

THE  
ORIGIN AND PROGRESS  
OF  
KINGS;

A POEM;

BY THE CELEBRATED MR. COWPER.

AND THE

PROGRESS OF A DIVINE.

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GREAT princes have great playthings. Some have play'd  
At hewing mountains into men, and some  
At building human wonders mountain high.  
Some have amus'd the dull, sad years of life,  
Life spent in indolence, and therefore sad,  
With schemes of monumental fame; and fought  
By pyramids and mausolæan pomp,  
Short-liv'd themselves, t'immortalize their bonds.  
Some seek diversion in the tented field,  
And make the sorrows of mankind their sport.  
But WAR'S *a game*, which, were their subjects *wise*,  
KINGS would not play at. Nations would do well  
T'extort their truncheons from the puny hands  
Of heroes, whose infirm and baby minds  
Are gratified with mischief; and who spoil,  
Because *men* suffer it, their toy the world.  
When Babel was confounded, and the great  
Confed'racy of projectors wild and vain  
Was split into diversity of tongues,  
Then, as a shepherd separates his flock,  
These to the upland, to the valley those,  
God drave asunder, and assigned their lot  
To all the nations. Ample was the boon  
He gave them, in its distribution fair  
And equal, and he bade them dwell in peace.  
Peace was a *care*: they plough'd and sow'd,

And

And reap'd their plenty without grudge or strife.  
 But violence can never longer sleep  
 Than human passions please. In ev'ry heart  
 Are sown the sparks that kindle fiery war;  
 Occasion needs but fan them, and they blaze.  
 Cain had already shed a brother's blood:  
 The deluge wash'd it out; but left unquench'd  
 The seeds of murder in the breast of man.  
 Soon, by a righteous judgment, in the line  
 Of his descending progeny was found  
 The first artificer of death; the shrew'd  
 Contriver who first sweated at the forge,  
 And forc'd the blunt and yet unbloodied steel  
 To a keen edge, and made it bright for war.  
 Him, Tubal nam'd, the Vulcan of old times,  
 The sword and falchion their inventor claim.  
 And the first smith was the first murd'rer's son.  
 His art surviv'd the waters; and ere long,  
 When man was multiplied and spread abroad  
 In tribes and clans, and had begun to call  
 These meadows and that range of hills his own,  
 The tasted sweets of property begat  
 Desire of more; and industry in some  
 T'improve and cultivate their just demesne,  
 Made others covet what they saw so fair.  
 Thus war began on earth: these fought for spoil,  
 And those in self-defence. Savage at first,  
 The onset, and irregular. At length  
 One eminent above the rest, for strength,  
 For stratagem, or courage, or for all,  
 Was chosen leader: him they serv'd in war,  
 And him in peace, for sake of warlike deeds  
 Rev'renc'd no less. Who could with him compare?  
 Or who so worthy to controul themselves  
 As he whose prowess had subdu'd their foes?  
 Thus war affording field for the display  
 Of virtue, made one chief, whose times of peace,  
 Which have their exigencies too, and call  
 For skill in government, at length made king

King was a name too proud for man to wear  
 With modesty and meekness; and the crown,  
 So dazzling in their eyes who set it on,  
 Was sure t' intoxicate the brows it bound:  
 It is the abject property of most,  
 That being parcel of the common mass,  
 And destitute of means to raise themselves,  
 They sink and settle lower than they need.  
 They know not what it is to feel within,  
 A comprehensive faculty, that grasps  
 Great purposes with ease, that turns and wields,  
 Almost without an effort, plans too vast  
 For their conception, which they cannot move.  
 Conscious of impotence, they soon grow drunk  
 With gazing, when they see an able man  
 Step forth to notice; and besotted thus,  
 Build him a pedestal, and say, stand there,  
 And be our admiration and our praise.  
 They roll themselves before him in the dust,  
 Then most deserving in their own account,  
 When most extravagant in his applause,  
 As if exalting him they rais'd themselves.  
 Thus by degrees, self-cheated of their sound  
 And sober judgment, that he is but man,  
 They demi-deify and fume him so,  
 That in due season he forgets it too.  
 Inflated and astrut in self-conceit,  
 He gulps the windy diet, and ere long,  
 Adopting their mistake, profoundly thinks  
 The world was made in vain, if not for him.  
 Thenceforth they are his cattle: drudges, born  
 To bear his burdens; drawing in his gears  
 And sweating in his service, his caprice  
 Becomes the soul that animates them all.  
 He deems a thousand, or ten thousand lives,  
 Spent in the purchase of renown for *him*,  
 An easy reck'ning, and they think the same.  
 Thus **KINGS** were first *invented*, and thus **KINGS**  
 Were burnish'd into heroes, and became

