485  
But, once made freemen, would be always free.  
The Muse, if she one moment freedom gains,  
Can never more submit to sing in chains.

Bred in a cage, far from the feather'd throng,  
The bird repays his keeper with his song; 490  
But if some playful child sets wide the door,  
Abroad he flies, and thinks of home no more,  
With love of liberty begins to burn,  
And rather starves than to his cage return.

Hail, Independence!—by true reason taught, 495  
How few have known and priz'd thee as they ought!  
Some give thee up for riot; some, like boys,  
Resign thee, in their childish moods, for toys;  
Ambition some, some avarice, misleads,  
And in both cases Independence bleeds. 500

Abroad, in quest of thee, how many roam,  
Nor know they had thee in their reach at home!  
Some, tho' about their paths, their beds about,  
Have never had the sense to find thee out:  
Others, who know of what they are possest, 505  
Like fearful misers, lock thee in a chest,  
Nor have the resolution to produce,

In these bad times, and bring thee forth for use.  
Hail, Independence!—tho' thy name's scarce  
known,

Tho' thou, alas! art out of fashion grown, 510  
Tho' all despise thee, I will not despise,  
Nor live one moment longer than I prize  
Thy presence, and enjoy: by angry Fate  
Bow'd down, and almost crush'd, thou can'st, tho'  
late,

Thou can'st upon me like a second birth, 515  
And made me know what life was truly worth.



Hail, Independence!—never may my cot,  
Till I forget thee, be by thee forgot :  
Thither, O thither! oftentimes repair;  
Cotes, whom thou lovest too, shall meet thee  
there; 520

All thoughts but what arise from joy give o'er,  
Peace dwells within, and Law shall guard the  
door.

O'erweening Bard! Law guard thy door! what  
law?

The law of England—To controul and awe  
Those faucey hopes, to strike that spirit dumb, 525  
Behold, in state, Administration come!

Why, let her come, in all her terrors too;  
I dare to suffer all she dares to do.  
I know her malice well, and know her pride,  
I know her strength, but will not change my side.  
This melting mass of flesh she may control 531

With iron ribs, she cannot chain my soul.  
No—to the last resolv'd her worst to bear,  
I'm still at large, and independent there.

Where is this minister? where is the band 535  
Of ready slaves who at his elbow stand  
To hear and to perform his wicked will?

Why for the first time are they slow to ill?  
When some grand act 'gainst law is to be done,  
Doth — sleep? doth blood-hound — run 540

To L——, and worry those small deer,  
When he might do more precious mischief here?  
Doth — turn tail? doth he refuse to draw

Illegal warrants, and to call them Law?  
Doth —, at G——d kick'd from G——d  
run, 545

With that cold lump of unbak'd dough, his son,  
And, his more honest rival Ketch to cheat.  
Purchase a burial-place where three ways meet?



Believe it not; — is — still,  
 And never sleeps when he should wake to ill : 550  
 — doth lesser mischiefs by the bye,  
 The great ones till the term in petto lie :  
 — lives, and, to the strictest justice true,  
 Scorns to defraud the hangman of his due.

O my poor Country! — weak, and overpower'd  
 By thine own sons — ate to the bone — devour'd 556  
 By vipers, which, in thine own entrails bred,  
 Prey on thy life, and with thy blood are fed,  
 With unavailing grief thy wrongs I see,  
 And, for myself not feeling, feel for thee. 560  
 I grieve, but can't despair — for, lo! at hand  
 Freedom presents a choice but faithful band  
 Of loyal patriots; men who greatly dare  
 In such a noble cause; men fit to bear 564  
 The weight of empires; Fortune, Rank, and Sense,  
 Virtue and Knowledge, leagu'd with Eloquence,  
 March in their ranks; Freedom from file to file  
 Darts her delighted eye, and with a smile  
 Approves her honest sons, whilst down her cheek,  
 As 'twere by stealth, (her heart too full to speak) 570  
 One tear in silence creeps, one honest tear,  
 And seems to say, Why is not Granby here?

O ye brave Few! in whom we still may find  
 A love of virtue, freedom, and mankind,  
 Go forth — in majesty of woe array'd, 575  
 See! at your feet your Country kneels for aid,  
 And (many of her children traitors grown)  
 Kneels to those sons she still can call her own;  
 Seeming to breath her last in ev'ry breath,  
 She kneels for freedom, or she begs for death — 580  
 Fly, then, each duteous son, each English chief,  
 And to your drooping parent bring relief.  
 Go forth — nor let the Siren voice of Ease  
 Tempt ye to sleep, whilst tempests swell the seas;



Go forth—nor let Hypocrisy, whose tongue 585  
 With many a fair, false, fatal, art is hung,  
 Like Bethel's fawning prophet, cross your way,  
 When your great errand brooks not of delay ;  
 Nor let vain Fear, who cries to all she meets,  
 Trembling and pale—A lion in the streets— 590  
 Damp your free spirits ; let not threats affright,  
 Nor bribes corrupt, nor flatteries delight :  
 Be as one man—Concord success ensures—  
 There's not an English heart but what is yours.  
 Go forth—and Virtue, ever in your sight, 595  
 Shall be your guide by day, your guard by night—  
 Go forth—the champions of your native land,  
 And may the battle prosper in your hand—  
 It may, it must—ye cannot be withstood—  
 Be your hearts honest, as your cause is good. 600



