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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 III.

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# D U E L L I S T.

## B O O K III.

**A**H 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 filken 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.