

## The Dedication.

Nothing checks and deadens the Fancy more than a too superstitious Respect for the Original, especially in Poetry; it is commonly the Cause that an *Idolatrous* Translator (as *la Motte* calls such a one) endeavouring too exactly to render *All* the Beauties of his Author, gives you in Truth *never a one*. Every *Minute* Circumstance of a Thought cannot be preserv'd with any tolerable Grace, nor is it indeed necessary; provided the Translator makes amends for his Neglect of what is less important, by Improving, and if possible by Refining upon *Essentials*; which is better done by studying the *Genius* and copying the *Tone* and *Air* of an Author, than in adhering to a scrupulous *Detail* of *Phrases*, ever flat and disagreeable.

Thus a *Translation* may be Excellent, and by this an Equitable Reader may judge of it's Merit. A Picture is but the Translation of a Face, yet if *APELLES* or *LYSIPPUS* shall attempt an *ALEXANDER*, Posterity will pay an equal Veneration to the *Artist* and the *Hero*.

Translation, in general, besides its useful *Communicative* Character to recommend it, and other Arguments that may be brought in its Behalf, comes back'd with what most Arts and Sciences pretend to, *Antiquity*.

Did not *TERENCE* divert the *Romans* with the Original Comedies of the Greek *MENANDER*, turn'd into *Latin*, which serves as a Standard at this Day? And what remains of *ALCÆUS* and some other *Lyrics*, 'tis evident how much *HORACE* himself was oblig'd to the *Greeks*,

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not by copying the Measure of their Numbers, but by imitating the express Sense of the Authors. To bring it nigher Home; we at this Day read BEN JONSON's *Cataline* and other Plays of his with Pleasure; yet those who converse with *Tully*, know who furnish'd him with his Rhetorick.

I expect the Critics will fall upon me for writing in this manner to Your Lordship, as if I was giving You a *Lesson* instead of a *Dedication*. I must confess it looks something like it. But I rather chuse to repeat to Your Lordship *what You already know*, than to exhibit a Bill of Your Perfections and Excellencies *which all the World knows*.

Monsieur BOILEAU calls this Poem of his, *Heroi-Comique*, Mock-Heroic; that is, a Ridiculous Action made considerable in Heroic Verse.

If I distinguish right, there are two sorts of *Burlesque*; the first ~~was~~ things of mean Figure and slight Concern appear in all the Pomp and Bustle of an *Epic* Poem; such is this of the *Lutrin*. The Second sort is where great Events are made ridiculous by the Meanness of the Character, and the oddness of the Numbers, such is the *Hudibras* of our excellent BUTLER.

BOILEAU, like HORACE, was born equally for *Satire* and for *Praise*. The *Lutrin* partakes of both. The *Satyrical* Part, as 'tis very severe upon those of his own Church, so I cou'd wish it were applicable to the *Romish* Clergy only and none other.

As

## *The Dedication.*

As for the Panegyricks so frequent in it, I know not why they should not as well become the Queen of *France* as the *French King*, the Prince of *Mindleheim* as the Prince of *Conde*, and the *Atticus* of *Dr. GARTH* as the *Aristus* of *BOILEAU*.

*I am*

*Your Lordship's most Obedient*

*and most Humble Servant,*

*J. Ozell.*

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Monfieur *BOILEAU*'s

P R E F A C E.

**T**WERE in vain now to deny that the following Poem was occasion'd by a petty Quarrel that happen'd in one of the most celebrated Churches of Paris, between the Treasurer of the Relicks, and the Master of the Choire; (otherwise call'd the Prelate and the \* Chanter.) The Fact is true, and that's all. The rest is meer Fiction from the Beginning to the End; and all the Actors in it are not only invented, but industriously drawn quite opposite to the true Character of the Ministers of that Church, who for the most part, especially the Canons, are Men of great Virtue and as much Wit: There's one amongst 'em, whose Opinion I would as willingly have upon my Performances, as of a great many Gentlemen of the Academy. 'Tis  
not

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\* The Chanter it seems being a Man of a forward inroaching Spirit, had made some Steps towards an Invasion of the Rights and Privileges of the Treasurer; which he not brooking, and being resolv'd to humble him, bethought himself of setting up in the Choire a sort of a Reading-Desk (*Lutrin*) upon the very Overture of the Chanter's Seat, and so block him up.



## Monfr. Boileau's

not therefore to be wonder'd, that no Body took Offence at this Poem, since in Truth no Body is attack'd by it. A Spendthrift is not troubled to see a Miser expos'd; nor do's a Religious Person resent the Ridiculing of a Rake. I shall not mention how I was engag'd in this Trifle upon a kind of a jocular Challenge made me by the late Monsieur Lamoignon, whom I paint under the Name of Aristus. A particular Narration of this Matter, does not seem to be at all necessary. But I should think I did myself a great deal of Wrong to let slip this Opportunity of informing those who are ignorant of it, how much I was honour'd with that great Man's Friendship, during his Life. I began to be known to him at the Time when my Satires made the greatest Noise; and the obliging Access he gave me into his illustrious Family, was a very advantageous Apology in my Behalf, against those who were minded to accuse me of Libertinism and ill Morals. He was a Man of an amazing Knowledge, and a passionate Admirer of all the good Books of Antiquity, and this was what made my Works the more tolerable to him; fancying he perceiv'd in 'em some Taste of the Ancients. His Piety was unfeign'd, and yet had nothing in it that was stiff or troublesome. He was not at all frighten'd at the Title of my Works, Satires, where in Truth he found only Verses and Authors expos'd. He was pleas'd often to commend me for having purg'd this sort of Poetry from that Obscenity and Filth, which till then, had been, as it were, peculiar to it. Thus I had the good Fortune not to be disagreeable to him. He let me into all his Pleasures and Diversions, that is to say, his Studies and Retirements. He favour'd  
me

## P R E F A C E.

*me sometimes even with his strictest Confidence, and open'd to me the inmost Recesses of his Soul. And what did I not see there! What a surprising Treasure of Probity and Justice! What an inexhaustible Fund of Piety and Zeal! Tho' the outward Lustre of his Virtue was exceeding great, it was infinitely brighter within; and 'twas visible how careful he temper'd the Rays of it, not to wound the Eyes of an Age so corrupt as ours. I was sincerely struck with so many admirable Qualities; and as he always discover'd a great deal of Kindness for me, so I ever return'd it with the strongest Devotion for him. The Respects I paid him were not mixt with any mercenary Leven of Self-Interest, and I made it more my Business to profit by his Conversation, than his Credit at Court. He dy'd at the Time when his Friendship was in its highest Point of Perfection, and the Remembrance of so great a Loss afflicts me daily. Why must those who are so worthy to live, be so soon snatch'd from the World, whilst the Worthless and Undeserving are crown'd with Length of Days! I shall say no more upon so sad a Subject, lest I wet with Tears the Preface of a Work purely Jocular.*

*Some*

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*Some Account of BOILEAU's  
Writings, and this Translation.*

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To Mr - - -

S I R,

**I**F Criticising other People's Works, especially Living and late Authors, were not a Task that I am by no Means inclin'd to, I should have sooner answer'd your Desire, and told you what I thought of Monsieur *Boileau's Lutrin*, and the Translation of it into English Verse, which you did me the Favour to send me in Writing.

