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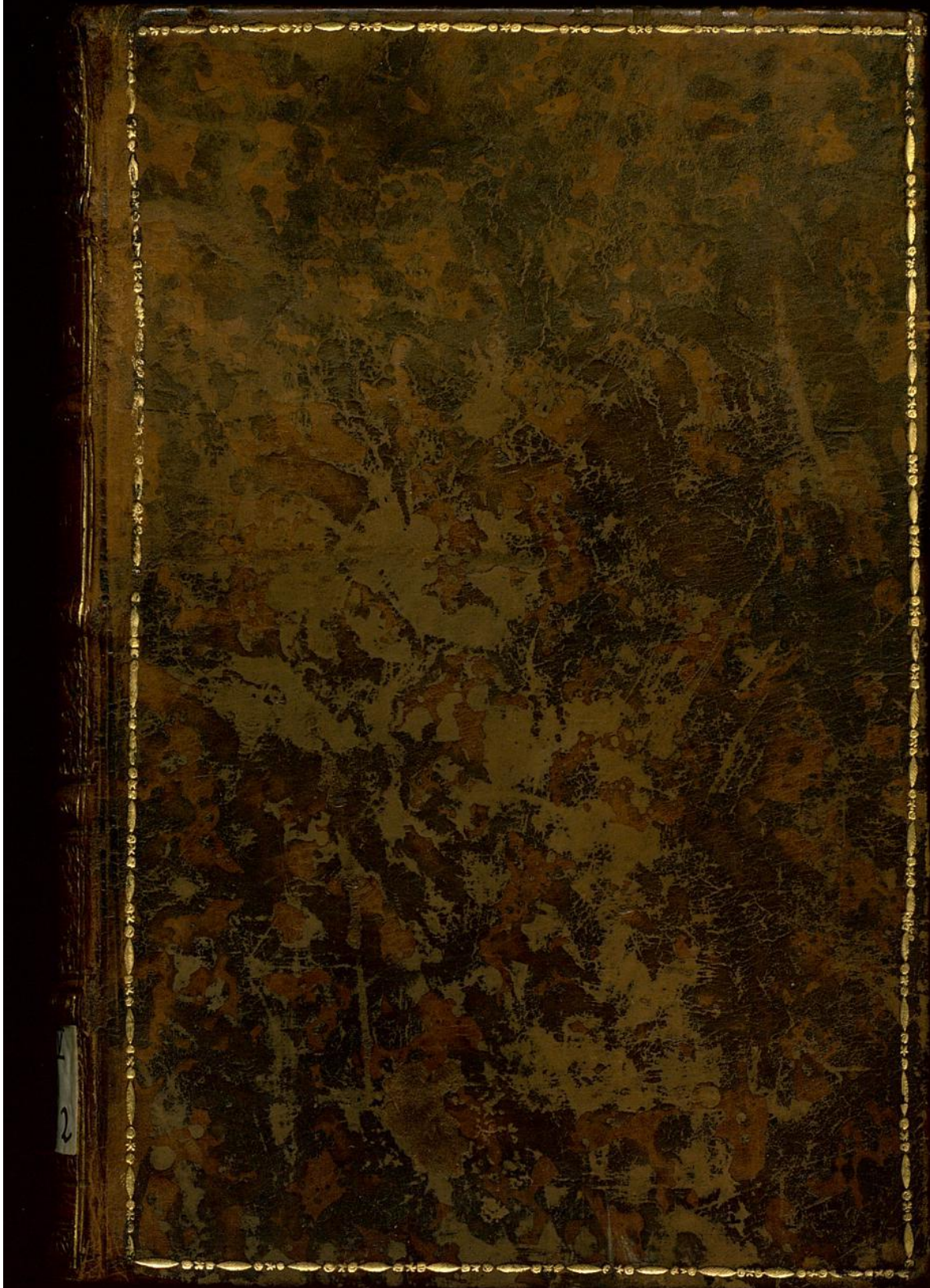
Poems By C. Churchill. In Two Volumes

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

Churchill, C.

London, 1766

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CHURCHILL
POEMS.

VOL. II

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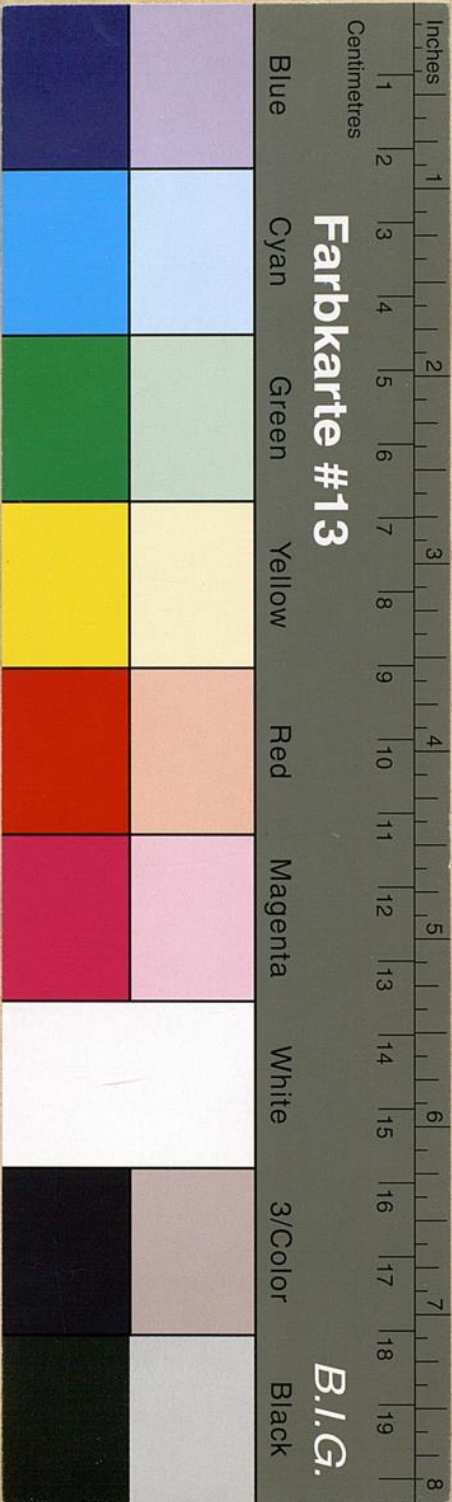


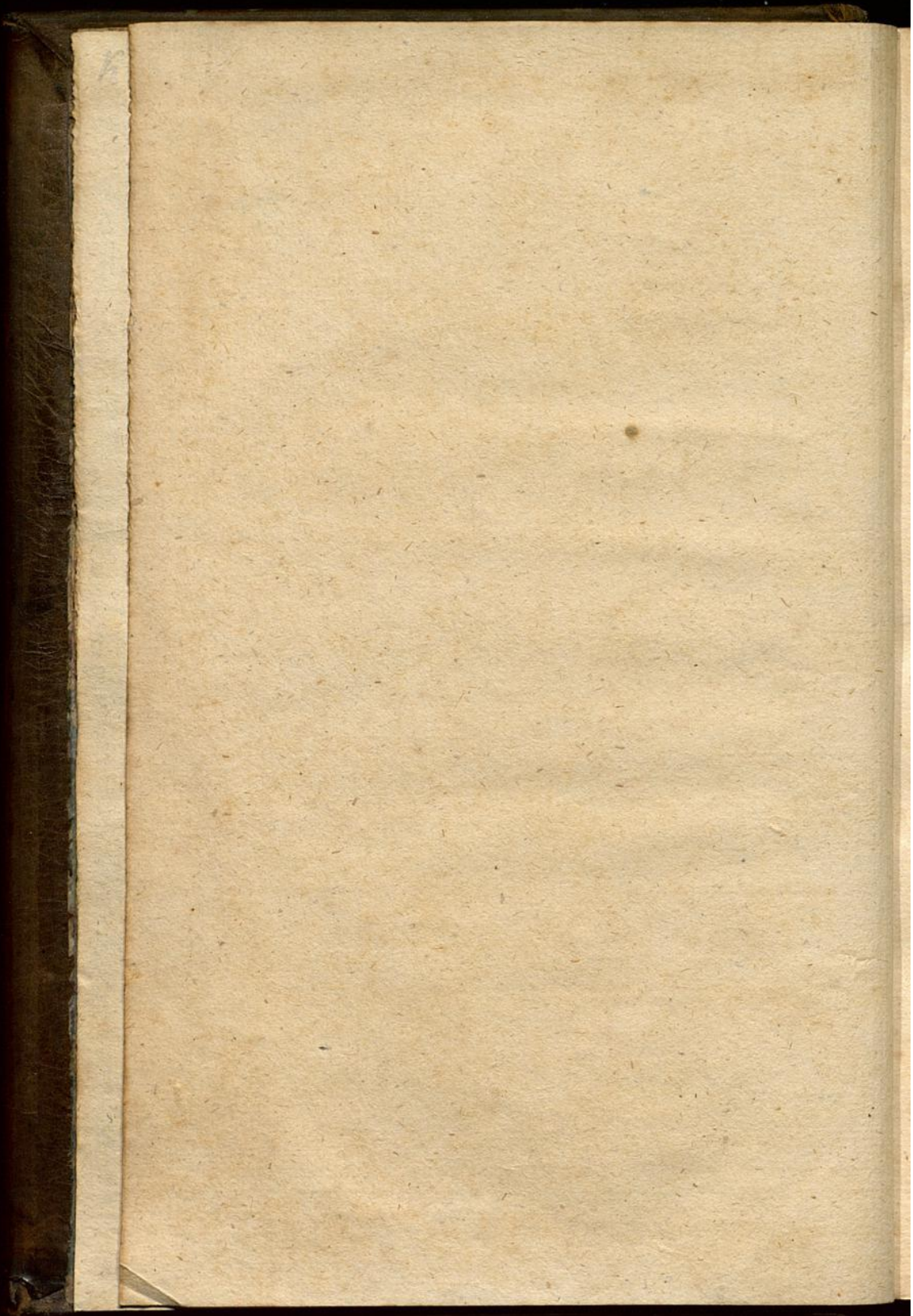


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P O E M S

B Y

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

I N T W O V O L U M E S.

V O L. II.

C O N T A I N I N G

THE CONFERENCE.

THE AUTHOR.

THE DUELLIST.

GOTHAM, IN THREE
BOOKS.

THE CANDIDATE.

THE FAREWELL.

THE TIMES.

INDEPENDENCE.

AND
FRAGMENT OF
JOURNEY.

T H E T H I R D E D I T I O N.

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 D C C L X V I.

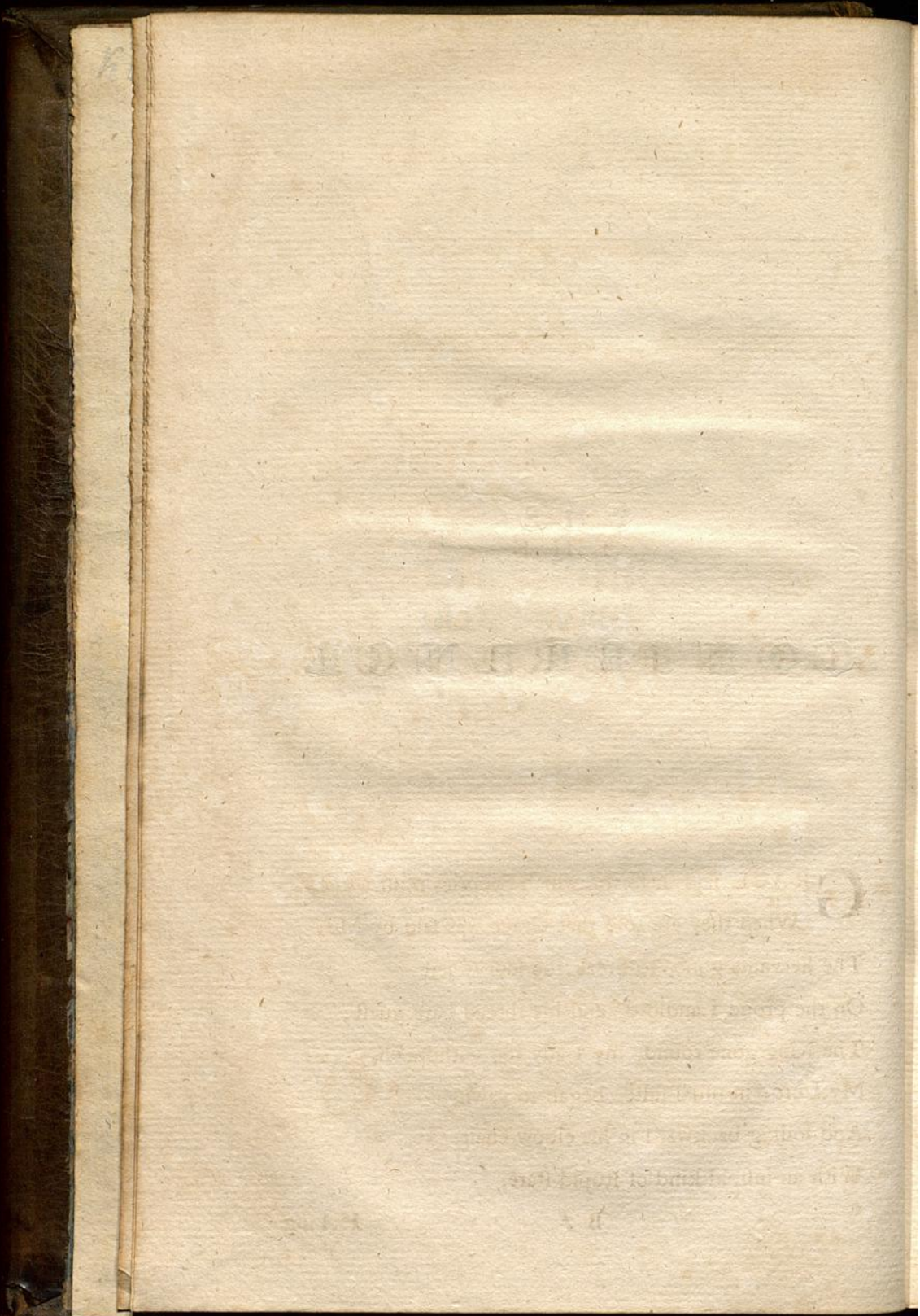


EX BIBLIOTHECA
OLDENBURGENSI.



THE
CONFERENCE.





T H E
C O N F E R E N C E.

GRACE said in form, which Sceptics must agree,
When they are told that Grace was said by Me;
The Servants gone, to break the scurvy jest
On the proud Landlord, and his thread-bare guest;
The King gone round, my Lady too withdrawn,
My Lord, in usual taste, began to yawn,
And lolling backward in his elbow-chair,
With an insipid kind of stupid stare,



4 THE CONFERENCE

Picking his teeth, twirling his seals about---

CHURCHILL, You have a Poem coming out.

You've my best wishes; but I really fear

Your Muse in general is too severe,

Her Spirit seems her int'rest to oppose,

And, where she makes one friend, makes twenty foes.

C. Your Lordship's fears are just, I feel their force,
But only feel it as a thing of course.

The man, whose hardy spirit shall engage

To lash the vices of a guilty age,

At his first setting forward ought to know,

That ev'ry rogue he meets must be his foe,

That the rude breath of Satire will provoke

Many who feel, and more who fear the stroke.

But shall the partial rage of selfish men

From stubborn Justice wrench the righteous pen,

Or shall I not my settled course pursue,

Because my foes, are foes to Virtue too?

L. What is this boasted Virtue, taught in schools,
And idly drawn from antiquated rules?

What is her use? point out one wholesome end?

Will she hurt foes, or can she make a friend?

When

When from long fasts fierce appetites arise,
Can this same Virtue stifle Nature's cries?
Can she the pittance of a meal afford,
And bid thee welcome to one great man's board?
When northern winds the rough December arm
With frost and snow, can Virtue keep thee warm?
Canst thou dismiss the hard unfeeling Dun
Barely by saying, Thou art Virtue's Son?
Or by base blundering Statesmen sent to jail,
Will MANSFIELD take this Virtue for thy bail?
Believe it not, the name is in disgrace,
Virtue and TEMPLE now are out of place.

Quit then this meteor, whose delusive ray
From wealth and honour leads thee far astray.
True Virtue means, let Reason use her eyes,
Nothing with Fools, and Int'rest with the Wise.
Would'st thou be great, her patronage disclaim,
Nor madly triumph in so mean a name:
Let nobler wreaths thy happy brows adorn,
And leave to Virtue poverty and scorn.
Let Prudence be thy guide; who doth not know
How seldom Prudence can with Virtue go?



6 THE CONFERENCE.

To be successful try thy utmost force,
And Virtue follows as a thing of course.

HIRCO, who knows not HIRCO, stains the bed
Of that kind Master who first gave him bread,
Scatters the seeds of discord thro' the land,
Breaks ev'ry public, ev'ry private band,
Beholds with joy a trusting friend undone,
Betrays a Brother, and would cheat a Son:
What mortal in his senses can endure
The name of HIRCO, for the wretch is poor?
" Let him hang, drown, starve, 'on a dunghill rot,
" By all detested live, and die forgot;
" Let him, a poor return, in ev'ry breath
" Feel all death's pains, yet be whole years in death,"
Is now the gen'ral cry we all pursue;
Let FORTUNE change, and PRUDENCE changes too,
Supple and pliant a new system feels,
Throws up her Cap, and spaniels at his heels,
Long live great Hirco, cries, by int'rest taught,
And let his foes, tho' I prove one, be nought.

C. Peace to such Men, if such Men can have peace,
Let their Possessions, let their State increase,

Let

THE CONFERENCE.

7

Let their base services in Courts strike root,
And in the season bring forth golden fruit,
I envy not; let those who have the will,
And, with so little Spirit, so much skill,
With such vile instruments their fortunes carve;
Rogues may grow fat, an honest man dares starve.

L. These stale conceits thrown off, let us advance
For once to real life, and quit Romance.
Starve! pretty talking! but I fain would view
That man, that honest man, would do it too.
Hence to yon mountain which outbraves the sky,
And dart from pole to pole thy strengthen'd eye,
Thro' all that space you shall not view one man,
Not one, who dares to act on such a plan.
Cowards in calms will say, what in a storm,
The Brave will tremble at, and not perform.
Thine be the proof, and, spite of all you've said,
You'd give your Honour for a crust of bread.

C. What Proof might do, what Hunger might effect,
What famish'd Nature, looking with neglect
On all she once held dear, what Fear, at strife
With fainting Virtue for the means of life,

B 4

Might



8 THE CONFERENCE.

Might make this coward flesh, in love with breath,
Shudd'ring at pain, and shrinking back from death,
In treason to my soul, descend to bear,
Trusting to Fate, I neither know, nor care.

Once, at this hour those wounds afresh I feel,
Which nor prosperity nor time can heal,
Those wounds, which Fate severely hath decreed,
Mention'd, or thought of, must for ever bleed,
Those wounds, which humbled all that pride of man,
Which brings such mighty aid to Virtue's plan;
Once, aw'd by Fortune's most oppressive frown,
By legal rapine to the earth bow'd down,
My credit at last gasp, my state undone,
Trembling to meet the shock I could not shun,
Virtue gave ground, and blank Despair prevail'd;
Sinking beneath the storm, my spirits fail'd,
Like *PETER's* Faith, 'till One, a Friend indeed,
May all distress find such in time of need,
One kind good man, in act, in word, in thought,
By Virtue guided, and by Wisdom taught,
Image of him whom Christians should adore,
Stretch'd forth his hand, and brought me safe to shore.

Since,

THE CONFERENCE. 6

Since, by good fortune into notice rais'd,
And for some little merit largely prais'd,
Indulg'd in swerving from prudential rules,
Hated by rogues, and not belov'd by fools,
Plac'd above want, shall abject thirst of wealth
So fiercely war 'gainst my soul's dearest health,
That, as a boon, I should base shackles crave,
And, born to Freedom, make myself a slave;
That I should in the train of those appear,
Whom Honour cannot love, nor Manhood fear?

That I no longer skulk from street to street,
Afraid lest Duns assail, and Bailiffs meet;
That I from place to place this carcase bear,
Walk forth at large, and wander free as air;
That I no longer dread the aukward friend,
Whose very obligations must offend,
Nor, all too froward, with impatience burn
At suff'ring favours which I can't return;
That, from dependance and from pride secure,
I am not plac'd so high to scorn the poor,
Nor yet so low, that I my Lord should fear,
Or hesitate to give him sneer for sneer;

That



10 THE CONFERENCE.

That, whilst sage Prudence my pursuits confirms,
 I can enjoy the world on equal terms;
 That, kind to others, to myself most true,
 Feeling no want, I comfort those who do,
 And with the will have pow'r to aid distress;
 These, and what other blessings I possess,
 From the indulgence of the PUBLIC rise;
 All private patronage my soul defies.
 By Candour more inclin'd to save, than damn;
 A gen'rous PUBLIC made me what I Am.
 All that I have, They gave; just mem'ry bears
 The grateful stamp, and what I am is Theirs.

L. To feign a red-hot zeal for Freedom's cause,
 To mouthe aloud for liberties and laws,
 For Public good to bellow all abroad,
 Serves well the purposes of private fraud.
 Prudence, by Public good intends her own;
 If you mean otherwise, you stand alone.
 What do we mean by Country and by Court,
 What is it to Oppose, what to Support?
 Mere words of course, and what is more absurd
 Than to pay homage to an empty word!

MAJORS

THE CONFERENCE. 11

MAJORS and MINORS differ but in name,
 Patriots and Ministers are much the same;
 The only diff'rence, after all their rout,
 Is that the One is *in*, the Other *out*.

Explore the dark recesses of the mind,
 In the Soul's honest volume read mankind,
 And own, in wise and simple, great and small,
 The same grand leading Principle in All.
 Whate'er we talk of wisdom to the wise,
 Of goodness to the good, of public ties
 Which to our country link, of private bands
 Which claim most dear attention at our hands,
 For Parent and for Child, for Wife and Friend,
 Our first great Mover, and our last great End,
 Is One, and, by whatever name we call
 The ruling Tyrant, SELF is All in All.
 This, which unwilling Faction shall admit,
 Guided in diff'rent ways a BUTE and PITT,
 Made Tyrants break, made Kings observe the law,
 And gave the world a STUART and NASSAU.

Hath Nature (strange and wild conceit of Pride)
 Distinguish'd thee from all her sons beside?

Doth

12 THE CONFERENCE.

Doth Virtue in thy bosom brighter glow,
 Or from a spring more pure doth Action flow?
 Is not thy soul bound with those very chains
 Which shackle us, or is that SELF, which reigns
 O'er Kings and Beggars, which in all we see
 Most strong and sov'reign, only weak in Thee?
 Fond man, believe it not; experience tells
 'Tis not thy Virtue, but thy Pride rebels.
 Think (and for once lay by thy lawless pen)
 Think, and confess thyself like other men,
 Think but one hour, and, to thy Conscience led
 By Reason's hand, bow down and hang thy head,
 Think on thy private life, recal thy youth,
 View thyself now, and own with strictest truth,
 That SELF hath drawn thee from fair Virtue's way
 Farther than Folly would have dar'd to stray,
 And that the talents lib'ral Nature gave
 To make thee free, have made thee more a slave.

Quit then, in prudence quit, that idle train
 Of toys, which have so long abus'd thy brain,
 And captive led thy pow'rs; with boundless will
 Let SELF maintain her state and empire still,

But

THE CONFERENCE. 13

But let her, with more worthy objects caught,
Strain all the faculties and force of thought
To things of higher daring; let her range
Thro' better pastures, and learn how to change;
Let her, no longer to weak faction tied,
Wisely revolt, and join our stronger side,

C. Ah! what, my Lord, hath private life to do
With things of public nature? why to view
Would you thus cruelly those scenes unfold,
Which, without pain and horror to behold,
Must speak me something more, or less than man;
Which Friends may pardon, but I never can?
Look back! a thought which borders on despair,
Which human nature must, yet cannot bear.
'Tis not the babbling of a busy world,
Where praise and censure are at random hurl'd;
Which can the meanest of my thoughts controul,
Or shake one settled purpose of my soul.
Free and at large might their wild curses roam,
If All, if All alas! were well at home.
No --- 'tis the tale which angry Conscience tells,
When she with more than tragic horror swells

Each



14 THE CONFERENCE:

Each circumstance of guilt; when stern, but true,
 She brings bad actions forth into review;
 And, like the dread hand-writing on the wall,
 Bids late Remorse awake at Reason's call,
 Arm'd at all points bids Scorpion Vengeance pass,
 And to the mind holds up Reflection's glass,
 The mind, which starting, heaves the heart-felt groan,
 And hates that form she knows to be her own.

Enough of this ---- let private sorrows rest ----
 As to the Public I dare stand the test;
 Dare proudly boast, I feel no wish above
 The good of ENGLAND, and my Country's love,
 Stranger to Party-rage, by Reason's voice,
 Unerring guide, directed in my choice,
 Not all the tyrant pow'rs of earth combin'd,
 No, nor of hell, shall make me change my mind.
 What! herd with men my honest soul disdains,
 Men who, with servile zeal, are forging chains
 For Freedom's neck, and lend a helping hand,
 To spread destruction o'er my native land.
 What! shall I not, e'en to my latest breath,
 In the full face of danger and of death,

Exert

THE CONFERENCE. 15

Exert that little strength which Nature gave,
And boldly stem, or perish in the wave?

L. When I look backward for some fifty years;
And see *Protesting* Patriots turn'd to Peers;
Hear men, most loose, for decency declaim,
And talk of Character, without a name;
See Infidels assert the cause of God,
And meek Divines wield Persecution's rod;
See men transform'd to brutes, and brutes to men,
See WHITEHEAD take a place, RALPH change his pen;
I mock the zeal, and deem the men in sport,
Who rail at Ministers, and curse a Court.
Thee, haughty as thou art, and proud in rhyme,
Shall some Preferment, offer'd at a time
When Virtue sleeps, some Sacrifice to Pride,
Or some fair Victim, move to change thy side.
Thee shall these eyes behold, to health restor'd,
Using, as Prudence bids, bold Satire's sword,
Galling thy present friends, and praising those,
Whom now thy frenzy holds thy greatest foes.

C. May I, (can worse disgrace on manhood fall?)
Be born a WHITEHEAD, and baptiz'd a PAUL;

May



15 THE CONFERENCE,

May I (tho' to his service deeply tied
 By sacred oaths, and now by will allied)
 With false feign'd zeal an injur'd God defend,
 And use his name for some base private end;
 May I (that thought bids double horrors roll
 O'er my sick spirits, and unmans my soul)
 Ruin the Virtue which I held most dear,
 And still must hold; may I, thro' abject fear,
 Betray my Friend; may to succeeding times,
 Engrav'd on plates of adamant, my crimes
 Stand blazing forth, whilst mark'd with envious blot,
 Each little act of Virtue is forgot;
 Of all those evils which, to stamp men curs'd,
 Hell keeps in store for vengeance, may the worst
 Light on my head, and in my day of woe,
 To make the cup of bitterness o'erflow,
 May I be scorn'd by ev'ry man of worth,
 Wander, like Cain, a vagabond on earth,
 Bearing about a hell in my own mind,
 Or be to SCOTLAND for my life confin'd,
 If I am one among the many known,
 Whom SHELBURNE fled, and CALCRAFT blush'd to own.

L. Do



THE CONFERENCE. 17

L. Do you reflect what men you make your foes?

C. I do, and that's the reason I oppose.

Friends I have made, whom Envy must commend,
But not one foe, whom I would wish a friend.
What if ten thousand BUTES and HOLLANDS bawl,
One WILKES hath made a large amends for all.

'Tis not the Title, whether handed down
From age to age, or flowing from the crown
In copious streams on recent men, who came
From stems unknown, and fires without a name;

'Tis not the *Star*, which our great EDWARD gave
To mark the virtuous, and reward the brave,
Blazing without, whilst a base heart within
Is rotten to the core with filth and sin;

'Tis not the tinsel grandeur, taught to wait,
At custom's call, to mark a fool of State
From fools of lesser note, that Soul can awe
Whose Pride is Reason, whose Defence is Law.

L. Suppose (a Thing scarce possible in Art,
Where it thy Cue to play a common Part;)

C

Suppose



Suppose thy Writings so well fenc'd in Law,
 That N----- cannot find, nor make a Flaw,
 Hast thou not heard, that 'mongst our ancient Tribes,
 By Party warpt, or lull'd asleep by Bribes,
 Or trembling at the Russian Hand of Force,
 Law hath suspended stood, or chang'd its Course?
 Art Thou assur'd, that, for Destruction ripe,
 Thou may'st not smart beneath the self-same Gripe?
 What Sanction hast thou, frantic in thy Rimes,
 Thy Life, thy Freedom to secure?

C. The Times.

'Tis not on Law, a System great and good,
 By Wisdom penn'd, and bought by noblest Blood,
 My Faith relies: By wicked Men and vain,
 Law, once abus'd, may be abus'd again.---
 No, on our great Law-giver I depend,
 Who knows and guides her to her proper End;
 Whose Royalty of Nature blazes out
 So fierce, 'twere Sin to entertain a doubt---
 Did Tyrant STUARTS now the Laws dispense
 (Blest be the hour and hand which sent them hence)
 For something, or for nothing, for a word,
 Or thought, I might be doom'd to Death, *unheard.*

Life

Life we might all resign to lawless Pow'r,
 Nor think it worth the purchase of an hour;
 But Envy ne'er shall fix so foul a stain
 On the fair annals of a BRUNSWICK'S reign.

If, Slave to Party, to Revenge, or Pride,
 If, by frail human Error drawn aside,
 I break the Law, strict rigour let her wear;
 'Tis her's to punish, and 'tis mine to bear;
 Nor, by the voice of Justice doom'd to death,
 Would I ask mercy with my latest breath.
 But, anxious only for my Country's good,
 In which my King's, *of course*, is understood;
 Form'd on a plan with some few Patriot friends,
 Whilst by just means I aim at noblest ends,
 My Spirits cannot sink; tho' from the tomb
 Stern JEFFRIES should be plac'd in MANSFIELD'S room,
 Tho' he should bring, his base designs to aid,
 Some *black Attorney*, for his purpose made,
 And shove, whilst Decency and Law retreat,
 The modest NORTON from his Maiden seat,
 Tho' both, in ill Confed'rates, should agree,
 In damned league, to torture Law and me,



Whilst GEORGE is King, I cannot fear endure;
Not to be guilty, is to be secure.

But when, in after-times, (be far remov'd
That day) our Monarch, glorious and belov'd,
Sleeps with his Fathers, should imperious Fate,
In vengeance, with fresh STUARTS curse our state;
Should they, o'erleaping ev'ry fence of Law,
Butcher the brave to keep tame fools in awe;
Should they, by brutal and oppressive force,
Divert sweet Justice from her even course;
Should they, of ev'ry other means bereft,
Make my right-hand a witness 'gainst my left;
Should they, abroad by Inquisitions taught,
Search out my Soul, and damn me for a thought,
Still would I keep my course, still speak, still write,
Till Death had plung'd me in the shades of Night.

Thou GOD of *Truth*, thou great, all-searching Eye,
To whom our Thoughts, our Spirits open lie,
Grant me thy strength, and in that needful hour,
(Should it e'er come) when Law submits to Pow'r,
With firm resolves my steady bosom steel,
Bravely to suffer, tho' I deeply feel.

Let

T H E C O N F E R E N C E. 21

Let me, as hitherto, still draw my breath,
 In love with life, but not in fear of death,
 And, if Oppression brings me to the grave,
 And marks me dead, she ne'er shall mark a slave,
 Let no unworthy marks of grief be heard,
 No wild laments, not one unseemly word;
 Let sober Triumphs wait upon my bier,
 I won't forgive that friend who drops one tear.
 Whether he's ravish'd in life's early morn,
 Or, in old age, drops like an ear of Corn,
 Full ripe he falls, on Nature's noblest plan,
 Who lives to Reason, and who dies a Man.

T H E E N D.



T H E
A U T H O R.

C 4



4

THE
A U T H O R

A
And now, gentlemen, to the point.
Whence of hence? Whence should we go?
Why waste our names? A name will do as well.
Which are the precious hours of youth unspent
In chasing I cannot's rugged steep ascent?
When to the top the bold adventurer's got
The rugged, vain monarch, or a barren spot

Went



THE
AUTHOR.

ACCURS'D the man, whom fate ordains in spite,
And cruel parents teach, to Read and Write!

What need of letters? Wherefore should we spell?

Why write our names? A mark will do as well.

Much are the precious hours of youth mispent,
In climbing Learning's rugged steep ascent;
When to the top the bold advent'rer's got,
He reigns, vain monarch, o'er a barren spot,

Whilst

Whilst in the *vale* of *Ignorance* below,
FOLLY and VICE to rank luxuriance grow;
Honours and wealth pour in on ev'ry side,
And proud Preferment rolls her golden tide.

O'er crabbed authors life's gay prime to waste,
To cramp wild genius in the chains of taste,
To bear the slavish drudgery of schools,
And tamely stoop to ev'ry pedant's rules,
For seven long years debarr'd of lib'ral ease,
To plod in college trammels to *degrees*,
Beneath the weight of solemn toys to groan,
Sleep over books, and leave mankind unknown,
To praise each senior blockhead's thread-bare tale,
And laugh till reason blush, and spirits fail,
Manhood with vile submission to disgrace,
And *cap* the fool, whose merit is his Place;
VICE CHANCELLORS, whose knowledge is but small,
And CHANCELLORS, who nothing know at all,
Ill-brook'd the gen'rous Spirit in those days
When Learning was the certain road to praise,
When Nobles, with a love of Science blest'd,
Approv'd in others what themselves possess'd.

But



But *Now*, when DULLNESS rears aloft her throne,
 When LORDLY Vassals her wide Empire own,
 When Wit, seduc'd by Envy, starts aside,
 And basely leagues with Ignorance and Pride,
 What *Now* should tempt us, by false hopes misled,
 Learning's unfashionable paths to tread;
 To bear those labours, which our Fathers bore,
 That Crown with-held, which they in triumph wore?

When with much pains this boasted Learning's got,
 'Tis an affront to those who have it not.
 In some it causes hate, in others fear,
 Instructs our foes to rail, our friends to sneer;
 With prudent haste the worldly-minded fool,
 Forgets the little which he learn'd at School;
 The Elder Brother, to vast fortunes born,
 Looks on all Science with an Eye of Scorn;
 Dependent Breth'ren the same features wear,
 And younger Sons are stupid as the Heir.
 In Senates, at the Bar, in Church and State,
 Genius is vile, and Learning out of date.

Is this---O Death to think! is this the Land
 Where Merit and Reward went hand in hand,

Where



Where Heroes, Parent-like, the Poet view'd
By whom they saw their glorious deeds renew'd;
Where Poets, true to Honour, tun'd their lays,
And by their Patrons sanctify'd their praise?
Is this the Land, where, on our SPENCER's tongue,
Enamour'd of his voice, Description hung;
Where JOHNSON rigid gravity beguil'd,
Whilst Reason thro' her Critic fences smil'd;
Where NATURE list'ning stood, whilst SHAKESPEAR play'd,
And wonder'd at the Work herself had made?
Is this the Land, where, mindful of her charge
And office high, fair Freedom walk'd at large;
Where, finding in our Laws a sure defence,
She mock'd at all restraints, but those of Sense;
Where, health and honour trooping by her side,
She spread her sacred empire far and wide;
Pointed the way, Affliction to beguile,
And bade the face of Sorrow wear a smile,
Bade those, who dare obey the gen'rous call,
Enjoy her blessings, which God meant for all?
Is this the Land, where in some Tyrant's reign,
When a *weak, wicked, Ministerial* train,
The tools of pow'r the slaves of int'rest, plann'd
Their Country's ruin, and with bribes unman'd

Those

Those wretches, who, ordain'd in Freedom's cause,
 Gave up our liberties, and sold our laws;
 When Pow'r was taught by Meanness where to go,
 Nor dar'd to love the Virtue of a foe;
 When, like a lep'rous plague, from the foul head
 To the foul heart her sores Corruption spread,
 Her iron arm when stern Oppression rear'd,
 And Virtue, from her broad base shaken, fear'd
 The scourge of Vice; when, impotent and vain,
 Poor Freedom bow'd the neck to Slav'ry's chain;
 Is this the Land, where in those worst of times,
 The hardy Poet rais'd his honest rimes
 To dread rebuke, and bade controulment speak
 In guilty blushes on the villain's cheek,
 Bade Pow'r turn pale, kept mighty rogues in awe,
 And made them fear the Muse, who fear'd not Law?

How do I laugh, when men of narrow souls,
 Whom folly guides, and prejudice controuls;
 Who, one dull drowsy track of business trod,
 Worship their Mammon, and neglect their God;
 Who, breathing by one musty fet of rules,
 Dote from the birth, and are by system fools;
 Who,

Who, form'd to dullness from their very youth,
 Lies of the day prefer to Gospel truth,
 Pick up their little knowledge from Reviews,
 And lay out all their stock of faith in news:
 How do I laugh, when Creatures, form'd like these,
 Whom Reason scorns, and I should blush to please,
 Rail at all lib'ral arts, deem verse a crime,
 And hold not Truth, as Truth, if told in rime?

