



THE  
M I T R E.  
A  
P O E M.

---

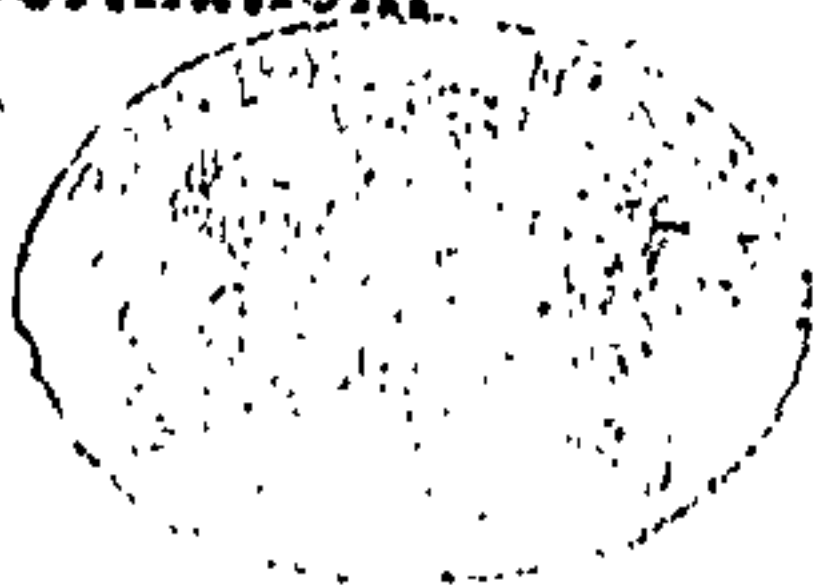
C A N T O I.

— *Hæ nugæ SERIA ducent.* Hor.

1. **E**XERT, my MUSE, thy gentle aim,  
Light; as unaw'd by fear or shame,  
Who censure thee or thine :  
Plead thou but truth's eternal cause;  
Speak her's and ALBION's generous laws,  
Nor dread the SHEET or SHRINE\*.
2. Speak what ten thousand have before,  
In time permissive to say more;  
Till then let this suffice:  
Alike the fool's chagrin or smile:  
Thy sole design to please a-while  
The HONEST and the WISE.

\* The authority and censure of the Spiritual Courts; that bane and blast of English liberty, and an indelible blemish and clog upon the Protestant Reformation.

43. 10. 10<sup>B</sup>. 205



3. Abhor the bigot and the knave ;  
 To ROME or ENGLAND's fold a slave,  
 For nonsense or for gain :  
 Too like the spirit of them both ;  
 Their scarlet mind and scarlet cloth ;  
 And numberless their train.
4. I know thou can'st say nothing new ;  
 Too much if not the tythe were true ;  
 Too much the shame and sin :  
 Come then, thy native freedom use,  
 Without or preface or excuse,  
 Thou vent'rous bard begin.
5. While ROMAN priests their heads adorn  
 With MITRES, as their LORD's with thorn,  
 His meekness, but their pride :  
 More modest OURS (yet loth to part  
 With what still lies so near their heart)  
 They fix it on their SIDE.
6. But break the slight partition-wall,  
 (Disguise of gauze pontifical)  
 And look behind the skreen ;  
 You'll find 'tis nothing but parade,  
 The first impression ROME had made,  
 As fresh as e'er within.
7. Nor marvel this as something strange,  
 That real priests should seem to change ;  
 'Tis only in pretence :  
 The present state of things won't bear,  
 They should be seen but only where  
 It gives the least offence.