M. *Boileau* and his Works, especially this of his *Lutrin*, are of so great a Name in the World, that I think it a pretty bold Attempt to endeavour to translate him; not but that I must confess I know but few Hands cou'd have succeeded better than this Gentleman has done.

Amongst that Little that I have read of the *French Poetry*, M. *Boileau* seems to me without Comparison to have had the finest and truest Taste of the best Authors of Antiquity; his violent Passion for 'em and famous Disputes  
in

### Some Account of Boileau, &c.

in their behalf are too well known to be told over again now ; it is very certain that he had 'em so perpetually in his Eye, that he form'd most of his Poetical Writings so closely after their Models, that in many of 'em especially his *Satires*, he can hardly pretend to the Honour of any thing more, than having barely translated them well ; and I am apt to believe that if the Design of the *Lutrin* be entirely his own and Modern, it is because there was nothing in the Ancient Poetry of this kind for him to draw after. However it is very plain that even in this, *Virgil* has been of great Use to him, and supply'd him with some of his finest Images ; to mention one Particular only, every Body may see, that his *Fury* who sets the good People at *Paris* together by the Ears, is a manifest Copy of *Alecto* in the seventh *Aeneid*, or indeed is rather taken from *Juno* and *Alecto* together, as both contriving and executing the Mischief her Self. I won't pretend to give you a Critical Account of this Kind of *Mock-Heroic* Poetry, if it can be call'd a Kind, that is so new in the World, and of which we have had so few Instances. I call it new because I take *La Secchia Rapita* of *Tassoni* to be the first of this sort that was ever written, or at least that ever I heard of : As for *Homer's* Battle of the *Frogs* and *Mice*, I take that only to be a Tale or Fable, like those of *Aesop*, amongst which it is to be found, and ought rather to be rank'd among the Writings of the *Mythologists*

*and this Translation.*

*logists* than those of the *Poets*. Whatever Name or Title the Critics may be pleas'd to dignify or distinguish this Sort of Writing with, I am sure it has had the good Fortune to be very well receiv'd: The Reputation of the *Lutrin* in *France*, and the *Dispensary* in *England*, are two of the best Modern Instances of Success in Poetry that can be given.

And since I have mention'd those two Poems together, it may not be Improper to observe, that in the Latter of 'em, tho' writ upon a very different Subject, there are some Passages that are plainly Imitations, or indeed even Translations of the Former; Those who will take the Trouble to compare 'em now they are both in one Language, will be best able to judge, how near the Translator of the *Lutrin* comes to the Beauties which all the World has so justly admir'd in *Dr. Garth*.

I won't venture to say this Translation is the most correct and finish'd Piece of it's kind that we have, but I believe most People will allow, That the Author of it is perfectly Master of *Boileau*, and in some Places has even improv'd him, to mention that only of,

\* *Dans le Reduit obscur, &c.*

And so on for a Dozen Verses; where I think the *English* at least Equal, if not Superior to the *French*.

The

\* *Lin. 57. in the French, 91 in English, Canto 1.*

### *Some Account of Boileau, &c.*

The General Turn of his Verse is agreeable, his Diction Poetical, and very proper to the Subject, and that whatever Faults there may be, they are meerly verbal, and may very well be receiv'd under that good natur'd Allowance which *Horace* makes for those

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*Quas aut incuria fudit*

*Aut humana paratim cavit Natura.*

That which indeed to me seems most liable to an Exception, is, that the Gentleman has taken the Liberty in some Places to depart from his Author, and to substitute other Persons and Things in the Room of those which he has left out or chang'd; and that while he still retains the original Story, and keeps the Scene at *Paris*, he makes use of the Names of Men and Books in *England*, unknown to and unthought of by Monsieur *Boileau*, and particularly in the Battle of the Books, where he makes use of some *French* and some *English*: I could have wish'd indeed they had all belong'd to one Nation; For tho' the *Satire* upon our own Countrymen is very just and entertaining, yet I must always think the Poem would have look'd more of a Piece, if the Names had been all as they are in the Original, or that else removing the Action and Scene entirely into *England*, the Names of Persons, Places, &c. had been all *English*, and so the whole had been rather an

Imi-

*and this Translation.*

Imitation than a Translation of Monsieur Boileau.

After all I am sensible that it may be easily enough reply'd in Defence of the Translation, that as it is intended for *English* Readers, and more especially for those who don't understand *French*, so a long Bead-roll of dull *French* Authors who are grown into such Contempt, that they are hardly read, or even known in their own Country, would be but an odd Entertainment to People here, who never heard of 'em before ; besides it must be allow'd that one may very easily apprehend the Plaisantry of the *Satire* in the Original, by the Translator's mustering up a Set of *English* Authors of equal Degree and like kind of Dulness with those mention'd by M. Boileau.

As for the Objection of his having chang'd the Persons, I believe a Subject of *Great Britain* may be very easily forgiven if the Love of his Country and the just Honour which he has for his Sovereign, led him to aply those handsome Complements to the Queen, which the Author makes to the King of *France* in some of the *Canto's*, and in others that of the Prince of *Conde* to the Duke of *Marlborough*.

It is not the first Time that Justice has divested that Monarch of Honours which he had long assum'd to himself, to place 'em more worthily upon Her Majesty : Nor is it now only that his Grace has been adorn'd with the Spoils of a *French* General. The Praise is, I am sure



*Some Account of Boileau, &c.*

sure at least as highly deserv'd, and as justly given by the *English* as the *French Poet*. And indeed I think the whole Translation to be so well done in the main, and so entertaining, that what little Faults are in it, if there are any, ought not to be taken Notice of, for the Sake of the Beauties. Nor had I taken the Liberty to say what I have said of it, if it had not been to give you a Proof of an exact Sincerity in every thing where you ask my real Opinion.

I am

S I R,

Your Humble Servant

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J  
LONDON,  
April the 24th.  
1708.

N. Rowe.





# XXXIII P 10

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## THE LUTRIN:

A  
MOCK-HEROIC Poem.

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### CANTO I.

A R M S and the *Priest* I sing, whose Martial Soul  
No Toil cou'd terrify, no Fear controul.  
Active it urg'd his *Outward Man* to dare  
The num'rous Hazards of a *Pious War*;  
Nor did th' Immortal Prelate's Labours cease,  
Till Victory had Crown'd 'em with Success;  
Till his gay Eyes sparkling with Beamy Fire,  
Beheld the *Desk* flourish in the Choir.  
In vain the *Chanter* and the *Chapter* strove;  
Twice they essay'd the fatal *Desk* to move:

As oft the Prelate with unweary'd Pain,  
Fix'd it to his proud Rival's Seat again.

*Muse*, let the *Holy Warrior's* Rage be sung ;  
Why *Sacred Minds* *Infernal Furies* stung :  
What Sparks inflam'd the zealous Rival's Heat,  
† How *Heavenly Breasts* with *Human Passions* beat !