The arbiters of this terraqueous swamp,  
 Storks among frogs, that have but croak'd and died.  
 Strange, that such folly as lifts bloated man  
 To eminence fit only for a god,  
 Should ever drivel out of human lips,  
 Ev'n in the cradled weakness of the world!  
 Still stranger much, that when at length mankind  
 Had reach'd the sinewy firmness of their youth,  
 And could discriminate and argue well  
 On subjects more mysterious, they were yet  
 Babes in the cause of freedom, and should fear  
 And quake before the gods *themselves* had made.  
 But above measure strange, that neither proof  
 Of sad experience, nor examples set  
 By some whose patriot virtue has prevail'd,  
 Can even now, when they are grown mature  
 In wisdom, and with philosophic deeps  
 Familiar, serve t'emancipate the rest!  
 Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone  
 To rev'rence what is ancient, and can plead  
 A course of long observance for its use,  
 That even servitude, the worst of ills,  
 Because deliver'd down from sire to son,  
 Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing.  
 But is it fit, or can it bear the shock  
 Of rational discussion, that a man,  
 Compounded and made up like other men  
 Of elements tumultuous, in whom lust  
 And folly in as ample measure meet  
 As in the bosoms of the slaves he rules,  
 Should be a despot absolute, and boast  
 Himself the only freeman of his land?  
 Should, when he pleases, and on whom he will  
 Wage war, with any or with no pretence  
 Of provocation giv'n or wrong sustain'd,  
 And force the beggarly last doit, by means  
 That his own humour dictates, from the clutch  
 Of poverty, that thus he may procure  
 His thousands, weary of penurious life,

A splendid opportunity to die ?  
 Say ye, who (with less prudence than of old  
 Jotham ascrib'd to his assembl'd trees  
 In politic convention) put your trust  
 I'th' shadow of a bramble, and reclin'd  
 In fancied peace beneath his dang'rous branch,  
 Rejoice in him, and celebrate his sway,  
 Where find ye passive fortitude ? Whence springs  
 Your self-denying zeal, that holds it good  
 To stroke the prickly grievances, and to hang  
 His thorns with streamers of continual praise ?  
 We too are friends to loyalty. We love  
 The *king* who loves the *law* ; respects his bounds,  
 And reigns content within them ; *him* we serve  
 Freely and with delight, who leaves us *free* ;  
 But recollecting still that he is man,  
 We trust him not *too* far. *King* though he be,  
 And king in *England too*, he may be weak,  
 And vain enough to be ambitious still ;  
 May exercise amiss his proper pow'rs,  
 Or covet more than freemen chuse to grant :  
 Beyond that mark is treason. He is ours,  
 T'administer, to guard, t'adorn the state,  
 But not to wrap or change it. We are his,  
 To serve him nobly in the common cause,  
 True to the death, but not to be his slaves.  
 Mark now the diff'rence, ye that boast your love  
 Of kings, between your loyalty and ours.  
 We love the man ; the paltry pageant you.  
 We the chief patron of the commonwealth ;  
 You the regardless author of its woes.  
 We, for the sake of liberty, a king ;  
 You chains and bondage, for a tyrant's sake.  
 Our love is principle, and has its root  
 In reason, is judicious, manly and free ;  
 Yours, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod,  
 And licks the foot that treads it in the dust.  
 Where kingship as true treasure as it seems,  
 Sterling, and worthy of a wise man's wish,

I would

I would not be a king to be belov'd  
 Causeless, and daub'd with undiscerning praise,  
 Where love is mere attachment to the throne,  
 Not to the man who fills it as he ought.  
 Whose freedom is by suff'rance, and at will  
 Of a superior, he is never free.  
 Who lives, and is not weary of a life  
 Expos'd to manacles, deserves them well.  
 The state that strives for liberty, though foil'd,  
 And forc'd t'abandon what she bravely fought,  
 Deserves at least applause for her attempt,  
 And pity for her loss. But that's a cause  
 Not often unsuccessfull: pow'r usurp'd  
 Is weakness when oppos'd; conscious of wrong,  
 'Tis pusillanimous and prone to flight.  
 But slaves that once conceive the glowing thought  
 Of freedom, in that hope itself possess  
 All that the contest calls for; spirit, strength,  
 The scorn of danger, and united hearts,  
 The surest presage of the good they seek.