How do I laugh, when PUBLIUS, hoary groan
 In zeal for SCOTLAND's welfare, and his own,
 By slow degrees, and course of office, drawn
 In mood and figure at the helm to yawn,
 Too mean (the worst of curses Heav'n can send)
 To have a foe, too proud to have a friend,
 Erring by form, which Blockheads sacred hold,
 Ne'er making new faults, and ne'er mending old,
 Rebukes my Spirit, bids the daring Muse
 Subjects more equal to her weakness chuse;
 Bids her frequent the haunts of humble swains,
 Nor dare to traffick in ambitious strains;
 Bids her, indulging the poetic whim
 In quaint-wrought Ode, or Sonnet pertly trim,

Along

Along the Church-way path complain with GRAY,

Or dance with MASON on the first of May?

“ All sacred is the name and pow’r of Kings,

“ All States and Statesmen are those mighty Things,

“ Which, howsoe’er they out of course may roll,

“ Were never made for Poets to controul.”

Peace, Peace thou Dotard, nor thus vilely deem
Of Sacred Numbers, and their pow’r blaspheme;
I tell thee, Wretch, search all creation round,
In Earth, in Heav’n, no Subject can be found
(Our God alone except) above whose weight
The Poet cannot rise, and hold his State.
The blessed Saints above in numbers speak
The praise of God, tho’ there all praise is weak;
In Numbers here below the Bard shall teach
Virtue to soar beyond the Villain’s reach;
Shall tear his lab’ring lungs, strain his hoarse throat;
And raise his voice beyond the trumpets note,
Should an afflicted Country, aw’d by men
Of slavish principles, demand his pen.
This is a great, a glorious point of view,
Fit for an English Poet to pursue,

Undaunted

Undaunted to pursue, tho', in return,
His writings by the common Hangman burn.

How do I laugh, when men, by fortune plac'd
Above their Betters, and by rank disgrac'd,
Who found their pride on titles which they stain,
And, mean themselves, are of their Fathers vain,
Who would a bill of privilege prefer,
And treat a Poet, like a Creditor,
The gen'rous ardor of the Muse condemn,
And curse the storm they know must break on them,
“ What, shall a reptile Bard, a wretch unknown,
“ Without one badge of merit, but his own,
“ Great Nobles lash, and *Lords*, like common men,
“ Smart from the vengeance of a Scribbler's pen?”

What's in this name of *Lord*, that I should fear
To bring their vices to the public ear?
Flows not the honest blood of humble swains
Quick as the tide which swells a Monarch's veins?
Monarchs, who wealth and titles can bestow,
Cannot make Virtues in succession flow.
Would'st thou, proud Man, be safely plac'd above
The censure of the Muse, deserve her love,

Act

Act as thy Birth demands, as Nobles ought;
Look back, and by thy worthy Father taught,
Who *earn'd* those Honours, thou wert *born* to wear;
Follow his steps, and be his Virtue's heir.
But if, regardless of the road to Fame,
You start aside, and tread the paths of shame,
If such thy life, that should thy Sire arise,
The sight of such a Son would blast his eyes,
Would make him curse the hour which gave thee birth;
Would drive him, shudd'ring, from the face of earth,
Once more, with shame and sorrow, 'mongst the dead
In endless night to hide his rev'rend head;
If such thy life, tho' Kings had made thee more
Than ever King a scoundrel made before,
Nay, to allow thy pride a deeper spring,
Tho' God in vengeance had made thee a King,
Taking on Virtue's wing her daring flight,
The Muse should drag thee trembling to the light,
Probe thy foul wounds, and lay thy bosom bare
To the keen question of the searching air,
Gods! with what pride I see the titled slave,
Who smarts beneath the stroke which Satire gave,
D. bas. *Aiming*

Aiming at ease, and with dishonest art
 Striving to hide the feelings of his heart!
 How do I laugh, when, with affected air,
 (Scarce able thro' despite to keep his chair,
 Whilst on his trembling lip pale anger speaks,
 And the chaf'd blood flies mounting to his cheeks)
 He talks of Conscience, which good men secures
 From all those evil moments guilt endures,
 And seems to laugh at those, who pay regard
 To the wild ravings of a frantic bard.

" SATIRE, whilst envy and ill-humour sway,
 " The mind of man, must always make her way,
 " Nor to a bosom, with discretion fraught,
 " Is all her malice worth a single thought.
 " The Wise have not the will, nor Fools the pow'r
 " To stop her headstrong course; within the hour,
 " Left to herself, she dies; opposing Strife,
 " Gives her fresh vigour, and prolongs her life.
 " All things her prey, and ev'ry man her aim,
 " I can no patent for exemption claim,
 " Nor would I wish to stop that harmless dart
 " Which plays around, but cannot wound my heart;
 " Tho' pointed at myself, be SATIRE free;
 " To her 'tis pleasure, and no pain to me."

Dissembling

Dissembling Wretch! hence to the Stoic school,
 And there amongst thy breth'ren play the fool,
 There, unrebuk'd, these wild, vain doctrines preach;
 Lives there a man, whom SATIRE cannot reach?
 Lives there a man, who calmly can stand by,
 And see his conscience ripp'd with steady eye?
 When SATIRE flies abroad on Falshood's wing,
 Short is her life, and impotent her sting;
 But, when to Truth allied, the wound she gives
 Sinks deep, and to remotest ages lives.
 When in the tomb thy pamper'd flesh shall rot,
 And e'en by friends thy mem'ry be forgot,
 Still shalt thou live, recorded for thy crimes,
 Live in her page, and stink to after-times.

Hast thou no feeling yet? Come throw off pride,
 And own those passions which thou shalt not hide.
 S-----, who, from the moment of his birth,
 Made human nature a reproach on earth,
 Who never dar'd, nor wish'd behind to stay,
 When Folly, Vice, and Meanness led the way,
 Would blush, should he be told, by Truth and Wit,
 Those actions, which he blush'd not to commit;

D 2

Men



Men the most infamous are fond of fame,
And those who fear not guilt, yet start at shame.

But whither runs my zeal, whose rapid force,
Turning the brain, bears Reason from her course,
Carries me back to times, when Poets, blest'd
With courage, grac'd the Science they profess'd;
When they, in Honour rooted, firmly stood
The bad to punish, and reward the good;
When, to a flame by public Virtue wrought,
The Foes of Freedom they to justice brought,
And dar'd expose those slaves who dar'd support
A Tyrant plan, and call'd themselves a Court.
Ah! What are Poets now? as slavish those
Who deal in Verse, as those who deal in Prose,
Is there an Author, search the Kingdom round,
In whom true worth, and real Spirit's found?
The Slaves of Booksellers, or (doom'd by Fate
To baser chains) vile pensioners of State;
Some, dead to shame, and of those shackles proud
Which Honour scorns, for slav'ry roar aloud,
Others, *half-palsied* only, mutes become,
And what makes SMOLLET write, makes JOHNSON dumb

Why turns yon villain pale? why bends his eye
 Inward, abash'd, when MURPHY passes by?
 Dost thou sage MURPHY for a blockhead take,
 Who wages war with Vice for Virtue's sake?
 No, No---like other *Worldlings*, you will find
 He shifts his sails, and catches ev'ry wind.
 His soul the shock of int'rest can't endure:
 Give him a pension then, and sin secure.

With laurell'd wreaths the flatt'rer's brows adorn,
 Bid Virtue crouch, bid Vive exalt her horn,
 Bid Cowards thrive, put Honesty to flight,
 MURPHY shall prove, or try to prove it right.
 Try, thou State-Juggler, ev'ry paltry art,
 Ranfack the inmost closet of my heart,
 Swear thou'rt my Friend; by that base oath make way
 Into my breast, and flatter to betray;
 Or, if those tricks are vain, if wholesome doubt
 Detects the fraud, and points the Villain out,
 Bribe those who daily at my board are fed,
 And make them take my life who eat my bread;
 On Authors for defence, for praise depend;
 Pay him but well, and MURPHY is thy friend.

D 3

He,

He, he shall ready stand with venal rimes
 To varnish guilt, and consecrate thy crimes,
 To make Corruption in false colours shine,
 And damn his own good name, to rescue thine.

But, if thy niggard hands their gifts with-hold,
 And Vice no longer rains down show'rs of gold,
 Expect no mercy; facts, well grounded, teach,
 MURPHY, if not rewarded, will impeach.
 What tho' each man of nice and juster thought,
 Shunning his steps, decrees, by Honour taught,
 He ne'er can be a Friend, who stoops so low
 To be the base betrayer of a foe;
 What tho', with thine together link'd, his name
 Must be with thine transmitted down to shame,
 To ev'ry manly feeling callous grown,
 Rather than not blast thine, he'll blast his own.

To ope the fountain, whence sedition springs,
 To slander Government, and libel Kings,
 With Freedom's name to serve a present hour,
 Tho' born and bred to arbitrary pow'r,
 To talk of WILLIAM with insidious art,
 Whilst a vile STUART's lurking in his heart,

And,

And, whilst mean Envy rears her loathsome head,
 Flatt'ring the living, to abuse the dead,
 Where is SHEBBEARE? O, let not foul reproach,
 Travelling thither in a City-Coach,
 The Pill'ry dare to name; the whole intent
 Of that Parade was Fame, not Punishment,
 And that old, staunch Whig BEARDMORE standing by
 Can in full Court give that report the lye.

With rude unnat'ral jargon to support,
 Half *Scotch*, half *English*, a declining Court,
 To make most glaring contraries unite,
 And prove, beyond dispute, that black is white,
 To make firm Honour tamely league with shame,
 Make Vice and Virtue differ but in name,
 To prove that Chains and Freedom are but one,
 That to be sav'd must mean to be undone,
 Is there not GUTHRIE? Who, like him, can call
 All Opposites to proof, and conquer all?
 He calls forth living waters from the rock;
 He calls forth children from the barren flock;
 He, far beyond the springs of Nature led,
 Makes Women bring forth after they are dead;

D 4 He,

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

Dost thou contrive some blacker deed of shame,
Something which Nature shudders but to name,
Something which makes the Soul of man retreat,
And the life-blood run backward to her seat?
Dost thou contrive for some base private end,
Some selfish view, to hang a trusting friend,
To lure him on, e'en to his parting breath,
And promise life, to work him surer death?
Grown old in villaiay, and dead to grace,
Hell in his heart, and TYBURNE in his face;
Behold, a Parson at thy Elbow stands,
Low'ring damnation, and with open hands
Ripe to betray his Saviour for reward;
The Atheist Chaplain of an Atheist Lord.

Bred to the Church, and for the gown decreed,
'Twas known that I should learn to read;

Tho'

Tho' that was nothing, for my Friends, who knew
 What mighty Dullness of itself could do,
 Never design'd me for a working Priest,
 But hop'd, I should have been a DEAN at least;
 Condemn'd (like many more, and worthier men,
 To whom I pledge the service of my pen),
 Condemn'd (whilst proud, and pamper'd Sons of Lawn,
 Cramm'd to the throat, in lazy plenty yawn)
 In pomp of *rev'rend begg'ry* to appear,
 To pray, and starve on forty pounds a year;
 My Friends, who never felt the galling load,
 Lament that I forsook the Packhorse road,
 Whilst Virtue to my conduct witness bears
 In throwing off that gown, which FRANCIS wears,

What Creature's that, so very pert and prim;
 So very full of foppery, and whim;
 So gentle, yet so brisk; so wond'rous sweet,
 So fit to prattle at a Lady's feet,
 Who looks, as he the Lord's rich vineyard trod,
 And by his Garb appears a man of God?
 Trust not to looks, nor credit outward shew;
 The villain lurks beneath the *cassock'd* Beau;
 That's

That's an Informer; what avails the name?
 Suffice it that the wretch from Sobom came.

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

By CLELAND tutor'd, and with BLACOW bred,
 (BLACOW, whom by a brave resentment led,
 OXFORD, if OXFORD had not sunk in fame,
 Ere this, had damn'd to everlasting shame)

Their

Their steps he follows, and their crimes partakes,
 To Virtue lost, to Vice alone he wakes,
 Most lusciously declaims 'gainst luscious themes,
 And, whilst he rails at blasphemy, blasphemes.

Are these the Arts, which Policy supplies?
 Are these the steps, by which grave Churchmen rise?
 Forbid it, Heav'n; or, should it turn out so,
 Let me, and mine, continue mean and low.
 Such be their Arts, whom Interest controuls;
 KIDGELL and I have free and honest souls.
 We scorn Preferment which is gain'd by Sin,
 And will, tho' poor without, have peace within.

DEFEAT 12 T.

THE
DUELLIST.



THE

DUKE OF

BOOK

THE clock struck twelve, and half the globe
darkened, had spread her purple robe
The queen, his feet with velvet shod,
Laying as it in fear he trod,
Gave as she at even-tide,
Gave his people far and wide



Amateur who, when asking, drives
 Who, when asked, ne'er knows that he
 Will find the answer to his query.

THE

DUELLIST.

BOOK I.

THE Clock struck twelve, o'er half the globe

Darkness had spread her pitchy robe;

MORPHEUS, his feet with velvet shod,

Treading as if in fear he trod,

Gentle as dews at even-tide,

Distill'd his poppies far and wide,

AMBITION,



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

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

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

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

Stretch'd

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

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

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

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

E

Who

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

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



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

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

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

E 3

Still



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

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

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

Indignant

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

Placing

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

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE



D U E L L I S T.

B O O K II.

DE E P in the bosom of a wood,
Out of the road, a Temple stood;

Antient, and much the worse for wear,

It call'd aloud for quick repair,

And, tottering from side to side,

Menac'd destruction far and wide,

Nor

Nor able seem'd, unless made stronger,
 To hold out four or five years longer.
 Four hundred pillars, from the ground
 Rising in order, *most* unfound,
 Some rotten to the heart, aloof
 Seem'd to support the tott'ring roof,
 But, to inspection nearer laid,
 Instead of giving, wanted aid.

The Structure, rare and curious, made
 By Men most famous in their trade,
 A work of years, admir'd by all,
 Was suffer'd into dust to fall,
 Or, just to make it hang together,
 And keep off the effects of weather,
 Was patch'd and patch'd from time to time
 By wretches, whom it were a crime,
 A crime, which Art would treason hold,
 To mention with those names of old.

Builders, who had the pile survey'd,
 And those not *Flitcrofts* in their trade,
 Doubted (the wise hand in a doubt
 Merely sometimes to hand her out)

Whether

THE DUELLIST.

Whether (like Churches in a brief,
 Taught wisely to obtain relief
 Thro' Chancery, who gives her fees
 To this and other Charities)
 It must not, in all parts unsound,
 Be ripp'd, and pull'd down to the ground;
 Whether (tho' after-ages ne'er
 Shall raise a building to compare)
 Art, if they should their Art employ,
 Meant to preserve, might not destroy.
 As human bodies, worn away,
 Batter'd, and halting to decay,
 Bidding the pow'r of Art despair,
 Cannot those very medicines bear,
 Which, and which only can restore,
 And make them healthy as before.
 To LIBERTY, whose gracious smile
 Shed peace and plenty o'er the Isle,
 Our grateful Ancestors, her plain
 But faithful Children, rais'd this fane.
 Full in the Front, stretch'd out in length,
 Where Nature put forth all her strength

In



In Spring Eternal, lay a plain,
Where our brave fathers us'd to train
Their Sons to Arms, to teach the Art
Of War, and steel the infant heart.
LABOUR, their hardy nurse, when young,
Their joints had knit, their nerves had strung;
ABSTINENCE, foe declar'd to death,
Had, from the time they first drew breath,
The best of doctors, with plain food,
Kept pure the channel of their blood;
HEALTH in their cheeks bade colour rise,
And GLORY sparkled in their eyes.

The instruments of Husbandry,
As in contempt, were all thrown by,
And, flattering, a manly pride,
War's keener tools their place supplied.
Their arrows to the head they drew;
Swift to the point their javelins flew;
They grasp'd the sword, they shook the spear;
Their Fathers felt a pleasing fear,
And even COURAGE, standing by,
Scarcely beheld with steady eye.

Each

Each Stripling, lesson'd by his Sire,
Knew when to close, when to retire,
When near at hand, when from afar
To fight, and was Himself a War.

Their Wives, their Mothers all around,
Careless of order, on the ground,
Breath'd forth to Heav'n the pious vow,
And, for a Son's or Husband's brow,
With eager fingers Laurel wove;
Laurel which, in the sacred grove,
Planted by LIBERTY, they find,
The brows of Conquerors to bind,
To give them Pride and Spirits, fit
To make a world in arms submit.

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

Gods!



Gods! with what joy, what honest pride,
Did each fond, wishing, rustic Bride,
Behold her manly swain return!
How did her love-sick bosom burn,
Tho' on Parades he was not bred,
Nor wore the livery of red,
When, Pleasure height'ning all her charms,
She strain'd her Warrior in her arms,
And begg'd, whilst Love and Glory fire,
A Son, a Son just like his Sire!

Such were the Men in former times,
Ere Luxury had made our crimes
Our bitter Punishment, who bore
Their terrors to a foreign shore;
Such were the men, who, free from dread,
By EDWARDS and by HENRIES led,
Spread, like a torrent swell'd with rains,
O'er haughty Gallia's trembling plains;
Such were the Men, when lust of Pow'r,
To work him woe, in evil hour
Debauch'd the Tyrant from those ways,
On which a King should found his praise,

When

When stern OPPRESSION, hand in hand
 With PRIDE, stalk'd proudly thro' the land;
 When weeping JUSTICE was misled
 From her fair course, and MERCY dead;
 Such were the Men, in Virtue strong,
 Who dar'd not see their Country's wrong,
 Who left the mattock, and the spade,
 And, in the robes of War array'd,
 In their rough arms, departing, took
 Their helpless babes, and with a look
 Stern and determin'd, swore to see
 Those babes no more, or see them free;
 Such were the Men, whom Tyrant PRIDE
 Could never fasten to his side
 By threats or bribes, who, Freeman born,
 Chains, tho' of gold, beheld with scorn;
 Who, free from ev'ry servile awe,
 Could never be divorc'd from Law,
 From that broad gen'ral Law, which Sense
 Made for the general defence;
 Could never yield to partial ties
 Which from dependant stations rise;
 Could never be to Slav'ry led,
 For PROPERTY was at their head;

F

Such

Such were the Men in days of yore,
Who, call'd by LIBERTY, before
Her Temple, on the sacred green,
In martial pastimes oft were seen---
Now seen no longer---in their stead,
To laziness and vermin bred,
A Race who, strangers to the cause
Of Freedom, live by other laws,
On other motives fight, a prey
To interest, and slaves for pay.
VALOUR, how glorious on a plan
Of Honour founded, leads their Van;
DISCRETION, free from taint of fear,
Cool, but resolv'd, brings up their rear,
DISCRETION, VALOUR's better half;
DEPENDANCE holds the Gen'ral's Staff.

In plain and home-spun garb array'd,
Not for vain shew, but service made,
In a green flourishing old age,
Not damn'd yet with an Equipage,
In rules of *Porterage* untaught,
SIMPLICITY, not worth a groat,

THE DUELLIST.

67

For years had kept the Temple door;
Full on his breast a glass he wore,
Thro' which his bosom open lay
To ev'ry one who pass'd that way.
Now turn'd adrift---with humbler face,
But prouder heart, his vacant place
CORRUPTION fills, and bears the key;
No entrance now without a fee.

With belly round, and full, fat face;
Which on the house reflected grace,
Full of good fare, and honest glee,
The *Steward* HOSPITALITY,
Old WELCOME smiling by his side,
A good, old Servant, often tried,
And faithful found, who kept in view
His Lady's fame and int'rest too,
Who made each heart with joy rebound,
Yet never run her State a-ground,
Was turn'd off, or (which word I find
Is more in modern use) *resign'd*.

Half-starv'd, half-starving others, bred
In beggary, with carrion fed,

F 2

Detested,



Detested, and detesting all,
 Made up of Avarice and Gall,
 Boasting great thrift, yet wasting more
 Than ever Steward did before,
 Succeeded *One*, who, to engage
 The praise of an exhausted Age,
 Assum'd a name of high degree,
 And called himself OECONOMY.

Within the Temple, full in sight,
 Where, without ceasing, day and night,
 The Workmen toil'd, where LABOUR bar'd
 His brawny arm, where ART prepar'd,
 In regular and even rows,
 Her types, a *Printing-Press* arose;
 Each Workman knew his task, and each
 Was honest and expert as LEACH.

Hence LEARNING struck a deeper root,
 And SCIENCE brought forth riper fruit;
 Hence LOYALTY receiv'd support,
 Even when banish'd from the Court;
 Hence GOVERNMENT gain'd strength, and hence
 RELIGION fought, and found defence;

Hence



Hence ENGLAND's fairest fame arose,

And LIBERTY subdu'd her foes.

On a low, simple, turf-made throne,

Rais'd by *Allegiance*, scarcely known

From her attendants, glad to be

Pattern of that Equality

She wish'd to all, so far as cou'd

Safely consist with social good,

The GODDESS sat ; around her head

A chearful radiance GLORY spread ;

COURAGE, a Youth of royal race,

Lovelily stern, possess'd a place

On her left-hand, and on her right

Sat HONOUR, cloath'd with robes of Light ;

Before her MAGNA CHARTA lay,

Which some great Lawyer, of his day

The PRATT, was offic'd to explain,

And make the basis of her reign ;

PEACE, crown'd with Olive, to her breast

Two smiling, twin-born infants prest ;

At her feet couching, WAR was laid,

And with a brindled Lion play'd ;



JUSTICE and MERCY, hand in hand,
 Joint Guardians of the happy land,
 Together held their mighty charge,
 And TRUTH walk'd all about at large;
 HEALTH for the royal troop the feast
 Prepar'd, and VIRTUE was High Priest,

Such was the fame our *Goddeſs* bore,
 Her Temple ſuch, in days of yore.
 What changes ruthleſs Time preſents!
 Behold her ruin'd battlements,
 Her walls decay'd, her nodding ſpires,
 Her altars broke, her dying fires,
 Her name deſpis'd, her Priests deſtroi'd,
 Her friends diſgrac'd, her foes employ'd,
Herſelf (by *Minifterial Arts*
 Depriv'd e'en of the people's hearts,
 Whilſt They, to work her ſurer woe,
 Feign her to Monarchy a foe)
 Exil'd by grief, ſelf-doom'd to dwell
 With ſome poor Hermit in a cell,
 Or, that retirement tedious grown,
 If ſhe walks forth, ſhe walks *unknown*,

Hooted

Hooted, and pointed at with scorn,
As One in some strange Country born.

Behold a rude and ruffian race,
A band of spoilers, seize her place;
With looks, which might the heart dif-feat,
And make life found a quick retreat,
To rapine from the cradle bred,
A Staunch, Old Blood-bound at their head,
Who, free from Virtue and from Awe,
Knew none but the bad part of Law,
They rov'd at large; each on his breast
Mark'd with a *Grey-bound*, stood confest,
CONTROULMENT waited on their nod
High-wielding PERSECUTION's rod,
CONFUSION follow'd at their heels,
And a *cast Statesman* held the Seals,
Those Seals, for which he dear shall pay,
When awful JUSTICE takes her day.

The Printers saw---they saw and fled---
SCIENCE, declining, hung her head,
PROPERTY in despair appear'd,
And for herself destruction fear'd;



Whilst, under-foot, the rude slaves trod
 The works of men, and word of God,
 Whilst, close behind, on many a book,
 In which he never deigns to look,
 Which he did not, nay---could not read,
 A *bold, bad* man (by pow'r decreed
 For that bad end, who in the dark
 Scorn'd to do mischief) set his mark
 In the full day, the mark of Hell,
 And on the Gospel stamp'd an L.

LIBERTY fled, her Friends withdrew,
 Her Friends, a faithful, chosen few ;
 Honour in grief threw up, and SHAME,
 Cloathing herself with Honour's name,
 Usurp'd his station ; on the throne,
 Which LIBERTY once call'd her own,
 (Gods, that such mighty ills should spring,
 Under so great, so good a King,
 So Lov'd, so Loving, thro' the arts
 Of Statesmen, curs'd with wicked hearts !)
 For ev'ry darker purpose fit,
 Behold in triumph STATE-CRAFT fit,

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

THE
D U E L L I S T.

B O O K III.

AH me! what mighty perils wait
The Man who meddles with a State,
Whether to strengthen, or oppose!
False are his friends, and firm his foes.
How must his Soul, once ventur'd in,
Plunge blindly on from sin to sin!
What toils he suffers, what disgrace,
To get, and then to keep a place!

How

How often, whether wrong or right,
Must he in jest or earnest fight,
Risquing for those both life and limb,
Who would not risque one groat for him!

Under the Temple lay a Cave ;
Made by some guilty, coward slave,
Whose actions fear'd rebuke, a maze
Of intricate and winding ways,
Not to be found without a clue ;
One Passage only, known to few,
In paths direct led to a Cell,
Where FRAUD in secret lov'd to dwell,
With all her tools and slaves about her,
Nor fear'd lest HONESTY should rout her.

In a dark corner, shunning fight
Of Man, and shrinking from the light,
One dull, dim taper thro' the Cell
Glimm'ring, to make more horrible
The face of darkness, she prepares,
Working unseen, all kinds of snares,
With curious, but destructive art ;
Here, thro' the eye to catch the heart,

Gay

Gay *Stars* their tinsel beams afford,
 Neat artifice to trap a Lord;
There, fit for all whom Folly bred,
 Wave *Plumes of Feathers* for the head,
Garters the Hag contrives to make,
 Which, as it seems, a babe might break,
 But which ambitious Madmen feel
 More firm and sure than chains of steel;
 Which, slipp'd just underneath the knee,
 Forbid a Freeman to be free.
Purses she knew (did ever curse
 Travel more sure than in a purse?)
 Which, by some strange and magic bands
 Enslave the soul, and tie the hands.

Here FLATTERY, eldest born of *GUILE*,
 Weaves with rare skill the silken smile,
 The courtly cringe, the supple bow,
 The private squeeze, the Levee vow,
 With which, no strange or recent case,
 Fools *in* deceive Fools *out* of place.

CORRUPTION (who, in former times,
 Thro' fear or shame conceal'd her crimes,

And

And what she did, contriv'd to do it
 So that the Public might not view it)
 Presumptuous grown, unfit was held
 For their dark councils, and expell'd,
 Since in the day her business might
 Be done as safe as in the night,

Her eye down-bending to the ground,
 Planning some dark and deadly wound,
 Holding a dagger, on which stood,
 All fresh and reeking, drops of blood,
 Bearing a lanthorn, which of yore,
 By TREASON borrow'd, GUY FAWKES bore,
 By which, since they improv'd in trade,
Excisemen have their lanthorns made,
 ASSASSINATION, her whole mind
 Blood-thirsting, on her arm reclin'd.
 Death, grinning, at her elbow stood,
 And held forth instruments of blood,
 Vile instruments, which cowards chuse,
 But Men of Honour dare not use;
 Around, his Lordship and his Grace,
 Both qualified for such a place,

With

With many a FORBES, and many a DUN,
 Each a resolv'd, and pious Son,
 Wait her high bidding; Each prepar'd
 As She around her orders shar'd,
 Proof 'gainst remorse, to run, to fly,
 And bid the destin'd victim die,
 Posting on Villainy's black wing,
 Whether He Patriot is, or King.

OPPRESSION, willing to appear
 An object of our love, not fear,
 Or at the most a rev'rend awe
 To breed, usurp'd the garb of LAW.
 A Book she held, on which her eyes
 Were deeply fix'd, whence seem'd to rise
 Joy in her breast; a Book, of might
 Most wonderful, which black to white
 Could turn, and without help of laws,
 Could make the worse the better cause.
 She read, by flatt'ring hopes deceiv'd,
 She wish'd, and what she wish'd, believ'd,
 To make that Book for ever stand
 The rule of wrong through all the land;

On



On the back, fair and worthy note,
At large was MAGNA CHARTA wrote,
But turn your eye within, and read,
A bitter lesson, N——'s CREED.
Ready, e'en with a look, to run,
Fast as the coursers of the Sun,
To worry Virtue, at her hand
Two half-starv'd Greyhounds took their stand.
A curious model, cut in wood,
Of a most antient Castle stood
Full in her view ; the gates were barr'd,
And Soldiers on the watch kept guard ;
In the front, openly, in black
Was wrote, The Tow'ER, but on the back,
Mark'd with a Secretary's seal,
In bloody Letters, The BASTILE.

Around a Table, fully bent
On mischief of most black intent
Deeply determin'd, that their reign
Might longer last, to work the bane
Of one firm Patriot, whose heart, tied
To Honour, all their pow'r defied,

And

And brought those actions into light
They wish'd to have conceal'd in Night.
Begot, Born, Bred to infamy,
A Privy-Council sat of THREE;
Great were their names, of high repute
And favour thro' the land of Bute.

The FIRST (entitled to the place
Of Honour both by Gown and Grace,
Who never let occasion slip
To take right hand of fellowship,
And was so proud, that should he meet
The twelve Apostles in the street,
He'd turn his nose up at them all,
And shove his Saviour from the wall;
Who was so mean (Meanness and Pride
Still go together side by side)
That he would cringe, and creep, be civil,
And hold a stirrup for the Devil,
If in a journey to his mind,
He'd let him mount, and ride behind;
Who basely fawn'd thro' all his life,
For *Patrons* first, then for a *Wife*,

Wrote

Wrote *Dedications* which must make
The heart of ev'ry Christian quake;
Made one Man equal to, or more
Than God, then left him, as before
His God he left, and drawn by Pride,
Shifted about to t'other side)
Was by his fire a Parson made,
Merely to give the Boy a trade;
But he himself was thereto drawn
By some faint omens of the Lawn,
And on the truly Christian plan
To make himself a Gentleman,
A title, in which form array'd him,
Tho' Fate ne'er thought on't when she made him.

The Oaths he took, 'tis very true,
But took them, as all wise men do,
With an intent, if things should turn,
Rather to temporize, than burn.
Gospel and Loyalty were made
To serve the purposes of trade;
Religion's are but paper ties,
Which bind the fool, but which the wise,

Such

Such idle notions far above,
 Draw on and off, just like a glove;
 All Gods, all Kings (let his great aim
 Be answer'd) were to him the same.

A Curate first, he read and read,
 And laid in, whilst he should have fed
 The souls of his neglected flock,
 Of reading such a mighty stock,
 That he o'ercharg'd the weary brain
 With more than She could well contain,
 More than She was with Spirits fraught
 To turn, and methodize to Thought,
 And which, like ill-digested food,
 To humours turn'd, and not to blood.
 Brought up to London, from the plow
 And Pulpit, how to make a bow
 He try'd to learn, he grew polite,
 And was the Poet's Parasite.
 With Wits conversing (and Wits then
 Were to be found 'mongst Noblemen)
 He caught, or would have caught the flame,
 And would be nothing, or the same;

G

He



He drank with Drunkards, liv'd with Sinners,
Herded with Infidels for dinners,
With such an Emphasis and Grace
Blasphem'd, that PORRER kept not pace;
He, in the highest reign of noon,
Bawl'd bawdry songs to a Psalm Tune,
Liv'd with Men infamous and vile,
Truck'd his salvation for a smile,
To catch their humour caught their plan,
And laugh'd at God to laugh with Man,
Prais'd them, when living, in each breath,
And damn'd their mem'ries after death.

To prove his Faith, which all admit
Is at least equal to his Wit,
And make himself a Man of note,
He in defence of Scripture wrote;
So long he wrote, and long about it,
That e'en Believers 'gan to doubt it;
He wrote too of the inward light,
Tho' no one knew how he came by't,
And of that enfluencing grace,
Which in his life ne'er found a place;

He wrote too of the holy Ghost,
Of whom, no more than doth a Post
He knew, nor, should an Angel shew him,
Would He or know, or chuse to know him.

Next (for he knew 'twixt ev'ry Science
There was a natural alliance)
He wrote, t'advance his Maker's praise,
Comments on rhimes, and notes on plays,
And with an all-sufficient air
Plac'd himself in the Critic's chair,
Usurp'd o'er Reason full dominion,
And govern'd merely by opinion.
At length dethron'd, and kept in awe
By one plain simple Man of Law,
He arm'd dead Friends, to Vengeance true,
T'abuse the Man they never knew.

Examine strictly all mankind,
Most Characters are mix'd we find,
And Vice and Virtue take their turn
In the same breast to beat and burn.
Our Priest was an exception here,
Nor did one spark of grace appear,



Not one dull, dim spark in his soul;
 Vice, glorious Vice possess'd the whole,
 And, in her service truly warm,
 He was in sin most uniform.

Injurious *Satire*, own at least
 One sniveling Virtue in the Priest,
 One sniveling Virtue which is plac'd,
 They say, in or about the waist,
 Call'd CHASTITY; the Prudish Dame
 Knows it at large by Virtue's name.
 To this his Wife (and in these days
 Wives seldom without reason praise)
 Bears evidence—then calls her child,
 And swears that Tom was vastly wild.

Ripen'd by a long course of years,
 He great and perfect now appears.
 In Shape scarce of the human kind;
 A Man, without a manly mind;
 No Husband, tho' he's truly wed;
 Tho' on his knees a child is bred,
 No Father; injur'd, without end
 A Foe; and, tho' oblig'd, no Friend;

A Heart

A Heart, which Virtue ne'er disgrac'd;
 A Head, where Learning runs to waste;
 A Gentleman well-bred, if breeding
 Rests in the article of reading;
 A Man of this World, for the next
 Was ne'er included in his text;
 A Judge of Genius, tho' confess
 With not one spark of Genius blest;
 Amongst the first of Critics plac'd,
 Tho' free from ev'ry taint of Taste;
 A Christian without faith or works,
 As he would be a Turk 'mongst Turks;
 A great Divine, as Lords agree,
 Without the least Divinity;
 To crown all, in declining age,
 Enflam'd with Church and Party-rage,
 Behold him, full and perfect quite,
 A false Saint, and true Hypocrite.

*Thomas Secler Archbishop of
 Canterbury*

Next sat a Lawyer, often tried
 In perilous extremes; when pride
 And Pow'r, all wild and trembling, stood,
 Nor dar'd to tempt the raging flood;
 G 3 This

This bold, bad Man arose to view,
And gave his hand to help them through,
Steel'd 'gainst Compassion, as they pass,
He saw poor Freedom breathe her last,
He saw her struggle, heard her groan,
He saw her helpless and alone,
Whelm'd in that storm, which, fear'd and prais'd
By slaves less bold, himself had rais'd.

Bred to the Law, he from the first
Of all bad Lawyers was the worst.
Perfection (for bad men maintain
In ill we may perfection gain)
In others is a work of time,
And they creep on from crime to crime,
He, for a Prodigy design'd
To spread amazement o'er mankind,
Started full-ripen'd all at once
A Perfect Knave, and Perfect Dunce.

Who will for him may boast of Sense,
His better guard is Impudence.
His front, with ten-fold plates of brass
Secur'd, SHAME never yet could pass,

Nor

Nor on the surface of his skin,
Blush for that guilt which dwelt within,
How often, in contempt of Laws,
To sound the bottom of a cause,
To search out ev'ry rotten part,
And worm into its very heart,
Hath he ta'en briefs on false pretence,
And undertaken the defence
Of trusting Fools, whom in the end
He meant to ruin, not defend?
How often, e'en in open Court,
Hath the wretch made his shame his sport,
And laugh'd off, with a Villain's ease,
Throwing up briefs, and keeping fees?
Such things, as, tho' to roguery bred,
Had struck a little Villain dead.

Causes, whatever their import,
He undertakes to serve a Court;
For he by heart this rule had got,
Pow'r can effect, what Law cannot.

Fools he forgives, but rogues he fears;
If Genius, yok'd with Worth, appears,



His weak soul sickens at the sight,
And strives to plunge them down in night.

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

Bid all that Nature, on a plan
Most intimate, makes dear to Man,
All that with grand and gen'ral ties
Binds good and bad, the Fool and Wife,
Knock at his heart; They knock in vain,
No entrance there such Suitors gain.
Bid kneeling Kings forsake the throne;
Bid at his feet his Country groan;
Bid Liberty stretch out her hands;
Religion plead her stronger bands;
Bid Parents, Children, Wife, and Friends;
If they come thwart his private ends,
Unmov'd he hears the gen'ral call,
And bravely tramples on them all,

Who will, for him, may cant and whine,
And let weak Conscience with her line

Chalk

Chalk out their ways ; such starving rules
 Are only fit for coward fools,
 Fellows who credit what Priests tell,
 And tremble at the thoughts of Hell ;
 His Spirit dares contend with Grace,
 And meets Damnation face to face.