And thou *Illustrious \* Hero*, whose Command  
Allwag'd the Fire, whose salutary Hand  
With more than *Æsculapian Art* cou'd heal  
The *Schism sick Church*, and stop the growing Ill.  
Propitious o'er these Sacred Numbers shine,  
With thy bright Influence aid the great Design ;  
And as you deign a willing Ear to lend,  
*Religiously* th' important Tale attend.

Mild't the soft Pleasures of Fraternal Peace,  
In laughing Plenty and luxuriant Ease,  
*Paris* beheld her ‖ *Ancient Chappel* rise,  
Florid in Years, delightful to her Eyes ;

Her

† *Tantane animis Cælestibus* &c. *Virg. Æn. lib. 1.*

\* *M. Lamoignon. Premier President.* ‖ *L' Ancienne Chapelle in Paris, the Scene of Agion.*

Her lusty Canons rosy Beauties Grace,  
And brilliant Health crimsons each ruddy Face;  
Deep sunk in Down, soft as their Furs they lie;  
Fatten'd with tedious HolyLuxury ;  
While there the sacred Sluggards waste the Day  
In dull Repose——By *Deputy* they Pray.  
They only watch'd that they might relish Rest,  
And never fasted but to make a Feast.  
Unhealthy *Mattins* wisely they decline,  
And substitute a *Journeyman-Divine*.

When *Discord* rose, a squalid guilty Shade,  
Black as her Crimes, in sable Night array'd ;  
Soft Peace with Horror view'd the Ghastly Sprite,  
And trembling fled her inauspicious Sight :  
The livid Fury her dire Course had run,  
From *Church* to *Church* her *Visitation* gone ;  
Then at the noisy Hall's litigious Bar  
She stop'd, and smil'd to see the pleasing War ;  
Contemplating her growing Power she stood,  
And breath'd Contention on the jarring Croud.

In countless Shoals her faithful \* *Normans* flow ;  
*Normans* whose Breasts perpetual Tempests blow :  
 Squadrons of *Lawyers* here, drive o'er the Plain,  
 And *Clients* there, the dreadful Charge sustain :  
 The Lord, Clown, Senator, Fop, Bully, Cit,  
 Mingling in one Vexatious Jargon fight ;  
 Round *Themis* every Standard they display,  
 And in the Wordy War consume the Day.

The Fury raising then her Baleful Head,  
 O'er the *Parisian* Towers her Venom shed ;  
 Unshaken yet beholds one Church alone,  
 But one, that Peaceful durst her Power disown.  
 Sacred to pious Ease this Temple stood  
 Firm as a Rock, unshaken by the Flood :  
 Of all her numerous Sisters only she  
 Enjoy'd an undisturb'd Tranquility.

The Fiend at Sight of this offensive Peace  
 Grows horrible, she howls, her Serpents hiss ;

Then

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\* *Extraneous to a Proverb.*

Then lashing her thin Form, strong Poison fills  
Her Mouth ; with Vengeance her lean Bosom swells ;  
Her Eyes in Streams of livid Lightning glow,  
Distraction sits malignant on her Brow.

Have then, said she (and as the Fury spoke  
The trembling Windows jarr'd, the Houses shook)  
Have my resistless Fires these Hundred Years  
Inflam'd the *Carmelites*, and *Cordeliers* ?

Did not the *Celestines* my Fury feel,  
Did not the great St. *Austin's* Order reel ?

Have I involv'd in Feuds the Ministry ?

Have I made Convocations disagree ?

And shall this Church alone rebellious dare

Cherish eternal Peace, when I bid War ?

And am I *Discord* ? Then may Tumult cease,

If I've no Power to blast her boasted Peace !

To hated Quiet let Mankind return,

Nor on my sacred Altars Incense burn !

She said, and strait assum'd a *Chanter's* Dress ;  
Her Shape was such, so formal in her Face :

Her Warlike Village rich in Rubies shines,  
Painted with the best Blood of generous Vines.  
Thus dress'd, she to the sleeping Prelate flies,  
And in this borrow'd Form deceives his Eyes.

Deep in the Cover'd of a dark Alcove,  
Form'd for the idle Gods of *Sleep* and *Love*,  
A Downy Couch appears with wond'rous Care,  
At great Expence secur'd from noxious Air :  
Curtains in double Folds around it run,  
And bar all Entrance of th' intruding Sun ;  
Artfully rais'd to lull each softer Sence,  
Devoted to the Goddess *Indolence*.  
In idle Riot there she keeps her Court,  
There airy Visions, wanton Fantoms sport.  
There negligently Dreaming out the Day,  
Dissolv'd in Ease the Holy Sluggard lay,  
Strengthen'd with an immoderate Morning Meal,  
The Glutton batten'd till the Dinner Bell :  
Youth in its Flowry Bloom with vernal Grace,  
Shone in his Eyes, and brighten'd on his Face ;

His

His Chin enormous, overspreads his Chest,  
In three deep Folds descending on his Breast:  
There doz'd the leaden Lump of slumbring Fat, .  
While the press'd Cushions groan'd beneath the Weight.

The *Fury* entring saw the Table spread,  
In artful Order elegantly laid ;  
She recogniz'd the *Church*, and thus address'd,  
With her delusive Words, the sleeping Priest.

Prelate arise, quit this inglorious Down,  
Or the proud *Chanter* will thy Power disown :  
He sings *Oremus*, He *Processions* makes,  
With his resounding Voice the Chappel shakes :  
Without thy Leave thy Blessings he bestows ;  
His Mouth with endless Benedictions flows :  
Do'st thou then wait till this Invader's Hand  
Seizes thy Mitre, takes thy high Command.  
Shake off these idle Bonds, or all you lose ;  
Renounce thy *Bishoprick* or thy *Repose*.



She spoke, and her infectious Breath inspires  
 His troubled Bosom with contentious Fires.  
 The drowsy Prelate at her Words revives  
 Confus'd and frighten'd, *but his Blessing gives.*

• So wounded by a Wasp, have I beheld  
 A sturdy Bull, Lord of the Flow'ry Field ;  
 Unus'd to Pain till then in amorous Play,  
 He Lov'd and Eat, and Wanton'd out the Day :  
 But now impatient Loves and Feeds no more,  
 The Neighb'ring Forests tremble at his Roar :  
 With deep fetch'd Bellowings the noble Beast  
 Exhales his Spirits, and torments his Breast  
 At the vile Insect that disturbs his Rest.

Thus the gall'd Prelate's Rage no Balm can heal,  
 The Servants first his rising Fury feel ;  
 His Rage grows high, and kindling by Degrees,  
 From his Stung Bosom drives inactive Peace.  
 He dressees, and oh Horror ! makes a Vow,  
 Tho' Dinner waits, he to the *Choir* will go.

