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Poems By C. Churchill. In Two Volumes

Containing The Rosciad. The Apology. Night. The Prophecy Of Famine. An Epistle To William Hogarth. And The Ghost, In Four Books

Churchill, C.

London, 1766

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POEMS.

VOL. I.

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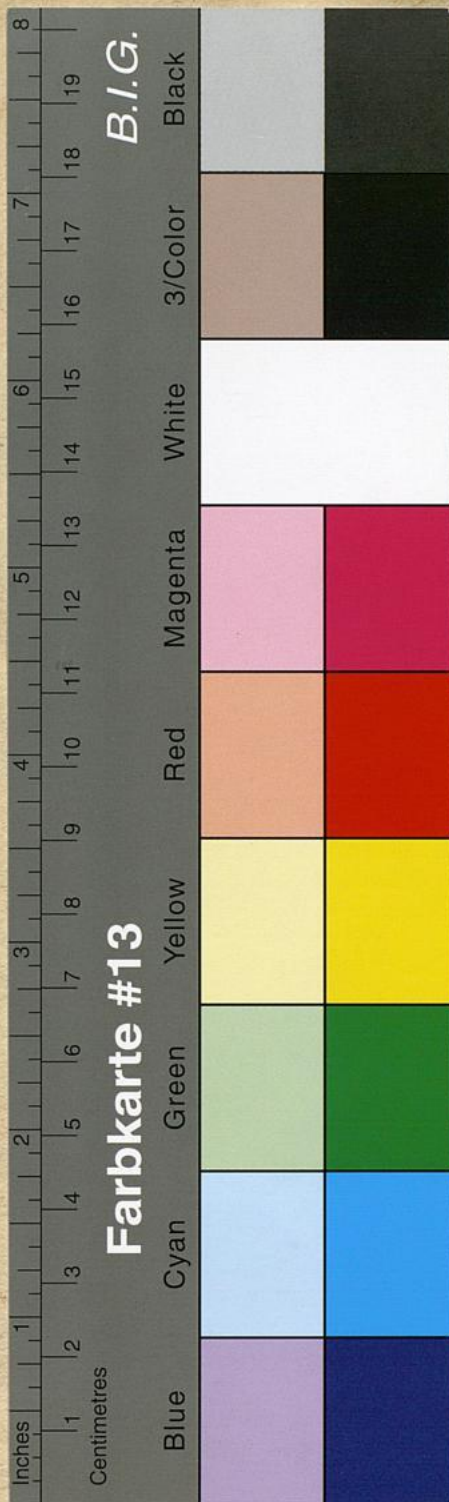


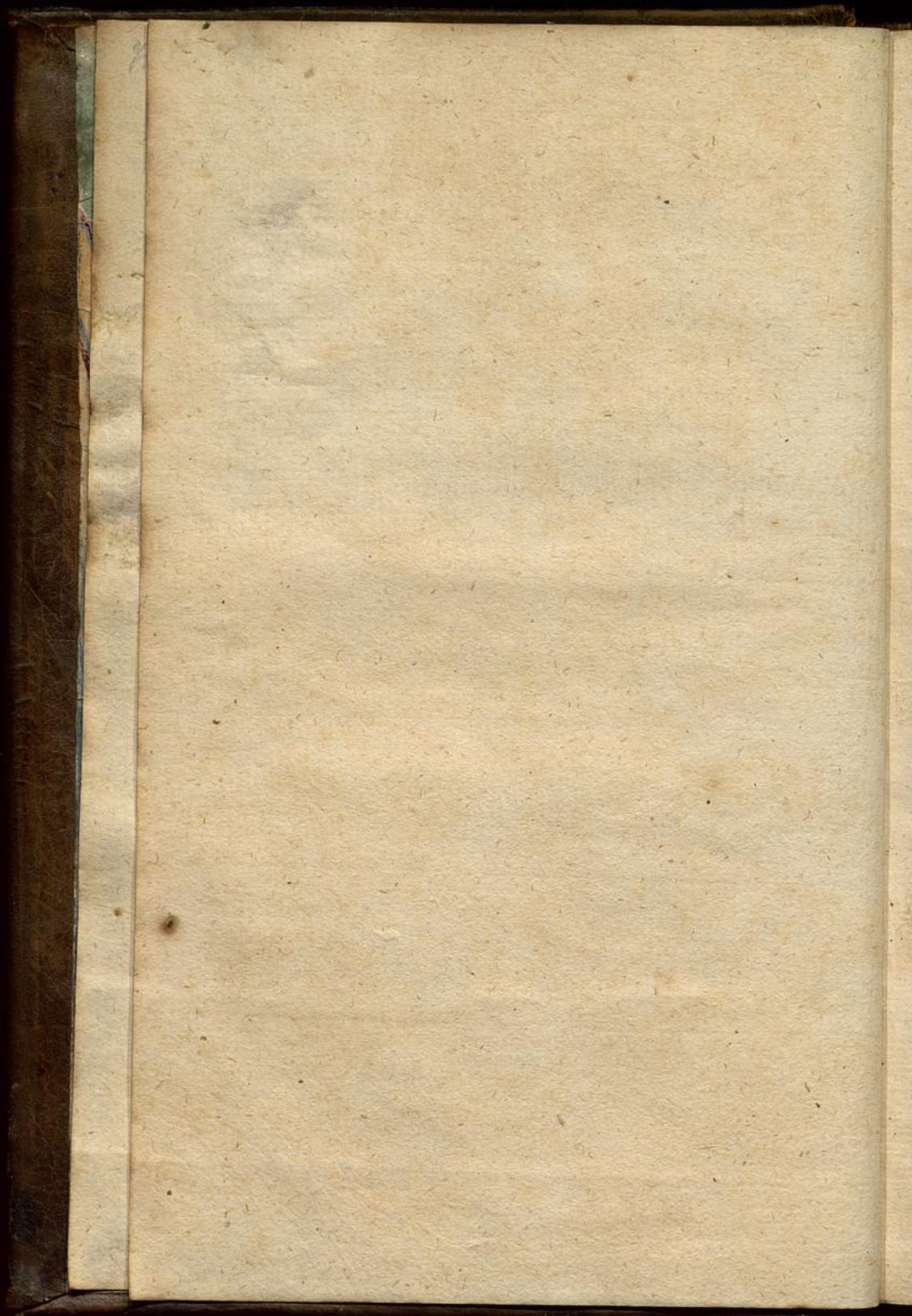
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P O E M S

BY

C. CHURCHILL.

V O L. I.



P O E M S

17

CHRISTIAN

VOL 1



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C. C H U R C H I L L.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. I.

CONTAINING

THE ROSCIAD.
THE APOLOGY.
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FAMINE.

AN EPISTLE TO
WILLIAM HOGARTH.

AND
THE GHOST, IN
FOUR BOOKS.

THE THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN CHURCHILL, (Executor to the late C. CHURCHILL)
and W. FLEXNEY, opposite Gray's Inn Gate, Holborn.

M DCC LXVI.



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C. CHURCHILL

IN TWO VOLUMES

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OLDENBURGENSI.

THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE
LONDON SOCIETY FOR THE
IMPROVEMENT OF THE
MORAL AND MANUFACTURING
SCHOOL

THE THIRD EDITION

LONDON

PRINTED BY W. B. BARNARD, (LONDON, 1800)
AND BY W. B. BARNARD, (LONDON, 1800)



THE
R O S C I A D.

R OSCIUS deceas'd, each high aspiring Play'r
Push'd all his int'rest for the vacant chair.
The buskin'd Heroes of the mimic stage
No longer whine in love, and rant in rage;
The monarch quits his throne, and condescends
Humbly to court the favour of his friends;
For pity's sake tells undeserv'd mishaps,
And, their applause to gain, recounts his claps.
Thus the victorious chiefs of ancient Rome,
To win the mob, a suppliant's form assume;

VOL. I.

B

In



In pompous strain fight o'er th' extinguish'd war,
And shew where honour bled in ev'ry scar.

But though bare Merit might in Rome appear
The strongest plea for favour, 'tis not here;
We form our judgment in another way;
And they will best succeed, who best can pay:
Those, who would gain the votes of British tribes,
Must add to force of Merit, force of bribes.

What can an actor give? in ev'ry age
Cash hath been rudely banish'd from the stage;
Monarchs themselves, to grief of ev'ry play'r,
Appear as often as their image there:
They can't, like candidate for other seat,
Pour seas of wine, and mountains raise of meat.
Wine! they could bribe you with the world as soon,
And of roast beef, they only know the tune:
But what they have they give; could CLIVE do more,
Though for each million he had brought home four?

SHUTER keeps open house at Southwark fair,
And hopes the friends of humour will be there;

In



In Smithfield, YATES prepares the rival treat
For those who laughter love, instead of meat;
FOOTE, at Old House, for even FOOTE will be,
In self-conceit, an actor, bribes with tea;
Which WILKINSON at second-hand receives,
And at the New, pours water on the leaves.

The town divided, each runs sev'ral ways,
As passion, humour, int'rest, party sways.
Things of no moment, colour of the hair,
Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair,
A dress well chosen, or a patch misplac'd,
Conciliate favour, or create distaste.

From galleries loud peals of laughter roll,
And thunder SHUTER's praises,—he's so *droll*,
Embox'd, the ladies must have something smart,
PALMER! Oh! PALMER tops the janty part.
Seated in pit, the dwarf, with aching eyes,
Looks up, and vows that BARRY's out of size;
Whilst to six feet the vig'rous stripling grown,
Declares that GARRICK is another COAN.



When place of judgment is by whim supply'd,
 And our opinions have their rise in pride;
 When, in discoursing on each mimic elf,
 We praise and censure with an eye to self;
 All must meet friends, and ACKMAN bids as fair
 In such a court, as GARRICK, for the chair.

At length agreed, all squabbles to decide,
 By some one judge the cause was to be try'd;
 But this their squabbles *did* afresh renew,
 Who should be judge in such a trial:—Who?

For JOHNSON some, but JOHNSON, it was fear'd,
 Would be too grave; and STERNE too gay appear'd;
 Others for FRANCKLIN voted: but 'twas known,
 He sicken'd at all triumphs but his own;
 For COLMAN many, but the peevish tongue
 Of prudent Age found out that he was Young.
 For MURPHY some few *pilf'ring* wits declar'd,
 Whilst FOLLY clapp'd her hands, and WISDOM star'd.

To mischief train'd, e'en from his mother's womb,
 Grown old in fraud, tho' yet in manhood's bloom,

Adopting

Adopting arts, by which gay villains rise,
 And reach the heights, which honest men despise ;
 Mute at the bar, and in the senate loud,
 Dull 'mongst the dullest, proudest of the proud ;
 A pert, prim, Prater of the *northern* race,
 Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face,
 Stood forth,—and thrice he wav'd his lilly hand—
 And thrice he twirl'd his Tye—thrice strok'd his band—

“ At Friendship's call (thus oft with trait'rous aim,
 Men, void of faith, usurp faith's sacred name)

“ At Friendship's call I come, by MURPHY sent,

“ Who thus by me *developes* his intent.

“ But lest, *transfus'd*, the Spirit should be lost,

“ That Spirit, which in storms of *Rhet'ric* toft,

“ Bounces about, and flies like bottled beer,

“ In his own words his own intentions hear.

“ Thanks to my friends.—But to vile fortunes born,

“ No robes of fur these shoulders must adorn.

“ Vain your applause, no aid from thence I draw ;

“ Vain all my wit, for what is wit in law ?

“ Twice (curs'd rememb'rance!) twice I strove to gain

“ Admittance 'mongst the law-instructed train,



" Who, in the TEMPLE and GRAY'S-INN, prepare
 " For client's wretched feet the legal snare;
 " Dead to those arts, which polish and refine,
 " Deaf to all worth, because that worth was *Mine*,
 " Twice did those blockheads startle at my name,
 " And foul rejection gave me up to shame.
 " To laws and lawyers then I bad adieu,
 " And plans of far more lib'ral note pursue.
 " Who will may be a Judge—my kindling breast
 " Burns for that Chair which Roscius once possess'd.
 " *Here* give your votes, your int'rest *here* exert,
 " And let Success for *once* attend Desert."

With sleek appearance, and with ambling pace,
 And, type of vacant head, with vacant face,
 The Proteus HILL put in his *modest* plea,—
 " Let Favour speak for others, Worth for me."—
 For who, like him, his various powers could call
 Into so many shapes, and shine in all?
 Who could so nobly grace the motley list,
Actor, Inspector, Doctor, Botanist?
 Knows any one so well—sure no one knows,—
 At once to play, prescribe, compound, compose?

Who



Who can—But WOODWARD came,—HILL slipp'd away,
Melting, like ghosts, before the rising day.

With that *low* CUNNING, which in fools supplies,
And amply too, the place of being wise,
Which Nature, kind indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the Blockhead for a Knave;
With that *smooth* FALSHOOD, whose appearance charms,
And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,
Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,
By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
Wears Friendship's mask for purposes of spite,
Fawns in the day, and Butchers in the night;
With that *malignant* ENVY, which turns pale,
And sickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate;
With the *cold* CAUTION of a coward's spleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen,
Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
What's *basely* done, should be done *safely* too;
With that *dull, rooted, callous* IMPUDENCE,
Which, dead to shame, and ev'ry nicer sense,



Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading VICE's snares,
 She blunder'd on some Virtue *unawares*;
 With all these blessings, which we seldom find
 Lavish'd by Nature on *one* happy mind,
 A Motley Figure, of the FRIBBLE Tribe,
 Which Heart can scarce conceive, or pen describe,
 Came *simp'ring* on; to ascertain whose sex
 Twelve, sage, *impanell'd* Matrons would perplex.
 Nor *Male*, nor *Female*; *Neither*, and yet both;
 Of *Neuter* Gender, tho' of *Irish* growth;
 A six-foot suckling, mincing in *Its* gait;
 Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate;
 Fearful *It* seem'd, tho' of Athletic make,
 Lest *brutal breezes* should too roughly shake
Its tender form, and *savage* motion spread,
 O'er *Its* pale cheeks, the horrid manly red.

Much did *It* talk, in *Its* own *pretty* phrase,
 Of Genius and of Taste, of Play'rs and Plays;
 Much too of writings, which *Itself* had wrote,
 Of special merit, tho' of little note;
 For Fate, in a strange humour, had decreed
 That what *It* wrote, none but *Itself* should read;

Much

Much too *It* chatter'd of *Dramatic* Laws,
 Misjudging Critics, and misplac'd applause,
 Then, with a self-complacent jutting air,
It smil'd, It smirk'd, It wriggled to the chair ;
 And, with an aukward briskness not *its* own,
 Looking around, and *perking* on the throne,
 Triumphant seem'd, when that strange savage Dame,
 Known but to few, or only known by name,
 Plain COMMON SENSE appear'd, by Nature there
 Appointed, with plain TRUTH, to guard the Chair.
 The Pageant saw, and blasted with her frown,
 To *its* first state of Nothing melted down.

Nor shall the MUSE (for even there the pride
 Of this *vain Nothing* shall be mortified)
 Nor shall the MUSE (should Fate ordain her rimes,
 Fond, pleasing thought! to live in after-times)
 With such a Trifler's name her pages blot ;
 Known be the Character, the *Thing* forgot ;
 Let *It*, to disappoint each future aim,
Live without Sex, and die without a name!

Cold-blooded critics, by enervate fires
 Scarce hammer'd out, when Nature's feeble fires
 Glimmer'd



Glimmer'd their last; whose sluggish blood, half froze,
 Creeps lab'ring thro' the veins; whose heart ne'er glows
 With fancy-kindled heat:—A servile race,
 Who, in mere want of fault, all merit place;
 Who blind obedience pay to ancient schools,
 Bigots to Greece, and slaves to musty rules;
 With solemn consequence declar'd that none
 Could judge that cause but SOPHOCLES alone.
 Dupes to their fancied excellence, the crowd,
 Obsequious to the sacred dictate, bow'd.

When, from amidst the throng, a Youth stood forth,
 Unknown his person, not unknown his worth;
 His looks bespoke applause; alone he stood,
 Alone he stemm'd the mighty critic flood.
 He talk'd of ancients, as the man became
 Who priz'd our own, but envied not their fame;
 With noble rev'rence spoke of Greece and Rome,
 And scorn'd to tear the laurel from the tomb,

“ But more than just to other countries grown,
 “ Must we turn base apostates to our own?
 “ Where do these words of Greece and Rome excel,
 “ That England may not please the ear as well?

“ What



“ What mighty magic’s in the place or air,
“ That all perfection needs must centre there ?
“ In states, let strangers blindly be preferr’d ;
“ In state of letters, Merit should be heard.
“ Genius is of no country, her pure ray
“ Spreads all abroad, as gen’ral as the day ;
“ Foe to restraint, from place to place she flies,
“ And may hereafter e’en in Holland rise.
“ May not (to give a pleasing fancy scope,
“ And cheer a patriot heart with patriot hope)
“ May not some great extensive genius raise
“ The name of Britain ’bove Athenian praise ;
“ And, whilst brave thirst of fame his bosom warms,
“ Make England great in Letters as in Arms ?
“ There may--there hath--and SHAKESPEARE’S muse aspires
“ Beyond the reach of Greece ; with native fires
“ Mounting aloft, he wings his daring flight,
“ Whilst SOPHOCLES below stands trembling at his height.

“ Why should we then abroad for judges roam,
“ When abler judges we may find at home ?
“ Happy in tragic and in comic pow’rs,
“ Have we not SHAKESPEARE ?—Is not JOHNSON ours ?
“ For them, your nat’ral judges, Britons, vote ;
“ They’ll judge like Britons, who like Britons wrote.”



He said, and conquer'd—Sense resum'd her sway,
And disappointed pedants stalk'd away.

SHAKESPEARE and JOHNSON, with deserv'd applause,
Joint-judges were ordain'd to try the cause.

Mean-time the stranger ev'ry voice employ'd,
To ask or tell his name.—Who is it?—LLOYD.

Thus, when the aged friends of JOB stood mute,
And, tamely prudent, gave up the dispute,
ELIHU, with the decent warmth of youth,
Boldly stood forth the advocate of Truth;
Confuted Falshood, and disabled pride,
Whilst baffled age stood snarling at his side:

The day of tryal's fix'd, nor any fear
Left day of tryal should be put off here.
Causes but seldom for delay can call
In courts where forms are few, fees none at all.

The morning came, nor find I that the sun,
As he on other great events hath done,
Put on a brighter robe than what he wore
To go his journey in the day before.

Full



Full in the centre of a spacious plain,
On plan entirely new, where nothing vain,
Nothing magnificent appear'd, but Art,
With decent modesty perform'd her part,
Rose a tribunal: from no other court
It borrow'd ornament, or sought support:
No juries here were pack'd to kill or clear,
No bribes were taken, nor oaths broken here;
No gownsmen, partial to a client's cause,
To their own purpose tun'd the pliant laws.
Each judge was true and steady to his trust,
As MANSFIELD wife, and as old FOSTER just.

In the first seat, in robe of various dyes,
A noble wildness flashing from his eyes,
Sat SHAKESPEARE.—In one hand a wand he bore,
For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore;
The other held a globe, which to his will
Obedient turn'd, and own'd the master's skill:
Things of the noblest kind his genius drew,
And look'd through Nature at a single view:
A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,
And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll;

Call'd



Call'd into being scenes unknown before,
And, passing Nature's bounds, was something more.

Next JOHNSON sat, in ancient learning train'd,
His rigid Judgment Fancy's flights restrain'd,
Correctly prun'd each wild luxuriant thought,
Mark'd out her course, nor spar'd a glorious fault.
The book of man he read with nicest art,
And ransack'd all the secrets of the heart;
Exerted Penetration's utmost force,
And trac'd each passion to its proper source;
Then, strongly mark'd, in liveliest colours drew,
And brought each foible forth to public view.
The Coxcomb felt a lash in ev'ry word,
And fools, hung out, their brother fools deterr'd.
His comic humour kept the world in awe,
And Laughter frightened Folly more than Law.

But, hark!—The trumpet sounds, the crowd gives way,
And the procession comes in just array.

Now should I, in some sweet poetic line,
Offer up incense at APOLLO's shrine;

Invoke



Invoke the muse to quit her calm abode,
 And waken mem'ry with a sleeping ode.
 For how should mortal man, in mortal verse,
 Their titles, merits, or their names rehearse?
 But give, kind DULLNESS, memory and rime,
 We'll put off Genius till another time.

First, ORDER came,—with solemn step, and flow,
 In measur'd time his feet were taught to go.
 Behind, from time to time, he cast his eye,
 Left This should quit his place, That step awry.
 Appearances to save his only care;
 So things seem right, no matter what they are.
 In him his parents saw themselves renew'd,
 Begotten by *Sir CRITIC* on *Saint PRUDE*.

Then came *Drum, Trumpet, Hautboy, Fiddle, Flute*;
 Next *Snuffer, Sweeper, Shifter, Soldier, Mute*:
 Legions of Angels all in *white* advance;
 Furies, all *fire*, come forward in a dance;
 Pantomime figures then are brought to view,
 Fools hand in hand with Fools, go two by two.
 Next came the Treasurer of either house;
 One with full purse, t'other with not a fous.

Behind



Behind, a group of figures awe create,
 Set off with all th' impertinence of state ;
 By lace and feather consecrate to fame,
Expletive Kings, and Queens without a name.

Here HAVARD, all serene, in the same strains,
 Loves, hates, and rages, triumphs, and complains ;
 His easy vacant face proclaim'd a heart
 Which could not feel emotions, nor impart.
 With him came mighty DAVIES. On my life,
 That DAVIES hath a very pretty wife :—
 Statesman all over !—In plots famous grown !—
 He mouths a sentence, as curs mouth a bone.

Next HOLLAND came.—With truly tragic stalk,
 He creeps, he flies.—A Hero should not walk.
 As if with heav'n he warr'd, his eager eyes
 Planted their batteries against the skies,
 Attitude, Action, Air, Pause, Start, Sigh, Groan,
 He borrow'd, and made use of as his own.
 By fortune thrown on any other stage,
 He might, *perhaps*, have pleas'd an easy age ;
 But now appears a copy, and no more,
 Of something better we have seen before.

The



The actor who would build a solid fame,
Must imitation's fervile arts disclaim;
Act from himself, on his own bottom stand;
I hate e'en GARRICK thus at second-hand.

Behind came KING.—Bred up in modest lore,
Bashful and young he fought Hibernia's shore;
Hibernia, fam'd, 'bove ev'ry other grace,
For matchless intrepidity of face.
From Her his Features caught the gen'rous flame,
And bid defiance to all sense of shame.
Tutor'd by Her all rivals to surpass,
'Mongst DRURY's sons he comes, and shines in BRASS.

Lo YATES!—Without the least finesse of art
He gets applause!—I wish he'd get his part.
When hot impatience is in full career,
How vilely "Hark'e! Hark'e!" grates the ear?
When active fancy from the brain is sent,
And stands on tip-toe for some wish'd event,
I hate those careless blunders which recall
Suspended sense, and prove it fiction all,



In characters of low and vulgar mould,
Where nature's coarsest features we behold,
Where, destitute of ev'ry decent grace,
Unmanner'd jests are blurted in your face,
There YATES with justice strict attention draws,
Acts truly from himself, and gains applause.
But when, to please himself or charm his wife,
He aims at something in politer life,
When, blindly thwarting Nature's stubborn plan,
He treads the stage, by way of gentleman,
The Clown, who no one touch of breeding knows,
Looks like TOM ERRAND dress'd in CLINCHER's cloaths.
Fond of his dress, fond of his person grown,
Laugh'd at by all, and to himself unknown,
From side to side he struts, he smiles, he prates,
And seems to wonder what's become of YATES.

WOODWARD, endow'd with various tricks of face,
Great master in the science of grimace,
From Ireland ventures, fav'rite of the town,
Lur'd by the pleasing prospect of renown;
A speaking Harlequin, made up of whim,
He twists, he twines, he tortures ev'ry limb,

Plays



Plays to the eye with a mere monkey's art,
And leaves to sense the conquest of the heart.
We laugh indeed, but on reflection's birth,
We wonder at ourselves, and curse our mirth.
His walk of parts he fatally misplac'd,
And inclination fondly took for taste;
Hence hath the town so often seen display'd
Beau in Burlesque, High Life in Masquerade.

But when bold Wits, not such as patch up plays,
Cold and correct, in these insipid days,
Some comic character, strong featur'd, urge
To probability's extreme verge,
Where modest judgment her decree suspends,
And for a time, nor censures, nor commends,
Where critics can't determine on the spot,
Whether it is in Nature found or not,
There WOODWARD safely shall his pow'rs exert,
Nor fail of favour where he shews desert.
Hence he in Bobadil such praises bore,
Such worthy praises, Kately scarce had more.

By turns transform'd into all kind of shapes,
Constant to none, FOOTE laughs, cries, struts, and scrapes :

C 2

Now



Now in the centre, now in van or rear,
 The Proteus shifts, *Bawd, Parson, Auctioneer.*
 His strokes of humour, and his bursts of sport
 Are all contain'd in this one word, *Distort.*

Doth a man stutter, look a-squint, or halt?
 Mimics draw humour out of Nature's fault.
 With personal defects their mirth adorn,
 And hang misfortunes out to public scorn.
 E'en I, whom Nature cast in hideous mould,
 Whom, having made, she trembled to behold,
 Beneath the load of mimicry may groan,
 And find that Nature's errors are my own.

Shadows behind of FOOTE and WOODWARD came;
 WILKINSON this, OBRIEN was that name.
 Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
 That even shadows have their shadows too!
 With not a single comic pow'r endu'd,
 The first a mere mere mimic's mimic flood.
 The last, by Nature form'd to please, who shows,
 In JOHNSON'S Stephen, which way Genius grows,
 Self quite put off, affects, with too much art,
 To put on WOODWARD in each mangled part;

Adopts



Adopts his shrug, his wink, his stare; nay, more,
His voice, and croaks; for WOODWARD croak'd before.
When a dull copier simple grace neglects,
And rests his Imitation in Defects,
We readily forgive; but such vile arts
Are double guilt in men of real parts.

By Nature form'd in her perversest mood,
With no one requisite of Art endu'd,
Next JACKSON came.—Observe that settled glare,
Which better speaks a Puppet than a Play'r;
Lift to that voice—did ever DISCORD hear
Sounds so well fitted to her untun'd ear?
When, to enforce some very tender part,
The right hand sleeps by instinct on the heart,
His soul, of every other thought bereft,
Is anxious only where to place the left;
He sobs and pants to sooth his weeping spouse,
To sooth his weeping mother, turns and bows.
Aukward, embarrass'd, stiff, without the skill
Of moving gracefully, or standing still,
One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,
Desirous seems to run away from t'other,



Some errors, handed down from age to age,
 Plead Custom's force, and still possess the stage.
 That's vile—should we a parent's faults adore,
 And err, because our fathers err'd before?
 If, inattentive to the author's mind,
 Some actors made the jest they could not find,
 If by low tricks they marr'd fair Nature's mien,
 And blurr'd the graces of the simple scene,
 Shall we, if reason rightly is employ'd,
 Not see their faults, or seeing not avoid?
 When FALSTAFF stands detected in a lye,
 Why, without meaning, rows LOVE's glassy eye?
 Why?—There's no cause—at least no cause we know—
 It was the Fashion twenty years ago.
 Fashion—a word which knaves and fools may use
 Their knavery and folly to excuse.
 To copy beauties, forfeits all pretence
 To fame—to copy faults, is want of sense.

Yet (tho' in some particulars he fails,
 Some few particulars, where MODE prevails)
 If in these hallow'd times, when sober, sad,
 All GENTLEMEN are melancholy mad,

When



When 'tis not deem'd so great a crime by half
To violate a vestal, as to laugh,
Rude mirth may hope presumptuous to engage
An Act of Toleration for the stage,
And courtiers will, like reasonable creatures,
Suspend vain Fashion, and unscrew their features,
Old FALSTAFF, play'd by LOVE, shall please once more,
And humour set the audience in a roar.

Actors I've seen, and of no vulgar name,
Who, being from one part possess'd of fame,
Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine, or bawl,
Still introduce that fav'rite part in all.
Here, LOVE, be cautious—ne'er be thou betray'd
To call in that wag FALSTAFF's dang'rous aid;
Like GOTHS of old, howe'er he seems a friend,
He'll seize that throne, you wish him to defend.
In a peculiar mould by HUMOUR cast,
For FALSTAFF fram'd—Himself, the First and last,—
He stands aloof from all—maintains his state,
And scorns, like *Scotsmen*, to assimilate.
Vain all disguise—too plain we see the trick,
Tho' the Knight wears the weeds of DOMINIC,

C 4

And



And BONIFACE, disgrac'd, betrays the smack,
In ANNO DOMINI, of FALSTAFF's sack.

Armscross'd, brows bent, eyes fix'd, feet marching flow,
A band of malecontents with spleen o'erflow;
Wrapt in conceit's impenetrable fog,
Which Pride, like Phœbus, draws from ev'ry bog,
They curse the managers, and curse the town,
Whose partial favour keeps such merit down:

But if some man, more hardy than the rest,
Should dare attack these *gnatlings* in their nest;
At once they rise with impotence of rage,
Whet their small stings, and buzz about the stage.
“ 'Tis breach of privilege!—Shall any dare
“ To arm satyric truth against a play'r?
“ Prescriptive rights we plead time out of mind;
“ Actors, unlash'd themselves, may lash mankind.”

What! shall Opinion then, of nature free
And lib'ral as the vagrant air, agree
To rust in chains like these, impos'd by Things
Which, less than nothing, ape the pride of kings?

No



No—though half-poets with half-players join
 To curse the freedom of each honest line ;
 Though rage and malice dim their faded cheek ;
 What the muse freely thinks, she'll freely speak.
 With just disdain of ev'ry paltry sneer,
 Stranger alike to flattery and fear,
 In purpose fix'd, and to herself a rule,
 Public Contempt shall wait the Public Fool.

AUSTIN would always glisten in French silks,
 ACKMAN would Norris be, and PACKER Wilks.
 For who, like ACKMAN, can with humour please ;
 Who can, like PACKER, charm with sprightly ease ?
 Higher than all the rest, see BRANSBY strut :
 A mighty Gulliver in Lilliput !
 Ludicrous nature ! which at once could shew
 A man so very High, so very Low.

If I forget thee, BLAKES, or if I say
 Aught hurtful, may I never see thee play.
 Let critics, with a supercilious air,
 Decry thy various merit, and declare
 Frenchman is still at top ;—but scorn that rage
 Which, in attacking thee, attacks the age.

French



French follies, universally embrac'd,
At once provoke our mirth, and form our taste.

Long, from a nation ever hardly us'd,
At random censur'd, wantonly abus'd,
Have BRITONS drawn their sport, with partial view
Form'd gen'ral notions from the rascal few;
Condemn'd a people, as for vices known,
Which, from their country banish'd, seek our own.
At length, howe'er, the slavish chain is broke,
And Sense, awaken'd, scorns her ancient yoke:
Taught by Thee, MOODY, we now learn to raise
Mirth from their foibles; from their virtues, praise.

Next came the legion, which our *Summer* BAYES,
From Alleys, here and there, contriv'd to raise,
Flush'd with vast hopes, and certain to succeed,
With WITS who cannot write, and scarce can read.
Vet'rans no more support the rotten cause,
No more from ELLIOT's worth they reap applause,
Each on himself determines to rely,
Be YATES disbanded, and let ELLIOT fly.
Never did play'rs so well an Author fit,
To Nature dead, and foes declar'd to Wit.

So



So loud each tongue, so empty was each head,
So much they talk'd, so very little said,
So wond'rous dull, and yet so wond'rous vain,
At once so willing, and unfit to reign,
That Reason swore, nor would the oath recall,
Their mighty Master's foul inform'd them all.

As one with various disappointments sad,
Whom Dullness only kept from being mad,
Apart from all the rest great MURPHY came—
Common to fools and wits, the rage of fame.
What tho' the sons of Nonsense hail him SIRE,
AUDITOR, AUTHOR, MANAGER, and SQUIRE,
His restless soul's ambition stops not there,
To make his triumphs perfect, dubb him PLAY'R.

In person tall, a figure form'd to please,
If Symmetry could charm, depriv'd of ease;
When motionless he stands, we all approve;
What pity 'tis the THING was made to move.

His voice, in one dull, deep, unvaried sound,
Seems to break forth from caverns under ground.

From



From hollow chest the low sepulchral note
Unwilling heaves, and struggles in his throat.

Could authors butcher'd give an actor grace,
All must to him resign the foremost place.
When he attempts, in some one fav'rite part,
To ape the feelings of a manly heart,
His honest features the disguise defy,
And his face loudly gives his tongue the lye.

Still in extremes, he knows no happy mean,
Or raving mad, or stupidly serene.
In cold wrought scenes the lifeless actor flags,
In passion, tears the passion into rags.
Can none remember?—Yes—I know all must—
When in the Moor he ground his teeth to dust,
When o'er the stage he FOLLY's standard bore,
Whilst COMMON-SENSE stood trembling at the door.

How few are found with real talents blest'd,
Fewer with Nature's gifts contented rest.
Man from his sphere eccentric starts astray;
All hunt for fame; but most mistake the way:

Bred



Bred at St. OMER's to the Shuffling trade,
The hopeful youth a Jesuit might have made,
With various readings stor'd his empty skull,
Learn'd without sense, and venerably dull;
Or, at some Banker's desk, like many more,
Content to tell that two and two make four,
His name had stood in CITY ANNALS fair,
And PRUDENT DULLNESS mark'd him for a MAYOR.

What then could tempt thee, in a critic age,
Such blooming hopes to forfeit on a stage?
Could it be worth thy wond'rous waste of pains
To publish to the world thy lack of brains?
Or might not reason e'en to thee have shewn
Thy greatest praise had been to live *unknown*?
Yet let not vanity, like thine, despair:
Fortune makes Folly her peculiar care.

A vacant throne high-plac'd in SMITHFIELD view,
To sacred DULLNESS and her FIRST-BORN due,
Thither with haste in happy hour repair,
Thy birth-right claim, nor fear a rival there.
SHUTER himself shall own thy juster claim,
And VENAL LEDGERS puff their MURPHY's name,

Whilst



Whilst VAUGHAN OF DAPPER, call him which you will,
Shall blow the trumpet, and give out the bill.

There rule secure from critics and from sense,¹
Nor once shall GENIUS rise to give offence;
Eternal peace shall bless the happy shore,
And LITTLE FACTIONS break thy rest no more.

From COVENT-GARDEN crowds promiscuous go,
Whom the muse knows not, nor desires to know.
Vet'rans they seem'd, but knew of arms no more
Than if, till that time, arms they never bore:
Like Westminster militia train'd to fight,
They scarcely knew the left hand from the right.
Asham'd among such troops to shew the head,
Their Chiefs were scatter'd, and their Heroes fled.

SPARKS at his glass sat comfortably down
To sep'rate frown from smile, and smile from frown;
SMITH, the genteel, the airy, and the smart,
SMITH was just gone to school to say his part;
Ross (a misfortune which we often meet)
Was fast asleep at dear STATIRA's feet;

STATIRA,



STATIRA, with her hero to agree,
Stood on her feet as fast asleep as he ;
MACKLIN, who largely deals in half-form'd founds,
Who wantonly transgresses Nature's bounds,
Whose Acting's hard, affected, and constrain'd,
Whose features, as each other they disdain'd,
At variance set, inflexible and coarse,
Ne'er know the workings of united force,
Ne'er kindly soften to each other's aid,
Nor shew the mingled pow'rs of light and shade,
No longer for a thankless stage concern'd,
To worthier thoughts his mighty Genius turn'd,
Harangu'd, gave Lectures, made each simple elf
Almost as good a speaker as himself ;
Whilst the whole town, mad with mistaken zeal,
An aukward rage for ELOCUTION feel ;
Dull CITS and grave DIVINES his praise proclaim,
And join with SHERIDAN's their MACKLIN's name ;
SHUTER, who never car'd a single pin
Whether he left out nonsense, or put in,
Who aim'd at wit, tho', levell'd in the dark,
The random arrow seldom hit the mark,
At Islington, all by the placid stream
Where city swains in lap of Dullness dream,

Where,



Where, quiet as her strains their strains *do* flow,
That all the patron by the bards may know;
Secret as night, with ROLT's experienc'd aid,
The plan of future operations laid,
Projected schemes the summer months to chear,
And spin out happy Folly through the year.

But think not, though these dastard-chiefs are fled,
That COVENT-GARDEN troops shall want a head:
HARLEQUIN comes their chief!—see from afar,
The hero seated in fantastic car!
Wedded to *Novelty*, his only arms
Are wooden swords, wands, talismans, and charms;
On one side Folly sits, by some call'd Fun,
And on the other, his arch-patron, LUN.
Behind, for liberty a-thirst in vain,
SENSE, helpless captive, drags the galling chain.
Six rude mis-shapen beasts the chariot draw,
Whom Reason loaths, and Nature never saw,
Monsters, with tails of ice, and heads of fire;
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chymæras dire.
Each was bestrode by full as monstrous wight,
Giant, Dwarf, Genius, Elf, Hermaphrodite.

The



The Town, as usual, met him in full cry;
The Town, as usual, knew no reason why.
But Fashion so directs, and Moderns raise
On Fashion's mould'ring base their transient praise.

Next, to the field a band of females draw
Their force; for Britain owns no Salique Law:
Just to their worth, we female rights admit,
Nor bar their claim to empire or to wit.

First, giggling, plotting chamber-maids arrive,
Hoydens and romps, led on by Gen'ral CLIVE.
In spite of outward blemishes, she shone
For Humour fam'd, and Humour all her own.
Easy as if at Home the stage she trod,
Nor sought the critic's praise, nor fear'd his rod.
Original in spirit and in ease,
She pleas'd by hiding all attempts to please.
No comic actresses ever yet could raise,
On Humour's base, more merit or more praise.

