

Abroad, a stiff-neck'd haughty Verger, He;

At Home, a supple Slave in Livery.

My Lord, said he, what Trouble heaves your Breast?
 What Melancholy breaks your grateful Rest?
 Would you *unpresidented* madly run
 To *Chappel*, and prevent the rising Sun?
 Consider, Sir; to vulgar *Chanters* Leave
 The Pride of *Meriting* what they receive.
Your Genius then indulge without Reserve,
 Let Wretches born for Labour toil and starve.

Friend, said the *Chanter*, still with Horror pale,
 What can these vain Reflections now avail?
 Here thy Companionable Passion join,
 And mix thy amicable Sighs with mine;
 Thy honest Heart will tremble when it hears
 The Subject of thy dying Master's Fears:
 Twice gracious *Morpheus* had my Temples bound,
 And in forgetful *Nightshade* Reason drown'd:
 Intoxicating Fumes had *Fancy* warm'd,
 And every *Sense* to sweet *Repose* was charm'd,
 When as I thought i'th' *Choir* with glorious Grace
 I *Bless'd* the Croud and fill'd my wonted Place,

Swallow'd

Swallow'd the Incense, and *unrivall'd* bore
 The first Degree in Office and in Pow'r;
 A Gloomy Smoke long rowling from afar
 Seem'd from the darken'd *Vestry* to appear;
 Forward it shot, and kindling as it came,
 The dreadful Cloud burst in a bluish Flame;
 And Oh! Dire Object! to my Sight display'd
 A Dragon, by th' assisting *Prelate* led;
 His Head *Triangular*; the frightful *Mass*
 A very *Reading-Desk* appear'd, or Was.

When, animated by his Guide, the Beast
 Darting at me, uprais'd his Monstrous Crest.
 In vain I trembling fled, cry'd out in vain,
 Till kindly *Sleep* relax'd his gentle Chain.
 I can no more——Possess'd with *Panic* Dread;
 In my pale Eyes the Sequel may be read.

Ah, Sir, said *Giroc* smiling, Noblemen,
 Wits, Critics, Ladies, Poets nurse the Spleen;
 'Tis a Gentile *Disease* and ever bred
 By *Duns*, or *Affektation*, or a *Bed*.
 Without Delay on fam'd * *Cephalic* call,
 The *Camisar* shall cure you with his *Sal*.

The

* A Doctor in Paris famous for *Sal Volatile* and *Enthufiasm*.

The *Master* of the *Choir*, averſe to Jeſt^{*}
 (With chiding Eyes his ill-tim'd Wit ſuppreſt)
 Leap'd furious from his Bed, and haſten'd to be dreſt.
 All his rich Veſts and ſumptuous Robes puts on,
 His *Mohair* Caſſock and his *Tabby* Gown,
 His *Violet* Gloves; that very *Rochet* wore
 Which once the jealous *Prelate's* Fingers tore :
 An *Ebon* Stick he held, and on his Head,
 Snowy with Winter Age, a *Sattin* *Bonnet* laid ;
 Quickning his Pace with fierce impuſſive Ire
 He runs, he flies, and reaches *firſt* the *Choir*.

* Oh Thou who guided by the *Delphic God*
 Sang, On the Margin of a drowſy Flood,
 Obſtinate Chiefs inur'd to deadly Wars ;
 'Twixt Hoſtile *Frogs* and *Mice* immortal Jars.

† Oh Thou whoſe *Muſe's* bold *Fantaſtick* Flight
 Did the *Bolonian Bucker's Rape* indite ;
 Vilè Cauſe of War ! All *Latium* to ingage
 In Bloody Arms, The *Helen* of their Rage !
 And † Thou who painted in a Deathleſs Strain
 The *Licen'd Homicides of Warwick Lane* !

(*Phæbus*)

* Homer's *Batrachomyomachia*.

† *Aleſſandro Taffoni Author of La Secchia rapita. An Italian Poem.*

‡ *Dr. Garth.*

(*Phœbus* to Thee his *Double* Blessing gives ;
 Thy *Musick* charms us, and thy *Art* relieves,)
 Give *Energy* to my Enervate Tongue,
 While the fir'd *Chanter's* flagrant Rage is sung :
 What Pencil can his Indignation draw,
 When on his Seat th' aspiring *Desk* he saw !
 Mute, Motionless and Pale a while he stood,
 Horror, Surprize and Grief benumb'd his Blood ;
 But his imprison'd Words at Length resound,
 And breaking thro' his Sobs a Passage found.

See *Girot* ! See the *Hydra* that oppress
 My troubl'd Soul, and broke my pleasing Rest !
 Behold the *Dragon* ! There he rears his Head,
 And buries *Me* in an Eternal Shade !
Prelate, what have I done ? What hellish Rage
 Makes thee Ingenious to torment my Age ?
 What ! Can thy *waking* Malice know no Rest,
 Nor *Sleep*, nor *Night* lull thy tempestuous Breast ?
 Oh Fate ! must this opprobrious *Desk* appear,
 And cloud me in my proper *Hemisphere* ?
 Into a *Dungeon* thus convert my *Pew*,
 Eclipse my Glories from the *Public* View !

Unseen,

Unseen, Unknown to all *but God*, my Face

Must there be hid *incog'* in my own Place !

What ! Must I sit *Ingloriously Obscur'd* !——

It is too much ; It cannot be endur'd.

No, let us first the sacred *Altar* fly,

Abandon *Heav'n*, Renounce the *Ministry*.

Yes, let us cease our inharmonious *Pray'rs*,

No longer offer Music to the *Spheres*,

Nor deafen, with rude Sounds, *Immortal Ears* :

Let us from this ungrateful *Church* retire,

Nor see, where we're *not seen*, a thankless *Choir* ;

But then my *Rival* Triumphs on his Seat,

And smiles insultingly at my Defeat,

While on my Pew this *Desk* will *still* be born,

And riding on its creaking Hinges, turn,

Forbid it *Heav'n*, Or give me Instant Death,

And Stifle foul *Dishonour* with my *Breath* !

Yes, faithful *Ghost*, let us bravely Die,

If we're too weak to move this *Infamy* ;

But this Right Hand shall tear the *Tyrant* down ;

'Tis lawfu' an *Usurper* to Dethrone :

Yes, e're we die, if noble Death must come,

The *Rival Desk* shall, falling, share Our Doom.

Strengthen'd

Strengthen'd with Rage, at these Determin'd Words
 The Furious *Chanter* seiz'd the trembling Boards ;
 When, guided thither by Auspicious Chance,
Roger and *John*, two well known Chiefs, Advance ;
 Renowned *Normans* both, Equally Skill'd
 I'th' Law, with Knowledge and Experience fill'd ;
 They hear his Anger's Source, his Cause they Own ;
 Yet Counsel, Nothing rashly shou'd be done :
 Yes, they Agree The *Monster* must not stand,
 Nor must it fall by any *Private* Hand :
 But let th' *Assembled Chapter* View the Sight,
 And in full *Synod* do the *Chanter* Right.

This Sage Advice repriev'd the threaten'd *Mafs*,
 And Smooth'd the ruff'd *Sire's* distorted Face :
 Then be it so, said he, Let them appear,
 Summon, *without Delay*, the *Chapter* Here ;
 Fly, and with holy Yell the *Dorards* Wake ;
 So shall they of our *Early* Grief partake.

At this Discourse Surpriz'd and Froze they Stand,
 Regardless of their *Sovereign's* rash Command.

Foolish and bold, Says *Roger*, To enjoyn
 A Morning's work I fear we must decline !

Betimes we ought to *Quit* this Party Fray,
 Where 'tis Impossible we shou'd *Obe*y ;
 Tho' from the distant Street the piercing Sound
 Shou'd wake the Snoring *Footmen*, stretch'd around,
 And penetrate without the least Regard
 That sacred *Calm*, where Noise is never heard,
 Can you Conceive, my Lord, when peaceful Shades
 Have bound 'em fast to their Inchanting Beds,
 We shou'd the Sluggard's Iron-slumbers break,
 Whom Six Bells thirty Years cou'd never Wake ?
 Can two weak *Chanters* Voices e'er perform
 What is a Work for *Thunder* or a *Storm* ?