8. Besides in them who might recal  
 Their honours, dignity and pall,  
 To tolerate's discreet:  
 Since if lopt off the cloven crown,  
 In falling it might chance be fown,  
 And come up cloven FEET.
9. O what a clamour would be heard!  
 What dire effects might not be fear'd!  
 What mutiny of CLAIM!  
 See multitudes of priests arise!  
 See mobs of rebels in disguise!  
 The nation in a flame!
10. And yet, offence it can but give  
 To all who fain would see them live,  
 As might their charge become:  
 The honest, artless, and the plain,  
 Who (maugre all their fond chicane)  
 Discern the stamp of ROME.
11. But what mind these the gloomy cant  
 Of cropt or OLIVERIAN faint,  
 Or horizontal brim?  
 Themselves enwrapt in down and lawn,  
 As plump as LAMIES \* fed with fawn,  
 Or GUINEA-PIGS with cream.
12. Besides these blessings would arise,  
 (Which owls may see with half-shut eyes,  
 As doctors take their fee :)  
 If change of time should urge their fadge,  
 'Tis only to produce their BADGE,  
 And so retain their SEE.

\* LAMIES, a sort of She DEMONS that are supposed to suck the blood of young children.

13. Or ask'd, "Why only on their **SIDE**?"  
 (As if dispos'd their claim to hide,  
 For probity or fear:)  
 They need not from the truth depart,  
 But with their hand upon their heart,  
 Affirm "We wear it **HERE**."
14. And who can scorn or envious blame,  
 Or in their case would not the same,  
 But cast that **COAT** away,  
 Which, tho' too sultry now to wear,  
 Their valets or their **ARMS** may bear,  
 Against a rainy day?
15. Nor is this all that would ensue,  
 But **DEANS** and **CHAPTERS** (rev'rence due!)  
 Might safely sleep or sing;  
 Nor ever give one farthing more  
 To widow, fatherless, or poor,  
 The army, or their king.
16. All these might set their hearts at rest;  
 Each croaking snug within his nest,  
 Well-feather'd, warm, and even:  
 Ev'n he who loves and haunts his **GROVE**,  
 Need never fear a sad remove  
 To banishment or heav'n.
17. As eke a troop of hanging sleeves,  
 Vergers, and choristers, and thieves,  
 A grinning, greedy band:  
 Paid (as are hirclings) for nought,  
 But chaunting, rioting, or ought  
 Their keepers shall command.

8. Nor less the tribe of ghostly forms :  
 Like lions some, and some like worms ;  
 Or high-bred, generous sparks :  
 RECTORS and VICARS fair and red,  
 With CURATES starv'd for want of bread,  
 And saucy PARISH-CLERKS.
9. Chaplains that bless the ROYAL board,  
 Or curse their patron's tardy word ;  
 (Warm brethren of the CORK !).  
 Who wait till patience out at heels  
 The lordly SEES or humble CELLS  
 Of LONDON and of YORK.
20. With these, a group (what raree-shows !)  
 Half priests, half deacons, and half beaus ;  
 Who lollop, cringe, or while :  
 What pity so robust a train,  
 Were not inur'd to plow the main,  
 Or cultivate the soil !
1. To these succeed the useful men,  
 Ragged, or patch'd, or darn'd in grain,  
 Who read, or write, or think ;  
 Or any thing within their pow'r, [TOW'R  
 E'en trudge from KNIGHTSBRIDGE to the  
 For little thanks or drink.
2. O what an army would appear,  
 If but a tythe brought up the rear !  
 How full and deep intrench !  
 What mighty feats would not be done,  
 Might these but point or load the gun  
 'Gainst SATAN or the FRENCH !

23. All these beneath thy shadow sit,  
 And lounge or worship at thy feet,  
 Their patroness and guide!  
 Not doubting, but if times should turn,  
 To be, or in thy bosom borne,  
 Or dandled at thy side.
24. Thy NAME now mention (tho' not hard  
 To guess the meaning of the bard)  
 "The CHURCH" thy children call;  
 Like ROME, as if or only she,  
 Or thou, her twin were fit to be  
 "THE MOTHER OF US ALL."
25. And truth for such a numerous train,  
 As, or thy ale or rights maintain,  
 Nought less could well suffice:  
 Half countless as the sand marine,  
 Or spangling stars that shine between  
 Th' extremest polar skies.
26. For scarce could XERXES with his host,  
 A tribe more large or loyal boast,  
 Than what thy muster rolls:  
 A link that might girt half the globe,  
 Of raggs, of trowzers, or the robe,  
 Brave, bellowing, hardy souls!
27. Some lift their stately voice and swear,  
 By all that's dark or deep or clear,  
 (Such gasconade of whim!)  
 "No—they will ne'er resign the CHURCH,  
 "Tho' flea'd alive with steel or birch,  
 "Or pendant on a beam!"