## POETRY PROFESSORS.

**O**LD England has not lost her pray'r,  
 And George the Good has got an heir;  
 A royal babe, a Prince of Wales;  
 —Poets! I pity all your nails—  
 What reams of paper will be spoil'd? 5  
 What gradufes be daily foil'd!  
 By inky fingers, greasy thumbs,  
 Hunting the word that never comes!  
 Now academics pump their wits,  
 And lash in vain their lazy tits; 10  
 In vain they whip, and lash, and spur,  
 The callous jades will never stir,  
 Nor can they reach Parnassus' hill,  
 Try every method which they will:  
 Nay, should the tits get on for once, 15  
 Each rider is so grave a dunc  
 That, as I've heard good judges say,  
 'Tis ten to one they'd lose their way;  
 Tho' not one wit bestrides the back  
 Of useful drudge, ycleped Hack, 20  
 But fine-bred things of mettled blood,  
 Pick'd from Apollo's royal stud,  
 Greek, Roman, nay, Arabian steeds,  
 Or those our mother-country breeds.  
 Some ride ye in, and ride ye out, 25  
 And to come home go round about,  
 Nor on the green sward, nor the road,  
 And that I think they call an Ode:  
 Some take the pleasant country air,  
 And smack their whips and drive a pair, 30

## 84 THE POETRY PROFESSORS.

Each horse with bells which chink and chime,  
And so they march — and that is rhyme :

Some copy with prodigious skill

The figures of a butter bill,

Which with great folks of erudition

35

Shall pass for Coptic or Phœnician ;

While some, as patriot love prevails,

To compliment a Prince of Wales,

Salute the royal babe in Welsh,

And send forth gutt'als like a belch.

40

What pretty things imagination

Will fritter out in adulation !

The Pagan gods shall visit earth

To triumph in a Christian's birth,

While Classic poets, pure and chaste,

45

Of trim and academic taste,

Shall lug them in by head and shoulders,

To be or speakers or beholders.

Mars shall present him with a lance,

To humble Spain and conquer France ;

50

The Graces, buxom, blithe, and gay,

Shall at his cradle dance the Hay ;

And Venus, with her train of Loves,

Shall bring a thousand pair of doves

To bill, to coo, to whine, to squeak,

55

Thro' all the dialects of Greek.

How many swains of Classic breed

Shall deftly tune their oaten reed,

And bring their Doric nymphs to Town,

60

To sing their measures up and down,

In notes alternate, clear and sweet,

Like ballad-fingers in a street !

While those who grasp at reputation,

From imitating imitation,

Shall hunt each cranny, nook, and creek,

65

For precious fragments in the Greek,



THE POETRY PROFESSORS. 853

And rob the 'spital and the waste  
 For sense, and sentiment, and taste.  
 What Latin hodge-podge, Grecian hash,  
 With Hebrew roots and English trash, 70  
 Shall academic cooks produce  
 For present show and future use!  
 35 Fellows who've soak'd away their knowledge  
 In sleepy residence at college,  
 Whose lives are like a stagnant pool, 75  
 Muddy and placid, dull and cool;  
 40 Mere drinking, eating, eating, drinking,  
 With no impertinence of thinking;  
 Who lack no farther erudition  
 Than just to set an imposition, 80  
 To cramp, demolish, and dispirit,  
 Each true begotten child of Merit;  
 45 Censors who, in the day's broad light,  
 Punish the vice they act at night;  
 Whose charity with self begins, 85  
 Nor covers others' venial sins;  
 50 But that their feet may safely tread,  
 Take up hypocrisy instead,  
 As knowing that must always hide  
 A multitude of sins beside; 90  
 Whose rusty wit is at a stand,  
 55 Without a fresh man at their hand;  
 (Whose service must of course create  
 The just return of sev'n-fold hate)  
 Lord! that such good and useful men 95  
 Should ever turn to books agen!  
 Yet matter must be gravely plann'd,  
 And syllables on fingers scann'd,  
 And racking pangs rend lab'ring head,  
 Till Lady Muse is gone to bed: 100  
 65 What hunting, changing, toiling, sweating,  
 To bring the useful epithet in!



26 THE POETRY PROFESSORS.

Where the cramp measure kindly shows  
 It will be verse but should be prose;  
 So when 'tis neither light nor dark, 105  
 To prentice spruce or lawyer's clerk,  
 The nymph who takes her nightly stand  
 At some sly corner in the Strand,  
 Plump in the chest, tight in the boddick,  
 Seems to the eye a perfect goddess, 110  
 But canvass'd more minutely o'er  
 Turns out an old, stale, batter'd whore.

Yet must these sons of gowned ease,  
 Proud of the plumage of degrees,  
 Forfake their apathy a while, 115  
 To figure in the Roman style,  
 And offer incense at the shrine  
 Of Latin poetry divine.

