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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 Journey.

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T H E

J O U R N E Y.

Vol. II.

Y



I H E

J O U R N E Y

J O U R N E Y

2
SOME of my friends (for friends I must suppose
All who not daring to appear my face
Felt great good will, and not ready full of spite
Than full of craft, under false colours hid)
Some of my friends (so friends I think)
As those as follow them in spirit, that
(To be sure) will soon admit a doubt
That I shall not my flock of friends
Be no great flock, and, publishing to all
That such a number a band of at the last



J O U R N E Y.

SOME of my *Friends* (for *Friends* I must suppose
All, who, not daring to appear my foes,
Feign great good will, and, not more full of spite
Than full of craft, under false colours fight)
Some of my *Friends* (so lavishly I print)
As more in sorrow than in anger, hint
(Tho' that indeed will scarce admit a doubt)
That I shall run my stock of Genius out,
My no great stock, and, publishing so fast,
Must needs become a Bankrupt at the last,



“ The Husbandman, to spare a thankful soil,
“ Which, rich in disposition, pays his toil
“ More than a hundred fold, which swells his store
“ E’en to his wish, and makes his barns run o’er,
“ By long Experience taught, who teaches best,
“ Forgoes his hopes awhile, and gives it rest.
“ The Land, allow’d its losses to repair,
“ Refresh’d, and full in strength, delights to wear
“ A second Youth, and to the farmer’s eyes
“ Bids richer crops, and double harvests rise.

“ Nor think this practice to the earth confin’d,
“ It reaches to the culture of the Mind.
“ The Mind of Man craves rest, and cannot bear,
“ Tho’ next in pow’r to Gods, continual care.
“ Genius himself (nor here let Genius frown)
“ Must, to ensure his vigour, be laid down,
“ And fallow’d well; had CHURCHILL known but this,
“ Which the most slight observer scarce could miss,
“ He might have flourish’d twenty years or more,
“ Tho’ now *alas!* poor Man! worn out in four.

Recover’d from the vanity of youth,
I feel, *alas!* this melancholly truth,

Thanks

Thanks to each cordial, each advising Friend,
 And am, if not too late, resolv'd to mend,
 Resolv'd to give some respite to my pen,
 Apply myself once more to Books, and Men,
 View what is present, what is past review,
 And my old stock exhausted lay in new.
 For twice six moons (let winds, turn'd Porters, bear
 This oath to Heav'n) for twice six moons I swear,
 No Muse shall tempt me with her Siren lay,
 Nor draw me from improvement's thorny way,
 Verse I abjure, nor will forgive that Friend,
 Who in my hearing shall a Rime commend.

It cannot be—Whether I will, or no,
 Such as they are, my thoughts in measure flow,
 Convinc'd, determin'd, I in prose begin,
 But e're I write one sentence, Verse creeps in,
 And taints me thro' and thro'; by this good light
 In Verse I talk by day, I dream by night;
 If now and then I curse, my curses chime,
 Nor can I pray, unless I pray in rime.
 E'en now I err, in spite of Common Sense,
 And my Confession doubles my offence.

Rest



Rest then my *Friends*—spare, spare your precious breath,
 And be your slumbers not less sound than death;
 Perturbed Spirits rest, nor thus appear
 To waste your counsels in a spendthrift's ear,
 On your grave lessons I cannot subsist,
 Nor e'en in verse become *OEconomist*;
 Rest then my *Friends*, nor, hateful to my eyes,
 Let Envy, in the shape of Pity, rise
 To blast me ere my time; with patience wait,
 ('Tis no long interval) propitious Fate
 Shall glut your pride, and ev'ry Son of phlegm
 Find ample room to censure and condemn.
 Read some three hundred lines, (no easy task;
 But probably the last that I shall ask)
 And give me up for ever; wait one hour,
 Nay not so much, Revenge is in your pow'r,
 And Ye may cry, ere Time hath turn'd his glass,
 Lo! what *We* prophecied is come to pass.