With all the native vigour of sixteen,
Among the merry troop conspicuous seen,



See lively POPE advance in *jig*, and *trip*
 Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip.
 Not without Art, but yet to Nature true,
 She charms the town with humour just, yet new,
 Chear'd by her promise, we the less deplore
 The fatal time when CLIVE shall be no more.

Lo! VINCENT comes—with simple grace array'd,
 She laughs at paltry arts, and scorns parade.
 Nature through her is by reflection shewn,
 Whilst GAY once more knows POLLY for his own.

Talk not to me of diffidence and fear—
 I see it all, but must forgive it here.
 Defects like these which *modest* terrors cause,
 From Impudence itself extort applause.
 Candour and Reason still take Virtue's part;
 We love e'en foibles in so good an heart.

Let TOMMY ARNE, with usual pomp of stile,
 Whose chief, whose only merit's to compile,
 Who, meanly pilf'ring here and there a bit,
 Deals music out as MURPHY deals out Wit,

Publith



Publish propofals, laws for tafte prefcribe,
And chant the praife of an ITALIAN tribe;
Let him reverfe kind Nature's firft decrees,
And teach e'en BRENT a method not to please;
But never fhall a TRULY BRITISH Age,
Bear a vile race of eunuchs on the ftage.
The boafed work's called NATIONAL in vain,
If one ITALIAN voice pollutes the ftain.
Where tyrants rule, and flaves with joy obey,
Let flavifh minftrils pour th' enervate lay;
To BRITONS far more noble pleasures fpring,
In native notes whilft BEARD and VINCENT fmg.

Might figure give a title unto fame,
What rival fhould with YATES difpute her claim?
But juftice may not partial trophies raife,
Nor fink the Actrefs in the Woman's praife.
Still hand in hand her words and actions go,
And the heart feels more than the features fhew:
For, through the regions of that beauteous face,
We no variety of paffions trace;
Dead to the foft emotions of the heart,
No kindred foftnefs can thofe eyes impart;



The brow, still fix'd in sorrow's fullen frame,
Void of distinction, marks all parts the same.

What's a fine person, or a beauteous face,
Unless deportment gives them decent grace?
Bless'd with all other requisites to please,
Some want the striking elegance of Ease;
The curious eye their aukward movement tires;
They seem like puppets led about by wires.
Others, like statues, in one posture still,
Give great ideas of the workman's skill;
Wond'ring, his art we praise the more we view,
And only grieve he gave not motion too.
Weak of themselves are what we beauties call,
It is the manner which gives strength to all.
This teaches ev'ry beauty to unite,
And brings them forward in the noblest light.
Happy in this, behold, amidst the throng,
With transient gleam of grace, HART sweeps along.

If all the wonders of external grace,
A person finely turn'd, a mould of face,
Where, Union rare, Expression's lively force
With Beauty's softest magic holds discourse,

Attract



Attract the eye; if feelings, void of art,
Rouze the quick passions, and enflame the heart;
If music, sweetly breathing from the tongue,
Captives the ear, BRIDE must not pass unsung.

When fear, which rank ill-nature terms conceit,
By time and custom conquer'd, shall retreat;
When judgment, tutor'd by experience sage,
Shall shoot abroad, and gather strength from age;
When heav'n in mercy shall the stage release
From the dull slumbers of a still-life piece;
When some stale flow'r, disgraceful to the walk,
Which long hath hung, tho' wither'd, on the stalk,
Shall kindly drop, then BRIDE shall make her way,
And merit find a passage to the day;
Brought into action she at once shall raise
Her own renown, and justify our praise.

Form'd for the tragic scene, to grace the stage,
With rival excellence of Love and Rage,
Mistress of each soft art, with matchless skill
To turn and wind the passions as she will;
To melt the heart with sympathetic woe,
Awake the sigh, and teach the tear to flow;



To put on Frenzy's wild distracted glare,
And freeze the soul with horror and despair;
With just desert enroll'd in endless fame,
Conscious of worth superior, CIBBER came.

When poor Alicia's madd'ning brains are rack'd,
And strongly imag'd griefs her mind distract;
Struck with her grief, I catch the madness too!
My brain turns round, the headless trunk I view!
The roof cracks, shakes and falls!—New horrors rise,
And Reason buried in the ruin lies.

Nobly disdainful of each slavish art,
She makes her first attack upon the heart:
Pleas'd with the summons, it receives her laws,
And all is silence, sympathy, applause.

But when, by fond ambition drawn aside,
Giddy with praise, and puff'd with female pride,
She quits the tragic scene, and, in pretence
To comic merit, breaks down Nature's fence;
I scarcely can believe my ears or eyes,
Or find out CIBBER through the dark disguise.

PRITCHARD,



PRITCHARD, by Nature for the stage design'd,
In person graceful, and in sense refin'd;
Her art as much as Nature's friend became,
Her voice as free from blemish as her fame.
Who knows so well in majesty to please,
Attemper'd with the graceful charms of ease?

When Congreve's favour'd pantomime to grace,
She comes a captive queen of Moorish race;
When Love, Hate, Jealousy, Despair and Rage,
With wildest tumults in her breast engage;
Still equal to herself is Zara seen;
Her passions are the passions of a Queen.

When she to murder whets the tim'rous Thane,
I feel ambition rush through ev'ry vein;
Persuasion hangs upon her daring tongue,
My heart grows flint, and ev'ry nerve's new strung.

In Comedy—"Nay, there," cries Critic, "hold.
"PRITCHARD's for Comedy too fat and old.
"Who can, with patience, bear the gray coquette,
"Or force a laugh with over-grown Juliet?"

D 4

" Her



“ Her Speech, Look, Action, Humour, all are just ;

“ But then, her age and figure give disgust.”

Are Foibles then, and Graces of the mind,
In real life, to size or age confin'd ?
Do spirits flow, and is good-breeding plac'd
In any set circumference of waist ?
As we grow old, doth affectation cease,
Or gives not age new vigour to caprice ?
If in originals these things appear,
Why should we bar them in the copy here ?
The nice punctilio-mongers of this age,
The grand minute reformers of the stage,
Slaves to propriety of ev'ry kind,
Some standard-measure for each part should find,
Which when the best of Actors shall exceed,
Let it devolve to one of smaller breed.
All actors too upon the back should bear
Certificate of birth ;—time, when ;—place, where,
For how can critics rightly fix their worth,
Unless they know the minute of their birth ?
An audience too, deceiv'd, may find too late
That they have clapp'd an actor out of date.

Figure



Figure, I own, at first may give offence,
 And harshly strike the eye's too curious sense:
 But when perfections of the mind break forth,
 Humour's chaste sallies, Judgment's solid worth;
 When the pure genuine flame, by Nature taught,
 Springs into Sense, and ev'ry action's Thought;
 Before such merit all objections fly;
 PRITCHARD's genteel, and GARRICK's six feet high.

Oft have I, PRITCHARD, seen thy wond'rous skill,
 Confess'd thee great, but find thee greater still.
 That worth, which shone in scatter'd rays before,
 Collected now, breaks forth with double pow'r.
 The JEALOUS WIFE! On that thy trophies raise,
 Inferior only to the Author's praise.

From Dublin, fam'd in legends of Romance
 For mighty magic of enchanted lance,
 With which her heroes arm'd victorious prove,
 And like a flood rush o'er the land of Love,
 MOSSOP and BARRY came.—Names ne'er design'd
 By fate in the same sentence to be join'd.
 Rais'd by the breath of popular acclaim,
 They mounted to the pinnacle of Fame;

There



There the weak brain, made giddy with the height,
 Spurr'd on the rival chiefs to mortal fight.
 Thus sportive boys, around some bason's brim,
 Behold the pipe-drawn bladders circling swim;
 But if, from lungs more potent, there arise
 Two bubbles of a more than common size,
 Eager for honour they for fight prepare,
 Bubble meets bubble, and both sink to air.

Mossop, attach'd to military plan,
 Still kept his eye fix'd on his right-hand man.
 Whilst the mouth measures words with seeming skill,
 The right-hand labours, and the left lies still;
 For he resolv'd on scripture-grounds to go,
 What the right doth, the left-hand shall not know,
 With studied impropriety of speech,
 He soars beyond the hackney critic's reach;
 To epithets allots emphatic state,
 Whilst principals, ungrac'd, like lacquies wait;
 In ways first trodden by himself excels,
 And stands alone in indeclinables;
 CONJUNCTION, PREPOSITION, ADVERB join
 To stamp new vigour on the nervous line:

In



In monosyllables his thunders roll,
HE, SHE, IT, AND, WE, YE, THEY, fright the soul.

In person taller than the common size,
Behold where BARRY draws admiring eyes!
When lab'ring passions, in his bosom pent,
Convulsive rage, and struggling heave for vent;
Spectators, with imagin'd terrors warm,
Anxious expect the bursting of the storm:
But, all unfit in such a pile to dwell,
His voice comes forth, like Echo from her cell;
To swell the tempest needful aid denies,
And all a-down the stage in feeble murmurs dies.

What man, like BARRY, with such pains, can err
In elocution, action, character?
What man could give, if BARRY was not here,
Such well-applauded tendernefs to Lear?
Who else can speak so very, very fine,
That sense may kindly end with ev'ry line?

Some dozen lines before the ghost is there,
Behold him for the solemn scene prepare.

See



See how he frames his eyes, poises each limb,
 Puts the whole body into proper trim.—
 From whence we learn, with no great stretch of art,
 Five lines hence comes a ghost, and, Ha! a start.

When he appears most perfect, still we find
 Something which jars upon, and hurts the mind,
 Whatever lights upon a part are thrown,
 We see too plainly they are not his own.
 No flame from Nature ever yet he caught;
 Nor knew a feeling which he was not taught;
 He rais'd his trophies on the base of art,
 And conn'd his passions, as he conn'd his part.

QUIN, from afar, lur'd by the scent of fame,
 A Stage Leviathan, put in his claim.
 Pupil of BETTERTON and BOOTH. Alone,
 Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his own.
 For how should Moderns, mushrooms of the day,
 Who ne'er those masters knew, know how to play?
 Gray-bearded vet'rans, who, with partial tongue,
 Extol the times when they themselves were young;
 Who, having lost all relish for the stage,
 See not their own defects, but lash the age,

Receiv'd



Receiv'd, with joyful murmurs of applause,
Their darling chief, and lin'd his fav'rite cause.

Far be it from the candid muse to tread
Insulting o'er the ashes of the dead,
But, just to living merit, she maintains,
And dares the test, whilst GARRICK'S Genius reigns;
Ancients, in vain, endeavour to excel,
Happily prais'd, if they could act as well.
But, though prescription's force we disallow,
Nor to antiquity submissive bow;
Though we deny imaginary grace,
Founded on accidents of time and place;
Yet real worth of ev'ry growth shall bear
Due praise, nor must we, QUIN, forget thee there.

His words bore sterling weight, nervous and strong,
In manly tides of sense they roll'd along.
Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit sense.
No actor ever greater heights could reach
In all the labour'd artifice of speech.

Speech! Is that all?—And shall an actor found
An universal fame on partial ground?



Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,
And, in six months my dog shall howl by note.
I laugh at those, who, when the stage they tread,
Neglect the heart, to compliment the head;
With strict propriety their care's confin'd
To weigh out words, while passion halts behind.
To Syllable-diffectors they appeal,
Allow them accent, cadence,—Fools may feel;
But, Spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves.

His eyes, in gloomy socket taught to roll,
Proclaim'd the fullen habit of his soul.
Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the stage,
Too proud for Tenderness, too dull for Rage.
When Hector's lovely widow shines in Tears,
Or Rowe's gay Rake dependant Virtue jeers,
With the same cast of features he is seen
To chide the Libertine, and court the Queen.
From the tame scene, which without passion flows,
With just desert his reputation rose;
Nor less he pleas'd, when, on some surly plan,
He was, at once, the Actor and the Man.

In



In Brute he shone unequal'd: all agree
GARRICK's not half so great a brute as he.
When Cato's labour'd scenes are brought to view;
With equal praise the Actor labour'd too,
For still you'll find, trace passions to their root,
Small diff'rence 'twixt the Stoic and the Brute.
In fancied scenes, as in life's real plan,
He could not, for a moment, sink the Man.
In whate'er cast his character was laid,
Self still, like oil, upon the surface play'd.
Nature, in spite of all his skill, crept in:
Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff,—still 'twas QUIN.

Next follows SHERIDAN.—A doubtful name,
As yet-unsettled in the rank of fame.
This, fondly lavish in his praises grown,
Gives him all merit: That allows him none.
Between them both, we'll steer the middle course,
Nor, loving praise, rob judgment of her force.

Just his conceptions, natural and great:
His feelings strong, his words enforc'd with weight.
Was speech-fam'd QUIN himself to hear him speak,
Envy would drive the colour from his cheek:

But



But step-dame Nature, niggard of her grace,
Deny'd the social pow'rs of voice and face.
Fix'd in one frame of features, glare of eye,
Passions, like chaos, in confusion lie:
In vain the wonders of his skill are try'd
To form distinction Nature hath deny'd,
His voice no touch of harmony admits,
Irregularly deep, and shrill by fits:
The two extremes appear like man and wife,
Coupled together for the sake of strife.

His action's always strong, but sometimes such
That Candour must declare he acts too much.
Why must impatience fall three paces back?
Why paces three return to the attack?
Why is the right leg too forbid to stir,
Unless in motion semicircular?
Why must the hero with the Nailor vie,
And hurl the close-clench'd fist at nose or eye?
In royal John, with Philip angry grown,
I thought he would have knock'd poor DAVIES down.
Inhuman tyrant! was it not a shame,
To fright a king so harmless and so tame?
But

But, spite of all defects, his glories rise;
 And Art, by Judgment form'd, with Nature vies;
 Behold him found the depth of HUBERT's soul,
 Whilst in his own contending passions roll;
 View the whole scene, with critic judgment scan,
 And then deny him Merit if you can,
 Where he falls short, 'tis Nature's fault alone;
 Where he succeeds, the Merit's all his own.

Last GARRICK came.—Behind him throng a train
 Of snarling critics, ignorant as vain.

One finds out,—“ He's of stature somewhat low,—
 “ Your Hero always should be tall you know.—
 “ True nat'ral greatness all consists in height.”
 Produce your voucher, Critic.—“ Sergeant KYTE.”

Another can't forgive the paltry arts,
 By which he makes his way to shallow hearts;
 Mere pieces of finesse, traps for applause.—
 “ Avaunt, unnat'ral Start, affected Pause.”

For me, by Nature form'd to judge with phlegm,
 I can't acquit by wholesale, nor condemn.



The best things carried to excess are wrong :
 The start may be too frequent, pause too long ;
 But, only us'd in proper time and place,
 Severest judgment must allow them Grace.

If Bunglers, form'd on Imitation's plan,
 Just in the way that monkies mimic man,
 Their copied scene with mangled arts disgrace,
 And pause and start with the same vacant face ;
 We join the critic laugh ; those tricks we scorn,
 Which spoil the scenes they mean them to adorn.
 But when, from Nature's pure and genuine source,
 These strokes of Acting flow with gen'rous force,
 When in the features all the soul's portray'd,
 And passions, such as GARRICK's are display'd,
 To me they seem from quickest feelings caught :
 Each start is Nature ; and each pause is Thought.

When Reason yields to Passion's wild alarms,
 And the whole state of man is up in arms ;
 What, but a Critic, could condemn the Play'r,
 For pausing here, when Cool Sense pauses there ?
 Whilst, working from the Heart, the fire I trace,
 And mark it strongly flaming to the Face ;

Whilst



Whilst, in each sound, I hear the very man;
I can't catch words, and pity those who can.

Let wits, like spiders, from the tortur'd brain
Fine-draw the critic-web with curious pain;
The gods,—a kindness I with thanks must pay,—
Have form'd me of a coarser kind of clay;
Nor stung with envy, nor with Spleen diseas'd,
A poor dull creature, still with Nature pleas'd;
Hence to thy praises, GARRICK, I agree,
And, pleas'd with Nature, must be pleas'd with Thee.

Now might I tell, how silence reign'd throughout,
And deep attention hush'd the rabble rout:
How ev'ry claimant, tortur'd with desire,
Was pale as ashes, or as red as fire:
But, loose to Fame, the muse more simply acts,
Rejects all flourish, and relates mere facts.

The Judges, as the sev'ral parties came,
With temper heard, with Judgment weigh'd each Claim,
And, in their sentence happily agreed,
In name of both, Great SHAKESPEARE thus decreed.



- “ If manly Senſe; if Nature link'd with Art;
“ If thorough knowledge of the Human Heart;
“ If Pow'rs of acting vaſt and unconfin'd;
“ If feweſt Faults with greateſt Beauties join'd;
“ If ſtrong Expreſſion, and ſtrange Pow'rs, which lie
“ Within the magic circle of the eye;
“ If feelings which few hearts, like his, can know,
“ And which no face ſo well as His can ſhow;
“ Deſerve the Pref'rence;—GARRICK take the chair;
“ Nor quit it—till Thou place an Equal there.”

T H E E N D.



T H E

A P O L O G Y.

CRITICAL REVIEWER.

THE APOLGY is a book which has been written by a
man of letters, and is one of the most interesting
and valuable contributions to the literature of the
day. It is a work of great power and originality,
and will be found to contain many valuable
and interesting facts and opinions. It is a book
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THE
APOLOGY.



THE
A P O L O G Y.

ADDRESSED TO THE
CRITICAL REVIEWERS.

LAUGHS not the heart, when Giants, big with pride,
Assume the pompous port, the martial stride;
O'er arm Herculean heave th' enormous shield;
Vast as a weaver's beam the javelin wield;
With the loud voice of thund'ring Jove defy,
And dare to single combat.—What?—A Fly.



And laugh we less, when Giant names, which shine
 Establish'd, as it were, by *right divine*;
 CRITICS, whom ev'ry captive art adores,
 To whom glad Science pours forth all her stores;
 Who high in letter'd reputation sit,
 And hold, ASTRÆA like, the scales of Wit;
 With partial rage rush forth,—Oh! shame to tell!
 To crush a bard just bursting from the shell?

Great are his perils in this stormy time
 Who rashly ventures on a sea of Rime.
 Around vast surges roll, winds envious blow,
 And jealous rocks and quicksands lurk below,
 Greatly his foes he dreads, but more his friends;
 He hurts me most who lavishly commends.

Look thro' the world—in ev'ry other trade
 The same employment's cause of kindness made,
 At least appearance of good will creates,
 And ev'ry fool puffs off the fool he hates.
 Cobblers with cobblers smoke away the night,
 And in the common cause e'en Play'rs unite.
 Authors alone, with more than savage rage,
 Unnat'ral war with brother authors wage.

The



The pride of Nature would as soon admit
Competitors in empire as in wit :
Onward they rush at Fame's imperious call,
And, less than greatest, would not be at all.

Smit with the love of Honour,—or the Pence,
O'er-run with wit, and destitute of sense,
Should any novice in the riming trade,
With lawless pen the realms of verse invade ;
Forth from the court, where scepter'd sages sit,
Abus'd with praise, and flatter'd into wit :
Where in lethargic majesty they reign,
And what they won by dullness, still maintain ;
Legions of factious authors throng at once ;
Fool beckons fool, and dunce awakens dunce.
To HAMILTON's the Ready Lies repair ;—
Ne'er was Lye made which was not welcome there.—
Thence, on maturer judgment's anvil wrought,
The polish'd falshood's into public brought.
Quick-circulating slanders mirth afford,
And reputation bleeds in ev'ry word.

A CRITIC was of old a glorious name,
Whose sanction handed merit up to fame ;
Beauties



Beauties as well as faults he brought to view :
 His Judgment great, and great his Candour too.
 No servile rules drew sickly taste aside ;
 Secure he walk'd, for Nature was his guide.
 But now, Oh strange reverse ! our Critics bawl
 In praise of Candour with a heart of Gall,
 Conscious of guilt, and fearful of the light,
 They lurk enshrouded in the veil of night :
 Safe from detection, seize th' unwary prey,
 And stab, like braves, all who come that way.

When first my muse, perhaps more bold than wise,
 Bad the rude trifle into light arise,
 Little she thought such tempests would ensue,
 Less, that those tempests would be rais'd by you.
 The thunder's fury rends the tow'ring oak,
 ROSCIADS, like shrubs, might 'scape the fatal stroke.
 Vain thought ! a Critic's fury knows no bound ;
 DRAWCANSIR like, he deals destruction round ;
 Nor can we hope he will a stranger spare,
 Who gives no quarter to his friend VOLTAIRE.

Unhappy Genius ! plac'd by partial Fate
 With a free spirit in a slavish state ;

Where



Where the reluctant Muse, oppress'd by kings,
 Or droops in silence, or in fetters sings.
 In vain thy dauntless fortitude hath borne
 The bigot's furious zeal, and tyrant's scorn.
 Why didst thou safe from home-bred dangers steer,
 Reserv'd to perish more ignobly here?
 Thus, when the Julian Tyrant's pride to swell
 ROME with her POMPEY at Pharsalia fell,
 The vanquish'd chief escap'd from CÆSAR's hand
 To die by ruffians in a foreign land.

How could these self-elected monarchs raise
 So large an empire on so small a base?
 In what retreat, inglorious and unknown,
 Did Genius sleep, when Dullness seiz'd the throne?
 Whence, absolute now grown, and free from awe,
 She to the subject world dispenses law.
 Without her licence, not a letter stirs,
 And all the captive criss-cross-row is hers.
 The STAGYRITE, who rules from Nature drew,
 Opinions gave; but gave his reasons too.
 Our great Dictators take a shorter way—
 Who shall dispute what the Reviewers say?
 Their

Their word's sufficient ; and to ask a reason,
 In such a state as theirs, is downright treason,
 True judgment now with Them alone can dwell ;
 Like Church of Rome, they're grown infallible,
 Dull superstitious readers they deceive,
 Who pin their easy faith on critic's sleeve,
 And, knowing nothing, ev'ry thing believe !
 But why repine we, that these Puny Elves
 Shoot into Giants ?—We may thank ourselves ;
 Fools that we are, like Israel's fools of yore,
 The Calf ourselves have fashion'd we adore.
 But let true Reason once resume her reign,
 This God shall dwindle to a Calf again.

Founded on arts which shun the face of day,
 By the same arts they still maintain their sway.
 Wrapp'd in mysterious secrecy they rise,
 And, as they are unknown, are safe and wise.
 At whomsoever aim'd, howe'er severe
 Th' envenom'd slander flies, no names appear.
 Prudence forbid that step.—Then all might know
 And on more equal terms engage the foe,
 But now, what Quixote of the age would care
 To wage a war with dirt, and fight with air ?

By



By int'rest join'd, th' expert confederates stand,
 And play the game into each others hand.
 The vile abuse, in turn by all deny'd,
 Is bandy'd up and down from side to side :
 It flies—hey!—presto!—like a jugler's ball,
 'Till it belongs to nobody at all.

All men and things they know, themselves unknown,
 And publish ev'ry name—except their own.
 Nor think this strange—secure from vulgar eyes
 The nameless author passes in disguise,
 But vet'ran critics are not so deceiv'd,
 If vet'ran critics are to be believ'd.
 Once seen, they know an author evermore,
 Nay swear to hands they never saw before.
 Thus in the ROSCIAD, beyond chance or doubt,
 They, by the writing, found the writers out.
 " That's LLOYD's—his manner there you plainly trace,
 " And all the ACTOR stares you in the face.
 " By COLMAN that was written.—On my life,
 " The strongest symptoms of the JEALOUS WIFE,
 " That little disingenuous piece of spite,
 " CHURCHILL, a wretch unknown, perhaps might write."

How



How doth it make judicious readers smile,
When authors are detected by their stile :
Tho' ev'ry one who knows this author, knows
He shifts his stile much oftner than his cloaths ?

Whence could arise this mighty critic spleen,
The Muse a trifier, and her theme so mean ?
What had I done, that angry Heav'n should send
The bitt'rest Foe where most I wish'd a Friend ?
Oft hath my tongue been wanton at thy name,
And hail'd the honours of thy matchless fame.
For me let hoary FIELDING bite the ground
So nobler PICKLE stands superbly bound.
From LIVY's temples tear th' historic crown,
Which with more justice blooms upon thine own,
Compar'd with thee, be all life-writers dumb,
But he who wrote the Life of TOMMY THUMB.
Who ever read the REGICIDE, but swore
The author wrote as man ne'er wrote before ?
Others for plots and under-plots may call,
Here's the right method—have no plot at all.
Who can so often in his cause engage
The tiny Pathos of the Grecian stage,

Whilst



Whilst horrors rise, and tears spontaneous flow
 At tragic Ha ! and no less tragic Oh !
 To praise his nervous weakness all agree ;
 And then for sweetness, who so sweet as he ?
 Too big for utterance when sorrows swell
 The too big sorrows flowing tears must tell :
 But when those flowing tears shall cease to flow,
 Why—then the voice must speak again you know.

Rude and unskilful in the Poet's trade,
 I kept no NAIADS by me *ready-made* ;
 Ne'er did I colours high in air advance,
 Torn from the bleeding fopperies of France ;
 No flimsy linsy-woolsy scenes I wrote,
 With patches here and there like Joseph's coat.
 Me humbler themes besit : Secure, for me,
 Let Playwrights smuggle nonsense, duty free :
 Secure, for me, ye lambs, ye lambkins bound,
 And frisk, and frolic o'er the fairy ground :
 Secure, for me, thou pretty little fawn.
 Lick SYLVIA's hand, and crop the flow'ry lawn :
 Uncensur'd let the gentle breezes rove,
 Thro' the green umbrage of th' enchanted grove ;



64 THE APOLOGY.

Secure, for me, let foppish Nature smile,
And play the coxcomb in the DESART ISLE:

The stage I chose—a subject fair and free—
Tis yours—'tis mine—'tis Public Property.
All Common Exhibitions open lie
For Praise or Censure to the Common Eye.
Hence are a thousand Hackney writers fed;
Hence Monthly Critics earn their Daily-Bread.
This is a gen'ral tax which all must pay,
From those who scribble, down to those who play,
Actors, a venal crew, receive support
From public bounty, for the public sport.
To clap or hiss, all have an equal claim,
The cobbler's and his lordship's right the same.
All join for their subsistence; all expect
Free leave to praise their worth, their faults correct,
When active PICKLE Smithfield stage ascends,
The three days wonder of his laughing friends;
Each, or as judgment, or as fancy guides,
The lively witling praises or derides.
And where's the mighty diff'rence, tell me where,
Betwixt a Merry Andrew and a Play'r?

The



The strolling tribe, a despicable race,
 Like wand'ring Arabs, shift from place to place.
 Vagrants by law, to Justice open laid,
 They tremble, of the beadle's lash afraid,
 And fawning cringe, for wretched means of life,
 To Madam May'refs, or his Worship's Wife.

The mighty monarch, in theatric sack,
 Carries his whole regalia at his back;
 His royal confort heads the female band,
 And leads the heir-apparent in her hand;
 The pannier'd ass creeps on with conscious pride,
 Bearing a future prince on either side.
 No choice musicians in this troop are found
 To varnish nonsense with the charms of sound;
 No swords, no daggers, not one poison'd bowl;
 No lightning flashes here, no thunders roll;
 No guards to swell the monarch's train are shown;
 The monarch here must be a host *alone*.
 No solemn pomp, no slow processions here;
 No AMMON's entry, and no JULIET's bier.

By need compell'd to prostitute his art,
 The varied actor flies from part to part;

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F

And,



And, strange disgrace to all theatric pride!
 His character is shifted with his side.
 Question and Answer he by turns must be,
 Like that small wit in MODERN TRAGEDY;
 Who, to patch up his fame,—or fill his purse,—
 Still pilfers wretched plans, and makes them worse;
 Like gypsies, lest the stolen brat be known,
 Defacing first, then claiming for his own.
 In shabby state they strut, and tatter'd robe;
 The scene a blanket, and a barn the globe.
 No high conceits their mod'rate wishes raise,
 Content with humble profit, humble praise.
 Let dowdies simper, and let bumpkins stare,
 The strolling pageant hero treads in air:
 Pleas'd for his hour, he to mankind gives law,
 And snores the next out on a truss of straw.

But if kind Fortune, who we sometimes know
 Can take a hero from a puppet-show,
 In mood propitious should her fav'rite call,
 On royal stage in royal pomp to bawl,
 Forgetful of himself he rears the head,
 And scorns the dunghill where he first was bred.

Conversing



Conversing now with well-dress'd kings and queens,
 With gods and goddeffes behind the scenes,
 He sweats beneath the terror-nodding plume,
 Taught by Mock Honours Real Pride t'assume.
 On this great stage the World, no Monarch e'er
 Was half so haughty as a Monarch-Play'r.

Doth it more move our anger or our mirth,
 To see these THINGS, the lowest sons of earth,
 Presume, with self-sufficient knowledge grac'd,
 To rule in Letters, and preside in Taste?
 The Town's decisions they no more admit,
 Themselves alone the Arbiters of Wit;
 And scorn the jurisdiction of that Court,
 To which they owe their being and support.
 Actors, like monks of old, now sacred grown,
 Must be attack'd by no fools but their own.

Let the Vain Tyrant sit amidst his guards,
 His puny *Green-room* Wits and Venal Bards,
 Who meanly tremble at the Puppet's frown,
 And for a Playhouse Freedom lose their own;
 In spite of new-made Laws, and new-made Kings,
 The free-born Muse with lib'ral spirit sings.



Bow down, ye Slaves ; before these Idols fall ;
 Let Genius stoop to them who've none at all ;
 Ne'er will I flatter, cringe, or bend the knee
 To those who, Slaves to ALL, are Slaves to ME.

Actors, as Actors, are a lawful game ;
 The poet's right ; and Who shall bar his claim ?
 And if, o'er-weening of their little skill,
 When they have left the Stage, they're Actors still ;
 If to the subject world they still give laws,
 With paper crowns, and sceptres made of straws ;
 If they in cellar or in garret roar,
 And Kings one night, are Kings for evermore ;
 Shall not bold Truth, e'en there, pursue her theme,
 And wake the Coxcomb from his golden dream ?
 Or if, well worthy of a better fate,
 They rise superior to their present state ;
 If, with each social virtue grac'd, they blend
 The gay companion and the faithful friend :
 If they, like PRITCHARD, join in private life
 The tender parent and the virtuous wife ;
 Shall not our Verse their praise with pleasure speak,
 Though Mimics bark, and envy splits her cheek ?

No



No honest worth's beneath the Muse's praise;
 No greatness can above her censure raise:
 Station and wealth to Her are trifling things;
 She stoops to Actors, and she soars to Kings.

Is there a man, in vice and folly bred,
 To sense of honour as to virtue dead;
 Whom ties nor human, nor divine, can bind;
 Alien to God, and foe to all mankind;
 Who spares no character; whose ev'ry word,
 Bitter as gall, and sharper than the sword,
 Cuts to the quick; whose thoughts with rancour swell:
 Whose tongue, on earth, performs the work of Hell?
 If there be such a monster, the REVIEWS
 Shall find him holding forth against Abuse.

"Attack Profession!—'tis a deadly breach!—

"The Christian laws another lesson teach:—

"Unto the End shall charity endure,

"And Candour hide those faults it cannot cure."

Thus Candour's maxims flow from Rancour's throat,
 As devils, to serve their purpose, Scripture quote.

The Muse's office was by HEAV'N design'd,
 To please, improve, instruct, reform mankind;



To make dejected Virtue nobly rise
Above the tow'ring pitch of splendid Vice;
To make pale Vice, abash'd, her head hang down,
And trembling crouch at Virtue's awful frown.
Now arm'd with wrath, she bids eternal shame,
With strictest justice, brand the villain's name :
Now in the milder garb of Ridicule
She sports, and pleases while she wounds the Fool.
Her shape is often varied ; but her aim,
To prop the cause of Virtue, still the same.
In praise of Mercy let the guilty bawl,
When Vice and Folly for Correction call,
Silence the mark of weakness justly bears,
And is partaker of the crimes it spares.

But if the Muse, too cruel in her mirth,
With harsh reflections wounds the man of worth ;
If wantonly she deviates from her plan,
And quits the Actor to expose the Man ;
Asham'd, she marks that passage with a blot,
And hates the line where Candour was forgot.

But what is Candour, what is Humour's vein,
Tho' Judgment join to consecrate the strain,

If



If curious numbers will not aid afford,
Nor choicest music play in ev'ry word?
Verses must run, to charm a modern ear,
From all harsh, rugged interruptions clear.
Soft let them breathe, as Zephyr's balmy breeze;
Smooth let their current flow, as summer seas;
Perfect then only deem'd when they dispense
A happy tuneful vacancy of sense.
Italian fathers thus, with barb'rous rage,
Fit helpless infants for the squeaking stage;
Deaf to the calls of pity, Nature wound,
And mangle vigour for the sake of sound.
Henceforth farewell then fev'rish thirst of fame;
Farewell the longings for a Poet's name;
Perish my Muse;—a wish 'bove all severe
To him who ever held the Muses dear—
If e'er her labours weaken to refine
The gen'rous roughness of a nervous line.

Others affect the stiff and swelling phrase;
Their Muse must walk in stilts, and strut in stays:
The sense they murder, and the words transpose,
Lest Poetry approach too near to Prose.

F 4

See



See tortur'd Reason how they pare and trim,
And, like Procrustes, stretch, or lop the limb.

WALLER, whose praise succeeding bards rehearse,
Parent of harmony in English verse,
Whose tuneful Muse in sweetest accents flows,
In couplets first taught straggling sense to close.

In polish'd numbers, and majestic sound,
Where shall thy rival, POPE, be ever found?
But whilst each line with equal beauty flows,
E'en excellence, unvaried, tedious grows.
Nature, thro' all her works, in great degree,
Borrows a blessing from VARIETY.
Music itself her needful aid requires
To rouse the soul, and wake our dying fires.
Still in one key, the Nightingale would teize:
Still in one key, not BRENT would always please.

Here let me bend, great DRYDEN, at thy shrine,
Thou dearest name to all the tuneful nine.
What if some dull Lines in cold order creep,
And with his theme the poet seems to sleep,

Still



Still, when his subject rises proud to view,
 With equal strength the Poet rises too.
 With strong invention, noblest vigour fraught,
 Thought still springs up and rises out of thought;
 Numbers ennobling numbers in their course;
 In varied sweetness flow, in varied force;
 The pow'rs of Genius and of Judgment join,
 And the whole Art of Poetry is Thine.

But what are Numbers, what are Bards to me,
 Forbid to tread the paths of Poesy?
 "A sacred Muse should consecrate her pen;
 "Priests must not hear nor see like other men;
 "Far higher themes should her ambition claim;
 "Behold where STERNHOLD points the way to Fame."

Whilst, with mistaken zeal dull bigots burn,
 Let Reason for a moment take her turn,
 When Coffee-sages hold discourse with kings,
 And blindly walk in Paper Leading-strings,
 What if a man delight to pass his time
 In spinning Reason into harmless Rime;
 Or sometimes boldly venture to the Play?
 Say, Where's the Crime?—great Man of Prudence, say?

No



No two on earth in all things can agree ;
All have some darling singularity ;
Women and men, as well as girls and boys,
In Gew-gaws take delight, and sigh for toys.
Your sceptres, and your crowns, and such like things,
Are but a better kind of toys for kings.
In things indiff'rent Reason bids us chuse,
Whether the whim's a MONKEY, or a MUSE.

What the grave triflers on this busy scene,
When they make use of this word REASON, mean,
I know not ; but, according to my plan,
'Tis LORD-CHIEF-JUSTICE in the COURT of MAN,
Equally form'd to rule in age or youth,
The Friend of Virtue, and the Guide to Truth.
To HER I bow, whose sacred pow'r I feel ;
To HER decision make my last appeal ;
Condemn'd by HER, applauding worlds in vain
Should tempt me to take up the pen again :
By HER absolv'd, my course I'll still pursue :
If REASON's for me, GOD is for me too.

NIGHT.



N I G H T.

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N I G H T.

WHEN foes insult, and *prudent* friends dispense,
In pity's strains, the worst of insolence,
Oft with thee LLOYD, I steal an hour from grief,
And in thy social converse find relief.
The mind, of solitude impatient grown,
Loves any sorrows rather than her own.

Let slaves to business, bodies without soul,
Important blanks in Nature's mighty roll,
Solemnize nonsense in the day's broad glare,
We NIGHT prefer, which heals or hides our care.

Rogues justified, and by success made bold,
Dull fools and coxcombs sanctified by Gold,
Freely

Freely may bask in Fortune's partial ray,
 And spread their feathers op'ning to the day;
 But *thread-bare* Merit dares not shew the head
 'Till vain Prosperity retires to bed.
 Misfortunes, like the Owl, avoid the light;
 The sons of CARE are always sons of NIGHT.

The Wretch bred up in Method's drowsy school,
 Whose only merit is to err by rule,
 Who ne'er thro' heat of blood was tripping caught,
 Nor guilty deem'd of one eccentric thought,
 Whose soul directed to no use is seen,
 Unless to move the body's dull Machine,
 Which, clock-work like, with the same equal pace,
 Still travels on thro' life's insipid space;
 Turns up his eyes to think that there should be
 Among God's creatures two such things as *we*.
 Then for his night-cap calls, and thanks the pow'rs
 Which kindly gave him grace to keep *good hours*.

Good hours—Fine words—but was it ever seen
 That all Men could agree in what they mean?
 FLORIO, who many years a course hath run
 In downright opposition to the sun,



Expatriates on *good hours*, their cause defends
With as much vigour as our *prudent* friends.
Th' uncertain term no settled notion brings,
But still in diff'rent mouths means diff'rent things.
Each takes the phrase in his own private view,
With PRUDENCE it is ten, with FLORIO two.

