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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 Times.

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THE FAREWELL

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

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

S. E. M. I. T.

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

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When the most Wicked had some touch of grace,

And trembled to meet Virtue face to face,

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

Had serv'd her without bringing day by day,

Went yet to seek an awkward shame to feel,

And move that glorious service to conceal,

The better bird, and than our Sire more wild,

Each faultily narrow'd of soul design,

To Virtue ev'ry mean pretence declines,

And bore our crimes, and glory in our shame.

For II.

2

THE



T H E
T I M E S.

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

VOL. II.

S

Time

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

Was



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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

To

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

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



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

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

When

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

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

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

And

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

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

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

Gives

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

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

Mirth

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

Nor

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

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

For

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

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

The

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

Woman, the pride and happiness of Man,
Without whose soft endearments Nature's plan
Had been a blank, and Life not worth a thought;
Woman, by all the Loves and graces taught,
With softest arts, and sure, tho' hidden skill
To humanize, and mould us to her will;
Woman, with more than common grace form'd here,
With the persuasive language of a tear
To melt the rugged temper of our Isle,
Or win us to her purpose with a smile;
Woman, by fate the quickest spur decreed,
The fairest, best reward of ev'ry deed
Which bears the stamp of honour, at whose name
Our antient Heroes caught a quicker flame,
And dar'd beyond belief, whilst o'er the plain,
Spurning the carcases of Princes slain,
Confusion proudly strode, whilst Horror blew
The fatal trump, and Death stalk'd full in view;
Woman is out of date, a thing thrown by
As having lost its use; No more the Eye

With

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

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

Sweet

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

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

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

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

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

Or

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

T 4

In



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

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

Thus

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

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

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

Free

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

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

A Maiden-

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

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

Too



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

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

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

We

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

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

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

Give

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

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

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

Be

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

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

And

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

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

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

Till

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

THE TIMES

INDEPENDENCE

