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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**

The Duellist. Book II.

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# D U E L L I S T.

## B O O K II.

**D**E 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.

15

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