Go on, ye fools, who talk for talking sake,
Without distinguishing distinctions make,
Shine forth in native folly, native pride,
Make yourselves rules to all the world beside;
Reason, collected in herself, disdains
The slavish yoke of arbitrary chains,
Steady and true, each circumstance she weighs,
Nor to bare words inglorious tribute pays.
Men of sense live exempt from vulgar awe,
And Reason to herself alone is law.
That freedom she enjoys with lib'ral mind,
Which she as freely grants to all mankind.
No idol titled name her rev'rence stirs,
No hour she blindly to the rest prefers;
All are alike, if they're alike employ'd,
And all are good if *virtuously* enjoy'd.

Let



Let the sage DOCTOR (think him one we know)
With scraps of ancient learning overflow,
In all the dignity of *wig* declare
The fatal consequence of midnight air,
How damps and vapours, as it were by stealth,
Undermine life, and sap the walls of health.
For me let GALEN moulder on the shelf,
I'll live, and be physician to myself.
Whilst soul is join'd to body, whether fate
Allot a longer or a shorter date;
I'll make them live, as brother should with brother,
And keep them in good humour with each other.

The surest road to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill.
Most of those evils we poor mortals know
From doctors and imagination flow.
Hence to old women with your boasted rules,
Stale traps, and only sacred now to fools;
As well may sons of phyfic hope to find
One med'cine, as one hour, for all mankind.

If RUPERT after ten is out of bed
The Fool next morning can't hold up his head,

What



What reason this which *me* to bed must call
Whose head (thank heaven) never aches at all?
In diff'rent courses diff'rent tempers run,
He hates the Moon, I sicken at the Sun.
Wound up at twelve at noon, *his* clock goes right,
Mine better goes, wound up at twelve at night.

Then in Oblivion's grateful cup I drown
The galling sneer, the supercilious frown,
The strange reserve, the proud affected state
Of upstart knaves grown rich, and fools grown great.
No more that abject wretch disturbs my rest,
Who meanly overlooks a friend distressed.
Purblind to Poverty the Worldling goes,
And scarce sees rags an inch beyond his nose;
But from a crowd can single out his grace,
And cringe and creep to fools who strut in lace.

Whether those classic regions are survey'd
Where we in earliest youth together stray'd,
Where hand in hand we trod the flow'ry shore,
Tho' now thy happier genius runs before,
When we conspir'd a thankless wretch to raise,
And taught a *stump* to shoot with pilfer'd praise,



Who once for *Rev'rend* merit famous grown,
Gratefully strove to kick his MAKER down,
Or if more gen'ral arguments engage,
The court or camp, the pulpit, bar or stage ;
If half-bred surgeons, whom men doctors call,
And lawyers, who were never bred at all,
Those mighty-letter'd monsters of the earth,
Our pity move, or exercise our mirth ;
Or if in tittle-tattle, tooth-pick way,
Our rambling thoughts with easy freedom stray ;
A gainer still thy friend himself must find,
His grief suspended, and improv'd his mind.

Whilst peaceful slumbers bless the homely bed,
Where virtue, self-approv'd, reclines her head ;
Whilst vice beneath imagin'd horrors mourns,
And conscience plants the villain's couch with thorns,
Impatient of restraint, the active mind,
No more by servile prejudice confin'd,
Leaps from her seat, as wak'ned from a trance,
And darts through Nature at a single glance.
Then we our friends, our foes, ourselves, survey,
And see by NIGHT what fools we are by DAY.

Strip



Stript of her gaudy plumes and vain disguise,
See where ambition mean and loathsome lies;
Reflection with relentless hand pulls down
The tyrant's bloody wreath and ravish'd crown.
In vain he tells of battles bravely won,
Of nations conquer'd, and of worlds undone :
Triumphs like these but ill with manhood suit,
And sink the conqueror beneath the brute.
But if, in searching round the world, we find
Some gen'rous youth, the friend of all mankind,
Whose anger, like the bolt of Jove, is sped
In terrors only at the guilty head,
Whose mercies, like Heav'n's dew, refreshing fall
In gen'ral love and charity to all,
Pleas'd we behold such worth on any throne,
And doubly pleas'd we find it on our own.

Through a false medium things are shewn by day,
Pomp, wealth, and titles, judgment lead astray.
How many from appearance borrow state,
Whom NIGHT disdains to number with the Great !
Must not we laugh to see yon *lordling* proud
Snuff up vile incense from a fawning crowd ?

G 2

Whilst,



Whilst in his beam surrounding clients play,
 Like insects in the sun's enliv'ning ray,
 Whilst, JEHU like, he drives at furious rate,
 And seems the only charioteer of state,
 Talking himself into a little God,
 And ruling empires with a single nod;
 Who would not think, to hear him law dispense,
 That he had int'rest, and that they had sense?
 Injurious thought! beneath NIGHT's honest shade
 When pomp is buried and false colours fade,
 Plainly we see at that impartial hour
Them dupes to pride, and *him* the tool of pow'r.

God help the man, condemn'd by cruel fate
 To court the seeming, or the real great.
 Much sorrow shall he feel, and suffer more
 Than any slave who labours at the oar.
 By slavish methods must he learn to please,
 By smooth-tongu'd flatt'ry, that curst *court-disease*,
 Supple to ev'ry wayward mood strike fail,
 And shift with shifting humour's peevish gale.
 To Nature dead he must adopt vile Art,
 And wear a smile, with anguish in his heart.

A sense



A sense of honour would destroy his schemes,
And conscience ne'er must speak unless in dreams.
When he hath tamely borne for many years
Cold looks, forbidding frowns, contemptuous sneers;
When he at last expects, good easy man,
To reap the profits of his labour'd plan,
Some cringing LACQUEY, or rapacious WHORE,
To favours of the great the surest door,
Some CATAMITE, or PIMP, in credit grown,
Who tempts another's wife, or sells his own,
Steps cross his hopes, the promis'd boon denies,
And for some MINION's MINION claims the prize.

Foe to restraint, unpractis'd in deceit,
Too resolute, from nature's active heat,
To brook affronts, and tamely pass them by;
Too proud to flatter, too sincere to lye,
Too plain to please, too honest to be great;
Give me, kind Heav'n, an humbler, happier state:
Far from the place where men with pride deceive,
Where rascals promise, and where fools believe;
Far from the walk of folly, vice and strife,
Calm, independent, let me steal thro' life,

G 3

Nor



Nor one vain wish my steady thoughts beguile
To fear his lordship's frown, or court his smile.
Unfit for greatness, I her snares defy,
And look on riches with untainted eye.
To others let the glitt'ring bawbles fall,
Content shall place us far above them all.

Spectators only on this bustling stage,
We see what vain designs mankind engage ;
Vice after vice with ardour they pursue,
And one old folly brings forth twenty new.
Perplex'd with trifles thro' the vale of life,
Man strives 'gainst man, without a cause for strife ;
Armies embattled meet, and thousands bleed,
For some vile spot, where fifty cannot feed.
Squirrels for nuts contend, and, wrong or right,
For the world's empire kings ambitious fight ;
What odds?—to us 'tis all the self-same thing,
A NUT, a WORLD, a SQUIRREL, and a KING.

BRITONS, like Roman spirits fam'd of old,
Are cast by nature in a PATRIOT mould ;
No private joy, no private grief they know,
Their soul's ingross'd by public weal or woe.

Inglorious



Inglorious ease, like ours, they greatly scorn:
Let care with nobler wreaths their brows adorn.
Gladly they toil beneath the statesman's pains,
Give them but credit for a statesman's brains.
All would be deem'd, e'en from the cradle, fit
To rule in politics as well as wit.
The grave, the gay, the fopling, and the dunce,
Start up (God bless us!) statesmen all at once.

His mighty charge of souls the priest forgets,
The court-bred lord his promises and debts,
Soldiers their fame, misers forget their pelf,
The rake his mistress, and the fop himself;
Whilst thoughts of higher moment claim their care,
And their wise heads the weight of kingdoms bear.

Females themselves the glorious ardour feel,
And boast an equal, or a greater zeal,
From nymph to nymph the state-infection flies,
Swells in her breast, and sparkles in her eyes.
O'erwhelm'd by politics lie malice, pride,
Envy, and twenty other faults beside.
No more their little flutt'ring hearts confess
A passion for applause, or rage for dress;



No more they pant for PUBLIC RAREE-SHOWS,
Or lose one thought on monkeys or on beaux.
Coquettes no more pursue the jilting plan,
And lustful prudes forget to rail at man.
The darling theme CÆCILIA's self will chuse,
Nor thinks of scandal whilst she talks of news.

The CIT, a COMMON-COUNCIL-MAN by place,
Ten thousand mighty nothings in his face.
By situation as by nature great,
With nice precision parcels out the state ;
Proves and disproves, affirms, and then denies,
Objects himself, and to himself replies ;
Wielding aloft the Politician rod,
Makes PITT by turns a devil and a god ;
Maintains, e'en to the very teeth of pow'r,
The same thing right and wrong in half an hour,
Now all is well, now he suspects a plot,
And plainly proves, WHATEVER IS, IS NOT.
Fearfully wise, he shakes his empty head,
And deals out empires as he deals out thread.
His useless scales are in a corner flung,
And Europe's balance hangs upon his tongue.

Peace



Peace to such triflers, be our happier plan
To pass thro' life as easy as we can.
Who's in or out, who moves this grand machine,
Nor stirs my curiosity, nor spleen.
Secrets of state no more I wish to know
Than secret movements of a PUPPET-SHOW;
Let but the puppets move, I've my desire,
Unseen the hand which *guides* the MASTER-WIRE.

What is't to us, if taxes rise or fall,
Thanks to our fortune we pay none at all.
Let muckworms, who in dirty acres deal,
Lament those hardships which we cannot feel.
His GRACE, who smarts, may bellow if he please,
But must I bellow too, who sit at ease?
By custom safe, the poet's numbers flow,
Free as the light and air some years ago.
No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains
To tax our labours, and excise our brains.
Burthens like these vile earthly buildings bear,
No tribute's laid on *Castles* in the *Air*.

Let then the flames of war destructive reign,
And ENGLAND's terrors awe *imperious* SPAIN;

Let



Let ev'ry *venal* clan and *neutral* tribe
 Learn to receive conditions, not prescribe;
 Let each new-year call loud for new supplies,
 And tax on tax with double burthen rise;
 Exempt we fit, by no rude cares oppress'd,
 And, having little, are with little blest.
 All real ills in dark oblivion lie,
 And joys, by fancy form'd, their place supply.
 NIGHT's laughing hours unheeded slip away,
 Nor one dull thought foretells approach of DAY.

Thus have we liv'd, and whilst the fates afford
 Plain Plenty to supply the frugal board,
 Whilst MIRTH, with DECENCY his lovely bride,
 And Wine's gay GOD, with TEMP'RANCE by his side,
 Their welcome visit pay; whilst HEALTH attends
 The narrow circle of our chosen friends,
 Whilst frank GOOD-HUMOUR consecrates the treat,
 And WOMAN makes society complete,
 Thus will we live, tho' in our teeth are hurl'd
 Those *Hackney Strumpets*, PRUDENCE and the WORLD.

PRUDENCE, of old a sacred term, imply'd
 Virtue, with godlike wisdom for her guide,



But now in gen'ral use is known to mean
 The stalking-horse of vice, and folly's screen.
 The sense perverted we retain the name,
 HYPOCRISY and PRUDENCE are the same.

A TUTOR once, more read in men than books,
 A kind of crafty knowledge in his looks,
 Demurely fly, with high preferment blest,
 His fav'rite pupil in these words address'd :

Would'st thou, my son, be wise and virtuous deem'd,
 By all mankind a prodigy esteem'd?
 Be this thy rule ; be what men *prudent* call ;
 PRUDENCE, almighty PRUDENCE, gives thee all.
 Keep up appearances, there lies the test,
 The world will give thee credit for the rest,
 Outward be fair, however foul within ;
 Sin if thou wilt, but then in secret sin.
 This maxim's into common favour grown,
 Vice is no longer vice, unless 'tis known,
 Virtue indeed may barefac'd take the field ;
 But vice is virtue when 'tis well conceal'd.
 Should raging passions drive thee to a whore,
 Let PRUDENCE lead thee to a *postern* door ;

Stay



Stay out all night, but take especial care
That PRUDENCE bring thee back to early prayer.
As one with watching and with study faint,
Reel in a drunkard, and reel out a faint.

With joy the youth this useful lesson heard,
And in his mem'ry stor'd each precious word,
Successfully pursu'd the plan, and *now*,
“ Room for my LORD—VIRTUE stand by and bow.”

And is this all—is this the worldling's art,
To mask, but not amend a vicious heart ?
Shall lukewarm caution and demeanour grave
For wise and good stamp ev'ry supple knave ?
Shall wretches, whom no real virtue warms,
Gild fair their names and states with empty forms,
Whilst VIRTUE seeks in vain the wish'd-for prize,
Because, disdaining ill, she hates disguise ;
Because she frankly pours forth all her store,
Seems what she *is*, and scorns to pass for more ?
Well—be it so—let vile dissemblers hold
Unenvy'd pow'r, and boast their dear-bought gold,
Me neither pow'r shall tempt, nor thirst of pelf,
To flatter others or deny myself ;

Might



Might the whole world be plac'd within my span,
I would not be *that* THING, *that* PRUDENT MAN.

What, cries Sir PLIANT, would you then oppose
Yourself, alone, against an host of foes?
Let not conceit, and peevish lust to rail,
Above all sense of interest prevail.
Throw off for shame this petulance of wit,
Be wise, be modest, and for *once* submit:
Too hard the task 'gainst multitudes to fight,
You must be wrong, the WORLD is in the right.

What is this WORLD? a term which men have got
To signify, not one in ten knows what;
A term, which with no more precision passes
To point out herds of *men* than herds of *asses*;
In common use no more it means we find,
Than many fools in same opinions join'd.

Can numbers then change nature's stated laws?
Can numbers make the worse the better cause?
Vice must be vice, virtue be virtue still,
Tho' thousands rail at good and practise ill.

Wouldst



Wouldst thou defend the Gaul's destructive rage
Because vast nations on his part engage?
Tho' to support the rebel CÆSAR's cause
Tumultous legions arm against the laws,
Tho' Scandal would *our Patriot's* name impeach,
And rails at virtues which she cannot reach,
What honest man but would with joy submit
To bleed with CATO, and retire with PITT?

Stedfast and true to virtue's sacred laws,
Unmov'd by vulgar censure or applause,
Let the WORLD talk, my Friend; that WORLD we know
Which calls us guilty, cannot make us so.
Unaw'd by numbers, follow Nature's plan,
Assert the rights, or quit the name of man.
Consider well, weigh strictly right and wrong;
Resolve not quick, but once resolv'd be strong.
In spite of Dullness, and in spite of Wit,
If to thyself thou canst thyself acquit,
Rather stand up assur'd with conscious pride
Alone, than err with millions on thy side.

THE



THE
Prophecy of FAMINE.
A
SCOTS PASTORAL.

INSCRIBED TO
JOHN WILKES, Esq.



THE
Prophecy of HAMAN
A
SCOTS PASTORAL
IN ORIGIN TO
JOHN WILKES ESQ.



THE
Prophecy of FAMINE.

SCOTS PASTORAL.

WHEN CUPID first instructs his darts to fly
From the fly 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
Within him stirs, each time she stirs the fire;

VOL. II. H Trembling



98 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

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,
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—
Beneath an aged oak LARDELLA lies—
Green moss her couch; her canopy the skies.
From aromatic shrubs the *roguish* gale
Steals *young* perfumes, and wafts them thro' the vale.
The youth, turn'd swain, and skill'd in rustic lays,
Fast 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,
Present the fair LARDELLA with a glass,
And ZEPHYR, to compleat the love-sick plan,
Waves his light wings, and serves her for a fan.

But



The PROPHECY of FAMINE. 99

But, when maturer Judgment takes the lead,
 These childish toys on Reason's altar bleed;
 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,
 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;
 Beneath their care behold the work refine,
 Pointed each sentence, polish'd ev'ry line,
 Trifles are dignified, and taught to wear
 The robes of Ancients with a Modern air,
 NONSENSE with *Classic* ornaments is grac'd,
 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,
 Easy and free as if they were at home;

H 2

Nymphs,



100 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

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 suns adorn;
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,
Whose numbers in one even tenor flow,
Attun'd to pleasure, and *attun'd* to woe,
Who, if plain COMMON-SENSE her visit pays,
And mars one couplet in their happy lays,
As at some Ghost affrighted, start and stare,
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 GISBAL kindly rock them to repose;
My lord—to letters as to *faith* most true—
At once their patron and example too—

Shall



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,
Is curious to dress up the tale of woe)
From the green umbrage of some DRUID's seat,
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;
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
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,
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



102 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

Which bends to fashion, and obeys the rules,
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,
With all that artificial tawdry glare,
Which virtue scorns, and none but strumpets wear.
Sick of those pomps, those vanities, that waste
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!) subdued,
However plain her dress, and 'haviour rude,
To *northern* climes my happier course I steer,
Climes where the Goddess reigns throughout the year,
Where, undisturb'd by Art's *rebellious* plan,
She rules the *loyal Laird*, and *faithful Clan*.

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,
Faith without fraud, and STUARTS without end.

When



The PROPHECY of FAMINE. 103

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,
Shall we not find, safe in that hallow'd ground,
Such refuge as the HOLY MARTYR found ?

Nor less our debt in SCIENCE, tho' denied
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 ;
Thence, HOME, disbanded from the sons of pray'r
For loving plays, tho' no dull DEAN was there ;
Thence issued forth, at great MACPHERSON's call,
That old, new, Epic Pastoral, FINGAL ;
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 Infidels should seek in vain ;
Thence simple bards, by simple prudence taught,
To this wise town by simple patrons brought,
In simple manner utter simple lays,
And take, with simple pensions, simple praise.



104 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

Waft me some muse to TWEED's inspiring stream,
Where all the little loves and graces dream,
Where slowly winding the dull waters creep,
And seem themselves to own the power 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,
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,
In compliment to folly, 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
Beats high, and all the world of man's on fire,
When mutual ardours of the meeting fair
More than repay us for whole years of care,
At *Friendſhip's* ſummons will my WILKES retreat,
And ſee, *once ſeen before*, that *antient* ſeat,

That



That *ancient* seat, where majesty display'd
Her 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,
Those faculties which bounteous Nature gave,
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;
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.
With thee Good-HUMOUR tempers lively WIT,
Enthron'd with JUDGMENT, CANDOUR loves to fit,
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*,
Who, might calm reason credit idle tales,
By rancour forg'd where prejudice prevails,

Or



106 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

Or starves at home, or practises, thro' fear
Of starving, arts which damn all conscience here.
When *Scriblers*, to the charge by int'rest led,
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 Pisgab* when they take their stand,
To mark the weakness of that *Holy Land*,
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,
True is the charge, nor by themselves denied.
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 encrease their own,
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 e'en the Muse for public safety arm;

But



The PROPHECY of FAMINE. 107

But if they own ingenuous virtue's sway,
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,
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.
" 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,
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 ?
To make the oath, was rash ; to keep it, sin.

Backward



108 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

Backward I tread the paths I trod 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,
 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 ?)
 E'en faction's sons her brighter worth adore,
 To make her glories, stamp'd with honest rhimes,
 In fullest tide roll down to latest times.

“ Presumptuous wretch ! and shall a *Muse* like thine,
 “ An *English Muse*, the meanest of the nine,
 “ 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,
 “ Each *curious*, each *important* search suspend,
 “ I leave *unassisted* HILL of herbs to tell,
 “ And *all the wonders of a Cockle-shell*,
 “ Having



The PROPHECY of FAMINE. 109

“ Having the Lord’s good grace before his eyes,
“ Would not *the* HOME step forth, and gain the prize ?
“ 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 filken smile, and tone
Dull and unvaried, for the LAUREAT known,
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.

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,
Be all the glare of verse by *Truth* supplied,
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,

Then



110 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

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
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 top with usual dullness kifs'd,
JOCKEY and SAWNEY to their labours rose;
Soon clad I ween, where nature needs no cloaths,
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,
With mikle art, could on the bagpipes play,
E'en from the rising to the setting day;



The PROPHECY of FAMINE. 111

SAWNEY as long without remorse could bawl
HOME's madrigals, and ditties from FINGAL,
Oft at his strains, all natural tho' rude,
The *Highland Lass* forgot her want of food,
And, whilst she *scratch'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,
Earth, clad in ruffet, scorn'd the lively green.
The plague of Locusts they secure defy,
For in three hours a grasshopper must die.
No living thing, whate'er its food, feasts there,
But the Cameleon, who can feast on air.
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.
Rebellion's spring, which thro' the country ran,
Furnish'd, with bitter draughts, the steady clan.
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 drizly eve prevail, by instinct fades.

One,



112 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

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 supplied.
 Their snares *without* entangling briers spread,
 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,
 Deadly to touch, and hateful to the sight,
 Creatures, which when admitted in the ark,
 Their Saviour shun'd, and rankled in the dark,
 Found place *within*, marking her noisome road
 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;
 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* fix'd her native throne.

Here,



The PROPHECY of FAMINE. 113

Here, for the sullen sky was overcast,
And summer shrunk beneath a wint'ry 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 ev'ry day *take keep*,
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 perilous storm,
Are laid *among* yon thistles, dry and warm,
What, Sawney, if by shepherd's 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.

S A W N E Y.

Ah, Jockey, ill advisest thou, *I wis*,
To think of songs at such a time as this.



114 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

Sooner shall herbage crown these barren rocks,
Sooner shall fleeces cloath these ragged flocks,
Sooner shall want seize shepherds of the south,
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 filly swain ;
Of things past help, what boots it to complain ?
Nothing but mirth can conquer fortune's spite ;
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 swain, *I wot*, is JOCKEY now ;
How did'st thou bear thy MAGGY's falshood ? how,
When with a foreign loon she stole away,
Did'st thou forswear thy pipe and shepherd's lay ?
Where was thy boasted wisdom then, when I
Applied those proverbs, which you now apply ?



The PROPHECY of FAMINE. 115

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 choice plant, so grateful to the nose,
Which, in I know not what far country, grows,
Was MAGGY unto me; dear do I rue,
A lass 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?
Curs'd be that year by ev'ry honest Scot,
And in the shepherd's calendar forgot,
That fatal year, when JAMIE, hapless swain,
In evil hour forsook the peaceful plain.
JAMIE, when our young Laird discreetly fled,
Was seiz'd and hang'd till he was dead, dead, dead.



116 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

J O C K E Y.

Full forely may we all lament that day :
For all were losers in the deadly fray.
Five brothers had I, on the Scottish plains,
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 died ;
Ab ! silly swains, to follow war's alarms,
Ab ! what hath shepherd's life to do with arms !

S A W N E Y.

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

Thus



The PROPHECY of FAMINE. 117

Thus plain'd the Boys, when, from her throne of turf,
 With boils embofs'd, and overgrown with scurf,
 Vile humours, which, in life's corrupted well,
 Mix'd at the birth, not abstinence could quell,
 Pale FAMINE rear'd the head; her eager eyes,
 Where hunger e'en to madness seem'd to rise,
 Speaking aloud her throes and pangs of heart,
 Strain'd to get loose, and from their orbs to start;
 Her hollow cheeks were each a deep-funk cell,
 Where wretchedness and horror lov'd to dwell;
 With double rows of uselefs teeth supplied,
 Her mouth, from ear to ear, extended wide,
 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 sight to hide from human view,
 O'er her foul limbs a tatter'd Plaid she threw.

Cease, cried the Goddess, cease, despairing swains,
 And from a parent hear what Jove ordains!

Pent in this barren corner of the isle,
 Where partial fortune never deign'd to smile;



118 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

Like nature's bastards, reaping for our share
 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,
 Whose ruin we for ages vainly fought,
 Whom still with unslack'd hate we view, and still,
 The pow'r of mischief lost, retain the will;
 Consider'd as the refuse of mankind,
 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;
 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,
 And the full promise of a better land:
There, like the *Sons of Israel*, having trod,
 For the fix'd term of years ordain'd by God,

A barren



The PROPHECY of FAMINE. 119

A barren defart, we shall feize rich plains,
Where milk with honey flows, and plenty reigns.
With some few natives join'd, some *pliant* few,
Who worship int'rest, and our track pursue,
There shall we, tho' the wretched people grieve,
Ravage at large, nor ask the owners leave;

For us, the earth shall bring forth her increase;
For us, the flocks shall wear a golden fleece;
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;
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,
And for our pleasure suffer daily pain;
TRADE shall for us exert her utmost pow'rs,
Her's all the toil, and all the profit, our's;
For us, the Oak shall from his native steep
Descend, and fearless travel thro' the deep;



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 counsel we'll disjoint,
 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,
 Death in the van, with Anger, Hate, and Fear,
 And Desolation stalking in the rear,
 Revenge, by Justice guided, in his train,
 He drives impetuous o'er the trembling plain,
 Shall, at our bidding, quit his lawful prey,
 And to meek, gentle, gen'rous Peace give way.

Think not, my sons, that this so bless'd estate
 Sands at a distance on the roll of fate;
 Already big with hopes of future sway,
 E'en from this cave I scent my destin'd prey.
 Think not, that this dominion o'er a race,
 Whose former deeds shall time's last annals grace,

In



The PROPHECY of FAMINE. 121

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
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,
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,
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;
When restless GLORY bad her sons advance,
And pitch'd her standard in the fields of France,
What if, disdaining oaths, an empty sound,
By which our nation never shall be bound,

Bravel



122 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

Bravely we taught unmuzzled war to roam
 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,
 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;
 These facts, which might, were wisdom held the sway,
 Awake the very stones to bar our way,
There shall be nothing, nor one trace remain
 In the dull region of an English brain.
 Bless'd with that *Faith*, which mountains can remove,
 First they shall *Dupes*, next *Saints*, last *Martyrs* prove.

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,
 Shall make the rough way smooth, the crooked straight,

Shall



The PROPHECY of FAMINE. 123

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,
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,
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 STUART race,
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,
Against their Saviour venom'd falsehoods frame,
And brand with calumny their WILLIAM's name;
To win our grace, (rare argument of wit)
To our untainted faith shall they commit

Our



124 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

(Our faith which, in extremest perils tried,
 Disdain'd, and still disdains, to change her side,)
 That sacred Majesty they all approve,
 Who most enjoys, and best deserves their Love.

A N



AN
EPISTLE
TO
WILLIAM HOGARTH.



EPISTLE

TO

WILLIAM HOGARTH.



AN
EPISTLE
TO

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

AMONGST the sons of men how few are known
Who dare be just to merit not their own !
Superior virtue and superior sense
To knaves and fools will always give offence ;
Nay, men of real worth can scarcely bear,
So nice is Jealousy, a rival there.

Be



Be wicked as thou wilt, do all that's base,
 Proclaim thyself the monster of thy race;
 Let Vice and Folly thy black Soul divide,
 Be proud with meanness, and be mean with pride;
 Deaf to the voice of Faith and Honour, fall
 From side to side, yet be of none at all;
 Spurn all those charities, those sacred ties,
 Which Nature in her bounty, good as wife,
 To work our safety, and ensure her plan,
 Contriv'd to bind, and rivet man to man;
 Lift against Virtue Pow'r's oppressive rod,
 Betray thy Country, and deny thy God;
 And, in one gen'ral comprehensive line,
 To group, which volumes scarcely could define,
 Whate'er of Sin and Dullness can be said,
 Join to a F——'s heart a D——'s head,
 Yet may'st thou pass unnotic'd in the throng,
 And, free from Envy, safely sneak along.
 The rigid Saint, by whom no mercy's shewn
 To Saints whose lives are better than his own,
 Shall spare thy crimes; and Wit, who never once
 Forgave a Brother, shall forgive a Dunce.

But



But should thy soul, form'd in some luckless hour,
 Vile Int'rest scorn, nor madly grasp at Pow'r;
 Should Love of Fame, in ev'ry noble mind
 A brave disease, with love of Virtue join'd,
 Spur thee to deeds of pith, where Courage, tried
 In Reason's court, is amply justified;
 Or fond of knowledge, and averse to strife,
 Should'st Thou prefer the calmer walk of life;
 Should'st Thou, by pale and sickly Study led,
 Pursue coy Science to the Fountain head;
 Virtue thy guide, and Public Good thy end,
 Should ev'ry thought to our improvement tend,
 To curb the passions, to enlarge the mind,
 Purge the sick weal, and humanize mankind:
 Rage in her eye, and Malice in her breast,
 Redoubled Horror grinning on her crest,
 Fiercer each snake, and sharper ev'ry dart,
 Quick from her cell shall madd'ning Envy start.
 Then shalt Thou find, but find alas! too late,
 How vain is worth! how short is Glory's date!
 Then shalt Thou find, whilst Friends with Foes conspire
 To give more proof than virtue would desire,
 Thy danger chiefly lies in acting well;
 No crime's so great as daring to excel.

But

VOL. I.

K

Whilst



Whilst SATIRE thus, disdain'g mean controul,
Urg'd the free dictates of an honest soul,
CANDOUR, who, with the charity of *Paul*,
Still thinks the best, whene'er she thinks at all,
With the sweet milk of human kindness blest'd,
The furious ardour of my zeal repress'd.

Can'st Thou, with more than usual warmth, she cry'd,
Thy malice to indulge, and feed thy pride,
Can'st Thou, severe by Nature as Thou art,
With all that wond'rous rancour in thy heart,
Delight to torture Truth ten thousand ways,
To spin detraction forth from themes of praise,
To make Vice sit, for purposes of strife,
And draw the Hag much larger than the life,
To make the good seem bad, the bad seem worse,
And represent our Nature as our curse?

Doth not humanity condemn that zeal
Which tends to aggravate and not to heal?
Doth not discretion warn thee of disgrace,
And danger grinning stare thee in the face
Loud as the Drum, which spreading terror round
From emptiness, acquires the pow'r of sound?

Doth



Doth not the voice of NORTON strike thy ear,
 And the pale MANSFIELD chill thy soul with fear?
 Dost Thou, fond man, believe thyself secure,
 Because Thou'rt honest, and because Thou'rt poor?
 Dost Thou on Law and Liberty depend?
 Turn, turn thy eyes, and view thy injur'd friend.
 Art Thou beyond the ruffian gripe of Pow'r?
 When WILKES, *prejudg'd*, is sentenc'd to the Tow'r?
 Dost Thou by Privilege exemption claim,
 When Privilege is little more than name?
 Or to Prerogative (that glorious ground
 On which State-soundrels oft have safety found)
 Dost Thou pretend, and there a sanction find,
 Unpunish'd, thus to Libel human kind?

When Poverty, the Poet's constant crime,
 Compell'd thee, all unfit, to trade in rime,
 Had not Romantic notions turn'd thy head,
 Hadst Thou not valued Honour more than bread,
 Had Int'rest, pliant Int'rest, been thy guide,
 And had not Prudence been debauch'd by Pride,
 In flatt'ry's stream Thou wouldst have dipp'd thy pen,
 Applied to great, and not to honest men,



Nor should Conviction have seduc'd thy heart
To take the weaker tho' the better part.

What but rank Folly, for thy curse decreed,
Could into SATIRE's barren path mislead,
When, open to thy view, before thee lay
Soul-soothing PANEGYRIC's flow'ry way?
There might the muse have saunter'd at her ease,
And, pleasing others, learn'd herself to please,
Lords should have listen'd to the sugar'd treat,
And *Ladies*, simp'ring, own'd it vastly sweet;
Rogues, in thy prudent verse with virtue grac'd,
Fools, mark'd by thee as prodigies of Taste,
Must have forbid, pouring preferments down,
Such Wit, such Truth as thine to quit the gown.
Thy sacred Brethren too (for they no less
Than Laymen, bring their off'rings to Success)
Had hail'd Thee good if great, and paid the vow
Sincere as that they pay to God, whilst Thou
In *Lawn* hadst whisper'd to a sleeping croud,
As dull as R——, and half as proud.

PEACE, CANDOUR—wisely had'st thou said, and well,
Could Int'rest in this breast one moment dwell,

Could

Could she, with prospect of success, oppose
 The firm resolves which from Conviction rose.
 I cannot truckle to a Fool of State,
 Nor take a favour from the man I hate.
 Free leave have others by such means to shine;
 I scorn their practice, they may laugh at mine.

But in this charge, forgetful of thyself,
 Thou hast assum'd the maxims of that Elf,
 Whom God in wrath for man's dishonour fram'd,
 CUNNING in Heav'n, amongst us PRUDENCE nam'd,
 That *servile* PRUDENCE, which I leave to those
 Who dare not be my Friends, can't be my Foes.

Had I, with cruel and oppressive rimes,
 Pursued, and turn'd misfortunes into crimes;
 Had I, when Virtue gasping lay and low,
 Join'd tyrant Vice, and added woe to woe;
 Had I made Modesty in blushes speak,
 And drawn the tear down Beauty's sacred cheek;
 Had I (damn'd then) in thought debas'd by lays,
 To wound that Sex, which Honour bids me praise;
 Had I, from vengeance by base views betray'd,
 In endless night sunk injur'd AYLIFF's shade;



Had I (which Satirists of mighty name,
 Renown'd in rime, rever'd for *moral* fame,
 Have done before, whom Justice shall pursue
 In future verse) brought forth to public view
 A noble Friend, and made his foibles known,
 Because his worth was greater than my own;
 Had I spar'd those (so *Prudence* had decreed)
 Whom, God so help me at my greatest need,
 I ne'er will spare, those vipers to their King,
 Who smooth their looks, and flatter whilst they sting,
 Or had I not taught patriot zeal to boast
 Of Those, who flatter least, but love him most;
 Had I thus sinn'd, my stubborn soul should bend
 At CANDOUR's voice, and take, as from a friend,
 The deep rebuke; Myself should be the first
 To hate myself, and stamp my Muse accurs'd.

But shall my arm—forbid it manly Pride,
 Forbid it Reason, warring on my side—
 For vengeance lifted high, the stroke forbear,
 And hang suspended in the desert air,
 Or to my trembling side unnerv'd sink down,
 Palsied, forsooth, by CANDOUR's half-made frown?



When Justice bids me on, shall I delay
 Because insipid CANDOUR bars my way?
 When she, of all alike the puling friend,
 Would disappoint my Satire's noblest end,
 When she to villains would a sanction give,
 And shelter those who are not fit to live,
 When she would screen the guilty from a blush,
 And bids me spare whom Reason bids me crush,
 All leagues with CANDOUR proudly I resign;
 She cannot be for Honour's turn, nor mine.

Yet come, cold monitor, half foe, half friend,
 Whom Vice can't fear, whom Virtue can't commend,
 Come CANDOUR, by thy dull indiff'rence known,
 Thou equal-blooded judge, Thou lukewarm drone,
 Who, fashion'd without feelings, dost expect,
 We call that Virtue, which we know Defect,
 Come, and observe the nature of our crimes,
 The gross and rank complexion of the times,
 Observe it well, and then review my plan;
 Praise if you will, or censure if you can.

Whilst Vice presumptuous lords it as in sport,
 And Piety is only known at Court;

K 4

Whilst



Whilst wretched LIBERTY expiring lies
Beneath the fatal burthen of EXCISE;
Whilst nobles act, without one touch of shame,
What men of humble rank would blush to name;
Whilst Honour's plac'd in highest point of view,
Worshipp'd by those, who Justice never knew;
Whilst Bubbles of Distinction waste in play
The hours of rest, and blunder thro' the day,
With dice and cards opprobrious vigils keep,
Then turn to ruin empires in their sleep;
Whilst Fathers, by relentless passion led,
Doom worthy injur'd sons to beg their bread,
Merely with ill-got, ill-sav'd wealth to grace
An alien, abject, poor, proud, upstart race;
Whilst MARTIN flatters only to betray,
And WEBB gives up his dirty soul for pay;
Whilst titles serve to hush a villain's fears;
Whilst Peers are Agents made, and Agents Peers,
Whilst base betrayers are themselves betray'd,
And makers ruin'd by the thing they made;
Whilst C—, false to God and man, for gold,
Like the old traitor who a Saviour fold,
To Shame his Master, Friend, and Father gives;
Whilst BUTE remains in pow'r, whilst HOLLAND lives;
Can

Can Satire want a subject, where Disdain,
By Virtue fir'd, may point her sharpest strain,
Where cloath'd with thunder, Truth may roll along,
And CANDOUR justify the rage of song?

Such Things! such Men before Thee! such an Age!
Where Rancour, great as thine, may glut her rage,
And sicken e'en to surfeit, where the pride
Of Satire, pouring down in fullest tide,
May spread wide vengeance round, yet all the while
Justice behold the ruin with a smile;
Whilst I, thy foe misdeem'd, cannot condemn,
Nor disapprove that rage I wish to stem,
Wilt thou, degen'rate and corrupted, chuse
To soil the credit of thy haughty Muse?
With Fallacy, most infamous, to stain
Her Truth, and render all her anger vain?
When I beheld Thee incorrect, but bold,
A various comment on the Stage unfold;
When Play'rs on Play'rs before thy satire fell,
And poor Reviews conspir'd thy wrath to swell;
When States and Satesmen next became thy care,
And only kings were safe if thou wast there;

Thy



Thy ev'ry Word I weigh'd in Judgment's scale,
And in thy ev'ry word found Truth prevail,
Why do'st Thou now to Falshood meanly fly?
Not even CANDOUR can forgive a lye.

Bad as Men are, why should thy frantic rimes
Traffick in Slander, and invent new crimes?
Crimes, which existing only in thy mind,
Weak Spleen brings forth to blacken all Mankind.
By pleasing hopes we lure the human heart
To practise Virtue, and improve in art;
To thwart these ends (which, proud of honest Fame,
A noble Muse would cherish and inflame)
Thy *Drudge* contrives, and in our full career
Sicklies our hopes with the pale hue of Fear;
Tells us that all our labours are in vain;
That what we seek, we never can obtain;
That, dead to Virtue, lost to Nature's plan,
ENVY possesses the whole race of man;
That Worth is criminal, and Danger lies,
Danger extreme, in being good and wise.