Let Those, who Poetry in Poems claim,
 Or not read this, or only read to blame;
 Let Those, who are by fiction's charms enslav'd,
 Return me thanks for half a crown well sav'd;

Let

Let those, who love a little gall in rime,
 Postpone their purchase now, and call next time;
 Let Those, who, void of Nature, look for art,
 Take up their money, and in peace depart;
 Let Those, who energy of diction prize,
 For BILLINGSGATE quit FLEXNEY, and be wise;
 Here is no lie, no gall, no art, no force,
 Mean are the words, and such as come of course,
 The Subject not less simple than the lay;
 A plain, unlabour'd journey of a Day.

Far from Me now be ev'ry tuneful Maid,
 I neither ask, nor can receive their aid.
Pegasus turn'd into a common hack,
 Alone I jog, and keep the beaten track,
 Nor would I have the Sisters of the hill
 Behold their Bard in such a Dishabille.
 Absent, but only absent for a time,
 Let Them caress some dearer son of Rime,
 Let Them, as far as Decency permits,
 Without suspicion, play the fool with Wits,
 'Gainst Fools be guarded; 'tis a certain rule,
 Wits are safe things, there's danger in a Fool.

Let

Let Them, tho' modest, GRAY more modest wooe;
 Let Them with MASON bleat, and bray, and cooe;
 Let Them with FRANKLIN, proud of some small Greek,
 Make Sophocles, disguis'd, in English speak;
 Let Them with GLOVER o'er Medea doze;
 Let Them with DODSLEY wail Cleone's woes,
 Whilst He, fine feeling creature, all in tears,
 Melts as they melt, and weeps with weeping Peers;
 Let Them with simple WHITEHEAD, taught to creep
 Silent and soft, lay FONTENELLE asleep;
 Let Them with BROWNE contrive, no vulgar trick,
 To cure the dead, and make the living sick;
 Let Them in Charity to MURPHY give
 Some old French piece, that he may steal and live;
 Let Them with *antick* FOOTE subscriptions get,
 And advertise a Summer-house of Wit.

Thus, or in any better way They please,
 With these great Men, or with great Men like these,
 Let them their appetite for laughter feed;
 I on my Journey all Alone proceed.

If fashionable grown, and fond of pow'r
 With *hum'rons* Scots let Them disport their hour;

Let

Let Them dance, fairy like, round OSSIAN's tomb;
 Let Them forge *lies*, and *histories* for HUME;
 Let Them with HOME, the very Prince of verse,
 Make something like a Tragedy in *Euse*;
 Under dark Allegory's flimsy veil
 Let Them with OGILVIE spin out a tale
 Of rueful length; Let Them plain things obscure,
 Debase what's truly rich, and what is poor
 Make poorer still by jargon most uncouth;
 With ev'ry pert, prim Pretiness of Youth
 Born of false Taste, with Fancy (like a Child
 Not knowing what It cries for), running wild,
 With bloated Stile, by Affectation taught,
 With much false Colouring, and little Thought,
 With Phrases strange, and Dialect decreed
 By Reason never to have pass'd the *Tweed*,
 With Words, which Nature meant each other's foe,
 Forc'd to compound whether they will or no,
 With such materials, Let Them, if They will,
 To prove at once their pleasantry and skill,
 Build up a Bard to war 'gainst Common Sense,
 By way of Compliment to Providence;
 Let Them with ARMSTRONG, taking leave of Sense,
 Read musty lectures on *Benevolence*,

Or

Or conn the pages of his gaping *Day*,
 Where all his former Fame was thrown away,
 Where all, but barren labour, was forgot,
 And the vain stiffness of a *Letter'd* Scor;
 Let Them with ARMSTRONG pass the term of light,
 But not one hour of darkness; when the Night
 Suspends this mortal coil, when Mem'ry wakes,
 When for our past misdoings Conscience takes
 A deep revenge, when, by Reflexion led,
 She draws his curtains, and looks comfort dead,
 Let ev'ry Muse be gone; in vain He turns
 And tries to pray for sleep; an *Ætna* burns,
 A more than *Ætna* in his coward breast,
 And Guilt, with vengeance arm'd, forbids him rest.
 Tho' soft as Plumage from young Zephyr's wing,
 His couch seems hard, and no relief can bring.
 INGRATITUDE hath planted daggers there,
 No Good Man can deserve, no brave Man bear.

Thus, or in any better way They please,
 With these great Men, or with great Men like these,
 Let Them their appetite for laughter feed;
 I on my Journey all Alone proceed. *J. Churchill*