Lord Mansfield Chief Justice

Such was our *Lawyer* ; by his side
 In all bad qualities allied,
 In all bad Counsels, sat a *Third*,
 By birth a Lord ; O sacred word !
 O word most sacred, whence Men get
 A Priviledge to run in debt,
 Whence They at large exemption claim
 From Satire, and her servant Shame ;
 Whence They, depriv'd of all her force,
 Forbid bold Truth to hold her course.

Consult his person, dress, and air,
 He seems, which strangers well might swear,
 The Master, or by *Courtesy*,
 The Captain of a Colliery.
 Look at his visage, and agree
 Half-hang'd he seems, just from the Tree

Escap'd ;

Escap'd ; a Rope may sometimes break,
Or Men be cut down by mistake.

He hath not Virtue, (in the school
Of Vice bred up) to live by rule,
Nor hath he Sense (which none can doubt
Who know the Man) to live without.
His life is a continu'd scene
Of all that's infamous and mean ;
He knows not change, unless grown nice
And delicate from vice to vice ;
Nature design'd him, in a rage,
To be the WHARTON of his age,
But, having giv'n all the Sin,
Forgot to put the Virtues in.
To run a horse, to make a match,
To revel deep, to roar a catch,
To knock a tott'ring watchman down,
To sweat a woman of the Town,
By fits to keep the Peace, or break it,
In turn to give a Pox, or take it,
He is, in faith, most excellent,
And in the Word's most full intent,
A true Choice Spirit we admit ;
With Wits a Fool, with Fools a Wit ;

Hear

Hear him but talk, and You would swear
 OBSCENITY herself was there;
 And that PROPHANESS had made choice,
 By way of Trump, to use his Voice;
 That, in all mean and low things great,
 He had been bred at *Billinggate*,
 And that, ascending to the earth
 Before the Season of his birth,
 BLASPHEMY, making way and room,
 Had mark'd him in his Mother's womb;
 Too honest (for the worst of men
 In forms are honest now and then)
 Not to have, in the usual way,
 His Bills sent in; Too great, to pay;
 Too proud, to speak to, if he meets
 The honest Tradesman whom he cheats;
 Too infamous to have a friend,
 Too bad for bad men to commend,
 Or Good to name; beneath whose weight
 Earth groans; who hath been spar'd by Fate
 Only to shew, on Mercy's plan,
 How far and long God bears with Man,

*Carl of Halifax Secretary
 of State*
 Such

Such were the THREE, who, mocking sleep,
 At Midnight sat, in Counsel deep,
 Plotting destruction 'gainst a head,
 Whose Wisdom could not be misled;
 Plotting destruction 'gainst a heart,
 Which ne'er from honour would depart.

- " Is He not rank'd amongst our foes?
 " Hath not his Spirit dar'd oppose
 " Our dearest measures, made our name
 " Stand forward on the roll of shame?
 " Hath he not won the vulgar tribes,
 " By scorning menaces and bribes,
 " And proving, that his darling cause
 " Is of their Liberties and Laws
 " To stand the Champion? in a word,
 " Nor need one argument be heard
 " Beyond this, to awake our zeal,
 " To quicken our resolves, and steel
 " Our steady souls to bloody bent,
 " (Sure ruin to each dear intent,
 " Each flatt'ring hope) He, without fear,
 " Hath dar'd to make the *Truth* appear."

They

They said, and, by resentment taught,
 Each on revenge employ'd his thought,
 Each, bent on mischief, rack'd his brain
 To her full stretch, but rack'd in vain;
 Scheme after Scheme they brought to view;
 All were examin'd, none would do.
 When FRAUD, with pleasure in her face,
 Forth issu'd from her hiding place,
 And at the table where they meet,
 First having blest them, took her seat.
 " No trifling cause, my darling Boys,
 " Your present thoughts and cares employs;
 " No common snare, no random blow
 " Can work the bane of such a Foe,
 " By Nature cautious as he's Brave,
 " To *Honour* only he's a slave;
 " In that weak part without defence,
 " We must to *Honour* make pretence;
 " That Lure shall to his ruin draw
 " The Wretch, who stands secure in Law.
 " Nor think that I have idly plann'd
 " This full-ripe scheme; behold at hand,
 " With three months training on his head,
 " An Instrument, whom I have bred,

" Born

" Born of these bowels, far from fight
 " Of Virtue's false, but glaring Light,
 " My youngest Born, my dearest Joy,
 " Most like myself, my darling Boy,
 " He, never touch'd with vile remorse,
 " Resolv'd and crafty in his course,
 " Shall work our ends, complete our schemes,
 " Most *Mine*, when most he *Honour's* seems;
 " Nor can be found, at home, abroad,
 " So firm and full a slave of FRAUD."

She said, and from each envious Son
 A discontented Murmur run
 Around the Table; All in place
 Thought his full praise their own disgrace,
 Wond'ring what Stranger She had got,
 Who had one vice that they had not.
 When strait the portals open flew,
 And, clad in armour, to their view
Martin, the *Duellist*, came forth;
 All knew, and all confess his worth,
 All justified, with smiles array'd,
 The happy choice their Dam had made.

THE END.

" Born of these powers, far from sight
 " Of Virtue's fall, but glancing light
 " My youngest born, my dearest joy,
 " Most like myself, my darling Boy,
 " He, never touch'd with vile remorse,
 " Relov'd and cradled in his course,
 " Shall work our ends, complete our schemes.

G O T H A M.

" Not can be found, at home, abroad,
 " So firm and full a slave of Fraud."

She said, and from each envious Son
 A discontented Minion run

B O O K I.

Around the Table, Alas! play'd
 Thought his full prize their own disgrace
 Wondering what Stranger she had got
 Who had one vice that they had not
 When first the portals open flew,
 And, clad in armour, to their view
 M——, the Duellist, came forth;
 All knew, and all confess his worth
 All justified, with smiles away'd,
 The happy choice their Dam had made.

B O O K I

B O O K I

B O O K I

THE AUTHOR OF THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST

BY JOHN BURNET

IN TWO VOLUMES

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IN THE STRAND

1714

1714

1714



G O T H A M.

B O O K I.

F A R off (no matter whether *East* or *West*,
A real Country, or one made in jest)
Nor yet by modern MANDEVILLES disgrac'd,
Nor by *Map-jobbers* wretchedly misplac'd,
There lies an *Island*, neither great nor small,
Which, for distinction sake, I GOTHAM call.

The Man, who finds an unknown Country out,
By giving it a name acquires, no doubt,

VOL. II.

H

A Gospel



A Gospel title, tho' the people there
The pious Christian thinks not worth his care;
Bar this pretence, and into air is hurl'd
The claim of EUROPE to the *Western World*.

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

Search antient histories, consult records,
Under this title the most Christian Lords
Hold (thanks to Conscience) more than half the Ball;
O'erthrow this title, they have none at all.
For never yet might any Monarch dare,
Who liv'd to Truth, and breath'd a Christian air,
Pretend that Christ, (who came, we all agree,
To bless his people, and to set them free)

To make a Convert ever one law gave,
By which Converters made him first a slave,

Spite of the glosses of a canting Priest,
Who talks of Charity, but means a feast,
Who recommends it (whilst he seems to feel
The holy glowings of a real zeal)
To all his hearers, as a deed of worth,
To give them heaven, whom they have robb'd of earth,
Never shall One, One truly honest man,
Who, blest with LIBERTY, reveres her plan,
Allow one moment, that a Savage Sire
Could from his wretched race, for childish hire,
By a wild grant, their All, their Freedom pass,
And sell his Country for a bit of glass.

Or grant this barb'rous fight, Let SPAIN and FRANCE,
In Slav'ry bred, as purchasers advance,
Let them, whilst Conscience is at distance hurl'd,
With some gay bawble buy a golden world;
An ENGLISHMAN, in *charter'd* FREEDOM born,
Shall spurn the slavish merchandize, shall scorn
To take from others, thro' base private views,
What he himself would rather die, than lose.

H 2

Happy



Happy the Savage of those *early* times
Ere EUROPE's sons were known, and EUROPE's crimes!
Gold, cursed Gold! slept in the womb of earth,
Unfelt its mischiefs, as unknown its worth;
In full Content he found the truest wealth;
In Toil he found Diversion, Food, and Health;
Stranger to ease and luxury of Courts,
His Sports were Labours, and his Labours Sports;
His Youth was hardy, and his Old Age green;
Life's Morn was vig'rous, and her Eve serene;
No rules he held, but what were made for use;
No Arts he learn'd, nor ills which Arts produce;
False Lights he follow'd, but believ'd them true;
He knew not much, but liv'd to what he knew.

Happy, thrice happy *now* the Savage race,
Since EUROPE took their *Gold*, and gave them *Grace*!
Pastors she sends to help them in their need,
Some who can't write, with others who can't read,
And on sure grounds the Gospel Pile to rear,
Sends *Missionary* Felons ev'ry Year;
Our Vices, with more Zeal than holy pray'rs,
She teaches them, and in return takes theirs;

He

Her rank Oppressions give them cause to rise,
 Her Want of Prudence means, and Arms supplies,
 Whilst her brave rage, not satisfied with life,
 Rising in blood, adopts the *Scalping-Knife*;
 Knowledge she gives, enough to make them know
 How abject is their State, how deep their Woe;
 The worth of Freedom strongly She explains,
 Whilst She bows down, and loads their neck with Chains;
 Faith too she plants, for her own ends impress,
 To make them bear the worst, and hope the best;
 And whilst She teaches on vile int'rest's plan,
 As Laws of God, the wild decrees of Man,
 Like PHARISEES, of whom the Scriptures tell,
 She makes them ten times more the Sons of Hell.

But whither do these grave reflections tend?
 Are they design'd for any, or no end?
 Briefly but this---to prove, that by no act
 Which nature made, that by no equal pact
 'Twixt Man and Man, which might, if Justice heard,
 Stand good, that by no benefits conferr'd,
 Or purchase made, EUROPE in chains can hold
 The Sons of INDIA, and her mines of gold.



Chance led her there in an accursed hour,
 She saw, and made the Country her's by pow'r;
 Nor drawn by Virtue's Love from Love of Fame,
 Shall my rash folly controvert the claim,
 Or wish in thought that title overthrown,
 Which coincides with, and involves my own.

EUROPE discover'd INDIA first; I found
 My right to GOTHAM on the self-same ground;
 I first discover'd it, nor shall that plea
 To Her be granted, and denied to Me.
 I plead Possession, and till one more bold
 Shall drive me out, will that Possession hold.
 With EUROPE's rights my kindred rights I twine;
 Hers be the WESTERN WORLD, be GOTHAM Mine.

Rejoice ye happy GOTHAMITES, rejoice;
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
 The voice of Gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
 In Strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
 The praises of so great and good a King;
 Shall CHURCHILL reign, and shall not GOTHAM sing?

As on a Day, a high and holy Day,
Let ev'ry instrument of Music play,
Antient and *Modern*; Those which drew their birth
(Punctilio's laid aside) from *Pagan* earth,
As well as those by *Christian* made and *Jew*;
Those known to many, and those known to few;
Those which in whim and frolic lightly float,
And those which swell the slow and solemn note;
Those which (whilst Reason stands in wonder by)
Make some *complexions* laugh and others cry;
Those which by some strange faculty of sound,
Can build walls up, and raze them to the ground;
Those which can tear up forests by the roots,
And make brutes dance like Men, and Men like brutes;
Those which whilst *RIDICULE* leads up the dance,
Make Clowns of *MONMOUTH* ape the Fops of *FRANCE*;
Those which, where *Lady DULLNESS* with *Lord MAYORS*
Presides, disdain light and trifling airs,
Hallow the feast with *Psalmody* and Those
Which, planted in our Churches to dispose
And lift the mind to Heaven, are disgrac'd
With what a foppish Organist calls *Taste*.
All from the Fiddle (on which ev'ry Fool,
The pert Son of dull Sire; discharg'd from School,

H 4

Serves



Serves an apprenticeship in College ease,
And rises thro' the *Gamut* to decrees)
To Those which (tho' less common, not less sweet)
From fam'd *Saint Giles's*, and more fam'd *Vine-Street*,
(Where Heav'n, the utmost wish of man to grant,
Gave me an old House, and an older Aunt)
THORNTON, whilst HUMOUR pointed out the road
To her arch cub, hath hitch'd into an ode;
All Instruments (attend ye list'ning Spheres,
Attend ye Sons of Men, and hear with ears)
All Instruments (nor shall they seek one Hand
Imprest from *modern Music's coxcomb* band)
All Instruments, *self-acted*, at my name
Shall pour forth harmony, and loud proclaim,
Loud but yet sweet, to the according globe,
My praises, whilst gay NATURE, in a robe,
A *Coxcomb Doctor's robe*, to the full sound
Keeps time, like *BOYCE*, and the World dances round.
Rejoice, ye happy GOTHAMITES, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on every tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,

The Praises of so great and good a King;
Shall CHURCHILL reign, and shall not GOTHAM sing?

INFANCY, straining backward from the breast,
Tetchy and wayward, what he loveth best
Refusing in his fits, whilst all the while
The Mother eyes the wrangler with a smile,
And the fond Father sits on t'other side,
Laughs at his moods, and views his spleen with pride,
Shall murmur forth my name, whilst at his hand
Nurse stands interpreter, thro' GOTHAM's land.

CHILDHOOD who, like an *April* morn, appears,
Sunshine and Rain, Hopes clouded o'er with fears,
Pleas'd and displeas'd by starts, in passion warm,
In Reason weak, who, wrought into a storm,
Like to the fretful bullies of the deep,
Soon spends his rage, and cries himself asleep,
Who, with a fev'rish appetite oppres'd,
For trifles sighs, but hates them when possess'd,
His trembling lash suspended in the air,
Half-bent, and stroking back his long, lank hair,
Shall to his mates look up with eager glee,
And let his Top go down to prate of Me.

YOUTH

YOUTH, who fierce, fickle, insolent, and vain,
 Impatient urges on to MANHOOD's reign,
 Impatient urges on, yet with a cast
 Of dear regard, looks back on CHILDHOOD past,
 In the *mid-chase*, when the hot blood runs high,
 And the quick spirits mount into his eye,
 When Pleasure, which he deems his greatest wealth,
 Beats in his heart, and paints his cheeks with health,
 When the chaf'd Steed tugs proudly at the rein,
 And, ere he starts, hath run o'er half the plain,
 When, wing'd with fear, the Stag flies full in view,
 And in full cry the eager hounds pursue,
 Shall shout my praise to hills which shout again,
 And e'en the *Huntsman* stop to cry *Amen*.

MANHOOD, of form erect, who would not bow
 Tho' Worlds should crack around him; on his brow
 WISDOM serene, to Passion giving law,
 Bespeaking Love, and yet commanding Awe;
 DIGNITY into Grace by Mildness wrought;
 COURAGE attemper'd and refin'd by Thought;
 VIRTUE supreme enthron'd, within his breast
 The Image of his Maker deep impress'd;

Lord

Lord of this Earth, which trembles at his Nod,
With Reason blest'd, and only less than God;
MANHOOD, tho' weeping Beauty kneels for aid,
Tho' Honour calls in Danger's form array'd,
Tho' cloath'd with sackcloth, Justice in the gates,
By wicked Elders chain'd, Redemption waits,
MANHOOD shall steal an hour, a little hour,
(Is't not a little One?) to hail my pow'r.

OLD-AGE, a *second Child* by Nature curs'd
With more and greater evils than the first,
Weak, sickly, full of pains; in ev'ry breath
Railing at life, and yet afraid of death;
Putting things off, with sage and solemn air,
From day to day, without one day to spare;
Without enjoyment, covetous of pelf,
Tiresome to friends, and tiresome to himself,
His faculties impair'd, his temper sour'd,
His memory of recent things devour'd
E'en with the acting, on his shatter'd brain
Tho' the false Registers of Youth remain;
From morn to evening babbling forth vain praise
Of those rare men, who liv'd in those rare days

When

When He, the Hero of his tale, was Young,
Dull Repetitions falt'ring on his tongue,
Praising gray hairs, sure mark of Wisdom's sway,
E'en whilst he curses time which made him gray,
Scoffing at Youth, e'en whilst he would afford
All, but his gold, to have his Youth restor'd,
Shall for a moment, from himself set free,
Lean on his Crutch, and pipe forth praise to Me.

Rejoice, ye happy GOTHAMITES, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a King;
Shall CHURCHILL reign, and shall not GOTHAM sing?

Things without life shall in this Chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

The *Snow-drop*, who, in habit white and plain,
Comes on, the *Herald* of fair FLORA's train;
The *Coxcomb Crocus*, flow'r of simple note,
Who by her side struts in a *Herald's* coat;

The *Tulip*, idly glaring to the view,
Who, tho' no Clown, his birth from Holland drew,
Who, once full dress'd, fears from his place to stir,
The sop of flow'rs, the MORE of a Parterre;
The *Wood-bine*, who her *Elm* in marriage meets,
And brings her dow'ry in surrounding sweets;
The *Lilly*, silver Mistress of the vale,
The *Rose* of SHARON which perfumes the gale;
The *Jessamine*, with which the Queen of flow'rs
To charm her God adorns his fav'rite bow'rs,
Which Brides, by the plain hand of neatness drest,
Unenvied rival, wear upon their breast,
Sweet as the incense of the Morn, and chaste
As the pure Zone, which circles DIAN's waist;
All flow'rs, of various names, and various forms,
Which the Sun into strength and beauty warms,
From the dwarf *Daisy*, which, like infants, clings,
And fears to leave the earth from whence it springs,
To the proud Giant of the garden race,
Who, madly rushing to the Sun's embrace,
O'ertops her fellows with aspiring aim,
Demands his wedded Love, and bears his name;
All, One and All, shall in this Chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice,

Rejoice, ye happy GOTHAMITES, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on every tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a King;
Shall CHURCHILL reign, and shall not GOTHAM sing?

Forming a gloom, thro' which to spleen-struck minds
Religion, horror-stamp'd, a passage finds,
The *Ivy* crawling o'er the hallow'd cell,
Where some old Hermit's wont his beads to tell
By day, by night; the *Myrtle* ever-green,
Beneath whose shade Love holds his rights unseen;
The *Willow* weeping o'er the fatal wave,
Where many a Lover finds a wat'ry grave;
The *Cypress* sacred held, when Lovers mourn
Their true Love snatch'd away; the *Laurel* worn
By Poets in old time, but destin'd now
In grief to wither on a WHITEHEAD's brow;
The *Fig*, which, large as what in India grows,
Itself a Grove, gave our first Parents cloaths;
The *Vine*, which, like a blushing new-made Bride,
Clust'ring, empurples all the Mountain's side;

The

The *Tew*, which, in the place of sculptur'd stone,
Marks out the resting-place of men unknown ;
The hedge-row *Elm*, the *Pine* of mountain race ;
The *Fir*, the Scotch *Fir*, never out of place ;
The *Cedar*, whose top mates the highest cloud,
Whilst his old Father *LEBANON* grows proud
Of such a child, and his vast Body laid
Out many a mile, enjoys the filial shade ;
The *Oak*, when living, monarch of the wood ;
The *ENGLISH Oak*, which, dead, commands the flood ;
All, One and All, shall in this Chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy *GOTHAMITES* rejoice ;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a King ;
Shall *CHURCHILL* reign, and shall not *GOTHAM* sing ?

The *Show'rs* which make the young hills, like young
Lambs,
Bound and rebound, the old Hills, like old Rams,
Unwieldy,

Unwieldy, jump for joy; the *Streams*, which glide,
Whilst *PLENTY* marches smiling by their side;
And from their bosom rising *COMMERCE* springs;
The *Winds* which rise with healing on their wings;
Before those cleansing breath *Contagion* flies;
The *Sun*, who, travelling in Eastern skies,
Fresh, full of strength, just risen from his bed,
Tho' in *Jove's* pastures they were born and bred,
With voice and whip, can scarce make his steeds stir,
Step by Step, up the perpendicular;
Who, at the hour of *Eve*, panting for rest,
Rolls on amain, and gallops down the West,
As fast as *JEHU*, oil'd for *AHAB's* sin,
Drove for a crown, or *Post-Boys* for an Inn;
The *Moon*, who holds o'er night her silver reign,
Regent of tides, and Mistress of the Brain,
Who to her Sons, those Sons who own her pow'r,
And do her homage at the midnight hour,
Gives madness as a blessing, but dispenses
Wisdom to fools, and damns them with their Senses;
The *Stars*, who, by I know not what strange right,
Preside o'er mortals in their own despite,
Who without Reason govern those, who most
How truly judge from hence!) of Reason boast,

And,

And, by some mighty Magic yet unknown,
Our actions guide, yet cannot guide their own;
All, One and All, shall in this Chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise be loud in Mine.

Rejoice, ye happy GOTHAMITES, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a King;
Shall CHURCHILL reign, and shall not GOTHAM sing?

The *Moment*, *Minute*, *Hour*, *Day*, *Week*, *Month*, *Year*,
Morning and *Eve*, as they in turn appear;
Moments and *Minutes* which, without a crime,
Can't be omitted in accounts of time,
Or, if omitted, (proof we must afford)
Worthy by Parliaments to be restor'd;
The *Hours*, which dress'd by turns in black and white,
Ordain'd as Handmaids, wait on Day and Night;
The *Day*, those hours I mean, when Light presides,
And BUSINESS in a cart with PRUDENCE rides;
The *Night*, those hours I mean with darkness hung,
When Sense speaks free, and Folly holds her tongue;



The *Morn*, when Nature, rousing from her strife
 With death-like sleep, awakes to second life;
 The *Eve*, when, as unequal to the task,
 She mercy from her foe descends to ask;
 The *Week*, in which six days are kindly given
 To think of Earth, and One to think of Heaven;
 The *Months*, twelve Sisters all of diff'rent hue,
 Tho' there appears in all a likeness too,
 Not such a likeness, as, thro' HAYMAN's works,
 Dull Mannerism, in Christians, Jews, and Turks,
 Cloys with a sameness in each female face,
 But a strange Something, born of Art and Grace,
 Which speaks them All, to vary and adorn,
 At diff'rent times of the same Parents born;
 All, One and All, shall in this Chorus join,
 And, dumb to other's praise, be loud in Mine.

Rejoice, ye happy GOTHAMITES, rejoice;
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
 The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
 The praises of so great and good a King;
 Shall CHURCHILL reign, and shall not GOTHAM sing?

FLORE JANUARY, Leader of the year,
Minc'd-pies in van, and *Calves-heads* in the rear;
 Dull FEBRUARY, in whose leaden reign,
 My Mother bore a bard without a brain;
 MARCH various, fierce, and wild, with wind-crack'd cheeks,
 By wilder Welch-men led, and crown'd with leeks!
 APRIL with Fools, and MAY with bastards blest;
 JUNE with White Roses on her rebel breast;
 JULY, to whom, the Dog-Star in her train,
Saint JAMES gives oysters, and *Saint SWITHEN* rain;
 AUGUST, who, banish'd from her *Smithfield* stand,
 To *Chelsea* flies, with DOGGET in her hand;
 SEPTEMBER, when by Custom (right divine)
 Geese are ordain'd to bleed at MICHAEL's shrine,
 Whilst the Priest, not so full of grace as wit,
 Falls to, unblest'd, nor gives the Saint a bit;
 OCTOBER, who the cause of FREEDOM join'd,
 And gave a *second GEORGE* to bless mankind;
 NOVEMBER, who at once to grace our earth,
Saint ANDREW boasts, and our AUGUSTA's birth;
 DECEMBER, last of Months, but best, who gave
 A CHRIST to Man, a Saviour to the Slave,
 Whilst, falsely grateful, Man, at the full feast,
 To do God honour, makes himself a beast;

All, One and All, shall in this Chorus join,
And dumb to others' praise, be loud in Mine.

Rejoice, ye happy GOTHAMITES, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a King;
Shall CHURCHILL reign, and shall not GOTHAM sing?

The *Seasons* as they roll; SPRING by her side
Letch'ry and *Lent*, *Lay-Folly*, and *Church-Pride*,
By a rank Monk to Copulation led,
A tub of *sainted Salt-Fish* on her head;
SUMMER, in light, transparent Gawze array'd,
Like Maids of Honour, at a Masquerade,
In bawdry Gawze, for which our daughters leave
The Fig, more modest, first brought up by Eve,
Panting for breath, inflam'd with lustful fires,
Yet wanting strength to perfect her desires,
Leaning on Sloth, who, fainting with the heat,
Stops at each step, and slumbers on his feet;
AUTUMN, when NATURE, who with sorrow feels
Her dread foe Winter treading on her heels,

Makes

Makes up in value what she wants in length,
Exerts her pow'rs, and puts forth all her strength,
Bids Corn and Fruits in full perfection rise,
Corn fairly Tax'd, and Fruits without Excise;
WINTER, benumb'd with cold, no longer known
By robes of Fur, since Furs became *our own*.
A Hag, who, loathing all, by all is loath'd,
With weekly, daily, hourly libels cloath'd,
Vile FACTION at her heels, who, mighty grown,
Would rule the Ruler, and *foreclose* the throne,
Would turn all State-affairs into a trade,
Make Laws one day, the next to be Unmade,
Beggar at home a People fear'd abroad,
And, force defeated, make them Slaves by Fraud;
All, One and All, shall in this Chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in Mine.

Rejoice, ye happy GOTHAMITES, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a King;
Shall CHURCHILL reign, and shall not GOTHAM sing?

I 3

The



The Year, Grand Circle, in whose ample round
 The Seasons regular and fix'd are bound,
 (Who, in his course repeated o'er and o'er,
 Sees the same things which he had seen before.
 The same Stars keep their Watch, and the same Sun
 Runs in the track where he from first hath run;
 The same Moon rules the night, Tides ebb and flow,
 Man is a Puppet, and this World a Show,
 Their old dull follies old dull fools pursue,
 And Vice in nothing, but in Mode, is new,
 He——a Lord (now fair befall that Pride,
He liv'd a Villain, but a Lord he died)
 DASHWOOD is pious, BERKLEY fix'd as fate,
 SANDWICH (THANK HEAV'N) first Minister of State;
 And, tho' by Fools despis'd, by Saints unblest'd,
 By Friends neglected, and by Foes oppress'd,
 Scorning the servile arts of each Court-Elf,
 Founded on Honour, WILKES is still himself)
 The Year, encircled with the various train
 Which waits, and fills the glories of his reign,
 Shall, taking up this theme, in Chorus join,
 And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in Mine.

Rejoice,

Rejoice, ye happy GOTHAMITES, rejoice;
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
 The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
 The praises of so great and good a King;
 Shall CHURCHILL reign, and shall not GOTHAM sing?

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

Thus far in Sport---nor let half Patriots, (those
 Who shrink from ev'ry blast of Pow'r which blows,
 Who, with tame Cowardice familiar grown,
 Would hear my thoughts, but fear to speak their own,
 Who, lest bold Truths, to do sage Prudence spite,
 Should burst the Portals of their lips by night,



Tremble to trust themselves one hour in sleep,)
Condemn our course, and hold our Caution cheap.
When brave Occasion bids, for some great end
When Honour calls the Poet as a Friend,
Then shall They find, that, e'en on danger's brink,
He dares to Speak, what they scarce dare to Think.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

120
G O T H A M
Tribble to trust themselves one hour in sleep,
Condemn our courts, and hold our Cautions cheap,
When brave Occasion bids, for some great end
When Honour calls the Poet as a Friend,
Then shall they find, that e'en on danger's brink,
He dares to speak, what they scarce dare to think.

G O T H A M.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK
B O O K II.



G O T H A M
O T H A M

B O O K II

B O O K II

How much mistaken are the men, who think
I hat all who will, without restraint, may drink,
May largely drink, & on their bowels puff,
Pleading no right but merely that of thirst,
At the pure waters of the living well,
Beside whose streams the Muses love to dwell!
There is with them a knack, an idle toy,
A rattle glided o'er, on which a boy

MAY



G O T H A M.

B O O K II.

HOW much mistaken are the men, who think
That all who will, without restraint, may drink,
May largely drink, e'en their bowels burst,
Pleading no right but merely that of thirst,
At the pure waters of the living well,
Beside whose streams the MUSES love to dwell!
Verse is with them a knack, an idle toy,
A rattle gilded o'er, on which a boy

May

May play untaught, whilst, without art or force,
Make it but jingle, Musick comes of course.

Little do such men know the toil, the pains,
The daily, nightly racking of the brains,
To range the thoughts, the matter to digest,
To cull fit phrases, and reject the rest,
To know the times when HUMOUR, on the cheek
Of MIRTH may hold her sports, when WIT should speak,
And when be silent; when to use the pow'rs
Of Ornament, and how to place the flow'rs,
So that they never give a tawdry glare,
Nor waste their sweetness in the desert air;
To form (which few can do, and scarcely one,
One Critick in an age can find, when done)
To form a plan, to strike a grand Outline,
To fill it up, and make the picture shine
A full, and perfect piece; to make coy rime
Renounce her follies, and with sense keep time,
To make proud sense against her nature bend,
And wear the chains of rime, yet call her friend.

Some Fops there are, among the Scribbling tribe,
Who make it all their business to *describe*,

No matter whether in, or out of place ;
Studious of finery, and fond of lace,
Alike they trim, as Coxcomb Fancy brings,
The rags of beggars, and the robes of kings.
Let dull *Propriety* in State preside
O'er her dull children, Nature is their guide,
Wild Nature, who at random breaks the fence
Of those tame drudges *Judgment*, *Taste*, and *Sense*,
Nor would forgive herself the mighty crime
Of keeping terms with *Person*, *Place*, and *Time*.

Let *liquid* Gold emblaze the Sun at noon,
With *borrow'd* beams let silver *pale* the Moon,
Let furies *hoarse* lash the resounding shore,
Let streams *Meander*, and let torrents *roar*,
Let them breed up the *melancholy* breeze
To *sigh with sighing*, *sob with sobbing trees*,
Let Vales *embroid'ry* wear, let Flow'rs be *ting'd*
With various *tints*, let Clouds be *lac'd* or *fring'd*,
They have their wish ; like idle monarch Boys,
Neglecting things of weight, they sigh for toys ;
Give them the crown, the sceptre, and the robe,
Who will may take the pow'r, and rule the globe.

Others



Others there are, who, in one solemn pace,
With as much zeal, as Quakers rail at lace,
Railing at needful Ornament, depend
On Sense to bring them to their journey's end.
They would not (Heav'n forbid) their course delay,
Nor for a moment step out of the way,
To make the barren road those graces wear,
Which Nature would, if pleas'd, have planted there.

Vain Men! who blindly thwarting Nature's plan
Ne'er find a passage to the heart of man;
Who, bred 'mongst fogs in Academic land,
Scorn ev'ry thing they do not understand;
Who, destitute of Humour, Wit, and Taste,
Let all their little knowledge run to waste,
And frustrate each good purpose, whilst they wear
The robe's of Learning with a sloven's air.
Tho' solid Reas'ning arms each sterling line,
Tho' Truth declares aloud, "This work is mine,"
Vice, whilst from page to page dull Morals creep,
Throws by the book, and Virtue falls asleep.

Sense, *mere, dull, formal* Sense, in this gay town
Must have some vehicle to pass her down,

Nor

Nor can she for an hour ensure her reign,
 Unless she brings fair Pleasure in her train,
 Let her, from day to day, from year to year,
 In all her grave solemnities appear,
 And, with the voice of trumpets, thro' the streets
 Deal lectures out to ev'ry one she meets,
 Half who pass by are deaf, and t'other half
 Can hear indeed, but only hear to laugh.

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

In vain for such mistakes they pardon claim,
 Because they wield the pen in Virtue's name.
 Thrice sacred is that Name, thrice blest'd the Man
 Who thinks, speaks, writes, and lives on such a plan!
 This, in himself, himself of course must bless,
 But cannot with the world promote success.
 He may be strong, but, with effect to speak,
 Should recollect his readers may be weak;

Plain,



Plain, rigid Truths, which Saints with comfort bear,
Will make the Sinner tremble, and despair.
True Virtue acts from Love, and the great end,
At which she nobly aims, is to amend;
How then do those mistake, who arm her laws
With rigour not their own, and hurt the cause
They mean to help, whilst with a zealot rage
They make that Goddess, whom they'd have engage
Our dearest Love, in hideous terror rise!
Such may be honest, but they can't be wise.

In her own full, and perfect blaze of light,
Virtue breaks forth too strong for human sight:
The dazzled eye, that nice but weaker sense,
Shuts herself up in darkness for defence.
But, to make strong conviction deeper sink,
To make the callous feel, the thoughtless think,
Like God made Man, she lays her glory by,
And beams mild comfort on the ravish'd eye.
In earnest most, when most she seems in jest,
She worms into, and winds around the breast,
To conquer vice, of vice appears the friend,
And seems unlike herself to gain her end.

The

The Sons of Sin, to while away the time
Which lingers on their hands, of each black crime
To hush the painful memory, and keep
The tyrant Conscience in delusive sleep,
Read on at random, nor suspect the dart
Until they find it rooted in their heart.
Gainst Vice they give their vote, nor know at first
That, cursing that, themselves too they have curs'd;
They see not, till they fall into the snares,
Deluded into Virtue unawares.
Thus the shrewd doctor, in the spleen-struck mind
When pregnant horror sits, and broods o'er wind,
Discarding drugs, and striving how to please,
Lures on insensibly, by slow degrees,
The patient to those manly sports, which bind
The slacken'd sinews, and relieve the mind;
The patient feels a change as wrought by stealth,
And wonders on demand to find it health.

Some Few, whom Fate ordain'd to deal in rimes
In other lands, and *here* in other times,
Whom, waiting at their birth, the *Midwife Muse*
Sprinkled all over with Castalian dews,

K

To



To whom true GENIUS gave his magic pen,
Whom ART by just degrees led up to men,
Some few, extremes well-shunn'd, have steer'd between
These dang'rous rocks, and held the golden mean.
SENSE in their works maintains her proper state,
But never sleeps, or labours with her weight;
GRACE makes the whole look elegant, and gay,
But never dares from SENSE to run astray.
So nice the Master's touch, so great his care,
The Colours boldly glow, not idly glare.
Mutually giving, and receiving aid,
They set each other off, like light and shade,
And, as by stealth, with so much softness blend,
'Tis hard to say, where they begin, or end.
Both give us charms, and neither gives offence;
SENSE perfects GRACE, and GRACE enlivens SENSE.

Peace to the Men, who these high honours claim,
Health to their souls, and to their mem'ries fame,
Be it my task, and no mean task, to teach
A rev'rence for that worth I cannot reach;
Let me at distance, with a steady eye,
Observe, and mark their passage to the sky,

From

From envy free, applaud such rising worth,
And praise their heav'n, tho' pinion'd down to earth.

Had I the pow'r, I could not have the time,
Whilst spirits flow, and life is in her prime,
Without a sin 'gainst Pleasure, to design
A plan, to methodize each thought, each line
Highly to finish, and make ev'ry grace,
In itself charming, take new charms from place.
Nothing of Books, and little known of men,
When the mad fit comes on, I seize the pen,
Rough as they run, the rapid thoughts set down,
Rough as they run, discharge them on the Town.
Hence rude, unfinish'd brats, before their time,
Are born into this idle world of rime,
And the poor *flattern* Muse is brought to bed
With all her imperfections on her head.
Some, as no life appears, no pulses play
Through the dull, dubious mafs, no breath makes way;
Doubt, greatly doubt, till for a glass they call,
Whether the Child can be baptiz'd at all.
Others, on other grounds, objections frame,
And, granting that the child may have a name,



Doubt, as the Sex might well a midwife pose,
Whether they should baptize it, Verse or Prose.

E'en what my master's please; Bards, mild, meek men,
In love to Critics tumble now and then.
Something I do myself, and something too,
If they can do it, leave for them to do.
In the small compass of my careless page
Critics may find employment for an age;
Without my blunders they were all undone;
I twenty feed, where MASON can feed one.

When SATIRE stoops, unmindful of her state,
To praise the man I love, curse him I hate;
When SENSE, in tides of passion borne along,
Sinking to prose, degrades the name of song;
The Cenfor smiles, and, whilst my credit bleeds,
With as high relish on the carrion feeds
As the *proud* EARL fed at a Turtle feast,
Who, turn'd by gluttony to worse than beast,
Eat, 'till his bowels gush'd upon the floor,
Yet still eat on, and dying call'd for more.

When *loose* DIGRESSION, like a colt unbroke,
Spurning *Conneſſion*, and her formal yoke,

Bounds



Bounds thro' the forest, wanders far astray
From the known path, and loves to loose her way,
'Tis a full feast to all the mongril pack
To run the rambler down, and bring her back.

When *gay* DESCRIPTION, Fancy's fairy child,
Wild without art, and yet with pleasure wild,
Waking with Nature at the morning hour
To the lark's call, walks o'er the op'ning flow'r
Which largely drank all night of heaven's fresh dew,
And, like a Mountain Nymph of Dian's crew,
So lightly walks, she not one mark imprints,
Nor brushes off the dews, nor foils the tints;
When thus DESCRIPTION sports, e'en at the time
That Drums should beat, and Cannons roar in rime,
Critics can live on such a fault as that
From one month to another and grow fat.