'Tis a rank falshood; search the world around,
There cannot be so vile a monster found,

Not



Not one so vile, on whom suspicions fall
 Of that gross guilt, which you impute to all.
 Approv'd by those who disobey her laws,
 Virtue from Vice itself extorts applause.
 Her very foes bear witness to her state;
 They will not love her, but they cannot hate.
 Hate Virtue for herself, with spite pursue
 Merit for Merit's sake! might this be true,
 I would renounce my Nature with disdain,
 And with the beasts that perish graze the plain.
 Might this be true, had we so far fill'd up
 The measure of our crimes, and from the cup
 Of guilt so deeply drank, as not to find,
 Thirsting for sin, one drop, one dreg behind,
 Quick ruin must involve this flaming ball,
 And Providence in Justice crush us all.
 None but the damn'd, and amongst them the worst,
 Those who for double guilt are doubly curs'd,
 Can be so lost; nor can the worst of all
 At once into such deep damnation fall;
 By painful slow degrees they reach this crime,
 Which e'en in Hell must be a work of time,

Cease



Cease then thy guilty rage, thou wayward son,
With the foul gall of discontent o'er-run,
Lift to my voice—be honest, if you can,
Nor slander Nature in her fav'rite man.
But if thy spirit, resolute in ill,
Once having err'd, persists in error still,
Go on at large, no longer worth my care,
And freely vent those blasphemies in air,
Which I would stamp as false, tho' on the tongue
Of Angels the injurious slander hung.

Dup'd by thy vanity (that cunning elf
Who snares the Coxcomb to deceive himself)
Or blinded by that rage, did'st Thou believe
That We too, coolly, would ourselves deceive?
That We, as sterling fallshood would admit,
Because 'twas season'd with some little wit?
When Fiction rises pleasing to the eye,
Men will believe, because they love the lye;
But Truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
Must have some solemn proof to pass her down.
Hast Thou, maintaining that which must disgrace
And bring into contempt the human race,

Hast



Haft Thou, or can'st Thou, in Truth's sacred court,
 To save thy credit, and thy cause support,
 Produce one proof, make out one real ground
 On which so great, so gross a charge to found?
 Nay, dost Thou know one man (let that appear,
 From wilful falshood I'll proclaim thee clear)
 One man so lost, to Nature so untrue,
 From whom this gen'ral charge thy rashness drew?
 On this foundation shalt thou stand or fall—
 Prove that in One, which you have charg'd on All.
 Reason determines, and it must be done;
 'Mongst men, or past, or present, name me One.

HOGARTH—I take thee, CANDOUR, at thy word,
 Accept thy proffer'd terms, and will be heard;
 Thee have I heard with virulence declaim,
 Nothing retain'd of Candour but the name;
 By Thee have I been charg'd in angry strains
 With that mean falshood which my soul disdains—
 HOGARTH stand forth—Nay hang not thus aloof—
 Now, CANDOUR, now Thou shalt receive such proof,
 Such damning proof, that henceforth Thou shalt fear
 To tax my wrath, and own my conduct clear—

HOGARTH



HOGARTH stand forth—I dare thee to be tried
In that great Court, where Conscience must preside;
At that most solemn bar hold up thy hand;
Think before whom, on what account you stand—
Speak, but consider well—from first to last
Review thy life, weigh ev'ry action past—
Nay, you shall have no reason to complain—
Take longer time, and view them o'er again—
Canst Thou remember from thy earliest youth,
And as thy God must judge Thee, speak the truth,
A single instance where, *Self* laid aside,
And Justice taking place of fear and pride,
Thou with an equal eye did'st GENIUS view,
And give to Merit what was Merit's due?
Genius and Merit are a sure offence,
And thy Soul sickens at the name of Sense.
Is any one so foolish to succeed,
On ENVY's altar he is doom'd to bleed?
HOGARTH, a guilty pleasure in his eyes,
The place of Executioner supplies.
See how he glotes, enjoys the sacred feast,
And proves himself by cruelty a priest.

Whilst



Whilst the weak Artist, to thy whims a slave,
 Would bury all those pow'rs which Nature gave,
 Would suffer blank concealment to obscure
 Those rays, thy Jealousy could not endure;
 To feed thy vanity would rust unknown,
 And to secure thy credit blast his own,
 In HOGARTH he was sure to find a friend;
 He could not fear, and therefore might commend.
 But when his Spirit, rous'd by honest Shame,
 Shook off that Lethargy, and soar'd to Fame,
 When, with the pride of Man, resolv'd and strong,
 He scorn'd those fears which did his Honour wrong,
 And, on himself determin'd to rely,
 Brought forth his labours to the public eye,
 No Friend in Thee, could such a Rebel know;
 He had desert, and HOGARTH was his foe.

Souls of a tim'rous cast, of petty name
 In ENVY's court, not yet quite dead to shame,
 May some Remorse, some qualms of Conscience feel,
 And suffer Honour to abate their Zeal,
 But the Man, truly and compleatly great,
 Allows no rule of action but his hate;

Thro'



Thro' ev'ry bar he bravely breaks his way,
 Passion his Principle, and Parts his prey.
 Mediums in Vice and Virtue speak a mind
 Within the pale of Temperance confin'd;
 The daring Spirit scorns her narrow schemes;
 And, good or bad, is always in extremes.

Man's practice duly weigh'd, thro' ev'ry age
 On the same plan hath ENVY form'd her rage,
 'Gainst those whom Fortune hath our rivals made
 In way of Science, and in way of Trade,
 Stung with mean Jealousy she arms her spite,
 First works, then views their ruin with delight.
 Our HOGARTH here a grand improver shines,
 And nobly on the gen'ral plan refines;
 He like himself o'erleaps the servile bound;
 Worth is his mark, wherever Worth is found.
 Should Painters only his vast wrath suffice?
 Genius in ev'ry walk is Lawful Prize.
 'Tis a gross insult to his o'ergrown state;
 His love to merit is to feel his hate.

When WILKES, our Countryman, our common friend,
 Arose, his King, his Country to defend,

When



When tools of pow'r he bar'd to public view,
 And from their holes the sneaking cowards drew,
 When Rancour found it far beyond her reach
 To soil his honour, and his truth impeach,
 What could induce Thee, at a time and place,
 Where manly Foes had blush'd to shew their face,
 To make that effort, which must damn thy name,
 And sink Thee deep, deep in thy grave with shame?
 Did Virtue move Thee! no, 'twas Pride, rank Pride,
 And if Thou hadst not done it, Thou had'st dy'd.
 MALICE (who, disappointed of her end,
 Whether to work the bane of Foe or Friend,
 Preys on herself, and driven to the Stake,
 Gives Virtue that revenge she scorns to take)
 Had kill'd Thee, tottering on life's utmost verge,
 Had WILKES and LIBERTY escap'd thy scourge.

When that GREAT CHARTER, which our Fathers bought
 With their best blood, was into question brought;
 When, big with ruin, o'er each English head
 Vile Slavery hung suspended by a thread;
 When LIBERTY, all trembling and aghast,
 Fear'd for the future, knowing what was past;



When ev'ry breast was chill'd with deep despair,
Till Reason pointed out that PRATT was there;
Lurking, most Russian-like, behind a screen,
So plac'd all things to see, himself unseen,
VIRTUE, with due contempt, saw HOGARTH stand,
The murd'rous pencil in his palsied hand,
What was the cause of Liberty to him,
Or what was Honour? let them sink or swim,
So he may gratify, without controul,
The mean resentments of his selfish soul.
Let Freedom perish, if, to Freedom true,
In the same ruin WILKES may perish too.

With all the symptoms of assur'd decay,
With age and sickness pinch'd, and worn away,
Pale quiv'ring lips, lank cheeks, and fault'ring tongue,
The Spirits out of tune, the Nerves unstrung,
Thy Body shrivell'd up, thy dim eyes sunk
Within their sockets deep, thy weak hams shrunk
The body's weight unable to sustain,
The stream of life scarce trembling thro' the vein,
More than half-kill'd by honest truths, which fell,
Thro' thy own fault, from men who wish'd thee well,

Can't



Can'st thou, e'en thus, thy thoughts to vengeance give,
 And, dead to all things else, to Malice live?
 Hence, Dotard, to thy closet, shut thee in,
 By deep repentance wash away thy sin,
 From haunts of men to shame and sorrow fly,
 And, on the verge of death, learn how to die.

Vain exhortation! wash the Ethiop white,
 Discharge the leopard's spots, turn day to night,
 Controul the course of Nature, bid the deep
 Hush at thy Pygmy voice her waves to sleep,
 Perform things passing strange, yet own thy art
 Too weak to work a change in such a heart.
 That ENVY, which was woven in the frame
 At first, will to the last remain the same.
 Reason may droop, may die, but Envy's rage
 Improves by time, and gathers strength from age.
 Some, and not few, vain triflers with the pen,
 Unread, unpractis'd in the ways of men,
 Tell us that ENVY, who with giant stride
 Stalks thro' the vale of life by Virtue's side,
 Retreats when she hath drawn her latest breath,
 And calmly hears her praises after death.



To such observers HOGARTH gives the lie;
 Worth may be hears'd, but Envy cannot die;
 Within the mansion of his gloomy breast,
 A mansion suited well to such a guest;
 Immortal, unimpair'd she rears her head,
 And damns alike the living and the dead.

Oft have I known Thee, HOGARTH, weak and vain,
 Thyself the idol of thy aukward strain,
 Thro' the dull measure of a summer's day,
 In phrase most vile, prate long long hours away,
 Whilst Friends with Friends, all gaping sit, and gaze,
 To hear a HOGARTH babble HOGARTH's praise.
 But if athwart thee Interruption came,
 And mention'd with respect some Ancient's name,
 Some Ancient's name, who in the days of yore
 The crown of Art with greatest honour wore,
 How have I seen thy coward cheek turn pale,
 And blank confusion seize thy mangled tale?
 How hath thy Jealousy to madness grown,
 And deem'd his praise injurious to thy own?
 Then without mercy did thy wrath make way,
 And Arts and Artists all became thy prey;

Thea



Then didst Thou trample on establish'd rules,
 And proudly levell'd all the ancient schools,
 Condemn'd those works, with praise thro' ages grac'd,
 Which you had never seen, or could not taste.
 "But would mankind have true Perfection shewn,
 "It must be found in labours of my own.
 "I dare to challenge in one single piece,
 "Th' united force of ITALY and GREECE."
 Thy eager hand the curtain then undrew,
 And brought the boasted Master-piece to view.
 Spare thy remarks—say not a single word—
 The Picture why seen, is the Painter heard?
 Call not up Shame and Anger in our cheeks;
 Without a Comment SIGISMUNDA speaks.

Poor SIGISMUNDA! what a Fate is thine!
 DRYDEN, the great High-Priest of all the Nine,
 Reviv'd thy name, gave what a Muse could give,
 And in his Numbers had thy Mem'ry live;
 Gave thee those soft sensations, which might move
 And warm the coldest Anchorite to Love;
 Gave thee that Virtue, which could curb desire,
 Refine and Consecrate Love's headstrong fire;



Gave thee those griefs, which made the Stoic feel,
 And call'd compassion forth from hearts of steel;
 Gave thee that firmness, which our Sex may shame,
 And make Man bow to Woman's juster claim,
 So that our tears, which from Compassion flow,
 Seem to debase thy dignity of woe.
 But O, how much unlike! how fall'n! how chang'd!
 How much from Nature, and herself estrang'd!
 How totally depriv'd of all the pow'rs
 To shew her feelings, and awaken ours,
 Doth SIGISMUNDA now devoted stand,
 The helpless victim of a Dauber's hand!

But why, my HOGARTH, such a progress made,
 So rare a Pattern for the Sign-Post trade,
 In the full force, and whirlwind of thy pride,
 Why was *Heroic* Painting laid aside?
 Why is It not resum'd? thy Friends at Court,
 Men all in place and pow'r, crave thy support;
 Be grateful then for once, and thro' the field
 Of Politics, thy *Epic* Pencil wield,
 Maintain the cause, which they, good lack! avow,
 And would maintain too, but they know not how.



Thro' ev'ry *Pannel* let thy Virtue tell
 How BUTE prevail'd, How PITT and TEMPLE fell!
 How ENGLAND's sons (whom They conspir'd to bleſs
 Againſt our Will, with insolent ſucceſs)
 Approve their fall, and with addreſſes run,
 How got, God knows, to hail the SCOTTISH Sun?
 Point out our fame in war, when Vengeance, hurl'd
 From the ſtrong arm of Juſtice, ſhook the world;
 Thine, and thy Country's honour to encreaſe,
 Point out the honours of ſucceeding Peace;
 Our *Moderation*, Chriſtian-like, diſplay,
 Shew, what we got, and what we gave away.
 In Colours, dull and heavy as the tale,
 Let a *State-Chaos* thro' the whole prevail.

But, of events regardless, whilſt the Muſe,
 Perhaps with too much heat, her theme purſues;
 Whilſt her quick Spirits rouze at FREEDOM's call,
 And ev'ry drop of blood is turn'd to gall,
 Whilſt a dear Country, and an injur'd Friend,
 Urge my ſtrong anger to the bitt'reſt end,
 Whilſt honeſt trophies to revenge are rais'd
 Let not One real Virtue paſs unprais'd.



Justice with equal course bids Satire flow,
And loves the Virtue of her greatest foe.

O! that I here could that rare Virtue mean,
Which scorns the rule of Envy, Pride and Spleen,
Which springs not from the labour'd Works of Art,
But hath its rise from Nature in the heart,
Which in itself with happiness is crown'd,
And spreads with joy the blessing all around!
But Truth forbids, and in these simple lays,
Contented with a diff'rent kind of Praise,
Must HOGARTH stand; that Praise which GENIUS gives,
In Which to latest time the *Artist* lives,
But not the *Man*; which, rightly understood,
May make Us great, but cannot make us good.
That Praise be HOGARTH's; freely let him wear
The Wreath which GENIUS wove, and planted there.
Foe as I am, should Envy tear it down,
Myself would labour to replace the Crown.

In walks of Humour, in that cast of Style,
Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us smile;
In Comedy, his nat'ral road to fame,
Nor let me call it by a meaner name,

Where



Where a beginning, middle, and an end
 Are aptly joined; where parts on parts depend,
 Each made for each, as bodies for their soul,
 So as to form one true and perfect whole,
 Where a plain Story to the eye is told,
 Which we conceive the moment we behold,
 HOGARTH unrivall'd stands, and shall engage
 Unrivall'd praise to the most distant age.

How could'st Thou then to Shame perversely run,
 And tread that path which Nature bad Thee shun?
 Why did ambition overleap her rules,
 And thy vast parts become the Sport of Fools?
 By diff'rent methods diff'rent Men excel,
 But where is He, who can do all Things well?
 Humour thy Province, for some monstrous crime
 Pride struck Thee with the frenzy of *Sublime*.
 But, when the work was finish'd, could thy mind
 So partial be, and to herself so blind,
 What with contempt All view'd, to view with awe,
 Nor see those faults which ev'ry Blockhead saw?
 Blush, Thou vain Man, and if desire of Fame,
 Founded on real Art, thy thoughts inflame,

To



To quick destruction SIGISMUNDA give,
And let her mem'ry die, that thine may live.

But should fond Candour, for her Mercy sake,
With pity view, and pardon this mistake;
Or should Oblivion, to thy wish most kind,
Wipe off that stain, nor leave one trace behind;
Of ARTS *despis'd*, of ARTISTS by thy frown
Aw'd from just hopes, of *rising Worth kept down*,
Of all thy meanness thro' this mortal race,
Can'st Thou the living memory erase?
Or shall not Vengeance follow to the grave,
And give back just that measure which You gave?
With so much merit, and so much success,
With so much pow'r to curse, so much to bless,
Would He have been Man's friend, instead of foe,
HOGARTH had been a little God below.
Why then, like savage Giants, fam'd of old,
Of whom in Scripture Story we are told,
Dost Thou in cruelty that strength employ,
Which Nature meant to save, not to destroy?
Why dost Thou, all in horrid pomp array'd,
Sit grinning o'er the ruins Thou hast made?

Most



Most rank Ill-nature must applaud thy art;
But even Candour must condemn thy heart.

For Me, who warm and zealous for my Friend,
In spite of railing thousands, will commend,
And, no less warm zealous 'gainst my foes,
Spite of commending thousands, will oppose,
I dare thy worst, with scorn behold thy rage,
But with an eye of Pity view thy Age;
Thy feeble Age, in which, as in a glass,
We see how Men to dissolution pass.
Thou *wretched Being*, whom, on Reason's plan,
So chang'd, so lost, I cannot call a Man,
What could persuade Thee, at this time of life,
To launch afresh into the Sea of Strife?
Better for Thee, scarce crawling on the earth,
Almost as much a child as at thy birth,
To have resign'd in peace thy parting breath,
And sunk unnotic'd in the arms of Death.
Why would thy grey, grey hairs resentment brave,
Thus to go down with sorrow to the grave?
Now, by my Soul, it makes me blush to know
My Spirits could descend to such a foe.

Whatever



Whatever cause the vengeance might provoke,
It seems rank Cowardice to give the stroke:

Sure 'tis a curse which angry Fates impose,
To mortify man's arrogance, that those
Who're fashion'd of some better sort of clay,
Much sooner than the common herd decay,
What bitter pangs must humbled GENIUS feel,
In their last hours, to view a SWIFT and STEELE?
How must ill-boding horrors fill her breast
When She beholds Men, mark'd above the rest
For qualities most dear, plung'd from that height,
And sunk, deep sunk, in second Childhood's night?
Are Men, indeed, such things, and are the best
More subject to this evil, than the rest,
To drivel out whole years of Ideot Breath,
And sit the Monuments of living Death?
O, galling circumstance to human pride!
Abasing Thought, but not to be denied!
With curious Art the Brain too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroy'd by Thought.
Constant Attention wears the active mind,
Blots out her pow'rs, and leaves a blank behind.

But



But let not Youth, to insolence allied,
In heat of blood, in full career of pride,
Possess'd of GENIUS, with unhallow'd rage,
Mock the infirmities of rev'rend age.
The greatest GENIUS to this Fate may bow;
REYNOLDS, in time, may be like HOGARTH now.

T H E

But



WILLIAM HOOKER

THE



THE
G H O S T.

IN FOUR BOOKS.



THE HISTORY

OF THE



T H E
G H O S T.
B O O K I.

W I T H eager search to dart the foul,
Curiously vain, from Pole to Pole,
And from the Planets wand'ring spheres
T'extort the number of our years,
And whether all those years shall flow
Serenely smooth, and free from woe,
Or rude Misfortune shall deform
Our life, with one continual storm;

Vol. I.

M

Or



Or if the Scene shall motley be,
 Alternate Joy and Misery,
 Is a desire, which, more or less,
 All Men must feel, tho' few confefs.

Hence, ev'ry place and ev'ry age
 Affords subsistence to the Sage,
 Who, free from this world and its cares,
 Holds an acquaintance with the Stars,
 From whom he gains intelligence
 Of things to come some ages hence,
 Which unto friends, at easy rates,
 He readily communicates.

At its first rise, which all agree on,
 This noble Science was CHALDEAN,
 That ancient people, as they fed
 Their flocks upon the mountain's head,
 Gaz'd on the Stars, observ'd their motions,
 And suck'd in Astrologic notions,
 Which they so eagerly pursue,
 As folks are apt whate'er is new,
 That things below at random rove,
 Whilst they're consulting things above ;

And



And when they now so poor were grown,
 That they'd no houses of their own,
 They made bold with their friends the Stars,
 And prudently made use of theirs.

To EGYPT from CHALDEE it travell'd,
 And Fate at MEMPHIS was unravell'd,
 Th'exotic Science soon struck root,
 And flourish'd into high repute.
 Each learned Priest, O strange to tell !
 Could circles make, and cast a spell ;
 Could read and write, and taught the Nation
 The holy art of Divination.
 Nobles themselves, for at that time
 Knowledge in Nobles was no crime,
 Could talk as learned as the Priest,
 And prophesie as much at least.
 Hence all the fortune-telling Crew,
 Whose crafty skill marrs Nature's hue,
 Who, in vile tatters, with smirch'd face,
 Run up and down from place to place,
 To gratify their friends' desires,
 From BAMPFIELD CAREW, to MOLL SQUIRES,



Are rightly term'd EGYPTIANS all;
Whom we, mistaking, GYPSIES call.

The GRECIAN Sages borrow'd this,
As they did other Sciences,
From fertile EGYPT, tho' the loan
They had not honesty to own.
DODONA's Oaks, inspir'd by JOVE,
A learned and prophetic Grove,
Turn'd vegetable Necromancers,
And to all comers gave their answers;
At DELPHOS, to APOLLO dear,
All men the voice of Fate might hear;
Each subtle Priest on three-legg'd stool,
To take in wise men, play'd the fool.
A Mystery, so made for gain,
E'en now in fashion must remain.
Enthusiasts never will let drop
What brings such business to their shop,
And that Great Saint, we WHITFIELD call,
Keeps up the HUMBUG SPIRITUAL.

Among the ROMANS, not a Bird,
Without a Prophecy, was heard;

Fortunes



Fortunes of Empires often hung
 On the Magician Magpie's tongue,
 And ev'ry Crow was to the State
 A sure interpreter of Fate.
 Prophets, embodied in a COLLEGE,
 (Time out of mind your seat of knowledge,
 For Genius never fruit can bear
 Unless it first is planted there,
 And solid learning never falls
 Without the verge of COLLEGE walls)
 Infallible accounts would keep
 When it was best to watch or sleep,
 To eat or drink, to go or stay,
 And when to fight or run away,
 When matters were for action ripe,
 By looking at a *double tripe*;
 When Emperors would live or die
 They in an *Ass's skull* could spy;
 When Gen'als would their station keep,
 Or turn their backs, *in hearts of sheep*.
 In matters, whether small or great,
 In private families or state,
 As amongst us, the holy Seer
 Officially would interfere,

M 3

With



With pious arts and rev'rend skill
 Would bend Lay Bigots to his will,
 Would help or injure foes or friends,
 Just as it serv'd his private ends.
 Whether, in honest way of trade,
 Traps for Virginity were laid,
 Or if, to make their party great,
 Designs were form'd against the State,
 Regardless of the Common Weal,
 By Int'rest led, which they call zeal,
 Into the scale was always thrown,
 The will of Heav'n to back *their own*.

ENGLAND, a happy land we know,
 Where Follies naturally grow,
 Where without Culture they arise,
 And tow'r above the common size;
 ENGLAND, a fortune-telling host,
 As num'rous as the Stars, could boast,
 MATRONS, who toss the Cup, and see
 The grounds of Fate in grounds of Tea,
 Who vers'd in ev'ry modest lore,
 Can a lost Maidenhead restore,



Or, if their Pupils rather chuse it,
 Can shew the readiest way to lose it;
 GYPSIES, who ev'ry ill can cure,
 Except the ill of being poor,
 Who charms 'gainst Love and Agues fell,
 Who can in hen-roost set a spell,
 Prepar'd by arts, to them best known,
 To catch all feet except their own,
 Who as to fortune can unlock it,
 As easily as pick a pocket;
 SCOTCHMEN who, in their Country's right,
 Possess the gift of *second-fight*,
 Who (when their barren heaths they quit,
 Sure argument of *prudent* wit,
 Which reputation to maintain,
 They never venture back again)
 By lyes prophetic heap up riches,
 And boast the luxury of breeches.

Among the rest, in former years,
 CAMPBELL, illustrious name, appears,
 Great Hero of futurity,
 Who *blind* could ev'ry thing *forsee*,

M 4

Who

Or,



Who *dumb* could ev'ry thing *fortell*,
 Who, Fate with equity to sell,
 Always dealt out the will of Heaven,
 According to what price was given.

Of SCOTTISH race, in HIGHLANDS born,
 Possess'd with native pride and scorn,
 He hither came, by custom led,
 To curse the hands which gave him bread.
 With want of truth, and want of sense,
 Amply made up by impudence,
 (A *succedaneum*, which we find,
 In common use with all mankind)
 Carels'd and favour'd too by those,
 Whose heart with Patriot feelings glows,
 Who FOOLISHLY, where'er dispers'd,
 Still place their native Country first;
 (For ENGLISHMEN alone have sense,
 To give a *stranger* preference,
 Whilst modest merit of their own,
 Is left in poverty to groan)
 CAMPBELL foretold, just what he wou'd,
 And left the Stars to make it good;

On



T H E G H O S T.

On whom he had impress'd such awe,
His dictates current pass'd for Law ;
Submissive all his Empire own'd ;
No Star durst smile, when CAMPBELL frown'd.

This Sage deceas'd, for all must die,

And CAMPBELL's no more safe than I,

No more than I can guard the heart,

When Death shall hurl the fatal dart,

Succeeded, ripe in art and years,

Another fav'rite of the spheres,

Another and *Another* came,

Of equal skill, and equal fame ;

As white each wand, as black each gown,

As long each beard, as wise each frown,

In ev'ry thing so like, you'd swear,

CAMPBELL himself was sitting there.

To *all* the happy Art was known,

To tell *our* fortunes, make *their own*.

Seated in Garret, for you know,

The nearer to the Stars we go,

The greater we esteem his art,

Fools curious flock'd from ev'ry part.

The



The Rich, the Poor, the Maid, the Married,
And those who could not walk, were carried.

The BUTLER, hanging down his head,
By *Chamber-Maid*, or *Cook-Maid* led,
Enquires, if from his friend the Moon,
He has advice of pilfer'd spoon.

The COURT-BRED WOMAN OF CONDITION,
(Who, to approve her disposition
As much superior, as her birth,
To those compos'd of common earth,
With double spirit must engage
In ev'ry folly of the age)
The *honourable* arts would buy,
To pack the Cards, and cog a Die.

The HERO (who for brawn and face
May claim right honourable place
Amongst the chiefs of *Butcher-Row*,
Who might some thirty years ago,
If we may be allow'd to guess
At his employment by his dress,

Put



Put medicines off from cart or stage,
 The grand TOSCANO of the age,
 Or might about the countries go,
 HIGH STEWARD of a Puppet-shew,
Steward and Stewardship must meet,
For all know puppets never eat ;
 Who would be thought, (tho', save the mark,
 That point is something in the dark)
The man of Honour, one like those
 Renown'd in story, who lov'd blows
 Better than victuals, and would fight,
 Merely for sport, from morn to night ;
 Who treads like MAVORS firm, whose tongue,
 Is with the tripple thunder hung,
 Who cries to FEAR—stand off—aloof—
 And talks as he were cannon-proof,
 Would be deem'd ready, when you list,
 With sword and pistol, stick and fist,
 Careless of points, balls, bruises, knocks,
 At once to fence, fire, cudgel, box,
 But at the same time bears about,
 Within himself, some touch of doubt,
 Of *prudent* doubt, which hints—that fame
 Is nothing but an empty name ;

That



That life is rightly understood
 By all to be a real good ;
 That, even in a *Hero's* heart,
Discretion is the better part ;
 That this same HONOUR may be won,
 And yet no kind of danger run)
 Like DRUGGER comes, that magic pow'rs
 May ascertain his *lucky* hours.
 For at some hours the fickle dame,
 Whom FORTUNE properly we name,
 Who ne'er considers wrong or right,
 When wanted most, plays least in fight,
 And, like a modern *Court-bed* jilt,
 Leaves her chief fav'rites in a tilt.
 Some hours there are, when from the heart
Courage into some other part,
 No matter wherefore, makes retreat,
 And fear usurps the vacant seat ;
 Whence *planet-struck* we often find,
 STUARTS and SACKVILLES of mankind.

Farther he'd know (and by his art
 A conjurer can that impart)

Whether



Whether politer it is reckon'd
 To have or not to have a second,
 To drag the friends in, or alone
 To make the danger all their own ;
 Whether repletion is not bad,
 And fighters with full stomachs mad ;
 Whether before he seeks the plain,
 It were not well to breathe a vein ;
 Whether a gentle salivation,
 Consistently with reputation,
 Might not of precious use be found,
 Not to prevent indeed a wound,
 But to prevent the consequence
 Which oftentimes arises thence,
 Those fevers, which the patient urge on
 To gates of death, by help of surgeon ;
 Whether a wind at east or west
 Is for green wounds accounted best ;
 Whether (was he to chuse) his mouth
 Should point towards the north or south ;
 Whether more safely he might use,
 On these occasions, pumps or shoes ;
 Whether it better is to fight,
 By *Sun-shine*, or by *Candle-light* ;

Or



Or (lest a *candle* should appear
 Too mean to shine in such a sphere,
 For who could of a candle tell
 To light a hero into hell,
 And lest the *Sun* should partial rise
 To dazzle one or t'other's eyes,
 Or one or t'other's brains to scorch)
 Might not *Dame LUNA* hold a torch?

These points with dignity discuss'd,
 And gravely fix'd, a task which must
 Require no little time and pains,
 To make our hearts friends with our brains,
 The *Man of War* would next engage
 The kind assistance of the sage,
 Some previous method to direct,
 Which should make these of none effect.

Could he not, from the mystic school
 Of art, produce some sacred rule,
 By which a knowledge might be got,
 Whether men valiant were, or not,
 So he that challenges might write
 Only to those who would not fight?

Or



Or could he not, some way dispense,
 By help of which (without offence
 To *Honour*, whose nice nature's such,
 She scarce endures the slightest touch)
 When he for want of t'other rule
 Mistakes his man, and, like a fool,
 With some vain fighting blade gets in,
 He fairly may get out again?

Or, should some Dæmon lay a scheme
 To drive him to the last extreme,
 So that he must confess his fears,
 In mercy to his nose and ears,
 And like a prudent recreant knight,
 Rather do any thing than fight,
 Could he not some expedient buy
 To keep his shame from public eye?
 For well he held, and men review,
 Nine in ten hold the maxim too,
 That *HONOUR*'s like a *Maiden-bead*,
 Which if in private brought to bed,
 Is none the worse, but walks the town,
 Ne'er lost, until the loss be known.



The PARSON too (for now and then,
 PARSONS are just like other men,
 And here and there a *grave* DIVINE
 Has passions such as your's and mine)
 Burning with *holy* lust to know
 When FATE Preferment will bestow,
 'Fraid of detection, not of sin,
 With circumspection sneaking in
 To *Conf'rer*, as he does to *Whore*,
 Thro' some bye Alley, or Back-door,
 With the same caution *Orthodox*,
 Consults the *Stars*, and gets a *Pox*.

The CITIZEN, in fraud grown old,
 Who knows no Deity but Gold,
 Worn out, and gasping now for breath,
 A Med'cine wants to keep off Death;
 Would know, if THAT he cannot have,
 What Coins are current in the grave;
 If, when the Stocks (which by *his* pow'r,
 Would rise or fall in half an hour,
 For, tho' unthought of and unseen,
 He work'd the springs behind the screen)

By



By *his* directions came about,
 And rose to *Par*, he should fell out;
 Whether he safely might, or no,
 Replace it in the Funds *below*.

By all address'd, believ'd, and paid,
 Many pursu'd the thriving trade,
 And, great in reputation grown,
 Successive held the MAGIC throne.
 Favour'd by ev'ry darling passion,
 The love of Novelty and Fashion,
 Ambition, Av'rice, Lust, and Pride,
 Riches pour'd in on ev'ry side.
 But when the *prudent* Laws thought fit
 To curb this insolence of Wit;
 When Senates wisely had Provided,
 Decreed, Enacted, and Decided,
 That no such vile and upstart elves
 Should have more knowledge than themselves;
 When Fines and penalties were laid
 To stop the progress of the trade,
 And Stars no longer could dispense,
 With *honour*, farther influence,



And Wizards (which must be confest
 Was of more force than all the rest)
 No certain way to tell had got,
 Which were Informers, and which not;
 Affrighted SAGES were, perforce,
 Oblig'd to steer some other course.
 By various ways, these *Sons of Chance*
 Their Fortunes labour'd to advance,
 Well knowing, by unerring rules,
 KNAVES starve not in the *Land of Fools*.

Some, with high Titles and Degrees,
 Which wise Men borrow when they please,
 Without or trouble or expence,
 PHYSICIANS instantly commence,
 And proudly boast an equal skill
 With those who claim the *right to kill*.

Others about the Countries roam,
 (For not ONE thought of going *home*)
 With pistol and adopted leg
 Prepar'd at once to rob or beg.

Some,



Some, the more subtle of their race,
 (Who felt some touch of *Coward Grace*,
 Who TYBURN to avoid had wit,
 But never fear'd deserving it)
 Came to their *Brother SMOLLET's* aid,
 And carried on the CRITIC trade.

Attach'd to Letters and the Muse,
 Some Verses wrote, and some wrote News,
 Those each revolving Month, are seen,
 The Heroes of a Magazine ;
 These, ev'ry morning, great appear,
 In LEDGER, or in GAZETEER ;
 Spreading the fallshoods of the day,
 By turns for FADEN and for SAY ;
 Like Swiss, their force is always laid
 On that side where they best are paid.
 Hence mighty PRODIGES arise,
 And daily MONSTERS strike our eyes ;
 Wonders, to propagate the trade,
 More strange than ever BAKER made,
 Are hawk'd about from street to street,
 And Fools believe, whilst Liars eat.



Now armies in the air engage,
 To fright a superstitious age ;
 Now Comets thro' the Æther range,
 In Governments portending change ;
 Now rivers to the Ocean fly,
 So quick they leave their channels dry ;
 Now monstrous Wales, on LAMBETH shore,
 Drink the THAMES dry, and thirst for more ;
 And ev'ry now and then appears
 An IRISH Savage numb'ring years
 More than those happy Sages cou'd,
 Who drew their breath before the flood.
 Now, to the wonder of all people,
 A Church is left without a Steeple ;
 A Steeple now is left in lurch,
 And mourns departure of the Church,
 Which, borne on wings of mighty wind,
 Remov'd a furlong off we find.
 Now, wrath on Cattle to discharge,
 Hail stones as deadly fall, and large
 As those which were on EGYPT sent,
 At once their crime and punishment,
 Or those which, as the Prophet writes,
 Fell on the necks of AMORITES,

When,



When, struck with wonder and amaze,
 The *Sun* suspended, stay'd to gaze,
 And, from her duty longer kept,
 In AJALON his *Sister* slept.

But if such things no more engage
 The Taste of a politer age,
 To help them out in time of need
 Another *Tofts* must *Rabbits* breed.
 Each pregnant Female trembling hears,
 And, overcome with spleen and fears,
 Consults her faithful glass no more,
 But madly bounding o'er the floor,
 Feels hairs all o'er her body grow,
 By FANCY turn'd into a *Doe*.

Now to promote their private ends,
 NATURE her usual course suspends,
 And varies from the stated plan
 Observ'd e'er since the World began.
Bodies, (which foolishly we thought,
 By Custom's servile maxims taught,
 Needed a regular supply,
 And without nourishment must die)



With craving appetites, and sense
 Of Hunger easily dispense,
 And, pliant to *their* wond'rous skill,
 Are taught, like *watches*, to stand still
Uninjur'd, for a month or more ;
 Then go on as they did before.
 The Novel takes, the Tale succeeds,
 Amply supplies its author's needs,
 And BETTY CANNING is at least,
 With GASCOYNE's help, a six months feast.

Whilst in contempt of all our pains,
 The Tyrant SUPERSTITION reigns
 Imperious in the heart of Man,
 And warps his thoughts from Nature's plan ;
 Whilst fond CREDULITY, who ne'er
 The weight of wholesome doubts could bear,
 To Reason and Herself unjust,
 Takes all things blindly up on trust ;
 Whilst CURIOSITY, whose rage
 No Mercy shews to Sex or Age,
 Must be indulg'd at the expence,
 Of *Judgment*, *Truth*, and *Common Sense* ;

Impositions



Impostures cannot but prevail,
And when *old Miracles* grow stale,
JUGGLERS will still the art pursue,
And entertain the world with *New*.

For THEM, obedient to their will,
And trembling at their mighty skill,
Sad SPIRITS, summon'd from the tomb,
Glide glaring ghastly thro' the gloom,
In all the usual Pomp of storms,
In horrid customary forms,
A Wolf, a Bear, a Horse, an Ape,
As Fear and Fancy give them shape,
Tormented with despair and pain,
They roar, they yell, and clank the chain.
FOLLY and GUILT (for GUILT, how'er
The face of Courage it may wear,
Is still a Coward at the heart)
At fear-created phantoms start.
The PRIEST, that very word implies
That he's both innocent and wise,
Yet fears to travel in the dark,
Unless escorted by his CLERK.

N 4

But



But let not ev'ry Bungler deem
'Too lightly of so deep a scheme.
For reputation of the *Art*,
Each Ghost must act a proper part,
Observe *Decorum's* needful grace,
And keep the laws of *Time* and *Place*,
Must change, with happy variation,
His manners with his situation
What in the Country might pass down
Would be impertinent in Town.
No SPIRIT of *discretion* HERE
Can think of breeding awe and fear,
'Twill serve the purpose more by half
To make the Congregation laugh,
We want no ensigns of surprize,
Locks stiff with gore, and sawcer eyes,
Give *us* an entertaining *Sprite*,
Gentle, Familiar, and Polite,
One who appears in such a form
As might an holy Hermit warm,
Or who on former schemes refines,
And only talks by sounds and signs,
Who will not to the eye appear,
But pays her visits to the ear,



And knocks so gently, 'twould not fright
A Lady in the darkest Night.

Such is *Our FANNY*, whose good will,
Which cannot in the Grave lie still,
Brings her on Earth to entertain
Her friends and Lovers in COCK-LANE.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

T H E



and knocks to gently, 'twould not fright

A lady in the darkest Night

And Ow EANNY, whose good will

Which cannot in the Grave be still

Shows her on Earth to entertain

Her friends and Lovers in Cook-Lane.