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'Tis *liberty* alone that gives the flow'r  
 Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,  
 And we are weeds without it. All constraint,  
 Except what wisdom lays on evil men,  
 Is evil; hurts the faculties, impedes  
 Their progress in the road of science; blinds  
 The eye-sight of discovery, and begets  
 In those that suffer it, a sordid mind  
 Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit  
 To be the tenant of man's noble form.  
 Thee therefore still, blame-worthy as thou art,  
 With all thy loss of empire, and though squeez'd  
 By public exigence till annual food  
 Fails for the craving hunger of the state,  
 Thee I account still happy, and the chief  
 Among the nations, seeing thou art free!  
 My native nook of earth! thy clime is rude,  
 Replete with vapours, and disposes much

All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine ;  
 Thine unadult'rate manners are less soft  
 And plausible than social life requires,  
 And thou hast need of discipline and art  
 To give thee what politer France receives  
 From Nature's bounty—that humane address  
 And sweetness, without which no pleasure is  
 In converse, either starv'd by cold reserve,  
 Or flush'd with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl ;  
 Yet being free, I love thee ; for the sake  
 Of that one feature can be well content,  
 Disgrac'd as thou hast been, poor as thou art,  
 To seek no sublunary rest beside.  
 But once *enslav'd*, FAREWELL ! I could endure  
 Chains *no where* patiently ; and chains at home,  
 Where I am *free by birthright*, not at all.  
 Then what were left of roughness in the grain  
 Of British natures, wanting its excuse  
 That it belongs to freemen, would disgust  
 And shock me. I should then, with double pain,  
 Feel all the rigor of thy fickle clime ;  
 And if I must bewail the blessing lost,  
 For which our *Hampdens* and our *Sidneys* bled,  
 I would at least bewail it under skies  
 Milder, among a people less austere,  
 In scenes which, having never known me free,  
 Would not reproach me with the loss I felt.  
 Do I forbode impossible events,  
 And tremble at vain dreams ? Heav'n grant I may !  
 But the age of virtuous politics is past,  
 And we are deep in that of cold pretence.  
 Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,  
 And we too wise to trust them. He that takes  
 Deep in his soft credulity the sump  
 Design'd by loud declaimers on the pad  
 Of liberty, themselves the slaves of lust,  
 Incurs derision for his easy faith  
 And lack of knowledge, and with cause enough :  
 For when was public virtue to be found

Where private was not? Can he love the whole  
 Who loves no part? He be a nation's friend,  
 Who is, in truth, the friend of no man there?  
 Can he be strenuous in his country's cause,  
 Who flights the charities, for whose dear sake  
 That country, if at all, must be belov'd?  
 'Tis therefore sober and good men are sad  
 For England's glory, seeing it wax pale  
 And sickly, while her champions wear their hearts  
 So loose to private duty, that no brain,  
 Healthful and undisturb'd by factious fumes,  
 Can dream them trusty to the gen'ral weal.  
 Such were not they of old, whose temper'd blades  
 Dispers'd the shackles of usurp'd control,  
 And hew'd them link from link: then Albion's sons  
 Were sons indeed; they felt a filial heart  
 Beat high within them at a mother's wrongs,  
 And, shining each in his domestic sphere,  
 Shone brighter still, once call'd to public view.  
 'Tis therefore many, whose sequester'd lot  
 Forbids their interference, looking on,  
 Anticipate perforce some dire event;  
 And seeing the old castle of the state,  
 That promis'd once more firmness, so assail'd,  
 That all its tempest beaten turrets shake,  
 Stand motionless, expectants of its fall.  
 All has its date below; the fatal hour  
 Was register'd in heav'n ere time began.  
 We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works  
 Die too: the deep foundations that we lay,  
 Time ploughs them up, and not a trace remains.  
 We build with what we deem eternal rock;  
 A distant age asks where the fabric stood,  
 And in the dust, sifted and search'd in vain,  
 The undiscoverable secret sleeps.

THE END.



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T H E

P R O G R E S S O F A D I V I N E .

1776.