Ye mighty *Monthly* Judges, in a dearth
Of letter'd blockheads, conscious of the worth
Of my materials, which against your will
Of You've confes'd, and shall confes it still,
Materials rich, tho' rude, enflam'd with Thought,
Tho' more by Fancy than by Judgment wrought,

K 3

Take



Take, use them as your own, a work begin,
Which suits your Genius well, and weave them in,
Fram'd for the Critic loom, with Critic art,
Till thread on thread depending, part on part,
Colour with Colour mingling, Light with Shade,
To your dull taste a formal work is made,
And, having wrought them into one grand piece,
Swear it surpasses ROME, and rivals GREECE.

Nor think this much, for at one single word,
Soon as the mighty Critic *Fiat's* heard,
SCIENCE attends their call; their pow'r is own'd;
ORDER takes place, and GENIUS is dethron'd;
Letters dance into books, defiance hurl'd
At means, as Atoms danc'd into a world.

Me higher business calls, a greater plan,
Worthy Man's whole employ, the good of Man,
The good of Man committed to my charge;
If idle Fancy rambles forth at large,
Careless of such a trust, these harmless lays
May Friendship envy, and may Folly praise,
The crown of GOTHAM may some Scot assume,
And vagrant STUARTS reign in CHURCHILL'S room.

O my

O my poor People, O thou wretched Earth,
To whose dear love, tho' not engag'd by birth,
My heart is fix'd, my service deeply sworn,
How (by thy Father can that thought be borne,
For Monarchs, would they all but think like me,
Are only Fathers in the best degree)
How must thy glories fade, in ev'ry land
Thy name be laugh'd to scorn, thy mighty hand
Be shorten'd, and thy zeal, by foes confes'd,
Bles'd in thyself, to make thy neighbours bles'd,
Be robb'd of vigour, how must Freedom's pile,
The boast of ages, which adorns the Isle
And makes it great and glorious, fear'd abroad,
Happy at home, secure from force and fraud,
How must that pile, by antient Wisdom rais'd
On a firm rock, by friends admir'd and prais'd,
Envy'd by foes, and wonder'd at by all,
In one short moment into ruins fall,
Should any slip of STUART's tyrant race
Or bastard, or legitimate, disgrace
Thy royal seat of Empire! but what care
What sorrow must be mine, what deep despair
And self-reproaches, should that hated line
Admittance gain thro' any fault of mine!



Curs'd be the cause whence GOTHAM's evils spring;
Tho' that curs'd cause be found in GOTHAM's King.

Let War, with all his needy, ruffian band,
In pomp of horror, stalk thro' GOTHAM's land
Knee-deed in blood; let all her stately tow'rs
Sink in the dust; that Court, which now is our's,
Become a den, where Beasts may if they can,
A lodging find, nor fear rebuke from Man;
Where yellow harvests rise, be brambles found;
Where vines now creep, let thistles curse the ground;
Dry in her thousand Vallies, be the Rills;
Barren the Cattle, on her thousand Hills;
Where Pow'r is plac'd let Tygers prowl for prey;
Where Justice lodges, let wild Asses bray;
Let Cormorants in Churches make their nest,
And, on the sails of Commerce, Bitterns rest;
Be all, tho' princes in the earth before,
Her Merchants Bankrupts, and her Marts no more;
Much rather would I, might the will of Fate
Give me to chuse, see GOTHAM's ruin'd state
By ills on ills, thus to the earth weigh'd down,
Than live to see a STUART wear a crown.

Let

Let Heav'n in vengeance arm all Natures host,
 Those Servant's, who their Maker know, who boast
 Obedience as their glory, and fulfil,
 Unquestion'd, their great Master's sacred will.
 Let raging Winds root up the boiling deep,
 And, with destruction big, o'er GOTHAM sweep;
 Let Rains rush down, till Faith with doubtful eye
 Looks for the sign of Mercy in the sky;
 Let Pestilence in all her horrors rise,
 Where'er I turn, let Famine blast my eyes;
 Let the Earth yawn, and, e'er They've time to think,
 In the deep gulph let all my subjects sink
 Before my eyes, whilst on the verge I reel,
 Feeling but as a Monarch ought to feel,
 Not for myself, but them, I'll kiss the rod,
 And, having own'd the Justice of my God,
 Myself with firmness to the ruin give,
 And die with those for whom I wish'd to live.

This (but may Heaven's more merciful decrees
 Ne'er tempt his servant with such ills as these)
 This, or my soul deceives me, I could bear;
 But that the STUART race my crown should wear,

That

That Crown, were, highly cherish'd, FREEDOM shone
Bright as the glories of the mid-day Sun,
Born and bred Slaves, that they, with proud misrule,
Should make brave, free-born men, like boys at school,
To the Whip crouch and tremble---O, that thought!
The lab'ring brain is e'en to madness brought
By the dread vision, at the mere surmise
The thronging spirits, as in tumult, rise,
My heart, as for a passage, loudly beats,
And, turn me where I will, distraction meets,

O my brave fellows, great in Arts and Arms,
The wonder of the Earth, whom Glory warms
To high Atchievements, can your spirits bend
Thro' base controul (Ye never can descend
So low by choice) to wear a tyrant's chain,
Or let, in FREEDOM's seat, a STUART reign.
If Fame, who hath for ages far and wide
Spread in all realms, the Cowardice, the Pride,
The Tyranny and Falsehood of those Lords,
Contents you not, search ENGLAND's fair records,
ENGLAND, where first the breath of Life I drew,
Where next to GOTHAM, my best Love is due.

There

There once they rul'd, tho' crush'd by WILLIAM's hand, T
They rul'd no more, to curse that happy land.

The *First*, who, from his native soil remov'd,
Held ENGLAND's sceptre, a tame Tyrant prov'd.
Virtue he lack'd, curs'd with those thoughts which spring
In souls of vulgar stamp, to be a King;
Spirit he had not, though he laugh'd at Laws,
To play the bold-fac'd Tyrant with applause;
On practices most mean he rais'd his pride,
And Craft oft gave, what Wisdom oft denied.

Ne'er cou'd he feel how truly Man is blest
In blessing those around him; in his breast,
Crowded with follies, Honour found no room?
Mark'd for a Coward in his Mother's Womb,
He was too proud without affronts to live,
Too timorous to punish or forgive.

To gain a crown, which had in course of time,
By fair descent, been his without a crime,
He bore a Mother's exile; to secure
A greater crown, he basely could endure

The

The spilling of her blood by foreign knife,
Nor dar'd revenge her death who gave him life;
Nay, by fond fear, and fond ambition led,
Struck hands with those by whom her blood was shed.

Call'd up to Pow'r, scarce warm on ENGLAND's throne,
He fill'd her Court with beggars from his own,
Turn where you would, the eye with SCOTS was caught,
Or *English* knaves who would be SCOTSMEN thought.
To vain expence unbounded loose he gave,
The dupe of Minions, and of slaves the slave;
On false pretences mighty fums he rais'd,
And damn'd those senates rich, whom, poor, he prais'd;
From Empire thrown, and doom'd to beg her bread,
On foreign bounty whilst a Daughter fed,
He lavish'd fums, for her receiv'd, on Men
Whose names would fix dishonour on my pen.

Lies were his Play-things, Parliaments his sport,
Book-worms and Catamites engross'd the Court;
Vain of the Scholar, like all SCOTSMEN since
The *Pedant* Scholar, he forgot the Prince,
And, having with some trifles stor'd his brain,
Ne'er learn'd, or wish'd to learn the arts to reign.

Enough

Enough he knew to make him vain and proud,
Mock'd by the wife, the wonder of the croud;
False Friend, false Son, false Father, and false King,
False Wit, false Statesman, and false ev'ry thing,
When He should act, he idly chose to prate,
And pamphlets wrote, when he should save the State.

Religious, if Religion holds in whim,
To talk with all, he let all talk with him,
Not on God's honour, but his own intent,
Not for Religion sake, but argument;
More vain, if some sly, artful, *High-Dutch* slave,
Or, from the *Jesuit* school, some precious knave
Conviction feign'd, than if, to Peace restor'd
By his full soldiership, Worlds hail'd him Lord.

Pow'r was his wish, unbounded as his will,
The Pow'r, without controul, of doing ill.
But what he wish'd, what he made *Bishops* preach,
And *Statesmen* warrant, hung within his reach
He dar'd not seize; Fear gave, to gall his pride,
That Freedom to the Realm his will denied.

Of



Of Treaties fond, o'erweening of his parts;
 In ev'ry Treaty, of his own mean arts
 He fell the dupe; Peace was his Coward care,
 E'en at a time when Justice call'd for war;
 His pen he'd draw, to prove his lack of wit,
 But, rather than unsheathe the Sword, submit;
 TRUTH fairly must record, and, pleas'd to live
 In league with MERCY, JUSTICE may forgive
 Kingdoms betray'd, and Worlds resign'd to SPAIN,
 But never can forgive a RALEIGH slain.

At length (with white let Freedom mark that year)
 Not fear'd by those, whom most he wish'd to fear,
 Not lov'd by those, whom most he wish'd to love,
 He went to answer for his faults above,
 To answer to that God, from whom alone
 He claim'd to hold, and to abuse the throne,
 Leaving behind, a curse to all his line,
 The bloody Legacy of RIGHT DIVINE.

With many Virtues which a radiance fling,
 Round private men; with few that grace a king;
 And speak the Monarch, at that time of life
 When Passion holds with Reason doubtful strife,

Suc

Succeeded CHARLES, by a mean Sire undone,
Who envied virtue, even in a Son.

His Youth was froward, turbulent, and wild;
He took the Man up, e're he left the child;
His Soul was eager for imperial sway
E'er he had learn'd the lesson to obey.
Surrounded by a fawning, flatt'ring throng,
Judgment each day grew weak, and humour strong;
Wisdom was treated as a noisome weed,
And all his follies let to run to feed.

What ills from such beginning needs must spring!
What ills to such a land, from such a King!
What could she hope! what had she not to fear!
Base BUCKINGHAM possess'd his youthful ear,
STRAFFORD and LAUD, when mounted on the throne
Engross'd his love, and made him all their own,
STRAFFORD and LAUD, who boldly dar'd avow
The trait'rous doctrines taught by Tories now,
Each strove t'undo him, in his turn and hour,
The first with pleasure, and the last with pow'r.

Thinking

Thinking (vain thought, disgraceful to the throne!)
That all Mankind were made for Kings alone,
That Subjects were but slaves, and what was Whim
Or worse in common men, was Law in him;
Drunk with *Prerogative*, which Fate decreed,
To guard good Kings, and Tyrants to mislead,
Which, in a fair proportion, to deny
Allegiance dares not, which to hold too high
No Good can wish, no Coward King can dare,
And held too high, no *English* subject bear;
Besieg'd by Men of deep and subtle arts,
Men void of Principle, and damn'd with parts,
Who saw his weakness, made their King their tool,
Then most a slave, when most he seem'd to rule;
Taking all public steps for private ends,
Deceiv'd by Favourites, whom he call'd friends,
He had not strength enough of soul to find
That Monarchs, meant as blessings to Mankind,
Sink their great state, and stamp their fame undone,
When, what was meant for all, they give to One;
List'ning uxorious, whilst a woman's prate,
Modell'd the Church, and parcell'd out the state,
Whilst (in the state not more than Women read)
High-Churchmen preach'd, and turn'd his pious head;

Tutor'd

Tutor'd to see with ministerial eyes;
Forbid to hear a loyal Nation's cries;
Made to believe (what can't a Fav'rite do)
He heard a Nation hearing one or two;
Taught by State-Quacks himself secure to think,
And out of danger, e'en on danger's brink;
Whilst Pow'r was daily crumbling from his hand,
Whilst murmurs ran thro' an insulted land,
As if to sanction Tyrants Heav'n was bound,
He proudly fought the ruin which he found.

Twelve years, twelve tedious and inglorious years,
Did ENGLAND, crush'd by pow'r and aw'd by fears,
Whilst proud Oppression struck at Freedom's root,
Lament her Senates lost, her HAMPDEN mute.
Illegal taxes, and oppressive loans,
In spite of all her pride, call'd forth her groans,
PATIENCE was heard her griefs aloud to tell,
And LOYALTY was tempted to rebel.

Each day new acts of outrage shook the state;
New Courts were rais'd to give new Doctrines weight;
State-Inquisitions kept the realm in awe,
And curs'd *Star-Chambers* made, or rul'd the law;



Juries were pack'd, and Judges were unsound;
Thro' the whole kingdom not one PRATT was found.

From the first moments of his giddy youth
He hated Senates, for They told him Truth.
At length against his will compell'd to treat,
Those whom he could not fright, he strove to cheat,
With base dissembling ev'ry grievance heard,
And, often giving, often broke his word.
O where shall helpless Truth for refuge fly,
If Kings, who should protect her, dare to lie?

Those who, the gen'ral good their real aim,
Sought in their Country's good their Monarch's fame,
Those who were anxious for his safety, Those
Who were induc'd by duty to oppose,
Their truth suspected, and their worth unknown,
He held as foes, and traitors to his throne,
Nor found his fatal errour till the hour
Of saving him was gone and past, till Pow'r
Had shifted hands, to blast his hapless reign,
Making their Faith, and his Repentance vain.

Hence

Hence (be that curse confin'd to GOTHAM's foes)
War, dread to mention, Civil War arose;
All acts of Outrage, and all acts of shame
Stalk'd forth at large, disguis'd with Honour's name;
Rebellion, raising high her bloody hand,
Spread universal havock thro' the land;
With zeal for Party, and with Passion drunk,
In Public rage all private Love was sunk,
Friend against Friend, Brother 'gainst Brother stood,
And the Son's weapon drank the Father's blood;
Nature, aghast, and fearful lest her reign
Should last no longer, bled in ev'ry vein.

Unhappy Stuart! harshly tho' that name,
Grates on my ear, I should have died with shame,
To see my King before his subjects stand,
And at their bar hold up his royal hand,
At their commands to hear the monarch plead,
By their decrees to see that Monarch bleed.
What tho' thy faults were many, and were great,
What tho' they shook the basis of the state,
In Royalty secure thy Person stood,
And sacred was the fountain of thy blood.



Vile Ministers, who dar'd abuse their trust,
Who dar'd seduce a King to be unjust,
Vengeance, with Justice leagu'd, with pow'r made strong,
Had nobly crush'd; *the King could do no wrong.*

Yet grieve not, CHARLES, nor thy hard fortunes blame;
They took thy life, but they secur'd thy fame.
Their greater crimes made thine like specks appear,
From which the Sun in glory is not clear.
Had'st Thou in peace and years resign'd thy breath
At Nature's call, had'st Thou laid down in death
As in a sleep, thy name, by Justice borne
On the four winds, had been in pieces torne.
Pity, the Virtue of a gen'rous soul,
Sometimes the Vice, hath made thy mem'ry whole.
Misfortunes gave, what Virtue could not give,
And bade, the Tyrant slain, the Martyr live.

Ye princes of the Earth, ye mighty few,
Who, worlds subduing, can't yourselves subdue,
Who, goodness scorn'd, wish only to be great,
Whose breath is blasting, and whose voice is fate,
Who own no law, no reason but your will,
And scorn restraint, tho' tis from doing ill,

Who

Who of all passions groan beneath the worst,
Then only blest'd when they make others curst;
Think not, for wrongs like these uncourg'd to live;
Long may Ye sin, and long may Heav'n forgive;
But, when Ye least expect, in sorrow's day,
Vengeance shall fall more heavy for delay;
Nor think that Vengeance heap'd on you alone
Shall (poor amends) for injur'd worlds atone;
No; like some base distemper, which remains,
Transmitted from the tainted Father's veins,
In the Son's blood, such broad and gen'ral crimes
Shall call down Vengeance e'en to latest times,
Call Vengeance down on all who bear your name,
And make their portion bitterness and shame.

From land to land for years compell'd to roam,
Whilst Usurpation lorded it at home,
Of Majesty unmindful, forc'd to fly,
Not daring, like a King, to reign, or die,
Recall'd to repossess his lawful throne
More at his people's seeking, than his own,
Another CHARLES succeeded; in the school
Of travel he had learn'd to play the fool,

L 3

And



And, like pert pupils with dull Tutors sent
To shame their Country on the Continent,
From love of ENGLAND by long absence wean'd,
From ev'ry Court he ev'ry folly glean'd,
And was, so close do evil habits cling,
Till crown'd, a Beggar; and when crown'd, no King.

Those grand and gen'ral pow'rs, which Heav'n design'd
An instance of his mercy to Mankind,
Were lost, in forms of dissipation hurl'd,
Nor would he give one hour to bless a world;
Lighter than levity which strides the blast,
'And, of the present fond, forgets the past,
He chang'd and chang'd, but, ev'ry hope to curse,
Chang'd only from one folly to a worse;
State he resign'd to those whom state could please,
Careless of Majesty, his wish was ease;
Pleasure, and Pleasure only was his aim;
Kings of less Wit might hunt the bubble fame;
Dignity, thro' his reign, was made a sport,
Nor dar'd Decorum shew her face at Court,
Morality was held a standing jest,
And Faith a necessary fraud at best:

Courtiers

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

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

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

Women rul'd all, and Ministers of State
Were for commands at Toillettes forc'd to wait;
Women, who have, as Monarchs, grac'd the land,
But never govern'd well at Second-hand.

To make all other errors slight appear,
In mem'ry fix'd, stand DUNKIRK and TANGIER;



In mem'ry fix'd so deep, that Time in vain
 Shall strive to wipe those records from the brain,
 AMBOYNA stands---Gods, that a King should hold
 In such high Estimate, vile, paulty gold,
 And of his duty be so careless found,
 That, when the blood of Subjects from the ground
 For Vengeance call'd, he should reject their cry,
 And, brib'd from Honour, lay his thunders by,
 Give HOLLAND peace, whilst ENGLISH victims groan'd,
 And butcher'd subjects wander'd *unatton'd*!
 O, dear, deep injury to ENGLAND's fame,
 To them, to us, to all! to him, deep Shame!
 Of all the passions which from frailty spring,
 Av'rice is that which least becomes a King.

To crown the whole, scorning the publick good,
 Which thro' his reign he little understood,
 Or little heeded, with too narrow aim
 He reassum'd a Bigot Brother's claim,
 And, having made time-serving Senates bow,
 Suddenly died, that Brother best knew *how*.

No matter *how*---he slept amongst the dead,
 And JAMES his Brother reigned in his stead.

But

But such a reign-- so glaring an offence
In ev'ry step 'gainst Freedom, Law, and Sense,
'Gainst all the rights of Nature's ge'nral plan,
'Gainst all which constitutes an Englishman,
That the Relation would mere fiction seem,
The mock creation of a Poet's dream,
And the poor Bard's would, in this sceptic age,
Appear as false as *their* Historian's page.

Ambitious Folly seiz'd the seat of Wit,
Christians were forc'd by Bigots to submit,
Pride without sense, without Religion Zeal,
Made daring inroads on the common-weal,
Stern Persecution rais'd her iron rod,
And call'd the pride of Kings, the pow'r of God,
Conscience and Fame were sacrific'd to ROME,
And ENGLAND wept at FREEDOM's sacred tomb.

Her Laws despis'd, her Constitution wrench'd
From its due, nat'ral frame, her Rights retrench'd
Beyond a Coward's suff'rance, Conscience forc'd,
And healing Justice from the Crown divorc'd,
Each moment pregnant with vile acts of pow'r,
Her *patriot* BISHOPS sentenc'd to the Tow'r,

Her

Her OXFORD (who yet loves the STUART name)
Branded with arbitrary marks of shame,
She wept---but wept not long; to arms she flew,
At Honour's call th' avenging sword She drew,
Turn'd all her terrors on the Tyrant's head,
And sent him in despair to beg his bread,
Whilst she (may ev'ry State in such distress
Dare with such zeal, and meet with such success)
Whilst She (may GOTHAM, should my abject mind
Chuse to enslave, rather than free mankind,
Pursue her steps, tear the proud Tyrant down,
Nor let me wear if I abuse the crown)
Whilst She (thro' ev'ry age, in ev'ry land,
Written in gold let REVOLUTION stand)
Whilst She, secur'd in *Liberty* and *Law*,
Found what She sought, a Saviour in NASSAU.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

G O T H A M.

B O O K III.

M A H T O G
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At the time of the first printing of the book

the book was printed in the year 1800

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G O T H A M.

B O O K III.

CAN the fond Mother from herself depart,
Can she forget the darling of her heart,
The little darling whom she bore and bred,
Nurs'd on her knees, and at her bosom fed?
To whom she seem'd her ev'ry thought to give,
And in whose life alone, she seem'd to live?
Yes, from herself, the mother may depart,
She may forget the darling of her heart,
The little darling, whom she bore and bred,
Nurs'd on her knees, and at her bosom fed,

To

To whom she seem'd her ev'ry thought to give,
And in whose life alone, she seem'd to live;
But I cannot forget, whilst life remains,
And pours her current thro' these swelling veins,
Whilst Mem'ry offers up at Reason's shrine,
But I cannot forget, that GOTHAM's mine.

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

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

Met

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

In empire young, scarce warm on GOTHAM's throne,
The dangers, and the sweets of pow'r, unknown,
Pleas'd, tho' I scarce know why, like some young child,
Whose little senses each new toy turns wild,
How do I hold sweet dalliance with my crown
And wanton with dominion, how lay down,
Without the sanction of a precedent,
Rules of most large and absolute extent;
Rules, which from sense of public virtue spring,
And, all at once, commence a PATRIOT KING.

But, for the day of tryal is at hand,
And the whole fortunes of a mighty land
Are stak'd on me, and all their Weal or Woe
Must from my Good, or Evil Conduct flow,
Will I, or can I, on a fair review,
As I assume that name, deserve it too?
Have I well weigh'd the great, the noble part
I'm now to play? Have I explor'd my Heart,

That



That labyrinth of fraud, that deep, dark cell,
Where, unsuspected e'en by me, may dwell
Ten thousand follies? Have I found out there
What I am fit to do, and what to bear?
Have I trac'd ev'ry passion to its rise,
Nor spar'd one lurking seed of treach'rous vice?
Have I familiar with my nature grown,
And am I fairly to myself made known?

A PATRIOT KING---Why 'tis a name which bears
The more immediate stamp of Heav'n, which wears
The nearest, best resemblance we can shew
Of God above, thro' all his works below.

To still the voice of discord in the land,
To make weak faction's discontented band,
Detected, weak, and crumbling to decay,
With hunger pinch'd, on their own vitals prey;
Like brethren, in the self-same int'rests warm'd,
Like diff'rent bodies, with one soul inform'd,
To make a nation, nobly rais'd above
All meaner thoughts, grown up in common love;
To give the laws due vigour, and to hold
That sacred ballance, temperate, yet bold,

With

With such an equal hand, that those who fear
May yet approve, and own my justice clear;
To be a Common Father, to secure
The weak from violence, from pride the poor;
Vice, and her sons, to banish in disgrace,
To make Corruption dread to shew her face,
To bid afflicted Virtue take new state,
And be, at last, acquainted with the great;
Of all Religions to elect the best,
Nor let her priests be made a standing jest;
Rewards for Worth, with lib'ral hand to carve,
To love the Arts, nor let the Artists starve;
To make fair Plenty through the realm increase,
Give Fame in War, and happiness in Peace,
To see my people virtuous, great and free,
And know that all those blessings flow from me,
O 'tis a joy too exquisite, a thought
Which flatters Nature more than flatt'ry ought.
'Tis a great, glorious task, for Man too hard,
But not less great, less glorious the reward,
The best reward which here to Man is giv'n,
'Tis more than Earth, and little short of Heav'n;
A task (if such comparison may be)
The same in nature, diff'ring in degree,



Like that which God, on whom for aid I call,
Performs with ease, and yet performs to all.

How much do they mistake, how little know
Of kings, of kingdoms, and the pains which flow
From royalty, who fancy that a crown
Because it glistens, must be lin'd with down.
With outside show, and vain appearance caught
They look no farther, and, by Folly taught,
Prize high the toys of thrones, but never find,
One of the many cares which lurk behind.
The gem they worship, which a crown adorns,
Nor once suspect that crown is lin'd with thorns.
O might Reflection Folly's place supply,
Would we one moment use her piercing eye,
Then should we learn what woe from grandeur springs,
And learn to pity, not to envy kings.

The villager, born humbly and bred hard,
Content his wealth, and Poverty his guard,
In action simply just, in conscience clear,
By guilt untainted, undisturb'd by fear,
His means but scanty, and his wants but few,
Labour his business and his pleasure too,

Enjoy

Enjoys more comforts in a single hour,
Than ages give the Wretch condemn'd to Pow'r.

Call'd up by health, he rises with the day,
And goes to work, as if he went to play,
Whistling off toils, one half of which might make
The stoutest ATLAS of a palace quake;
'Gainst heat and cold, which make us cowards faint,
Harden'd by constant use, without complaint
He bears, what we should think it death to bear;
Short are his meals, and homely is his fare;
His thirst he slakes at some pure neighb'ring brook,
Nor asks for fauce were appetite stands cook.
When the dews fall and when the Sun retires
Behind the Mountains, when the village fires,
Which, waken'd all at once, speak supper nigh,
At distance catch, and fix his longing eye,
Homeward he hies, and with his manly brood
Of raw-bon'd cubs, enjoys that clean, coarse food,
Which, season'd with Good Humour, his fond Bride
'Gainst his return is happy to provide.
Then, free from care, and free from thought, he creeps
Into his straw, and till the morning sleeps.

M 2

Not



Not so the King——with anxious cares oppress'd,
His bosom labours, and admits not rest.
A glorious Wretch, he sweats beneath the Weight
Of Majesty, and gives up ease for state.
E'en when his smiles, which, by the fools of pride,
Are treasur'd and preserv'd from side to side
Fly round the court, e'en when compell'd by form,
He seems most calm, his soul is in a storm!
CARE, like a spectre, seen by him alone,
With all her nest of vipers, round his throne
By day crawls full in view; when Night bids sleep,
Sweet nurse of Nature, o'er the senses creep,
When Misery herself, no more complains,
And slaves, if possible, forget their chains,
Tho' his sense weakens, tho' his eye grows dim,
That rest which comes to all, comes not to him.
E'en at that hour, CARE, tyrant CARE, forbids,
The dew of sleep to fall upon his lids;
From night to night she watches at his bed;
Now, as one mop'd, sits brooding o'er his head,
Anon she starts, and, borne on raven's wings,
Croaks forth aloud——Sleep was not made for kings.

Th



Thrice hath the Moon, who governs this vast ball,
Who rules most absolute o'er me, and all,
To whom, by full conviction taught to bow,
At new, at full I pay the duteous vow,
Thrice hath the Moon her wanted course pursu'd,
Thrice hath she lost her form, and thrice renew'd
Since (blessed be that season, for before,
I was a mere, mere mortal, and no more,
One of the herd, a lump of common clay,
Inform'd with life, to die and pass away)
Since I became a King, and GOTHAM's throne,
With full and ample pow'r, became my own;
Thrice hath the Moon her wonted course pursu'd,
Thrice hath she lost her form, and thrice renew'd,
Since Sleep, kind Sleep, who like a friend supplies
New vigour for new toil, hath clos'd these eyes.
Nor, if my toils are answer'd with success,
And I am made an instrument to bless
The people whom I love, shall I repine;
Theirs be the benefit, the labour mine.

Mindful of that high rank in which I stand,
Of millions Lord, sole ruler in the land,



Let me, and Reason shall her aid afford,
Rule my own spirit, of myself be lord.
With an ill grace that monarch wears his crown,
Who, stern and hard of nature, wears a frown
'Gainst faults in other men, yet all the while,
Meets his own vices with a partial smile.
How can a king (yet on record we find
Such kings have been, such curses of mankind)
Enforce that law, 'gainst some poor subject elf,
Which Conscience tells him he hath broke himself?
Can he some petty rogue to Justice call
For robbing one, when he himself robs all?
Must not, unless extinguish'd, Conscience fly
Into his cheek, and blast his fading eye,
To scourge th' oppressor, when the State, distress'd
And sunk to ruin, is by him oppress'd?
Against himself doth he not sentence give?
If one must die, 'tother's not fit to live.

Weak is that throne, and in itself unsound
Which takes not solid virtue for its ground.
All envy pow'r in others, and complain
Of that which they would perish to obtain.

Nor can those spirits, turbulent and bold,
 Not to be aw'd by threats, nor bought with gold,
 Be hush'd to peace, but when fair, legal sway,
 Makes it their real int'rest to obey,
 When kings, and none but fools can then rebel,
 Not less in Virtue, than in pow'r excell.

Be that my object, that my constant care,
 And may my Soul's best wishes centre there.
 Be it my task to seek, nor seek in vain,
 Not only how to live, but how to reign,
 And, to those Virtues which from Reason spring,
 And grace the Man, join those which grace the King.

First (for strict duty bids my care extend,
 And reach to all, who on that care depend,
 Bids me with servants keep a steady hand,
 And watch o'er all my proxies in the land)
First (and that method Reason shall support)
 Before I look into, and purge my Court,
 Before I cleanse the stable of the state,
 Let me fix things which to myself relate.
 That done, and all accounts well settled here,
 In Resolution firm, in Honour clear,



Tremble ye Slaves, who dare abuse your trust,
Who dare be Villains, when your King is Just.

Are there, amongst those officers of State,
To whom our sacred pow'r we delegate,
Who hold our Place and office in the Realm,
Who, in our name commission'd, guide the Helm,
Are there, who, trusting to our love of ease,
Oppress our subjects, wrest our just decrees,
And make the laws, warp'd from their fair intent,
To speak a language which they never meant,
Are there such Men, and can the fools depend
On holding out in safety to their end?
Can they so much, from thoughts of danger free
Deceive themselves, so much misdeem of me,
To think that I will prove a Statesman's tool,
And live a stranger where I ought to rule?
What, to myself and to my State unjust,
Shall I from ministers take things on trust,
And, sinking low the credit of my throne,
Depend upon dependants of my own?
Shall I, most certain source of future cares,
Not use my Judgment, but depend on their's?

Shall



Shall I, true puppet-like, be mock'd with State,
Have nothing but the Name of being great,
Attend at councils, which I must not weigh,
Do, what they bid; and what they dictate, say;
Enrob'd, and hoisted up into my chair,
Only to be a royal Cypher there?
Perish the thought---'tis Treason to my throne---
And who but thinks it, could his thoughts be known,
Insults me more, than He, who, leagu'd with hell,
Shall rise in arms, and 'gainst my crown rebel.

The wicked Statesman, whose false heart pursues
A train of Guilt, who acts with double views,
And wears a double face, whose base designs
Strike at his Monarch's throne, who undermines
E'en whilst he seems his wishes to support,
Who seizes all departments, packs a court,
Maintains an agent on the Judgment Seat
To screen his crimes, and make his frauds complete,
New models arrais, and around the throne
Will suffer none but creatures of his own,
Conscious of such his baseness, well may try,
Against the light to shut his master's eye,

To

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

Attempts like these, well weigh'd, themselves proclaim,
And, whilst they publish, baulk their Author's aim.
Kings must be blind, into such snares to run,
Or worse, with open eyes must be undone.
The minister of Honesty and Worth,
Demands the day to bring his actions forth,
Calls on the Sun to shine with fiercer rays
And braves that trial which must end in praise.
None fly the Day, and seek the shades of Night,
But those whose actions cannot bear the Light;
None wish their King in Ignorance to hold,
But those who feel that knowledge must unfold
Their hidden Guilt, and, that dark mist dispell'd
By which their places and their lives are held,
Confusion wait them, and, by Justice led,
In vengeance fall on ev'ry traitor's head.

Aware of this, and caution'd 'gainst the pit
Where Kings have oft been lost, shall I submit

And

And rust in chains like these? Shall I give way,
And whilst my helpless subjects fall a prey
To pow'r abus'd, in Ignorance sit down,
Nor dare assert the honour of my crown?
When stern REBELLION, (if that odious name
Justly belongs to those, whose only aim
Is to preserve their Country, who oppose
In honour leagu'd, none but their Country's foes,
Who only seek their own, and found their Cause
In due regard for violated laws,) When stern REBELLION, who no longer feels,
Nor fears Rebuke, a nation at her heels,
A nation up in arms, tho' strong not proud,
Knocks at the Palace gate, and, calling loud
For due redress, presents, from Truth's fair pen,
A list of wrongs, not to be borne by men,
How must that King be humbled, how disgrace
All that is royal, in his name and place,
Who, thus call'd forth to answer, can advance
No other plea but that of IGNORANCE!
A vile defence, which was his All at stake,
The meanest subject well might blush to make;
A filthy source, from whence Shame ever springs;
A Stain to all, but most a Stain to Kings.

The



The Soul, with great and manly feelings warm'd,
 Panting for Knowledge, rests not till inform'd,
 And shall not I, fir'd with the glorious zeal,
 Feel those brave passions, which my subjects feel,
 Or can a just excuse from Ign'rance flow
 To Me, whose first, great duty is---To know.

Hence IGNORANCE---thy settled, dull, blank eye
 Wou'd hurt me, tho' I knew no reason why---
 Hence IGNORANCE---thy slavish shackles bind
 The free-born Soul, and lethargy the mind---
 Of thee, begot by PRIDE, who look'd with scorn
 On ev'ry meaner match, of thee was born
 That grave Inflexibility of Soul,
 Which Reason can't convince, nor Fear controul,
 Which neither arguments, nor pray'rs can reach,
 And nothing less than utter Ruin teach-----
 Hence IGNORANCE---hence to that depth of Night,
 Where thou wast born, where not one gleam of light
 May wound thine eye---hence to some dreary cell
 Where Monks with Superstition love to dwell,
 Or in some college soothe thy lazy pride,
 And with the Heads of colleges reside,

Fit mate for Royalty thou can't not be,
And if no mate for kings, no mate for me.

Come *STUDY*, like a torrent swell'd with rains,
Which, rushing down the mountains, o'er the plains
Spreads horror wide, and yet, in horror kind,
Leaves seeds of future fruitfulness behind,
Come *STUDY*——painful tho' thy course and slow,
Thy real worth by thy effects we know——
Parent of Knowledge, come ——not Thee I call,
Who, grave and dull, in college or in hall,
Dost sit, all solemn sad, and moping weigh
Things, which when found, thy labours can't repay---
Nor, in one hand, fit emblem of thy trade,
A *Rod*; in t'other, gaudily array'd
A *Hornbook*, gilt and letter'd, call I Thee,
Who dost in form preside o'er A, B, C——
Nor, (Siren tho' thou art, and thy strange charms;
As 'twere by magic, lure men to thy arms,)
Do I call Thee, who thro' a winding maze,
A labyrinth of puzzling, pleasing ways,
Dost lead us at the last to those rich plains,
Where, in full glory, real *SCIENCE* reigns,

Fair



Fair tho' thou art, and lovely to mine eye,
Tho' full rewards in thy possession lie
To crown Man's wish, and do thy fav'rites grace,
Tho' (was I station'd in an humbler place)
I could be ever happy in thy sight,
Toil with thee all the day, and thro' the night
Toil on from watch to watch, bidding my eye,
Fast rivetted on SCIENCE, sleep defy,
Yet, (such the hardships which from empire flow)
Must I thy sweet society forego,
And to some happy rival's arms resign
Those charms, which can, alas! no more be mine.

No more, from hour to hour, from day to day,
Shall I pursue thy steps, and urge my way
Where eager love of SCIENCE calls, no more
Attempt those paths which Man ne'er trod before.
No more the mountain scal'd, the desert crost,
Losing myself, nor knowing I was lost,
Travel thro' woods, thro' wilds, from Morn to Night,
From Night to Morn, yet travel with delight,
And having found thee, lay me down content,
Own all my toil well paid, my time well spent.

Farewell

Farewell ye MUSES too——for such mean things
Must not presume to dwell with mighty Kings——
Farewell ye MUSES——tho' it cuts my heart
E'en to the quick, we must for ever part.

When the fresh Morn bade lusty Nature wake;
When the Birds, sweetly twitt'ring thro' the brake,
Tun'd their soft pipes; when from the neighb'ring bloom,
Sipping the dew, each Zephyr stole perfume;
When all things with new vigour were inspir'd,
And seem'd to say they never could be tir'd;
How often have we stray'd, whilst sportive Rhime
Deceiv'd the way, and clipp'd the wings of Time,
O'er hill, o'er dale! how often laugh'd to see,
Yourself made visible to none but me,
The clown, his Work suspended, gape and stare,
And seem to think that I convers'd with Air!