Upon the throne the goddess sits,  
 Surrounded by her bulky wits; 120  
 Fabricius, Cooper, Calepine,  
 Ainsworthus, Faber, Constantine,  
 And he who, like Dodona, spoke,  
*De sacra quercu*, Holyoak;  
 These are her counsellors of state, 125  
 Men of much words, and wits of weight.

Here Gradus, full of phrases clever,  
 Lord of her treasury for ever,  
 With lib'ral hand his bounty deals,  
 Sir Cento Keeper of the Seals. 130  
 Next to the person of the queen  
 Old Madam Profody is scen,  
 Talking incessant, altho' dumb,  
 Upon her fingers to her thumb.

And all around her portraits hung 135  
 Of heroes in the Latin tongue;  
 Italian, English, German, French,  
 Who most laboriously intrench





THE POETRY PROFESSORS. 87

In deep parade of language dead,  
 What would not in their own be read 140  
 Without impeachment of that taste  
 Which Latin idiom turns to chaste.  
 Santolius here, whose flippant joke,  
 Sought refuge in a Roman cloak,  
 With dull Commirius at his side, 145  
 In all the pomp of Jesuit pride:  
 Menage, the pedant, figur'd there,  
 A trisler with a solemn air;  
 And there, in loose unseemly view,  
 The graceless, easy, Lovling too. 150  
 'Tis here grave poets urge their claim  
 For some thin blast of tiny fame;  
 Here bind their temples drunk with praise,  
 With half a sprig of wither'd bays.  
 O Poet! if that honour'd name 155  
 Befits such idle childish aim;  
 If Virgil ask thy sacred care,  
 If Horace charm thee, oh! forbear  
 To spoil, with sacrilegious hand,  
 The glories of the Classic land, 160  
 Nor sow thy dowlas on the fatin  
 Of their pure uncorrupted Latin.  
 Better be native in thy verse—  
 What is Fingal but genuine Erse?  
 Which, all sublime, sonorous flows, 165  
 Like Hervey's Thoughts, in drunken prose.  
 Hail, Scotland! hail! to thee belong  
 All pow'rs, but most the pow'rs of song;  
 Whether the rude unpolish'd Erse  
 Stalk in the buckram prose or verse, 170  
 Or bonny Ramsay please thee mo',  
 Who sang sae sweetly a' his woe,  
 If ought, and say who knows so well?  
 The second-sighted Muse can tell,



38 THE POETRY PROFESSORS.

The happy lairds shall laugh and sing  
 When England's Genius droops his wing; 175  
 So shall thy foil new wealth disclose,  
 So thy own Thistle choke the Rose.  
 But what comes here; methinks I see  
 A walking university. 180  
 See how they press to cross the Tweed,  
 And strain their limbs with eager speed!  
 While Scotland, from her fertile shore,  
 Cries, "On, my Sons! return no more."  
 Hither they haste with willing mind, 185  
 Nor cast one longing look behind,  
 On ten-toe carriage to salute,  
 The King and Queen and Earl of Bute.  
 No more the gallant northern sons  
 Spout forth their strings of Latin puns, 190  
 Nor course all languages to frame,  
 The quibble suited to their name,  
 As when their ancestors bevers'd  
 That glorious Stewart, James The First,  
 But with that elocution's grace, 195  
 That Oriental flashy lace,  
 Which the fam'd Irish Tommy Puff  
 Would sow on sentimental stuff,  
 'Twang with a sweet pronunciation  
 The flow'rs of bold imagination. 200  
 Macpherson leads the flaming van,  
 Laird of the new Fingalian clan,  
 While Jackey Home brings up the rear,  
 With new-got pension, neat and clear,  
 Three hundred English pounds a-year;  
 Whilst Sister Peg, our ancient friend, 205  
 Sends Mac's and Donald's without end:  
 To George a while they tune their lays,  
 Then all their choral voices raise,

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THE POETRY PROFESSOR 5. 89

- 175 To heap their panegyric wit on 210  
 Th' illustrious chief and our North Briton.  
 Hail to the Thane whose patriot skill  
 Can break all nations to his will!
- 80 Master of sciences and arts, 215  
 Mecænas to all men of parts,  
 Whose fost'ring hand and ready wit  
 Shall find us all in places fit;  
 So shall thy friends no longer roam,  
 But change, to meet a settled home.
- 85 Hail, mighty Thane! for Scotland born, 220  
 To fill her almost empty horn;  
 Hail to thy ancient glorious stem,  
 Not they from kings, but kings from them! 223

90 *The six following lines are attributed to Mr. Churchill,*  
*though not inserted in all former editions of his works:*  
*they however bear evident marks of proceeding from*  
*his inimitable Pen.*

95 **P**ROUD Buckingham, for law too mighty grown,  
 A patriot dagger prob'd, and from the throne  
 Sever'd its minion. In succeeding times,  
 May all those fav'rites who adopt his crimes  
 Partake his fate, and every Villiers feel  
 The keen deep searchings of a Felton's steel.

THE END OF CHURCHILL'S WORKS.



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of the House of Commons  
appointed to inquire into  
the State of the  
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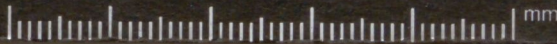






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