28. A second blinks and wovls his dread,  
 Declares alike to 'live or dead,  
 The danger hard at hand:  
 Bids all beware the thieves that come  
 (But or of ENGLAND or from ROME)  
 And firm,—rebellious, stand.
29. A third (kind shepherd of his care,)  
 Roars out aloud his pond'rous fear,  
 (Deep muddiness of storm!)  
 Left grievous wolves (or PASTORS-LAY)  
 Should rise and trail whole herds away  
 From foppery and form.
30. Gape all the list'ning, winking souls;  
 Struck how divine his dulness rolls!  
 Now threatn'd, now advis'd:  
 Now on his right in thunder deals,  
 Then to the left as fiercely reels:  
 Indecent as despis'd.
31. What ungain postures of defence,  
 As void of manliness as sense!  
 Now smother, now all flame!  
 Each bellows, squalls, or stamps, or flies,  
 Blusters and spits or truth or lies;  
 And all for ENGLAND's dame.
32. 'Tis well they're fill'd with nought but words;  
 Or sounds as safe as acid curds;  
 Else thoughtless as they're brave,  
 If ramm'd with forc'd or iron ball,  
 They might (in haste) demolish all,  
 They otherwise would save.

33. Some stupid stand, (a mule's amaze!)  
 Nor feel the universal blaze,  
     That fires each kindred breast:  
 But dull as drones or highway-post,  
 Scarce see enough to count the cost,  
     Or break their gentle rest.
34. Not so the howl or shrug of all,  
 Who stanch resolve to stand or fall,  
     Like platters on their shelves:  
 Stedfast they cleave like salve or lime,  
 Till clos'd again the wound in time,  
     First open'd by themselves\*.
35. In short, each tribe of various hue,  
 Or cord or whipping-post their due,  
     (Converts to various crimes:)  
 Some prowling still at home for prey,  
 Or, with a vengeance sent away,  
     To visit foreign climes.
36. All these compleat thy pregnant list,  
 Preserv'd in strong parochial-chest,  
     Thy record sure as free:  
 Were but their bodies with their names,  
 (As doubtless all their merit claims,)  
     Safe under lock and key.

\* This refers 1st to such members of the Church of England, as, either in principle or practice, imitate too closely the bad example of their ancient mother the Church of Rome: And 2dly to such of the Dissenters, or other Reformers, whose primitive zeal and love being waxed cold, are, from their bigoted attachment to forms, modes, habits, &c. just ripe for a connection with either; and, with a proper degree of variation, may become very creditable members of them both.



37. As many are, who court thy grace,  
 With pinion'd hands and ghastly face;  
 Now deem'd the bait of hell:  
 For scarce a wight at TYBURN swings,  
 But e'er the closing psalm he sings,  
 He hangs within thy PALE.
38. And so he should—for 'twas in thine,  
 He broke the laws of truth divine,  
 And (as it happen'd) OURS:  
 What pity then when all is done,  
 To leave the wretch distressed, alone,  
 In any hands but YOURS!
39. For yours he liv'd, or yours he dies,  
 And yours 'tis fear'd he's like to rise,  
 At that decisive day:  
 When many a fierce and doughty son,  
 Whom here thou boastedst as thine own,  
 Will swift be doom'd away.
40. As will the rest on PACKS or post,  
 Who nothing better have to boast,  
 Than that thou wast their DAM;  
 Where grapes will never pass for thorns,  
 (As here) or sheep's for dragon's horns,  
 Or stinking goats for lamb.
41. Record we now ten thousand more\*,  
 Of strumpets many a flagrant score,  
 Pick-pockets and physicians:

\* It cannot be too soon or too seriously observed,  
 1. That what follows is no more than one amongst many  
 very reasonable objections made by the Dissenters to the

Factors, and publicans, and knaves,  
 With bailiffs, ketches, scribes and sh'riffs,  
 Kidnappers and musicians.