The Warm Old Man Replies, I see what *Ends*^o
 You Wish, and whither this Oration tends.
 I see, your Dastard Souls the *Prelate* dread ;
 Yes, of the haughty *Prelate* You're afraid ;
 Ye Servile Wretches ; I have seen you stand
 Bending your Necks beneath his *Blessing* Hand.
 Go still be Slaves, still Fawn, and Lick, and Bow ;
 I will the *Canons* raise without you now.

Approach then, Honest *Givot*, thou true Friend !
 Whom neither *Bribes* can Shake, nor *Prelates* Bend ;

Do thou the *Maundy Thursday's* * *Rattle* Take;
 Soon shall this Engine make 'em *Hear* and *Shake*;
 The *Sun* a Sight intirely new shall see,
 The *Droning Chapter* Up as soon as *He*.

This heart'ning Speech made Trusty *Girot* fly,
 And rake the Dust of *Holy Armory*.

Now the *Lugubrous* Instrument Refounds,
 And every Ear with hideous Clangor Wounds.
Infernal Discord, pleas'd, prepares to head
 Her Willing Champions, and afford them Aid;
 Then from the † *Clam'rous Hall*, t' improve the Fright,
 She Calls the *God of Noise* thro' Shades of Night:
 And now sweet Sleep forsakes each wondring Eye;
 The *Street*, astonish'd, rises at the *Cry*:
 At length the *Canons* their strong Fetters Break,
 Unseal their Lids, and in Confusion Wake:
 Monstrous and wild *Ideas* Each Conceives,
 And what his *Fancy* breeds, his *Fear* believes:
One Thinks loud *Thunder* Splits the *sacred Choir*;
 The *Chappel* burning with a || *Second Fire*:

• Others

* *La Cresselle*, in *French*; an Instrument us'd on *Maundy Thursday* instead of Bells. † Answerable to our *Westminster-Hall*. The Reader will please to apply it so as oft as he meets with it. || Once burnt down in 1618.

Others more *Sad* and *Phlegmatick* than He
Gueſs'd it the *Toning* of the * *Tenebra* :

A. *Third*, ſtill Dozing with the Fumes of Wine,
Believes it *Noon*, Vows 'tis a laid Deſign,
And Grumbles that he was not Call'd to Dine.

So when returning *Phabus* gilds the Year,
And Cheers with Genial Warmth our *Hemiſphere* ;
When *Zephyrs* blow, and Birds diſus'd to ſing
Eſſay their Notes to welcome in the *Spring* ;

Albion's bright Goddeſs, mov'd with *Europe's* Tears,
Sends forth her *Heroes* to diſſolve their Fears ;

With *Insulary* Thunder to prevent

The tow'ring Giants of the *Continent*.

The *L'ouvre* ſhakes, Pale *Lewis* taſtes again

The Terrors of a new *Ramillia* Plain.

Th' *Eſcurial* dreads *ANN A's* recruited Might,

And *Anjou* Saddles for a *ſecond* Flight :

Parisian Walls ſhall prove a weak Defence

For † *Quixot* Kings, and each * *Knight Errant* Prince.

In vain does *Terror* urge ; Supine they lie,
And wait between the Sheets their *Deſtiny*.

Grot

* The Service in the Romiſh Church the Week before Eaſter, † Don Philip. * Chevalier St. George.

Girôt resolves to rouse 'em and prepares
 A Story which he knew wou'd take their Ears,
 Restore their *Senses*, and Expel their *Fears*.

I'm sent, said he, t'inform you from my Lord,
 A warm *Collation* smoaks upon the Board;
 With *Art* collected, it no Dainty wants
 Which *Luxury* can wish, Or the rich *Season* grants.

He spoke; All catch at once the welcome Sound,
 Shake off dull Sleep, and from their Pillows bound
 Headlong they press, as rapid Lightning, fleet;
 Yet swifter *Appetite* out-strips their *Feet*,

Ready to break their *Necks*, to break their *Fast*;
 Each flatters as he flies, his Eager Taste
 With entertaining Thoughts of Sweet Repast.

But, ah Vain Hope! Fond Man's delusive *Bait*!
 Regardful of the Cover'd *Hook* too late!

The disappointed *Chapter* View their *Chief*,
 And find they come not there to *Eat*, but *Grieve*.
 The *Chanter* in the most *Pathetic* Words
 (The best his interrupting Grief affords)
 Reveals the sad *Misfortune* to his Friends,
 And his just Cause to *Them* and *God* Commends.

Plump *Ev'ward* only durst propose to Eat ;
Ev'ward's keen *Stomach* did his *Zeal* abate ;
 The *Canons* fill'd with other Thoughts, his *Vote*
 Vanish'd *unsecunded* and soon forgot.

When *Allen* rose ; Collected and prepar'd,
 He regularly *Hem'd*, then strok'd his Beard,
 And Claim'd as *Prolocutor*, to be Heard.

The Learned *Seer* Attention might demand ;
 The Only Scholar in this Reverend Band !
 For Copious *Baxter* he had often read,
 And with old *Bunyan* cram'd his Muddy Head.

Thus Oft, Sublime, Contiguous to the Skies,
 Sacred to Dust, an Empty *Garret* lies ;
 'Till hir'd by some vile *Quack*, The *Furniture*
 Do's all the happy *lightsome* Space Obscure ;
 And What th' Unlucky Owner meant to *Grace*,
 Converted to a *Indigested Mass*.

Yes, Great *a-Kempis* he cou'd construe too,
 And all his *knotty* Passages Undo.

Whence cou'd this Stroke, said he, but from the Womb,
 Some Yotfager Sprig of Old *Socinus*, Come ?
 It must be so ; We're in the *Prelate's* Snare ;
 These Eyes Saw *Deist* *Touquet* visit there ;

Satan Endeavours, by that subtle Fiend,
 The *Prelate* to his Purposes to Bend.
 Sirs, he most certainly has somewhere heard
 That this Litigious *Desk* *St. Louis* rear'd;
 Thus, grown *Polemical*, He'll proudly think
 To Drown us All with *Deluges* of *Ink*;
 Vast Subsidies of *Paper-Forts* he'll raise,
 And make his Partizans find *Means* and *Ways*.
 Now 'tis Our Duty timely to prepare,
 And stand a resolute *Defensive* War;
 Consult *Antiquity*, The *Scholiasts* scan,
 Let every *Text* be bolted to the Bran;
 Consider; Do's *Aquinas* nothing say
 Of *Desks*? None of the Fathers lean that Way?
 I find this *Argument* will ask much *Oil*,
 Close *Reading*, *Indefatigable* *Toil*.
 Then when *Aurora* kindles up the Day,
 And lights her Lamp extinguish'd in the Sea;
 Let every Man by *Lots* his Portion take,
 And what our learned *Doctors* dictate, Speak.

Struck with this unexpected Speech, they Stare,
 And each pale Face betray'd Uncommon Care;

Squab *Everard* with most Concern appear'd,
 He Shov'd, and Prefs, and Swore he wou'd be Heard

If at my Years, said he, I turn One Page,
 Or hurt with *Books* These Eyes too weak with *Age*,
 May I, like *Thee*, on Musty Paper feed,
 Turn *Bookworm*, and be Bury'd e'er I'm Dead;

Let us, who know the Use of Living, live;
 Thy Meagre *Body* do's thy *Soul* Survive:

Go, Macerate what Flesh remains with Books,
 We are not fond of such mean haggard Looks;
 What *Others* do shall ne'er disturb *My* Head;
 I neither *Alcoran*, nor *Bible* read.