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**A**LL Priests are not the same: be understood!  
Priests are like other folks, some bad, some good:  
What's Vice or Virtue sure admits no doubt,  
Then Clergy, with Church mission or without;  
When good, or bad, annex we to your name,  
The greater honour, or the greater shame.

Mark how a country Curate once could rise  
Tho' neither learn'd, nor witty, good nor wise!  
Of innkeeper or butcher if begot,  
At Cam, or Isis bred, imports it not.

A Servitor he was,—“Of Hall or College?”  
Ask not—to neither credit is his knowledge.  
Four years thro' foggy ale, yet made him see  
Just his neck verse to read, and take degree.  
A gown with added sleeves, he now may wear:  
While his round hat transforms into a square.  
Him quite unconc'd, the butt'ry book shall own,  
At pray'rs, tho' ne'er devout, so constant known.  
Let testimonials then his worth disclose!  
He gains a cassock, beaver and a rose.

A Curate now, his furniture review!

A few old sermons and a bottle-screw.

“A Curate!—where? His name (cries one) recite!

“Or tell me this;—Is pudding his delight?”

His

“ Why ours loves pudding !” Does he so ? ’tis he !

“ A Servitor !” Sure Curtt will find a key.

His Alma Mater now he quite forsakes,  
She gave him one degree, and two he takes.

He now the hood and sleeve of Master wears !

“ A Doctor ;” (quoth they)—and lo, a scarf he bears !

A swelling, ruffling, glossy scarf !—yet he,  
By peer unqualified, as by degree.

This Curate learns church dues and law to teize,  
When time shall serve for tythes and surplice fees ;  
When ’scapes some portion’d girl from guardian’s pow’r,  
He the snug licence gets for nuptial hour ;

And rend’ring vain her parent’s prudent cares,  
To sharper weds her, and with sharper shares.

Let babes of poverty convulsive lie ;

No bottle waits, tho’ babe unsprinkl’d die.

Half office serves the fun’ral, if it bring

No hope of scarf, of hat band, gloves, or ring.

Does any wealthy fair desponding lye,

With scrup’ous conscience. tho’ she knows not why ;

Would cordial counsel make the patient well ?

Our Priest shall raise the vapour, not dispel.

His cant some orphan’s piteous case shall bring,

He bids her give, the widow’s heart to sing.

He pleads for age in want—and, while she lingers,

Thus snares her charity with bird-lime fingers.

Now in the Patron’s mansion see the wight,

Factionous for pow’r—a son of Levi right !

Servile to ’Squires ; to vassals proud his mien,

As Codex to inferior clergy seen.

He flatters till you blush ; but, when withdrawn,

’Tis his to slander, as t’was his to fawn.

He pumps for secrets, pries o’er servants ways,

And, like a meddling Priest, can mischief raise ;

And from such mischief thus can plead desert.

“ ’Tis all my Patron’s int’rest at my heart.”

Deep in his mind all wrongs from others live,

None more need pardon, and none less forgive.

At what does next his erudition aim ?

To kill the footed and the feather’d game :

Than this apostle for a daintier dish,  
 With line or net, shall plot the fate of fish.  
 In kitchen what the cookmaid calls a cot,  
 In cellar with the butler, brother sot,  
 Here too he corks; in brewhouse, hops the beer,  
 Bright in the hall, his parts at whist appear;  
 Dext'rous to pack, yet at all cheats exclaiming,  
 'This Priest has av'rice, av'rice, itch of gaming,  
 And gaming fraud;—but fair he strikes the ball,  
 And at the plain of billiard pockets all.  
 At tables now—but oh! if gammon'd there,  
 The startling echos, learn, like him to swear!  
 Tho' ne'er at authors in the study seen,  
 At bowls sagacious, master of the green.  
 A connoisseur, as cunning as a fox,  
 To bet on racers, or on battling cocks,  
 To preach o'er beer, in boroughs to procure  
 Voters, to make the 'Squire's election sure:  
 For this, when clowns stare, gape, and grin, and bawl,  
 Free to buffoon his function to 'em all.  
 When the clod Justice some horse-laugh would raise,  
 Foremost the dullest of dull jokes to praise;  
 To say, or unsay at his Patron's nod,  
 To do the will of all—save that of God.

His int'rest the most servile part he deems,  
 Yet much he sways, where much to serve he seems;  
 He sways his patron, rules the lady most,  
 And, as he rules the lady, rules the roast.