42. Pawn-brokers, agents, auctioneers,  
 Tide-waiters, painters, sonnetteers,  
 A sniv'ling, snarling crew:  
 Turnkeys and critics, hungry, keen,  
 As full of emptiness as spleen,  
 Me, W—rb—rt—n, and you.

43. Courtiers and merchants—trading band,  
 With all who pad or haunt the STRAND,  
 The opera or the masque:  
 House-breakers, horse-jockies, and cits,  
 Thief-takers, JEWS\*, and jilts, and wits,  
 That smell the tap or flask:

established Church, *viz.* “That she receives all, how bad or scandalous soever either in principle or life. — That she admits even avowed Atheists into the most high and important offices of herself or the State, while (at her instigation) the most exemplary for doctrine or manners, if not of her communion, are branded as hereticks, &c.”  
 2. That, besides it subjects her to many other inconveniences, and renders both her honour and authority very contemptible, it is certainly an indubitable evidence and effect of her total loss of purity and scriptural discipline: and is, in the last place, one of those malignant and offensive evils, that, as it calls aloud for the efficacious interposition of the legislature, must necessarily, in due season, bring down the most searching judgments of God upon her, and upon all who by their superstition or flattery both countenance and aggravate her sins.

\* An instance of this happened not a great while since, when a grand little Jew walked in the *publick* procession to Bow Church with the members of a certain religious society—for propagating the *gospel*, or something else—who

44. Bakers, an allom'd, earless race ;  
 - Farmers, a rude, unthankful, base,  
     And discontented train :  
 Maintain a God, yet blame his pow'r,  
 First ask, then deprecate the show'r,  
     And curse th' impending rain.
45. Lawyers, and highwaymen, and thieves ;  
 O what a contrast she receives,  
     If contrast can be found  
 'Twixt thieves who rob you here or there,  
 Or thieves who rob you only WHERE  
     Both laws and thieves abound !
46. Church-wardens, sides-men, overseers,  
 Who starve the poor, then mock their tears :  
     Yet guardians of their wealth !  
 A knot of villains—who combine  
 T'embezzle, cheat, carouse, and dine ;  
     Then drink the parish health.
47. Envoys, and messengers, and spies,  
 With mails that fetch and carry lies,  
     From change, the camp, or court :  
 Returning-officers and cryers,  
 Gamblers and looby-country 'squires,  
     Each others bait and sport.
48. All the blasphemers in the land ;  
 Foremost of whom and high shall stand,  
     Foul NORWICH-blasphemy :

admitted him as an humble attendant (perhaps a *brother*) for the sake of his money—when he pretended to be most hugely affronted with the *preacher*, for speaking too much about Jesus Christ.---Was not the whole of this, think you, something most *uncommonly* new ?

Where hell's prophaneness roars aloud,  
 Cats represent the LAMB OF GOD;  
 As they themselves do thee.

49. A seat of riot, lust, and pride!  
 Scarce one so much as aims to hide  
 His insolence or shame:  
 Where perjur'd juries villains clear:  
 Villains, who honest at the bār,  
 Plead guilty to their name.

50. Distillers \*, panders, parasites,  
 Gin-drinkers, bawds, and catamites;  
 Gossips at cards or pray'r:  
 Tories, and jacobites, (half knaves)  
 With fierce CREOLIANS and their slaves;  
 All triumph as thy care!