Wife *Gilotin* his Chaplain vainly strove,  
With sage Advice this rash Resolve to move ;  
Councell'd, Intreated, every Danger told ;  
*That then 'twas Noon, that Dinner wou'd be cold.*

What more than frantick Rage (said he) now Reigns?  
What wild *Capricio's* hurry round your Brains?  
Support your Lustre better, think, at best  
A rich laborious Prelate's but a Jest:  
Let a full Meal this useless rage expel ;  
Sharpen your Appetite, and blunt your Zeal ;  
This is no *Ember-Week*, the Church commands  
No Fast, impose not then these rigid Bands.  
*Great Sir*, resume your Senses and your Food,  
*A Dinner heated twice was never good.*

Thus *Gilotin*——Then pointing shew'd his Lord  
The smoaking Soup attending on the Board ;  
The Prelate struck with Reverence and Delight,  
Stood silent, conquer'd by the pleasing Sight.  
Victorious *Pottage* stop'd his eager Haste,  
Softened his Rage, and broke his three Hours Fast:

Yet

Yet the black Choler struggling with his Meat,  
Oppos'd the Passage of each luscious Bit.

Good *Gilotin* express'd in Groans his Care,  
And politickly spread the growing Fear.

His *Partizans* the dreadful News receive,  
And feeling Own a Sympathetic Grief:

In numerous Troops to their lov'd Patron fly,  
And bravely swear to *Conquer* or to *Die*.

Thus when the fierce *Pigmean* Army crouds  
The Banks of *Heber*, or *Strimonian* Floods;  
The haughty Cranes round their known Leader Swarm,  
And their invincible Batallions form.

Pleas'd with the Sight the *Prelate* rowl'd his Eyes,  
Confess'd his new-born Joy, and strove to rise:  
His Colour grows again, his Voice receives  
Its ancient Tone, and the whole Man revives;  
The lusty *Gammon* reasumes its Place,  
He scans and blesses every friendly Face.  
Then to the general Health a Goblet swills;  
Each Man the great Example takes, and fills:

The

The \* *Cruise* bled pure Vermillion Nectar round,  
And the *Desert* their Entertainment crown'd.

And now the *Orator* prepares to speak ;  
He groans as if his mighty Heart would break.  
Then in a Voice to his Misfortunes bent,  
Thus in a proper Tone began his Plaint.

Illustrious Partners of my long Fatigues,  
You sole Supporters of my Pious Leagues ;  
By whose Assistance I at last am made  
Of a Mad *Chapter* the exalted Head.  
To your incessant Services I own  
All the rich Honours that imboss my Gown ;  
And can you unconcern'd with equal Eyes,  
Behold my Rival, and confirm his Joys ?  
Must I, the Creature of your Wisdom, fall  
A Sacrifice to that proud Chanting *Baal* ?  
Will you my Cause, and your own Right deny ?  
Can you and angry Heaven stand Nenter by ?

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\* A Church Vessel.

(This Morn a sacred Vision I beheld ;  
Some Deity these fatal Truths reveal'd.)  
Yes, he has seiz'd the Fruits of all my Toil,  
And insolently glories in the Spoil :  
He Daily blesses the unhallow'd Croud,  
Pronounces *Benedicat Vos* aloud.  
Horror on Horror ! who can speak the rest !  
Turns my own pointed Weapons on my Breast.

Here Tears and Sighs his faltring Language break ;  
His Tears and Sighs too eloquently speak ;  
Redoubled Sobs stopt the respiring Breath ;  
His Visage darken'd, Choler strove with Death :  
But *Gilotin* the fierce Attack withstood,  
And a full Bowl repel'd the rising Blood.

When *Sidrac* came, Age lengthen'd out his Way,  
(The languid Limbs confessing their Decay.)  
Four Ages in this peaceful Choire he told ;  
Knew Men and Manners well, was Wise and Bold ;  
'Twas this rare Knowledge did his Merit raise,  
From *Season* to the *Feetly-Keeper's* Place.

He

He saw the sinking Prelate, guess'd his Grief,  
And with paternal Care brought swift Relief.

Then thus the *Reverend Sire*——*Prelate* revive;  
To the dull *Chanter* useless Sorrow give:  
Arise, resume thy Spirits, and thy Power;  
I will thy injur'd Empire's Rights restore:  
Collect your Judgment, and attend with Care,  
What Heaven and Heavenly Powers inspire me, Hear.  
Where now that supercilious *Chanter* rears  
His harden'd Front, that Source of all thy Cares,  
In ancient Days a well known Desk of Wood,  
Fram'd of unequal Structure firmly stood;  
There in the Chaire, on thy Left-Hand 'twas plac'd,  
And its large Sides a spacious Shadow cast.  
Behind this Work the humble *Chanter* sat  
In an obscure Invisible Retreat:  
When forward to the radiant Day, alone,  
Attracting every Eye the Prelate shone.  
Whether some *Demon*, to the Desk a Foe,  
Or Nightly Force combin'd its Overthrow;

Or

Or was it *Destiny's* unerring Hand  
 That Pre-ordain'd it shou'd no longer stand.  
 One fatal Morning with surprizing Noise,  
 The great *Machine* fell down before our Eyes :  
 In vain we at the Angry Heav'ns repin'd ;  
 'Twas to the Vestry in our Sight confin'd ;  
 There thirty Winters hid from open Day,  
 Forgotten in Ignoble Dust it lay.

Hear Prelate then——When nightly Mists arise,  
 And veil in dim suffusion prying Eyes,  
 Let Three elected from this Friendly Rout,  
 And favour'd by the growing Night, steal out,  
 With ready Zeal the broken Mass rejoin,  
 And to its pristine Seat the *Desk* confine :  
 If in the Morn the *Chanter* dares destroy  
 Our glorious Work, and the Machine annoy,  
 Actions on Actions, Suits on Suits shall tell  
 The Church's Spirit and her Servants Zeal :  
 Then Authoriz'd by Heaven you may engage ;  
 This is a War worthy a Prelate's Rage :

Wou'd

Wou'd you to *Prayer* alone that Heart confine?  
Let your great Soul in ardent *Action* shine!  
Let a dull Country Vicar be content  
With a long Life in lazy preaching spent.  
At *Paris*, Sir, you flourish——Then prepare,  
Be Obstinate, Vexatious, rouse to War;  
Be active, Restless, Vigilant and proud;  
This raises you above the Vulgar Croud;  
From common Crape discriminates a Lord,  
And is a Prelate's Charter on Record:  
Then throw your *Benedictions* boldly round:  
Let every Place your *Benedictions* sound.  
Bless in the *Chanter's* Sight, and never cease,  
With uplift Palms the very *Chanter* Bless.

This warm Oration the Assembly fir'd,  
And every Soul with God-like Rage inspir'd:  
The Prelate with uncommon Ardor mov'd,  
In a loud Out-Cry *Sidrac's* Speech approv'd;  
Let then (said he) a careful Choice be made  
Of Three, Three worthy this Design to head.



Each pleads his Merit to the great Command ;  
 Each worthy seems in this Illustrious Band.

Let Destiny, the Prelate then reply'd,  
 Let Fortune by decisive Lots provide.