When the Sun, beating on the parched foil,
Seem'd to proclaim an interval of toil,
When a faint languor crept thro' ev'ry breast,
And things most us'd to labour, wish'd for rest,
How often, underneath a rev'rend oak,
Where safe, and fearless of the impious stroke

Some



Some sacred DRYAD liv'd, or in some grove,
 Where with capricious fingers Fancy wove
 Her fairy bow'r, whilst NATURE all the while
 Look'd on, and view'd her mock'ries with a smile
 Have we held converse sweet! how often laid,
 Fast by the Thames, in HAM's inspiring shade,
 Amongst those Poets, which make up your train,
 And, after death, pour fourth the sacred Strain,
 Have I, at your command, in verse grown grey,
 But not impair'd, heard DRYDEN tune that lay,
 Which might have drawn an Angel from his sphere,
 And kept him from his office list'ning here.

When dreary NIGHT, with MORPHEUS in her train,
 Led on by SILENCE to resume her reign,
 With Darknes covering, as with a robe,
 This scene of Levity, blank'd half the globe,
 How oft', enchanted with your heav'nly strains,
 Which stole me from myself, which in soft chains
 Of Music bound my soul, how oft' have I,
 Sounds more than human floating thro' the Sky,
 Attentive sat, whilst NIGHT, against her will,
 Transported with the harmony, stood still!

How oft' in raptures, which Man scarce could bear,
Have I, when gone, still thought the Muses there,
Still heard their Music, and, as mute as death,
Sat all attention, drew in ev'ry Breath,
Left, breathing all too rudely, I should wound,
And marr that magic excellence of sound :
Then, Sense returning with return of Day,
Have chid the Night, which fled so fast away.

Such my Pursuits, and such my Joys of yore,
Such were my Mates, but now my Mates no more.
Plac'd out of Envy's walk, (for envy sure
Would never haunt the cottage of the Poor,
Would never stoop to wound my homespun lays)
With some few Friends, and some small share of Praise,
Beneath Oppression, undisturb'd by Strife,
In Peace I trod the humble vale of Life.
Farewell these scenes of ease, this tranquil state ;
Welcome the troubles which on Empire wait.
Light toys from this day forth I disavow,
They pleas'd me once, but cannot suit me now ;
To common Men all common things are free,
What honours them might fix disgrace on me :



Call'd to a throne, and o'er a mighty land
Ordain'd to rule, my head, my heart, my hand
Are all engros'd, each private view withstood,
And task'd to labour for the Public Good;
Be this my study, to this one great end
May ev'ry thought, may ev'ry action tend.

Let me the page of History turn o'er,
Th' instructive page, and heedfully explore
What faithful pens of former times have wrote
Of former kings; what they did worthy note,
What worthy blame, and from the sacred tomb
Where righteous Monarchs sleep, where laurels bloom
Unhurt by Time, let me a garland twine,
Which, robbing not their Fame, may add to mine.

Nor let me with a vain and idle eye
Glance o'er those scenes, and in a hurry fly
Quick as a Post which travels day and night,
Nor let me dwell there, lur'd by false delight,
And, into barren theory betray'd,
Forget that Monarchs are for action made.
When am'rous SPRING, repairing all his charms,
Calls Nature forth from hoary Winter's arms,

What

Where, like a Virgin to some lecher fold,
Three wretched months, she lay benumb'd, and cold;
When the weak Flow'r, which, shrinking from the breath
Of the rude North, and, timorous of Death,
To its kind Mother Earth for shelter fled,
And on her bosom hid its tender head,
Peeps forth afresh, and, chear'd by milder skies,
Bids in full splendour all her beauties rise;
The Hive his up in arms—expert to teach,
Nor, proudly, to be taught unwilling, each
Seems from her fellow a new zeal to catch;
Strength in her limbs, and on her wings dispatch,
The BEE goes forth; from herb to herb she flies,
From Flow'r to Flow'r, and loads her lab'ring thighs
With treasur'd sweets, robbing those Flow'rs, which left,
Find not themselves made poorer by the theft,
Their scents as lively, and their looks as fair,
As if the pillager had not been there.
Ne'er doth she sit on Pleasure's silken Wing,
Ne'er doth she, loit'ring, let the bloom of Spring
Unruffled pass, and on the downy breast
Of some fair Flow'r indulge untimely rest.
Ne'er doth she, drinking deep of those rich dews
Which Chymist Night prepar'd, that faith abuse



Due to the hive, and, selfish in her toils,
To her own private use convert the spoils.
Love of the Stock first call'd her forth to roam,
And to the Stock she brings her booty home.

Be this my Pattern—As becomes a King,
Let me fly all abroad on Reason's wing,
Let mine eye, like the Light'ning, thro' the Earth
Run to and fro, nor let one deed of Worth,
In any Place and Time, nor let one Man
Whose actions may enrich Dominion's plan,
Escape my Note; be all, from the first day
Of Nature to this hour, be all my prey.
From those, whom Time at the desire of Fame
Hath spar'd, let Virtue catch an equal flame;
From those, who not in mercy, but in rage,
Time hath repriev'd to damn from age to age,
Let me take warning, lesson'd to distill,
And, imitating Heav'n, draw good from Ill.
Nor let these great researches in my breast
A monument of useless labour rest,
No—let them spread—th' effects let GOTHAM share,
And reap the harvest of their Monarch's care,

Be other Times, and other Countries known,
Only to give fresh Blessings to my own.

Let me (and may that God to whom I fly,
On whom for needful succour I rely
In this great Hour, that glorious God of Truth,
Thro' whom I reign, in mercy to my youth,
Assist my weakness, and direct me right,
From ev'ry speck which hangs upon the Sight,
Purge my mind's eye, nor let one cloud remain
To spread the shades of error o'er my Brain)
Let Me, Impartial, with unweary'd thought,
Try Men and Things; let me, as Monarchs ought,
Examine well on what my Pow'r depends,
What are the gen'ral Principles, and Ends
Of Government, how Empire first began,
And wherefore Man was rais'd to reign o'er Man.

Let me consider, as from one great Source
We see a thousand rivers take their course,
Dispers'd, and into diff'rent channels led,
Yet by their Parent still supply'd and fed,
That Government, (tho' branch'd out far and wide,
In various Modes to various lands applied)



Howe'er it differs in its outward frame,
In the main Ground-work's ev'ry where the same;
The same her view, tho' different her plan,
Her grand and gen'ral view, the Good of Man.

Let me find out, by Reason's sacred beams,
What System in itself most perfect seems,
Most worthy Man, most likely to conduce
To all the purposes of gen'ral use;
Let me find too, where, by fair Reason try'd,
It fails, when to Particulars apply'd,
Why in that mode all Nations do not join,
And, chiefly, why it cannot suit with mine.

Let me the gradual Rise of empires trace
'Till they seem'd founded on Perfection's base,
Then (for when human things have made their way
To Excellence, they hasten to decay)
Let me, whilst Observation lends her clue,
Step by Step, to their quick Decline pursue,
Enabled by a chain of Facts to tell
Not only how they rose, but how they fell.

L

Let me not only the distempers know
Which in all States from common causes grow,
But likewise those, which by the will of Fate,
On each peculiar mode of Empire wait,
Which in its very Constitution lurk,
Too sure at last, to do its destin'd work;
Let me, forewarn'd, each Sign, each System learn,
That I my people's danger may discern,
E'er 'tis too late wish'd Health to re-assure,
And, if it can be found, find out a cure.

Let me (tho' great, grave Brethren of the gown,
Preach all Faith up, and preach all Reason down,
Making those jar, whom Reason meant to join,
And vesting in themselves a right divine)
Let me, thro' Reason's glass, with searching eye,
Into the depth of that Religion pry,
Which Law hath sanction'd; let me find out there
What's Form, what's Essence; what, like vagrant Air,
We well may change; and what, without a crime,
Cannot be chang'd to the last Hour of Time.
Nor let me suffer that outrageous zeal,
Which, without knowledge, furious Bigots feel,



Fair in pretence, tho' at the heart unsound,
These sep'rate points at random to confound.

The Times have been, when priests have dar'd to tread,
Proud and insulting, on their Monarch's head,
When, whilst they made Religion a pretence,
Out of the World they banish'd common sense,
When some soft King, too open to deceit,
Easy and unsuspecting, join'd the cheat,
Dup'd by mock Piety, and gave his name
To serve the vilest purposes of shame,
Fear not, my People, where no cause of fear
Can justly rise—Your King secures you here,
Your King, who scorns the haughty prelate's nod,
Nor deems the voice of priests, the voice of God.

Let me (tho' Lawyers may perhaps forbid
Their Monarch to behold what they wish hid,
And for the purposes of knavish gain,
Would have their trade a mystery remain)
Let me, disdaining all such slavish awe,
Dive to the very bottom of the Law;
Let me (the weak, dead letter left behind)
Search out the Principles, the Spirit find,

'Till

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

Let me (tho' Statesmen will no doubt resist,
And to my eyes present a fearful list
Of men, whose wills are opposite to mine,
Of men, great men, determin'd to resign)
Let me, (with firmness, which becomes a King,
Conscious from what a source my actions spring,
Determin'd not by worlds to be withstood,
When my grand object is my Country's Good)
Unravel all low Ministerial scenes,
Destroy their jobbs, lay bare their ways and means,
And trap them step by step; let me well know
How Places, Pensions, and Preferments go,
Why Guilt's provided for, when Worth is not,
And why one man of merit is forgot;
Let me in Peace, in War, Supreme preside,
And dare to know my way without a Guide.

Let me (tho' Dignity, by nature proud,
Retires from view, and *swells* behind a cloud,
As if the Sun shone with less pow'ful ray,
Less Grace, less Glory, shining ev'ry day;

Tho'

Tho' when she comes forth into public fight,
Unbending as a Ghost, she stalks upright,
With such an air as we have often seen,
And often laugh'd at in a tragic queen,
Nor, at her presence, tho' base Myriads crook
The supple knee, vouchsafes a single look.
Let me (all vain parade, all empty pride,
All terrors of Dominion laid aside,
All ornament, and needless helps of art,
All those big looks, which speak a little Heart)
Know (which few Kings, alas! have ever known)
How Affability becomes a Throne,
Destroys all fear, bids Love with Rev'rence live,
And gives those Graces Pride can never give.
Let the stern Tyrant keep a distant state,
And, hating all Men, fear return of Hate,
Conscious of Guilt, retreat behind his throne,
Secure from all upbraidings but his own;
Let all my Subjects have access to Me,
Be my ears open as my heart is free;
In full, fair tide, let Information flow,
That evil is half-cur'd, whose cause we know.

And

And thou, where e'er thou art, thou wretched Thing,
Who art afraid to look up to a King,
Lay by thy fears——make but thy grievance plain,
And, if I not redress thee, may my Reign
Close up that very Moment——to prevent
The course of JUSTICE, from her fair intent,
In vain my nearest, dearest friend shall plead,
In vain my mother kneel——my soul may bleed,
But must not change——When JUSTICE draws the dart,
Tho' it is doom'd to pierce a Fav'rite's Heart,
'Tis mine to give it force, to give it aim——
I know it Duty, and I feel it Fame.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.



G O T H A M

C A N D I D A T E

END OF THE THIRD BOOK



T H E

CANDIDATE.



THE
CANDIDATE

THE
CANDIDATE.

ENOUGH of *Actors*---let them play the play'r,
And, free from censure, fret, sweat, strut, and stare,
GARRICK abroad, what motives can engage
To waste one couplet on a barren stage?
Ungrateful GARRICK! when these *tasty* days,
In justice to themselves, allow'd thee praise,
When, at thy bidding, Sense, for twenty years,
Indulg'd in laughter, or dissolv'd in tears,
When, in return for labour, time, and health,
The Town had giv'n some little share of wealth,
Could't

Could'st Thou repine at being still a slave?
Dar'st Thou presume t'enjoy that wealth She gave?
Could'st Thou repine at laws ordain'd by Those,
Whom nothing but thy merit made thy foes,
Whom, too refin'd for honesty and trade,
By need made tradesmen, Pride had Bankrupts made,
Whom Fear made Drunkards, and, by modern rules,
Whom Drink made Wits, tho' Nature made them Fools;
With Such, beyond all pardon is thy crime,
In such a manner, and at such a time,
To quit the stage; but Men of real Sense,
Who neither lightly give, nor take offence,
Shall own Thee clear, or pass an act of grace,
Since Thou hast left a POWELL in thy place.

Enough of *Authors*---why, when Scribblers fail,
Must other Scribblers spread the hateful tale,
Why must they pity, why contempt express,
And why insult a Brother in distress?
Let Those, who boast th' uncommon gift of brains,
The Laurel pluck, and wear it for their pains,
Fresh on their brows for ages let It bloom,
And, ages past, still flourish round their tomb.

Let Those, who without Genius write, and write,
 Versemen or Prosemen, all in Nature's spite,
 The Pen laid down, their course of Folly run
 In peace, unread, unmention'd, be undone.
 Why should I tell to cross the will of fate,
 That FRANCIS once endeavour'd to translate?
 Why, sweet Oblivion winding round his head,
 Should I recall poor MURPHY from the dead?
 Why may not LANGHORNE, simple in his lay,
Effusion on *Effusion* pour away,
 With *Friendship*, and with *Fancy* trifle here,
 Or sleep in *Pastoral* at BELVIDERE?
 Sleep let them all, with DULLNESS on her throne,
 Secure from any malice, but their own.

Enough of *Critics*---let them, if they please,
 Fond of new pomp, each month pass new decrees,
 Wide and extensive be their infant State,
 Their Subjects many, and those Subjects great,
 Whilst all their mandates as found Law succeed,
 With Fools who write, and greater fools who read,
 What, tho' they lay the realms of Genius waste,
 Fetter the Fancy, and debauch the Taste;



Tho' they, like Doctors, to approve their skill,
 Consult not how to cure, but how to kill;
 Tho' by whim, envy, or resentment led,
 They damn those authors whom they never read,
 Tho', other rules unknown, one rule they hold,
 To deal out so much praise for so much gold;
 Tho' *Scot* with *Scot*, in damned close intrigues,
 Against the Commonwealth of Letters leagues;
 Uncensur'd let them Pilot at the helm,
 And, rule in Letters, as they rul'd the realm.
 Ours be the curse, the mean tame Coward's curse,
 (Nor could Ingenious Malice make a worse,
 To do our Sense, and Honour deep despite)
 To credit what They say, read what They write!

Enough of *Scotland*---let her rest in peace,
 The cause remov'd, effects of course should cease.
 Why should I tell, how *Tweed*, too mighty grown,
 And proudly swell'd with waters not his own,
 Burst o'er his banks, and, by destruction led,
 O'er our fair *ENGLAND* desolation spread,
 Whilst riding on his waves, Ambition plum'd
 In tenfold pride the port of *BUTE* assum'd,

Now that the River God, convinc'd, tho' late,
 And yielding, tho' reluctantly, to fate,
 Holds his fair course, and with more humble tides,
 In tribute to the sea, as usual, glides.

Enough of *States*, and such like trifling things;
 Enough of Kinglings, and enough of Kings;
 Henceforth, secure, let ambush'd Statesmen lie,
 Spread the Court web, and catch the Patriot fly;
 Henceforth, unwhipt of Justice, uncontroul'd
 By fear or shame, let Vice, secure and bold,
 Lord it with all her sons, whilst Virtue's groan
 Meets with compassion only from the Throne.

Enough of *Patriots*---all I ask of man
 Is only to be honest as he can.
 Some have deceiv'd, and some may still deceive;
 'Tis the Fool's curse at random to believe.
 Would those, who, by Opinion plac'd on high,
 Stand fair and perfect in their Country's eye,
 Maintain that honour, let me in their ear
 Hint this essential doctrine——*Persevere*.
 Should They (which Heav'n forbid) to win the grace
 Of some proud Courtier, or to gain a place,

Their King and country Sell, with endless shame
Th' avenging Muse shall mark each trait'rous name;
But if, to Honour true, they scorn to bend,
And, proudly honest, hold out to the end,
Their grateful Country shall their fame record,
And I Myself descend to praise a Lord.

Enough of *Wilkes*---with good and honest men
His actions speak much stronger than my pen,
And future ages shall his name adore,
When he can act, and I can write no more.
ENGLAND may prove ungrateful, and unjust,
But fost'ring FRANCE shall ne'er betray her trust;
'Tis a brave-debt which Gods on men impose,
To pay with praise the merit e'en of foes.
When the great Warriour of Amilcar's race
Made ROME's wide Empire tremble to her base,
To prove her Virtue, tho' it gall'd her pride,
ROME gave that fame which CARTHAGE had denied.

Enough of *Self*---that darling, luscious theme,
O'er which Philosophers in raptures dream;
On which with seeming disregard they write,
Then prizing most, when most they seem to slight;

Vain proof of Folly tinctur'd strong with pride!
 What Man can from himself himself divide?
 For Me (nor dare I lie) my leading aim,
 (Conscience first fatisfied) is love of Fame,
 Some little Fame deriv'd from some brave few,
 Who, prizing Honour, prize her Vot'ries too.
 Let all (nor shall resentment flush my cheek)
 Who know me well, what they know, freely speak,
 So Those (the greatest curse I meet below)
 Who know me not, may not pretend to know.
 Let none of Those, whom blest'd with parts above
 My feeble Genius, still I dare to love,
 Doing more mischief than a thousand foes,
Posthumous nonsense to the world expose,
 And call it mine, for mine tho' never known,
 Or which, if mine, I living blush'd to own.
Know all the World, no greedy heir shall find,
 Die when I will, one couplet left behind.
 Let none of those, whom I despise tho' great,
 Pretending Friendship to give malice weight,
 Publish my life; let no false, sneaking peer
 (Some such there are) to win the public ear,
 Hand me to shame with some vile anecdote,
 Nor foul gall'd Bishop damn me with a note.



Let one poor sprig of Bay around my head
 Bloom whilst I live, and point me out when dead;
 Let It (may Heav'n indulgent grant that pray'r)
 Be planted on my grave, nor wither there;
 And when, on travel bound, some riming guest
 Roams thro' the church-yard, whilst his Dinner's dress'd
 Let It hold up this Comment to his eyes;
 Life to the last enjoy'd, *here* Churchill lies;
 Whilst (O, what joy that pleasing flatt'ry gives)
 Reading my Works, he cries---*here* Churchill lives;

Enough of *Satire*---in less harden'd times
 Great was her force, and mighty were her rimes.
 I've read of Men, beyond Man's daring brave,
 Who yet have trembled at the strokes she gave,
 Whose souls have felt more terrible alarms
 From her one line, than from a world in arms.
 When, in her faithful and immortal page,
 They saw transmitted down from age to age
 Recorded Villains, and each spotted name
 Branded with marks of everlasting shame,
 Succeeding Villains fought her as a friend,
 And, if not really mended, feign'd to mend:

But in an age, when actions are allow'd
Which strike all Honour dead, and crimes avow'd,
Too terrible to suffer the report,
Avow'd and prais'd by men who stain a Court;
Propp'd by the arm of Pow'r, when Vice, high-born,
High-bred, high-station'd, holds rebuke in scorn,
When She is lost to ev'ry thought of fame,
And, to all virtue dead, is dead to shame,
When Prudence a much easier task must hold
To make a new World, than reform the old,
SATIRE throws by her arrows on the ground,
And, if She cannot cure, She will not wound.

Come, PANEGYRICK---tho' the MUSE disdains,
Founded on Truth, to prostitute her strains
At the base instance of those men, who hold
No argument but pow'r, no God but Gold,
Yet, mindful that from heav'n She drew her birth,
She scorns the narrow maxims of this earth,
Virtuous herself, brings Virtue forth to view,
And loves to praise, where praise is justly due.

Come PANEGYRICK---in a former hour,
My soul with pleasure yielding to thy pow'r,



Thy shrine I fought, I pray'd---but wanton air,
Before it reach'd thy ears, dispers'd my pray'r;
E'en at thy altars whilst I took my stand,
The pen of Truth and Honour in my hand,
Fate, meditating wrath 'gainst me and mine,
Chid my fond zeal, and thwarted my design,
Whilst, HAYTER brought too quickly to his end,
I lost a Subject, and Mankind a friend.

Come PANEGYRICK---bending at thy throne,
Thee and thy Pow'r my soul is proud to own,
Be Thou my kind Protector, Thou my Guide,
And lead me safe thro' passes yet untry'd,
Broad is the road, nor difficult to find,
Which to the house of *Satire* leads mankind;
Narrow, and unfrequented are the ways,
Scarce found out in an age, which lead to Praise,

What tho' no theme I chuse of vulgar note
Nor wish to write as Brother Bards have wrote,
So mild, so meek in praising, that they seem
Afraid to wake their Patrons from a dream,
What tho' a theme I chuse, which might demand
The nicest touches of a Master's hand,

Yet,

Yet, if the inward workings of my soul
Deceive me not, I shall attain the goal,
And Envy shall behold, in triumph rais'd,
The Poet praising, and the Patron prais'd.

What Patron shall I chuse? shall public voice,
Or private knowledge influence my choice?
Shall I prefer the grand retreat of STOWE,
Or, seeking Patriots, to friend WILDMAN's go?

To WILDMAN's, cried DISCRETION (who had heard
Close-standing at my elbow, ev'ry word)
To WILDMAN's! art Thou mad? can'st Thou be sure
One moment there to have thy head secure?
Are they not All (let observation tell)
All mark'd in Characters as black as Hell,
In *Doom/day* book by Ministers set down,
Who stile their pride the honour of the crown?
Make no reply---let Reason stand aloof---
Presumptions here must pass as solemn proof.
That settled Faith, that Love which ever springs
In the best Subjects, for the best of Kings,
Must not be measur'd now, by what Men think,
Or say, or do---by what They eat, and drink,

Where,

Where, and with whom, that Question's to be try'd,
And Statesmen are the Judges to decide;
No Juries call'd, or, if call'd, kept in awe,
They, facts confess, in themselves vest the law.
Each dish at WILDMAN's of sedition smacks;
Blasphemy may be Gospel at ALMACK's.

Peace, good DISCRETION, peace---thy fears are vain;
Ne'er will I herd with WILDMAN's factious train,
Never the vengeance of the great incur,
Nor, without might, against the mighty stir.
If, from long proof, my temper you distrust,
Weigh my profession, to my gown be just;
Dost Thou one Parson know, so void of grace
To pay his court to Patrons out of place?

If still you doubt (tho' scarce a doubt remains)
Search thro' my alter'd heart, and try my reins;
There, searching, find, nor deem me now in sport,
A convert made by SANDWICH to the Court;
Let Mad-men follow error to the end,
I, of mistakes convinc'd, and proud to mend,
Strive to act better, being better taught,
Nor blush to own that change, which Reason wrought.

For

For such a change as this, must Justice speak;
My heart was honest, but my head was weak.

Bigot to no one Man, or set of Men,
Without one selfish view, I drew my pen;
My Country ask'd, or seem'd to ask my aid,
Obedient to that call, I left off trade;
A side I chose, and on that side was strong,
'Till time hath fairly prov'd me in the wrong;
Convinc'd, I change (can any Man do more?
And have not greater Patriots chang'd before?)
Chang'd, I at once (can any Man do less?)
Without a single blush, that change confess,
Confess it with a manly kind of Pride,
And quit the loosing for the winning side,
Granting, whilst virtuous SANDWICH holds the rein,
What BUTE for ages might have fought in vain.

Hail SANDWICH---nor shall WILKES resentment shew
Hearing the praises of so brave a foe---
Hail, SANDWICH---nor, thro' pride, shalt Thou refuse
The grateful tribute of so mean a Muse---
SANDWICH, All Hail---when BUTE with foreign hand,
Grown wanton with ambition, scourg'd the land,

When



When *Scots*, or slaves to *Scotsmen* steer'd the helm,
When Peace, inglorious Peace, disgrac'd the realm,
Distrust, and gen'ral discontent prevail'd;
But when (he best knows why) his spirits fail'd,
When, with a sudden panic struck, he fled,
Sneak'd out of pow'r, and hid his recreant head;
When, like a *MARS* (fear order'd to retreat)
We saw Thee nimbly vault into his seat,
Into the seat of pow'r, at one bold leap,
A perfect Connoisseur in Statemanship;
When, like another *MACHIAVEL*, we saw
Thy fingers twisting, and untwisting law,
Straining, where godlike Reason bade, and where
She warranted thy Mercy, pleas'd to spare,
Saw Thee resolv'd, and fix'd (come what, come might)
To do thy God, thy King, thy Country right;
All things were chang'd, suspense remain'd no more,
Certainty reign'd where doubt had reign'd before.
All felt thy virtues, and all knew their use,
What Virtues such as thine must needs produce.

Thy foes (for Honour ever meets with foes)
Too mean to praise, too fearful to oppose,

In

In fullen silence sit; thy Friends (some Few,
 Who, friends to Thee, are Friends to Honour too)
 Plaud thy brave bearing, and the Common-weal
 Expects her safety from thy stubborn zeal.
 A place amongst the rest the Muses claim,
 And bring this free-will off'ring to thy fame,
 To prove their virtue, make thy virtues known,
 And, holding up thy fame, secure their own.

From his youth upwards to the present day,
 When Vices more than years have mark'd him grey,
 When riotous excess with wasteful hand
 Shakes life's frail glass, and hastes each ebbing sand,
 Unmindful from what stock he drew his birth,
 Untainted with one deed of real worth,
 LoTHARIO, holding Honour at no price,
 Folly to Folly added, Vice to Vice,
 Wrought sin with greediness, and fought for shame
 With greater zeal than good men seek for fame.

Where (Reason left without the least defence)
 Laughter was Mirth, Obscenity was Sense,
 Where Impudence made Decency submit,
 Where Noise was Humour, and where Whim was Wit,
 Where

Where rude, untemper'd License had the merit
Of Liberty, and Lunacy was Spirit;
Where the best things were ever held the worst,
LOTHARIO was, with justice, always first.

To whip a Top, to knuckle down at Taw,
To swing upon a gate, to ride a straw,
To play at Push-Pin with dull brother Peers,
To belch out Catches in a Porter's ears,
To reign the monarch of a midnight cell,
To be the gaping Chairman's Oracle,
Whilst, in most blessed union, rogue and whore
Clap hands, huzza, and hiccup out, Encore,
Whilst grey Authority, who slumbers there
In robes of Watchman's fur, gives up his chair,
With midnight howl to bay th' affrighted Moon,
To walk with torches thro' the streets at noon,
To force plain nature from her usual way,
Each night a vigil, and a blank each day,
To match for speed one Feather 'gainst another,
To make one leg run races with his brother,
'Gainst all the rest to take the northern wind,
BUTE to ride first, and He to ride behind,

To coin new-fangled wagers, and to lay 'em,
 Laying to lose, and losing not to pay 'em;
 LOTHARIO, on that stock which Nature gives,
 Without a rival stands, tho' MARCH yet lives.

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

Nor in such limits rests his soul confin'd;
 Folly may share, but can't engross his mind;
 Vice, bold, substantial Vice, puts in her claim,
 And stamps him perfect in the books of shame.
 Observe his Follies well, and You would swear
 Folly had been his first, his only care;

Observe.

Observe his Vices, you'll that oath disown,
And swear that he was born for Vice alone.

Is the soft Nature of some easy Maid
Fond, easy, full of faith, to be betray'd,
Must She, to Virtue lost, be lost to fame,
And He, who wrought her guilt, declare her shame?
Is some brave Friend, who, men but little known,
Deems ev'ry heart as honest as his own,
And, free himself, in others fears no guile,
To be ensnar'd, and ruin'd with a smile?
Is Law to be perverted from her course?
Is abject fraud to league with brutal force?
Is Freedom to be crush'd, and ev'ry son,
Who dares maintain her cause, to be undone?
Is base Corruption, creeping thro' the land,
To plan, and work her ruin, underhand,
With regular approaches, sure tho' slow?
Or must she perish by a single blow?
Are Kings (who trust to servants, and depend
In servants (fond, vain thought) to find a friend)
To be abus'd, and made to draw their breath
In darkness thicker than the shades of death?

Is God's most holy name to be profan'd,
 His word rejected, and his laws arraign'd,
 His servants scorn'd, as men who idly dream'd,
 His service laugh'd at, and his Son blasphem'd?
 Are Debauchees in Morals to preside,
 Is Faith to take an Atheist for her guide?
 Is Science by a Blockhead to be led?
 Are States to totter on a Drunkard's head?
 To answer all these purposes, and more,
 More black than ever Villain plann'd before,
 Search Earth, search Hell, the Devil cannot find
 An Agent, like *LOTHARIO*, to his mind.

Is this Nobility, which, sprung from Kings,
 Was meant to swell the pow'r from whence it springs?
 Is this the glorious produce, this the fruit,
 Which Nature hop'd for from so rich a root?
 Were there but two (search all the world around)
 Were there but two such Nobles to be found,
 The very name would sink into a term
 Of scorn, and Man would rather be a worm
 Than be a Lord; but Nature, full of grace,
 Nor meaning birth, and titles to debase,



Made only One, and, having made him, swore,
In mercy to mankind, to make no more.
Nor stopp'd She there, but, like a gen'rous friend,
The ills which Error caus'd, She strove to mend,
And, having brought Lothario forth to view,
To save her credit, brought forth SANDWICH too.

Gods! with what joy, what honest joy of heart,
Blunt as I am, and void of ev'ry art,
Of ev'ry art which great Ones in the state
Practice on knaves they fear, and fools they hate,
To Titles with reluctance taught to bend,
Nor prone to think that Virtues can descend,
Do I behold (a sight alas! more rare
Than honesty could wish) the Noble wear
His Father's honours, when his life makes known,
They're his by Virtue, not by birth alone,
When he recalls his Father from the grave,
And pays with int'rest back that fame he gave,
Cur'd of her splenetic and fullen fits,
To such a Peer my willing soul submits,
And to such virtue is more proud to yield
Than 'gainst ten titled rogues to keep the field.

Such (for that Truth e'en Envy shall allow)

Such WYNDHAM was, and such is SANDWICH now.

O gentle MONTAGUE, in blessed hour

Didst thou start up, and climb the stairs of pow'r;

ENGLAND of all her fears at once was eas'd,

Nor, 'mongst her many foes, was One displeas'd.

FRANCE heard the news, and told it *Cousin* SPAIN;

SPAIN heard, and told it *Cousin* FRANCE again;

The HOLLANDER relinquish'd his design

Of adding spice to spice, and mine to mine,

Of Indian villainies he thought no more,

Content to rob us on our native shore;

Aw'd by thy fame, (which winds with open mouth,

Shall blow from East to West, from North to South)

The western world shall yield us her increase,

And her wild Sons be soften'd into peace;

Rich Eastern Monarchs shall exhaust their stores,

And pour unbounded wealth on Albion's shores,

Unbounded wealth, which from those golden scenes,

And *all acquir'd by honourable means,*

Some *honourable Chief* shall hither steer,

To pay our debts, and set the nation clear.

P. 2.

NABOBS



NABOBS themselves, allur'd by thy renown,
 Shall pay due homage to the English crown,
 Shall freely as their King our King receive—
 PROVIDED, *the Directors give them leave.*

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

When a strange jumble, whimsical and vain,
 Possess'd the region of each heated brain,
 When some were fools to censure, some to praise,
 And all were mad, but mad in different ways;
 When Commonwealth's-men, starting at the shade
 Which in their own wild fancy had been made,

Of Tyrants dream'd, who wore a thorny crown,
And with State-Bloodhounds hunted Freedom down;
When Others, struck with Fancies not less vain,
Saw mighty Kings by their own subjects slain,
And, in each friend of Liberty and Law,
With horror big, a future CROMWELL saw;
Thy manly zeal stepp'd forth, bade discord cease,
And sung each jarring atom into peace.

LIBERTY, cheer'd by thy all-chearing eye,
Shall, waking from her trance, live and not die,
And, patroniz'd by Thee, PREROGATIVE,
Shall, striding forth at large, not die, but live,
Whilst PRIVILEGE, hung betwixt earth and sky,
Shall not well know, whether to live, or die.

When on a rock which overhung the flood,
And seem'd to totter, COMMERCE shiv'ring stood;
When CREDIT, building on a sandy shore,
Saw the Sea well, and heard the Tempest roar,
Heard death in ev'ry blast, and in each wave
Or saw, or fancied that She saw her grave;
When PROPERTY, transferr'd from hand to hand,
Weak'ned by change, crawl'd sickly thro' the land;

P 3

When

When mutual Confidence was at an end,
And man no longer could on Man depend;
Oppress'd with debts of more than common weight,
When all men fear'd a bankruptcy of state;
When, certain death to honour, and to trade,
A Spunge was talk'd of as our only aid,
That to be sav'd we must be more undone,
And pay off all our debts, by paying none;
Like England's better Genius, born to bleis,
And snatch his sinking country from distress,
Did'st Thou step forth, and without sail or oar,
Pilot the shatter'd vessel safe to shore,
Nor shalt thou quit, till anchor'd firm and fast,
She rides secure, and mocks the threat'ning blast!

Born in thy house, and in thy service bred,
Nurs'd in thy arms, and at thy table fed,
By thy sage counsels to reflection brought,
Yet more by pattern, than by precept taught,
OECONOMY, her needful aid shall join
To forward, and compleat thy grand design,
And, warm to save, but yet with Spirit warm,
Shall her own conduct from thy conduct form.

Let

Let Friends of Prodigals say what they will,
 Spendthrifts at home, abroad are Spendthrifts still.
 In vain have sly and subtle Sophists tried
 Private from public Justice to divide,
 For credit on each other they rely,
 They live together, and together die.
 'Gainst all experience 'tis a rank offence,
 High Treason in the eye of Common Sense,
 To think a Statesman ever can be known
 To pay our debts, who will not pay his own.
 But now, tho' late, now may we hope to see
 Our debts discharg'd, our Credit fair and free,
 Since rigid Honesty, fair fall that hour,
 Sits at the helm, and SANDWICH is in pow'r.
 With what delight I view thee, wond'rous Man,
 With what delight survey thy sterling plan,
 That plan which All with wonder must behold,
 And stamp thy age the only age of gold.

Nor rest thy triumphs here---That Discord fled,
 And fought with grief the hell where She was bred;
 That Faction, 'gainst her Nature forc'd to yield,
 Saw her rude rabble scatter'd o'er the field,



Saw her best friends a standing jest become,
 Her Fools turn'd speakers, and her Wits struck dumb;
 That our most bitter Foes (so much depends
 On Men of name) are turn'd to cordial friends;
 That our offended Friends (such terror flows
 From Men of name) dare not appear our foes;
 That Credit, gasping in the jaws of death,
 And ready to expire with ev'ry breath,
 Grows stronger from disease; that Thou hast sav'd
 Thy drooping Country; that thy name engrav'd
 On plates of brass defies the rage of time;
 Than plates of brass more firm, that sacred Rime
 Embalms thy mem'ry, bids thy glories live,
 And gives Thee what the Muse alone can give;
 These heights of virtue, these rewards of Fame,
 With thee in common other Patriots claim.

But, that poor sickly SCIENCE, who had laid,
 And droop'd for years beneath Neglect's cold shade,
 By those who knew her purposely forgot,
 And made the jest of those who knew her not,
 Whilst Ignorance in pow'r, and Pamper'd Pride,
 Clad like a Priest, pass'd by on t'other side,

Recover'd

Recover'd from her wretched state, at length
 Puts on new health, and cloathes herself with strength,
 To Thee we owe, and to thy friendly hand
 Which rais'd, and gave her to possess the land.
 This praise, tho' in a court, and near a throne,
 This praise is thine, and thine, alas! alone.

With what fond rapture did the Goddess smile,
 What blessings did she promise to this Isle,
 What honour to herself, and length of reign!
 Soon as She heard, that Thou did'st not disdain
 To be her Steward; but what grief, what shame,
 What rage, what disappointment shook her frame,
 When her proud children dar'd her will dispute,
 When Youth was insolent, and Age was mute.

That Young Men should be fools, and some wild few,
 To Wisdom deaf, be deaf to int'rest too,
 Mov'd not her wonder; but that Men, grown grey
 In search of Wisdom, Men who own'd the sway
 Of Reason, Men who stubbornly kept down
 Each rising passion, Men who wore the gown,
 That They should cross her will, That They should dare
 Against the cause of Int'rest to declare,

That

That They should be so abject and unwise,
Having no fear of loss before their eyes,
Nor hopes of gain, scorning the ready means
Of being Vicars, Rectors, Canons, Deans,
With all those honours which on Mitres wait,
And mark the virtuous favourites of state,
That They should dare a HARDWICK to support,
And talk, within the hearing of a Court,
Of that vile beggar Conscience, who undone,
And starv'd herself, starves ev'ry wretched son;
This turn'd her blood to gall, This made her swear
No more to throw away her time and care
On wayward Sons who scorn'd her love, no more
To hold her courts on CAM's ungrateful shore.
Rather than bear such insults, which disgrace
Her royalty of Nature, birth, and place,
Tho' DULLNESS there unrivall'd State *doth* keep,
Would She at WINCHESTER with BURTON sleep;
Or, to exchange the mortifying scene
For something still more dull, and still more mean,
Rather than bear such insults, She would fly
Far, far beyond the reach of *English* eye,
And reign amongst the Scots; to be a Queen
Is worth ambition, tho' in ABERDEEN.