I know right well the price of *College* Hay,
 Or what Our *Farmers* every Quarter Pay,
 On which good Vineyards there's a *Mortgage* made,
 And What, and How, the *Int'rest* must be paid;
 Twenty Large *Hogsheds* fill'd by my Command,
 Rang'd *Orthodoxy* in my *Cellar* stand:

These are my *Authors*, *There* my *Study's* plac'd;
 By *Them* Inform'd, Substantial *Bliss* I Taste;
 And since All *Knowledge* in *Opinion* lies,
 Can, when I please, from *thence* be *Warm* and *Wise*.

As for this *Desk*; D'ye Think your *Books* will Charm
 The *Monster* down? Believe me, this *Right Arm*
 More expeditiously your Work shall Do;
 The *Gorgon* without *Latin* Overthrow.

Whatever does offend me I'll Remove,
 Tho' *All* the *Fathers* shou'd the *Desk* approve:
 Let us to Breakfast, and our Sorrows drown;
 So Fortify'd We'll Knock the *Monster* down.

This Speech; Supported by his *Jolly* plight,
 (Plump as if Fed at both Ends, Day and Night,) }
 Revives their *Courage* and their *Appetite*.

The *Chanter*, now recover'd from his Fear,
 Rallies his Senses and declares for *War*;
 Too long (*He cry'd*) has that foul *Cerb'rus* Head
 Obscur'd us with his * *treble-crested* Shade.
 Let's instantly our fully'd *Fame* Restore,
 And show at once our *Courage* and our *Pow'r*:
 Yes, let us for this Work *some Minutes* Fast;
 This Done; *Messieurs*, We'll make a *long* Repast;
 A Breakfast which the *Morn* to *Noon* shall join,
 And *Then* but to a nobler Feast Resign.

* The Desk was of a triangular form.

Up rose the *Chief*. The faithful *Cohort* Charm'd
 With these *attracting* Words, his *Zeal* Confirm'd.
 Then to the *Choire* with fearless Steps they go,
 And there behold the bold usurping Foe :
 At this, *To Arms* tumultuously they Cry,
 And pour upon the *Common Enemy* ;
 The *Axis* now defends it self in vain ;
 What Force cou'd such *Confederate Pow'rs* sustain !
 Each honours with a Blow his gallant Hand ;
 The *Desk* as bravely strove their Rage to stand :
 Firmly a while the *Hydra* kept his Ground,
 Till some dire *Hero* gave a fatal Wound ;
 Deep was the Cut, he stagger'd with the Blow,
 And bow'd beneath his unexpected Foe.
 At Length for want of his great *Master's* Aid.
 The tott'ring *Lump* with Odds is *Overlaid*.
 So batter'd by the North, A *Russian Oak*
 Succumbs, Unequal to the violent Shock :
 Or So, Abandon'd by its *Girding* Wood,
 Sinks an old *Roof*, which had for Ages stood.
 The Captive *Boards* in Triumph are convey'd,
 And in the *Victor Chanter's* Mansion laid.

CANTO V.

NOW had the *Morn* unbar'd the Gates of Light,
 And saw the *Canons* up, *Surprizing Sight!*

Aurora blush'd to see her self out-shone
 By *Florid Looks* more ruddy than her Own.

Brontin to *Syrac* speedily repairs,
 And the Misfortune of the *Desk* declares;
 Old *Syrac* wept for Joy at his successful Cares.
 In silent Raptures Building as he stood
 A Thousand Law-suits on the ruin'd Wood.

The *Youthful Sirè* grows vigorous and bold;
 Age has no *Ice*, and Winter has no *Cold*.
 A sprightly Warmth quickn'd his tardy Blood,
 His Veins recruiting with a brisker Flood.

Strait to the *Prelate* he betakes his Flight,
 And with Loud Clamour opens to the Light
 The Melancholy Scene, and Crimes of Night.

The *Prelate*, grieving to be rouz'd so soon,
 Imperuous leap'd from his enchanting Downe.
 Gladly would *Gilotin* his Stay detain
 With a two-handed Goblet of *Champaign*;

The *Graceful Bumper*, wont to break his Fast,
 With *slighted Smiles* now lures his Master's Taste.
Unmoisten'd and *Unblest'd*, he strait prepares
 With *Extricating Comb* t' adjust his frizl'd Hairs.
 Twice did the *Ivory* break, and twice the *Box*,
 In hasty grapple with *Confed'rate Locks*.

So when *Alcides* Spun, *Unbred* to feel
 A Weight so light, he broke the *Spinning-Wheel*.
 Half-dress'd he goes. When lo ! before his Gate
 An ardent Troop of *Church-Militia* Wait.
 Resolv'd at their affronted Lord's Désire,
 Unanimously to *Desert* the *Chaire*.

But the grave *Sire*, appealing to the Laws,
 Condemns a Project usefess to his Cause.

For future *Fate*, said he, we ought too look
 In the *Mysterious Sybil's* sacred Book.

Not far her *Cave* ; come on, and let's submit
 To what *Expedient* *She* pronounces fit.

All with one *Voice* the sage *Advice* approve,
 And tow'rd's the *Bar* the *Holy Warriour's* move.

Her *Dén* groan'd horrible, while *Eccho* round
 Doubles th' *Affright*, as she repeats the *Sound*.

Amidst those *Gothic Pillars*, which support
The formidable *Hall*, and awful Court
Of *Common Pleas*; a Famous *Fabrick's* rear'd,
Ador'd by *Lawyers* and by *Clients* fear'd.
Here Fools and Knaves each *Term* in Shoals repair,
Thin'd with the Diet of *Litigious* Air,
Beneath a Hill of *Briefs*, *Green Bags*, and *Scroles*,
Here every Morn a *Hoëtic Sibyl* howls.
Vain are the Tears of *Orphans*, vain their Cries,
To that *foul Monster*, void of Ears and Eyes,
Call'd *Chicanry*, in learned Modern style,
Bulky with Ruin, and o'ergrown with Spoil.
While the wrong'd Widow want of Justice mourns,
And the vex'd *Air* each empty Groan returns;
Pale *Want* and *Famine*, like some *injur'd Ghost*,
Stalk o'er the Ground and weep their Treasures lost.
Infamous *Poverty*, Devouring *Care*,
And Everlasting *Toil*, and lean *Despair*,
And black *Chagrin*, Compleat the Mournful Part;
The wretched Off-spring of her *curst Art*!
Case-Books and *Codes* the *Busie Hag* consume,
And Dies her self to dig another's Tomb:

At every Meal, the hungry *Fury* Eats
 Fair Palaces, strong Castles, Country Seats:
 The bubb'd *Suitors* at their Fate repine;
 Gull'd with *Superfluous* Reams for Solid Coin.
 A Hundred times has *Justice* turn'd her Scales;
 So oft her guilty Influence prevails.
 Incessantly from Trick to Trick she runs;
 And sometimes like an *Owl*, the Day-light shuns.
 Now, like a *Lion* Lashing his dull Sides,
 She stalks with fiery Eyes, and frightful Strides:
 Now like a *Serpent* thro' the *Herbage* glides.
 Long has the justest *Monarch* strove in Vain,
 With *Gordian* Knots this *Proteus* to restrain.
 Her Claws, by *Sommers* clip'd increase in Strength:
 With Ink discolour'd, and o'ergrown in Length
Ramparts and *Dykes of Law*, too feeble Foes,
 Resist th' Invasion, but in vain oppose.
 With *Creeping Guile* she Saps the Easy Ground,
 Or with *High Torrent* breaks th' Obstructing Mound.
Sydrac Salutes the *Fiend*, and bending low,
 With distant awe reveres her wrinkled Brow.
 Then Tempting Gold displays: She with Delight
 Views the bright Scene, and dwells upon the Sight.
 When

When thus the Sire—*Contention's* Mighty Queen!
 Unquestion'd You o'er *Kings* and *Peasants* Reign.
 Thro' Thee, *Force* uselefs is, and *Laws* are weak;
 Statutes, like *Cobwebs*, You at pleasure Break.
 For Thee the *Hind* Sweats at his drudging Plough;
 For Thee his Flocks are fleec'd, his Meadows grow,
 For thee he Yearly reaps his *Golden Fields*;
 To Thee his Rich *Autumnal* Labour Yields.
 If from my Infant Years I've Thee ador'd,
 And *Seas* of Ink on thy dread *Altars* pour'd,
 Disdain not, *Mighty Goddess!* now to own
 In his declining Years thy faithful Son.
 Industrious *Faufress* of *Vexation*, Hear,
 And Answer an imploring *Prelate's* Pray'r.
 For on the Ruins of his Bright Renown
 An envious Rival has advanc'd his own:
 The *Desk* Destroying with a forceful Band;
 The *Desk*, late Re-erected by our Hand.
 Exhaust thy Fatal Knowledge in this Cause,
 Revolve the Books, Create Eternal Flaws,
 And with *Dadalean* Wiles confound the Laws.