They write ; Each hopes his own Immortal Name  
 Will rise the Foremost in this Scrole of Fame.

Full thirty Names into small Billets made,  
 Are in a Cap's round sinuous Bottom laid ;

And that no Fraud may their great Hopes Destroy  
 Of a just Choice, they call a Singing Boy :

Young *William* strait the great Design attends ;  
 Blushing, his Artless Novice-hand he lends.

The Prelate with his naked Hands and Eyes  
 Thrice blesses all the Tickets ; stirs 'em thrice :

The Infant draws : First *Brontin's* Name appear'd ;  
 They all approve the Lot with due Regard :

The Prelate hop'd a lucky Augury,  
 And smiling wish'd the happy *Brontin* Joy.

When instantly the Name, that glorious Name  
*Lamur* was drawn, belov'd by Gods and Fame ;

The

The beauteous Barber, whose long flaxen Hair  
 Curl'd o'er his Shoulders, as *Adonis* fair;  
 Nor was bright *Cytherea's* lovely Boy  
 More the soft Goddess's Delight and Joy,  
 Than He of \* *Barberissa*; much she lov'd,  
 Much He, and each the others Flame approv'd;  
 For they were chain'd three Years by Love alone,  
 Before they clapp'd the Marriage Shackles on.  
 The cringing Neighbours servilely submit  
 To this *Fastidious Hero* of the Street,  
 While his hot Courage flashes o'er his Face,  
 And in his Eyes *destructive Comets* blaze.

One undetermin'd lot did yet remain;  
 The Prelate mingles, shakes 'em well again.  
 All crowd and watch the Draught with eager Haste,  
 Each hopes his own great Name may be the last.

Oh *Boirude*! how shall I thy Joys relate,  
 When in the Prelate's Eyes thou read'st thy Fate,  
 And saw in them thy faithful Name appear?  
 Such Transports, *Mighty Sexton*, who cou'd bear?  
 Then thy pale Face which never blush'd before,  
 'Tis said, with flushing Blood was purpled o'er;

C

Thy

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\* *La Perruquier* in *Boileau*; the Barber's Wife.

Thy Gouty Limbs reclaim'd their Youthful Heat,  
 And every Pulse with Martial Ardor beat.  
 Boldly thy feeble Corps attempted thrice,  
 As oft alas! in Vain essay'd to rise.

Fate has determin'd, and the joyful Croud,  
 With dreadful Shouts, confirm that Choice aloud.

Th' Assembly rises, with applauding Noise  
 They slide away, and murmur out their Joys,  
 Leaving the Prelate with Fatigue oppress'd,  
 'Till a full Supper calm'd his moody Breast,  
 And laid his Anger, and his Limbs, to Rest.

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## C A N T O II.

**M**EAN Time the Monster of Gigantick Size,  
 Hung round with opening Mouths, and wa-  
 king Eyes;

Who far and wide tells what she hears, and more;  
 Trav'ling from Clime to Clime, from Shore to Shore:  
*Fame*, nimble Messenger, prepares to dart  
 A mortal Dread on *Barberissa's* Heart:  
 Tells how her Lord, by a fond Fancy led,  
 That Night determin'd to forsake her Bed,

And

*Lubin. Canto II.*



And to erect the *Desk*. Amaz'd to hear;  
 She first stood motionless, and froze with Fear:  
 At last confessing Anger and Surprize,  
 With Hair dishevel'd, and with flaming Eyes,  
 Her Wrath no longer able to conceal,  
 She thus upbraided his officious Zeal:

\*And would'st thou hide this Mischief of thy Mind?  
 And can nor Sacred Vows, nor Duty bind?  
 Dar'st thou then, Traytor, so perfidious prove  
 To plighted Faith, and *Hymeneal* Love?  
 Are all th' Indearments of a Wedded Life,  
 The soft Embraces of a tender Wife,  
 (A Wife alas! just ready to expire)  
 Too weak to conquer one unkind Desire?  
 False Man, wert thou oblig'd to wear away  
 The tedious Hours from Eve to dawning Day;  
 With well-form'd Curls, or with dissembled Hair,  
 The Beau to furnish, or adorn the Fair:

C 2

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\* *Dissimulare etiam sperasti, perfide, tantum  
 Posse nefas?*

*Nec te noster amor, nec te data dextera quondam,  
 Nec moritura tenet crudeli funere Dido?*

Virg. *Æneid.* lib. 4. vers. 309.

I cou'd, perhaps, without Regret or Pain,  
 The Want of *due Benevolence* sustain;  
 Thy Absence sweetned with the Hopes of Gain.  
 But thus to leave your Partner in the Lurch,  
 With a mad Zeal in Favour of a Church?  
 Stay, cruel Man! Ah! whither do you run?  
 Why the Companion of your Pleasures shun?  
 Have you forgot so soon? And can you see  
 These flowing Streams, and not be touch'd, like me?  
 By all our Kisses, by our softer Nights,  
 And melting Sweets of Conjugal Delights.  
 If ever mov'd with *Barberissa's* Charms,  
 You took the easie Victim to your Arms:  
 If by no previous Promises betray'd,  
 E'er join'd by Priest, I fell a willing Maid:  
 If those yon glimmering Lamps, which rowl above,  
 Ne'er saw a second Rival in my Love.  
 Ah! do not go! let me your Stay implore  
 But for one Night, and I will ask no more.  
 She said: The Torrent of her amorous Flame  
 Threw on a trusty Stool the swooning Dame.  
 The moving Sight her Lord's brave Soul oppress'd;  
 Honour and Love contended in his Breast.

Till calling his known Courage to his Aid,  
 Thus to the Queen of his Desires he said:  
 (But with a Voice which spoke divided Care,  
 A *Lover's* Sweetness, and a *Husband's* Air,)

Madam, Should I my Happiness disown,  
 And Joys so often reap'd from you alone;  
 I shou'd to Honour a curst Traytor prove,  
 Unworthy of your Bed, and lavish Love;  
 But sooner shall the *Gallick Liger* join  
 His blended Waters with the *German Rhine*,  
 E'er from my Memory your Love depart,  
 So safely treasur'd in my constant Heart:  
 Yet think not *Hymen*, when my Faith I gave,  
 Resign'd me to your Yoke, a *Woman's Slave*.  
 Had I the Power my Destiny to chuse,  
 I still had 'scap'd the *Matrimonial Noose*:  
 Still had I revel'd like a free-born Soul,  
 In lawless Pleasures, and without Controul.  
 Away! no more your empty Title plead;  
 What's Love compar'd with such a noble Deed?  
 How will it sound, when future Poets write,  
 That I, by Favour of the silent Night,  
 The *Desk* erected in the Church's Right!

Curb then your fond Desires ; nor seek to shock  
My solid Honour, stable as a Rock.

