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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

Gotham.

urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-2152

" Born of these powers, far from light
 " Of Virtue's fall, but glazing 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! plied
 Thought his full praise 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.

T H E E N D

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 HANCOCK

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by J. Sturges, at the

PRINTING OFFICE OF J. STURGES

IN THE CITY OF LONDON

1714

11

11



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 oppress'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?

F

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 reverence 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
M A H T O G

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At the time of the first printing of the book

the author was in the United States

and had not yet received the manuscript

of the book which was then in the hands

of the printer. The book was then

published in the United States

and has since been published in

many other countries.

The book is now in the hands

of the printer and will be published

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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