Be to thy Darling Sons those Arts display'd
Which puzzle * *Themis* in the Rules she made!

• The *Sibyl*, wild with Joy, thrice shriek'd aloud,
While her swoln Visage glow'd with pois'nous Blood.
Convulsive Agitations rack'd her Breast;
Full of the *Demon* which her Soul Opprest,
Till in these Words the loud *Tornado* broke;
And eas'd her lab'ring Bosom, as she spoke.

My Friends dismiss your Fears, You shall replace
On the proud *Chanter's* Pew that *War-creating Mass*,
Arms you must take; so *Fate* Ordains; To Arms!
Prepare, my Sons, for glorious loud Alarms:
May long, long Suits ensue, and Oh! Beware
Never on any Terms your Cause Refer.

Let all *Accommodation* be Abhor'd:

Curst be the Slave who listens to *Accord*:

Curst be the Wretch that mentions but the Word. }
}

She stopt, and foaming breath'd upon the Throng
The same dire Spirit late her Breast had stung.
From the wild Hag, The *Demons* disengag'd,
Entred the *Herd*, and like a Tempest rag'd.

Head-

* *The Goddess of Justice.*

Headlong he drives 'em to the deep Abyss
Of *Law*, unmindful of the Precipice.

Demurers, Writs, Injunctions, Outla'ry,
Errors, eternal Bills in Chancery,

In each undaunted Champions Front appear,
And obstinately threat perpetual War.

All, flush'd with fancy'd Victory, return;
They quit the less'ning *Cave*, and with new Fury burn.

Mean time, the *Canons* far from Noise and Care,
Indulge their Senses with delicious Fare.

The Servants under Thirty Chargers sweat,
And the full Board groans with the sav'ry Weight.

Each *Glutton* hunts, and garbles out nice Bits,
And as his Fancy dictates Dainties, Eats.

The *Pasty's* irritating Salt excites,
And kindles up their thirsty Appetites.

When (Oh! Uncertain State of Human Things!)

Light-footed *Fame* Unhappy Tidings brings,
Reports with trembling Lips and Visage pale
The *Oracle*, and all its dire *Detail*.

The *Chanter* warm'd with *Muscadine* and *Sage*,
Arose, resolv'd the *Prelate* to engage.

He too the *Sibyl* will consult, and try,
 What is reserv'd for *Him* in *Destiny*.

Plump *Ev'rad* the Deserted Banquet mourns,
 And still, with strong Desire of Feasting, Burns.
 But the regretting *Epicure* they tear,
 Born off by Numbers, to the dreadful *Bar*.

Thro' various Paths, *Oblique* and *Dark* they Draw
 Near to the Clam'rous Market of the Law.

At length they reach the celebrated *Hall*,
 Where Mercenary Tongues unwear'd bawl.
 In Om'nous Black, like *Priests*, each *Proctor* plies
 And serves his *Client* up for Sacrifice.

Here the Shop'd *Sirens* make a busy Show,
 But get their Bread by what they vend *Below*.

Here crafty *Bibliopole* all Authors sells ;
 Wit, Learning, Arts and Sciences retails.

Mingling, without Distinction, Good and Bad ;
 Here *Dryden*, next him *Ogilby* is laid.

While *Boyle* and *Bentley* blended, well Accord ;
 And *Rowe* and *Settle* grace one common Board.

The *Chanter* now with formidable Noise,
 Exalts his shril Ecclesiastic Voice :

Urging

Urging his forward Way——When Oh dire Chance!

The *Prelate* and *his Myrmidons* advance.

Each rugged *Hero*, with encoutring Eyes,

His Rival's louring Front alternately Surveys :

Sullen and Dumb Dildainfully they stop,

▶ An equal Madness choaks and swells them up.

So two Fierce *Bulls*, who Rival-Passions share

For some lov'd *Heifer*, meditate a War.

With jealous Rage fir'd at each others Sight,

They quit the *Pasture* and prepare for *Fight* ;

Bowing their Necks, each his curl'd Forehead shakes,

▶ While from their Blood-shot Eyes their inward Fury

breaks.

Ev'ward, by *Boirude* elbow'd, found his Spleen

Began to swell, and *Stimulate* within ;

To *Biblio's* Shop he bent his hasty Course,

Grand Cyrus seiz'd, and with gigantic Force

▶ Th' anweildy Volume, at the *Sexton* threw ;

He politickly judg'd it, and withdrew :

But hissing as it went, it *Sydrac* struck

Full on the Chest ; who sunk beneath the Shock :

The

The Sire, by * *Artamene* forc'd to yield,
 Fell Breathless, the first Victim of the Field :
 His Friends with pain beheld his Overthrow,
 And Sympathizing Felt *Themselves* the Blow.
 Now against *Everard* twenty Champions dart,
 And all resolve to batter down a Part :
 The *Canons* their Assaulted Brother Spy,
 And forward, to sustain the Onset, fly :
Discord, Triumphant in the turbid Air
 Gave a loud shriek, the *Signal* of the War.

Now Nothing's heard but Clank and Warlike Din ;
 All Mingling, Enter *Biblio's* Magazine :
 Poor *Ev'rad* Sinks beneath a *Booky* Show'r ;
Twelves, *Quartos*, *Folios*, and *Octavos* pour.

So when destructive *Boreas* Marches forth
 With his Impetuous Forces of the *North* ;
 In Storms of Icy Rain he plows the Air,
 Lays waste the Fields and makes the Orchards bare :
 Throws down the blooming Honour of the Boughs,
 The Promise of the teeming Year and Labring
 Gardner's Vows.

All

* *Artamene*, the Name of Cyrus in Scudery's *Romance*.

All arm themselves with Ammunition Books,
 Contract their Brows, and threaten with their Looks:
 One with vindictive Hand light *Durfy* shakes;
 Another, *Wycherly* more weighty, takes;
 A Third tore *Westly* from the Dusty Wood,
 Where long untouch'd the Mouldy *Epic* stood:
 A fourth up heaves a leaden *Basnage* high,
 Stuff'd with *Rabbinical* Philosophy;
 Lo, a tremendous *Typhon* Guards the Front,
 With Enterprizing *L——t's* Name upon't,
 Oh! had'st thou Mighty Nurse of *Dulness*, liv'd
 E'th' bright *Augustan* Age, we had receiv'd
 The *Bavian* Works entire; *Mavius* by Thee
 Had been Immortal as † *The Hollow Tree*.

The Absent *Biblio's* Prentice strives in vain,
 Their more than *Gorbick* Madness to restrain.
 Volumes aloft, a *Leathern Tempest*, Fly;
 And Clouds of rising Dust involve the Sky.
 They Bruise for Bruise Exchange, and Wound for
 Wound,
 And Heaps of *Books* and *Bodies* raise the level Ground.

F

Here

* A Comedy printed for B———d L———t.