Ah ! do not *Barberiffa's* Vertue stain,  
Nor those fair Eyes bedew with brackish Rain ;  
Nor with ungenerous Sighs protract my Stay,  
\* *For Heav'n has call'd me, and I must obey.*

This said ; He leaves her full of anxious Fears,  
Her Checks all delug'd with a Flood of Tears.  
Streight the *Vermillion* vanish'd from her Face,  
And the wan *Lily* took the *Rose's* Place.  
Thrice to recall the Salvage Man sh' assay'd ;  
But her rebellious Tongue thrice disobey'd.  
Then to the lofty Room, which fac'd the Skies,  
By Men the *Garret* call'd, the weeping Lady flies.  
*Alicia* heard ; streight after her she went,  
Nimbly surmounting the Stairs high Ascent,  
To shew her Duty, by her speedy Care,  
And lessen Sorrow, while she takes a Share.

Now had th' approaching Night the Town o'erspread  
And scatter'd thro' the Streets a dusky Shade.

The

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<sup>a</sup> *Et nunc Fove missas ab alto  
Interpres Divum fert horrida iussa per auras.*



The Bell Rings Supper; th' hungry Chaplains all,  
 Blessing the Sound, and pliant to the Call,  
 Flock from the *empty Chaire* to the more welcome *Hall*,  
 The Taverns thicken; the wet *Chanter* sings;  
 And every Room with Noise and Nonsense rings.

Forth the brave *Brontin* march'd, whose watchful Eyes  
 Sleep thrice in vain attempted to surprize:  
 Whom the third Bottle Fortify'd within,  
 Provided by the cautious *Gilatin*,  
 Who knew that Wine made heavy Burdens light,  
 And push'd the unarm'd Hero to the Fight.

The Sexton follow'd, *Boirude* was his Name;  
 The Third in this immortal Deed of Fame:  
 Both fally out, kindled with Honour's Charms,  
 To fire the slow *Lamour* with Love of Arms.  
 Let us depart, they cry'd, the Day declines,  
 And to succeeding Night his Sway resigns.  
 Why thus dejected; Whence this black *Chagrin*  
 Which hovers o'er your Eyes and swells your Spleen?  
 Art thou the Man, who blam'd the tedious Day,  
 And curs'd the lagging Sun's unkind Delay?  
 Rise, follow us; great Deeds great Souls inflame.  
 At this the *Barber* blush'd with gen'rous Shame.

Then

Then to his well-fill'd Magazine he flies,  
Where many an Iron Weapon sacred lies,  
Till call'd to Light on some brave Enterprize.  
Some fashion'd by the skill'd *Cornavian's* Care,  
At *Birmingham*, the Shop of *Mulciber* :  
Not like those Arms of the *dead-doing* Kind ;  
These *fasten* things which were before *disjoyn'd* :  
Like an inverted *Cone*, of Metal strong,  
Sharp Pointed, and *quadrangularly* long ;  
In Vulgar Speech call'd *Nails* ; of these the best  
He chose ; a Hatchet his broad Shoulders preſt :  
A well-tooth'd Saw his brawny Body bends,  
Which, like a Quiver, down his back deſcends :  
Incourag'd thus, *Brontin* a Malet ſhook,  
And *Beirude* a Nail-driving Hammer took.  
*Lamour's* Heroic Steps they tread, and feel  
An unknown Warmth, a more than Human Zeal.  
Happy the Wretched who implore the Aid  
Of ſuch a Leader, ſuch a firm Brigade !  
The *Moon* who ſpy'd their haughty March from far,  
Withdraws her Peaceful Light, and aids the War.

*Discord* pursu'd them, with a fav'ring Eye,  
 She grin'd a Smile, and with her hideous Cry  
 Drove back the trembling Clouds, and pierc'd the  
                     vaulted Sky.

From thence the *Sound* descended to th' Abode  
 Of the \* *Citose*, and wak'd *Sloth's* drowsy God.  
 There in a Cell he keeps his silent Court ;  
 Around him, luke-warm lazy *Genij* sport :  
 Here *One* retir'd to knead the fat'ning Paste  
 Which plumps the *Canon's* Cheeks, and swells his  
                     brawny Waste.

*Another* the Vermilion grinds, to paint  
 The jolly Looks of mortifying Saint :  
 There *Pleasure* an observant Centry stands,  
 Regardful of the *Deity's* Commands ;  
 While *Morpheus* pours continual Poppy Rain ;  
 (Tho' now redoubled Show'rs descend in vain)  
*Sloth* at the Noise awakes. All-covering *Night*  
 Relates the Story, and improves the Fright ;  
 Tells how the *Prelate* with Ambition fir'd,  
 T' Heroick Fame by new Designs aspir'd.

Near

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\* *Cisterians*. A Fraternity in the Romish Church.

Near to a Venerable House of Prayer,  
 She saw Three Champions, who delight in War :  
 Proudly they march'd beneath her thick Disguise,  
 Safe in their Strength, secure from Human Eyes :  
 While *Discord's* fiery Brands their Souls Inflame,  
 Who threatens here to Agrandize her Name.

Lo ! with to Morrow's Light a *Desk* appears,  
 The Joy of Faction's restive Mutineers.

A Thousand Dangers on the Tumult wait !

A Thousand Feuds foment the curst Debate !

*So Heav'n has written in the Book of Fate.*

}  
}

She spoke : *Sloth*, rising from his silky Bed,  
 And leaning on one Arm his lumpy Head ;  
 While from his languid Eyes a Deluge ran,  
 This broken Speech with feeble Voice began.  
 O *Night* thou stab'st me with this killing News ?  
 What new-born Plagues does *active Hell* produce ?  
 Still do the *Furies* throw their Fiery Darts ?  
 Still breathe Fatigue and War in Human Hearts ?  
 Ah ! whither fled those happy Times of Peace,  
 When idle Kings, dissolv'd in thoughtless Ease,  
 Resign'd their Scepters, and the Toils of State  
 To *Counts*, or some inferior *Magistrate* :

Loll'd

Loll'd on their Thrones, devoid of Thought or Pain;  
 And, nodding, slumber'd out a lazy Reign?  
 No anxious Cares did nigh the *Palace* creep;  
 But Day and Night was one continu'd Sleep,  
 Except the *Vernal* Month, when *Flora* gilds  
 The chearful Valleys, and the smiling Hills,  
 When the loud *North* his Airy Rule resigns  
 To gentle *Zephyrs*, and more peaceful Winds,  
 Four *Oxen* drew with flow and silent Feet  
 Th' unactive Monarch to some Country Seat.

But 'tis no more : That Golden Age is gone;  
 And an unweary'd *Princess* fills *Britannia's* Throne.  
 Each Day she frights me with the Noise of Arms,  
 Slights my Embraces, and defies my Charms.  
 In vain does Nature, Seas and Rocks oppose,  
 To bar her Virtue; which undaunted goes  
 Thro' *Libyan* Burnings, and o'er *Scythian* Snows.  
 Her *Blame* alone my trembling Subjects dread,  
 Not her own *Cannon* can more Terror spread.  
 To tell the Wrongs and Cruelties I bear,  
 Would exercise the Labour of a Year.  
 I thought the *Church* would shelter an Exile,  
 Driv'n from a *Court*, inur'd to Cares and Toil.