Old tradesmen must give way to new—his aim  
 Extorted poundage, once the steward's claim.  
 Tenants are rais'd, or as his pow'r encreases,  
 Unless they fine to him, renew no leases,

Thus tradesmen, servants, tenants, none are free,  
 Their loss and murmur are his gain and glee,

Lux'ry he loves; but like a priest of sense,  
 Ev'n lux'ry loves not, at his own expence.

Tho' harlot passion wanton with his will,  
 Yet av'rice is his wedded passion still.

See him with napkin, o'er his band tuck'd in,  
 While the rich grease hangs glist'ning on his chin;

Or, as the dew from Aaron's beard declines,  
 Ev'n to his garment hem, soft trickling shines !  
 He feeds and feeds, swills soup and sucks up marrow,  
 Swills, sucks, and feeds, till leach'rous as a sparrow.  
 Thy pleasure, Onan, now no more delights,  
 The lone amusement of his chaster nights.  
 He boasts—(let ladies put him to the test !)  
 Strong back, broad shoulders, and a well built chest.  
 With stiff'ning nerves, now steals he sly away,  
 Alert, warm, chuckling, ripe for am'rous play ;  
 Ripe to caress the lass, he once thought meet,  
 At church to chide, when pennanc'd in a sheet,  
 He pants, the titillating joy to prove ;  
 The fierce, short fallies of luxurious love.  
 Not fair Cadefis and Confessor than they,  
 In straining transport, more lascivious lay.

Conceives her womb, while each fo'mettled thrills,  
 He plies her now with love, and now with pills.  
 No more false penance, cloath'd in shame upon her,  
 These kill her embryo, and preserve her honour.

Riches, love, pow'r, his passion then we own,  
 Can he court pow'r, and pant not for renown ?  
 Fool, wise, good, wicked,—all desire a name,  
 Than him, young heroes turn not more for fame.  
 While about ways of Heav'n the school-men jar,  
 (The church re echoing to the wordy war)  
 The ways of Earth, he, (on his horse astride)  
 Can with big words contest, with blows decide ;  
 He dares some carrier, charg'd with cumb'rous load,  
 Disputes, dismounts, and boxes for the road.

Ye hooting boys, " Oh ! well play'd, Parson, cry !  
 Oh ! well play'd, Parson ! hooting vales reply ;  
 Winds waft it to cathedral domes around,  
 Cathedral domes, from inmost quires resound.

The man has many meritorious ways,  
 He'll smoke his pipe, and London's prelate praise.  
 His publick pray'rs, his oaths for George declare,  
 Yet mental reservation may forswear ;  
 For, safe with friends, he now in royal stealth,  
 Hiccups, and stagg'ring cries—" King Jemmy's health."

God's word he preaches now, and now profanes,  
 Now swallows camels, and at gnats now strains.  
 He pities men, who, in unrighteous days,  
 Read, or what's worse, write poetry and plays.  
 He readeth not what any author saith,  
 The more his merit in implicit faith.  
 Those who a jot from mother church recede  
 He damns like any Athanasian creed;  
 He rails at Hoadley, so can zeal possess him,  
 He's orthodox, as Gibson's self—God bless him.

Satan, whom yet, for once, he pays thanksgiving,  
 Sweeps off th' Incumbent now of fat-goose living.  
 He seeks his patron's lady, finds the fair,  
 And for her int'rest first prefers his pray'r.

“ You pose me not (said she) tho' hard the task;  
 “ Tho' husbands seldom give what wives will ask.  
 “ My dearee does not yet to think incline,  
 “ How oft your nest you feather, Priest, from mine.  
 “ This pin-money, tho' short, has not betray'd,  
 “ Nor jewels pawn'd, nor tradesmen's bills unpaid;  
 “ Mine is the female fashionable skill,  
 “ To win my wants by cheating at quadrille.  
 “ You bid me, with prim look, the world delude,  
 “ Nor fins my priest demurer than his prude.  
 “ Least thinks, my lord, you plant the secret horn,  
 “ That yours his hopeful heir, so newly born.  
 “ 'Tis mine, to tieze him first with jealous fears,  
 “ And thunder all my virtue in his ears;  
 “ My virtue rules unquestion'd—Where's the cue  
 “ For that which governs him, to govern you?  
 “ I gave you pow'r, the family complain;  
 “ I gave you love, but all your love is gain.  
 “ My int'rest, wealth, for these alone you burn,  
 “ With these you leave me, and with these return:  
 “ Then, as no truant wants excuse for play,  
 “ 'Twas duty—duty call'd you far away;  
 “ The sick to visit—some miles off to preach,  
 “ —You come not, but to suck one, like a leach.”  
 Thus lady like, she wanders from the case,  
 Keeps to no part, but runs a wild goose chace.