G H O S T

B O O K

END OF THE FIRST BOOK

T H E



GHOST.

B O O K II.

A SACRED standard Rule we find
By Poets held time out of mind,
To offer at APOLLO's shrine,
And call on One, or All the NINE.

This Custom, thro' a *Bigot* zeal,
Which MODERNS of *fine Taste* must feel
For those who wrote in days of yore,
Adopted stands like many more,

Tho'



188 T H E G H O S T .

Tho' ev'ry Cause, which then conspir'd
To make it practis'd and admir'd,
Yielding to Time's destructive course,
For ages past hath lost its force.

With *ancient* Bards, an INVOCATION
Was a true act of Adoration,
Of Worship an essential part,
And not a formal piece of Art,
Of paultry reading a Parade,
A dull solemnity in trade,
A pious Fever, taught to burn
An hour or two, to serve a turn.

They talk'd not of CASTALIAN SPRINGS,
By way of saying *pretty things*,
As *we* dress out our flimsy Rhimes;
'Twas the RELIGION of the *Times*,
And they believ'd that *holy* stream
With greater force made FANCY teem,
Reckon'd by all a true specific
To make the barren brain prolific,
Thus ROMISH CHURCH (a scheme which bears
Not half so much excuse as theirs)

Since

Since Faith *implicitly* hath taught her,
Reveres the force of *Holy Water*.

The PAGAN SYSTEM, whether true
Or false, its strength, like *Buildings*, drew
From many parts dispos'd to bear
In one great Whole, their proper share.
Each GOD of *eminent* degree,
To some vast *Beam* compar'd might be;
Each GODLING was a *Peg*, or rather
A *Cramp*, to keep the *Beams* together;
And Man as safely might pretend
From JOVE the *thunder-bolt* to rend,
As with an impious pride aspire
To rob APOLLO of his *Lyre*.

With settled faith and pious awe,
Establish'd by the voice of Law,
Then POETS to the MUSES came,
And from their Altars caught the flame.
GENIUS, with PHOEBUS for his guide,
The MUSE ascending by his side,
With tow'ring pinions dar'd to soar,
Where eye could scarcely strain before.

But



But why should We, who cannot feel
 These glowings of a *Pagan* zeal,
 That wild *enthusiastic* force,
 By which, above her common course,
 NATURE in *Exstasy* up-borne,
 Look'd down on earthly things with scorn;
 Who have no more regard, 'tis known,
 For *their* Religion than *our own*,
 And feel not half so fierce a flame
 At CLIO's as at FISHER's name;
 Who know these boasted *sacred streams*
 Were mere romantic idle dreams,
 That THAMES has waters clear as those
 Which on the top of PINDUS rose,
 And that the FANCY to refine,
 Water's not half so good as Wine;
 Who know, if Profit strikes our eye,
 Should we drink HELICON quite dry,
 Th' whole fountain would not thither lead
 So soon as one poor jug from TWEED;
 Who, if to raise poetic fire,
 The Pow'r of *Beauty* we require,
 In any public place can view
 More than the GRECIANS ever knew;



If *Wit* into the scale is thrown,
 Can boast a *LENOX* of our own;
 Why should *we* servile customs chuse,
 And court an *antiquated Muse*?
 No matter why—to ask a *Reason*
 In *PEDANT BIGOTRY* is *Treason*.

In the broad, beaten, turnpike-road
 Of *hackney'd Panegyric Ode*,
 No *Modern Poet* dares to ride
 Without *APOLLO* by his side,
 Nor in a *Sonnet* take the air,
 Unless his *Lady Muse* be there.
SHE, from some *Amaranthine grove*,
 Where little Loves and Graces rove,
 The Laurel to *my Lord* must bear,
 Or Garlands make for *whores* to wear;
SHE, with soft *Elegiac* verse,
 Must grace some *mighty Villain's* hearse,
 Or for some *Infant*, doom'd by Fate
 To wallow in a large estate,
 With Rhimes the Cradle must adorn,
 To tell the World a *Fool* is born.

Since



Since then our CRITIC LORDS expect
 No hardy Poet should reject
 Establish'd maxims, or presume
 To place much better in their room,
 By Nature fearful, I submit.
 And in this dearth of Sense and Wit,
 With *nothing done*, and *little said*,
 (By wild excursive FANCY led,
 Into a second Book thus far,
 Like some unwary Traveller,
 Whom varied scenes of wood and lawn,
 With treacherous delight, have drawn
 Deluded from his purpos'd way;
 Whom ev'ry step leads more astray;
 Who gazing round can no where spy,
 Or house, or friendly cottage nigh,
 And resolution seems to lack
 To venture forward or go back)
 Invoke some GODDESS to descend,
 And help me to my journey's end.
 Tho' conscious ARROW all the while,
 Hears the petition with a smile,
 Before the glass her charms unfolds,
 And in *herself* my *Muse* beholds.

TRUTH



TRUTH, GODDESS of celestial birth
 But little lov'd, or known on earth,
 Whose pow'r but seldom rules the heart,
 Whose name, with hypocritic art,
 An errant stalking horse is made,
 A snug pretence to drive a trade,
 An instrument convenient grown
 To plant, more firmly, FALSHOOD's throne,
 As Rebels varnish o'er their cause
 With specious colouring of Laws,
 And *pious* Traitors draw the knife
 In the KING's *Name* against his *life*,
 Whether (from *Cities* far away,
 Where *Fraud* and *Falshood* scorn thy sway)
 The faithful Nymph's and Shepherd's pride,
 With LOVE and VIRTUE by thy side,
 Your hours in harmless joys are spent
 Amongst the Children of CONTENT;
 Or, fond of gaiety and sport,
 You tread the round of ENGLAND's COURT,
 Howe'er my LORD may frowning go,
 And treat the *Stranger* as a *Foe*,
 Sure to be found a welcome guest
 In GEORGE's and in CHARLOTTE's breast;



If, in the giddy hours of Youth,
 My constant soul adher'd to TRUTH;
 If, from the Time I first wrote Man,
 I still pursu'd thy sacred plan,
 Tempted by Interest in vain
 To wear mean Falshood's golden chain;
 If, for a season drawn away,
 Starting from Virtue's path astray,
 All low disguise I scorn'd to try,
 And dar'd to sin, but not to lye;
 Hither, O hither, condescend,
 ETERNAL TRUTH, thy steps to bend,
 And favour *Him*, who ev'ry hour
 Confesses and obeys thy pow'r!

But come not with that easy mien,
 By which you won the *lively* DEAN,
 Nor yet assume that Strumpet air,
 Which RABELAIS taught Thee first to wear,
 Nor yet that arch ambiguous face,
 Which with CERVANTES gave thee grace,
 But come in sacred vesture clad,
 Solemnly dull, and truly sad!



Far from thy seemly Matron train
 Be Ideot MIRTH, and LAUGHTER vain!
 For WIT and HUMOUR, which pretend
 At once to please us and amend,
They are not for my present turn,
 Let them remain in *France* with STERNE.

Of Noblest *City Parents* born,
 Whom Wealth and Dignities adorn,
 Who still one constant tenor keep,
 Not quite awake, nor quite asleep,
 With THEE, let formal DULLNESS come,
 And deep ATTENTION, ever dumb,
 Who on her lips her fingers lays,
 Whilst every circumstance she weighs,
 Whose down-cast Eye is often found
 Bent without motion to the ground,
 Or, to some outward thing confin'd,
 Remits no image to the mind,
 No pregnant mark of meaning bears,
 But stupid without Vision stares;
 Thy steps let GRAVITY attend,
Wisdom's and *Truth's* unerring friend.



For *One* may see with half an eye,
 That GRAVITY can never lye;
 And his arch'd brow, pull'd o'er his eyes,
 With solemn proof proclaims him *Wise*.

Free from all waggeries and sports,
 The produce of luxurious *Courts*,
 Where Sloth and Lust enervate Youth,
 Come *Thou*, a down-right *City TRUTH*;
 The *CITY*, which we ever find
 A sober pattern for Mankind,
 Where *Man*, in EQUILIBRIO hung,
 Is seldom Old, and never Young,
 And from the Cradle to the Grave,
 Not Virtue's friend, nor Vice's slave;
 As *Dancers* on the *Wire* we spy,
 Hanging between the Earth and Sky.

She comes—I see her from afar
 Bending her course to *Temple Bar*:
 All sage and silent is her train,
 Deportment grave, and garments plain,
 Such as may suit a *Parson's* wear,
 And fit the Head-piece of a *Mayor*.

By



By TRUTH inspir'd, *our* BACON's force
 Open'd the way to Learning's source ;
 BOYLE thro' the works of NATURE ran ;
 And NEWTON, something more than Man,
 Div'd into Nature's hidden springs,
 Laid bare the principles of things,
 Above the earth our spirits bore,
 And gave us Worlds unknown before.

By TRUTH inspir'd, when *Lauder's* spight
 O'er MILTON cast the Veil of Night,
 DOUGLAS arose, and thro' the maze
 Of intricate and winding ways,
 Came where the subtle Traitor lay,
 And dragg'd him trembling to the day ;
 Whilst HE (O shame to noblest parts,
 Dishonour to the Lib'ral Arts,
 To traffic in so vile a scheme !)
 Whilst HE, *our* Letter'd POLYPHEME,
 Who had *Confed'rate* forces join'd,
 Like a base Coward, skulk'd behind.
 By TRUTH inspir'd, *our* Critics go
 To track FINGAL in *Highland* snow,
 To form their own and others Creed
 From *Manuscripts* they cannot read.



By TRUTH inspir'd, we numbers see
 Of each Profession and Degree,
 Gentle and Simple, Lord and Cit,
 Wit without wealth, wealth without wit;
 When PUNCH and SHERIDAN have done,
 To FANNY's *Ghostly Lectures* run;
 By TRUTH and FANNY now inspir'd,
 I feel my glowing bosom fir'd;
 Desire beats high in ev'ry vein
 To sing the SPIRIT of COCK-LANE;
 To tell (just as the measure flows
 In halting rhyme, half verse, half prose)
 With more than mortal arts endu'd,
 How *She* united force withstood,
 And proudly gave a brave defiance
 To *Wit* and *Dullness* in Alliance.

This *APPARITION* (with relation
 To ancient modes of *Derivation*,
This we may properly so call,
 Although it ne'er appears at all,
 As by the way of *Innuendo*,
Lucus is made *à non lucendo*)

Superior



Superior to the vulgar mode,
 Nobly disdains that servile road,
 Which Coward Ghosts, as it appears,
 Have walk'd in full five thousand years,
 And for restraint too mighty grown,
 Strikes out a method of *her own*.

Others, may meanly start away,
 Aw'd by the Herald of the Day,
 With faculties too weak to bear
 The freshness of the Morning air,
 May vanish with the melting gloom,
 And glide in silence to the tomb;
She dares the Sun's most piercing light,
 And knocks by Day as well as Night.
Others, with mean and partial view,
 Their visits pay to *one* or *two*;
She, great in Reputation grown,
 Keeps the best Company in Town.
Our active enterprising Ghost,
 As large and splendid Routs can boast
 As those which, rais'd by PRIDE's command,
 Block up the passage thro' the *Strand*.



Great adepts in the fighting trade,
 Who serv'd their time on the *Parade* ;
 She Saints who, true to pleasure's plan,
 Talk about God, and lust for man ;
 Wits, who believe nor God, nor Ghost,
 And Fools, who worship ev'ry post ;
 Cowards, whose lips with war are hung ;
 Men truly brave, who hold their tongue ;
 Courtiers, who laugh they know not why,
 And Cits, who for the same cause cry ;
 The canting Tabernacle Brother,
 (For one Rogue still suspects another)
 Ladies, who to a *Spirit* fly,
 Rather than with their *Husbands* lie ;
 Lords, who as chafely pass their lives
 With *other* Women as their *Wives* ;
 Proud of their intellects and cloaths
 Physicians, Lawyers, Parsons, Beaux,
 And, truant from their desks and shops,
 Spruce Temple Clerks, and 'Prentice Fops,
 To FANNY come, with the same view,
 To find her false, or find her true.

Hark !



Hark! something creeps about the house!

Is it a *Spirit*, or a *Mouse*?

Hark! something *scratches* round the room!

A *Cat*, a *Rat*, a *stubb'd Birch-Broom*.

Hark! on the wainscot now it *knocks*!

If Thou'rt a *Ghost*, cried ORTHODOX,

With that affected *solemn* air

Which HYPOCRITES delight to wear,

And all those *forms* of CONSEQUENCE

Which FOOLS adopt instead of *Sense*,

If thou'rt a *Ghost*, who from the tomb

Stalk'ft sadly *silent* thro' this gloom,

In breach of NATURE's stated laws,

For *good*, or *bad*, or for *no* cause,

Give now NINE knocks; like PRIESTS of old,

NINE we a *sacred Number* hold.

'Psha, cried PROFOUND, (a man of parts,

Deep read in all the *curious* Arts,

Who to their hidden springs had trac'd

The force of NUMBERS, *rightly plac'd*)

As to the NUMBER, you are right,

As to the *form* mistaken quite.

What's



What's NINE ?—Your ADEPTS all agree,
The VIRTUE lies in *Three times Three*.

He said, no need to say it twice,
For THRICE She *knock'd*, and THRICE, and THRICE.

The Crowd, confounded and amaz'd,
In silence at each other gaz'd.
From CÆLIA's hand the Snuff-box fell,
TINSEL, who ogled with the Belle,
To pick it up attempts in vain.
He stoops, but cannot rise again.
Immane POMPOSO was not heard
T' import one crabbed foreign word.
Fear seizes Heroes, Fools, and Wits,
And PLAUSIBLE his pray'rs forgets.

At length, as People just awake,
Into wild dissonance they break ;
All talk'd at once, but not a word
Was understood, or plainly heard.
Such is the noise of chatt'ring Geese,
Slow sailing on the Summer breeze ;

Such



Such is the language DISCORD speaks
 In *Welch women* o'er beds of *Leeks*;
 Such the confus'd and horrid sounds
 Of *Irish* in Potatoe grounds.

But tir'd, for even C——'s tongue
 Is not on iron hinges hung,
 FEAR and CONFUSION found retreat,
 REASON and ORDER take their feat.
 The fact confirm'd beyond all doubt,
 They now would find the causes out.
 For this a sacred rule we find
 Among the nicest of Mankind,
 Which never might exception brook
 From HOBBS e'en down to BOLINGBROKE,
 To doubt of facts, however true,
 Unless they know the causes too.

TRIFLE, of whom 'twas hard to tell
 When he intended ill or well,
 Who, to prevent all farther pother,
 Probably meant nor one nor t'other,
 Who to be silent always loth,
 Would speak on either side, or both,

Who



Who, led away by love of Fame,
If any new Idea came,
Whate'er it made for, always said it,
Not with an eye to Truth, but Credit ;
For ORATORS *profest*, 'tis known,
Talk not for *our* sake, but their *own* ;
Who always shew'd his talents best
When serious things were turn'd to jest,
And, under much impertience,
Possess'd no common share of sense ;
Who could deceive the flying hours,
With chat on Butterflies and Flow'rs ;
Could talk of Powder, Patches, Paint,
With the same zeal as of a Saint ;
Could prove a *Sibil* brighter far,
Than *Venus* or the *Morning Star* ;
Whilst something still so gay, so new,
The smile of approbation drew,
And Females ey'd the charming man,
Whilst their hearts flutter'd with their Fan ;
TRIFLE, who would by no means miss
An opportunity like this,
Proceeding on his usual plan,
Smil'd, strok'd his chin, and thus began.

With



With *Sheers*, or *Scissors*, *Sword*, or *Knife*,
 When the Fates cut the thread of life,
 (For if we to the Grave are sent,
 No matter with what *instrument*)
 The *Body* in some lonely spot,
 On dung-hill vile, is laid to rot,
 Or sleeps among more *holy* dead,
 With *Pray'rs* *irreverently* read ;
 The Soul is sent, where Fate ordains,
 To reap rewards, to suffer pains.

The VIRTUOUS to those mansions go,
 Where Pleasures unembitter'd flow,
 Where, *leading up* a jocund band,
 VIGOUR and YOUTH *dance* hand in hand,
 Whilst ZEPHYR, with *harmonious* gales,
 PIPES softest *Music* thro' the vales,
 And SPRING and FLORA, gaily crown'd,
 With *Velvet Carpets* spread the ground ;
 With *livelier blush* where Roses bloom,
 And ev'ry shrub *expires* perfume,
 Where *chrysal* streams *mæandring* glide,
 Where *warbling* flows the *amber* tide,

Where



Where other *Suns* dart brighter beams,
And *LIGHT* thro' *purer æther* streams.

Far other seats, far diff'rent state
The Sons of Wickedness await.
JUSTICE (not that *old Hag* I mean,
Who's nightly in the *Garden* seen,
Who lets no spark of *Mercy* rise
For Crimes, *by which men lose their eyes*;
Nor *HER*, who with an equal hand,
Weighs *Tea* and *Sugar* in the *STRAND*.
Nor *HER* who, by the World deem'd *wise*,
Deaf to the Widow's piercing cries,
Steel'd 'gainst the starving Orphan's tears,
On *Pawns* her base *Tribunal* rears;
But *HER* who, after Death presides,
Whom sacred *TRUTH* unerring guides,
Who, free from partial influence,
Nor sinks, nor raises *Evidence*,
Before whom nothing's in the dark,
Who takes no *Bribe*, and keeps no *Clerk*)
JUSTICE with equal scale below,
In due proportion weighs out woe,

And



And always with such lucky aim
Knows punishments so fit to frame,
That she augments their grief and pain,
Leaving no reason to complain.

OLD MAIDS and RAKES are join'd together,
Coquettes and *Prudes*, like *April* weather.
Wit's forc'd to *Chum* with *Common Sense*,
And *Lust* is yok'd to *impotence*.
PROFESSORS (*Justice* so decreed)
Unpaid must constant *Lectures* read;
On Earth it often doth befall,
They're *paid*, and *never read at all*.
Parsons must practise what they teach,
And *B—ps* are compell'd to preach.

She, who on earth was nice and prim,
Of delicacy full, and whim,
Whose tender nature could not bear
The rudeness of the churlish air,
Is doom'd to mortify her pride,
The change of weather to abide,
And fells, whilst tears with liquor mix,
Burnt Brandy on the Shore of *STYX*.



AVARO, by long use grown bold
 In ev'ry ill which brings him gold,
 Who his REDEEMER would pull down,
 And sell his GOD for Half a Crown,
 Who, if some Blockhead should be willing
 To lend him on his Soul a Shilling,
 A well-made bargain would esteem it,
 And have more sense than to redeem it,
 JUSTICE shall in those shades confine,
 To drudge for PLUTUS in the Mine,
 All the Day long to toil and roar,
 And cursing work the stubborn ore,
 For Coxcombs *here*, who have no brains,
 Without a Sixpence for his pains.
 Thence, with each due return of Night,
 COMPELL'D, the *tall, thin*, half-starv'd SPRITE
 Shall earth re-visit, and survey
 The place where once his treasure lay,
 Shall view the *stall*, where *holy* PRIDE,
 With *letter'd* IGNORANCE allied,
 Once hail'd him mighty and ador'd,
 Descended to another Lord.
 Then shall *He* screaming pierce the air,
 Hang his lank jaws, and scowl despair;

Then



Then shall *He* ban at Heaven's decrees,
And, howling, sink to Hell for ease.

Those, who on Earth thro' life have past,
With equal pace, from first to last,
Nor vex'd with passions, nor with spleen,
Inspid, easy, and serene,
Whose heads were made too weak to bear
The weight of business, or of care,
Who without *Merit*, without *Crime*,
Contriv'd to while away their time,
Nor Good, nor Bad, nor Fools, nor Wits,
Mild Justice with a smile, permits
Still to pursue their darling plan,
And find amusement how they can.

The *BEAU*, in gaudiest plumage drest
With lucky Fancy, o'er the rest
Of *AIR* a curious mantle throws,
And chats among his Brother *BEAUX*;
Or, if the weather's fine and clear,
No sign of rain or tempest near,
Encourag'd by the cloudless day,
Like *gilded Butterflies* at play,



So lively All, so gay, so brisk,
In air They *flutter, float, and frisk.*

The BELLE (what mortal doth not know,
BELLES after death admire a BEAU ?)
With happy grace renews her art,
To trap the Coxcomb's wand'ring heart.
And after death, as whilst they live,
A heart is *all* which BEAUX can give.

In some still, solemn, sacred shade,
Behold a group of AUTHORS laid,
News-paper WITS, and SONNETEERS,
Gentlemen BARDS, and *Rhiming* PEERS,
BIOGRAPHERS, whose wond'rous worth,
Is scarce remember'd now on earth,
Whom FIELDING's *humour* led astray,
And *plaintive* FOPS, debauch'd by GRAY,
All sit together in a ring,
And laugh and prattle, write and sing.

On his *own* works, with *laurel* crown'd,
Neatly and elegantly bound,

(For



(For this is *one* of many rules
 With *writing* Lords and *laureat* Fools,
 And which for ever must succeed
 With *other* Lords who cannot *read*,
 However destitute of wit,
 To make their works for BOOK-CASE fit)
 Acknowledg'd Master of those feats,
 CIBBER his *Birth-Day Odes* repeats.

With Triumph *now* possess that feat,
 With Triumph *now* thy Odes repeat,
 Univall'd Vigils proudly keep,
 Whilst ev'ry hearer's lull'd to sleep ;
 But know, *Illustrious* BARD, when *Fate*,
 Which still pursues thy name with hate,
 The *Regal Laurel* blasts, which now
 Blooms on the placid WHITEHEAD's brow,
 Low must descend thy Pride and Fame,
 And CIBBER's be the second Name.

Here TRIFLE cough'd (for *Coughing* still
 Bears witness of the *Speaker's* skill,
 A necessary piece of art,
 Of *Rhet'ric* an essential part,

For

P 2

And



And *Adepts* in the Speaking trade
 Keep a *Cough* by them *ready made*,
 Which they successfully dispense
 When at a loss for *words* or *sense*)
 Here TRIFLE cough'd, here paus'd—but while
 He strove to recollect his *smile*,
 That happy engine of his art,
 Which triumph'd o'er the female heart,
 CREDULITY, the Child of FOLLY,
 Begot on *Cloyster'd* MELANCHOLY,
 Who heard, with grief, the florid Fool
 Turn sacred things to ridicule,
 And saw him, led by WHIM away,
 Still farther from the subject stray,
 Just in the happy nick, aloud,
 In shape of M—E, address'd the Crowd.

Were we with Patience here to sit,
 Dupes to th' impertinence of Wit,
 Till TRIFLE his harangue should end,
 A *Greenland* Night we might attend,
 Whilst HE, with fluency of speech,
 Would various *mighty nothings* teach,

(Here



(Here TRIFLE, sternly looking down,
 Gravely endeavour'd at a Frown,
 But Nature unawares slept in,
 And, mocking, turn'd it to a Grin)
 And when, in FANCY's Chariot hurl'd,
 We had been carried round the world,
 Involv'd in error still and doubt,
 He'd leave us where we first set out.
 Thus *Soldiers* (in whose exercise
Material use with Grandeur vies)
 Lift up their legs with mighty pain,
 Only to set them down again.

Believe ye not (yes, all I see
 In sound belief concur with me)
 That PROVIDENCE, for worthy ends,
 To us unknown, *this* SPIRIT sends!
 Tho' speechless lay the trembling tongue,
 Your *Faith* was on your Features hung,
 Your *Faith* I in your eyes could see,
 When *all* were pale and star'd like *me*.
 But scruples to prevent, and root
 Out ev'ry shadow of dispute,



POMPOSO, PLAUSIBLE, and I,
 With FANNY, have agreed to try
 A deep concerted scheme—This night,
 To fix, or to destroy HER quite.
 If it be *True*, before we've done,
 We'll make it glaring as the Sun;
 If it be *false*, admit no doubt,
 Ere Morning's dawn we'll find it out.
 Into the vaulted womb of Death,
 Where FANNY now, depriv'd of breath,
 Lies fest'ring, whilst her troubled *Sprite*
 Adds horror to the gloom of night,
 Will *We* descend, and bring from thence,
 Proofs of such force to Common Sense,
 Vain *Triflers* shall no more deceive,
 And ATHEISTS tremble, and believe.

He said, and ceas'd; the Chamber rung
 With due applause from ev'ry tongue.
 The mingled sound (now let me see,
 Something by way of *Simile*)
 Was it more like *Strymonian Cranes*,
 Or *Winds*, low murm'ring, when it rains,

Or



Or *drowsy hum of clust'ring Bees,*
 Or the *hoarse roar of angry Seas?*
 Or (still to heighten and explain,
 For else our *Simile* is vain)
 Shall we declare it, like *all four,*
 A *Scream, a Murmur, Hum, and Roar?*

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

The Clock strikes Twelve—M—E starts and swears,
 In *Oaths* we know, as well as *Pray'rs,*
 RELIGION lies, and a *Church Brother*
 May use at will or one or t'other,
 PLAUSIBLE, from his *Cassock* drew
 A holy Manual, seeming new;
 A Book it was of *private Pray'r,*
 But not a pin the worse for wear,
 For, as we by the bye may say,
 None but *small Saints* in private pray.



RELIGION, fairest Maid on earth,
 As meek as good, who drew her birth
 From that blest union, when in heaven
 PLEASURE was Bride to VIRTUE given;
 RELIGION, ever pleas'd to pray,
 Possess'd the precious gift one day;
 HYPOCRISY, of CUNNING born,
 Crept in and stole it ere the morn.
 WH—TE—D, that greatest of all Saints,
 Who always prays, and never faints,
 Whom SHE to her *own Brothers* bore,
 RAPINE and LUST, on SEVERN's shore,
 Receiv'd it from the *squinting* Dame;
 From *Him* to PLAUSIBLE it came,
 Who, with unusual care oppress'd,
 Now trembling, pull'd it from his breast.
 Doubts in his boding heart arise,
 And fancied Spectres blast his eyes.
 DEVOTION springs from abject *fear*,
 And stamps his Pray'rs for *once* sincere.

POMPOSO (insolent and loud,
 Vain idol of a *scribbling* crowd,

Whose



Whose very name inspires an awe,
 Whose ev'ry word is Sense and Law,
 For what his Greatness hath decreed,
 Like Laws of PERSIA and of MEDE,
 Sacred thro' all the realm of *Wit*,
 Must never of Repeal admit;
 Who, cursing flatt'ry, is the tool
 Of ev'ry fawning, flatt'ring fool;
 Who wit with jealous eye surveys,
 And sickens at another's praise;
 Who, proudly seiz'd of *Learning's* throne,
 Now damns all Learning but his own;
 Who scorns those common wares to trade in,
Reas'ning, Convincing, and Persuading,
 But makes each Sentence current pass
 With *Puppy, Coxcomb, Scoundrel, Afs*;
 For 'tis with him a certain rule,
 The Folly's prov'd when he calls Fool;
 Who, to increase his native strength,
 Draws words six syllables in length,
 With which, assisted with a frown
 By way of Club, he knocks us down;
 Who 'bove the Vulgar dares to rise,
 And Sense of *Decency* defies;

For



For this same *Decency* is made
Only for Bunglers in the trade,
And, like the *Cobweb* Laws, is still
Broke thro' by *Great ones* when they will)—
POMPOSO, with *strong sense* supplied,
Supported, and confirm'd by *Pride*,
His Comrades' terrors to beguile,
Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile:
Features so horrid, were it light,
Would put the Devil himself to flight.

Such were the *Three* in Name and Worth,
Whom ZEAL and JUDGMENT singled forth
To try the *Sprite* on REASON's plan,
Whether it was of *God* or *Man*.

Dark was the Night, it was that Hour,
When TERROR reigns in fullest Pow'r,
When, as the Learn'd of old have said,
The yawning Grave gives up her dead,
When MURDER, RAPINE by her side,
Stalks o'er the earth with *Giant* stride;
Our QUIXOTES (for that *Knight* of old
Was not in Truth by half so *bold*,

Tho'



Tho' REASON at the same time cries,
 Our QUIXOTES are not half so *wise*,
 Since they, with other follies, boast
 An Expedition 'gainst a *Ghost*)
 Thro' the dull deep surrounding gloom,
 In close array, tow'rd FANNY's tomb
 Adventur'd forth—CAUTION before,
 With heedful step, the *lanthorn* bore,
 Pointing at Graves; and in the Rear,
 Trembling, and *talking loud*, went FEAR.
 The Church-yard teem'd—th' unsettled ground,
 As in an Ague, shook around;
 While in some dreary vault confin'd,
 Or riding on the *hollow Wind*,
 HORROR, which turns the heart to stone,
 In dreadful sounds was heard to groan.
 All staring, wild, and out of breath,
 At length they reach the place of death.

A VAULT it was, long time apply'd
 To hold the last remains of *Pride*:
 No *Beggar* there, of humble race,
 And humble fortunes, finds a place,

To



To rest in *Pomp* as well as *Ease*
 The only way's to pay the *Fees*.
 FOOLS, ROGUES, and WHORES, if *Rich* and *Great*,
 Proud e'en in death, HERE rot in *State*.
 No Thieves disrobe the *well-drest* Dead,
 No Plumbers steal the *sacred* lead,
 Quiet and safe the Bodies lie,
 No SEXTONS *sell*, no SURGEONS *buy*.

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

Three paces back they fell amaz'd,
 Like *Statues* stood, like *Madmen* gaz'd;
 The frighted blood forsakes the face,
 And seeks the heart with quicker pace;
 The throbbing heart its fears declares,
 And upright stand the bristled hairs;
 The head in wild distraction swims;
 Cold sweats bedew the trembling limbs;

NATURE,



NATURE, whilst Fears her bosom chill,
Suspends her Pow'rs, and LIFE stands still.

Thus had they stood till *now*, but SHAME
(An useful, tho' neglected Dame,
By Heav'n design'd the Friend of Man,
Tho' we degrade Her all we can,
And strive, as our first proof of Wit,
Her Name and Nature to forget)
Came to their aid in happy hour,
And with a wand of mighty pow'r
Struck on their hearts; vain *Fears* subside,
And baffled, leave the field to PRIDE.

Shall THEY, (forbid it *Fame*) shall THEY
The dictates of vile Fear obey?
Shall They, the *Idols* of the Town,
To *Bugbears* *Fancy* form'd bow down?
Shall they, who greatest zeal express,
And undertook for all the rest,
Whose matchless Courage all admire,
Inglorious from the task retire?
How would the *Wicked Ones* rejoice,
And *Infidels* exalt their voice,

If



If M—E and PLAUSIBLE were found,
 By *shadows* aw'd, to quit their ground?
 How would *Fools* laugh, should it appear
 POMPOSO was the slave of Fear?

“Perish the thought! tho’ to our eyes

“In all its terrors *Hell* should rise,

“Tho’ thousand Ghosts, in dread array,

“With glaring eye-balls, cross our way,

“Tho’ CAUTION, trembling, stands aloof,

“Still we will on, and dare the proof,”

They said; and without farther halt,

Dauntless march’d onward to the VAULT.

What mortal men, whoe’er drew breath,
 Shall break into the House of DEATH
 With foot *unhallow’d*, and from thence
 The Myst’ries of that State dispense,
 Unless they, with due rites, prepare
 Their weaker sense such sights to bear,
 And gain permission from the State,
 On Earth their journal to relate?
 POETS themselves, without a crime,
 Cannot attempt it e’en in *Rhime*,



But always, on such grand occasion,
 Prepare a *solemn Invocation*,
 A *Poſy* for grim PLUTO weave,
 And in ſmooth numbers aſk his leave,
 But why this Caution? why prepare
 Rites, needleſs now? for *thrice* in air
 The SPIRIT of the NIGHT hath *sneez'd*,
 And *thrice* hath clap'd his wings well-pleas'd:

DESCEND then TRUTH, and guard thy ſide,
 My *Muſe*, my *Patroneſs*, and *Guide*!
 Let Others at Invention aim,
 And ſeek by falſities for fame;
 Our Story wants not, at this time,
Flounces and *Furbuloes* in Rhime:
 Relate plain Facts; be brief and bold;
 And let the POETS, fam'd of *old*,
 Seek, whiſt our artleſs tale we tell,
 In vain to find a PARALLEL:
 SILENT ALL THREE WENT IN, ABOUT
 ALL THREE TURN'D SILENT, and CAME OUT.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.



T H E E N D

in ways, as before, and

the same as before, and

A way for him to go

And in smooth, narrow, and

the way this is why

the world is now, for

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END OF THE SECOND BOOK



GHOST.

B O O K III.

IT WAS THE HOUR, when *Huswife Morn*,
With *Pearl* and *Linen* hangs each thorn;
When happy Bards, who can regale
Their Muse with country air and ale,
Ramble afield, to Brooks and Bow'rs,
To pick up *Sentiments* and *Flow'rs*;
When Dogs and Squires from kennel fly,
And Hogs and Farmers quit their sty;

Vol. I.

Q

When



When *my Lord* rises to the Chace,
And brawny Chaplain takes his place.

These Images, or bad or good,
If they are rightly understood,
Sagacious Readers must allow,
Proclaim us in the Country now.
For Observations mostly rise
From Objects just before our eyes,
And ev'ry Lord in Critic Wit
Can tell you where the piece was writ,
Can point out, as he goes along,
(And who shall dare to say he's wrong?)
Whether the Warmth (for Bards we know,
At present, never more than glow)
Was in the Town or Country caught,
By the peculiar turn of thought.

IT WAS THE HOUR—tho' Critics frown,
We now declare ourselves in Town,
Nor will a moment's pause allow
For finding when we came, or how.
The Man, who deals in humble Prose,
Tied down by rule and method, goes ;

But



But they who court the vig'rous Muse,
 Their carriage have a right to chuse.
 Free as the Air, and unconfin'd,
 Swift as the motions of the Mind,
 The PoET darts from place to place,
 And instant bounds o'er Time and Space.
 Nature (whilst blended fire and skill
 Inflame our passions to his will)
 Smiles at her violated Laws,
 And crowns his daring with applause.

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

IT WAS THE HOUR, when Devotees
 Breathe *pious curses* on their knees,
 When they with pray'rs the day begin
 To sanctify a Night of Sin;

Q 2

When

But



When Rogues of Modesty, who roam
 Under the veil of Night, sneak home,
 That free from all restraint and awe,
 Just to the windward of the Law,
 Less modest Rogues their tricks may play;
 And plunder in the face of day.

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

In *Plays* indeed, when storms of rage
 Tempestuous in the Soul engage,
 Or when the Spirits, weak and low,
 Are sunk in deep distress and woe,
 With strict Propriety we hear
 DESCRIPTION stealing on the ear,
 And put off feeling half an hour
 To *thatch a cot*, or *paint a flow'r*;
 But in these *serious* works, design'd
 To mend the morals of Mankind,

We



We must for ever be disgrac'd
 With all the nicer sons of Taste,
 If once, the Shadow to pursue,
 We let the Substance out of view.
 Our means must uniformly tend
 In due proportion to their end,
 And ev'ry passage aptly join
 To bring about the *one* design.
 Our Friends themselves cannot admit
 This rambling, wild digressive Wit,
 No—not those very Friends, who found
 Their Credit on the self-same ground.

Peace, my good grumbling Sir—for once,
 Sunk in the solemn, formal Dunce,
 This Coxcomb shall your fears beguile——
 We will be dull—that you may smile.

Come METHOD, come in all thy pride,
 DULLNESS and WHITEHEAD by thy side,
 DULLNESS and METHOD still are one,
 And WHITEHEAD is their darling Son.
 Not He whose pen, above controul,
 Struck terror to the guilty Soul,

Q 3

Made



Made Folly tremble thro' her state,
 And Villains blush at being Great,
 Whilst he himself, with steady face,
 Disdaining Modesty and Grace,
 Could blunder on thro' thick and thin,
 Thro' ev'ry mean and servile sin,
 Yet swear by PHILIP and by PAUL,
 He nobly scorn'd to blush at all;
 But HE, who in the Laureat Chair,
 By Grace, not Merit planted there,
 In aukward pomp is seen to sit,
 And by his *Patent* proves his Wit;
 For favours of the Great, we know,
 Can Wit as well as rank bestow,
 And they who, without one pretension,
 Can get for Fools a place or pension,
 Must able be suppos'd of course
 (If reason is allow'd due force)
 To give such qualities and grace,
 As may equip them for the place.

But HE—who measures, as he goes,
 A mongrel kind of tinkling prose,

And



And is too frugal to dispense,
 At once both Poetry and Sense,
 Who, from amidst his *slumb'ring* guards,
 Deals out a Charge to *Subject Bards*,
 Where Couplets after Couplets creep
 Propitious to the reign of sleep,
 Yet ev'ry word imprints an awe,
 And all his dictates pass for law
 With BEAUX, who simper all around,
 And BELLES, who die in ev'ry sound,
 For in all things of this relation,
 Men mostly judge from *situation*,
 Nor in a thousand find we one,
 Who really weighs what's said or done.
 They deal out Censure, or give Credit,
 Merely from him who did or said it.

But HE—who, *happily serene*,
 Means nothing, yet would seem to mean;
 Who rules and cautions can dispense,
 With all that humble insolence,
 Which Impudence in vain would teach,
 And none but modest men can reach;



Who adds to SENTIMENTS the grace
 Of always being out of place,
 And *drawls* out MORALS with an air
 A Gentleman would blush to wear;
 Who, on the *chastest*, *simplest* plan,
 As *Chaste*, as *simple* as the Man,
 Without or *Character*, or *Plot*,
 NATURE unknown, and ART forgot,
 Can, with much racking of the brains,
 And years consum'd in letter'd pains,
 A heap of words together lay,
 And, smirking, call the thing a Play;
 Who Champion sworn in Virtue's cause,
 'Gainst Vice his *tiny bodkin* draws,
 But to no part of *Prudence* stranger,
 First blunts the point for fear of danger.
 So Nurses sage, as Caution works,
 When Children first use knives and forks,
 For fear of mischief, it is known,
 To other fingers, or their own,
 To take the edge off wisely chuse,
 Tho' the same stroke takes off the use.