Here Tuneful *Waller* on the Pavement lay,
 And near him *Quarles* once more beheld the Day :
 Here *Aristotle* Flew, *Descartes* There ;
 The *Heroes* met, and * *Jostled* in Mid-Air.
 Numberless Books appear'd this mighty Hour,
 Which scarce were seen, or ever known before.
 Here *Parthenissa* and *Cassandra* flew ;
Romantic Weight did *Real Strength* subdue.
John Dunton too was seen, A wondrous Sight !
 To Dust retir'd, Revisiting the Light :
 And Towing the † *Dead Author* took his Flight.
 Next him, from its belov'd recess is Torn
 An English *Chevreau*, dead as soon as born.
 The *Rights a'th' Church* alone Unshaken stood,
 And grinning smil'd at sight of *Priestly* Blood.
Keble's Large Statutes, with Unfriendly Weight
 Of crabbed Law, bruis'd *Giror's* empty Pate.
 When rough *Alcippus* felt a sudden Shock ;
 Th' *Arabian Tales* his wounded Shoulder struck.
Indolent Sheets ! till now unus'd to bear
 The rough Fatigues and barbarous Rage of War,
 Supinely in soft Dreams You lull'd the Fair.

* *Descartes's Philosophy is founded on contrary Principles to Aristotle's.* † *Dunton writ Letters from Himself, as Dead.*

Some luckless Hand a Fresh *Eliza* throws
 At *Clotho's* Head, and Smote him 'twixt the Brows ;
 When, Strange effect ! the brawny Priest began
 To Yawn and stretch ; *Lethargic Stiffness* Ran
 Thro' All the Magazines of Vital Heat ;
 The Veins no more Life's quickning Task repeat ;
 The *Soporiferous* Rhimes beumb'd his Breast,
 And with Strong *Opiats* forc'd him down to Rest.
Clelia wag'd *Amazonian* War Around,
 And bore down many a *Hero* to the Ground.
 'Twas by her Aid alone *Gorillion's* Name
 Reap'd Glorious Laurels, and a Deathless Fame.
 * • Ten times by Her he signaliz'd his Arm,
 And Murd'rous bruises dealt and Mighty Harm.
 But to Stout *Fabri's* Virtue all must Yield ;
Fabri the foremost Champion in the Field !
 Hatch'd of a Sturdy *Consecrated* Brood,
 Nurtur'd 'th' *Church*, And Cradle'd up in *Feud*,
Robust of *Body*, And of *Mind* as Hard,
 No Danger his Intrepid Soul Debar'd,
 And Equally for *All Events* prepar'd.

* *Clelia is in Ten Volumes in French.*

To Fight or Eat He never wou'd decline ;
 Nor knew the Use of *Water* with his *Wine*.
 His *Single Arm Whole Squadrons Overthrew* ;
 He *Guibert, Grasset, and Grangullet* slew,
 Beau *Gervase*, and insipid *Guerin* too.

And now the *Prelate's* Vanquish'd Forces Fly ;
 Renounce their *Strength*, and On their *Speed* rely.
Fabri as fast pursues the Scatt'ring Train,
 Wounds 'em Behind, and Drives 'em o'er the Plain.

So have I seen a Tim'rous flock of Sheep
 Affrighted Run, and in their Hurdles Creep ;
 When some Fierce Wolf, the *Lewis* of the Wood,
 Attempts the Fold, to Feast himself with Blood.

Or when *Pelides* shook his Thundering Spear
 On *Xanthus* Plains, the Terror of the War ;
 The *Ilian* Troops struck with Imperious Dread,
 Behind their Rampires in Confusion Fled.

When thus, to sinking *Boirude, Brontin* Spoke ;
 I see, *Illustrious Sexton*, in thy Look
 Some Seeds of Ancient Prowess : Oh my Friend !
 Let's to the last Our righteous Cause defend.
 What shall *One Canon* over *Us* prevail,
 And with his Single Weight thus turn the Scale ?

Shall

Shall it be said *One* Warrior bore away
 The Glory of the Cope and this Decisive Day?
 No; Never let that Envious Babler Fame
 Tarnish the Lustre of thy Dauntless Name.
 Come, and Behind my Screening Body stand,
 This *Bastion* shall secure Thee from his Hand.
 Here, At his Head Fair *Trotter's* Works let fly;
 And may they prove as killing as her Eye!

Virude recal'd his Spirits to his Aid,
 And with Collected force th' Advice Obey'd;
 By *Brontin* Cover'd, Takes delib'rate Aim,
 And at the Warrior darts the Missive Dame.

The tender Auth'refs *Softens* on his Crown,
 And Guiltless of a Wound fell *Feebly* down.

Ye Miscreant Pair, said *Fabri*, thus you see
 My Front rebates your soft Artillery.
 Think ye, that I, who like a Castle stand,
 Can fall, the Conquest of a *Female* Hand?
 Judge, if my Arm, with Mean exploits content,
 Do's on it's Errand send an *Innocent*.
 Lo! here! A *Folio*, swol'n with Floods of Gore,
 Shall Crown the Carnage of this Bloody Hour!

With this, He *Fox's Book of Martyrs* chose.
 Four ill-joyn'd Boards the Coverture compose,
 Burrow'd by Worms, and Edg'd with Iron round;
 And with an Old black Sheep-skin half way bound:
 No Silken Tyes it had, but at each Hasp
 Hung by three Nails a Remnant of a Clasp.
 Firm as it Stood upon the bending Shelf,
 No Humane Force cou'd Stir it, but Himself.

This *Fabri* seiz'd, and brandishing on High
 A-tiptoe Stands, and Guides it by his Eye,
 Then at the trembling Slaves, half Dead with Fear,
 Flings with both Hands the *Thunderbolt* of War.
 And home it went. With *One* disastrous Wound
 Both Heroes fell, and Measuring Bit the Ground.
 Torn with the Nails, and Pounded by the Wood,
 The Pavement swam with gushing Streams of Blood.
 They churn'd the Dust, and gnash'd their Teeth, and
 Howl'd,
 And down the Stair-case o'er each Other rowl'd.

The *Prelate* saw their Fall with ghastful Eyes,
 And sent to Heav'n a Scream that pierc'd the Skies.
 Struck back with Horror and Appal'd with Fear,
 He curses in his Heart the *God of War*.

With

With Silent Indignation he Retreats,
 Yet still the *Chanter* in his Mind defeats.
 Then rallying his lost Spirits, Makes a Stand,
 And from his *Cassock* Draws his Vengeful Hand.
 Yes, said the Mighty Chief, Tho' *Armies* fail,
 These *Blessing-giving Fingers* shall prevail.

Forward he moves, and upwards turns his Eyes,
 Then Stretch'd his Fingers forth in Holy-Wise.

Kneeling in heaps the *Passengers* Receive
 The *Benedictions* He prepares to Give
 With politic design to turn the Rout
 Upon his Foes, who durst not *Stand* him Out.
 The Zealous Vulgar force down All they Meet,
 Nor will they Suffer One to keep his Feet.

Th' Out-witted Adverse Host, Confounded stare
 At this unthought of Stratagem in War,
 And dread the Storm approaching from afar. }
 Vainly the Trembling *Chanter* seeks for Aid
 From his own Courage, or his Firm Brigade ;
 By *Both* Forfaken, *He* too now must *Fly*,
 Or *Fall* before his Haughty Enemy.
 The Confternated Troops themselves Disband ;
 Yet None Escape the swift-pursuing *Hand*.

Driv'n on each others Backs, and spur'd by Fear ;
Still Hangs the Conqu'ring *Finger* on their Rear.

Ev'rrard, in Hopes to hide his threatn'd Head
From Holy Insult, to a Corner Fled.

The Watchful *Prelate* saw his close Retreat,
And strait March'd up, his Conquest to Compleat ;
Then Turning to the Right, he wheel'd around,
And *Bless'd* the frightn'd Champion to the Ground.

Thrice he Erects his Rebel Head in Vain,
The lengthen'd *Finger* forc'd him down again.
Oblig'd to Kneel, because the *Mob's* so near ;
And what he owes to *Rev'rence* Pays to *Fear*.

The *Prelate* to the Temple Makes his Way
To taste the Fruits of this Victorious Day.