51. Prudes and coquets—a mottled band,  
 Who knit their brows, or beck the hand,  
 And boast a coxcomb's smile:

\* This business (as now managed) is totally unlawful. It enriches an handful at the expence of millions: and where is the difference between poisoning a man slowly or at once? What pity ratsbane is not authorized! I dare say, there are many that would vend it for the publick good---and the man who sells the one, would, on the same principle, sell the other. I know their plea, "But how are we to live?" Pray how are highway-men to live? (Their way is as lawful though not so legal) as yours. Why change hands---go you on the highway, and let them turn distillers.---Is it any wonder that both human vengeance and divine, should fall upon such misercants? Nay even Quakers can stab their fellow creatures with their liquid sword.---They had better draw one of steel, in defence of their tottering liberties, or else cut their own throats with it, and then every murderer would have his deserts.

Who paint, or patch, or romp, or sing,  
Alike devout at church or ring,  
All decorate thine isle.

52. Next see two huge ACADEMIES :

School of disloyalty and lies,

Where wit and treason shines :

Her rival, trustier of the two ;

But stain'd (if blown the trumpet true)

With atheists and divines.

53. With these conjoin a thousand more,

Of vaulted roof, or humble floor ;

With pedagogues—their DAMES :

Where swish the rods or whirl the toys ;

With packs of saucy, free-school boys,

Who call their betters names.

54. Guardians of orphans, and trustees ;

(Publick or private charities :)

A miser leaves an heir ;

Or else, a sum to save his soul,

The WARD—or CHANC'RY—ask the whole,

'Tis vanish'd—none knows where !

55. Pilots, a surly, brutish band ;

Boatswains, sea-tyrants, blust'ring stand,

All hail the CHURCH's worth !

Wake with a roar the starting crew,

Wou'd stun e'en BOREAS, tho' he blew

A tempest from the NORTH.

56. Disturbers of your private peace ;

For pride, or hate, or wantonness ;

All heroes of mis-rule !

The scholar, drab, and draggle-tail,  
Of MARG'RET's round-house, or her pale,  
The gate-house and the school.

57. Keepers of BEDLAMs—curfed crew!  
Would make e'en tortur'd spirits rue  
That ever they were born:

Where ftarve, or howl the friendless poor,  
Chain'd to the facking or the floor,  
Unpity'd and forlorn.

58. Colliers and miners, ghastly race!  
With horny hands and grimy face,  
Enflam'd with vice and zeal:

Their throats (more hoarfe than ravens) fing  
(Tho' in their hearts they curfe the king)  
Thy dignity and ale.

59. All villains yet unhang'd: L——  
Their horror, HE who crowns the top  
Of JUSTICE' portly train:  
Equal to hear, difcern, decide,  
Untaint or by a world bely'd:  
Jew-biters and R———n\*.

\* The uncommonly bitter and uncharitable fpirit of this writer, at a time when the government were granting that body of people very little more than the natural privileges of every human creature, (efpecially as it has never been publickly recanted,) calls for a far feverer censure, than any that can drop from this pen. The utmost I can exprefs is, that he feemed actuated by the felf-fame fpirit of malevolence and contempt towards them, with which they are recorded (and I believe very juftly) to have crucified the Mefſiah; tho' perhaps this gentleman would not have done amifs to reflect, that (as a people) *They are ſtill*

60. Palmers of others books or notes,  
 Decyph'ers of another's thoughts,  
 For knavery or ease:  
 Take words or vowels as they want,  
 Turn it to treason or to rant,  
 As, or unbrib'd, or pleas'd.

*beloved for the fathers sake.* And that, as one grand visible cause of their present disbelief and abhorrence of the Christian religion, is the wicked lives and tempers of it's preachers and professors, he should rather have lamented, and endeavoured to have removed that prejudice, by his own sweetness and purity of behaviour; than to have made one of the number of their inveterate stumbling-blocks and foes. Besides, that upon a principle of respect to the legislature, it not only became him to have been a little more mild and temperate, but as a theologist, he might have considered such a step in the view of divine Providence, (who brings to pass the greatest of events by the most trivial and unthought of means; *That the power may be of him and not of man,*) as an occurrence symptomatic of their further admittance into his favour, if not (in due season) a token of their return (if it is ever to be literal) under the auspices of the present house and government, into their own land. I know the objections that may be started upon this head, but this is not a place to consider them in: my business is with the unexemplary spirit of bigotry and pride, which nothing could exceed, but the most inimitable absurdity of supposing "it would bring to nought the prophecies of the Old and New Testament." As if the truth or completion of these were to depend upon any privileges that could be granted the Jews by all the legislatures in Europe, any more than by some of them being burnt alive every year at Lisbon. To all which we may farther add, the ever memorable and droll addresses of several corporations in England (for that cause assembled) "That (among other perils and afflictions then and there hanging over their heads) *their most holy religion* (truly) *was in danger.*"----Of what? Why, of being devoured by the