Thee,



Thee, WHITEHEAD, Thee I now invoke,
 Sworn foe to Satyr's gen'rous stroke,
 Which makes unwilling Conscience feel,
 And wounds, but only wounds to heal.
 Good-natur'd, easy Creature, mild,
 And gentle as a new-born Child,
 Thy *heart* would never once admit
 E'en *wholesome* rigour to thy Wit,
 Thy *head*, if Conscience should comply,
 Its kind assistance would deny,
 And lend thee neither force, nor art,
 To drive it onward to the heart.
 O may thy sacred pow'r controul
 Each fiercer working of my soul,
 Damp ev'ry spark of genuine fire,
 And languors, like thine own, inspire;
 Trite be each Thought, and ev'ry Line
 As *Moral*, and as *Dull* as THINE.

Pois'd in mid-air——(it matters not
 To ascertain the very spot,
 Nor yet to give you a relation,
 How it eluded *Gravitation*——)

Hung



Hung a *Watch-Tow'r*—by VULCAN plann'd
 With such rare skill, by JOVE's Command,
 That ev'ry word, which whisper'd here,
 Scarce vibrates to the neighbour ear,
 On the still bosom of the Air
 Is borne, and heard distinctly there,
 The Palace of an ancient Dame,
 Whom Men as well as Gods call FAME.

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

Not all the Virtues which we find
 Concenter'd in a HUNTER's mind,
 Can make her spare the rane'rous tale,
 If in one point she chance to fail ;

Or



Or if, once in a thousand years,
 A perfect Character appears,
 Such as of late with joy and pride
 My Soul possess'd, ere ARROW died,
 Or such as, Envy must allow,
 The World enjoys in H—— now,
 This Hag, who aims at all alike,
 At Virtues e'en like theirs will strike,
 And make faults, in the way of trade,
 When she can't find them ready made.

All things she takes in, small and great,
 Talks of a *Toy-shop* and a *State*,
 Of *Wits* and *Fools*, of *Saints* and *Kings*,
 Of *Garters*, *Stars*, and *Leading-Strings*,
 Of *Old Lords* fumbling for a *Clap*,
 And *young Ones* full of *Pray'r* and *Pap*,
 Of *Courts*, of *Morals*, and *Tye-Wigs*,
 Of *Bears*, and *Serjeants* dancing jigs,
 Of *Grave Professors* at the *Bar*
 Learning to *thrum* on the *Guittar*,
 Whilst *Laws* are *slubber'd* o'er in haste,
 And *Judgment* sacrific'd to *TASTE*;

Of



Of *whited Sepulchres*, *Lawn Sleeves*,
 And *God's house* made a *den of thieves*;
 Of *Fun'ral pomps*, where *Clamours* hung,
 And fix'd disgrace on ev'ry tongue,
 Whilst *SENSE* and *ORDER* blush'd to see
Nobles without *HUMANITY*;
 Of *Coronations*, where each heart,
 With honest raptures, bore a part;
 Of *City Feasts*, where *ELEGANCE*
 Was proud her *Colours* to advance,
 And *GLUTTONY*, uncommon case,
 Could only get the second place;
 Of *New rais'd Pillars* in the State,
 Who must be good as being great;
 Of *Shoulders*, on which *HONOURS* sit
 Almost as clumsily as *Wit*;
 Of *doughty Knights*, whom *titles* please,
 But not the payment of the *Fees*;
 Of *Lectures*, whither ev'ry Fool
 In *second childhood* goes to school;
 Of *Grey Beards* deaf to *Reason's* call,
 From *Inn of Court*, or *City Hall*,
 Whom youthful *Appetites* enslave,
 With one Foot fairly in the grave,

By



By help of Crutch, a needful Brother,
 Learning of HART to dance with t'other;
 Of *Doctors regularly bred*
 To fill the mansions of the dead;
 Of *Quacks* (for *Quacks* they must be still
 Who save when *FORMS* require to kill)
 Who life, and health, and vigour give
 To HIM, not one would wish to live;
 Of *Artists* who, with noblest view,
 Disinterested plans pursue,
 For trembling worth the ladder raise,
 And mark out the ascent to praise;
 Of *Arts* and *Sciences*, where meet
Sublime, Profound and *all compleat*,
 A SET (whom at some fatter time
 The MUSE shall *consecrate* in *Rhime*)
 Who humble ARTISTS to out-do
 A far more *lib'ral* plan pursue,
 And let their *well-judg'd* PREMIUMS fall
 On those who have no worth at all;
 Of *Sign Post Exhibitions*, rais'd
 For laughter more than to be prais'd
 (Tho' by the way we cannot see
 Why *Praise* and *Laughter* mayn't agree)

Where



Where *genuine* HUMOUR runs to waste,
 And justly chides our want of Taste,
 Censur'd, like other things, tho' good,
 Because they are not understood.

To higher subjects now SHE soars,

And talks of *Politics* and *Whores*

(If to your nice and chaster ears

That Term *indelicate* appears,

SCRIPTURE *politely* shall refine,

And melt It into *Concubine*)

In the same breath spread BOURBON's league

And publishes the *Grand Intrigue*,

In BRUSSELS or our own GAZETTE,

Makes armies fight which never met,

And circulates the Pox or Plague

To LONDON, by the way of HAGUE,

For all the lies which their appear,

Stamp'd with *Authority* come here;

Borrows as freely from the gabble

Of some rude leader of a rabble,

Or from the *quaint* harangues of those

Who lead a Nation by the Nose,

As from those *storms* which, void of Art,
 Burst from our *honest* PATRIOT's heart,
 When ELOQUENCE and VIRTUE (late
 Remark'd to live in mutual hate)
 Fond of each other's Friendship grown,
 Claim ev'ry sentence for their own,
 And with an equal joy recites
Parade Amours, and *half-pay Fights*,
 Perform'd by *Heroes* of fair *Weather*,
 Merely by dint of *Lace* and *Feather*,
 As those rare acts which HONOUR taught
 Our daring Sons where GRANBY fought,
 Or those which, with superior skill,
Jack achiev'd by *standing still*.

This HAG (the curious if they please
 May search from earliest Times to these,
 And POETS they will always see,
 With *Gods* and *Goddesses* make free,
 Treating them all, except the MUSE,
 As scarcely fit to wipe their shoes)
 Who had beheld, from first to last
 How our TRIUMVIRATE had pass'd

Night's



Night's deadful interval, and heard,
 With strict attention, ev'ry word,
 Soon as she saw return of light,
 On founding pinions took her flight.

Swift thro' the regions of the sky
 Above the reach of human eye,
 Onward she drove the furious blast,
 And rapid as a whirlwind past
 O'er *Countries*, once the seats of *Taste*,
 By Time and Ignorance laid waste,
 O'er lands, where former ages saw
Reason and *Truth* the only Law,
 Where *Arts* and *Arms*, and *Public Love*
 In gen'rous emulation strove,
 Where *Kings* were proud of *legal* sway,
 And Subjects *happy* to obey,
 Tho' now in slav'ry sunk, and broke
 To *Superstition's* galling yoke,
 Of *Arts*, of *Arms*, no more they tell,
 Or *Freedom*, which with *Science* fell.
 By Tyrants aw'd, who never find
 The Passage to their people's mind,

To



T H E G H O S T. 271

To whom the joy was never known
Of planting in the heart their throne,
Far from all prospect of relief,
Their hours in fruitless pray'rs and grief,
For loss of blessings *they* employ,
Which *WE* *unthankfully* enjoy.

Now is the time (had we the will)
T'amaze the Reader with our skill,
To pour out such a flood of knowledge
As might suffice for a whole College,
Whilst with a true Poetic force
We trac'd the Goddess in her course,
Sweetly describing, in our flight,
Each *Common* and *Uncommon* Sight,
Making our journal gay and pleasant,
With things long past, and things now present.

Rivers—once *NYMPHS*—(a *Transformation*
Is mighty pretty in Relation)
From *great Authorities* we know
Will matter for a *Tale* bestow.
To make the observation clear
We give our Friends an instance here.

VOL. I.

R

The



The DAY (that never is forgot)
 Was *very fine*, but *very hot* ;
 The NYMPH (another gen'ral rule)
 Enflam'd with heat, laid down to cool ;
 Her *Hair* (we no exceptions find)
Wav'd careless floating in the wind ;
 Her *heaving breasts*, like *Summer seas*,
Seem'd am'rous of the playful breeze ;
 Should *fond DESCRIPTION* tune our lays
 In *choicest* accents to her praise,
DESCRIPTION we at last should find,
 Baffled and weak, would halt behind.
 NATURE had form'd her to inspire
 In ev'ry bosom soft desire,
Passions to raise she could not feel,
Wounds to inflict she would not heal.
 A GOD (his name is no great matter,
 Perhaps a JOVE, perhaps a SATYR)
 Raging with *Lust*, a GODLIKE flame,
 By chance, *as usual*, thither came :
 With gloting eyes the Fair one view'd,
 Desir'd her first, and then pursu'd ;
She (for what other can she do ?)
 Must fly—or how can He pursue ?

The



The *Muse* (so Custom hath decreed)
 Now proves her Spirit by her speed,
 Nor must one *limping* line disgrace
 The life and vigour of the Race.
 SHE RUNS, AND HE RUNS, 'till at length,
 Quite destitute of Breath and strength,
 To *Heav'n* (for there we *all* apply
 For help, when there's no other nigh)
 She offers up her *Virgin* Pray'r,
 (Can *Virgins* pray unpitied there?)
 And when the God thinks He has caught her,
 Slips thro' his hands, and runs to water,
 Becomes a *Stream*, in which the Poet,
 If he has any Wit, may shew it.

A *City* once for Pow'r renown'd,
 Now levell'd even to the ground,
 Beyond all doubt is a direction
 To introduce some *fine* reflection.

Ab, woeful me! Ab, woeful Man!

Ab! woeful All, do all we can!

Who can on earthly things depend
 From one to t'other moment's end?

R 2

HONOUR,



HONOUR, WIT, GENIUS, WEALTH, and GLORY,
Good lack ! good lack ! are transitory,
 Nothing is sure and stable found,
 The very *Earth* itself turns round.
Monarchs, nay *MINISTERS* must die,
 Must rot, must sink — *Ab, me ! ab, why !*
Cities themselves in Time decay,
 If *Cities* thus — *Ab, well-a-day !*
 If *Brick* and *Mortar* have an end,
 On what can *Flesh* and *Blood* depend ?
Ab woeful me ! Ab woeful Man !
Ab woeful All, do All we can !

ENGLAND (for that's at last the Scene,
 Tho' Worlds on Worlds should rise between,
 Whither we must our course pursue)
 ENGLAND should call into review
 Times long since past indeed, but not
 By *ENGLISHMEN* to be forgot,
 Tho' ENGLAND, once so dear to Fame,
 Sinks in GREAT BRITAIN's dearer name.

Here could we mention *Chiefs of old*,
 In plain and rugged honour bold,

To



To Virtue kind, to Vice severe,
 Strangers to Bribery and Fear,
 Who kept no wretched *Clans* in awe,
 Who never broke or *warp'd* the Law;
Patriots, whom, in her *better* days,
 Old *Rome* might have been proud to raise,
 Who steady to their Country's claim,
 Boldly stood up in *Freedom's* name,
 E'en to the teeth of *Tyrant Pride*,
 And, when they could no more, THEY DIED.

There (*striking contrast*) might we place
 A servile, mean, degen'rate race,
Hirelings, who valued nought but gold,
 By the best Bidder bought and sold,
 Truants from Honour's sacred Laws,
 Betrayers of their Country's cause,
 The Dupes of Party, Tools of Pow'r,
 Slaves to the *Minion of an Hour*,
 Lacquies, who watch'd a *Favourite's* nod,
 And took a *Puppet* for their God.

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



How might the Muse exalt her lays,
And wanton in a Monarch's praise!
Tell of a Prince in ENGLAND born,
Whose Virtues ENGLAND's crown adorn,
In Youth a pattern unto age,
So Chaste, so Pious, and so Sage,
Who true to all those sacred bands,
Which private happiness demands,
Yet never lets them rise above
The stronger ties of Public Love.

With conscious Pride see ENGLAND stand,
Our *holy Charter* in her hand,
She waves it round, and o'er the Isle
See *Liberty* and *Courage* smile.
No more she mourns her treasures hurl'd
In *Subsidies* to all the world;
No more by foreign threats dismay'd,
No more deceiv'd with foreign aid,
She deals out Sums to *petty States*,
Whom *Honour* scorns, and *Reason* hates,
But, wiser by Experience grown,
Finds safety in herself alone.

Whilst



Whilst thus, she cries, my children, stand,
 An honest, valiant, *native* band,
 A train'd MILITIA, brave and free,
 True to their KING, and true to ME,
 No *foreign* Hirelings shall be known,
 Nor need we Hirelings of *our own*.
 Under a just and pious reign
 The Statesman's sophistry is vain,
 Vain is each vile corrupt pretence,
 These are my *natural* defence,
 Their Faith I know, and they shall prove
 The Bulwark of the KING they Love.

These, and a thousand things beside,
 Did we consult a Poet's Pride,
 Some gay, some serious, might be said,
 But ten to one they'd not be read,
 Or were they by some curious few,
 Not even those would think them true.
 For, from the time that JUBAL first
 Sweet ditties to the harp rehears'd,
Poets have always been suspected
 Of having Truth in Rhime neglected,



That *Bard* except, who, from his Youth
Equally fam'd for *Faith* and *Truth*,
By Prudence taught, in *courtly chime*
To *Courtly ears*, brought *Truth in Rhime*.

But tho' to Poets we allow,
No matter when acquir'd or how,
From Truth unbounded deviation,
Which custom calls *Imagination*,
Yet can't they be suppos'd to lye
One half so fast as *FAME* can fly.
Therefore (to solve this *Gordian knot*,
A point we almost had forget)
To courteous Readers be it known,
That fond of verse and fallhood grown,
Whilst we in sweet digression sung,
FAME check'd her flight, and held her tongue,
And now pursues with double force,
And double speed her destin'd course,
Nor stops, till She the place arrives
Where *GENIUS* starves, and *DULLNESS* thrives,
Where Riches Virtue are esteem'd,
And craft is truest Wisdom deem'd,

Where



Where COMMERCE proudly rears her throne
 In State to other Lands unknown,
 Where to be cheated, and to cheat,
 Strangers from ev'ry quarter meet,
 Where CHRISTIANS, JEWS, and TURKS shake hands,
 United in *Commercial* bands,
 All of one *Faith*, and that, to own
 No God but INTEREST alone.

When Gods and Goddeffes come down
 To look about them here in Town,
 (For Change of Air is understood,
 By Sons of Physic to be good,
 In due proportions now and then,
 For these same Gods as well as Men)
 By Custom rul'd, and not a Poet
 So very dull, but he must know it,
 In order to remain *incog.*
 They always travel in a fog.
 For if we Majesty expose
 To vulgar eyes, too cheap it grows,
 The force is lost, and free from awe,
 We spy and censure ev'ry flaw.

But



But well preserv'd from public view,
 It always breaks forth fresh and new,
 Fierce as the Sun in all his pride,
 It shines, and not a spot's descried.

Was Jove to lay his thunder by,
 And with his brethren of the sky
 Descend to earth, and frisk about,
 Like chatt'ring N***, from rout to rout,
 He would be found, with all his host,
 A nine days Wonder at the most.
 Would we in trim our Honours wear,
 We must preserve them from the air,
 What is familiar, Men neglect,
 However worthy of respect.
 Did they not find a certain friend
 In Novelty to recommend,
 (Such we by sad experience find
 The wretched folly of mankind)
 Venus might unattractive shine,
 And H*** fix no eyes but *mine*.

But FAME, who never car'd a jot
 Whether she was admir'd or not,



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

Thrice did *She* sound her TRUMP (the same
 Which from the first belong'd to FAME,
 An *old ill-favour'd* Instrument
 With which the Goddess was content,
 Tho' under a *politer* race
Bag-pipes might well supply its place)
 And thrice awaken'd by the sound,
 A gen'ral din prevail'd around
 CONFUSION thro' the City past,
 And FEAR bestrode the dreadful blast.

Those *fragrant Currents*, which we meet
 Distilling soft thro' ev'ry street,

Affrighted



Affrighted from the usual course,
 Ran *murm'ring* upwards to their source;
Statues wept tears of blood, as fast
 As when a CÆSAR breath'd his last;
 Horses, which always us'd to go,
 A *foot-pace* in my Lord Mayor's Show,
Impetuous from their Stable broke,
 And ALDERMEN and OXEN spoke.

Halls felt the force, *Tow'rs* shook around,
 And *Steeple*s nodded to the ground,
 ST. PAUL himself (strange sight!) was seen
 To bow as humbly as the *Dean*.
 The *Mansion-House*, for ever plac'd
 A monument of *City Taste*,
 Trembl'd, and seem'd aloud to groan
 Thro' all that hideous weight of stone.

To still the sound, or stop her ears,
 Remove the cause or sense of fears,
Physic, in *College* seated high,
 Would any thing but *Med'cine* try.
 No more in PEWT'ERS-HALL was heard
 The proper force of ev'ry word,

Those



Those seats were desolate become,
 A hapless ELOCUTION dumb;
 FORM, *City-born*, and *City-bred*,
 By strict *Decorum* ever led,
 Who threescore years had known the grace
 Of *one, dull, stiff, unvaried* pace;
 TERROR prevailing over PRIDE,
 Was seen to take a larger stride;
 Worn to the bone, and cloath'd in rags,
 See AV'RICE closer hug his bags;
 With her own weight unwieldy grown,
 See CREDIT totter on her Throne;
 VIRTUE alone, had She been there,
 The mighty sound, unmov'd, could bear.

Up from the gorgeous bed, where Fate
 Dooms annual Fools to sleep in state,
 To sleep so sound that not one gleam
 Of Fancy can provoke a dream,
 Great DULLMAN started at the sound,
 Gap'd, rubb'd his eyes, and star'd around.
 Much did he wish to know, much fear
 Whence sounds so horrid struck his ear,

So



So much unlike those peaceful notes,
 That equal harmony which floats
 On the dull wing of City air,
 Grave prelude to a feast or fair,
 Much did he inly ruminate
 Concerning the decrees of Fate,
 Revolving, tho' to little end,
 What this same trumpet might portend.

Could the FRENCH—no—that could not be
 Under BUTE's *active* ministry,
 Too watchful to be so deceiv'd,
 Have stolen hither unperceiv'd,
 To NEWFOUNDLAND indeed we know,
 Fleets of war unobserv'd may go,
 Or, if observ'd, may be suppos'd,
 At intervals when Reason doz'd,
 No other point in view to bear
 But Pleasure, Health, and Change of Air,
 But Reason ne'er could sleep so sound
 To let an enemy be found
 In our Land's heart, ere it was known
 They had departed from their own:

Or



Or could his *Successor* (*Ambition*
Is ever haunted with suspicion)
His daring *Successor elect*,
All Customs, rules, and forms reject,
And aim, regardless of the crime,
To seize the chair before his time;

Or (deeming this the lucky hour,
Seeing his *Countrymen* in pow'r,
Those Countrymen, who, from the first,
In tumults and *Rebellion* nurs'd,
Howe'er they wear the mask of art,
Still love a *STUART* in their heart)
Could SCOTTISH CHARLES——

Conjecture thus,

That mental *IGNIS FATUUS*,
Led his poor brains a weary dance
From FRANCE to ENGLAND, hence to FRANCE,
'Till *INFORMATION* (in the shape
Of Chaplain learn'd, good SIR CRAPE,
A lazy, lounging, pamper'd Priest,
Well known at ev'ry City feast,

For



For he was seen much oft'ner there
 Than in the House of God at Pray'r;
 Who always ready in his place,
 Ne'er let God's creatures wait for grace,
 Tho', as the best Historians write,
 Less fam'd for Faith than Appetite,
 His disposition to reveal,
 The Grace was short, and long the meal;
 Who always would excess admit,
 If *Haunch* or *Turtle* came with it,
 And ne'er engag'd in the defence
 Of self-denying Abstinence,
 When he could fortunately meet
 With any thing he lik'd to eat;
 Who knew that Wine, on Scripture plan,
 Was made to chear the heart of Man,
 Knew too, by long experience taught,
 That Cheerfulness was kill'd by thought,
 And from those premises collected,
 (Which few perhaps would have suspected)
 That none, who with due share of sense
 Observ'd the ways of Providence,
 Could with safe Conscience leave off drinking,
 Till they had lost the pow'r of thinking;
 With

With eyes half-clos'd came *waddling* in
 And, having strok'd his double *chin*,
 (That *Chin*, whose credit to maintain
 Against the Scoffs of the profane,
 Had cost him more than ever State
 Paid for a *poor Electorate*,
 Which after all the cost and rout,
 It had been better much without)
 Briefly (for *Breakfast*, you must know,
 Was waiting all the while below)
 Related, bowing to the ground,
 The cause of that uncommon sound,
 Related too, that at the door,
 POMPOSO, PLAUSIBLE, and M—E,
 Begg'd that FAME might not be allow'd,
 Their shame to publish to the crowd;
 That some new laws he would provide,
 (If Old could not be misapplied
 With as much ease and safety there,
 As they are misapplied *elsewhere*)
 By which it might be construed treason
 In Man to exercise his reason,
 Which might *ingeniously* devise
 One punishment for Truth and Lies,



And fairly prove, when they had done,
 That Truth and Falshood were but one;
Which JURIES must indeed retain,
 But their effect should render vain,
 Making all real pow'r to rest
 In *one corrupted rotten breast*,
 By whose *false gloss* the very BIBLE
 Might be interpreted a *Libel*.

M****, (who, his Reverence to save,
 Pleased the Fool to screen the Knave,
 Tho' all, who witnessed on his part,
 Swore for his *head* against his *heart*)
 Had taken down, from first to last,
 A just account of all that past;
 But, since the gracious will of *Fate*,
 Who mark'd the child for wealth and state
 E'en in the Cradle, had decreed
 The *mighty DULLMAN* ne'er should read,
 That office of *disgrace* to bear
 The *smooth-lip'd PLAUSIBLE* was there.
 From H***** e'en to CLERKENWELL
 Who knows not *smooth-lip'd PLAUSIBLE*?



A Preacher deem'd of greatest note,
For Preaching that which others wrote.

Had DULLMAN now (and Fools we see
Seldom want Curiosity
Consented (but the *mourning shade*,
Of GASCOIGNE hast'ned to his aid,
And in his hand, what could he more?
Triumphant CANNING's Picture bore)
That *our three Heroes* should advance
And read their *Comical Romance*,
How rich a feast, what royal fare
We for our Readers might prepare!
So rich, and yet so safe a feast,
That no *one foreign blatant beast*,
Within the purlieus of the *Law*,
Should dare thereon to lay his paw,
And, *growling*, cry, with surly tone,
Keep off——*this feast is all my own*.

Bending to earth the downcast eye,
Or planting it against the sky,
As *One* immers'd in deepest Thought,
Or with some holy Vision caught,



His Hands, to aid the traitor's art,
 Devoutly folded o'er his heart.
*Here M*****, in fraud well skill'd, should go
All Saint, with solemn step and slow.
 O that RELIGION's sacred name,
 Meant to inspire the purest flame,
 A Prostitute should ever be
 To that *A ch-fiend* HYPOCRISY,
 Where we find ev'ry other vice
 Crown'd with *damn'd sneaking Cowardice*!
Bold Sin reclaim'd is often seen;
Past hope that Man, who dares be mean:

There, full of *flesh*, and full of *Grace*,
 With that *fine round unmeaning face*,
 Which NATURE gives to sons of earth,
 Whom she designs for ease and mirth;
 Should the *prim* PLAUSIBLE be seen,
 Observe his stiff affected mien;
 'Gainst NATURE, arm'd by GRAVITY,
 His Features too in buckle see;
 See with what Sanctity he reads,
 With what Devotion tells his beads!

Now



Now Prophet, shew me, by thine art,
What's the Religion of his heart;
Shew *there*, if Truth thou can'st unfold,
Religion center'd all in Gold,
Shew *Him*, nor fear Correction's rod,
As false to *Friendship*, as to God.

Horrid, *unweildly*, without Form,
Savage, as OCEAN in a Storm,
Of size prodigious, in the rear,
That Post of Honour, should appear
POMPOSO; Fame around should tell
How he a slave to int'rest fell,
How, for Integrity renown'd,
Which Bookfellers have often found,
He for *Subscribers* baits his hook,
And takes their cash—but where's the Book?
No matter where—*Wise* Fear, we know,
Forbids the robbing of a Foe;
But what, to serve our private ends,
Forbids the cheating of our friends?
No Man alive, who would not swear
All's *safe*, and therefore *honest* there.



For, spite of all the learned say,
 If we to Truth attention pay,
 The word *Dis honesty* is meant
 For nothing else but *Punishment*.
Fame too should tell, nor heed the threat
 Of Rogues, who Brother Rogues abet,
 Nor tremble at the terrors hung
 Aloft, *to make her bold her tongue*,
 How to all Principles untrue,
 Not fix'd to *old* Friends, nor to *New*,
 He damns the *Pension* which he takes,
 And loves the *STUART* he forlakes.
 NATURE (who justly regular
 Is very seldom known to err,
 But now and then in *sportive mood*,
 As some *rude* wits have understood,
 Or *through much work requir'd in haste*,
 Is with a random stroke disgrac'd)
 POMPOSO form'd on *doubtful* plan,
 Not quite a *Beast*, nor quite a *Man*,
 Like—*God knows what*—for never yet
 Could the most subtle human Wit
 Find out a Monster, which might be
 The Shadow of a *Simile*.

THESE



THESE THREE, THESE GREAT, THESE MIGHTY THREE,
Nor can the *Poet's* Truth agree,
Howe'er Report hath done him wrong,
And warp'd the purpose of his song,
Amongst the refuse of their Race,
The Sons of Infamy to place,
That open, gen'rous, manly mind,
Which we with joy in ALDRICH find:
THESE THREE, who now are faintly shewn,
Just sketch'd, and scarcely to be known,
If DULLMAN their Request had heard,
In stronger Colours had appear'd,
And Friends, tho' partial, at first view,
Shudd'ring, had own'd the picture true.

But had their Journal been display'd,
And the whole process open laid,
What a vast unexhausted field
For Mirth, must such a Journal yield!
In her own anger strongly charm'd,
'Gainst Hope, 'gainst Fear by Conscience arm'd,
Then had bold SATIRE made her way,
Knights, Lords, and Dukes, her destin'd prey.



But Prudence, ever sacred name
 To those who feel not VIRTUE's flame,
 Or only feel it at the best
 As the dull dupe of *Interest*,
 Whisper'd aloud (for this we find
 A Custom current with Mankind,
 So loud to Whisper, that each word
 May all around be plainly heard,
 And Prudence sure would never miss
 A Custom so contriv'd as this
 Her Candour to secure; yet aim,
 Sure Death against another's fame)
Knights, Lords, and Dukes——mad wretch, forbear,
 Dangers unthought of ambush there;
 Confine thy rage to weaker slaves,
 Laugh at *small Fools*, and lash *small Knaves*,
 But never, *helpless, mean, and poor*,
 Rush on, where Laws cannot secure,
 Nor think thyself, mistaken Youth,
 Secure in Principles of *Truth*,
Truth! why, shall ev'ry wretch of Letters
 Dare to speak *Truth* against his *Betters!*
 Let ragged VIRTUE stand aloof,
 Nor mutter accents of reproof;

Let



Let ragged Wit a Mute become,
 When Wealth and Pow'r would have her dumb.
 For who the Devil doth not know,
 That Titles and Estates bestow
 An ample stock, where're they fall,
 Of Graces which we mental call?
 Beggars, in ev'ry age and nation,
 Are Rogues and Fools by Situation;
 The Rich and Great are understood
 To be of Course both wise and good.
 Consult then Int'rest more than Pride,
 Discreetly take the stronger side,
 Desert in Time the simple few,
 Who *Virtue's* barren path pursue,
 Adopt my maxims——follow Me——
 To BAAL bow the prudent knee;
 Deny thy God, betray thy Friend,
 At BAAL's altars hourly bend,
 So shalt Thou rich and great be seen;
 To be Great *now*, You must be mean.

Hence, *Tempter*, to some weaker Soul,
 Which Fear and Interest controul;

Vainly

Vainly thy precepts are address'd,
 Where VIRTUE steels the steady breast.
 Through Meanness wade to boasted pow'r,
 Through Guilt repeated ev'ry hour;
 What is thy Gain, when all is done,
 What mighty laurels hast Thou won?
 Dull Crowds, to whom the heart's unknown,
 Praise Thee for Virtues not thine own;
 But will, at once Man's scourge and friend,
Impartial CONSCIENCE to commend?
 From her Reproaches can'st thou fly?
 Can'st Thou with worlds her silence buy?
 Believe it not—her stings shall find
 A Passage to thy Coward Mind.
 There shall she fix her sharpest dart,
 There shew Thee truly, *as Thou art*,
Unknown to those, by whom Thou'rt priz'd;
Known to thyself to be despis'd.

The Man, who weds the sacred MUSE,
 Disdains all mercenary views,
 And He, who VIRTUE's throne would rear,
 Laughs at the Phantoms rais'd by Fear.

Tho'



Tho' *Folly*, rob'd in Purple, shines,
 Tho' *Vice* exhausts *Peruvian* mines,
 Yet shall they tremble, and turn pale,
 When SATIRE wields her mighty Flail;
 Or should They, of rebuke afraid,
 With MELCOMBE seek Hell's deepest shade,
 SATIRE, still mindful of her Aim,
 Shall bring the Cowards back to Shame.

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

Nor shall yon *Lawyer's* specious art,
 Conscious of a corrupted heart,
 Create imaginary Fear
 To damp us in our bold Career.
 Why should we Fear? and what? the Laws?
 They all are arm'd in VIRTUE's cause.

And



And aiming at the self-same end,
 SATIRE is always VIRTUE's Friend,
 Nor shall that Muse, whose honest rage,
 In a corrupt degen'rate age,
 (When, dead to ev'ry nicer sense,
 Deep sunk in Vice and Indolence,
 The SPIRIT of old ROME was broke
 Beneath the Tyrant Fidler's yoke)
 Banish'd the Rose from Nero's cheek;
 Under a BRUNSWICK fear to speak.

Drawn by *Conceit* from REASON's plan,
 How vain is that *poor Creature*, MAN!
 How pleas'd is ev'ry poultry elf
 To prate about that thing himself!
 After my Promise made in Rhime,
 And meant in earnest at that time,
 To jog, according to the Mode,
 In one dull pace, in one dull road,
 What but that Curse of Heart and Head
 To this *digression* could have led,
 Where plung'd, in vain I look about,
 And can't stay in, nor well get out.

Could



Could I, whilst *Humour* held the Quill,
 Could I *digress* with half that skill,
 Could I with half that skill return,
 Which we so much admire in STERNE,
 Where each *Digression*, seeming vain,
 And only fit to entertain,
 Is found, on better recollection,
 To have a just and nice Connection,
 To help the whole with wond'rous art,
 Whence it seems idly to depart;
 Then should our readers ne'er accuse
 These wild excursions of the Muse,
 Ne'er backward turn dull Pages o'er
 To recollect what went before;
 Deeply impress'd, and ever new,
 Each Image past should start to view,
 And We to DULLMAN now come in,
 As if we ne'er had absent been.

Have you not seen, when danger's near,
 The coward cheek turn *white* with fear?
 Have you not seen, when danger's fled,
 The self-same cheek with joy turn *red*?

These



These are *low* symptoms which we find
 Fit only for a vulgar mind,
 Where honest features, void of art,
 Betray the feelings of the heart;
 Our DULLMAN with a face was blest'd
 Where no one passion was express'd,
 His eye, in a *fine stupor* caught,
 Imply'd a plenteous lack of thought;
 Nor was one line that whole face seen in,
 Which could be justly charg'd with meaning.

To AVARICE by *birth* ally'd,
 Debauch'd by *Marriage* into *Pride*,
 In age grown fond of youthful sports,
 Of Poms, of Vanities, and Courts,
 And by success too mighty made,
 To love his Country or his Trade,
 Stiff in opinion (no rare case
 With Blockheads in, or out of Place)
 Too weak, and insolent of Soul,
 To suffer Reason's just controul,
 But bending, of his own accord,
 To that *trim transient* toy, MY LORD,

The



The dupe of Scots (a fatal race,
 Whom God in *wrath* contriv'd to place,
 To scourge our crimes, and gall our pride,
 A constant thorn in ENGLAND's side,
 Whom first, our greatness to oppose,
 He in his vengeance mark'd for *foes* ;
 Then, more to serve his wrathful ends,
 And *more to curse us*, mark'd for *Friends*)
 Deep in the state, if we give credit
 To *Him*, for no one else e'er said it,
 Sworn friend of great Ones not a few,
 Tho' he their Titles only knew,
 And those (which envious of his breeding
Book-worms have charg'd to want of reading)
 Merely to shew himself polite
 He never would pronounce aright ;
 An *Orator* with whom a host
 Of those which ROME and ATHENS boast,
 In all their Pride might not contend
 Who, with no Pow'rs to recommend,
 Whilst JACKY HUME, and BILLY WHITEHEAD,
 And DICKEY GLOVER sat delighted,
 Could speak whole days in Nature's spite,
 Just as those *able Verse-men* write,



Great DULLMAN from his bed arose—
 Thrice did he spit—thrice wip'd his nose—
 Thrice strove to smile—thrice strove to frown—
 And thrice look'd up—and thrice look'd down—
 Then Silence broke—CRAPE, who am I?
 CRAPE bow'd, and smil'd an arch reply,
 Am I not, CRAPE? I am, you know,
 Above all those who are below.
 Have I not knowledge? and for *Wit*,
 Money will always purchase it,
 Nor, if it needful should be found,
 Will I grudge ten, or twenty Pound,
 For which the whole stock may be bought
 Of *scoundrel wits* not worth a Groat.
 But lest I should proceed too far,
 I'll feel my Friend *the Minister*,
 (Great Men, CRAPE, must not be neglected)
 How he in this point is affected,
 For, as I stand a magistrate,
 To serve him first, and next the State,
 Perhaps He may not think it fit
 To let *his* magistrates have wit.

Boast



Boast I not, at this very hour,
 Those large effects which troop with pow'r?
 Am I not mighty in the land?
 Do not I sit, whilst others stand?
 Am I not with rich garments grac'd,
 In seat of honour always plac'd?
 And do not *Cits* of chief degree,
 Tho' proud to others, bend to me?

Have I not, as a Justice ought,
 The laws such wholesome rigour taught,
 That *Fornication*, in disgrace,
 Is now afraid to shew her face,
 And not one Whore these walls approaches
 Unless they ride in our own coaches?
 And shall *this* FAME, an *old poor* Strumpet,
 Without our Licence sound her Trumpet,
 And, envious of our City's quiet,
 In broad Day-light blow up a Riot?
 If insolence like this we bear,
 Where is our State? our office where?
 Farewell all honours of our reign,
 Farewell the Neck ennobling CHAIN,



Freedom's *known* badge o'er all the globe,
Farewell the *solemn-spreading* ROBE,
Farewell the SWORD,—*farewell* the MACE,
Farewell all TITLE, POMF, and PLACE.
 Remov'd from Men of high degree,
 (A loss to *them*, CRAPE, not to *Me*)
 Banish'd to CHIPPENHAM, or to FROME,
 DULLMAN once more shall ply the Loom.

CRAPE, lifting up his hands and eyes,
 DULLMAN—the *Loom*—at CHIPPENHAM—cries,
 If there be Pow'rs which greatness love,
 Which *rule below*, but *dwell above*,
 Those Pow'rs united all shall join
 To contradict the rash design.

Sooner shall stubborn WILL lay down
 His opposition with his *Gown*,
 Sooner shall TEMPLE leave the road
 Which leads to VIRTUE's *mean* abode.
 Sooner shall SCOTS this Country quit,
 And ENGLAND's Foes be Friends to PITT,
 Than DULLMAN, from his grandeur thrown,
 Shall wander out-cast, and unknown.



Sure as that *Cane* (a *Cane* there stood
Near to a *Table*, made of *Wood*,
Of *dry fine Wood* a table made
By some rare artist in the trade,
Who had enjoy'd immortal praise
If he had liv'd in HOMER's days.)
Sure as that *Cane*, which once was seen
In pride of life all fresh and green,
The banks of INDUS to adorn;
Then, of its leafy honours shorn,
According to exactest rule,
Was fashion'd by the workman's tool,
And which at present we behold
Curiously polish'd, crown'd with *gold*,
With *gold well-wrought*; sure as that *Cane*,
Shall never on its native plain
Strike root afresh, shall never more
Flourish in Tawny INDIA's shore,
So sure shall DULLMAN and his race
To latest times this station grace.

DULLMAN, who all this while had kept
His eye-lids clos'd as if He slept,

T 2

Now,



Now looking stedfastly on CRAPE,
 As at some God in human shape—
 CRAPE, I protest, you seem to me
 To have discharg'd a Prophecy;
Yes—from the first it doth appear
 Planted by FATE, the DULLMANS *here*
 Have always held a quiet reign,
 And *here* shall to the last remain.

CRAPE, they're all wrong about this *Ghost*—
 Quite on the wrong side of the Post—
Blockheads to take *it* in their head
 To be a message from the dead,
 For that by *Mission* they design,
 A word not half so good as mine.
 CRAPE—*here* it is—start not one doubt—
 A *Plot*—a *Plot*—I've found it out.