The *Chanter* and the *Canons* too Return,
And *Inly* their defeated Project mourn.
Vanquish'd by Pious Fraud, in Crouds they Prest
Thro' the throng'd Doors, at once both *Maul'd* and
Bless'd.



CANTO VI.

WHILE All Things thus to outward View
Concur

To fan the *Fire*, and carry on the *War* ;
True Piety who long had lain Conceal'd
And to the * *Alps* her exil'd Head reveal'd.
Deep in her Desert hears the Mournful Cries
Which from *Lutetia's* distant Walls arise.

Up rose th' Angelic Form, for well She knew
Th' imploring Accents of her faithful *Few*.
The Heavenly Maid quits her Divine Retreat.
Faith leads the Way with Safe, Unerring Feet ;
Gay *Hope* Supports and Hands her in the Course,
While *Charity* Attends her with the Purse.
Tow'rd's the Parisian Gates her flight she bent ;
Where with a holy Confidence, the Saint
At *Themis* Feet prefers her just Complaint.

Oh *Virgin* ! thou who dost my Shrines Support !
Scourge of the *Bad*, and the *Good Man's* *Resort* !

No

* La Grande Chartreuse among the Alps.

No Human Passion can o'er *Thee* Prevail ;
 Nor ought, but *Right*, turn thy impartial Scale.
 • Shall I ne'er come to thy Salubrious Arms,
 But thus in Tears and Sighs to give Alarms ?
 Is't not enough that in despite of *Thee*
 My Name's assum'd by Vile *Hypocrisy*,
 That her rapacious Hand shall Seize my Due,
 My *Croziers*, *Mitres* and *Tiara* too ?
 Must I behold my Heritage laid Waste,
 My Vineyard made a Prey to each Wild Beast !

In Stormy Times, and when my Reign was young,
 My God-like Sons, with Holy Ardor stung,
 Wou'd Face a Tempest, and, prepar'd to Die,
 The Thunder of a Tyrant's Rage defy :
 Soon as Baptiz'd, in Martyrdom expire,
 And from the *Font* Run joyful to the *Fire*.
 With my Inspiring Name their Souls were fill'd,
 And only breath'd the Doctrines I Instill'd.
 To High Preferments call'd in Church or State,
 True to my Rules they scorn'd the glittering bait,
 Nor Mounted the World's Stage but with Regret.

Those

Those Hearts that did No Racks nor Tortures shun
 Wou'd from a *Mitre's* proffer'd Honour Run.
 Fearless of Pain, and Toil, and Earthly Loss,
 Thro' Thorns and over Rocks they bore the *Cross*.
 In Vain did gaping Hell's Artillery play;
 Pressing to Heav'n they forc'd their glorious Way.
 But when the *Church* her Altars had *Immur'd*,
 With the Cementing Blood of Saints Secur'd;
 When Christen'd Kings had Smooth'd her *Stormy* Face,
 A Dangerous *Calm* Succeeded in the Place;
 A Slack *Indifference* Stagnated the Flood,
 Deaden'd their Spirits and benumb'd their Blood.
 The Ardor of their burning *Zeal* decreas'd;
 And lagging *Faith* their load of Sins Confess'd.
 The Mortifying *Monk* grown Debonair
 Shook off the Ashes, and his Coat of Hair.
 The *Prelate*, by Intrigues prefer'd to Place,
 High Living held to be Sufficient Grace;
 A Cross and Mitre, painted on his Coach,
 Virtue Enough to Silence All Reproach.
Humility to Stalking *Pride* gave Way;
 And in the * *Frock's* foul Grease *Ambition* lay.

Then

* *Frock.* A Monk's Habit.

Then Discord soon the Ties of Love Unbound,
 And to my Sacred Cloysters Entrance found.
There with my Wealth she Built her Strongest Forts,
 Drag'd all my Subjects to Litigious Courts ;
 In Vain my bended Knees her Steps prevent ;
 Under my *Banners* March'd this Insolent.

False Teachers next, in *Numerous Crouds Arise,
 To fill the Measure of my Miseries.

Then Dangerous Heresies began their Reign,
 And Execrable Maxims craz'd the Brain.

' That 'tis Enough, to *Dread* the Pow'r Above,
 ' And Servile *Fear's* prefer'd to Filial *Love*.

' That *God* Necessitates the Doing Ill,
 ' By pre-determining his Creatures Will.

' That *Reason* is the only Sovereign Queen,
 ' And *Faith* no Evidence of things not seen.

Church-Champions Me with formal Lips address,
 And at my Feet for Absolution press.

Pure to the *Outward* Eye, but Foul *Within*,
 Place all their Virtue in *Confessing* Sin.

Chas'd by these Trait'rous Black Attempts, I fled ;
 Propitious Heaven my Exil'd Progress led,

To seek a Calm Retreat, a Halcyon Cell,
 Where Deadly Cold and Freezing Vapours dwell.
 Those Hills with everlasting Ice Confin'd,
 Where *Winter* never yet to *Spring* Resign'd.
 Ev'n *There* the News of my Misfortunes flew,
 My Fears return'd, and old Wounds bled anew.
 This Day too faithfully a Voicè I heard,
 Fraught with Diastrous News I little fear'd.
 That *Temple*; where a King of * *Holy* Name,
 Devoted all his Toils, and Fruits of Fame,
 Whose Pompous Form, and Wealth Immense reveal
 The flowing Grandeur of the *Founder's* Zeal,
 Lo! now with Lux'ry fill'd, and foul Debate!
 Boundless their Pride, Implacable their Hate.
Honour and *Duty*, Empty Sounds, are fled;
 While *Tyranny* Erects her *Hydra-Head*.
 And wilt thou, *Sister*, with indiff'rent Eyes
 Behold their Malice, and my Cause despise?
 And shall this *Temple*, to my Glory rais'd,
 Where thronging *Vot'rys* Once *Ador'd* and *Prais'd*;
 Shall it be fill'd with *Sacrilegious* War?
 For *Combatants* the shameful *Theater*?

Oh

* *St. Louis*, founder of the *Holy Chapel*. *

Oh No! at length let thy swoln Vengeance burst!
Impunity too long their Crimes has Nurst.

Arise then, *Themis*, shake thy flaming Rod;
 Absolve the *Heav'ns*, and Vindicate a *God!*

Thus to her Sister spoke the Plaiative *Dame*;
Grace kindling in her Eyes *Ethereal* Flame.

Themis Assures an undefe'd Redress;
 With Cordial Speech thus Chearing her Distress.

Dear, Holy Sister, Thou whose Ears and Eyes
 Were Never shut to Other's Miseries;
 But still with thy Officious Helpful Hands,
 Hast wip'd away their Tears, and loos'd their Bands.
 Why dost thou Sorrow thus without Relief?
 And give thy Heavenly Charms a Prey to Grief?
 Swell not those Beauteous Eyes with Causeless Tears,
 Nor Uncertain Anticipating Fears.

What if thy lukewarm Subject's Ardor Cools,
 Warp'd by a prosp'rous Sun-shine from thy Rules?
 On an Eternal Rock thy *Church* is built,
 And Fortified with Blood of *Martyrs* spilt.
 Tho' *Hell* its firm Foundations should assail,
 Yet never shall the Gates of *Hell* prevail.

Midst all the Show'rs of persecuting Darts,
 Thy Name still Cherish'd lives in *Faithful Hearts*.
 Yes; In this very Place, now up in Arms
 To Crush Thee, and Dishonour all thy Charms,
 Thou shalt Return; Their fierce Debates shall Cease,
 The Storm be hush'd, and all Compos'd to Peace.
 Lo, yon Vast *Dome*, by Mortals much Rever'd,
 Where suppliant *Clients* at all *Hours* are heard!
 There sits a Matchless Man, and bears in State
 My Honourable *Purple's* Pompous Weight.
 For *Me*, his Valuable Health Impairs;
 Nor does the lab'ring Sun see half *His* Cares.