61. Dutch-priests, that broil like toasted cheese :  
 With meagre upstart REFUGEES,  
 Their origin their shame :  
 And why? because of foreign blood?  
 No—but their ancestors were good :  
 Half lost or chang'd their name.
62. But who need wonder at their pride?  
 (The beggar's proverb on their side :)  
 Who if they once can mount,  
 (Like windmills) fly with hands and heels,  
 Bound o'er the lawn or SPITTAL-FIELDS,  
 A weaver—or a count!
63. No censure on their call or trade\*;  
 If any 'tis themselves have made ;  
 Such burlesque and grimace!  
 Who not long since wore naked toes,  
 At best conceal'd by wooden shoes ;  
 Now lacquer'd o'er with lace.

Jews : never once dreaming, that their own most antichristian spirit of avarice, debauchery, dishonesty and pride, was infinitely more scandalous and destructive, both to the nation, the King, God's glory, and their own interest, than the highest priviledges the Jews could ever have desired or obtained.

A plain evidence this, that their terrors were not for the sake of religion, (if it had, they would mend their own manners) but for fear of their idol mammon, the great Diana of Great-Britain, (whom in common with the Heathens of Ephesus,) her merchants worship.

\* No—nor on any other—(one or two infamous ones excepted) but only on those who follow them in such a manner, as to become the scandal of their profession, and a nuisance to the publick : a remark, I must beg, the reader will be so just as to bear in mind from the beginning to the end.



64. Another trips a fribbled fop:  
 His father now keeps on that shop:  
 But if believ'd his word,  
 Or faucy mien, ye ne'er would guess  
 Him or his fire could well be less  
 Than sberiff, knight, or lord.
65. Another strides a long leg'd fool,  
 A citizen's or villain's tool:  
 A daughter to dispose:  
 No fear of making up the match,  
 Each lie incog. upon the catch:  
 The THISTLE and the ROSE.
66. Now mend the breed—one more remove  
 From all they hate to all they love:  
 Now sprout the gilded horn:  
 They drum, they masque, they play, they dance,  
 Their children's SIRE ne'er came from FRANCE:  
 (One ancestor ne'er born.)
67. Or if abroad—'twas only once,  
 And then to heal him as a DUNCE:  
 Paternal, kind intent!  
 But like the FONDINGS of the day,  
 Took with a spitting came away,  
 A greater than he went.
68. Another (more oblique his line)  
 Or coins himself, or springs a mine:  
 (What have not ideots found!)  
 Compels his son to tend a MULE,  
 Or keeps his daughter for a fool,  
 With twenty thousand pound.

69. Thus mean, they'd hide their former state,  
 Yet prove it all by looking great;  
 (As WILD-AIR ne'er were WILKS:)  
 "Why, yes, we're WEAVERS, that is true,  
 "But then the difference, Sir, you know,  
 "We only weave your SILKS."
70. "Nor this ourselves—we all keep men,  
 "And only step in now and then;  
 "For fellows left at will,  
 "Are mighty apt to run astray,  
 "Or idle, lounge the time away,  
 "While stands our engine still."
71. Your servant, Sirs, ye then do WEAVE,  
 But do not WORK, yet, by your leave,  
 You still are but a TRADE:  
 And, to your shame, with hearts as stones,  
 Ye starve your brethren or THEIR sons,  
 Whose fathers gave you bread!
72. A double meaning here interr'd,  
 To them, or to the STATE referr'd;  
 Ye rule with hard command:  
 Or threat, or chain (as slaves) to work,  
 Then pay with more regret than TURK,  
 The labour of their hand.
73. What wonder then no more your boast,  
 Whose refuge here your fathers cost  
 Their heritage or blood!  
 Ye must have more than common brass,  
 To own yourselves the lineal race  
 Of martyrs for their GOD.