O God!—cries CRAPE,—how blest the nation,
 Where one Son boasts such penetration!

CRAPE, I've not time to tell you now
When I discover'd this, or *how*;

To



To STENTOR go—if he's not there,
 His place let *Bully* NORTON bear—
 Our Citizens to Council call—
 Let *All* meet—'tis the cause of *All*,
 Let the three Witnesses attend
 With *Allegations* to befriend,
 To swear just so much, and no more,
 As We instruct them in before.

Stay—CRAPE—come back—what, don't you see
 Th' effects of this discovery?
 DULLMAN all care and toil endures—
 The Profit, CRAPE, will all be *Yours*.
 A *Mitre* (for, this arduous task
 Perform'd, they'll grant whate'er I ask)
 A *Mitre* (and perhaps the best)
 Shall thro' my Interest make thee blest)
 And at this time, when *gracious* FATE
 Dooms to the *Scot* the reigns of State,
 Who is more fit (and for your use
 We could some instances produce)
 Of ENGLAND's *Church* to be the *Head*
 Than You, a *Presbyterian* bred?



But when thus mighty you are made,
 Unlike the Brethren of thy trade,
 Be grateful, CRAPE, and let Me not,
 Like *Old NEWCASTLE*, be forgot.

But an Affair, CRAPE, of this size
 Will ask from Conduct vast supplies;
 It must not, as the Vulgar say,
 Be done in *Hugger Mugger* way.
 Traitors indeed (and that's discreet)
 Who hatch the Plot, in private meet;
 They should in Public go, no doubt,
 Whose business is to find it out.

To-morrow—if the day appear
 Likely to turn out fair and clear—
 Proclaim a *Grand Processionade*—
 Be all the City Pomp display'd,
 Let the *Train-bands*—CRAPE shook his head—
 They heard the Trumpet and were fled—
 Well—cries the Knight—if that's the case,
 My *Servants* shall supply their place—
 My *Servants*—*mine alone*—no more
 Than what *my Servants* did before—

Dost



Dost not remember, CRAPE, that day,
 When, DULLMAN's grandeur to display,
 As all too simple, and too low,
 Our City Friends were thrust below,
 Whilst, as more worthy of our Love,
 Courtiers were entertain'd above?
 Tell me, who waited then? and how?
 My Servants—*mine*—and why not now?
 In haste then, CRAPE, to STENTOR go—
 But send up HART who waits below,
 With him, 'till You return again
 (Reach me my *Spectacles* and *Cane*)
 I'll make a proof how I advance in
 My new accomplishment of *dancing*.

Not quite so fast as Lightning flies,
 Wing'd with *red* anger, thro' the skies;
 Not quite so fast as, sent by Jove
 Iris descends on wings of Love;
 Not quite so fast as TERROR rides
 When He the chafing winds bestrides;
 CRAPE Hobbled—but his mind was good—
 Cou'd he go faster than He cou'd?



Near to that *Tow'r*, which, as we're told,
 The mighty *JULIUS* rais'd of old,
 Where to the block by Justice led;
 The *Rebel* *Scot* hath often bled,
 Where Arms are kept so clean, so bright,
 'Twere Sin they should be soil'd in fight,
 Where Brutes of *foreign* race are shewn
 By Brutes much greater of *our own*,
 Fast by the crowd'd *Thames*, is found
 An ample square of sacred ground,
 Where artless *Eloquence* presides,
 And *Nature* ev'ry sentence guides.

Here *Female Parliaments* debate
 About Religion, Trade, and State,
 Here ev'ry *NAIAD's* Patriot soul,
 Disdaining *Foreign* base controul,
 Despising *French*, despising *Erse*,
 Pours forth the plain *Old English* Curse,
 And bears aloft, with terrors hung,
 The Honours of the *Vulgar Tongue*.

Here *STENTOR*, always heard with awe,
 In thund'ring accents deals out Law.

Twelve



Twelve Furlongs off each dreadful word
 Was plainly and distinctly heard,
 And ev'ry neighbour hill around
 Return'd and swell'd the mighty sound.
 The loudest Virgin of the stream,
 Compar'd with *him*, would silent seem;
 THAMES (who, enrag'd to find his course
 Oppos'd, rolls down with double force,
 Against the Bridge indignant roars,
 And lashes the resounding shores)
 Compar'd with *him*, at lowest Tide,
 In softest whispers seems to glide.

Hither directed by the noise,
 Swell'd with the hope of future joys,
 Thro' too much zeal and haste made lame,
 The *Rev'rend* slave of DULLMAN came.

STENTOR—with such a serious air,
 With such a face of *solemn* care,
 As might import him to contain
 A Nation's welfare in his brain—

STENTOR—cries CRAPE—I'm hither sent
 On business of most high intent,

Great



Great DULLMAN's orders to convey ;

DULLMAN commands, and I obey.

Big with those throes which Patriots feel,

And lab'ring for the common weal,

Some secret which forbids him rest,

Tumbles and *Tosses* in his breast,

Tumbles and *Tosses* to get free ;

And thus the Chief commands by Me :

To-morrow—if the Day appear

Likely to turn out fair and clear—

Proclaim a *Grand Processionade*—

Be all the City Pomp display'd—

Our Citizens to Council call—

Let *All* meet—'tis the Cause of *All*.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.



G H O S T.

B O O K IV.

C O X C O M B S, who vainly make pretence
To something of exalted sense

•Bove other men, and, *gravely wise*,
Affect those pleasures to despise,
Which, merely to the eye confin'd,
Bring no improvement to the mind,
Rail at all pomp; They would not go
For millions to a *Puppet-Show*,

Nor



Nor can forgive the mighty crime
 Of countenancing *Pantomime* ;
 No, not at COVENT-GARDEN, where,
 Without a head for play or play'r,
 Or, could a head be found most fit,
 Without one play'r to second it,
 They must, obeying *Folly's* call,
 Thrive by mere shew, or not at all.

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

With



With these *grave* Fops, whose system seems
 To give up Certainty for dreams,
 The Eye of Man is understood
 As for no other purpose good
 Than as a door, thro' which of course
 Their passage crouding objects force,
 A downright Usher, to admit
 New-Comers to the Court of *Wit*.

(Good GRAVITY, forbear thy spleen
 When I say *Wit*, I *Wisdom* mean.)

Where (such the practice of the Court,
 Which legal Precedents support)
 Not one Idea is allow'd
 To pass unquestion'd in the crowd,
 But e're It can obtain the grace
 Of holding in the brain a place,
 Before the Chief in Congregation
 Must stand a *strict Examination*.

Not such as *Those*, who PHYSIC twirl,
 Full fraught with death, from ev'ry curl,
 Who prove, with all becoming State,
 Their voice to be the voice of Fate,

Prepar'd



Prepar'd with *Essence, Drop, and Pill,*
To be another *WARD, or HILL,*
Before they can obtain their Ends,
To sign Death-warrants for their Friends,
And talents vast as their's employ,
Secundum Artem to destroy,
Must pass (or Laws their rage restrain)
Before the Chiefs of *Warwick-Lane.*
Thrice happy *Lane,* where uncontroll'd,
In *Pow'r* and *Lethargy* grown old,
Most fit to take, in this blest Land,
The reins which fell from *WYNDHAM's* hand,
Her lawful throne great *DULLNESS* rears,
Still more herself as more in Years;
Where She (and who shall dare deny
Her right, when *REEVES* and *CHAUNCEY's* by)
Calling to mind, in ancient time,
One *GARTH* who err'd in Wit and Rhime,
Ordains from henceforth to admit
None of the rebel Sons of Wit,
And makes it her peculiar care
That *SCHOMBERG* never shall be there.

Not



Not such as *Those*, whom FOLLY trains
 To Letters, tho' unblest'd with brains;
 Who destitute of pow'r and will
 To learn, are kept to learning still;
 Whose heads, when other methods fail,
 Receive instruction from the rail,
 Because their Sires, a common case
 Which brings the Children to disgrace,
 Imagine it a certain rule,
 They never could beget a Fool,
 Must pass, or must *compound for*, e're
 The *Chaplain* full of beef and pray'r,
 Will give his *reverend Permit*,
 Announcing them for Orders fit,
 So that the Prelate (what's a Name?)
 All Prelates now are much the same)
 May with a conscience safe and quiet,
 With holy hands lay on that *Fiat*,
 Which doth all faculties dispense,
All Sanctity, all Faith, all Sense,
 Makes MADAN quite a Saint appear,
 And makes an Oracle of CHEERE.

Not



Not such as in that solemn feat,
 Where the *nine Ladies* hold retreat,
 The *Ladies nine*, who, as we're told,
 Scorning those haunts they lov'd of old,
 The banks of Isis now prefer,
 Nor will one hour from OXFORD stir,
 Are held for form; which BALAAM's *Ass*
 As well as BALAAM's self might pass,
 And with his Master take degrees,
 Could he contrive to pay the Fees.

Men of sound parts, who, deeply read,
 O'erload the Storehouse of the head
 With furniture they ne'er can use,
 Cannot forgive our rambling Muse
 This wild excursion; cannot see
 Why *Physic* and *Divinity*,
 To the surprize of all beholders,
 Are lugg'd in by the head and shoulders;
 Or how, in any point of view,
 OXFORD hath an thing to do;
 But Men of nice and subtle Learning,
 Remarkable for quick discerning,

Thro'



Thro' Spectacles of critic mould,
 Without instruction, will behold
 That We a Method here have got,
 To shew What is, by What is not,
 And that our drift (*Parentbesis*
 For once apart) is briefly this.

Within the brain's most secret cells,
 A certain *Lord Chief Justice* dwells
 Of sov'reign pow'r, whom One and All,
 With common Voice, We REASON call;
 Tho', for the purposes of Satire,
 A name in Truth is no great Matter,
 JEFFERIES or MANSFIELD, which You will,
 It means a *Lord Chief Justice* still.
 Here, so our great Projectors say,
 The Senses all must homage pay,
 Hither They all must tribute bring,
 And prostrate fall before their King.
 Whatever unto them is brought,
 Is carry'd on the wings of Thought
 Before his throne, where, in full state,
 He on their merits holds debate,



Examines, Cross-examines, Weighs
 Their right to censure or to praise;
 Nor doth his equal voice depend
 On narrow Views of foe and friend,
 Nor can or flattery or force
 Divert him from his steady course;
 The Channel of Enquiry's clear,
 No *sham Examination's* here.

He, upright Justicer, no doubt,
Ad libitum puts in and out,
 Adjusts and settles in a trice
 What Virtue is, and What is Vice,
 What is Perfection, what Defect,
 What we must chuse, and what reject;
 He takes upon him to explain
 What Pleasure is, and what is Pain,
 Whilst We, obedient to the Whim,
 And resting all our faith on him,
 True Members of the *Stoic* weal,
 Must learn to think, and cease to feel.

This glorious System form'd, for Man
 To practise when and how he can,

If



If the five Senses in alliance
 To Reason hurl a proud defiance,
 And, tho' oft conquer'd, yet unbroke,
 Endeavour to throw off that yoke,
 Which they a greater slav'ry hold,
 Than Jewish Bondage was of old;
 Or if They, something touch'd with shame,
 Allow him to retain the name
 Of Royalty, and, as in Sport,
 To hold a mimic formal Court;
 Permitted, no uncommon thing,
 To be a kind of Puppet King,
 And suffer'd by the way of toy,
 To hold a globe, but not employ;
 Our *System-mongers*, struck with fear,
 Prognosticate destruction near;
 All things to Anarchy must run;
 The little World of Man's undone.

Nay should the *Eye*, that nicest Sense,
 Neglect to send intelligence
 Unto the Brain, distinct and clear,
 Of all that passes in her sphere,



Should She presumptuous joy receive,
 Without the Understanding's leave,
 They deem it rank and daring Treason
 Against the Monarchy of REASON,
 Not thinking, tho' they're *wondrous* wise,
 That few have *Reason*, most have *Eyes* ;
 So that the Pleasures of the Mind
 To a small circle are confin'd,
 Whilst those which to the Senses fall,
 Become the Property of All.
 Besides (and this is sure a Case
 Not much at present out of place)
 Where NATURE Reason doth deny,
 No Art can that defect supply,
 But if (for it is our intent
 Fairly to state the argument)
 A Man should want an eye or two,
 The Remedy is sure, tho' new ;
 The Cure's at hand—no need of Fear—
 For proof—behold the CHEVALIER—
 As well prepar'd, beyond all doubt,
 To put Eyes in, as put them out.

But,



But, Argument apart, which tends
 T' embitter foes, and sep'rate friends,
 (Nor, turn'd apostate for the *Nine*,
 Would I, tho' bred up a Divine,
 And foe of course to Reason's weal,
 Widen that breach I cannot heal)
 By his own Sense and Feelings taught,
 In speech as lib'ral as in thought,
 Let ev'ry Man enjoy his whim;
 What's He to Me, or I to him?
 Might I, tho' never rob'd in *Ermine*,
 A matter of this weight determine,
 No Penalties should settled be
 To force men to Hypocrisy,
 To make them ape an awkward zeal,
 And, feeling not, pretend to feel.
 I would not have, might sentence rest
 Finally fix'd within my breast,
 E'en ANNET censur'd and confin'd,
 Because we're of a diff'rent mind.

NATURE, who in her act most free,
 Herself delights in Liberty,

U 3

Profuse



Profuse in Love, and, without bound,
 Pours joy on ev'ry creature round;
 Whom yet, was ev'ry bounty shed
 In double Portions on our head,
 We could not truly bounteous call,
 If FREEDOM did not crown them all.

By Providence forbid to stray,
Brutes never can mistake their way,
 Determin'd still, they plod along
 By Instinct, neither right nor wrong;
 But Man, had he the heart to use
 His Freedom, hath a right to chuse
 Whether He acts or well, or ill,
 Depends entirely on his will;
 To her last work, her fav'rite Man,
 Is giv'n on NATURE's better plan
 A Privilege in pow'r to *err*,
 Nor let this phrase resentment stir
 Amongst the grave ones, since indeed,
 The little merit Man can plead
 In doing well, dependeth still
 Upon his pow'r of doing ill,

Opinions



Opinions should be free as air ;
 No man, whate'er his rank, whate'er
 His Qualities, a claim can found
 That my Opinion must be bound,
 And square with his ; such slavish chains
 From foes the lib'ral soul disdains,
 Nor can, tho' true to friendship, bend
 To wear them even from a friend.
 Let Those, who rigid Judgment own,
 Submissive bow at Judgment's throne,
 And if They of no value hold
 Pleasure, till Pleasure is grown cold,
 Pall'd and insipid, forc'd to wait
 For Judgment's regular debate
 To give it warrant, let them find
 Dull Subjects suited to their mind ;
 Their's be slow Wisdom ; Be *my* plan
 To live as merry as I can,
 Regardless as the fashions go,
 Whether there's Reason for't, or no ;
 Be my employment here on earth
 To give a lib'ral scope to mirth,
 Life's barren vale with flow'rs t'adorn,
 And pluck a rose from ev'ry thorn.



But if, by Error led astray,
 I chance to wander from my way,
 Let no blind guide observe, in spite,
 I'm wrong, who cannot set me right.
 That Doctor could I ne'er endure,
 Who found disease, and not a cure,
 Nor can I hold that man a friend,
 Whose zeal a helping hand shall lend
 To open happy Folly's eyes,
 And, making wretched, make me wise;
 For next, a Truth which can't admit
 Reproof from Wisdom or from Wit,
 To *being* happy here below,
 Is to *believe* that we are so.

Some few in *knowledge* find relief,
 I place my comfort in *belief*.
 Some for *Reality* may call,
 FANCY to me is All in All.
Imagination, thro' the trick
 Of Doctors, often makes us sick,
 And why, let any Sophist tell,
 May it not likewise make us well?

This



This am I sure, whate'er our view,
 Whatever shadows we pursue,
 For our pursuits, be what they will,
 Are little more than shadows still,
 Too swift they fly, too swift and strong,
 For man to catch, or hold them long.
 But Joys which in the FANCY live,
 Each moment to each man may give.
 True to himself, and true to ease,
 He softens Fate's severe decrees,
 And (can a Mortal wish for more?)
 Creates, and makes himself new o'er,
 Mocks boasted vain *Reality*,
 And *Is*, whate'er he wants to Be.

Hail, FANCY—to thy pow'r I owe
 Deliv'rance from the gripe of Woe,
 To Thee I owe a mighty debt,
 Which Gratitude shall ne'er forget,
 Whilst Mem'ry can her force employ,
 A large encrease of ev'ry joy.
 When at my doors, too strongly barr'd,
Authority had plac'd a guard,



A *knave's* guard, ordain'd by Law,
 To keep *poor Honesty* in awe;
Authority, severe and stern,
 To intercept my wish'd return;
 When Foes grew proud, and Friends grew cool,
 And Laughter seiz'd each sober fool;
 When Candour started in amaze,
 And, meaning censure, hinted praise;
 When Prudence, lifting up her eyes
 And hands, thank'd Heav'n, that she was wise;
 When All around Me, with an air
 Of hopeless Sorrow, look'd Despair,
 When They or said, or seem'd to say,
 There is but one, one only way
 Better, and be advis'd by us,
 Not be at all, than to be thus;
 When Virtue shunn'd the shock, and Pride
 Disabled, lay by Virtue's side,
 Too weak my ruffled soul to cheer,
 Which could not hope, yet would not fear;
 Health in her motion, the wild grace
 Of Pleasure speaking in her face,
 Dull Regularity thrown by,
 And Comfort beaming from her eye,

FANCY,



FANCY, in richest robes array'd,
Came smiling forth, and brought me aid,
Came smiling o'er that dreadful time,
And, more to bless me, came in *Rhime*.

Nor is her Pow'r to Me confin'd,
It spreads, It comprehends Mankind.

When (to the Spirit-stirring sound
Of Trumpets breathing Courage round,
And Fifes, well mingled to restrain,
And bring that Courage down again,
Or to the melancholy knell
Of the dull, deep, and doleful bell,
Such as of late the good *Saint Bride*
Muffled, to mortify the pride
Of those, who, ENGLAND quite forgot,
Paid their vile homage to the Scot,
Where ASGILL held the foremost place,
Whilst my Lord figur'd at a race)
Processions ('tis not worth debate
Whether They are of Stage or State)
Move on, so very very slow,
'Tis doubtful if they move or no ;

When



When the Performers all the while
 Mechanically frown or smile,
 Or, with a dull and stupid stare,
 A vacancy of Sense declare,
 Or, with down-bending eye, seem wrought
 Into a Labyrinth of Thought,
 Where Reason wanders still in doubt,
 And, once got in, cannot get out ;
 What cause sufficient can we find
 To satisfy a thinking mind,
 Why, dup'd by such vain farces, Man
 Descends to act on such a plan ?
 Why They, who hold themselves divine,
 Can in such wretched follies join,
 Strutting like Peacocks, or like Crows,
Themselves and *Nature* to expose ?
 What Cause, but that (you'll understand
 We have our Remedy at hand,
 That if perchance we start a doubt,
 Ere it is fix'd, we wipe it out,
 As Surgeons, when they lop a limb,
 Whether for Profit, Fame, or Whim,
 Or mere experiment to try,
 Must always have a *Styptic* by)

FANCY



FANCY steps in, and stamps that *real*,
Which, *ipso facto*, is *Ideal*.

Can none remember, yes, I know,
All must remember that rare show,
When to the Country SENSE went down,
And Fools came flocking up to Town,
When *Knights* (a work which all admit
To be for *Knighthood* much unfit)
Built booths for hire; when *Parsons* play'd
In robes *Canonical* array'd,
And, Fiddling, join'd the *Smithfield* dance,
The price of Tickets to advance;
Or, unto Tapsters turn'd, dealt out,
Running from Booth to Booth about,
To ev'ry Scoundrel, by retail,
True pennyworths of Beef and Ale,
Then first prepar'd, by bringing beer in,
For present grand *Electioneering*;
When *Heralds*, running all about
To bring in Order, turn'd it Out;
When, by the prudent *Marshal's* care,
Left the rude populace should stare,

And



And with unhallow'd eyes profane
Gay Puppets of Patrician strain,
The whole Proceſſion, as in ſpite,
Unheard, unſeen, ſtole off by Night;
When our Lov'd Monarch, nothing loth,
Solemnly took that ſacred oath,
Whence mutual firm agreements ſpring
Betwixt the *Subject* and the *King*,
By which, in uſual manner crown'd,
His *Head*, his *Heart*, his *Hands* he bound,
Againſt *himſelf*, ſhould Paſſion ſtir
The leaſt Propenſity to err,
Againſt all *Slaves*, who might prepare
Or open force, or hidden ſnare,
That *glorious* CHARTER to maintain,
By which We ſerve, and He muſt reign;
Then FANCY, with unbounded ſway,
Revell'd ſole Miſtreſs of the day,
And wrought ſuch wonders, as might make
Egyptian Sorcerers forſake
Their baffled mockeries, and own
The Palm of *Magic* Her's alone.



A KNIGHT (who in the filken lap
 Of lazy Peace, had liv'd on Pap,
 Who never yet had dar'd to roam
 'Bove ten or twenty miles from home,
 Not even that, unless a *Guide*
 Was plac'd to amble by his side,
 And troops of Slaves were spread around
 To keep his Honour safe and sound,
 Who could not suffer for his life
 A Point to sword, or Edge to knife,
 And always fainted at the sight
 Of Blood, tho' 'twas not shed in fight,
 Who disinherited one Son
 For firing off an *Elder* Gun,
 And whipt another, six years old,
 Because the Boy, presumptuous, bold
 To Madness, likely to become
 A very Swift, had beat a drum,
 Tho' it appear'd an instrument
 Most *peaceable* and *innocent*,
 Having from first been in the hands
 And service of the *City Bands*)
 Grac'd with those ensigns, which were meant
 To further Honour's dread intent,

The



The Minds of Warriors to inflame,
 And spur them on to deeds of Fame,
 With little Sword, large Spurs, high Feather,
 Fearless of ev'ry thing but Weather,
 (And all must own, who pay regard
 To Charity, it had been hard
 That in his very first *Campaign*
 His *Honours* should be soil'd with rain)
 A Hero all at once became,
 And seeing others much the same
 In point of Valour as himself,
 Who leave their Courage on a shelf
 From Year to Year, till some such rout
 In proper season calls it out)
 Strutted, look'd big, and swagger'd more
 Than ever Hero did before,
 Look'd up, Look'd down, Look'd all around,
 Like MAJORS, grimly smil'd and frown'd,
 Seem'd Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell to call
 To fight, that he might rout them all,
 And personated Valour's style
 So long, Spectators to beguile,
 That passing strange, and wondrous true,
 Himself at last believ'd it too,

Nor



Not for a time could he discern
 Till Truth and Darkneſs took their turn,
 So well did FANCY play her part,
 That Coward ſtill was at the heart.

WHIFFLE (who knows not WHIFFLE's name,
 By the impartial voice of fame
 Recorded firſt, thro' all this land,
 In Vanity's illuſtrious band?)
 Who, by all bounteous Nature meant
 For offices of hardiment,
 A modern HERCULES at leaſt,
 To rid the world of each wild beaſt,
 Of each wild beaſt which came in view,
 Whether on four legs or on two,
 Degenerate, delights to prove
 His force on the *Parade* of Love,
 Diſclaims the joys which camps afford,
 And for the Diſtaff quits the ſword;
 Who fond of women would appear
 To public eye, and public ear,
 But, when in private, let's them know
 How little they can traſt to ſhow;



Who sports a Woman, as of course,
 Just as a Jockey shews a horse,
 And then returns her to the stable,
 Or vainly plants her at his table,
 Where he would rather VENUS find,
 (So pall'd, and so deprav'd his mind)
 Than, by some great occasion led,
 To seize Her panting in her bed,
 Burning with more than mortal fires,
 And melting in her own desires;
 Who, ripe in years, is yet a child,
 Thro' fashion, not thro' feeling wild;
 Whate'er in others, who proceed
 As Sense and Nature have decreed,
 From real passion flows, in him
 Is mere effect of mode and whim;
 Who Laughs, a very common way,
 Because he nothing has to say,
 As your *choice* SPIRITS oaths dispense
 To fill up vacancies of Sense;
 Who, having some small Sense, defies it,
 Or, using, always misapplies it;
 Who now and then brings something forth,
 Which seems indeed of Sterling Worth,

Some-



Something, by sudden Start and Fit,
 Which at a distance looks like wit,
 But, on Examination near,
 To his confusion will appear
 By Truth's fair glass, to be at best
 A Threadbare Jester's threadbare jest;
 Who frisks and dances thro' the street,
 Sings without voice, rides without seat,
 Plays o'er his tricks, like Æsop's As,
 A *gratis* fool to all who pass;
 Who riots, tho' he loves not waste,
 Whores without lust, drinks without taste,
 Acts without sense, talks without thought,
 Does every thing but what he ought,
 Who, led by forms, without the pow'r
 Of Vice, is Vicious, who one hour,
 Proud without Pride, the next will be
 Humble without Humility;
 Whose Vanity we all discern,
 The Spring on which his actions turn;
 Whose aim in erring, is to err,
 So that he may be singular,
 And all his utmost wishes mean,
 Is, tho' he's laugh'd at, to be seen,



Such (for when FLATT'RY's soothing strain
 Had robb'd the Muse of her disdain,
 And found a method to persuade
 Her art, to soften ev'ry shade,
 JUSTICE enrag'd, the pencil snatch'd
 From her degen'rate hand, and scratch'd
 Out ev'ry trace; then, quick as thought,
 From life this striking likeness caught)
 In Mind, in Manners, and in Mien,
Such WHIFFLE came, and such was seen
 In the World's eye, but (strange to tell!)
 Missed by FANCY's magic spell,
 Deceiv'd, not dreaming of deceit,
 Cheated, but happy in the cheat,
 Was more than human in his own.
 O bow, bow All at FANCY's throne,
 Whose Pow'r could make so vile an Elf,
 With Patience bear that thing, *himself*.

But, Mistress of each art to please,
 Creative FANCY, what are these,
 These Pageants of a trifler's Pen,
 To what thy Pow'r effected then?



Familiar with the human mind,
 As swift and subtle as the wind,
 Which we all feel, yet no one knows
 Or whence it comes, or where it goes,
 FANCY at *once* in ev'ry part
 Possess'd the Eye, the Head, the Heart,
 And in a thousand forms array'd,
 A thousand various gambols play'd.

Here, in a Face which well might ask
 The Privilege to wear a mask
 In spite of Law, and Justice teach
 For public good t'excuse the breach,
 Within the furrow of a wrinkle
 'Twixt Eyes, which could not shine but twinkle,
 Like Centinels i'th' flarry way,
 Who wait for the return of day
 Almost burnt out, and seem to keep
 Their watch, like Soldiers, in their sleep,
 Or like those lamps which, by the pow'r
 Of Law, must burn from hour to hour,
 (Else they, without redemption, fall
 Under the terrors of that Hall,



Which, once notorious for a *hop*,
Is now become a *Justice-shop*)
Which are so manag'd, to go out
Just when the time comes round about,
Which yet thro' emulation strive
To keep their dying light alive,
And (not uncommon, as we find,
Amongst the children of mankind)
As they grow weaker, would seem stronger,
And burn a little, little longer;
FANCY, betwixt such eyes enshrin'd,
No brush to daub, no mill to grind,
Thrice wav'd her wand around, whose force
Chang'd in an instant Nature's course,
And, hardly credible in Rhime,
Not only stopp'd, but call'd back Time.
The Face of ev'ry wrinkle clear'd,
Smooth as the floating stream appear'd,
Down the Neck ringlets spread their flame,
The Neck admiring whence they came;
On the Arch'd Brow the *Graces* play'd;
On the full Bosom *Cupid* laid;
Suns, from their proper orbits sent,
Became for Eyes a supplement;

Teeth,



Teeth, white as ever Teeth were seen
 Deliver'd from the hand of GREEN,
 Started, in regular array,
 Like Train-Bands on a grand Field-day,
 Into the Gums, which would have fled,
 But, wond'ring, turn'd from white to red,
 Quite alter'd was the whole machine,
 And Lady ——— was fifteen.

Here She made lordly temples rise
 Before the pious DASHWOOD's eyes,
 Temples which built aloft in air,
 May serve for show, if not for pray'r;
 In solemn form Herself, before,
 Array'd like *Faith*, the *Bible* bore.
There, over MELCOMB's feather'd head,
 Who, quite a man of Gingerbread,
 Savour'd in talk, in dress, and phyzz,
 More of another World than this,
 To a *dwarf Muse* a *Giant Page*,
 The last grave Fop of the last Age,
 In a superb and feather'd hearse,
Bescutcheon'd and *betagg'd* with Verse,



Which, to Beholders from afar,
 Appear'd like a triumphal Car,
 She rode, in a *cast* Rainbow clad;
There, throwing off the *ballow'd* plaid,
 Naked, as when (in those drear Cells
 Where, *Self-blefs'd*, *Self-curs'd* MADNESS dwells)
 PLEASURE, on whom, in *Laughter's* shape,
 FRENZY had perfected a rape,
 First brought her forth, before her time,
 Wild Witness of her shame and crime,
 Driving before an Idol band
 Of driv'ling STUARTS, hand in hand,
 Some, who to curse Mankind, had Wore
 A Crown they ne'er must think of more,
 Others, whose baby brows were grac'd
 With Paper Crowns, and Toys of Paste,
 She Jigg'd, and playing on the Flute
 Spread raptures o'er the soul of BUTE,

Big with vast hopes, some mighty plan,
 Which wrought the busy soul of man
 To her full bent, the CIVIL LAW,
 Fit Code to keep a world in awe,

Bound



Bound o'er his brows, fair to behold,
 As *Jewish Frontlets* were of old,
 The famous CHARTER of our land,
 Defac'd, and mangled in his hand;
 As one whom deepest thoughts employ,
 But deepest thoughts of truest joy,
 Serious and slow he strode, he stalk'd,
 Before him troops of Heroes walk'd,
 Whom best He lov'd, of Heroes crown'd,
 By TORIES guarded all around,
 Dull solemn pleasure in his face,
 He saw the honours of his race,
 He saw their lineal glories rise,
 And touch'd, or seem'd to touch the skies.
 Not the most distant mark of fear,
 No sign of *axe*, or *scaffold* near,
 Not one curs'd thought, to cross his will,
 Of such a place as *Tower Hill*.

Curse on this *Muse*, a flippant Jade,
 A Shrew, like ev'ry other Maid
 Who turns the corner of nineteen,
 Devour'd with peevishness and spleen.

Her



Her Tongue (for as, when bound for life,
The Husband suffers for the Wife,
So if in any works of rhyme
Perchance their blunders out a crime,
Poor Culprit Bards must always rue it,
Altho' 'tis plain the Muses do it)
Sooner or later cannot fail
To send me headlong to a jail.
Whate'er my theme (our themes we chuse
In modern days without a *Muse*,
Just as a Father will provide
To join a Bridegroom and a Bride,
As if, tho' they must be the Play'rs,
The game was wholly *his*, not *theirs*)
Whate'er my theme, the *Muse*, who still
Owns no direction but her will,
Flies off, and, ere I could expect,
By ways oblique and indirect,
At once quite over head and ears,
In fatal *Politics* appears.
Time was, and, if I ought discern
Of Fate, that Time shall soon return,
When *decent* and *demure* at least,
As grave and dull as any Priest,

I could



I could see *Vice* in robes array'd,
 Could see the game of *Folly* play'd
 Succesfully in Fortune's school,
 Without exclaiming rogue or fool;
 Time was, when nothing loth or proud,
 I lacquied, with the fawning crowd,
 Scoundrels in Office, and would bow
 To Cyphers great in place; but now
 Upright I stand, as if wife Fate,
 To compliment a shatter'd state,
 Had me, like *ATLAS*, hither sent
 To shoulder up the firmament,
 And if I stoop'd, with gen'ral crack
 The Heavens would tumble from my back;
 Time was, when rank and situation
 Secur'd the great Ones of the Nation
 From all controul; *Satire* and *Law*
 Kept only little Knaves in awe,
 But now, *Decorum* lost, I stand
Bemus'd, a Pencil in my hand,
 And, dead to ev'ry sence of shame,
 Careless of Safety and of Fame,
 The names of Scoundrels minute down,
 And Libel more than half the Town.

How



How can a Statesman be secure
 In all his Villainies, if poor
 And dirty Authors thus shall dare
 To lay his rotten bosom bare?
Muses should pass away their time,
 In dressing out the Poet's rhyme
 With Bills and Ribbands, and array
 Each line in harmless taste, tho' gay.
 When the hot burning Fit is on,
 They should regale their restless Son
 With something to allay his rage,
 Some cool Castalian Beverage,
 Or some such draught (tho' *They*, 'tis plain,
 Taking the *Muses* name in vain,
 Know nothing of their real court,
 And only fable from report)
 As makes a *WHITEHEAD's Ode* go down,
 Or flakes the *Feverette of Brown*:
 But who would in his Senses think
 Of *Muses* Giving gall to drink,
 Or that their folly should afford
 To raving Poets Gun or Sword?
 Poets were ne'er design'd by fate
 To meddle with affairs of State,

Nor



Nor should (if we may speak our thought
Truely as men of Honour ought)
Sound Policy their rage admit,
To Launch the thunderbolts of Wit
About those heads, which, when they're shot,
Can't tell if 'twas by Wit, or not.

These things well known, what Devil in spite
Can have seduc'd me thus to write
Out of that road, which must have led
To riches, without heart or head,
Into that road, which, had I more
Than ever Poet had before,
Of Wit and Virtue, in disgrace
Would keep me still, and out of place,
Which, if some *Judge* (You'll understand
One famous, famous thro' the land
For *making* Law) should stand my friend,
At last may in a Pill'ry end,
And all this, I myself admit,
Without one cause to lead to it.—

For instance now—this book—the GHOST—
Methinks I hear some Critic Post

Remark



Remark most gravely—"The first word
Which we about the Ghost have heard."
Peace, my good Sir—not quite so fast—
What is the first, may be the last,
Which is a point, all must agree,
Cannot depend on You or Me.
FANNY, no Ghost of common mould,
Is not by forms to be controul'd,
To keep her state, and shew her skill,
She never comes but when she will.
I wrote and wrote (perhaps you doubt,
And shrewdly, what I wrote about,
Believe me, much to my disgrace,
I too am in the self-same case)
But still I wrote, till FANNY came
Impatient, nor could any shame
On me with equal justice fall,
If She had never come at all.
An Underling, I could not stir
Without the Cue thrown out by her,
Nor from the subject aid receive
Until She came, and gave me leave.
So that (Ye Sons of Erudition
Mark, this is but a supposition,



Nor would I to so wife a nation
 Suggest it as a *Revelation*)
 If henceforth dully turning o'er
 Page after Page, Ye read no more
 Of FANNY, who, in Sea or Air,
 May be departed Gods knows where,
 Rail at jilt Fortune, but agree
 No censure can be laid on me,
 For sure (the cause let MANSFIELD try)
 FANNY is in the fault, not I.

But to return—and this I hold,
 A secret worth its weight in gold
 To those who write, as I write now,
 Not to mind where they go, or how,
 Thro' ditch, thro' bog, o'er hedge and stile,
 Make it but worth the Reader's while,
 And keep a passage fair and plain
 Always to bring him back again.
 Thro' dirt, who scruples to approach,
 At pleasure's call to take a coach,
 But we should think the man a clown
 Who in the dirt should set us down?

But



But to return—if WIT, who ne'er
 The shackles of restraint could bear,
 In wayward humour should refuse
 Her timely succour to the *Muse*,
 And to no rules and orders tied,
 Roughly deny to be her guide,
 She must renounce *Decorum's* plan,
 And get back when, and how she can,
 As *Parsons*, who, without pretext,
 As soon as mention'd, quit their text,
 And, to promote Sleep's genial pow'r,
 Grope in the dark for half an Hour,
 Give no more Reason (for we know
 Reason is vulgar, mean, and low)
 Why they come back (should it befall
 That ever they come back at all)
 Into the road, to end the rout,
 Than they can give Why they went out.

But to return—this Book—the GHOST—
 A mere amusement at the most,
 A trifle, fit to wear away
 The horrors of a rainy day,

A slight



A slight shot silk, for summer wear,
 Just as our modern Statesmen are,
 If rigid honesty permit
 That I for once purloin the Wit
 Of him, who, were we all to steal,
 Is much too rich the theft to feel.
 Yet in this Book, where Ease should join
 With Mirth to *sugar* ev'ry line,
 Where it should all be mere *Chit Chat*,
 Lively, Good humour'd, and *all that*,
 Where *honest* SATIRE, in disgrace,
 Should not so much as shew her face,
 The Shrew, o'erleaping all due bounds,
 Breaks into Laughter's sacred grounds,
 And, in contempt, plays o'er her tricks
 In *Science, Trade, and Politics*.