Aristus He———

By *Heav'n* and *Heaven's* Vicegerent justly chose
 To Rule my *Balance*, and Dispence my *Laws*.
 Now on my Throne, by *Him* confirm'd, I see,
 The *Bench* redeem'd, and rescu'd *Bar* set free
 From Hostile Arts of howling *Chicanry*.
 Fair *Truth* invited by his friendly Aid,
 Returns assur'd, and lifts her chearful Head;
 At foul *Imposture's* Name she shakes no more;
 But Triumphs o'er the Fiend she fear'd before.

Inhuman *Guardians* now no longer dare
Prey on the *Orphan*, and devour their Care.

'But wherefore do I vainly thus Aspire
To paint the Man thou Know'st, and All admire?
Aristus is thy Work, his Image thine,
'Twas Thou that Form'd him, like thy self, Divine,
And brooding o'er the Infant's tender Shell,
Gave him in Spotless Merit to Excel.
Thy Lessons with the early Milk Imbib'd,
Are nobly in his Nervous Sense describ'd.
His Soul thus fit'd with thy *Cælestial* Flame,
Ne'er made one base degen'rate Step to Shame.
His hardy Zeal, for Useful Action made,
Ne'er rusted in the dark *Monastic* Shade.

Haste, Sister, and the Godlike Man address;
His Op'ning Gates thy Presence will confess.
All know thee There, for All thy Laws observe,
And *Imitate* the pious Man they Serve.
One Glance from *Thee* will pierce his inmost Soul,
Which *Love*, nor *Fear*, nor *Hatred* can Controul.
Thy Aspect's Silent Rhetoric shall gain
What Earth-born Eloquence may Ask in vain.

Thus

Thus *Themis* spoke. Her Sister's ravish'd Ears
 Blest the sweet Music that allay'd her Fears ;
 Then wing'd with Joy, she to *Aristus* flies,
 And Obvious to his *Intellectual* Eyes
 The *Goddeſs* thus beſpoke her faithful Friend ;
 In vain thy Courage and thy Zeal contend
 To Juſtify my Cauſe, and Rights Defend ;
 If Impious *Discord* * at thy Doors preſume
 Thus to inſult me and my Throne aſſume.
 Within thoſe Walls, once Holy and Renown'd,
 (Strangers to Every inharmonious Sound)
 Poiſon'd by *Discord's* ſtimulating Rage,
 Two mighty Pow'rs in adverſe Arms Engage.
 With Cruel Feuds my Altars they profane,
 While *Piety* exalts her Voice in vain.
 Thou then, to whom th' Oppreſs'd for Aid appeal,
 Do thou their ſharp *Religious* Ulcers heal.
 Save Me from ſplitting on theſe dangerous Shelves ;
 Save Them, *Ariſtus*, Save 'em from *Theſelves* !
 She ſpoke ; the Hero leaves, and ſinks in Air.
 A while he lay in *Extatic* of Pray'r ;

G

All

* The Chappel was near Mr. Lamoignon's Palace.
 Mr. Lamoignon (the Ariſtus of Boileau) was Premier Preſident
 of a Place of Law and Equity too.

All cover'd o'er with Flames divinely bright,
He Own'd the lovely Virgin's *Heavenly* Light.

And now recover'd from the dazzling View,
Convenes the *Prelate* and the *Chanter* too .

But, O my *Muse*, in this Sublimier Part
Aid my faint *Spirit* and *Inspire* my *Art* !

Unequal I, to sing the Man, or tell
How by his Mighty Art fierce *Discord* fell.

What *Godlike* Cares, And what *Herculean* Toils
He pass'd, to Reconcile the *Church's* Broils .

Thou rather, who the mighty Cure Apply'd,
And broke their Stubborn *Sacerdotal* Pride,
Inform the list'ning Age what Wond'rous Skill
Suppl'd the *Chanter's* Heart and Cool'd his Zeal.
Thou Know'st, by what prevailing Council wrought,
With his own Hands th' invidious *Desk* he brought ;
And how the *Prelate*, pleas'd with his *Devoir*,
Soon sent it back and banish'd it the *Choir*e .

Speak *Thou* these Miracles ; I've done *my* Part,
And spun out Eighteen Hundred Lines by Art .
Nor let the Man's Attempt be rashly damn'd,
Who from a Simple *Desk* a Second *Iliad* fram'd .

Still burns the *Muse* to speak the *Hero's* Praise ;
 And with *Thy* Name immortalize her Lays.
 But when she Measures the Transcendant Height,
 Her feeble Wings Decline the dangerous Flight.
 The trembling Sounds are dash'd upon her Tongue,
 And *Admiration* interdicts her Song.

So in the famous *Hall* where *Themis* sways,
 And re-inthron'd by *Thee* exerts her Rays,
 A Youth, who fain wou'd to the *Bar* proceed,
 And from a *Hearing-Counsil* Call'd to Plead,
 At length, Surrounded with *Black Gowns* and *Fears*,
 The Awkward Wrestler at the *Bar* appears ;
 Entering the Lifts, his *Virgin-Motion* makes ;
 But soon the Oil his fault'ring Tongue forsakes.
 Thy Awful Presence Thunder-strikes his Sense,
 And Disarrays his Puny Eloquence.

The blushing *Orator* Attempts in vain,
 The Tired of his Distracted Speech to gain.
 On the *last* Word tenaciously he Dwells,
 And lengthens out the bashful Syllables.

Paining the Court with Passions not their own,
 He Stammers, Pauses, Stops, and Speechless grown,
 With Shame Oppress'd young *Cicero* plunges down.

T H E

Art of Poetry.

I N

Four *CANTO's*.

CANTO I.

R A S H Author, 'tis a vain Presumptuous Crime
To undertake the Sacred Art of Rhyme ;

* If at thy Birth the Stars that rul'd thy Mind
Shone adverse ; of the Unpoetic kind,
Thy Want of Genius soon shall be betray'd ;
Phæbus prove deaf, and *Pegasus* a Jade.

You whom the Muse's Syren-charms invite
To tempt an untry'd Sea and Dang'rous Flight,

Forbear

* *Hor. Art. Poet. vers. 385.*

Tu nihil invita dices faciesve Minerva.

Forbear in fruitless Verse to lose your time,
 Or take for Genius the desire of Rhyme :
 Fear the Allurements of a specious Bait,
 And well consider your own Force and Weight.

Nature abounds in every kind of Wit,
 And to each Author does a Talent Fit.
 One may in Verse describe an Amorous Flame,
 Another sharpen a short Epigram :
 * *Prior* a Hero's mighty Acts extol ;
Congreve write Comedy and Pastoral :
 But Authors who themselves too much esteem,
 Lose their own Genius, and mistake their Theme ;
 Thus in times past † *Dubartas* vainly Writ,
 And mingl'd Sacred Truth with trifling Wit,
 Impertinently, and without delight,
 Describ'd the *Israelites* Triumphant Flight,
 And following *Moses* o're the Sandy Plain,
 Perish'd with *Pharaoh* in th' *Arabian* Main.

Whate're you write of Pleasant or Sublime,
 Always let Sense accompany your Rhyme :
 Vainly they seem two different ways to draw,
 Rhyme must be made to close with Reason's Law.

* *Carmen saculare*, &c. † *Dubartas* Translated by Sylvester.