She talks and talks—to him her words are wind,  
For fat goose living fills alone her mind.

He leaves her: to his Patron warm applies,  
“ But Parson, mark the terms, (his Patron cries)  
“ Yon door, you held for me, and hand maid Nell,  
“ The girl now sickens, and she soon will swell.  
“ My spouse has yet no jealous odd conjectures,  
“ Oh, shield my morning rest from curtain lectures!  
“ Parson take breeding Nelly, quick to wife,  
“ And fat-goose living then is yours for life.”

Patron and spouse thus mutually beguil'd,  
Patron and Priest thus own each others child.  
Smock simony agreed—thus curates rise,  
Tho' neither, learn'd, nor witty, good, nor wise.

Vicars, (poor wights!) for lost impropriation,  
Rue, tho' good Protestants, the Reformation.  
Preferr'd from Curate, see our soul's protector,  
No murmuring Vicar, but rejoicing Rector;  
Not hir'd by laymen, nor by laymen shewn,  
Church lands not theirs, and tythes no more his own!

His Patron can't revoke, but may repent,  
To bully now, not please, our Parson's bent.  
When from dependence freed, (such priestly will!)  
Priests soon treat all, but first their Patrons ill.

Vestries he rates—Ye lawyers hither draw!  
He snacks—His people deep are plung'd in law.  
Now these plague those, this parish now sues that,  
For burying or maintaining fondling brat.  
Now with churchwardens cribs the rev'rend thief,  
From workhouse pittance, and collection brief;  
Nay sacramental, thus purloins as sure,  
And ev'n at altars thus defrauds the poor.

Poor folks he'll shun, but pray by rich, if ill,  
And watch, and watch, to slide into their will:  
Then pop, perchance in consecrated wine,  
What speeds the soul, he fits for realms divine.

Why could not London, this good Parson gain?  
Before him sepulchres had rent in twain:  
Then had he learn'd, with sextons to invade,  
And strip with sacrilegious hands the dead;

To tear off rings e'er yet the finger rots  
 To part them—for th' vesture shroud cast lots :  
 Had made dead skulls for coin the chymists share,  
 The female corpse, the surgeon's purchased ware ;  
 And peeping viewed, when for dissection laid,  
 That secret place, which love has sacred made.

Grudge heroes not your heads in stills enclos'd !  
 Grudge not ye fair, your parts ripp'd up, expos'd !  
 As strikes the choice anatomy our eyes,  
 As here dead skulls, in quick'ning cordials rise :  
 From Egypt thus, a rival traffic springs,  
 Her vended mummies thus were once her kings ;  
 The line of Ninus now in drugs is roll'd,  
 And Ptolemy's himself for balsam fold.

Volumes, unread, his library compose ;  
 Gay shine their gilded backs in letter'd rows.  
 Cheap he collects—his friends the dupes, are known  
 They buy, he borrows, and each books his own.

Poor neighbours earn hi ale, but earn it dear,  
 His ale he trafficks for a nobler cheer.  
 For mugs of ale some poach—no game they spare,  
 Nor pheasant, partridge, woodcock, snipe, nor hare.  
 Some plunder fish ponds, others (ven'son thieves,)  
 The forest ravage, and the Priest receives.  
 Let plenty at his board, then lacquey serve,  
 No ;—tho' with plenty penury will starve.

He deals with London fishmongers— hi books  
 Swell in accounts with poult'ers and with cooks.

Wide and more wide his swelling fortune flows ;  
 Narrower and narrower still, his spirit grows.

His servants—hard has fate their lot decreed,  
 They toil like horses, like Cameleons feed.  
 Sunday, no sabbath, is in labour spent,  
 And Christmas renders them as lean as lent.  
 Their long, nor faithful services engage,  
 See 'em dismiss'd in sickness, or in age.

