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Poems By C. Churchill. In Two Volumes

Containing The Conference. The Author. The Duellist. Gotham, In Three Books. The Candidate. The Farewell. The Times. Independence. And Fragment Of Journey

Churchill, C.

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The Duellist. Book I.

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THE DUELLIST.

THE

DUELLIST.

BOOK I.

THE Clock struck twelve, o'er half the globe

Darkness had spread her pitchy robe;

MORPHEUS, his feet with velvet shod,

Treading as if in fear he trod,

Gentle as dews at even-tide,

Distill'd his poppies far and wide,

AMBITION,



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

Pale Study, by the taper's light,
 Wearing away the watch of night,
 Sat reading, but, with o'ercharg'd head,
 Remember'd nothing that he read.

Starving 'midst plenty, with a face
 Which might the Court of Famine grace,
 Ragged, and filthy to behold,
 Grey Av'rice nodded o'er his gold.

JEALOUSY, his quick eye half-clos'd,
 With watchings worn, reluctant doz'd,
 And, mean distrust not quite forgot,
 Slumber'd as if he slumber'd not.

Stretch'd

Stretch'd at his length on the bare ground,
 His hardy offspring sleeping round,
 Snor'd *restless* LABOUR; by his side
 Lay HEALTH, a coarse, but comely Bride.

VIRTUE, with the Doctor's aid,
 In the soft arms of sleep was laid,
 Whilst VICE, within the guilty breast,
 Could not be physic'd into rest.

Thou Bloody Man! whose ruffian knife
 Is drawn against thy neighbour's life,
 And never scruples to descend
 Into the bosom of a friend,
 A firm, fast friend, by vice allied,
 And to thy *secret* service tied,
 In whom ten Murders breed no awe,
 If properly secur'd from law.

Thou Man of Lust! whom passion fires
 To foulest deeds, whose hot desires
 O'er honest bars with ease make way,
 Whilst *Idiot* Beauty falls a prey,
 And, to indulge thy brutal flame,
 A LUCRECE must be brought to shame,

E

Who

Who dost, a brave, bold Sinner, bear
Rank incest to the open air,
And rapes, full-blown upon thy crown,
Enough to weigh a nation down.
Thou Similar of Lust! vain man,
Whose restless thoughts still form the plan
Of guilt, which wither'd to the root,
Thy lifeless nerves can't execute,
Whilst in thy marrowless, dry bones,
Desire without Enjoyment groans.
Thou Perjur'd Wretch! whom Falshood cloaths
E'en like a garment, who with oaths
Dost trifle, as with brokers, meant
To serve thy ev'ry vile intent,
In the Day's broad and searching eye,
Making God witness to a lye,
Blaspheming Heav'n and Earth for pelf,
And hanging *friends* to save thyself.
Thou Son of Chance! whose glorious soul
On the four aces doom'd to roll,
Was never yet with Honour caught,
Nor on poor Virtue lost one thought,
Who dost thy *Wife*, thy *Children* set,
Thy *All* upon a single bet,
Risking,

Risquing, the desp'rate stake to try,
Here and Hereafter on a die,
Who, thy own private fortune lost,
Dost game on at thy Country's cost,
And, grown expert in Sharping rules,
First fool'd thyself, now prey'lt on fools.
Thou Noble Gamester, whose high place
Gives too much credit to disgrace,
Who, with the motion of a die,
Dost make a mighty Island fly,
The Sums, I mean, of good *French* gold
For which a mighty Island sold;
Who dost *betray Intelligence*,
Abuse the *dearest Confidence*,
And, private fortune to create,
Most falsely play the game of State;
Who dost within the *Alley* sport
Sums, which might beggar a whole Court,
And make us Bankrupts all, if *CARE*,
With good *Earl TALBOT*, was not there.
Thou daring Infidel! whom Pride
And Sin have drawn from Reason's side,
Who, fearing his avengeful rod,
Dost wish not to believe a God,



Whose Hope is founded on a plan,
Which should distract the soul of man,
And make him curse his abject birth;
Whose Hope is, once return'd to earth,
There to lie down, for worms a feast,
To rot and perish, like a Beast;
Who dost, of punishment afraid,
And by thy crimes a Coward made,
To ev'ry gen'rous soul a Curse
Than Hell and all her torments worse,
When crawling to thy latter end,
Call on destruction as a friend,
Chusing to crumble into dust
Rather than rise, tho' rise You must.
Thou Hypocrite! who dost prophane,
And take the Patriot's name in vain,
Then most thy Country's foe, when most
Of Love and Loyalty You boast;
Who for the filthy love of Gold,
Thy Friend, thy King, thy God hast sold,
And, mocking the just claim of Hell,
Were bidders found, thyself would sell.
O Villians! of whatever name,
Whatever rank, to whom the claim

Of Hell is certain, on whose lids
 That worm, which never dies, forbids
 Sweet Sleep to fall, *Come and Behold,*
 Whilst Envy makes your blood run cold,
Behold, by pitiless Conscience led,
 So JUSTICE wills, that holy bed,
 Where PEACE her full dominion keeps,
 And Innocence with HOLLAND sleeps.