O, stay

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

Of Stubborn Virtue, marching to thy aid,
 Behold in black, the liv'ry of their trade,
 Marshall'd by form, and by Discretion led,
 A grave, grave troop, and SMITH is at their head,
 Black SMITH of TRINITY; on Christian ground
 For Faith in Mysteries none more renown'd.

Next (for the best of causes now and then
 Must beg assistance from the worst of men)
 Next, (if old Story lies not) sprung from Greece,
 Comes PANDARUS, but comes without his Niece.
 Her, wretched Maid! committed to his trust,
 To a rank Letcher's coarse and bloated lust,
 The Arch, old, hoary Hypocrite had fold,
 And thought himself and her well damn'd for gold.

But

But (to wipe off such traces from the mind,
 And make us in good humour with mankind)
 Leading on men, who, in a College bred,
 No Woman knew, but those which made their bed,
 Who, planted Virgins on Cam's virtuous shore,
 Continued still Male Virgins at threescore,
 Comes SUMPNER, wife, and chaste as chaste can be,
 With LONG as wife, and not less chaste than He.

Are there not Friends too, enter'd in thy cause,
 Who, for thy sake, defying penal Laws,
 Were, to support thy honourable plan,
 Smuggled from JERSEY, and the ISLE of Man?
 Are there not PHILOMATHS of high degree
 Who, always dumb before, shall speak for thee?
 Are there not PROCTORS, faithful to thy will,
 One of full growth, others in Embryo still,
 Who may perhaps in some ten years, or more,
 Be ascertain'd that Two and Two make four,
 Or may a still more happy method find,
 And, taking One from two, leave none behind?

With such a mighty pow'r on foot, to yield
 Were death to Manhood; better in the field

To

To leave our Carcafes, and die with fame,
 Than fly, and purchase life on terms of Shame.
 SACKVILLES alone anticipate defeat,
 And, e'er they dare the battle, found retreat.

But if Persuasions ineffectual prove,
 If Arguments are vain, nor Pray'rs can move,
 Yet in thy bitterness of frantic woe,
 Why talk of BURTON? why to SCOTLAND go?
 Is there not OXFORD? She with open arms
 Shall meet thy wish, and yield up all her charms,
 Shall for thy love her former loves resign,
 And jilt the banish'd STUARTS to be thine.

Bow'd to the yoke, and, soon as she could read,
 Tutor'd to get by heart the Despot's Creed,
 She, of subjection proud, shall knee thy throne,
 And have no principles but thine alone,
 She shall thy will implicitly receive,
 Nor act, nor speak, nor think, without thy leave.
 Where is the glory of imperial sway
 If subjects none but just commands obey?
 Then, and then only is obedience seen,
 When, by command, they dare to all that's mean.

Hither



Hither then wing thy flight, here fix thy stand,
Nor fail to bring thy SANDWICH in thy hand.

Gods, with what joy (for Fancy now supplies,
And lays the future open to my eyes)

Gods, with what joy I see the Worthies meet,
And Brother LITCHFIELD Brother SANDWICH greet!

Blest be your greetings, blest each dear embrace,
Blest to yourselves, and to the human race.

Sick'ning at Virtues, which She cannot reach,
Which seem her baser nature to impeach,

Let ENVY, in a whirlwind's bosom hurl'd,
Outrageous, search the corners of the world,

Ransack the present times, look back to past,
Rip up the future, and confess at last,

No times, past, present, or to come, could e'er
Produce, and bless the world with such a pair.

PHILLIPS, the good old PHILLIPS, out, of breath,
Escap'd from MONMOUTH, and escap'd from death,
Shall hail his SANDWICH, with that virtuous zeal,
That glorious ardour for the Common-weal,
Which warm'd his loyal heart, and bless'd his tongue,
When on his lips the cause of Rebels hung.

Whilst

Whilst Womanhood, in habit of a Nun,
 At M—— ——— lies, by backward Monks undone;
 A nation's reck'ning, like an alehouse score,
 Whilst PAUL *the aged* chalks behind a door,
 Compell'd to hire a foe to cast it up;
 ———, shall pour, from a Communion Cup,
 Libations to the Goddess without eyes,
 And *bob* or *nob* in Cyder and Excise.

From those deep shades, where VANITY, unknown,
 Doth Penance for her pride, and pines alone,
 Curs'd in herself, by her own thoughts undone,
 Where She sees all, but can be seen by none,
 Where She no longer, Mistress of the schools,
 Hears Praise loud pealing from the mouths of fools,
 Or hears it at a distance, in despair
 To join the croud, and put in for a share,
 Twisting each thought a thousand different ways,
 For his new friends new-modelling old praise,
 Where frugal Sense so very fine is spun,
 It serves twelve hours tho' not enough for one,
 KING shall arise, and, bursting from the dead,
 Shall hurl his *piebald* Latin at thy head.

BURTON



BURTON (whilst aukward Affectation's hung
 In quaint and labour'd accents on his tongue,
 Who 'gainst their will makes Junior Blockheads speak,
 Ign'rant of both, new Latin, and new Greek,
 Not such as was in Greece and Latium known,
 But of a modern cut, and all his own;
 Who threads, like beads, loose thoughts on such a string,
 They're Praise, and Censure; Nothing, Ev'ry-thing;
Pantomine thoughts, and Stile so full of trick
 They even make a MERRY ANDREW sick,
 Thoughts all so dull, so pliant in their growth,
 They're verse, they're prose, they're neither, and they're both)
 Shall (tho' by Nature ever loth to praise)
 Thy curious worth fet forth in curious phrase,
 Obscurely stiff, shall press poor Sense to death,
 Or in long periods run her out of breath,
 Shall make a babe, for which, with all his fame,
 ADAM could not have found a proper name,
 Whilst, beating out his features to a smile,
 He hugs the bastard brat, and calls it STILE.

Hush'd be all Nature as the land of Death;
 Let each Stream sleep, and each wind hold his breath,

Be

Be the Bells muffled, nor one sound of care,
 Pressing for Audience, wake the slumb'ring air;
 BROWNE comes—behold how cautiously he creeps—
 How slow he walks, and yet how fast he sleeps—
 But to thy praise in sleep he shall agree;
 He cannot wake, but he shall dream of Thee.

PHYSICK, her head with opiate Poppies crown'd,
 Her loins by the chaste matron Camphire bound,
 PHYSICK, obtaining succour from the pen,
 Of her soft son, her gentle HEBERDEN,
 If there are Men who can thy virtue know,
 Yet spite of Virtue treat Thee as a foe,
 Shall, like a *Scholar*, stop their rebel breath,
 And in each RECIPE send *Classic* death.

So deep in knowledge that few lines can sound,
 And plumb the bottom of that vast profound,
 Few grave ones which such gravity can think,
 Or follow half so fast as he can think,
 With nice distinctions glossing o'er the text,
 Obscure with meaning, and in words perplex,
 With subtleties on subtleties refin'd,
 Meant to divide, and subdivide the mind,



Keeping the forwardness of Youth in awe,
The Scowling BLACKISTON bears the train of Law.

DIVINITY, enrob'd in College fur,
In her right hand a *New Court Kalendar*,
Bound like a Book of Pray'r, thy coming waits
With all her pack, to hymn Thee in the gates.

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

O Sacred LOYALTY! accurs'd be those
Who seeming friends turn out thy deadliest foes,
Who prostitute to Kings thy honour'd name,
And soothe their passions to betray their fame;
Nor prais'd be those, to whose proud Nature clings
Contempt of government, and hate of Kings,
Who, willing to be free, not knowing how,
A strange intemperance of zeal avow,

And

And start at LOYALTY, as at a word
Which without danger FREEDOM never heard.

Vain errors of vain men—wild both extremes,
And to the state not wholesome, like the dreams,
Children of night, of Indigestion bred,
Which, Reason clouded, seize and turn the head,
LOYALTY without FREEDOM is a chain
Which Men of lib'ral notice can't sustain,
And FREEDOM without LOYALTY, a name
Which nothing means, or means licentious shame.

Thine be the art, my SANDWICH, thine the toil,
In OXFORD's stubborn and untoward stile,
To rear this plant of Union, till at length,
Rooted by time, and softer'd into strength,
Shooting aloft, all danger It defies,
And proudly lifts its branches to the skies,
Whilst, Wisdom's happy son, but not her slave,
Gay with the gay, and with the grave ones grave,
Free from the dull impertinence of thought,
Beneath that shade, which thy own labours wrought,
And fashion'd into strength, shalt Thou repose,
Secure of lib'ral praise, since Isis flows,

Q 2

True



True to her TAME, as duty hath decreed,
Nor longer, like a harlot, lust for TWEED,
And those old wreaths, which OXFORD once dar'd twine,
To grace a STUART brow, she plants on thine.

F A R E W E L L

THE



THE CANDIDATE

True to her Tame, as duty hath decreed,
Nor longer, like a harlot, lull for I ward,
And those old wreaths, which Oxford once dar'd twine,
To grace a STUART brow, the plains on thine.

THE

FAREWELL.

THE



THE
T H E
F A R E W E L L .

F A R E W E L L .

F A R E W E L L . To Europe, and all once farwell
To all the folks which in Europe dwell.

To Eastern India now, a richer clime,
He bett'rs in ev'ry thing but Rhime.
The Muses meet their court, and fond of change,
At large, in other Worlds, desire to range,
Know'd at least, since they the fool most play,
To do it in a different place, and way.

What whim is this, what error of the brain,
That makes worse than in the dog-star's reign?

T H E

F A R E W E L L.

P. **F**AREWELL to Europe, and at once farewell
To all the follies which in Europe dwell,
To Eastern India now, a richer clime,
Richer alas in ev'ry thing but Rime,
The Muses steer their course, and, fond of change,
At large, in other Worlds, desire to range,
Resolv'd at least, since They the fool must play,
To do it in a diff'rent place, and way.

F. What whim is this, what errour of the brain,
What madness worse than in the dog-star's reign?

Q 4

Why

Why into foreign countries would You roam,
 Are there not knaves and fools enough at home?
 If Satire be thy object, and thy lays
 As yet have shewn no talents fit for praise,
 If Satire be thy object, search all round,
 Nor to thy purpose can one spot be found
 Like England, where to rampant vigour grown
 Vice choaks up ev'ry Virtue, where, self-sown,
 The seeds of Folly shoot forth rank and bold,
 And ev'ry seed brings forth a hundred fold.

P. No more of this---tho' Truth (the more our shame,
 The more our guilt) tho' Truth perhaps may claim,
 And justify her part in this, yet here,
 For the first time, e'en Truth offends my ear.
 Declaim from morn to night, from night to morn,
 'Take up the theme a new, when day's new-born,
 I hear, and hate---be England what She will,
 With all her faults She is my Country still,

F. Thy Country, and what then? Is that mere word
 Against the voice of Reason to be heard?
 Are prejudices, deep imbib'd in youth,
 To counter-act, and make thee hate the truth?

'Tis

'Tis the fure symptom of a narrow soul
 To draw its grand attachment from the whole,
 And take up with a part; Men, not confin'd
 Within such paltry limits, Men design'd
 Their nature to exalt; where'er they go,
 Wherever waves can roll, and winds can blow,
 Where'er the blessed Sun, plac'd in the sky
 To watch this subject world, can dart his eye,
 Are still the same, and, prejudice out-grown,
 Consider ev'ry country as their own.
 At one grand view They take in Nature's plan,
 Not more at home in England, than Japan.

P. My good, grave Sir of Theory, whose wit,
 Grasping at shadows, ne'er caught substance yet,
 'Tis mighty easy o'er a glass of wine
 On vain refinements vainly to refine,
 To laugh at poverty in plenty's reign,
 To boast of Apathy when out of pain,
 And in each sentence, worthy of the Schools,
 Varnish'd with sophistry, to deal out rules
 Most fit for practice, but for one poor fault
 That into practice they can ne'er be brought.

At home, and sitting in your elbow-chair
 You praise Japan, tho' you was never there,
 But was the Ship this moment under sail,
 Would not your mind be chang'd, your Spirits fail,
 Would you not cast one longing eye to shore,
 And vow to deal in such wild schemes no more?
 Howe'er our pride may tempt us to conceal
 Those passions, which we cannot chuse but feel,
 There's a strange Something, which without a brain
 Fools feel, and with one wise men can't explain,
 Planted in Man, to bind him to that earth,
 In dearest ties, from whence he drew his birth.

If Honour calls, where'er She points the way,
 The Sons of Honour follow, and obey;
 If Need compels, wherever we are sent,
 'Tis want of courage not to be content;
 But, if we have the liberty of choice,
 And all depends on our own single voice,
 To deem of ev'ry Country as the same
 Is rank rebellion 'gainst the lawful claim
 Of Nature, and such dull indifference
 May be PHILOSOPHY, but can't be SENSE.

Weak

F. Weak and unjust Distinction, strange design,
 Most peevish, most perverse, to undermine
 PHILOSOPHY, and throw her empire down
 By means of SENSE, from whom she holds her crown.
 Divine PHILOSOPHY, to Thee we owe
 All that is worth possessing here below;
 Virtue and Wisdom consecrate thy reign,
 Doubled each joy, and Pain no longer Pain.

When, like a Garden, where for want of toil,
 And wholesome discipline, the rich, rank soil
 Teems with incumbrances, where all around
 Herbs noxious in their nature make the Ground,
 Like the good Mother of a thankless Son,
 Curse her own womb, by fruitfulness undone,
 Like such a garden, when the human soul,
 Uncultur'd, wild, impatient of controul,
 Brings forth those passions of luxuriant race,
 Which spread, and stifle ev'ry herb of grace,
 Whilst Virtue, check'd by the cold hand of scorn,
 Seems with'ring on the bed where she was born;
 PHILOSOPHY steps in, with steady hand
 She brings her aid, she clears th' encumber'd land;

Too

Too virtuous, to spare vice one stroke, too wise
 One moment to attend to Pity's cries,
 See with what Godlike, what relentless pow'r
 She roots up ev'ry weed

P. and ev'ry flow'r.

PHILOSOPHY, a name of meek degree,
 Embrac'd, in token of humility,
 By the proud Sage, who, whilst he strove to hide,
 In that vain artifice, reveal'd his pride.

PHILOSOPHY, whom Nature had design'd
 To purge all errours from the human mind,
 Herself misled by the Philosopher,
 At once her Priest and Master, made us err;
 Pride, Pride, like leaven in a mass of flour,
 Tainted her laws, and made e'en Virtue sowre.

Had she, content within her proper sphere,
 Taught lessons suited to the human ear,
 Which might fair Virtue's genuine fruits produce,
 Made not for ornament, but real use,
 The heart of Man unrival'd she had sway'd;
 Prais'd by the good, and by the bad obey'd.

But

But when She, overturning Reason's throne,
 Strove proudly in its place to plant her own,
 When she with Apathy the breast would steel,
 And teach us, deeply feeling, not to feel,
 When she would wildly all her force employ,
 Not to correct our passions, but destroy,
 When, not content our nature to restore,
 As made by God, she made it all new o'er,
 When, with a strange and criminal excess,
 To make us more than Men, she made us less,
 The Good her dwindled pow'r with pity saw,
 The Bad with joy, and none but fools with awe.

Truth, with a simple and unvarnish'd tale,
 E'en from the mouth of N—might prevail,
 Could she get there; but Falshood's sugar'd strain
 Should pour her fatal Blandishments in vain,
 Nor make one convert, tho' the Siren hung,
 Where she too often hangs, on M----- tongue.
 Should all the SOPHS, whom in his course the Sun
 Hath seen, or past or present, rise in One,
 Should He, whilst pleasure in each sentence flows,
 Like PLATO, give us Poetry in Prose,

Should

Should He, full Orator at once impart
 Th' ATHENIAN's Genius, with the ROMAN's Art,
 Genius and Art should in this instance fail,
 Nor Rome tho' join'd with Athens here prevail:
 'Tis not in Man, 'tis not in more than man
 To make me find one fault in Nature's plan.
 Plac'd low ourselves, we censure those above,
 And, wanting judgment, think that She wants love,
 Blame, where we ought in reason to commend,
 And think her most a foe, when most a friend.
 Such be PHILOSOPHERS—their specious art,
 Tho' Friendship pleads, shall never warp my heart;
 Ne'er make me from this breast one passion tear,
 Which Nature, my best friend, hath planted there.

F. Forgiving as a Friend, what, whilst I live,
 As a Philosopher I can't forgive,
 In this one point at last I join with You;
 To Nature pay all that is Nature's due,
 But let not clouded Reason sink so low,
 To fancy debts she does not, cannot owe.
 Bear, to full Manhood grown, those shackles bear,
 Which Nature meant us for a time to wear,

As we wear leading-strings, which, useleſs grown,
 Are laid aſide, when we can walk alone.
 But on thyſelf, by peeviſh humour ſway'd,
 Wilt thou lay burdens Nature never laid?
 Wilt Thou make faults, whiſt Judgment weakly errs,
 And then defend, miſtaking them for her's?
 Dar'ſt Thou to ſay, in our enlight'ned age,
 That this grand Maſter Paſſion, this brave rage,
 Which flames out for thy country, was impreſt,
 And fix'd by Nature in the human breaſt?

If you prefer the place where you was born,
 And hold all others in contempt and ſcorn
 On fair Compariſon; If on that land
 With lib'ral, and a more than equal hand
 Her gifts, as in profuſion Plenty ſends;
 If Virtue meets with more and better friends;
 If Science finds a Patron 'mongſt the great;
 If Honesty is Miniſter of State;
 If Pow'r the guardian of our rights deſign'd,
 Is to that great, that only end confin'd;
 If Riches are employ'd to bleſs the poor;
 If Law is ſacred, Liberty ſecure;

Let

Let but these facts depend on proofs of weight,
Reason declares, thy Love can't be too great,
And, in this light could he our Country view,
A very HOTTENTOT must love it too.

But if, by Fate's decrees, you owe your birth
To some most barren and penurious earth,
Where, ev'ry comfort of this life denied,
Her real wants are scantily supplied,
Where Pow'r is Reason, Liberty a Joke,
Laws never made, or made but to be broke,
To fix thy love on such a wretched spot
Because, in lust's wild fever, there begot,
Because, thy weight no longer fit to bear,
By chance, not choice, thy Mother dropt thee there,
Is Folly which admits not of defence;
It can't be Nature, for it is not Sense,
By the same argument which here you hold,
(When Falshood's insolent let truth be bold)
If Propagation can in torments dwell,
A Devil must, if born there, love his hell.

P. Had Fate, to whose decrees I lowly bend,
And e'en in punishment confesses a friend,

Ordained

Ordain'd my birth in some place yet untried,
 On purpose made to mortify my pride,
 Where the Sun never gave one glimpse of day,
 Where Science never yet could dart one ray,
 Had I been born on some bleak, blasted plain
 Of barren Scotland, in a STUART's reign,
 Or in some kingdom, where Men, weak or worse,
 Turn'd Nature's ev'ry blessing to a curse,
 Where crowns of Freedom, by the Fathers won,
 Dropp'd leaf by leaf from each degen'rate Son,
 In spite of all the wisdom you display,
 All you have said, and yet may have to say,
 My weakness here, if weakness, I confess,
 I, as my country, had not lov'd her less,

Whether strict Reason bears me out in this,
 Let those who, always seeking, always miss
 The ways of Reason, doubt with precious zeal,
 Their's be the praise to argue, mine to feel.
 With we to trace this passion to the root,
 We, like a tree, may know it by its fruit,
 From its rich stem ten thousand virtues spring,
 Ten thousand blessings on its branches cling,



Yet in the circle of revolving years,
Not one misfortune, not one vice appears.
Hence then, and what you Reason call adore;
This, if not Reason, must be something more.

But (for I wish not others to confine,
Be their opinions unrestrain'd as mine)
Whether this Love's of good, or evil growth,
A Vice, a Virtue, or a spice of both,
Let men of nicer argument decide;
If it is virtuous, sooth an honest pride
With lib'ral praise; if vicious, be content,
It is a Vice I never can repent;
A Vice which, weigh'd in Heav'n, shall more avail
Than ten cold virtues in the other scale.

F. This wild, untemper'd zeal (which after all
We, Candour unimpeach'd, might madness call)
Is it a Virtue? that You scarce pretend;
Or can it be a Vice, like Virtue's friend,
Which draws us off from and dissolves the force
Of private ties, nay, stops us in our course
To that grand object of the human soul,
That nobler Love which comprehends the whole.



Coop'd in the limits of this petty isle,
 This nook, which scarce deserves a frown, or smile,
 Weigh'd with Creation, You, by whim undone,
 Give all your thoughts to what is scarce worth one.
 The gen'rous Soul, by Nature taught to soar,
 Her strength confirm'd in Philosophic lore,
 At one grand view takes in a world with ease,
 And, seeing all mankind, loves all she sees.

P. Was it most sure, which yet a doubt endures,
 Not found in Reason's Creed, though found in your's
 That these two services, like what we're told
 And know of God's and Mammon's, cannot hold
 And draw together, that, however loth,
 We neither serve, attempting to serve both,
 I could not doubt a moment which to chuse,
 And which in common Reason to refuse.

Invented oft for purposes of Art,
 Born of the head, tho' father'd on the heart,
 This grand love of the world must be confess'd
 A barren speculation at the best.
 Not one Man in a thousand, should he live
 Beyond the usual term of life, could give,



So rare Occasion comes, and to so few,
Proof whether his regards are feign'd, or true.

The Love we bear our Country, is a root
Which never fails to bring forth golden fruit,
'Tis in the mind an everlasting Spring
Of glorious actions, which become a King
Nor less become a Subject; 'tis a debt
Which bad Men, tho' they pay not, can't forget;
A duty, which the Good delight to pay,
And ev'ry Man can practice ev'ry day.

Nor, for my life (so very dim my eye,
Or dull your argument) can I descry
What you with faith assert, how that dear love
Which binds me to my Country, can remove
And make me of necessity forego,
That gen'ral love which to the world I owe,
Those ties of private nature, small extent,
In which the mind of narrow cast is pent,
Are only steps on which the gen'rous soul
Mounts by degrees till She includes the whole.
That spring of Love, which in the human mind,
Founded on self, flows narrow and confin'd,

Enlarges

Enlarges as it rolls, and comprehends
 The social Charities of blood, and friends,
 Till smaller streams included, not o'erpast,
 It rises to our Country's love at last,
 And He, with lib'ral and enlarged mind,
 Who loves his Country, cannot hate mankind.

F. Friend as You would appear to Common Sense,
 Tell me, or think no more of a defence,
 Is it a proof of love by choice to run
 A vagrant from Your country?

P. Can the Son,
 (Shame, Shame on all such sons) with ruthless eye,
 And heart more patient than the flint, stand by,
 And by some ruffian, from all shame divorc'd,
 All Virtue, see his honour'd Mother forc'd;
 Then, no, by Him that made me, not e'en then,
 Could I with patience, by the worst of Men,
 Behold my Country plunder'd, beggar'd, lost
 Beyond Redemption, all her glories cross'd
 E'en when Occasion made them ripe, her fame
 Fled like a dream, while She awakes to shame,

R 3

F. Is it not more the office of a friend,
The office of a Patron, to defend
Her sinking state, than basely to decline
So great a cause, and in despair resign?

P. Beyond my reach, alas! the grievance lies,
And, whilst more able Patriots doubt, she dies.
From a foul source, more deep than we suppose,
Fatally deep and dark, this grievance flows.
'Tis not that Peace our glorious hopes defeats,
'Tis not the Voice of Faction in the streets,
'Tis not a gross attack on Freedom made,
'Tis not the arm of Privilege display'd
Against the Subject, whilst She wears no sling
To disappoint the purpose of a King,
These are no ills, or trifles, if compar'd
With those, which are contriv'd, tho' not declar'd:

Tell me, Philosopher, is it a crime
To pry into the secret womb of Time,
Or, born in ignorance, must we despair
To reach events, and read the future there?
Why, be it so--still 'tis the right of Man,
Imparted by his Maker, where he can,

To former times and men his eye to cast,
And judge of what's to come, by what is past,

Should there be found in some not distant year
(O how I wish to be no Prophet here)

Amongst our British Lords should there be found
Some great in pow'r, in principles unsound,
Who look on Freedom with an evil eye,
In whom the springs of Loyalty are dry,
Who wish to soar on wild Ambition's wings,
Who hate the Commons, and who love not Kings,
Who would divide the people and the throne
To set up sep'rate int'rests of their own,
Who hate whatever aids their wholesome growth,
And only join with, to destroy them both,
Should there be found such men in after-times,
May Heav'n in mercy to our grievous crimes
Allot some milder vengeance, nor to them,
And to their rage this wretched land condemn.

Thou God above, on whom all States depend,
Who knowest from the first their rise, and end,
If there's a day mark'd in the book of fate
When ruin must involve our equal state,



When Law alas! must be no more, and we,
 To Freedom born, must be no longer free,
 Let not a Mob of Tyrants seize the helm,
 Nor titled upstarts league to rob the realm,
 Let not, whatever other ills assail,
 A damned ARISTOCRACY prevail.
 If, all too short, our course of Freedom run,
 'Tis thy good pleasure we should be undone,
 Let us, some comfort in our griefs to bring,
 Be slaves to one, and be that one a King.

F. Poets, accustom'd by their trade to feign,
 Oft substitute creations of the brain
 For real substance, and, themselves deceiv'd,
 Would have the fiction by mankind believ'd.
 Such is your case---but grant, to sooth your pride,
 That You know more than all the world beside,
 Why deal in hints, why make a moment's doubt,
 Resolv'd, and like a Man, at once speak out,
 Shews us our danger, tell us where it lies,
 And, to ensure our safety, make us wise.

P. Rather than bear the pain of thought, fools stray;
 The Proud will rather loose than ask their way;

To

To men of Sense what needs it to unfold,
 And tell a tale which they must know untold?
 In the bad, int'rest warps the canker'd heart,
 The Good are hood-wink'd by the tricks of art;
 And whilst Arch, subtle Hypocrites contrive
 To keep the flames of discontent alive,
 Whilst They, with arts to honest men unknown,
 Breed doubts between the People and the Throne,
 Making us fear, where Reason never yet
 Allow'd one fear, or could one doubt admit,
 Themselves pass unsuspected in disguise,
 And 'gainst our real danger seal our eyes.

F. Mark them, and let their names recorded stand
 On shame's black roll, and stink thro' all the land.

P. That might some Courage, but no Prudence be;
 No hurt to them, and jeopardy to me.

F. Leave out their names.

P. For that kind caution thanks,

But may not Judges sometimes fill up blanks?

F. Your

F. Your Country's laws in doubt then you reject :

P. The Laws I love, the Lawyers I suspect :
 Amongst twelve judges may not One be found,
 (On bare, bare possibility I ground
 This wholesome doubt) who may Enlarge, Retrench,
 Create, and Uncreate, and from the Bench,
 With winks, smiles, nods, and such like paltry arts,
 May work and worm into a jury's hearts,
 Or, baffled there, may, turbulent of soul,
 Cramp their high office, and their rights controul,
 Who may, tho' Judge, turn Advocate at large,
 And deal replies out by the way of charge,
 Making Interpretation all the way,
 In spite of Facts, his wicked will obey,
 And, leaving Law without the least defence,
 May damn his Conscience to approve his Sense.

F. Whilst, the true guardians of this charter'd land,
 In full and perfect vigour, Juries stand,
 A Judge in vain shall awe, cajole, perplex,

P. Suppose I should be tried in MIDDLESEX,

To

F. To pack a Jury they will never dare.

P. There's no occasion to pack juries there.

F. 'Gainst Prejudice all arguments are weak,
Reason herself without effect must speak.
Fly then thy Country, like a Coward fly,
Renounce her int'rest, and her laws defy.
But why, bewitch'd, to India turn thy eyes?
Cannot our Europe thy vast wrath suffice?
Cannot thy misbegotten Muse lay bare
Her brawny arm, and play the Butcher there?

P. Thy Counsel, taken, what should Satire do?
Where could she find an object that is new?
Those travell'd Youths, whom tender Mothers wean,
And send abroad to see, and to be seen,
With whom, lest they should fornicate, or worse,
A Tutor's sent by way of a dry nurse,
Each of whom just enough of Spirit bears,
To shew our follies, and to bring home their's,
Have made all Europe's vices so well known,
They seem almost as nat'ral as our own.

F. Will

F. Will India for thy purpose better do?

P. In one respect at least---there's something New.

F. A harmless People, in whom Nature speaks
Free and untainted, 'mongst whom Satire seeks,
But vainly seeks, so simply plain their hearts,
One bosom where to lodge her poison'd darts.

P. From knowledge speak You this, or, doubt on doubt
Weigh'd and resolv'd, hath Reason found it out?
Neither from knowledge, nor by Reason taught,
You have Faith ev'ry where but where You ought,
India or Europe---What's there in a name?
Propensity to vice in both the same,
Nature alike in both works for Man's good,
Alike in both by Man himself withstood,
Nabobs, as well as those who hunt them down,
Deserve a cord much better than a crown,
And a Mogul can thrones as much debase
As any polish'd Prince of Christian race.

F. Could You, a task more hard than You suppose,
Could You, in ridicule whilst Satire glows,

Make

Make all their follies to the life appear,
 'Tis ten to one You gain no credit here.
 Howe'er well-drawn, the Picture after all,
 Because we know not the Original,
 Would not find favour in the public eye.

P. That, having your good leave, I mean to try.
 And if Your observations sterling hold,
 If the Piece should be heavy, tame, and cold,
 To make it to the side of Nature lean,
 And, meaning nothing, something seem to mean,
 To make the whole in lively colours glow,
 To bring before us something that we know,
 And from all honest men applause to win,
 I'll group the Company, and put them in

F. Be that ungen'rous thought by shame suppress'd,
 Add not distress to those too much distress'd,
 Have They not, by blind Zeal misled, laid bare
 Those sores which never might endure the air?
 Have They not brought their mysteries so low
 That what the Wise suspected not; Fools know?
 From their first rise e'en to the present hour
 Have They not prov'd their own abuse of pow'r,

Made

254 THE FAREWELL.

Made it impossible, if fairly view'd,
Ever to have that dang'rous pow'r renew'd,
Whilst, uneduc'd by Ministers, the throne
Regards our Interest, and knows its own.

P. Should ev'ry other subject chance to fail,
Those who have fail'd, and those who wish'd to fail
In the last Fleet, afford an ample field
Which must beyond my hopes a harvest yield.

F. On such vile food Satire can never thrive,

P. She cannot starve, if there was only CLIVE.

THE



THE FAREWELL

Made it impossible, if fairly view'd,
Ever to have that chang'ous pow'r renew'd,
Whilst, introduc'd by Ministers, the throne
Regards our Interest, and knows its own.

Should ev'ry other subject chance to fall,
Those who have said, 'Tis with'd to fall,
In the last Place, afford an ample field,
Which must beyond my hopes a harvest yield.

ON THE
TIMES.

P. She cannot have, if there was only Cato.

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When the most Wicked had some touch of grace,

And trembled to meet Virtue face to face,

When Thoe, who, in the curls of sin grown grey,

Had serv'd her without bringing day by day,

Went yet to seek an awkward shame to feel,

And move that glorious service to conceal,

The better bird, and than our Sire more wild,

Each faultily narrow'd of soul design,

To Virtue ev'ry mean pretence declines,

And e're our crimes, and glory in our shame.

For II.

2

THE



T H E
T I M E S.

TH E Time hath been, a boyish, Blushing Time,
When Modesty was scarcely held a crime,
When the most Wicked had some touch of grace,
And trembled to meet Virtue face to face,
When Those, who, in the cause of Sin grown grey,
Had serv'd her without grudging day by day,
Were yet so weak an awkward shame to feel,
And strove that glorious service to conceal,
We, better bred, and than our Sires more wise,
Such poultry narrowness of soul despise,
To Virtue ev'ry mean pretence disclaim,
Lay bare our crimes, and glory in our shame.

VOL. II.

S

Time

Time was, e'er Temperance had fled the realm;
E're Luxury sat guttling at the helm
From meal to meal, without one moment's space
Reserv'd for business, or allow'd for grace;
E'er Vanity had so far conquer'd Sense
To make us all wild rivals in expence,
To make one Fool strive to outvye another,
And ev'ry coxcomb dress against his brother;
E'er banish'd Industry had left our shores,
And Labour was by Pride kick'd out of doors;
E're Idleness prevail'd sole Queen in Courts,
Or only yielded to a rage for sports;
E're each weak mind was with externals caught,
And Dissipation held the place of Thought;
E'er gambling Lords in Vice so far were gone
To cog the die, and bid the Sun look on;
E're a great Nation, not less just than free,
Was made a beggar, by OEconomy;
E're rugged Honesty was out of vogue,
E're Fashion stamp'd her sanction on the rogue;
Time was, that Men had conscience, that they made
Scruples to owe, what never could be paid.

Was

Was One then found, however high his name,
 So far above his fellows damn'd to shame,
 Who dar'd abuse, and falsify his trust,
 Who, being great, yet dar'd to be unjust,
 Shunn'd like a plague, or but at distance view'd,
 He walk'd the croud'd streets in Solitude,
 Nor could his rank, and station in the land
 Bribe one mean knave to take him by the hand.
 Such rigid maxims (O, might such revive
 To keep expiring Honesty alive)
 Made rogues, all other hopes of fame denied,
 Not just thro' principle, be just thro' pride.

Our Times, more polish'd, wear a diff'rent face;
 Debts are an Honour; Payment a disgrace.
 Men of weak minds, high-plac'd on Folly's list,
 May gravely tell us Trade cannot subsist,
 Nor all those Thousands who're in Trade employ'd,
 If faith 'twixt Man and Man is once destroy'd.
 Why---be it so --We in that point accord,
 But what is Trade, and Tradesmen to a Lord?

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



Of tradesmen by his Villainy betray'd,
 And, vainly seeking Justice, bankrupts made.
 What is't to FABER? Lordly as before,
 He sits at ease, and lives to ruin more.
 Fix'd at his door, as motionless as stone,
 Begging, but only begging for their own,
 Unheard they stand, or only heard by Those,
 Those slaves in Livery, who mock their woes.
 What is't to FABER? he continues great,
 Lives on in grandeur, and runs out in state.
 The helpless Widow, wrung with deep despair,
 In bitterness of soul, pours forth her pray'r,
 Hugging her starving babes, with streaming eyes,
 And calls down vengeance, vengeance from the skies.
 What is't to FABER? he stands safe and clear,
 Heav'n can commence no legal action here,
 And on his breast a mighty plate he wears,
 A plate more firm than triple brass, which bears
 The name of PRIVILEGE, 'gainst vulgar awe;
 He feels no Conscience, and he fears no Law.

Nor think, acquainted with small knaves alone,
 Who have not shame outliv'd, and grace outgrown,

The great World hidden from thy reptile view,
 That on such Men, to whom Contempt is due,
 Contempt shall fall, and their vile Author's name
 Recorded stand thro' all the land of shame.
 No---to his porch, like Persians to the Sun,
 Behold contending crowds of Courtiers run;
 See, to his aid what noble troops advance,
 All sworn to keep his crimes in Countenance.
 Nor wonder at it---They partake the charge,
 As small their Conscience, and their debts as large.

Propp'd by such Clients, and without controul
 From all that's honest in the human soul,
 In Grandeur mean, with insolence unjust,
 Whilst none but knaves can praise, and Fools will trust,
 Carefs'd and Courted, FABER seems to stand
 A mighty Pillar in a guilty land.
 And (a sad truth to which succeeding times
 Will scarce give credit, when 'tis told in rimes)
 Did not strict Honour with a jealous eye
 Watch round the Throne, did not true Piety,
 (Who, link'd with Honour for the noblest ends,
 Ranks none but honest Men amongst her friends)



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

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

Nor deem this censure hard; there's not a place
Most consecrate to purposes of grace,
Which Vice hath not polluted; none so high,
But with bold pinion She hath dar'd to fly,
And build there for her pleasure; none so low,
But She hath crept into it, made it know,
And feel her pow'r; in Courts, in Camps She reigns,
O'er sober Citizens, and simple Swains,
E'en in our temples She hath fix'd her throne,
And 'bove God's holy altars plac'd her own.

¶ More to increase the horror of our State,
To make her Empire lasting as 'tis great,

To

To make make us in full-grown Perfection feel
 Curses which neither Art, nor Time can heal,
 All Shame discarded, all remains of Pride,
 MEANNESS sits crown'd, and triumphs by her side.
 MEANNESS, who gleans out of the human mind
 Those few good seeds which Vice had left behind,
 Those seeds which might in time to Virtue tend,
 And leaves the Soul without a pow'r to mend;
 MEANNESS, at sight of whom, with brave disdain
 The breast of Manhood swells, but swells in vain,
 Before whom Honour makes a forc'd retreat,
 And Freedom is compell'd to quit her seat;
 MEANNESS which, like that mark by bloody CAIN
 Borne in his forehead for a brother slain,
 God, in his great and all-subduing rage,
 Ordains the standing mark of this vile age.