His wife, poor Nelly, leads a life of dread,  
 Now brat, now pinch'd in arms, and now in bread.  
 If decent powder deck the adjuted hair,  
 If modish silk, for once, improve her air ;

Her with past faults, thus shocks his cruel tone,  
 Faults—tho' from thence her dow'ry, now his own.  
 " Thus shall my purse your carnal joys procure?  
 " All dress is nothing, but a harlot's lure.  
 " Sackcloth alone, your sin should penacn'd wear,  
 " Your locks, uncomb'd, with ashes sprinkled stare.  
 " Spare diet thins the blood—if more you crave,  
 " 'Tis mine my viands, and your soul to save.  
 " Blood must be drawn, not swell'd—then strip and dread,  
 " This waving horse-whip circling o'er my head!  
 " Be yours the blubb'ring lip, and whimp'ring eye,  
 " Frequent this lash shall righteous stripes supply.  
 " What squall you? Call no kindred to your aid,  
 " You wedded, when no widow; yet no maid.  
 " Did law Mosaic\*, now in force remain,  
 " Say to what father durst you then complain?  
 " What had your virtues witness'd? well I know,  
 " No bridal sheets could virgin tokens show.  
 " Elders had fought, but miss'd the signing red,  
 " And law, then harlot, strait had ston'd you dead.  
 Nor former vice alone her pain ensures,  
 Nelly, for present virtue much endures;  
 For lo, she charms some wealthy, am'rous squire!  
 Her spouse would let her, like his man, for hire.  
 'Twere thus no sin, should love her limbs employ,  
 Be his the profit, and be hers the joy!  
 This when her chastity, or pride denies,  
 His words reproach her, and his kicks chastise.  
 At length, in childbed, she with broken heart,  
 Tips off, poor soul!—Let her in peace depart!  
 He mourns her death, who did her life destroy;  
 He weeps; and weeps—Oh, how he weeps—for joy!  
 Then cries with seeming grief—" Is Nelly dead?  
 " No more with woman creak, my couch or bed!"  
 'Tis true; he spouse nor doxy, more enjoys,  
 Women farewell! He lusts not—but for boys.

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\* Vide Deuteronomy Chap. xxii. ver. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21.



This Priest, ye clergy, not fictitious call,  
 Think him not form'd, to represent ye all.  
 Should satire, quirks of vile attornies draw,  
 Say, would that mean to ridicule all law?  
 Describe some murd'ring quack with want of knowledge,  
 Would true physicians cry—you mean the college?  
 Blest be your cloth!—But, if in him, 'tis curst,  
 'Tis as best things corrupted, are the worst.

But lest, with keys, the guiltless curll defame,  
 Be published here—Melchisedeck his name.  
 Of Oxford too; but her strict terms have drop'd him,  
 And Cambridge *ad eundum* shall adopt him.  
 Of arts now master, him the hood confirms,  
 'Scap'd are his exercises, 'scap'd his terms.  
 See the degree of doctor next excite!  
 The scarf, he once usurp'd becomes his right.  
 A Doctor? could he disputants refute?  
 Not so—first compromis'd was the dispute.

At fat goose living, seldom he resides,  
 A Curate there, small pittance well provides.  
 See him at London studiously profound,  
 With bags of gold, not books, encompass'd round!  
 He, from the broker, how to job discerns,  
 He, from the scriv'ner, art of usury learns:  
 How to let int'rest run on int'rest knows,  
 And how to draw the mortgage, how foreclose.  
 Tenants and boroughs bought with mon'strous treasure,  
 Elections turn obedient to his pleasure.  
 Like Stubbing, let him county mobs support,  
 And then like Stubbing, crave a grace at court;  
 He sues, he tiezes, and he perleverages,  
 Not blushless Henley less abash'd appears.  
 His impudence of proof in ev'ry trial  
 Kens no polite, and heeds no plain denial.  
 A spy, he aims, by others fall to rise;  
 Vile as Iscariot U—, betrays, belies;  
 And say, what better recommends than this?  
 Lo, Codex greets him with a holy kiss;  
 Him thus instructs in controversial stuff,  
 Him, who ne'er argued, but with kick and cuff!