Bid Terror, posting on the wind,
 Affray the spirits of mankind,
 Bid Earthquakes, heaving for a vent,
 Rive their concealing continent,
 And, forcing an untimely birth
 Thro' the vast bowels of the earth,
 Endeavour, in her monstrous womb,
 At once all Nature to entomb;
 Bid all that's horrible and dire,
 All that man hates and fears, conspire
 To make night hideous, as they can;
 Still is thy Sleep, Thou Virtuous Man,
 Pure as the thoughts, which in thy breast
 Inhabit, and ensure thy rest;

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Still



Still shall thy AYLIFF, taught, tho' late,
Thy friendly justice in his fate,
Turn'd to a guardian Angel, spread
Sweet dreams of comfort round thy head;

Dark was the Night, by fate decreed
For the contrivance of a deed
More black than common, which might make
This land from her foundations shake,
Might tear up Freedom by the root,
Destroy a WILKES, and fix a BOURNE

Deep Horror held her wide domain;
The sky in fullen drops of rain
Forewept the morn, and thro' the air,
Which, op'ning, laid its bosom bare,
Loud Thunders roll'd, and Lightning stream'd;
The Owl at Freedom's window scream'd,
The Screech-Owl, prophet dire, whose breath
Brings sickness, and whose note is death;
The Church-Yard teem'd, and from the tomb,
All Sad and Silent, thro' the gloom,
The Ghosts of Men, in former times
Whose Public Virtues were their crimes,

Indignant

Indignant stalk'd; Sorrow and Rage
 Blank'd their pale cheek; in his own age
 The prop of Freedom, HAMPDEN there
 Felt after death the gen'rous care;
 SIDNEY by grief from Heav'n was kept,
 And for his brother Patriot wept;
 All Friends of LIBERTY, when Fate
 Prepar'd to shorten WILKES's date,
 Heav'd, deeply hurt, the heart-felt groan,
 And knew that wound to be their own.

Hail, LIBERTY! a glorious word,
 In other countries scarcely heard,
 Or heard but as a thing of course;
 Without or Energy or Force;
 Here felt, enjoy'd, ador'd, the springs,
 Far, far beyond the reach of Kings,
 Fresh blooming from our Mother Earth;
 With Pride and Joy she owns her birth
 Deriv'd from us, and in return
 Bids in our breasts her Genius burn;
 Bids us with all those blessings live,
 Which LIBERTY alone can give,



Or nobly with that Spirit die,
Which makes Death more than Victory.

Hail those Old Patriots, on whose tongue
Persuasion in the Senate hung,
Whilst They this sacred Cause maintain'd
Hail those Old Chiefs, to Honour train'd
Who spread, when other methods fail'd,
War's bloody banner, and prevail'd!
Shall Men like these unmention'd sleep
Promiscuous with the common heap,
And (Gratitude forbid the crime)
Be carried down the stream of Time
In Shoals, unnotic'd and forgot,
On LETHÉ'S stream, like flags, to rot?
No---they shall live, and each fair name,
Recorded in the book of Fame,
Founded on Honour's basis, fast
As the round Earth, to ages last.
Some Virtues vanish with our breath,
Virtue like this lives after death.
Old Time himself, his scythe thrown by,
Himself lost in Eternity,

An everlasting crown shall twine
To make a WILKES and SIDNEY join.

But should some slave-got Villain dare
Chains for his Country to prepare,
And, by his birth to slav'ry broke,
Make her too feel the galling yoke,
May he be evermore accur'd,
Amongst bad men be rank'd the worst;
May he be still himself, and still
Go on in Vice, and perfect Ill;
May his broad crimes each day increase,
Till he can't Live, nor Die in Peace;
May he be plung'd so deep in shame
That S—— may'nt endure his name,
And hear, scarce crawling on the earth,
His children curse him for their birth;
May LIBERTY, beyond the grave,
Ordain him to be still a slave,
Grant him what here he most requires,
And damn him with his own desires!

But should some Villain, in support
And zeal for a despairing Court,

Placing

Placing in Craft his confidence,
 And making Honour a pretence
 To do a deed of deepest shame,
 Whilst filthy lucre is his aim;
 Should such a Wretch, with sword or knife,
 Contrive to practise 'gainst the life
 Of One, who honour'd thro' the land,
 For Freedom made a glorious stand,
 Whose chief, perhaps his only crime,
 Is (if plain Truth at such a time
 May dare her sentiments to tell)
 That He his Country loves too well;
 May He—but words are all too weak
 The feelings of my heart to speak—
 May He—O for a noble curse
 Which might his very marrow pierce—
 The general contempt engage,
 And be the MARTIN of his age.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

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