The venal Heroe trucks his fame for gold,
 The Patriot's virtue for a place is sold,
 The Statesman bargains for his Country's shame,
 And for preferment Priests their God disclaim.
 Worn out with lust, her day of lech'ry o'er,
 The Mother trains the daughter which She bore



In her own paths; The Father aids the plan,
 And, when the Innocent is ripe for Man,
 Sells her to some old Letcher for a wife,
 And makes her an Adulteress for life,
 Or in the papers bids his name appear,
 And advertises for a L-----;
 Husband and Wife (whom Av'rice must applaud)
 Agree to save the charge of Pimp and Bawd;
 Those parts they play themselves, a frugal pair,
 And share the infamy, the gain to share,
 Well-pleas'd to find, when They the profits tell,
 That they have play'd the whore and rogue so well.

Nor are these things (which might imply a spark
 Of Shame still left) transacted in the dark,
 No---to the Public they are open laid,
 And carried on like any other trade,
 Scorning to mince damnation, and too proud
 To work the works of darkness in a cloud,
 In fullest vigour Vice maintains her sway;
 Free are her Marts, and open at noon-day.
 MEANNESS, now wed to IMPUDENCE, no more
 In darkness skulks, and trembles as of yore

When

When the Light breaks upon her coward eye;
 Boldly She stalks on earth, and to the sky
 Lifts her proud head, nor fears lest time abate,
 And turn her Husband's love to canker'd hate,
 Since Fate, to make them more sincerely one,
 Hath crown'd their loves with MOUNTAGUE their son.
 A Son, so like his Dam, so like his Sire,
 With all the Mother's craft, the Father's fire,
 An Image so express in ev'ry part,
 So like in all bad qualities of heart,
 That, had They fifty children, He alone
 Would stand as Heir Apparent to the throne.

With our own Island vices not content,
 We rob our neighbours on the Continent,
 Dance Europe round, and visit ev'ry court
 To ape their follies and their crimes import.
 To diff'rent lands for diff'rent sins we roam,
 And, richly freighted, bring our cargo home,
 Nobly industrious to make vice appear
 In her full State, and perfect only here.

To HOLLAND, where Politeness ever reigns,
 Where primitive Sincerity remains,

And

And makes a stand, where Freedom in her course
 Hath left her name, tho' she hath lost her force
 In that, as other lands, where simple Trade
 Was never in the garb of Fraud array'd,
 Where Av'rice never dar'd to shew his head,
 Where, like a smiling Cherub, Mercy, led
 By Reason, blesses the sweet-blooded race,
 And Cruelty could never find a place,
 To HOLLAND for that Charity we roam,
 Which happily begins, and ends at home.

FRANCE, in return for peace and pow'r restor'd,
 For all those Countries, which the Heroe's sword
 Unprofitably purchas'd, idly thrown
 Into her lap, and made once more her own.
 FRANCE hath afforded large and rich supplies
 Of Vanities full-trimm'd, of polish'd lies,
 Of soothing flatteries, which thro' the ears
 Steal to, and melt the heart, of slavish fears
 Which break the Spirit, and of abject fraud---
 For which alas! we need not send abroad.

SPAIN gives us Pride---which SPAIN to all the earth,
 May largely give, nor fear herself a dearth---

Gives

Gives us that Jealousy, which, born of fear
 And mean distrust, grows not by Nature here--
 Gives us that Superstition, which pretends
 By the worst means to serve the best of ends--
 That Cruelty, which, stranger to the brave,
 Dwells only with the Coward, and the Slave,
 That Cruelty, which led her Christian bands
 With more than savage rage o'er savage lands,
 Bade her without remorse whole countries thin,
 And hold of nought, but Mercy, as a sin.

ITALIA, nurse of ev'ry softer art,
 Who, feigning to refine, unmans the heart,
 Who lays the realms of Sense and Virtue waste,
 Who marring whilst She pretends to mend our taste,
 ITALIA, to compleat and crown our shame,
 Sends us a Fiend, and LEGION is his name.
 The Farce of greatness, without being great,
 Pride without Pow'r, Titles without Estate,
 Souls without vigour, Bodies without force,
 Hate without cause, Revenge without Remorse,
 Dark, mean Revenge, Murder without defence,
 Jealousy without Love, Sound without Sense,

Mirth

Mirth without Humour, without Wit Grimace,
Faith without Reason, Gospel without grace,
Zeal without Knowledge, without Nature Art,
Men without Manhood, Women without Heart,
Half-Men, who, dry and pithless, are debarr'd
From Man's best joys---no sooner made than marr'd---
Half-Men, whom many a rich and *noble* Dame,
To serve her lust, and yet secure her fame,
Keeps on high diet, as We Capons feed,
To glut our appetites at last decreed,
Women, who dance, in postures so obscene,
They might awaken shame in *ARETINE*,
Who, when, retir'd from the day's piercing light,
They celebrate the mysteries of night,
Might make the Muses, in a corner plac'd
To view their monstrous lusts, deem *SAPPHO* chaste;
These, and a thousand follies rank as these,
A thousand faults, ten thousand Fools, who please
Our pall'd and sickly taste, ten thousand knaves,
Who serve our foes as spies, and us as slaves,
Who by degrees, and unperceiv'd prepare
Our necks for chains which they already wear,
Madly we entertain, at the expence
Of Fame, of Virtue, Taste, and Common-Sense.

Nor

Nor stop we here---the soft luxurious EAST,
 Where Man, his soul degraded, from the Beast
 In nothing diff'rent but in shape we view,
 They walk on four legs, and he walks on two,
 Attracts our eye, and, flowing from that source,
 Sins of the blackest character, Sins worse
 Than all her plagues, which truly to unfold
 Would make the best blood in my veins run cold,
 And strike all Manhood dead, which but to name
 Would call up in my cheeks the marks of shame,
 Sins, if such Sins can be, which shut out grace,
 Which for the guilty leave no hope, no place
 E'en in God's mercy, Sins 'gainst Nature's plan
 Possess the land at large, and Man for Man
 Burns in those fires, which Hell alone could raise
 To make him more than damn'd, which, in the days
 Of punishment, when guilty becomes her prey,
 With all her tortures She can scarce repay,

Be Grace shut out, be Mercy deaf, let God
 With tenfold terrors arm that dreadful nod
 Which speaks them lost, and sentenc'd to despair;
 Distending wide her jaws, let Hell prepare

For

For Those who thus offend amongst Mankind,
 A fire more fierce, and tortures more refin'd;
 On Earth, which groans beneath their monstrous weight,
 On Earth, alas! They meet a diff'rent fate,
 And whilst the Laws, false grace, false mercy shewn,
 Are taught to wear a softness not their own,
 Men, whom the Beasts would spurn, should they appear
 Amongst the honest herd, find refuge here.

No longer by vain fear, or shame controul'd
 From long, too long security grown bold,
 Mocking rebuke, they brave it in our streets,
 And LUMLEY e'en at noon his mistress meets.
 So public in their crimes, so daring grown,
 They almost take a pride to have them known,
 And each unnat'ral Villain scarce endures
 To make a secret of his vile amours.
 Go where We will, at ev'ry time and place,
 SODOM confronts, and stares us in the face;
 They ply in public at our very doors
 And take the bread from much more honest Whores.
 Those who are mean high Paramours secure,
 And the rich guilty screen the guilty poor;

The

The Sin too proud to feel from Reason awe,
And Those, who practise it, too great for Law.

Woman, the pride and happiness of Man,
Without whose soft endearments Nature's plan
Had been a blank, and Life not worth a thought;
Woman, by all the Loves and graces taught,
With softest arts, and sure, tho' hidden skill
To humanize, and mould us to her will;

Woman, with more than common grace form'd here,
With the persuasive language of a tear
To melt the rugged temper of our Isle,
Or win us to her purpose with a smile;

Woman, by fate the quickest spur decreed,
The fairest, best reward of ev'ry deed
Which bears the stamp of honour, at whose name
Our antient Heroes caught a quicker flame,
And dar'd beyond belief, whilst o'er the plain,
Spurning the carcases of Princes slain,
Confusion proudly strode, whilst Horror blew
The fatal trump, and Death stalk'd full in view;

Woman is out of date, a thing thrown by
As having lost its use; No more the Eye

With

With *female* beauty caught, in wild amaze,
 Gazes entranc'd, and could for ever gaze;
 No more the Heart, that seat where Love resides,
 Each breath drawn quick and short, in fuller tides
 Life posting thro' the veins, each pulse on fire,
 And the whole body tingling with desire,
 Pants for those charms, which Virtue might engage
 To break his vow, and thaw the frost of age,
 Bidding each trembling nerve, each muscle strain,
 And giving pleasure which is almost pain.
 Women are kept for nothing but the breed;
 For pleasure we must have a GANYMEDE,
 A fine, fresh HYLAS, a delicious boy,
 To serve our purposes of beastly joy.

Fairest of Nymphs, where ev'ry Nymph is fair,
 Whom Nature form'd with more than common care,
 With more than common care whom Art improv'd,
 And Both declar'd most worthy to be lov'd,
 -----neglected wanders, whilst a croud
 Pursue, and consecrate the steps-----
 She, hapless maid, born in a wretched hour,
 Wastes life's gay prime in vain, like some fair flow'r,

Sweet

Sweet in its scent, and lively in its hue,
 Which withers on the stalk from whence it grew,
 And dies uncropp'd, whilst He, admir'd, carefs'd,
 Belov'd, and ev'ry where a welcome guest,
 With Brutes of rank and fortune plays the Whore,
 For their unnat'ral lust a Common Sew'r.

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

The forest Haunch, fine, fat, in flavour high,
 Kept to a moment, smokes before his eye,
 But smokes in vain; his heedless eye runs o'er
 And loathes what He had deified before;
 The Turtle, of a great and glorious size,
 Worth its own weight in gold, a mighty prize
 For which a Man of Taste all risques would run,
 Itself a feast, and ev'ry dish in one,
 The Turtle in luxurious pomp comes in,
 Kept, kill'd, cut up, prepar'd, and drest by QUIN;

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T

In



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

Why mourns APICIUS thus? why runs his eye,
Heedless, o'er delicates, which from the sky
Might call down Jove? Where now his gen'rous wish
That, to invent a new and better dish,
The World might burn, and all mankind expire,
So he might roast a Phoenix at the fire?
Why swims that eye in tears, which, thro' a race
Of sixty years, ne'er shew'd one sign of grace?
Why feels that heart, which never felt before?
Why doth that pamper'd glutton eat no more,
Who only liv'd to eat, his Stomach pall'd,
And drown'd in floods of sorrow? hath Fate call'd
His Father from the grave to second life?
Hath CLODIUS on his hand's return'd his Wife,

Or

Or hath the Law, by strictest justice taught,
 Compell'd him to restore the dow'r She brought?
 Hath some bold Creditor against his will
 Brought in, and forc'd him to discharge a bill,
 Where Eating had no share? Hath some vain Wench
 Run out his wealth, and forc'd him to retrench?
 Hath any rival Glutton got the start,
 And beat him in his own luxurious art,
 Bought cates for which APICIUS could not pay,
 Or dress'd old dainties in a newer way?
 Hath his Cook, worthy to be slain with rods,
 Spoil'd a dish, fit to entertain the Gods,
 Or hath some Varlet, cross'd by cruel fate,
 Thrown down the price of Empires in a plate?

None, none of these--his Servants all are try'd,
 So sure, they walk on ice, and never slide;
 His Cook, an acquisition made in France,
 Might put a CLOE out of countenance,
 Nor, tho' old HOLLES still maintains his stand,
 Hath He one rival glutton in the land;
 Women are all the objects of his hate,
 His debts are all unpaid, and yet his state,



In full security and triumph held,
 Unless for once a Knave should be expell'd;
 His Wife is still a Whore, and in his pow'r
 The Woman gone, he still retains the dow'r;
 Sound in the grave (thanks to his filial care
 Which mix'd the draught, and kindly sent him there)
 His father sleeps, and, till the last trump shake
 The corners of the earth, shall not awake.

Whence flows this Sorrow then? behind his chair
 Did'st Thou not see, deck'd with a Solitaire
 Which on his bare breast glitt'ring play'd, and grac'd
 With nicest ornaments, a Stripling plac'd,
 A Smooth, Smug, Stripling in life's fairest prime?
 Did'st Thou not mind too, how from time to time,
 The monstrous Letcher, tempted to despise
 All other dainties, thither turn'd his eyes?
 How He seem'd inly to reproach us all,
 Who strove his fix'd attention to recall,
 And how he wish'd, e'en at the Time of grace,
 Like Janus, to have had a double face?
 His cause of grief behold in that fair Boy;
 APICIUS dotes, and CORYDON is coy.

Vain and unthinking Stripling! When the glass
 Meets thy too curious eye, and, as You pass,
 Flatt'ring, presents in smiles thy image there,
 Why dost Thou bless the Gods, who made Thee fair?
 Blame their large bounties, and with reason blame;
 Curse, curse thy beauty, for It leads to shame.
 When thy hot Lord, to work Thee to his end,
 Bids show'rs of gold into thy breast descend,
 Suspect his gifts, nor the vile giver trust;
 They're baits for Virtue, and smell strong of lust.
 On those gay, gaudy trappings, which adorn
 The temple of thy body, look with scorn,
 View them with horror, they pollution mean
 And deepest ruin; Thou hast often seen,
 From 'mongst the herd, the fairest and the best
 Carefully singled out, and richly drest,
 With grandeur mock'd, for sacrifice decreed,
 Only in greater pomp at last to bleed.
 Be warn'd in time, the threat'ned danger shun,
 To stay a moment is to be undone.
 What tho', temptation proof, thy Virtue shine,
 Nor bribes can move, nor arts can undermine,
 All other methods failing, one resource
 Is still behind, and Thou must yield to force.



Paint to thyself the horrors of a rape,
Most strongly paint, and, while Thou can'st escape,
Mind not his promises---They're made in sport---
Made to be broke---Was He not bred at Court?
Trust not his Honour; He's a Man of birth;
Attend not to his oaths---They're made on earth,
Not regist'ed in Heav'n---He mocks at grace,
And in his Creed God never found a place---
Look not for Conscience---for He knows her not,
So long a Stranger, she is quite forgot---
Nor think thyself in Law secure and firm---
Thy Master is a Lord, and Thou a worm,
A poor mean Reptile, never meant to think,
Who, being well supplied with meat and drink,
And suffer'd just to crawl from place to place,
Must serve his lusts, and think he does Thee grace.

Fly then, whilst yet 'tis in thy pow'r to fly,
But whither can'st Thou go? on Whom rely
For wish'd protection? Virtue's sure to meet
An armed host of foes, in ev'ry street.
What boots It, of APICIUS fearful grown,
Headlong to fly into the arms of STONE,



Or why take refuge in the house of pray'r,
 If sure to meet with an APICIUS there?
 Trust not Old Age, which will thy faith betray;
Saint SOCRATES 'is still a Goat, tho' grey;
 Trust not green Youth; FLORIO will scarce go down,
 And, at eighteen, hath surfeited the Town;
 Trust not to Rakes---alas! 'tis all pretence---
 They take up raking only as a fence
 'Gainst Common fame---place H--- in thy view;
 He keeps one Whore, as BARROWBY kept two;
 Trust not to Marriage---T--- took a Wife,
 Who chaste as Dian might have pass'd her life,
 Had She not, far more prudent in her aim,
 (To propagate the honours of his name,
 And save expiring titles) taken care
 Without his knowledge to provide an heir;
 Trust not to Marriage, in Mankind unread;
 S---'s a married man, and S--- new wed.

Would'st Thou be safe? Society forswear,
 Fly to the desert, and seek shelter there,
 Herd with the Brutes---they follow Nature's plan---
 There's not one Brute so dangerous as Man

T 4

In



In Afric's wilds---'mongst them that refuge find,
Which Lust denies thee here among Mankind;
Renounce thy name, thy nature, and no more
Pique thy vain Pride on Manhood, on all four
Walk, as You see those honest creatures do,
And quite forget that once You walk'd on Two.

But, if the thoughts of Solitude alarm,
And Social life hath one remaining charm,
If still Thou art to Jeopardy decreed
Amongst the monsters of AUGUSTA's breed,
Lay by thy sex, thy safety to procure;
Put off the Man, from Men to live secure;
Go forth a woman to the public view
And with their garb assume their manners too.
Had the *light-footed* GREEK of Chiron's school
Been wise enough to keep this single rule,
The Maudlin Heroe, like a puling boy
Robb'd of his play-thing, on the plains of Troy
Had never blubber'd at Patroclus' tomb,
And plac'd his Minion in his Mistress' room.
Be not in this than Catamites more nice,
Do that for Virtue, which they do for vice.

Thus



Thus shalt Thou pass untainted life's gay bloom,
Thus stand uncourted in the drawing room,
At midnight thus, untempted, walk the street,
And run no danger but of being beat.

Where is the Mother, whose officious zeal
Discreetly judging what her Daughters feel
By what She felt herself in days of yore,
Against that Letcher Man makes fast the door,
Who not permits, e'en for the sake of pray'r,
A Priest, uncastrated, to enter there,
Nor (could her wishes, and her care prevail)
Would suffer in the house a fly that's male?
Let Her discharge her cares, throw wide her doors,
Her daughters cannot, if They would, be Whores,
Nor can a man be found, as Times now go,
Who thinks it worth his while to make them so.

Tho' They, more fresh, more lively than the Morn,
And brighter than the noon-day Sun, adorn
The works of Nature, tho' the Mother's grace
Revives improv'd, in ev'ry daughter's face,
Undisciplin'd in dull discretion's rules,
Untaught, and Undebauch'd by Boarding Schools,

Free

Free and unguarded, let Them range the Town,
 Go forth at random, and run pleasure down;
 Start where she will, discard all taint of fear,
 Nor think of danger, when no danger's near.
 Watch not their steps—They're safe without thy care;
 Unless, like Jennets, they conceive by air,
 And ev'ry one of them may die a Nun,
 Unless they breed, like Carrion, in the Sun.
 Men, dead to pleasure, as they're dead to grace,
 Against the law of Nature set their face,
 The grand, primæval law, and seem'd combin'd
 To stop the propagation of Mankind;
 Vile Pathicks read the Marriage Act with pride,
 And fancy that the Law is on their side.

Broke down, and Strength a stranger to his bed,
 Old L——— tho' yet alive, is dead;
 T—— lives no more, or lives not to our Isle;
 No longer blest with a Cz———'s smile
 T——— is at P——— disgrac'd,
 And M——— grown grey, perforce grows chaste;
 Nor, to the credit of our modest race,
 Rises one Stallion to supply their place.

A Maiden-

A Maidenhead, which, twenty years ago,
 In mid December, the rank Fly would blow
 Tho' closely kept, *now*, when the Dog-Star's heat
 Enflames the marrow, in the very street
 May lie untouch'd, left for the worms, by Those
 Who daintily pass by, and hold their nose.
 Poor, Plain Concupiscence is in disgrace,
 And Simple Letch'ry dares not shew her face
 Left She be sent to Bridewell; Bankrupts made;
 To save their fortunes, Bawds leave off that trade;
 Which first had left off them; to *Well-close Square*
 Fine, fresh, young Strumpets (for DODD preaches there)
 Throng for subsistence; Pimps no longer thrive,
 And Pensions only keep L—— alive.

Where is the Mother, who thinks all her pain,
 And all her jeopardy of travail, gain,
 When a Man Child is born, thinks ev'ry pray'r
 Paid to the full, and answer'd in an heir?
 Short-sighted Woman! Little doth she know
 What streams of sorrow from that source may flow,
 Little suspect, whilst She surveys her Boy,
 Her young NARCISSUS, with an eye of joy.

Too

Too full for Continnence, that Fate could give
Her darling as a curse, that She may live,
E're sixteen Winters their short course have run,
In agonies of soul, to curse that Son.

Pray then, for daughters, Ye wise Mothers, pray;
They shall reward your love, nor make ye grey
Before your time with sorrow; they shall give
Ages of peace and comfort, whilst Ye live
Make life most truly worth your care, and save;
In spite of death, your mem'ries from the grave.

That Sense, with more than manly vigour fraught,
That Fortitude of Soul, that stretch of Thought,
That Genius, great beyond the narrow bound
Of Earth's low walk, that Judgment perfect found,
When wanted most, that Purity of Taste,
Which, Critics mention by the name of chaste,
Adorn'd with Elegance, that easy flow
Of ready Wit, which never made a foe,
That Face, that Form, that Dignity, that Ease,
Those pow'rs of pleasing with that will to please,
By which LEPEL, when in her youthful days,
E'en from the curish Pope extorted praise,

We

We see, transmitted, in her daughter shine
And view a new LEPEL in CAROLINE.

Is a son born into this world of woe?
In never-ceasing streams let sorrow flow,
Be from that hour the house with fables hung,
Let lamentations dwell upon thy tongue,
E'en from the moment that he first began
To wail and whine, let him not see a man.
Lock, Lock him up, far from the public eye,
Give him no opportunity to buy,
Or to be bought; B——, tho' rich, was sold,
And gave his body up to shame for gold.

Let it be bruited all about the Town,
That He is coarse, indelicate and brown,
An Antidote to Lust, his Face deep scar'd
With the Small Pox, his body maim'd and marr'd,
Eat up with the Kings-evil, and his blood,
Tainted throughout, a thick and putrid flood,
Where dwells Corruption, making him all o'er,
From head to foot, a rank and running sore.
Should'st Thou report him as by nature made,
He is undone, and by thy praise betray'd;

Give

Give him out fair, Letchers in number more,
 More brutal and more fierce, than throng'd the door,
 Of Lot in SODOM, shall to thine repair,
 And force a passage, tho' a God is there.

Let him not have one Servant that is male;
 Where Lords are baffled, Servants oft prevail;
 Some vices They propose, to all agree;
 H—— was guilty, but was M—— free?

Give him no Tutor—throw him to a punk,
 Rather than trust his morals to a Monk—
 Monks we all know—We, who have liv'd at home,
 From fair report, and Travellers, who roam,
 More feelingly—nor trust him to the gown,
 'Tis oft a covering in this vile town
 For base designs; Ourselves have liv'd to see
 More than one Parson in the Pillory.
 Should He have Brothers, (Image to thy view
 A Scene, which, tho' not public made, is true)
 Let not one Brother be to t'other known,
 Nor let his Father sit with him alone.

Be

Be all his Servants, Female, Young, and Fair,
 And if the Pride of Nature spur thy heir
 To deeds of Venery, if, hot and wild,
 He chance to get some score of maids with child,
 Chide, but forgive him; Whoredom is a crime,
 Which, more at this, than any other time,
 Calls for indulgence, and, 'mongst such a race,
 To have a bastard is some sign of grace.

Born in such times, should I sit tamely down,
 Suppress my rage, and saunter thro' the town
 As One who knew not, or who shar'd these crimes?
 Should I at lesser evils point my rhimes,
 And let this Giant Sin, in the full eye
 Of Observation, pass unwounded by?
 Tho' our meek Wives, passive Obedience taught,
 Patiently bear those wrongs, for which They ought,
 With the brave Spirit of their dams possess'd,
 To plant a dagger in each husband's breast,
 To cut off male increase from this fair Isle,
 And turn our Thames into another Nile;
 Tho', on his Sunday, the smug PULPITEER,
 Loud 'gainst all other crimes, is silent here,

And

And thinks himself absolv'd, in the pretence
 Of Decency, which meant for the defence
 Of real Virtue, and to raise her price,
 Becomes an agent for the cause of vice;
 Tho' the Law sleeps, and, thro' the care They take
 To drug her well, may never more awake;
 Born in such times, nor with that patience curst
 Which Saints may boast of, I must speak, or burst.

But if, too eager in my bold career,
 Haply I wound the nice, and chaster ear,
 If, all unguarded, all too rude, I speak,
 And call up blushes in the maiden's cheek,
 Forgive, Ye Fair---my real motives view,
 And to forgiveness add your praises too.
 For You I write---nor wish a better plan---
 The Cause of Woman is most worthy Man---
 For You I still will write, nor hold my hand,
 Whilst there's one slave of SODOM in the land.

Let them fly far, and skulk from place to place,
 Not daring to meet Manhood face to face,
 Their steps I'll track, nor yield them one retreat
 Where They may hide their heads, or rest their feet,

Till

Till God in wrath shall let his vengeance fall,
 And make a great example of them all,
 Bidding in one grand pile this Town expire,
 Her Tow'rs in dust, her Thames a lake of fire,
 Or They (most worth our wish) convinc'd, tho' late,
 Of their past crimes, and dangerous estate,
 Pardon of Women with Repentance buy,
 And learn to honour them, as much as I.

THE TIMES

INDEPENDENCE



INDEPENDENCE.



INDEPENDENCE.

II. AT THE BAR (the few rich bands we find)

It is not, I have contemned, times to speak his mind.

But, unavail'd, in every place appear,

And not our tears, but what he ought to fear

His station cannot tempt, him abject Need

Control, compel, him Pride cannot mislead

It is the slave of greatness, to strike his tail,

When sweeping onward with her Peacock's tail.

He struts, in full plumage, palles by

He views her with a fixed, conspicuous eye

And mocks the Puppet, keeps his own due share

And is above receiving with the great

INDEPENDENCE.

HAPPY the *Bard* (tho' few such *Bards* we find)
Who, 'bove controulment, dares to speak his mind,
Dares, unabash'd, in ev'ry place appear,
And nothing fears, but what he ought to fear.
Him Fashion cannot tempt, him abject Need
Cannot compel, him Pride cannot mislead
To be the slave of greatness, to strike sail,
When, sweeping onward with her Peacock's tail,
QUALITY, in full plumage, passes by;
He views her with a fix'd, contemptuous eye,
And mocks the Puppet, keeps his own due state,
And is above conversing with the great



Perish those Slaves, those minions of the quill,
Who have conspir'd to seize that sacred hill
Where the nine Sisters pour a genuine strain,
And sunk the mountain level with the plain;
Who, with mean, private views, and servile art,
No spark of Virtue living in their heart,
Have basely turn'd Apostates, have debas'd
Their dignity of office, have disgrac'd,
Like Eli's Sons, the altars where they stand,
And caus'd their name to stink thro' all the land,
Have stoop'd to prostitute their venal pen
For the support of great, but guilty men,
Have made the Bard, of their own vile accord,
Inferior to that thing we call a *Lord*.

What is a *Lord*? Doth that plain, simple word
Contain some magic spell? as soon as heard,
Like an Alarum Bell on Night's dull ear,
Doth It strike louder, and more strong appear
Than other Words? whether we will or no,
Thro' Reason's Court doth It unquestion'd go
E'en on the mention, and of course transmit
Notions of something excellent, of Wit

Pleasing,

Pleasing, tho' keen, of Humour free, tho' chaste,
 Of sterling Genius with sound Judgment grac'd,
 Of Virtue far above temptation's Reach,
 And Honour, which not malice can impeach;
 Believe it not---'twas NATURE's first intent,
 Before their rank became their punishment,
 They should have pass'd for Men, nor blush'd to prize
 The blessings she bestow'd---She gave them eyes,
 And They could see---She gave them ears---they heard---
 The Instruments of stirring, and they stirr'd---
 Like Us, they were design'd to eat, to drink,
 To talk, and (ev'ry now and then) to think.
 Till They, by Pride corrupted, for the sake
 Of Singularity, disclaim'd that make,
 Till they, disdaining Nature's vulgar mode,
 Flew off, and struck into another road.
 More fitting *Quality*, and to our view
 Came forth a Species altogether new,
 Something We had not known, and could not know,
 Like nothing of God's making here below,
 NATURE exclaim'd with wonder---*Lords* are Things,
 Which, never made by Me, were made by Kings.

U 4

A Lord

A *Lord* (nor let the honest, and the brave,
 The true, Old Noble, with the Fool and Knave
 Here mix his fame; curs'd be that thought of mine,
 Which with a *Bude* and *Fox* should GRAFTON join)
 A *Lord* (nor here let Censure rashly call
 My just contempt of some, abuse of all,
 And, as of *late*, when SODOM was my theme,
 Slander my purpose, and my Muse blaspheme,
 Because she stops not, rapid in her song,
 To make exceptions as She goes along,
 Tho' well She hopes to find, another year,
 A whole MINORITY exceptions here)
 A mere, mere *Lord*, with nothing but the name,
 Wealth all his Worth, and Title all his Fame,
 Lives on another man, himself a blank,
 Thankless he lives, or must some Grandfire thank,
 For smuggled Honours, and ill-gotten pelf;
 A *Bard* owes all to Nature, and Himself.

Gods, how my Soul is burnt up with disdain,
 When I see Men, whom PHOEBUS in his Train
 Might view with pride, lacquey the heels of those
 Whom Genius ranks amongst her greatest foes!

And

And what's the cause? why these same sons of scorn,
 No thanks to them, were to a Title born,
 And could not help it; by Chance hither sent,
 And only Deities by accident.

Had fortune on our getting chanc'd to shine
Their birthright honours had been *your's* or *mine*.

'Twas a mere random stroke, and should the Throne
 Eye Thee with favour, proud and lordly grown,
 Thou, tho' a Bard, might'ft be their fellow yet,
 But FELIX never can be made a Wit.

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

*A Bard—A Lord—*Why let them hand in hand
 Go forth as Friends, and travel thro' the land,
 Observe which word the People can digest
 Most readily, which goes to market best,
 Which gets most credit, Whether Men will trust
A Bard because they think he may be just,
 Or on a *Lord* will chuse to risque their gains,
 Tho' *Privilege* in that point still remains.

A Bard

A *Bard*—A *Lord*—let REASON take her Scales,
 And fairly weigh those Words, see which prevails,
 Which in the ballance lightly kicks the beam,
 And which by sinking We the Victor deem.

'Tis done, and HERMES, by command of Jove,
 Summons a Synod in the sacred grove,
 Gods throng with Gods to take their chairs on high,
 And sit in state, the Senate of the Sky,
 Whilst, in a kind of parliament below,
 Men stare at those above, and want to know
 What They're transacting; REASON takes her stand
 Just in the midst, a ballance in her hand,
 Which o'er and o'er She tries, and finds it true;
 From either side, conducted full in view,
 A Man comes forth, of figure strange and queer;
 We now and then see something like them here.

The *First* was meager, flimsy, void of strength,
 But Nature kindly hath made up in length,
 What She in breadth denied; Erect and proud,
 A head and shoulders taller than the croud,
 He deem'd them pygmies all; loose hung his skin
 O'er his bare bones; his Face so very thin,

So

So very narrow, and so much beat out,
 That Physiognomists have made a doubt,
 Proportion lost, Expression quite forgot,
 Whether It could be call'd a face, or not;
 At end of it howe'er, unblest'd with beard,
 Some twenty fathom length of chin appear'd;
 With Legs, which we might well conceive that Fate
 Meant only to support a spider's weight,
 Firmly he strove to tread, and with a stride
 Which shew'd at once his weakness and his pride,
 Shaking himself to pieces, seem'd to cry,
 Observe good People, how I shake the sky.

In his right hand a Paper did He hold,
 On which, at large, in characters of gold,
 Distinct, and plain for those who run to see,
Saint ARCHIBALD had wrote *L, O, R, D.*
 This, with an air of scorn, He from afar
 Twirl'd into REASON's scales, and on that Bar,
 Which from his soul he hated, yet admir'd,
 Quick turn'd his back, and as he came retir'd.
 The Judge to all around his name declar'd;
 Each Goddess titter'd, each God laugh'd, Jove star'd,
 And

And the whole People cried, with one accord,
Good Heaven blefs us all, is that a *Lord*!

Such was the *First*—the *Second* was a man,
Whom Nature built on quite a diff'rent plan;
A *Bear*, whom from the moment he was born,
His Dam despis'd, and left *unlick'd* in scorn!
A *Babel*, which, the pow'r of Art outdone,
She could not finish when She had begun;
An utter *Chaos*, out of which no might
But that of God could strike one spark of light:

Broad were his shoulders, and from blade to blade
A H——— might at full length have laid;
Vast were his Bones, his Muscles twisted strong,
His Face was short, but broader than 'twas long,
His Features, tho' by Nature they were large,
Contentment had contriv'd to overcharge
And bury meaning, save that we might spy
Sense low'ring on the penthouse of his eye;
His Arms were two twin Oaks, his Legs so stout
That they might bear a Mansion House about,
Nor were They, look but at his body there,
Design'd by Fate a much less weight to bear.

O'er

O'er a brown *Cassock*, which had once been black,
 Which hung in tatters on his brawny back,
 A sight most strange, and aukward to behold
 He threw a covering of *Blue* and *Gold*.
 Just at that time of life, when Man by rule,
 The Fop laid down, takes up the graver fool,
 He started up a Fop, and, fond of show,
 Look'd like another *HERCULES*, turn'd *Beau*.
 A Subject, met with only now and then,
 Much fitter for the pencil than the pen;
 HOGARTH would draw him (Envy must allow)
 E'en to the life, was HOGARTH living now.

With such accoutrements, with such a form,
 Much like a Porpoise just before a storm,
 Onward He roll'd; a laugh prevail'd around,
 E'en Jove was seen to smiler; at the sound
 (Nor was the cause unknown, for from his Youth
 Himself he studied by the glass of Truth)
 He join'd their mirth, nor shall the Gods condemn
 If, whilst They laugh'd at him, he laugh'd at them.
 Judge REASON view'd him with an eye of grace,
 Look'd thro' his soul, and quite forgot his face,

And

And, from his hand receiv'd, with fair regard
Plac'd in her other scale the name of *Bard*,

Then (for She did as Judges ought to do,
She nothing of the case beforehand knew
Nor wish'd to know, She never stretch'd the laws,
Nor, basely to anticipate a cause,
Compell'd Solicitors no longer free,
To shew those briefs She had no right to see)
Then She with equal hand her scales held out,
Nor did the Cause one moment hang in doubt,
She held her scales out far to public view;
The *Lord*, as sparks fly upwards, upwards flew,
More light than air, deceitful in the weight;
The *Bard*, preponderating, kept his state,
REASON approv'd, and with a voice, whose sound
Shook earth, shook heaven, on the clearest ground
Pronouncing for the *Bards* a full decree,
Cried---Those must Honour *Them*, who honour *Me*,
They from this present day, where'er I reign,
In their own right, Precedence shall obtain,
Merit rules here, Be it enough that *Birth*
Intoxicates, and sways the fools of earth,

Nor



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

Nor think that Envy here hath strung my lyre,
 That I depreciate what I most admire,
 And look on titles with an eye of scorn
 Because I was not to a title born,
 By Him that made me, I am much more proud,
 More inly satisfied, to have a croud
 Point at me as I pass, and cry,---that's He---
 A poor, but honest Bard, who dares be free
 Amidst Corruption, than to have a train
 Of flick'ring Levee slaves, to make me vain
 Of things I ought to blush for; to run, fly,
 And live but in the motion of my eye;
 When I am less than Man, my faults t'adore,
 And make me think that I am something more,

Recall past times, bring back the days of old,
 When the great Noble bore his honours bold,
 And in the face of peril, when He dar'd
 Things which his legal Bastard, if declar'd,

Might

Might well discredit; faithful to his trust,
 In the extremest points of Justice, Just,
 Well-knowing All, and lov'd by All he knew,
 True to his King, and to his Country true,
 Honest at Court, above the baits of gain,
 Plain in his dress, and in his Manners plain,
 Mod'rate in wealth, gen'rous but not profuse,
 Well worthy riches, for he knew their use,
 Possessing much, and yet deserving more,
 Deserving those high honours, which he wore
 With ease to all, and in return gain'd fame,
 Which all men paid, because he did not claim,
 When the grim War was plac'd in dread array,
 Fierce as the Lion roaring for his prey,
 Or Lionsess of royal whelps foredone,
 In Peace, as mild as the departing Sun,
 A gen'ral blessing wheresoe'er he turn'd,
 Patron of Learning, nor himself unlearn'd,
 Ever awake at Pity's tender call,
 A Father of the Poor, a Friend to All,
 Recall such times, and from the grave bring back
 A Worth like this, my heart shall bend, or crack,
 My stubborn pride give way, my tongue proclaim,
 And ev'ry Muse conspire to swell his fame,

Til

Till Envy shall to him that praise allow,
Which she cannot deny to TEMPLE now.

This Justice claims, nor shall the Bard forget,
Delighted with the task, to pay that debt,
To pay it like a Man, and in his lays,
Sounding such worth, prove his own right to praise.
But let not Pride and Prejudice misdeem,
And think that empty Titles are my Theme,
Titles, with Me, are vain, and nothing worth,
I rev'rence Virtue, but I laugh at Birth.
Give me a Lord, that's honest, frank, and brave,
I am his friend, but cannot be his slave.
Tho' none indeed but Blockheads would pretend
To make a slave, where they may make a friend.
I love his Virtues, and will make them known,
Confess his rank, but can't forget my own.
Give me a Lord, who, to a Title born,
Boasts nothing else, I'll pay him scorn with scorn.
What, shall my Pride (and Pride is Virtue here)
Tamely make way, if such a wretch appear?
Shall I uncover'd stand, and bend my knee
To such a shadow of Nobility,

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A Shred,



A Shred, a Remnant; he might not unknown
 For any real merit of his own,
 And never had come forth to publick note
 Had He not worn by chance his Father's coat?
 To think a *Mansfield* worth my least regards
 Is treason to the *Majesty* of *Bards*.