74. We own THEY fled from PRIESTS and war,  
From sword, from violence, and fear,

This then their broken song:  
Yet after all their deaths or pain,  
Would none of YOU return again,  
Si s'offriroit L'ARGENT?

75. If then contemn'd your NAMES or TRADE,  
The alteration's easy made;

A gentle, fatin'd tone:  
You know—to chouse an ENGLISH ear;  
Soit il “merchands des POUX,” mes freres,  
Et—“Messieurs les FRIPONS.”

76. Blame then not LOUIS, nor his guards,  
The unmeant source of your rewards,

Now glitt'ring at your side:  
But blame yourselves, ye fallen race,  
For rising from your dread disgrace,  
By cruelty or pride.

77. Ye cannot blush a deeper hue,  
Than would your ANCESTORS for you,

Were they to rise once more:  
Tho' chance if you would own ALIVE,  
But bid the parish-beadles drive  
Your PARENTS from their door.

78. To close our reasons why you're here,  
Because in many points so near

Our LITURGY and TEXT:  
This then the reason just, as plain,  
Why, after all this length of pain,  
You're coupled with the next.

79. Tag-rag and bob-tail, small and great ;  
 Who die in barns or lie in STATE ;  
 Informers and DIRECTORS :  
 With all the fortune-telling crew  
 Of CANNING'S foes or ASHLEY'S Jew,  
 Rat-catchers and INSPECTORS.
80. Hoymen and beadles, WHIGS and pimps,  
 Custom-house officers and crimps,  
 (All brethren of thy lath !)  
 Commanders, mariners, and clerks,  
 Purfers and knights (as keen as sharks)  
 Of POST, or of the BATH \*.
81. Sharpers, and sodomites, and beaux,  
 Masters of bagnios, stage, and shows ;  
 Haunters of pits or pews :  
 The faint and finner, plump or thin,  
 With fasting fat, with feeding lean,  
 All members of thy house.
82. Next, bloods and bucks, and dancing-masters,  
 With poet-laureats, poetasters,  
 A rhyming, scribbling band :  
 Brandish their bludgeon, plume, or toe ;  
 Play on your violin or you,  
 As nearest at command.
83. Watchmen, who reel their midnight round,  
 And stern or feeble, hoarse resound,  
 " The sky—how dark or bright !"

\* The reader will naturally observe the *Contrast* in this, and many other similar places ; otherwise a similitude of *Sound* may lead him into a very unfortunate mistake, and make him apprehend there is a similitude of MANNERS.

Tell you the time—let ALBION hear;  
Her sons attend—alarm'd their fear:

“PAST TWELVE O’CLOCK AT NIGHT!”

84. The night of senselessness and sin;  
The time thy lawless sons begin  
The riot of their DAY:  
The day, unblest by light or sun;  
Nay, struck with fear, the trembling moon  
Withdraws her beams away.
85. Surgeons, soft butchers of mankind,  
In all the arts of pain refin'd;  
But—“KNOWLEDGE must be had:”  
They slash, they wound, ampute, divide,  
Then curse the patient or deride,  
Nay damn him—for he’s dead.
86. Tinnors, a hardy savage brood,  
Thirsty alike of ale or blood;  
A subterraneous herd:  
Monsters of brutishness and noise,  
Whose mobs (like waves) lift up their voice:  
What horrible regard
87. For thee the MOTHER of them all!  
Nay, THINE ev’n greater monsters call,  
The cursed, lawless line  
Of CORNISH plunderers, whose hands  
Imbru’d in blood, a witness stands  
They must be ROME’S or THINE.
88. Nurses and searchers of the dead;  
Fell terrors of a dying bed,  
E’er ends the senseless groan!