But why should the distemper'd Scold
 Attempt to blacken Men enroll'd
 In Pow'r's dread book, whose mighty skill
 Can twist an Empire to their will,
 Whose Voice is Fate, and on their tongue
Law, Liberty, and Life are hung,



Whom on enquiry, Truth shall find,
 With STUARTS *link'd*, time out of mind
 Superior to their Country's Laws,
 Defenders of a Tyrant's cause,
 Men, who the same damn'd maxims hold
Darkly, which they avow'd of old,
 Who, tho' by diff'rent means, pursue
 The end which they had first in view,
 And, force found vain, now play their part
 With much less Honour, much more Art?
 Why, at the Corners of the Streets,
 To ev'ry Patriot drudge She meets,
 Known or unknown, with furious cry
 Should She wild clamours vent, or why,
 The minds of *Groundlings* to inflame,
 A DASHWOOD, BUTE, and WYNDHAM name?
 Why, having not to our surprize
 The fear of death before her Eyes,
 Bearing, and that but now and then,
 No other weapon but her pen,
 Should She an argument afford
 For blood, to Men who *wear a sword*,
 Men, who can nicely *trim* and *pare*
 A point of HONOUR to a hair,

(HONOUR



(HONOUR—a Word of nice import,
 A pretty trinket in a Court,
 Which *my Lord* quite in rapture feels
 Dangling, and rattling with his Seals—
 HONOUR—a Word, which all the *Nine*
 Would be much puzzled to define—
 HONOUR—a Word which torture mocks
 And might confound a thousand Lockes—
 Which (for I leave to wiser heads,
 Who fields of death prefer to beds
 Of down, to find out, if they can
 What Honour *is*, on their Wild plan)
 Is *not*, to take it in their Way,
 And this we sure may dare to say
 Without incurring an offence,
Courage, Law, Honesty, or Sense)
 Men, who all Spirit, Life and Soul,
 Neat Butchers of a *Button-hole*,
 Having more skill, believe it true
 That they must have more courage too,
 Men, who without a place or name,
 Their Fortunes speechless as their fame,
 Would by the Sword new Fortunes carve,
 And rather die in fight than starve?



At *Coronations*, a vast field
Which food of ev'ry kind might yield,
Of good sound food, at once most fit
For purposes of health and wit,
Could not ambitious SATIRE rest ;
Content with what she might digest ;
Could she not feast on things of course,
A *Champion*, or a Champion's *horse* ;
A Champion's *horse*—no, better say,
Tho' better figur'd on that day—
A' *horse*, which might appear to us,
Who deal in rhyme, a PEGASUS,
A *Rider*, who, when once got on,
Might pass for a BELLEROPHON,
Dropt on a sudden from the skies,
To catch and fix our wond'ring eyes,
To witch, with wand instead of whip,
The world with *noble* horsemanship,
To twist and twine, both Horse and Man,
On such a well concerted plan,
That, *Centaur*-like, when all is done,
We scarce could think they were not one ?
Could She not to our itching ears
Bring the new names of *new-coin'd* Peers,

Who



Who Walk'd, Nobility forgot,
 With shoulders fitter for a knot,
 Than robes of Honour, for whose sake
 Heralds in form were forc'd to make,
 To make, because they could not find,
 Great Predecessors to their mind?
 Could She not (tho' 'tis doubtful since
 Whether He *Plumber* is, or *Prince*)
 Tell of a simple Knight's advance
 To be a doughty Peer of *France*,
 Tell how he did a Dukedom gain,
 And ROBINSON was AQUITAIN,
 Tell how our City-Chiefs disgrac'd,
 Were at an empty table plac'd,
 A gross neglect, which, whilst they live,
 They can't forget, and won't forgive,
 A gross neglect of all those rights
 Which march with City Appetites,
 Of all those Canons, which we find
 By *Gluttony*, time out of mind,
 Establish'd; which they ever hold,
 Dearer than any thing but Gold?



Thanks to my Stars—I now see shore—
 Of Courtiers, and of Courts no more—
 Thus stumbling on my City Friends,
 Blind Chance my guide, my purpose bends
 In line direct, and shall pursue
 The point which I had first in view,
 Nor more shall with the reader sport
 Till I have seen him safe in port.
 Hush'd be each fear—no more I bear
 Thro' the wide regions of the air
 The Reader terrified, no more
 Wild Ocean's horrid paths explore.
 Be the plain track from henceforth mine—
Cross-roads to ALLEN I resign,
 ALLEN, the honour of this nation,
 ALLEN, himself a *Corporation*,
 ALLEN, of late notorious grown
 For writings none, or all his own,
 ALLEN, the first of *letter'd* men,
 Since the *good* Bishop holds his pen,
 And at his elbow takes his stand
 To mend his head, and guide his hand.
 But hold—once more *Digression* hence—
 Let us return to *Common-Sense*,



The Car of PHOEBUS I discharge ;
My Carriage now a LORD-MAYOR's *Barge*.

Suppose we now—we may suppose
In Verse, what would be Sin in Prose—
The Sky with darkness overspread,
And ev'ry Star retir'd to bed,
The gew-gaw robes of Pomp and Pride
In some dark corner thrown aside,
Great *Lords* and *Ladies* giving way
To what they seem to scorn by day,
The real feelings of the heart,
And Nature taking place of Art,
Desire triumphant thro' the Night,
And *Beauty* panting with delight,
Chastity, Woman's fairest crown,
Till the return of Morn laid down,
Then to be worn again as bright
As if not sullied in the Night,
Dull *Ceremony*, business o'er,
Dreaming in form at COTTRELL's door,
Precaution trudging all about
To see the Candles safely out,



Bearing a mighty *Master Key*,

Habited like *Oeconomy*,

Stamping each lock with triple seals,

Mean AV'RICE creeping at her heels.

Suppose we too, like sheep in Pen,

The *Mayor* and *Court of Aldermen*

Within their barge, which thro' the deep,

The Rowers more than half asleep,

Mov'd slow, as over-charg'd with State;

THAMES groan'd beneath the mighty weight,

And felt that *bawble* heavier far

Than a whole fleet of men of war.

SLEEP o'er each well-known faithful head

With lib'ral hand his Poppies shed,

Each head, by DULLNESS rend'red fit

SLEEP and his Empire to admit.

Thro' the whole passage not a word.

Not one faint, weak, half sound was heard;

SLEEP had prevail'd to overwhelm

The Steersman nodding o'er the helm;

The Rower, without force or skill,

Left the dull Barge to drive at will;

The



The sluggish Oars suspended hung,
 And even BEARDMORE held his *tongue*.
 COMMERCE, regardful of a freight,
 On which depended half her *State*,
 Stepp'd to the helm, with ready hand
 She safely clear'd that bank of Sand,
 Where, stranded, our West-Country Fleet
 Delay and Danger often meet;
 Till NEPTUNE, anxious for the trade,
 Comes in full tides, and brings them aid;
 Next (for the Muses can survey
 Objects by Night as well as day,
 Nothing prevents their taking aim,
 Darknefs and Light to them the same)
 They past that building, which of old
Queen-Mothers was design'd to hold,
 At present a mere *lodging-pen*,
 A Palace turn'd into a den,
 To Barracks turn'd, and Soldiers tread
 Where *Dowagers* have laid their head;
 Why should we mention *Surrey-Street*,
 Where ev'ry week grave Judges meet,
 All fitted out with *hum* and *ba*,
 In proper form to drawl out Law,

To



To see all causes duly tried
 'Twixt Knaves who drive, and Fools who ride?
 Why at the *Temple* should we stay?
 What of the *Temple* dare we say?
 A dang'rous ground we tread on there,
 And words perhaps may actions bear,
 Where, as the Breth'ren of the seas
 For *fares*, the Lawyers ply for fees.
 What of that *Bridge*, most wisely made
 To serve the purposes of trade,
 In the great Mart of all this Nation,
 By stopping up the Navigation,
 And to that Sand-bank adding weight,
 Which is already much too great?—
 What of that *Bridge*, which, void of Sense,
 But well supplied with impudence,
Englishmen, knowing not the *Guild*,
 Thought they might have a claim to build,
 Till PATERSON, as white as milk,
 As smooth as oil, as soft as silk,
 In solemn manner had decreed,
 That, on the other side the TWEED,
 ART, born and bred, and fully grown,
 Was with one MYLNE, a man unknown,

But



But grace, preferment, and renown
 Deserving, just arriv'd in town ;
 One MYLNE, an Artist perfect quite,
 Both in his own, and country's right,
 As fit to make a bridge, as He,
 With glorious *Patavinity*,
 To build inscriptions, worthy found
 To lie for ever under ground.

Much more, worth obfervation too,
 Was this a feafon to purfue
 The theme, Our Mufe might tell in rhyme ;
 The Will She hath, but not the time ;
 For, swift as shaft from Indian bow,
 (And when a Goddefs comes, we know,
 Surpassing Nature acts prevail,
 And boats want neither oar, nor fail)
 The Veffel paff, and reach'd the shore
 So quick, that Thought was fcarce before.

Suppose we now our *City-Court*
 Safely deliver'd at the port,
 And, of their State regardless quite,
 Landed, like smuggled goods, by night ;

The



The solemn Magistrate laid down,
The dignity of robe and gown
With ev'ry other ensign gone;
Suppose the woollen Night-Cap on:
The *Flesh-brush* us'd with decent state
To make the Spirits circulate,
(A form, which to the Senses true,
The liq'rish Chaplain uses too,
Tho', something to improve the plan,
He takes the Maid instead of Man)
Swath'd, and with flannel cover'd o'er
To shew the vigour of threescore,
The vigour of threescore and ten
Above the proof of younger men,
Suppose, the mighty DULLMAN led
Betwixt two slaves, and put to bed;
Suppose, the moment he lies down,
No miracle in this great town,
The Drone as fast asleep, as He
Must in the course of Nature be,
Who, truth for our foundation take,
When up, is never half awake.

There



There let him sleep, whilst we survey
 The preparations for the day,
 That day, on which was to be shewn
Court-Pride by *City-Pride* outdone.

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

The *Wretch*, of God and man accurs'd,
 Of all Hell's instruments the worst,
 Draws forth his *pawns*, and for the day
 Struts in some Spendthrift's vain array ;
 Around his aukward doxy shine
 The treasures of GOLCONDA's mine,
 Each Neighbour, with a jealous glare,
 Beholds her folly publish'd there.

Garments, well-fav'd (an anecdote
 Which we can prove, or would not quote)
Garments well-fav'd, which first were made,
 When Taylors, to promote their Trade,

Against



Against the *Piſts* in arms aroſe,
 And drove them out, or made them cloaths;
Garments, immortal, without end,
 Like Names, and Titles, which deſcend
 Succeſſively from Sire to Son;
Garments, unleſs ſome work is done
 Of Note, not ſuffer'd to appear
 'Bove once at moſt in ev'ry year,
 Were now, in ſolemn form, laid bare
 To take the benefit of air,
 And, ere they came to be employ'd
 On this Solemnity, to void
 That ſcent, which Ruſſia's leather gave,
 From vile and impious Moth to ſave.

Each head was buſy, and each heart
 In preparation bore a part.
 Running together all about
 The Servants put each other out,
 Till the grave Maſter had decreed,
The more haſte, ever the worſt ſpeed;
Miſs, with her little eyes half-clos'd,
 Over a ſmuggled toilet dos'd,

The



The *Waiting-Maid*, whom Story notes
 A very *Scrub* in petticoats,
 Hir'd for one Work, but doing all,
 In slumbers lean'd against the wall;
Milliners, summon'd from afar,
 Arriv'd in shoals at *Temple-bar*,
 Strictly commanded to import
 Cart-loads of foppery from Court;
 With labour'd visible design
 ART strove to be *superbly* fine,
 NATURE, more pleasing, tho' more wild,
 Taught otherwise her *darling* child,
 And cried, with spirited disdain,
 Be H—— elegant and plain.

Lo! from the chambers of the East,
 A welcome prelude to the feast,
 In *saffron-colour'd* robe array'd,
 High in a Car by VULCAN made,
 Who work'd for JOVE himself, each Steed
 High-mettled, of celestial breed,
 Pawing and Pacing all the way,
 AURORA brought the wish'd-for day,

And



And held her empire, till outrun
By that brave jolly groom the SUN.

The Trumpet—hark! it speaks—It swells
The loud full harmony, It tells
The time at hand, when DULLMAN, led
By form, his Citizens must head,
And march those troops, which at his call
Were now assembled, to *Guild-Hall*,
On matters of importance great
To *Court* and *City*, *Church* and *State*.

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

CRAPE, ever true and trusty known,
Stole from the Maid's bed to his own,
Then in the Spirituals of pride,
Planted himself at DULLMAN's side.

Thrice



Thrice did the ever-faithful Slave,
 With voice which might have reach'd the grave,
 And broke death's adamant chain,
 On DULLMAN call, but call'd in vain;
Thrice with an arm, which might have made
 The THEBAN Boxer curse his trade,
 The drone he shook, who rear'd the head,
 And *thrice* fell backward on his bed.
 What could be done? where force hath fail'd,
 Policy often hath prevail'd,
 And what, an inference most plain,
 Had been, CRAPE thought might be again.

Under his pillow (still in mind
 The Proverb kept, *fast bind, fast find*)
 Each blessed night the keys were laid,
 Which CRAPE to draw away assay'd.
 What not the pow'r of voice or arm
 Could do, this did, and broke the charm;
 Quick started He with stupid stare,
 For all his little Soul was there.

Behold him, taken up, rubb'd down,
 In Elbow-Chair, and Morning-Gown;



Behold him, in his latter bloom,
Stripp'd, wash'd, and sprinkled with perfume;
Behold him bending with the weight
Of Robes, and trumpery of State;
Behold him (for the Maxim's true,
Whate'er we by another do,
We do ourselves, and Chaplain paid,
Like slaves, in ev'ry other trade,
Had mutter'd over God knows what,
Something which he by heart had got)
Having, as usual, said his pray'rs,
Go *titter, totter*, to the stairs;
Behold him for descent prepare,
With one foot trembling in the air;
He *starts*, he *pauses* on the brink,
And, hard to credit, seems to *think*;
Thro' his whole train (the Chaplain gave
The proper cue to ev'ry slave)
At once, as with infection caught,
Each *started*, *paus'd*, and *aim'd* at thought;
He turns, and they turn; big with care,
He waddles to his Elbow-Chair,
Squats down, and, silent for a season,
At last with CRAFT begins to reason;

But



But first of all he made a sign
 That ev'ry soul, but the *Divine*,
 Should quit the room; in him, he knows,
 He may all confidence repose.

CRAPE—tho' I'm yet not quite awake—
 Before this awful step I take,
 On which my future all depends,
 I ought to know my foes and friends.
 By foes and friends, observe me still,
 I mean not those who well, or ill
 Perhaps may wish me, but those who
 Have't in their power to do it too.
 Now if, attentive to the State,
 In too much hurry to be great,
 Or thro' much zeal, a motive, CRAPE,
 Deserving praise, into a scrape
 I, like a Fool, am got, no doubt,
 I, like a Wife Man, should get out.
 Not that, remark without replies,
 I say that to get out is wise,
 Or, by the very self-same rule
 That to get in was like a Fool;



The marrow of this argument
Must wholly rest on the event,
And therefore, which is really hard,
Against events too I must guard.

Should things continue as they *stand*,
And BUTE prevail thro' all the land
Without a rival, by his aid,
My fortunes in a trice are made ;
Nay, Honours on my zeal may smile,
And stamp me Earl of some great Isle ;
But, if a matter of much doubt,
The present Minister goes out,
Fain would I know on what pretext
I can stand fairly with the next ?
For as my aim at ev'ry hour
Is to be well with those in pow'r,
And my material point of view,
Whoever's in, to be in too,
I should not, like a blockhead, chuse
To gain *these* so as *those* to lose ;
'Tis good in ev'ry case, You know,
To have two strings unto our bow.

As



As one in wonder lost, Crape view'd
His Lord, who thus his speech pursued.

This, my good Crape, is my grand point,
And, as the times are out of joint,
The greater caution is requir'd
To bring about the point desir'd.
What I would wish to bring about
Cannot admit a moment's doubt,
The matter in dispute, You know,
Is what we call the *quomodo*.
That be thy task—The Rev'rend Slave,
Becoming in a moment grave,
Fixt to the ground and rooted stood,
Just like a man cut out of wood,
Such as we see (without the least
Reflexion glancing on the Priest)
One or more, planted up and down,
Almost in ev'ry Church in town;
He stood some minutes, then, like one
Who wish'd the matter might be done,
But could not do it, shook his head,
And thus the man of Sorrow said:



Hard is this task, too hard I swear,
By much too hard for me to bear,
Beyond expression hard my part,
Could mighty DULLMAN see my heart,
When He, alas! makes known a will,
Which CRAPE's not able to fulfil.
Was ever my obedience barr'd
By any trifling nice regard
To Sense and Honour? could I reach
Thy meaning without help of speech,
At the first motion of thy eye
Did not thy faithful creature fly?
Have I not said, not what I ought,
But what by earthly Master taught?
Did I e'er weigh, thro' duty strong,
In thy great biddings, right and wrong?
Did ever Int'rest, to whom Thou
Can'st not with more devotion bow,
Warp my sound faith, or will of mine
In contradiction run to thine?
Have I not, at thy table plac'd,
When business call'd aloud for haste,
Torn myself thence, yet never heard
To utter one complaining word,



And had, till thy great work was done,
 All appetites, as having none?
 Hard is it, this great plan pursu'd
 Of Voluntary servitude,
 Pursued, without or shame or fear,
 Thro' the great circle of the Year,
 Now to receive, in this grand hour.
 Commands which lie beyond my pow'r,
 Commands which baffle all my skill,
 And leave me nothing but my will:
 Be that accepted; let my Lord
 Indulgence to his slave afford;
 This Task, for my poor strength unfit,
 Will yield to none but DULLMAN's wit.

With such gross incense gratified,
 And turning up the lip of pride,
Poor CRAPE—and shook his empty head—
Poor puzzled CRAPE, wise DULLMAN said,
 Of judgment weak, of sense confin'd,
 For things of lower note design'd,
 For things within the vulgar reach,
 To run of errands, and to preach,



Well hast Thou judg'd, that heads like mine
 Cannot want help from heads like thine;
 Well hast Thou judg'd thyself unmeet
 Of such high argument to treat;
 'Twas but to try thee that I spoke,
 And all I said was but a joke.

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

But



But to our business—my design,
Which gave so rough a shock to thine,
To my Capacity is made
As ready as a fraud in trade,
Which, like Broad-Cloth, I can, with ease,
Cut out in any shape I please.

Some, in my circumstance, some few,
Ay, and those men of Genius too,
Good Men, who, without Love or Hate,
Whether they early rise or late,
With names uncrack'd, and credit sound,
Rise worth a hundred thousand pound,
By *threadbare* ways and means would try
To bear their point—so will not I.
New methods shall my wisdom find
To suit these matters to my mind,
So that the Infidels at Court,
Who make our City Wits their sport,
Shall hail the honours of my reign,
And own that DULLMAN bears a brain.

Some, in my place, to gain their ends,
Would give relations up, and friends ;
Would

Would lend a wife, who they might swear
 Safely, was none the worse for wear;
 Would see a Daughter, yet a maid,
 Into a Statesman's arms betray'd,
 Nay, should the Girl prove coy, nor know
 What Daughters to a Father owe,
 Sooner than schemes so nobly plann'd
 Should fail, themselves would lend a hand;
 Would vote on one side, whilst a brother,
 Properly taught, would vote on t'other;
 Would ev'ry petty band forget;
 To public eye be with *one* set,
 In private with a *second* herd,
 And be by Proxy with a *third*;
 Would (like a *Queen*, of whom I read
 The other day—her name is fled—
 In a book (where, together bound,
 WHITTINGTON and his CAT I found,
 A tale most true, and free from art,
 Which all LORD-MAYORS should have by heart)
 A *Queen* (O might those days begin
 Afresh when Queens would learn to spin)
 Who wrought, and wrought, but, for some plot,
 The cause of which I've now forgot,

During



During the absence of the Sun
Undid what She by day had done)
Whilst they a double visage wear,
What's sworn by Day, by Night unswear.

Such be their Arts, and such perchance
May happily their ends advance :
From a new system *mine* shall spring,
A LOCUM-TENENS is the thing.
That's your true Plan—to obligate
The present Ministers of State,
My *Shadow* shall our Court approach,
And bear my pow'r, and have my *coach*,
My *fine State-Coach*, superb to view,
A fine State-Coach, and paid for too ;
To curry favour, and the grace
Obtain, of those who're out of place,
In the mean time *I*—that's to say—
I proper, *I* myself—*here* stay.

But hold—perhaps unto the Nation,
Who hate the Scot's administration,
To lend my *Coach* may seem to be
Declaring for the Ministry,

For



For where the City-Coach is, there
 Is the true essence of the MAYOR.
 Therefore (for wise men are intent
 Evils at distance to prevent,
 Whilst Fools the evils first endure,
 And then are plagu'd to seek a cure)
 No *Coach*—a *Horse*—and free from fear
 To make our *Deputy* appear,
 Fast on his back shall he be tied,
 With two grooms marching by his side,
 Then for a *Horse*—thro' all the land,
 To head our solemn City-band,
 Can any one so fit be found,
 As He, who in *Artill'ry-ground*,
 Without a Rider, noble Sight,
 Led on our bravest troops to fight.

But first, *CRAPE*, for my Honour's sake,
 A tender point, enquiry make
 About that *Horse*, if the dispute
 Is ended, or is still in suit.
 For whilst a cause (observe this plan
 Of Justice) whether *Horse* or *Man*

The



The parties be, remains in doubt,
 Till 'tis determin'd out and out,
 That Pow'r must tyranny appear,
 Which should, *Pre-judging*, interfere,
 And weak faint Judges over-awe
 To bias the free course of Law.

You have my will—now quickly run,
 And take care that my will be done.
 In public, *CRAPE*, You must appear,
 Whilst I in privacy sit here;
 Here shall great *DULLMAN* sit alone,
 Making this Elbow-Chair my throne,
 And, You performing what I bid,
 Do all, as if I nothing did.

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

The



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

Constables, whom the Laws admit
To keep the Peace by breaking it ;
Beadles, who hold the second place
By virtue of a silver mace,
Which ev'ry *Saturday* is drawn,
For use of *Sunday*, out of pawn ,
Treasurers, who with empty key
Secure an empty Treasury ;
Churchwardens, who their course pursue
In the same state, as to their pew
Churchwardens of *Saint Marg'ret* go,
Since *PEIRSON* taught them pride and show,
Who in short transient pomp appear,
Like Almanacks chang'd ev'ry year,
Behind whom, with unbroken locks,
CHARITY carries the *Poor's Box*,
Not knowing that with private keys
They ope and shut it when they please,

Overseers,



Overseers, who by frauds ensure
The heavy curies of the poor;
Unclean came flocking, *Bulls* and *Bears*,
Like Beasts into the ark, by pairs.

Portentous flaming in the van
Stalk'd the *Professor* SHERIDAN;
A Man of *wire*, a mere *Pantine*,
A downright *animal Machine*.
He knows alone in proper mode
How to take vengeance on an *Ode*,
And how to butcher AMMON'S Son,
And poor *Jack Dryden* both in one.
On all occasions next the Chair
He stands for service of the MAYOR,
And to instruct him how to use
His *A's*, and *B's*, and *P's*, and *Q's*.
O'er *Letters*, into tatters worn,
O'er *Syllables*, defac'd and torn,
O'er *Words* disjointed, and o'er *Sense*
Left destitute of all defence,
He strides, and all the way he goes,
Wades, deep in blood, o'er *Cribs-Cross-Rows*.

Before



Before him ev'ry *Consonant*
 In agonies is seen to pant;
 Behind, in forms not to be known,
 The Ghosts of tortur'd *Vowels* groan.

Next *HART* and *DUKE*, well worthy grace
 And City favour, came in place.
 No Children can their toils engage,
 Their toils are turn'd to Rev'rend Age.
 When a *Court-Dame*, to grace his brows
 Resolv'd, is wed to City Spouse,
 Their aid with *Madam's* aid must join
 The aukward *Dotard* to refine,
 And teach, whence truest glory flows,
Grave Sixty to turn out his toes.
 Each bore in hand a Kit, and each
 To shew how fit he was to teach
 A *Cit*, an *Alderman*, a *Mayor*,
 Led in a string a *dancing Bear*.

Since the revival of *Fingal*,
 Custom, and Custom's all in all,
 Commands that we should have regard,
 On all high seasons, to the *Bard*.

Great



Great acts like these, by vulgar tongue
Profan'd, should not be said, but sung.
This place to fill, renown'd in fame,
The high and mighty LOCKMAN came,
And, ne'er forgot in DULLMAN's reign,
With proper order to maintain
The *Uniformity* of Pride,
Brought *Brother* WHITEHEAD by his side.

On Horse, who proudly paw'd the ground,
And cast his fiery eyeballs round,
Snorting, and champing the rude bit,
As if, for warlike purpose fit,
His high and gen'rous blood disdain'd
To be for sports and pastimes rein'd,
Great DYMCK, in his glorious station,
Paraded at the Coronation.
Not so our *City* DYMCK came,
Heavy, dispirited, and tame,
No mark of sense, his eyes half-clos'd,
He on a mighty *Dray-horse* doz'd.
Fate never could a horse provide
So fit for such a man to ride,



Nor find a Man, with strictest care,
 So fit for such a horse to bear.
 Hung round with instruments of death,
 The sight of him would stop the breath
 Of braggart Cowardice, and make
 The very *Court Drawcanfir* quake.
 With *Durks*, which, in the hands of Spite,
 Do their damn'd business in the Night,
 From *Scotland* sent, but here display'd
 Only to fill up the Parade;
 With *Swords*, unflesh'd, of maiden hue,
 Which Rage or Valour never drew;
 With *Blunderbusses*, taught to ride,
 Like *Pocket-Pistols*, by his side,
 In girdle stuck, he seem'd to be
 A little moving *Armory*.
 One thing much wanting to complete
 The sight, and make a perfect treat,
 Was that the Horse (a Courtesy
 In Horses found of high degree)
 Instead of going forward on,
 All the way backward should have gone,
 Horses, unless they breeding lack,
 Some Scruple make to turn their back,

Tho'



Tho' Riders, which plain Truth declares,
No scruple make of turning theirs.

Far, far apart from all the rest,
Fit only for a standing jest,
The *independent* (can you get
A better suited Epithet)
The *independent* AMYAND came,
All burning with the sacred flame
Of Liberty, which well he knows
On the great stock of slav'ry grows.
Like Sparrow, who, depriv'd of Mate
Snatch'd by the cruel hand of Fate,
From spray to spray no more will hop,
But sits alone on the House-top,
Or like Himself, when all alone
At Croydon, he was heard to groan,
Lifting *both* hands in the defence
Of Interest, and Common-Sense;
Both hands, for as no other man
Adopted and pursu'd his plan,
The *Left-hand* had been lonesome quite,
If He had not held up the *right*,



Apart He came, and fix'd his eyes
With rapture on a distant prize,
On which in Letters worthy note,
There, TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS, was wrote.
False trap, for Credit sapp'd is found
By getting twenty thousand pound ;
Nay, look not thus on Me, and stare,
Doubting the Certainty—to swear
In such a case I should be loth—
But PERRY CUST may take his oath.

In plain and decent garb array'd,
With the prim Quaker, FRAUD, came TRADE ;
CONNIVANCE, to improve the plan,
Habited like a *fury-man*,
Judging as Interest prevails,
Came next with measures, weights, and scales ;
EXTORTION next, of hellish race,
A Cub most damn'd, to shew his face
Forbid by fear, but not by shame,
Turn'd to a *Jew*, like ——— came ;
CORRUPTION, MIDAS-like, behold
Turning whate'er She touch'd to gold,

IMPOTENCE.



IMPOTENCE led by LUST, and PRIDE
 Strutting with PONTON by her side,
 HYPOCRISY, demure and sad,
 In garments of the Priesthood clad,
 So well disguis'd, that You might swear,
 Deceiv'd, a very Priest was there;
 BANKRUPTCY, full of ease and health,
 And wallowing in *well-sav'd* wealth,
 Came sneering thro' a ruin'd band,
 And bringing B—— in her hand;
 VICTORY, hanging down her head,
 Was by a highland Stallion led;
 PEACE, cloath'd in fables, with a face
 Which witness'd sense of huge disgrace,
 Which spake a deep and rooted shame
 Both of Herself and of her Name,
 Mourning creeps on, and blushing feels
 WAR, grim WAR treading on her heels;
Pale CREDIT, shaken by the arts
 Of men with bad heads and worse hearts,
 Taking no notice of a band
 Which near her were ordain'd to stand,
 Well nigh destroy'd by sickly fit,
 Look'd wistful all around for PITT.



FREEDOM—at that most hallow'd name
 My Spirits mount into a flame,
 Each pulse beats high, and each nerve strains
 E'en to the cracking; thro' my veins
 The tides of life more rapid run,
 And tell me I am FREEDOM'S Son—
 FREEDOM came next, but scarce was seen,
 When the sky, which appear'd serene
 And gay before, was overcast;
 Horror bestrode a *foreign* blast,
 And from the *prison* of the *North*,
 To FREEDOM deadly, Storms burst forth.

A *Car* like those, in which, we're told,
 Our wild Forefathers warr'd of old,
 Loaded with Death, six Horses bear
 Thro' the blank region of the air.
 Too fierce for time or art to tame,
 They pour'd forth mingled smoke and flame
 From their wide Nostrils; ev'ry Steed
 Was of that ancient savage breed
 Which fell GERYON nurs'd; their food
 The flesh of Man, their drink his blood.

On



On the first Horses, ill-match'd pair,
This fat and sleek, *That* lean and bare,
 Came ill-match'd Riders side by side,
 And POVERTY was yok'd with PRIDE.
 Union most strange it must appear,
 Till other Unions make it clear.

Next, in the gall of bitterness,
 With rage, which words can ill express,
 With unforgiving rage, which springs
 From a false zeal for holy things,
 Wearing such robes as Prophets wear,
 False Prophets plac'd in PETER's chair,
 On which, in Characters of fire,
 Shapes Antic, horrible and dire,
 Inwoven flam'd, where, to the view,
 In groups appear'd a rabble crew
 Of Sainted Devils, where all round
 Vile *Reliques* of vile men were found,
 Who, worse than Devils, from the birth
 Perform'd the work of Hell on earth,
Jugglers, Inquisitors, and Popes,
 Pointing at *axes, wheels, and ropes,*



And *Engines*, fram'd on horrid plan,
 Which none but the destroyer, Man,
 Could, to promote his selfish views,
 Have heads to make, or hearts to use,
 Bearing, to consecrate her tricks,
 In her left-hand a *Crucifix*,
 Remembrance of Our dying Lord,
 And in her right a *two-edg'd sword*;
 Having her brows, in impious sport,
 Adorn'd with words of high import,
 On earth PEACE, amongst men, GOOD WILL,
 LOVE bearing, and forbearing still,
 All wrote in the *hearts-blood* of those
 Who rather Death than Falshood chose;
 On her breast (where, in days of Yore,
 When God lov'd *Jews*, the HIGH-PRIEST wore
 Those Oracles, which were decreed
 T' instruct and guide the chosen seed)
 Having, with glory clad and strength,
 The VIRGIN pictur'd at *full length*,
 Whilst at her feet, in *small* pourtray'd,
 As scarce worth notice, CHRIST was laid,
 Came SUPERSTITION, fierce and fell,
 An Imp detested, e'en in hell;

Her



Her Eye inflam'd, her face all o'er
 Fouly besmear'd with human gore,
 O'er heaps of mangled *Saints* She rode;
 Fast at her heels DEATH proudly strode,
 And grimly smil'd, well-pleas'd to see
 Such havock of mortality.
 Close by her side, on mischief bent,
 And urging on each bad intent
 To its full bearing, Savage, Wild,
 The Mother fit of such a child,
 Striving the empire to advance
 Of Sin and Death, came IGNORANCE.

With looks, where dread command was plac'd,
 And Sov'reign Pow'r by Pride disgrac'd,
 Where, loudy witnessing a mind
 Of savage more than human kind,
 Not chusing to be lov'd, but fear'd,
 Mocking at right, MISRULE appear'd,
 With Eyeballs glaring fiery red
 Enough to strike beholders dead,
 Gnashing his teeth, and in a flood
 Pouring corruption forth and blood

From



From his chaf'd jaws ; without remorse
 Whipping, and spurring on his horse,
 Whose sides, in their own blood embay'd,
 E'en to the bone were open laid,
 Came TYRANNY ; disdaining awe,
 And trampling over *Sense* and *Law*.
 One thing and only one He knew,
 One object only would pursue,
 Tho' Less (so low doth Passion bring)
 Than man, he would be more than King.

With ev'ry argument and art,
 Which might corrupt the head and heart,
 Soothing the frenzy of his mind,
 Companion meet, was FLATT'RY join'd.
 Winning his carriage, ev'ry look
 Employ'd, whilst it conceal'd a hook ;
 When simple most, most to be fear'd ;
 Most crafty, when no craft appear'd ;
 His tales, no man like him could tell ;
 His words, which melted as they fell,
 Might e'en a Hypocrite deceive,
 And make an infidel believe,

Wantonly -



Wantonly cheating o'er and o'er
 Those who had cheated been before.
 Such FLATT'RY came in evil hour,
 Pois'ning the royal ear of pow'r,
 And, grown by *Prostitution* great,
 Would be first Minister of State.

Within the Chariot, all alone,
 High seated on a kind of throne,
 With pebbles grac'd, a Figure came,
 Whom Justice would, but dare not, name.
 Hard times when Justice, without fear,
 Dare not bring forth to public ear
 The names of those, who dare offend
 'Gainst Justice, and pervert her end;
 But, if the Muse afford me grace,
 Description shall supply the place.

In *foreign* garments he was clad,
 Sage Ermine o'er the glossy *Plaid*
 Cast rev'rend honour, on his heart,
 Wrought by the curious hand of Art,
 In silver wrought, and brighter far
 Than heav'nly or than earthly Star,

Shone



Shone a *White Rose*, the Emblem dear
Of him He ever must revere,
Of that dread Lord, who, with his host
Of faithful native rebels lost,
Like those black Spirits doom'd to hell,
At once from pow'r and virtue fell;
Around his clouded brows was plac'd
A *Bonnet*, most superbly grac'd
With mighty *Thistles*, nor forgot
The sacred motto, *Touch me not*.

In the right-hand a sword He bore
Harder than Adamant, and more
Fatal than winds, which from the mouth
Of the rough North invade the South;
The reeking blade to view presents
The blood of helpless Innocents,
And on the hilt, as meek become
As Lambs before the Shearers dumb,
With downcast eye, and solemn show,
Of deep unutterable woe,
Mourning the time when FREEDOM reign'd,
Fast to a rock was Justice chain'd.

In



In his left hand, in wax imprest,
 With bells and gewgaws idly drest,
 An *Image*, cast in baby mould,
 He held, and seem'd o'erjoy'd to hold.
 On this he fix'd his eyes, to this
 Bowing he gave the loyal kifs,
 And, for Rebellion fully ripe,
 Seem'd to desire the *ANTITYPE*.
 What if to that *Pretender's* foes
 His greatness, nay, his life he owes,
 Shall common obligations bind,
 And shake his constancy of mind?
 Scorning such weak and petty chains,
 Faithful to JAMES he still remains,
 Tho' he the friend of GEORGE appear:
Diffimulation's Virtue here.

Jealous and Mean, he with a frown
 Would awe, and keep all merit down,
 Nor would to Truth and Justice bend,
 Unless *out-bullied* by his friend;
 Brave with the Coward, with the brave
 He is himself a Coward slave;

Aw'd



Aw'd by his fears, he has no heart
To take a great and open part;
Mines in a subtle train he springs,
And, secret, saps the ears of Kings;
But not e'en there continues firm
'Gainst the resistance of a worm;
Born in a Country, *where they will*
Of One is Law to all, he still
Retain'd th' infection, with full aim
To spread it wherefo'er he came;
Freedom he hated, *Law* defied,
The Prostitute of Pow'r and Pride;
Law he with ease explains away,
And leads bewilder'd Sense astray;
Much to the credit of his brain
Puzzles the cause he can't maintain,
Proceeds on most familiar grounds,
And, where he can't convince, confounds;
Talents of rarest stamp and size,
To Nature false, he misapplies,
And turns to poison what was sent
For purposes of nourishment.

Palenefs,



Palenefs, not such as on his wings
 The Messenger of Sicknefs brings,
 But such as takes its coward rise
 From conscious baseness, conscious vice,
 O'erspread his cheeks; *Disdain* and *Pride*,
 To upstart Fortunes ever tied,
 Scowl'd on his brow; within his eye,
 Infidious, lurking like a spy
 To Caution principled by Fear,
 Not daring open to appear,
 Lodg'd covert *Mischief*; *Passion* hung
 On his lip quiv'ring; on his tongue
Fraud dwelt at large; within his breast
 All that makes Villain found a nest,
 All that, on hell's completest plan,
 E'er join'd to damn the heart of man.

Soon as the Car reach'd land, He rose,
 And with a look which might have froze
 The heart's best blood, which was enough
 Had hearts been made of sterner stuff
 In Cities than elsewhere, to make
 The very stoutest quail and quake,

Landed

He



He cast his baleful eyes around ;
Fix'd without motion to the ground,
Fear waiting on surprize, All stood,
And Horror chill'd their curdled blood.
No more they thought of *Pomp*, no more
(For they had seen his face before)
Of *Law* they thought ; the cause forgot,
Whether it was or Ghost, or Plot,
Which drew them there, They All stood more
Like Statues than they were before.

What could be done ? Could Art, could Force,
Or Both direct a proper course
To make this savage Monster tame,
Or send him back the way he came ?
What neither Art, nor Force, nor Both
Could do, a *Lord* of foreign growth,
A Lord to that base wretch allied
In Country, not in Vice and Pride,
Effected ; from the self-same land,
(Bad news for our blaspheming band
Of Scribblers, but deserving note)
The Poison came, and Antidote.



Abash'd the Monster hung his head,
 And, like an empty Vision, fled;
 His Train, like Virgin Snows which run,
 Kiss'd by the burning bawdy Sun,
 To lovesick streams, dissolv'd in Air;
 Joy, who from absence seem'd more fair,
 Came smiling, freed from slavish awe;
 LOYALTY, LIBERTY, and LAW,
 Impatient of the galling chain,
 And Yoke of pow'r, resum'd their reign;
 And, burning with the glorious flame
 Of Public Virtue, MANSFIELD came.

F I N I S.

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At Public View, Mansfield came

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