By NATURE form'd (when for her Honour sake
 She something more than common strove to make,
 When, overlooking each minute defect,
 And all too eager to be quite correct,
 In her full heat and vigour, she imprest
 Her stamp most strongly on the favour'd breast)
 The *Bard* (nor think too lightly that I mean
 Those little, piddling Witlings, who o'erween
 Of their small parts, the MURPHYS of the stage,
 The MASONS and the WHITEHEADS of the age,
 Who all in raptures their own works rehearse,
 And drawld out measur'd prose, which They call verse)
 The real *Bard*, whom native Genius fires,
 Whom every Maid of Castaly inspires,
 Let him consider wherefore he was meant,
 Let him but answer Nature's great intent,

And

And fairly weigh himself with other men,
 Would ne'er debase the glories of his pen,
 Would in full state, like a true Monarch, live,
 Nor bate one inch of his *Prerogative*.

Methinks I see old WINGATE frowning here,
 (WINGATE may in the season be a Peer,
 Tho' now, against his will, of figures sick,
 He's forc'd to diet on *Arithmetic*,
 E'en whilst he envies ev'ry Jew he meets,
 Who cries old Cloaths to sell about the streets;
 Methinks (his mind with future honours big,
 His Tyburn Bob turn'd to a drefs'd Bag Wig)
 I hear him cry— What doth this jargon mean?
 Was ever such a damn'd dull Blockhead seen?
Majesty—Bard—Prerogative—Disdain
 Hath got into, and turn'd the fellow's brain;
 To *Betblem* with him—give him whips and straw—
 I'm very sensible he's mad in Law.
 A saucy Groom who trades in Reason, thus
 To set himself upon a *Par* with us;
 If this *here's* suffer'd, and if that *there* fool
 May when he pleases send us all to school,



Why then our only business is outright
To take our caps, and bid the World good night.
I've kept a *Bard* myself *this* twenty years,
But nothing of this kind in him appears.
He, like a thorough true-bred Spaniel, licks
The hand which cuffs him, and the foot which kicks,
He fetches, and he carries, blacks my shoes,
Nor thinks it a discredit to his Muse,
A Creature of the right Camelion hue,
He wears my colours, yellow or true Blue,
Just as I wear them; 'tis all one to him,
Whether I change thro' conscience, or thro' whim.
Now this is something like, on such a plan
A *Bard* may find a friend in a great man;
But this proud Coxcomb—Zounds, I thought that All
Of this queer tribe had been like my *Old PAUL*.

Injurious Thought! accursed be the tongue
On which the vile insinuation hung,
The heart where 'twas engender'd, curs'd be those,
Those *Bards*, who not themselves alone expose,
But *Me*, but *All*, and make the very name
By which They're call'd, a standing mark of shame.

Talk

Talk not of Custom---'tis the Coward's plea,
 Current with Fools, but passes not with me;
 An old stale trick, which guilt hath often tried
 By numbers to o'erpow'r the better side.
 Why tell me then that from the birth of Rime,
 No matter when, down to the present time,
 As by th' original decree of Fate,
Bards have protection fought amongst the Great,
 Conscious of weakness, have applied to them
 As Vines to Elms, and twining round their stem,
 Flourish'd on high; to gain this wish'd support
 E'en VIRGIL to MÆCENAS paid his court.
 As to the Custom 'tis a point agreed,
 But 'twas a foolish diffidence, not need,
 From which it rose; Had *Bards* but truly known
 That Strength, which is most properly their own,
 Without a *Lord*, *unpropp'd*, They might have stood,
 And overtopp'd those Giants of the wood.

But why, when present times my care engage
 Must I go back to the *Augustan* age?
 Why, anxious for the living, am I led
 Into the mansions of the antient dead?



Can they find Patrons no where but at ROME,
 And must I seek MÆCENAS in the tomb?
 Name but a WINGATE, twenty Fools of note
 Start up, and from report MÆCENAS quote;
 Under his colours *Lords* are proud to fight,
 Forgetting that MÆCENAS was a *Knight*;
 They mention him as if to use his name
 Was in some measure to partake his fame,
 Tho' VIRGIL, was he living, in the street
 Might rot for them, or perish in the *Fleet*.
 See how They redden, and the charge disclaim---
Virgil, and in the *Fleet*---forbid it Shame.
 Hence, Ye vain Boasters, to the *Fleet* repair,
 And ask, with blushes ask, if LLOYD is there.

Patrons, in days of yore, were Men of Sense,
 Were Men of Taste, and had a fair pretence
 To rule in Letters---Some of Them were heard
 To read off-hand, and never spell a word;
 Some of them too, to such a monstrous height
 Was Learning risen, for themselves could write,
 And kept their Secretaries, as the Great
 Do many other foolish things, for State,

Our

Our Patrons are of quite a diff'rent strain;
 With neither sense nor Taste, against the grain,
 They patronize for fashion sake---no more---
 And keep a *Bard*, just as They keep a *Whore*.
 M--- (on such occasion I am loth
 To name the dead) was a rare proof of both.
 Some of them would be puzzled e'en to read,
 Nor could deserve their *Clergy* by their *Creed*;
 Others can write, but such a *Pagan* hand
 A *WILLES* should always at our elbow stand;
 Many, if begg'd, A *Chancellor*, of right,
 Would order into keeping at first sight.
 Those who stand fairest to the public view
 Take to themselves the praise to others due,
 They rob the very *Spital*, and make free
 With those alas who've least to spare:—We see,
 ---hath not had a word to say,
 Since Winds and Waves bore *SINGLE SPEECH* away.

Patrons in days of yore, like Patrons now,
 Expected that the *Bard* should make his bow
 At coming in, and ev'ry now and then
 Hint to the world that They were more than men,



But, like the Patrons of the present day,
 They never bilk'd the Poet of his pay.
 VIRGIL lov'd rural ease, and, far from harm,
 MÆCENAS fix'd him in a neat, snug farm,
 Where he might, free from trouble, pass his days
 In his own way, and pay his rent in praise.
 HORACE lov'd wine, and, thro' his friend at Court,
 Could buy it off the Key in ev'ry port;
 HORACE lov'd mirth, MÆCENAS lov'd it too,
 They met, they laugh'd, as GOV and I may do,
 Nor in those moments paid the least regard
 To which was *Minister*, and which was *Bard*.

Not so our Patrons---grave as grave can be,
 They *know themselves*, They keep up *dignity*;
Bards are a forward race, nor is it fit
 That Men of fortune rank with men of Wit?
 Wit if familiar made, will find her strength---
 'Tis best to keep her weak, and at arm's length.
 'Tis well enough for *Bards*, if Patrons give,
 From hand to mouth, the scanty means to live.
 Such is their language, and their practice such,
 They promise little, and they give not much.

Let

Let the weak *Bard*, with prostituted strain,
 Praise that proud *Scot*, whom all good men disdain;
 What's his reward? Why, his own fame undone,
 He may obtain a patent for the run
 Of his Lord's kitchen, and have ample time,
 With offal fed, to court the Cook in rime,
 Or (if he strives true Patriots to disgrace)
 May at the *second Table* get a place,
 With somewhat greater slaves allow'd to dine,
 And play at *CRAMBO* o'er his gill of wine.

And are there *Bards*, who on Creation's file
 Stand rank'd as Men, who breathe in this fair Isle
 The air of Freedom, with so little gall,
 So low a Spirit, prostrate thus to fall
 Before these Idols, and without a groan
 Bear wrongs might call forth murmurs from a stone?
 Better, and much more noble, to abjure
 The sight of men, and in some cave, secure
 From all the outrages of pride, to feast
 On Nature's fallads, and be free at least.
 Better (tho' that, to say the truth, is worse
 Than almost any other modern curse)

Discard



Discard all Sense, divorce the thankless Muse,
 Critics commence, and write in the *Reviews*,
 Write without tremor, GRIFFITHS cannot read;
 No Fool can fail, where LANGHORNE can succeed.

But (not to make a brave and honest Pride
 Try those means first, She must disdain when tried)
 There are a Thousand ways, a thousand arts,
 By which, and fairly, Men of real parts
 May gain a living, gain what Nature craves;
 Let Those, who pine for more, live, and be slaves.
 Our real wants in a small compass lye,
 But lawless Appetite with eager eye,
 Kept in a constant Fever, more requires,
 And we are burnt up with our own desires,
 Hence our dependence, hence our slav'ry springs;
Bards, if contented, are as great as Kings.
 Ourselves are to Ourselves the cause of ill;
 We may be Independent, if we will.
 The Man who suits his Spirit to his state
 Stands on an equal footing with the Great,
Moguls themselves are not more rich, and He,
 Who rules the English nation, not more free.

Chains



Chains were not forg'd more durable and strong
 For *Bards* than others, but They've worn them along,
 And therefore wear them still, They've quite forgot
 What Freedom is, and therefore prize her not.
 Could They, tho' in their sleep, could They but know
 The blessings which from INDEPENDENCE flow,
 Could They but have a short and transient gleam
 Of LIBERTY, tho' 'twas but in a dream,
 They would no more in bondage bend their knee,
 But, once made Freemen, would be always free.
 The Muse if She one moment freedom gains,
 Can never more submit to sing in chains.
 Bred in a cage, far from the feather'd throng,
 The Bird repays his keeper with his song,
 But, if some playful child sets wide the door,
 Abroad he flies, and thinks of home no more,
 With love of Liberty begins to burn,
 And rather starves than to his cage return.

Hail INDEPENDENCE—by true Reason taught,
 How few have known, and priz'd Thee as They ought.
 Some give Thee up for riot; Some, like Boys,
 Relinquish Thee, in their childish moods, for toys;
 Ambition

Ambition some, some Avarice misleads,
 And in both cases INDEPENDENCE bleeds;
 Abroad, in quest of Thee, how many roam
 Nor know They had Thee in their reach at home;
 Some, tho' about their paths, their beds about,
 Have never had the Sense to find Thee out;
 Others, who know of what They are possess'd,
 Like fearful Misers, lock Thee in a chest,
 Nor have the resolution to produce
 In these bad times, and bring Thee forth for use.
Hail, INDEPENDENCE—tho' thy name's scarce known,
 Tho' Thou, Alas! art out of fashion grown,
 Tho' All despise Thee, I will not despise,
 Nor live one moment longer than I prize
 Thy presence, and enjoy; by angry Fate
 Bow'd down, and almost crush'd, *Thou* cam'st, tho' late,
Thou cam'st upon me, like a second birth,
 And made me know what life was truly worth.
Hail, INDEPENDENCE—never may my Cot,
 Till I forget Thee, be by Thee forgot;
 Thither, O Thither, oftentimes repair;
 COTES, whom Thou lovest too, shall meet Thee there;
 All thoughts, but what arise from joy, give o'er;
 PEACE dwells within, and LAW shall guard the door.

O'erweening



O'erweening Bard! LAW guard thy door, what LAW?
The LAW of ENGLAND——To controul, and awe
Those saucy hopes, to strike that Spirit dumb,
Behold, in State, ADMINISTRATION come.

Why let Her come, in all her terrors too;
I dare to suffer all She dares to do.
I know her malice well, and know her pride,
I know her strength, but will not change my side.
This melting mass of flesh She may controul
With iron ribs, She cannot chain my Soul.
No—to the last resolv'd her worst to bear,
I'm still at large, and *Independent* there.

Where is this Minister; where is the band
Of ready slaves, who at his elbow stand
To hear, and to perform his wicked will?
Why, for the first time, are they slow to ill?
When some grand act 'gainst Law is to be done,
Doth —— sleep; doth Bloodhound —— run
To L——, and worry those small deer
When He might do more precious mischief here?
Doth —— turn tail? doth He refuse to draw
Illegal warrants, and to call them Law?

Doth

Doth—, at G——d kick'd, from G——d run,
 With that cold lump of unbak'd dough, his Son,
 And, his more honest rival, KETCH to cheat
 Purchase a burial place were three ways meet?
 Believe it not; — —is—— still,
 And never sleeps, when he should wake to ill;
 ——— doth lesser mischiefs by the bye,
 The great Ones till the Term in *Petto* lie;
 — lives, and, to the strictest justice true,
 Scorns to defraud the Hangman of his due.

O my poor COUNTRY—weak and overpow'r'd
 By thine own Sons—eat to the bone—devour'd
 By Vipers, which, in thine own entrails bred,
 Prey on thy life, and with thy blood are fed,
 With unavailing grief thy wrongs I see,
 And, for myself not feeling, feel for *Thee*.
 I grieve but can't despair—for, Lo, at hand
 FREEDOM presents a choice, but faithful band
 Of *Loyal PATRIOTS*, Men who greatly dare
 In such a noble cause, Men fit to bear
 The weight of Empires; *Fortune*, *Rank*, and *Sense*,
Virtue and *Knowledge*, leagu'd with *Eloquence*,

March

March in their ranks; FREEDOM from file to file
 Darts her delighted eye, and with a smile
 Approves her honest Sons, whilst down her cheek,
 As 'twere by stealth (her heart too full to speak)
 One Tear in silence creeps, one honest Tear,
 And seems to say, Why is not GRANBY here?

O Ye brave Few, in whom we still may find
 A Love of Virtue, Freedom, and Mankind,
 Go forth—in Majesty of Woe array'd,
 See, at your feet Your COUNTRY kneels for aid,
 And, (many of her children traitors grown,)
 Kneels to those Sons She still can call her own,
 Seeming to breathe her last in ev'ry breath,
 She kneels for Freedom, or She begs for Death—
 Fly then, each duteous Son, each English Chief,
 And to your drooping Parent bring relief.
 Go forth—nor let the Siren voice of ease
 Tempt Ye to sleep, whilst tempests swell the seas;
 Go forth—nor let Hypocrisy, whose tongue
 With many a fair, false, fatal art is hung,
 Like Bethel's fawning Prophet, cross your way,
 When your great Errand brooks not of delay;

Nor



Nor let vain Fear, who cries to all She meets,
Trembling and pale—A Lion in the streets—
Damp your free Spirits; let not threats affright,
Nor Bribes corrupt, nor Flatteries delight.
Be as One Man—CONCORD success ensures—
There's not an English heart but what is Yours.
Go forth—and VIRTUE, ever in your fight,
Shall be your guide by day, your guard by night—
Go forth—the Champions of your native land,
And may the battle prosper in your hand—
It may, it Must—Ye cannot be withstood—
Be your Hearts honest, as your Cause is good.

THE

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J O U R N E Y

J O U R N E Y

2
SOME of my friends (for friends I must suppose
All who not daring to appear my face
Felt great good will, and not ready full of spite
Than full of craft, under false colours fight)
Some of my friends (so friends I think)
As those as follow them in spirit, that
(To be sure) will soon admit a doubt
That I shall not my flock of friends out
My no great flock, and, publishing to all
That such a number a band of at the last



J O U R N E Y.

SOME of my *Friends* (for *Friends* I must suppose
All, who, not daring to appear my foes,
Feign great good will, and, not more full of spite
Than full of craft, under false colours fight)
Some of my *Friends* (so lavishly I print)
As more in sorrow than in anger, hint
(Tho' that indeed will scarce admit a doubt)
That I shall run my stock of Genius out,
My no great stock, and, publishing so fast,
Must needs become a Bankrupt at the last,



“ The Husbandman, to spare a thankful soil,
“ Which, rich in disposition, pays his toil
“ More than a hundred fold, which swells his store
“ E’en to his wish, and makes his barns run o’er,
“ By long Experience taught, who teaches best,
“ Forgoes his hopes awhile, and gives it rest.
“ The Land, allow’d its losses to repair,
“ Refresh’d, and full in strength, delights to wear
“ A second Youth, and to the farmer’s eyes
“ Bids richer crops, and double harvests rise.

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

Recover’d from the vanity of youth,
I feel, *alas!* this melancholly truth,

Thanks

Thanks to each cordial, each advising Friend,
 And am, if not too late, resolv'd to mend,
 Resolv'd to give some respite to my pen,
 Apply myself once more to Books, and Men,
 View what is present, what is past review,
 And my old stock exhausted lay in new.
 For twice six moons (let winds, turn'd Porters, bear
 This oath to Heav'n) for twice six moons I swear,
 No Muse shall tempt me with her Siren lay,
 Nor draw me from improvement's thorny way,
 Verse I abjure, nor will forgive that Friend,
 Who in my hearing shall a Rime commend.

It cannot be—Whether I will, or no,
 Such as they are, my thoughts in measure flow,
 Convinc'd, determin'd, I in prose begin,
 But e're I write one sentence, Verse creeps in,
 And taints me thro' and thro'; by this good light
 In Verse I talk by day, I dream by night;
 If now and then I curse, my curses chime,
 Nor can I pray, unless I pray in rime.
 E'en now I err, in spite of Common Sense,
 And my Confession doubles my offence.

Rest



Rest then my *Friends*—spare, spare your precious breath,
 And be your slumbers not less sound than death;
 Perturbed Spirits rest, nor thus appear
 To waste your counsels in a spendthrift's ear,
 On your grave lessons I cannot subsist,
 Nor e'en in verse become *OEconomist*;
 Rest then my *Friends*, nor, hateful to my eyes,
 Let Envy, in the shape of Pity, rise
 To blast me ere my time; with patience wait,
 ('Tis no long interval) propitious Fate
 Shall glut your pride, and ev'ry Son of phlegm
 Find ample room to censure and condemn.
 Read some three hundred lines, (no easy task;
 But probably the last that I shall ask)
 And give me up for ever; wait one hour,
 Nay not so much, Revenge is in your pow'r,
 And Ye may cry, ere Time hath turn'd his glass,
 Lo! what *We* prophecied is come to pass.

Let Those, who Poetry in Poems claim,
 Or not read this, or only read to blame;
 Let Those, who are by fiction's charms enslav'd,
 Return me thanks for half a crown well sav'd;

Let

Let those, who love a little gall in rime,
 Postpone their purchase now, and call next time;
 Let Those, who, void of Nature, look for art,
 Take up their money, and in peace depart;
 Let Those, who energy of diction prize,
 For BILLINGSGATE quit FLEXNEY, and be wise;
 Here is no lie, no gall, no art, no force,
 Mean are the words, and such as come of course,
 The Subject not less simple than the lay;
 A plain, unlabour'd journey of a Day.

Far from Me now be ev'ry tuneful Maid,
 I neither ask, nor can receive their aid.
Pegasus turn'd into a common hack,
 Alone I jog, and keep the beaten track,
 Nor would I have the Sisters of the hill
 Behold their Bard in such a Dishabille.
 Absent, but only absent for a time,
 Let Them caress some dearer son of Rime,
 Let Them, as far as Decency permits,
 Without suspicion, play the fool with Wits,
 'Gainst Fools be guarded; 'tis a certain rule,
 Wits are safe things, there's danger in a Fool.

Let

Let Them, tho' modest, GRAY more modest wooe;
 Let Them with MASON bleat, and bray, and cooe;
 Let Them with FRANKLIN, proud of some small Greek,
 Make Sophocles, disguis'd, in English speak;
 Let Them with GLOVER o'er Medea doze;
 Let Them with DODSLEY wail Cleone's woes,
 Whilst He, fine feeling creature, all in tears,
 Melts as they melt, and weeps with weeping Peers;
 Let Them with simple WHITEHEAD, taught to creep
 Silent and soft, lay FONTENELLE asleep;
 Let Them with BROWNE contrive, no vulgar trick,
 To cure the dead, and make the living sick;
 Let Them in Charity to MURPHY give
 Some old French piece, that he may steal and live;
 Let Them with *antick* FOOTE subscriptions get,
 And advertise a Summer-house of Wit.

Thus, or in any better way They please,
 With these great Men, or with great Men like these,
 Let them their appetite for laughter feed;
 I on my Journey all Alone proceed.

If fashionable grown, and fond of pow'r
 With *hum'rons* Scots let Them disport their hour;

Let

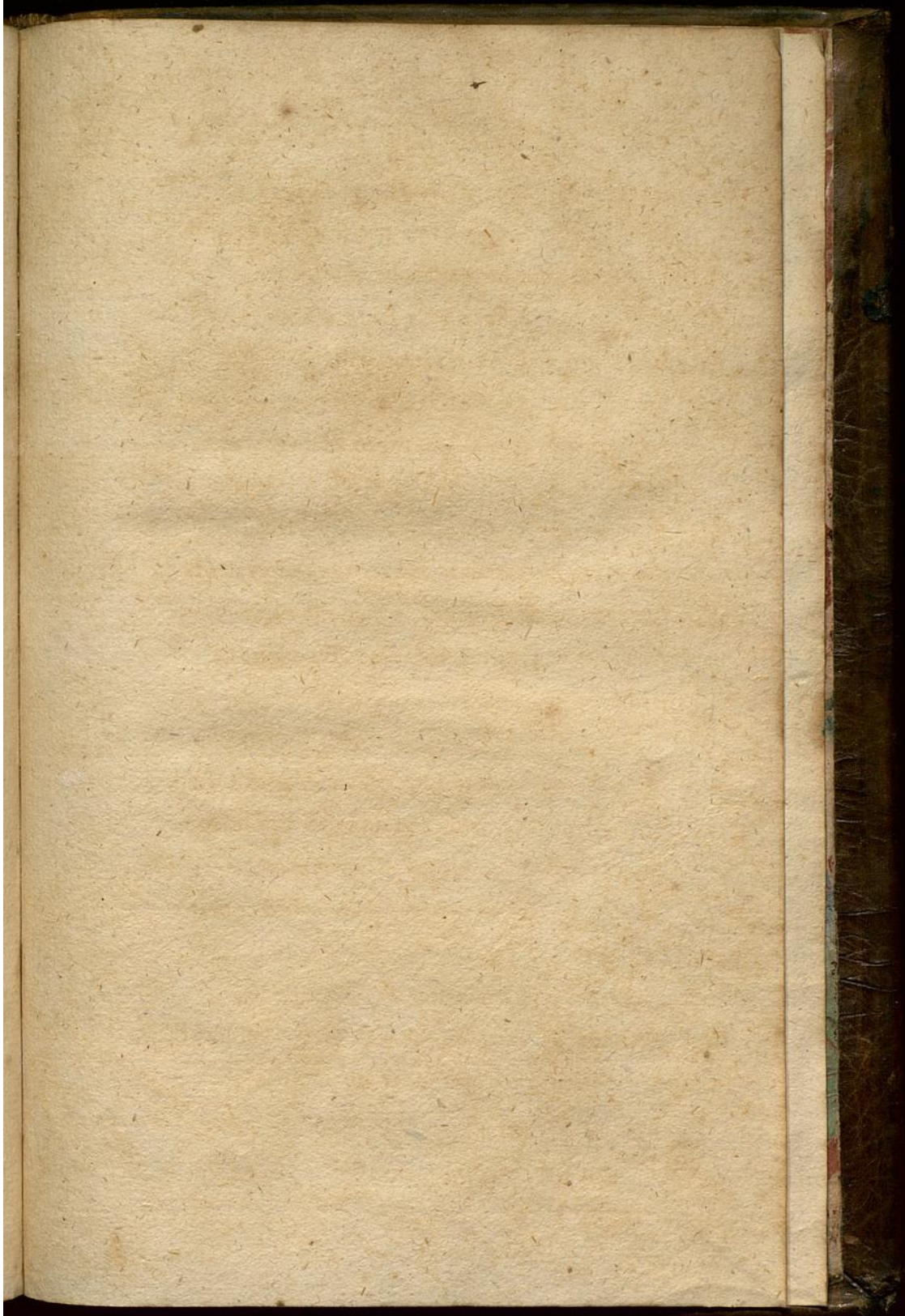
Let Them dance, fairy like, round OSSIAN's tomb;
 Let Them forge *lies*, and *histories* for HUME;
 Let Them with HOME, the very Prince of verse,
 Make something like a Tragedy in *Erise*;
 Under dark Allegory's flimsy veil
 Let Them with OGILVIE spin out a tale
 Of rueful length; Let Them plain things obscure,
 Debase what's truly rich, and what is poor
 Make poorer still by jargon most uncouth;
 With ev'ry pert, prim Pretinèss of Youth
 Born of false Taste, with Fancy (like a Child
 Not knowing what It cries for), running wild,
 With bloated Stile, by Affectation taught,
 With much false Colouring, and little Thought,
 With Phrases strange, and Dialect decreed
 By Reason never to have pass'd the *Tweed*,
 With Words, which Nature meant each other's foe,
 Forc'd to compound whether they will or no,
 With such materials, Let Them, if They will,
 To prove at once their pleasantry and skill,
 Build up a Bard to war 'gainst Common Sense,
 By way of Compliment to Providence;
 Let Them with ARMSTRONG, taking leave of Sense,
 Read musty lectures on *Benevolence*,

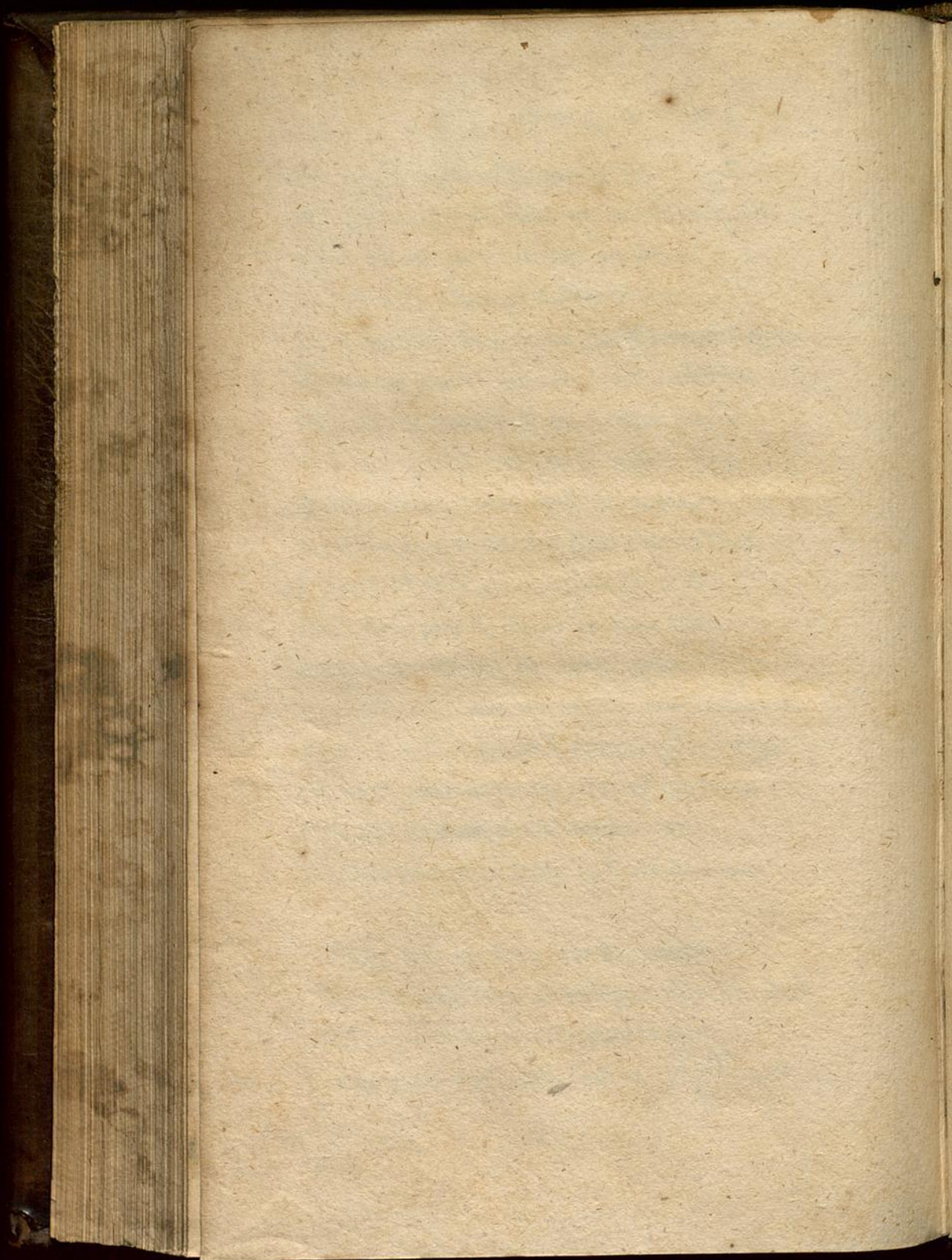
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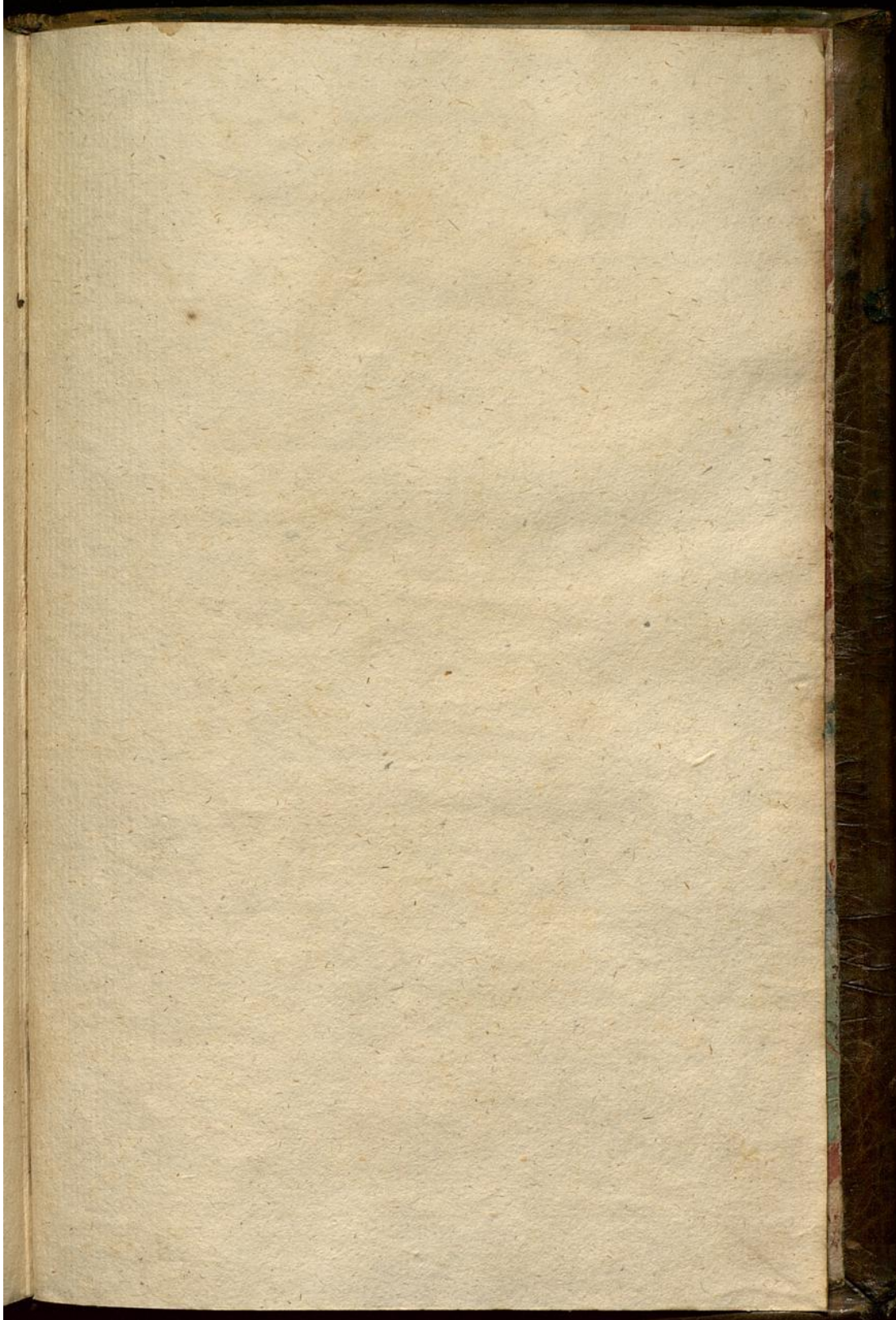


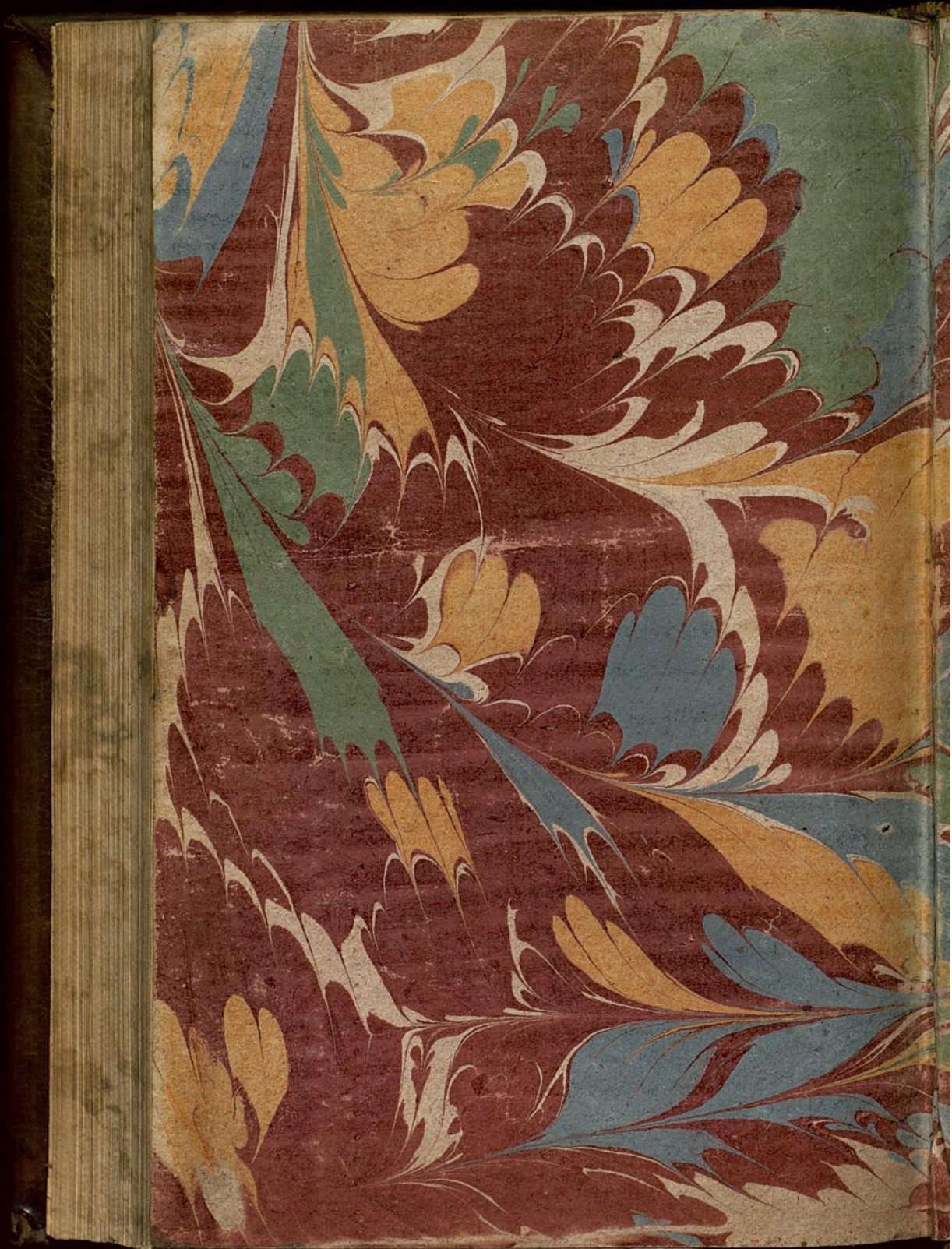
Or conn the pages of his gaping *Day*,
 Where all his former Fame was thrown away,
 Where all, but barren labour, was forgot,
 And the vain stiffness of a *Letter'd* Scor;
 Let Them with ARMSTRONG pass the term of light,
 But not one hour of darkness; when the Night
 Suspends this mortal coil, when Mem'ry wakes,
 When for our past misdoings Conscience takes
 A deep revenge, when, by Reflexion led,
 She draws his curtains, and looks comfort dead,
 Let ev'ry Muse be gone; in vain He turns
 And tries to pray for sleep; an *Ætna* burns,
 A more than *Ætna* in his coward breast,
 And Guilt, with vengeance arm'd, forbids him rest.
 Tho' soft as Plumage from young Zephyr's wing,
 His couch seems hard, and no relief can bring.
 INGRATITUDE hath planted daggers there,
 No Good Man can deserve, no brave Man bear.

Thus, or in any better way They please,
 With these great Men, or with great Men like these,
 Let Them their appetite for laughter feed;
 I on my Journey all Alone proceed. *J. Churchill*













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