Vain was my Thought : For now each *ſad Reclufe*,  
Monks, Abbots, Eiors, wretched Me abuſe.

\* *La Trape's* grown Famous by my ſhameful Flight,  
Nor can \* *St. Denys* bear my odious Sight.

The *Jefuites* ever have my Power defy'd ;  
Few but the dull *Citoſe* my Rule obey'd.

The † *Holy Chappel*, with its Founder, ſlept,  
And from old Time its Lethargy had kept.

Lo ! now a *Deſk*, a fatal Foe to Peace,  
Strives to diſlodge me from my ancient Eaſe.

And wilt thou, *Night*, lend thy officious Aid  
To cover Crimes, far blacker than thy Shade ?

Wilt thou, dear Partner of my lov'd Repoſe,  
Abbet my Ruin and protect my Foes ?

If e'er to thee alone I did reveal

The Joys of Love which I from Day conceal ;

Ah ! ſeſſer not at leaſt——Here *Sloth* oppreſſ

With length of Words, and want of grateful Reſt,

Sunk down : His Strength forſook the ſtupid *God*,

And to Repoſe reſign'd the lifeleſs Load.

C A N.

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\* *Religious Houſes in and near Paris.*

*The Scene of Miſſion where this Diſſention happen'd.*



# CANTO III.

**O**LD Night, Triumphant on a sooty Cloud,  
 Parent of Fears, and Nurse of Sorrow, rode:  
*Burgundia's* vinous Fields she hovers round,  
 And sheds her dreery Vapors o'er the Ground:  
 Then tow'rd's the fair *Lutetian* Tarrets flies,  
 Distilling *Opiums* from her humid Eyes.  
 At length \* *Montlerry's* lofty Tow'rs she thronds,  
 Fond of those venerable Old Abodes;  
 The Summit of whose Walls stupendious Height,  
 Seals by Degrees from the deluded Sight;  
 While the strain'd Eye-balls pierce the Clouds in vain,  
 And stretch their fiery Beams the vast Ascent to gain.  
 The weary'd Pilgrim flies the tedious View,  
 The *Objects* follow, and his Flight pursue.  
 Here *Crows* and *Vultures* keep their ruin'd Court;  
 Here *Ravens* and *Funebrous Birds* resort;  
 The croaking *Toad* and *Bat* in om'ous Squawls  
 Improve the Horror of these desert Walls:  
 Here thirty Winters aged *Howler* lay,  
 And claim'd a Refuge from the hated Day;

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\* An old Castle near Paris, situated on a Hill.



Fruitful of Evil Fate the Sckrieker cries,  
And by *foxetelling* Mischiefs *magnifies* :  
In this wild Place retir'd to meditate,  
Expecting Night the sober *Creature* fate :  
The Goddeſs came ; *Howlet* exalts his Voice,  
Sadning the tuneful Neighbours with his Joys :  
Complaining *Progne* trembles with new Pains,  
And *Philomela's* Fears o'ercome her Strains :  
Follow me, *Son*, ſaid *Night*. The *Feather'd Fate*,  
Rous'd at her Voice, forſook his drowſy Seat ;  
With heavy Wings they preſs the thickning Air,  
And darkling their dull Shades to *Paris* bear ;  
Here both arreſting their auſpicious Flight  
On the ſam'd *Chappel's* deſtin'd Bellfry Light :  
The Goddeſs bending from the lofty Arch,  
Obſerves the Warriours, and regards their March.  
The ſhirking *Barber* brandiſhes on high  
A Bumper, which re-ſmiles with mutual Joy :  
Each deluging in genial Juice his Soul,  
To *Cilotin* and *Bacchus* fill the Bowl.

Shall they then Triumph thus, the Goddeſs ſaid,  
And find an eaſy Conqueſt in my Shade ?

Soon these insulting Miscreants shall know,  
What to my sacred Dignity they owe :

Then gravely nodding to her darling Pride,  
Her tardy Wings the foggy Air divide :

*Howler* with equal Pinions takes his Flight,  
And follow's thro' thick Shades his Mother Night.

Both to the fatal *Sacristy* repair,  
Where lay the dreadful Business of the War :

The fullen Deity now makes a Stand,  
Beholds the *Desk*, and gives this stern Command :

*Rest here, Prophetic Son, in the dark Womb  
Of this old Desk till rip'ning Time shall come.*

The Owl assum'd his delegated Place,  
And sat expecting with a sage Grimace.

The Champions warm'd with Native Heat and Wine,  
Unanimous pursue the great Design.

The sacred *Chappel's* Marble Steps ascend,  
While *Bacchus* does his friendly Influence lend.

The Proud *Piazza's* pass'd, the Heroes now  
Behind 'em see the Shop of fam'd *Rebber*;  
There undisturb'd volum'nous *H——* sleeps,  
Him under Twenty faithful Locks he keeps ;

Secure from Chandlers, and devouring Fire,  
The learned Lumber there remains intire.

When *Boirude*, as the Danger nearer grew,  
A Tinder-box from his wide Pocket drew ;  
The veiny *Flint* and hardy *Steel* ingage,  
Breathing in Particles of Fire their Rage :  
Colliding Blows the *Atoms* disunite,  
And kindle living Seeds of *Infant Light* ;  
The new-born Sparks a bluish Flame beget,  
Which from sulphureous Fumes ejaculate ;  
The waxen Taper glows with borrow'd Fires,  
And in a lasting bolder Flame aspires.  
The *Heroes* with this trembling Star their Guide,  
(This trembling Star the absent Sun supply'd)  
Approach the Temple ; *Boirude* opes the Gate,  
And manfully conducts the Van in State :  
As thro' the spacious Solitude they steer,  
With Talk they dissipate invading Fear.  
The *Vestry* now is seen ; each pallid Face  
Owns the tenebrous Horror of the Place.  
There lies the *Desk*, dread Work of wayward Fate ;  
A while they stand its Form to contemplate :

'Till

'Till rousing 'em, aloud the *Barber* cries,  
This Spectacle is not t' amuse our Eyes :  
We are not here conven'd, my Friends to stare ;  
Time will not stay ; the Moments precious are :  
Into the middle Isle convey the *Mafs*,  
And fix it on the haughty *Chanter's* Place.  
To Morrow a plump Prelate's gloating Eyes  
Shall view the Triumph with uncommon Joys.

Then with an Arm tremendous bravely strove  
From its old Post the dusty Lump to move.  
When *Oh Distraction !* a dread Voice aloud,  
Was heard to Issue from the hollow Wood :  
*Brontin* grew stiff with freezing Ague-Fear,  
The *Sexton's* Colour fled, uprose his Hair,  
*Lamour* bemoan'd (to dastard Fear betray'd)  
The Want of *Barberiffa* and his Bed ;  
Yet strait his Courage recollects, and now  
Resolves, what e're Fate means, to stand the Blow  
When from his Powdry Roost the *Bird of Night*  
With Fate-denouncing Outcries takes his Flight ;  
Like *Statues*, Petrify'd with chilly Fear,  
Unable to resist, they shake, they stare.