And when to conquer her you bend your Force,
The Mind will Triumph in the Noble Course ;
To Reason's Yoke she quickly will incline,
Which, far from hurting, renders her Divine :
But, if neglected, will as quickly stray,
And master Reason, which she should Obey.
Love Reason then : and let what e're you Write
Borrow from her its Beauty, Worth and Light.
Most Writers, mounted on a resty Muse,
Extravagant, and Senseless Objects chuse ;
They Think they err, if in their Verse they fall
On any Thought that's Plain, or Natural :
Fly this Excess ; and let *Italians* be
Vain Authors of false glitt'ring Poësie ;
All ought to aim at Sense ; but most in vain
Strive the hard Pass and slipp'ry Height to gain :
You're lost, if you the right or left prefer ;
Reason has but one way, and cannot Err.
Sometimes an Author fond of his own Thought,
Pursues his Object till 'tis over-wrought :
If he describes a House, he shews the Face,
And after walks you round from place to place ;

Here

Here is a *Vista*, There the Doors unfold,
 Balconies here are Ballustred with Gold ;
 Then counts the Rounds and Ovals in the Hall,
 * *The Freeze the Festoon and the Astragal :*
 Tir'd with his tedious Pomp, away I run,
 And skip o're twenty Pages to be gone.
 Of such Descriptions the vain Folly see,
 And shun their barren Superfluity.
 All that is needless carefully avoid,
 The Mind once satisfi'd, is quickly cloy'd :
 He cannot Write, who knows not to give o're ;
 † To mend one Fault, he makes a hundred more :
 A Verse was weak, you turn it much too strong,
 † And grow Obscure, for fear you should be Long.
 Some are not Gaudy, but are Flat and Dry ;
 Not to be low, another soars too high.
 Would you of every one deserve the Praise ?
 In Writing; vary your Discourse, and Phrase ;

G 4

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* *Verse of Scudery.*

† In Vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret Arte. *Ibid. Vers. 31.*

‡ *Ibid. verse 25.*

Brevis esse laboro,
 Obscurus fio; sectantem levij, nervj
 Deficiunt, animiq; profectus grandia, turgeat,
 Serpit humi tutus nimium, timidusq; procellæ.

A frozen Stile, that neither Ebbs or Flows,
 Instead of pleasing, makes us gape and doze.
 Those tedious Authors are esteem'd by none
 Who tire us, Humming the same heavy Tone.
 Happy, who in his Verse can gently steer,
 From Grave, to Light; from Pleasant to Severe:
 His Works, where-ever found, the World admires,
 * And *Curl* and *Sanger* shall be teiz'd with Buyers.
 In all you Write, be neither Low nor Vile:
 The meanest Theme may have a proper Stile.

The dull Burlesque appear'd with Impudence,
 And pleas'd by Novelty, in Spite of Sense.
 All except trivial Points, grew out of date;
Parnassus spoke the Cant of *Belinsgate*:
 Boundless and Mad, disorder'd Rhyme was seen:
 Disguis'd *Apollo* chang'd to *Harlequin*.
 This Plague, which first in Country Towns began,
 Cities and Kingdoms quickly over-ran;
 The Jewdest Scriblers some Admirers found,
 † And our *Mock-Virgil* was a while renown'd:

But

* In the Original, M. Boileau names his Bookseller Barbin.
 † Cotton's *Virgil Travesty*. M. Boileau, in the Original,
 reflects upon M. Dausoucy who translated Ovid's *Metamorphosis*
 into Doggrel Verse.

But this low stuff the Town at last despis'd,
 And scorn'd the Folly that they once had priz'd,
 For Wit and Nature had a just regard,
 And left the *Country* to admire *Ned Ward*.

Let not so mean a Stile your Muse debase ;
 But learn from *Garth* the true Satiric grace :
 And let Burlesque in Ballads be employ'd ;
 Yet noisy Bumbast carefully avoid,
 Nor think by loud tempestuous Phrase to Rise,
 * *Exploded Thunder tears th' embowell'd Skies.*

† Nor with *Sylveſter*, *bridle up the Floods*,
 And *Periwig with Snow the bald-pate Woods*,
 Choose a right Key ; be Grave without constraint,
 Great without Pride, and Lovely without Pain :
 Write what your Reader may be pleas'd to hear ;
 And, for the Measure, have a careful Ear.

On easy Numbers fix your happy choice ;
 Of jarring Sounds avoid the odious noise :
 The fullest Verse and the most labour'd Sense,
 Displease us, if the Ear once take Offence.

Our ancient Verse, (as homely as the Times,)
 Was rude, unmeasur'd, only Tagg'd with Rhimes :
 Number

* Verse in *Pr. Arthur*. † Verse of *Sylveſter's Translation of Dubartas*.

Number and Cadence, that have Since been Shown,
To those unpolish'd Writers were unknown.

Chaucer was he, who, in that Darker Age,
By Nature's Rules restrain'd Poetic Rage ;

Spencer did next in Pastorals excel,

And taught the Noble Art of Writing well :

To stricter Rules the Stanza did confine,

And found for Poetry a richer Mine.

Then *D'Avenant* came ; who, with a new found Art,

Chang'd all, spoil'd all, and had his way apart :

His haughty Muse all others did despise,

And thought in Triumph to bear off the Prize,

Till the Sharp-sighted Critics of the Times

In their Mock-*Gondibert* expos'd his Rhimes ;

The Lawrels he assum'd they did refuse,

And dash'd the hopes of his aspiring Muse.

This head-strong Writer, falling from on high,

Made following Authors take less Liberty.

Waller came last, but was the first whose Art

Just Weight and Measure did to Verse impart ;

Who of a well-plac'd Word could reach the Force,

And shew for Poetry a nobler Course :

His happy Genius our rough Tongue refin'd,
 And easie Words with pleasing Numbers joyn'd ;
 His flowing Verses in good method Rang'd,
 And to soft Harmony harsh Discord Chang'd.
 His Laws which have with long Success been try'd,
 To present Authors now may be a *Guide*.

Tread boldly in his Steps, secure from Fear,
 And be like him, in your Expressions, clear.
 If in your doitring Verse your Sense decays,
 My Patience tires, and my Attention strays,
 And from your vain Discourse I turn my mind,
 Nor search an Author difficult to find.

There is a kind of Writer pleas'd with Sound,
 Whose Fustian Head with Clouds is compass'd round,
 No Reason can disperse 'em with its Light ;
 Learn then to Think e'er you pretend to Write.

* As are Our Sentiments Obscure or Clear,
 So will our Diction Bright or Dull appear,
 What we conceive, with ease we can express ;
 Words to the Notions flow with readiness.

Observe

* *Ibid. Verse 311.*
 Verbaque provissam rem non invita sequentur.

Observe the Language well in all you Write,
And swerve not from it in your loftiest flight.

The smoothest Verse, and the exactest Sense
Displease us if bad *English* give Offence:

A barb'rous Phrase no Reader can approve ;
Nor Bombast, Noise, or Affectation love.

Without true Style, the Labours of the Muse,
Can neither Profit or Delight produce.

* Take Time for thinking ; never work in haste ;
And value not your self for writing fast.

A rapid Poem, with such Fury writ,
Shews want of Judgment, not abounding Wit.

More pleas'd we are to see a River lead
His gentle Streams along a flow'ry Mead,
Than from high Banks to hear loud Torrents roar,
With foamy Waters on a Muddy Shore.

Gently make haste, of Labour not afraid ;
Consider twenty Times of what you've said.

Polish, repolish, every Colour lay,
And sometimes add ; but oft'ner take away.

'Tis

* *Ibid.* vers. 292.

————— Carmine reprehendite, quod non
Multa dies & multa litura coarctat, atque
Prædictum decies non castigavit ad unguem.

'Tis not enough, when swarming Faults are writ,
 That here and there are scatter'd Sparks of Wit ;
 Each Object must be fix'd in the due Place,
 And diff'ring Parts have Corresponding Grace :
 Till, by a curious Art dispos'd, we find
 * One perfect whole, of all the Pieces join'd.
 Keep to your Subject close,* in all you say ;
 Nor for a sounding Sentence lose the Way.
 The publick Censure for your Writings fear,
 And to your self be Critic most severe.
 Fantastic Wits their darling Follies love ;
 But find you faithful Friends that will reprove,
 That on your Works may look with careful Eyes,
 And of your Faults be zealous Enemies :
 Lay by an Author's Pride, be never Vain,
 Esteem a Friend ; the Flatterer disdain
 Who seems to like, but means not what he says :
 Embrace true Counsel, but suspect false Praise.

* *Ibid.* Vers. 152.

Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet unum.

— Sit quodvis simplex dumtaxat & unum.