My weekly miscellany be your lore !  
 “ Thence rise, at once, the champion of church pow’r !  
 “ The trick of jumbling contradictions know ;  
 “ In church be high, in politicks seem low.  
 “ Seek some antagonist, then wound his name,  
 “ The better still his life, the more defame :  
 “ Quote him unfair, and, in expression quaint,  
 “ Force him to father meanings, never meant  
 “ Learn but mere names, resistless in your page,  
 “ For these enchant the vulgar, those enrage.  
 “ Name CHURCH, that mystic spell shall mobs command,  
 “ Let HERETIC, each reas’oning Christian brand ;  
 “ Cry SCHISMATICK, let men of conscience shrink,  
 “ Cry INFIDEL, and who shall dare to think ?  
 “ Invoke the civil power, not sense, for aid,  
 “ Assert, not argue, menace, not persuade ;  
 “ Shew Discord and her fiends would save the nation,  
 “ But her call Peace, her fiends, a convocation.  
 “ By me, and Webster, finished thus at school,  
 “ Last, for the pulpit learn this golden rule !  
 “ Detach the sense, and pother o’er the text,  
 “ And puzzle first yourself, your audience next ;  
 “ Ne’er let your doctrine, ethic truth impart,  
 “ Be that as free from morals, as your heart !  
 “ Say faith, without one virtue, shall do well,  
 “ But, without faith, all virtues doom to hell !  
 “ What is this faith ? Not what (as Scripture shows)  
 “ Appeals to reason, when ’twould truth disclose.  
 “ This, against reason, dare we recommend,  
 “ Faith may be true, but not on truth depend.  
 “ ’Tis mystic light—A light, which shall conceal :  
 “ A revelation, which shall not reveal.  
 “ If faith is faith, ’tis orthodox—in brief,  
 “ Belief, not orthodox, is not belief ;  
 “ And who has not belief, pronounce him plain  
 “ No Christian—Codex bids you *this* maintain.”  
 Thus, with much wealth, some jargon and no grace,  
 To seat episcopal our Doctor trace !  
 Codex deceiving the superior ear,  
 Procures the Congè (much miscall’d) d’Eline,  
 (Let this the force of our fine precept tell,  
 That faith without one virtue shall do well !)

The Dean and Chapter daring not t'enquire  
 Elect him!—Why?—To shun a *præmunire*.  
 Within, without, be tidings roll'd around,  
 Organs within, and bells without resound.  
 Lawn sleev'd and mitred, stand he now confess!  
 See Codex consecrate!—A solemn jest!  
 The wicked's pray'rs prevail not—pardon me,  
 Who, for your Lordship's blessing, bend—no knee.

Like other Priests, when to small fees you send 'em,  
 Let ours hold fat-goose living in Commendam!  
 An officer, who ne'er his king rever'd,  
 For trait'rous toasts and cowardice cashier'd:  
 A broken 'Pothecary, once renown'd  
 For drugs, that poison'd half the country round,  
 From whom warm girls, if pregnant e'er they marry,  
 Take physick, and for honour's sake miscarry.  
 A lawyer fam'd, for length'ning bills of cost,  
 While much he plagu'd mankind, his clients most;  
 To lick up ev'ry neighbour's fortune known,  
 And then let lux'ry lick up all his own.  
 A Cambridge soph, who once for wit, was held  
 Esteem'd; but vicious, and for vice expell'd:  
 With parts, his Lordship's lame one's to support,  
 In well tim'd sermons, fit to cant at court;  
 Or accurately pen (a talent better)  
 His Lordship's senate speech, and past'ral letter:  
 These four to purify from sinful stains,  
 This Bishop first absolves, and then ordains,  
 His Chaplains these; and each of rising knows  
 Those right'ous arts; by which their Patron rose.

See him LORD SPIRITUAL, dead voting seated!  
 He soon, tho' not to Heav'n, shall be translated.  
 Would now the Mitre circle Rundle's crest?  
 See him with Codex, ready to protest!  
 Thus holy, holy, holy Bishop rise;  
 Tho' neither learn'd, nor witty, good, nor wise!

Think not these lays, ye Clergy, would abuse;  
 Thus, when these lays commenc'd, premis'd the Muse.  
 "All Priests are not the same, be understood!  
 "Priests are, like other folks, some bad, some good."

The good no sanction give the wicked's fame,  
 Nor with the wicked share the good in shame.  
 Then wise free-thinkers cry not smartly thus—  
 "Is the Priest work'd?—The poet's one of us."

Free thinkers, bigots are alike to me,  
 For these misdeem half-thinking, thinking free;  
 These speculatives without speculation,  
 Call myst'ry, and credulity salvation.  
 Let us believe with reason, and in chief,  
 Let our good works demonstrate our belief,  
 Faith, without virtue, never shall do well,  
 And never virtue without faith excel.