*Howlet* th' illuminated Wax descry'd,  
And soon extinguish'd with his Wings their *Guide*.  
Now disarray'd, Confounded they retreat,  
Confessing by swift Flight a base Defeat :  
Their *Nerves* relax, their trembling Knees in vain  
Their Bloodless Bodies labour to sustain ;  
Their Hair Erect, and Grey with sudden Fright,  
The flying Squadron pierce the Shades of Night.

So meet a heedless Troop of wanton Boys  
In some close Corner, with unpunish'd Noise ;  
Th' indocile Libertines securely play,  
In idle Pastime truanting the Day ;  
Far from their studious Masters prying Sight,  
They give a Loose to Joy, and revel in Delight.  
But if stern *Argus* by Surprise appears,  
They quit their *Pleasures* and resume their *Fears* ;  
Dreading the future Birch and threatening Eye,  
In Clusters from th' unfinish'd Game they fly.

*Discord* enrag'd beheld the routed Crowd,  
And roar'd like Thunder from a broken Cloud ;  
Then, to revive their Hearts congeal'd with Fear,  
And rally their base Souls to Second War,

She borrow'd furly *Sydrac's* aged Look,  
 Wrinkl'd her Brow, and his long Visage took.  
 Earthward she bent, and to the Sight appears  
 Depress'd beneath the Weight of Fourscore Years.  
 Her Limbs did on a knotted Staff rely,  
 And seem'd to move on Springs of *Chicauiry*:  
 A winking Taper in her Hand she takes,  
 And growling thus the timid Band bespeaks.

Stop, Misereant Wretches, whither wou'd you fly?  
 Here neither Bloodshed is, nor Enemy.  
 What! Will you then for a vile Bird alone  
 Your Honour lose, and Enterprize disown?  
 Dare you not stand the impotent Grimace  
 Of *one* poor Owl? What wou'd you do alas!  
 If every Day, like me, you saw the *Bar*,  
 And wag'd with hideous Looks eternal War?  
 Friendless solicit hard a Hearing now,  
 Then stand a Haughty Judge's rigid Brow;  
*Ear-beat*, without his Fee, a Lawyer dead;  
 In *Forma Pauperis* incessant plead.  
 Believe me, Sons, Experience is my Guide,  
 My self a *Chapter* su'd, the *Law* defy'd.

Nor can the *Bar* shew that tremendous Look,  
 But I a hundred times have stood its Shock :  
 Dauntless their forward Way my Body bar'd,  
 I'th' Church's Name demanding to be heard.  
 The *Church* was fruitful then in great *Divines*,  
 Souls forg'd by Nature for immense Designs.  
 Then *Pennyless* and *Friendless* we could go,  
 Farther than now for *Love* and *Money* too.  
 In those Triumphant Days, the vilest Head  
 A Prelate and a *Chanter* durst implead.  
 The *World* grows old, *Time* runs a jaded Race,  
 And worn-out *Nature* teems with her Disgrace.  
 If yet you cannot *Reach* your Father's State,  
 At least their shining Vertues *Emulate*.  
 Think what Dishonour your bright Names will foul,  
 When Men shall tell the *Fable* of the Owl.  
 Think how the *Chanter* with indignant Pride  
 Will mock your Valour, and Attempt deride :  
*Honlet* will be the Word, a standing Jest,  
 The Flout of Boys, and Mirth of every Feast.  
 Yes, I perceive your Souls no longer bear  
 These stinging Thoughts ; for *Action* then prepare :

Remember, Sirs, what Prelate 'tis you serve,  
 And snatch the verdant Laurels you deserve ;  
 Your Eyes re-sparkle with their wonted Fires,  
 And each Heroic Breast the War requires.

On then ; run ; fly ; immortal Honour calls,  
 And consecrates the Man who bravely falls.  
 So shall the Prelate see with wondring Joy,  
 Your Vengeance swift as your Affront can fly.

This said ; the warring Goddess takes her Flight,  
 Plung'd in a sudden Stream of blazing Light ;  
 Restoring to each Breast their Martial Heat,  
 Fills with *Herself* the bold *Triumvirate*.

So when the rescu'd *Danube*, *Rhine* and *Scheld*  
 Immortal *Churchill*, Thee in Arms beheld ;  
 The Face of War soon took a brighter Turn ;  
 And fainting Squadrons with new Vigour burn :  
 Thy Courage, like the *Universal* Soul,  
 Darts thro' the Troops and Animates the *Whole*.  
*Victoria* yielding to thy stronger Charms,  
 Carefs'd thy Standard and embrac'd thy Arms.

*Asham'd* and *Angry* at their late Defeat,  
 They light their Taper and their Task repeat :



The *Noisy Enemy* flies off unhurt,  
And what was late their *Terror* is their *Sport*.  
And now the *Desk* the *Chanter's Pew* ascends,  
A Shout the *Chappel's* lofty *Arches* rends:  
The wormy *Boards*, by *Times* corroding *Spite*  
Disjoin'd, the lusty *Mallet's* *Blows* unite:  
With their continu'd *Strokes* the *Pews* resound;  
The *Vaults* Rebellow'd, and the *Organ* groan'd.

Ah *Chanter*, buried in profound *Repose*,  
Little thy *Heart* the brooding *Mischief* knows;  
But undisturb'd by *Grief* or anxious *Fear*,  
Dreams not what angry *Fate* is doing here!  
If in a *Vision* yet some *Pow'r* *Divine*  
Shou'd to thy *Sense* reveal the dread *Design*,  
E'er thou wou'd'st suffer that ill-shapen *Mass*,  
Aspiring so, to *Lord* it in thy *Place*;  
Bold as a dying *Martyr* wou'd'st thou come,  
And gloriously *Dispute* thy hapless *Doom*:  
Thy naked *Body* to the *Nails* expose,  
And tender *Head* to the hard *Hammer's* *Blows*:  
To *Mummy* bruis'd thou on the *Spot* wou'd'st die,  
And worthless *Life* refuse with *Infamy*.

But



But while the *Desk* to thy Disgrace does rise,  
In *Iron Chains* *Thee* gentle Slumber ties.

Now two concluding Strokes the *Work* complete,  
And the *Hinge* turns on thy unhappy *Seat*.

## CANTO IV.

THE *Sextons* to their early Task repair,  
And call the Yawning *Priests* to *Matin* Pray'r;  
The Bells with silver Sounds the Region shake,  
Their Turrets rock, and lazy *Chanters* wake;  
Half rais'd at the sad Din, Each drowsy Head  
Sinks down oppress'd by its own *Native Lead*.

Their Chief alone with fancy'd Terror struck,  
And scar'd by visionary Forms awoke;  
At the redoubled Clangor of his Cries  
Each Servant quits his Down, and trembling flies.  
First Faithful *Giro*, with undaunted Speed,  
Appear'd before the Sweating *Chanter's* Bed:  
*Giro* his shaking Master's Sense Restor'd;  
The worthiest Servant of so good a Lord!

Who, pleas'd *Domestic* Merit to prefer,  
The *Choir's* proud Gate committed to his Care;