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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 Farewell.

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THE CANDIDATE

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

THE

FAREWELL.

THE



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

F A R E W E L L .

F A R E W E L L . To all the folks which in Europe dwell,
To Eastern India now, a richer clime,

He bet' it is in ev'ry thing but Ruine,
The Muses meet their counsils, and fond of change,

At large, in other Worlds, desire to range,
Know'd at least, since they the fool most play,

To do it in a different place, and way.

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

T H E

F A R E W E L L.

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

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

Q 4

Why

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

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

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

'Tis

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

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

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

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

Weak

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

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

Too



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

P. and ev'ry flow'r.

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

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

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

But

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

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

Should

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

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

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

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

Let

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

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

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

Ordained



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

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



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

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

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

Coop



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

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

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



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

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

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

Enlarges

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

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

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

R 3

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

To

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

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

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

F. Leave out their names.

P. For that kind caution thanks,

But may not Judges sometimes fill up blanks?

F. Your

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

P. The Laws I love, the Lawyers I suspect :

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

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

P. Suppose I should be tried in MIDDLESEX,

To

F. To pack a Jury they will never dare.

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

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

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

F. Will

F. Will India for thy purpose better do?

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

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

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

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

Make

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

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

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

Made

254 THE FAREWELL.

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

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

F. On such vile food Satire can never thrive,

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

THE