79. Tag-rag and bob-tail, small and great ;  
 Who die in barns or lie in STATE ;  
 Informers and DIRECTORS :  
 With all the fortune-telling crew  
 Of CANNING'S foes or ASHLEY'S Jew,  
 Rat-catchers and INSPECTORS.
80. Hoymen and beadles, WHIGS and pimps,  
 Custom-house officers and crimps,  
 (All brethren of thy lath !)  
 Commanders, mariners, and clerks,  
 Purfers and knights (as keen as sharks)  
 Of Post, or of the BATH\*.
81. Sharpers, and sodomites, and beaux,  
 Masters of bagnios, stage, and shows ;  
 Haunters of pits or pews :  
 The faint and finner, plump or thin,  
 With fasting fat, with feeding lean,  
 All members of thy house.
82. Next, bloods and bucks, and dancing-masters,  
 With poet-laureats, poetasters,  
 A rhyming, scribbling band :  
 Brandish their bludgeon, plume, or toe ;  
 Play on your violin or you,  
 As nearest at command.
83. Watchmen, who reel their midnight round,  
 And stern or feeble, hoarse resound,  
 " The sky—how dark or bright !"

\* The reader will naturally observe the *Contrast* in this, and many other similar places ; otherwise a similitude of *Sound* may lead him into a very unfortunate mistake, and make him apprehend there is a similitude of MANNERS.

Tell you the time—let ALBION hear;  
Her sons attend—alarm'd their fear:

“PAST TWELVE O’CLOCK AT NIGHT!”

84. The night of senselessness and sin;  
The time thy lawless sons begin  
The riot of their DAY:  
The day, unblest by light or sun;  
Nay, struck with fear, the trembling moon  
Withdraws her beams away.

85. Surgeons, soft butchers of mankind,  
In all the arts of pain refin’d;  
But—“KNOWLEDGE must be had:”  
They slash, they wound, ampute, divide,  
Then curse the patient or deride,  
Nay damn him—for he’s dead.

86. Tinnors, a hardy savage brood,  
Thirsty alike of ale or blood;  
A subterraneous herd:  
Monsters of brutishness and noise,  
Whose mobs (like waves) lift up their voice:  
What horrible regard

87. For thee the MOTHER of them all!  
Nay, THINE ev’n greater monsters call,  
The cursed, lawless line  
Of CORNISH plunderers, whose hands  
Imbru’d in blood, a witness stands  
They must be ROME’S or THINE.

88. Nurses and searchers of the dead;  
Fell terrors of a dying bed,  
E’er ends the senseless groan!

Seize on a garment as their prey,  
Or drunken bear their prize away,  
The mortmain of their loan.

89. Mayors, and aldermen, and cooks,  
Recorders, chamberlains, and Rooks\*,  
Grim serjeants of the mace:  
Hoppers, and justices, and scolds;  
With pilferers of filk or coals;  
And draw-boys, shoeless race!

90. Smugglers, with who abet or buy;  
With all the wanton flimsy fry,  
Of fribbles and of belles;  
Who only sit in THEE to stare,  
At painted glass or painted FAIR,  
But neither pray nor kneel.

91. Sweep-chimneys, link-boys, night-men run,  
(How vastly like each kindred-son!)  
Desert their jakes or lurch:  
And drunken reel, or dead drunk fall,  
To help support the tott'ring wall,  
Of feeble MOTHER-CHURCH.

\* This term (and more especially in this place) needs some distinct explanation. In general, it stands for *knaves* or *sharpers* of any kind. But here, in particular, for all such as embezzle or squander away the monies extorted for fines, &c. in any city or corporation, either on their own private uses, or in publick entertainments. It stands here likewise as a contrast with the first word in the same line; as it does likewise for a kind of *commentative* term upon the second, whenever that office happens to be executed by a person of a peculiar genius and address; and then it serves (as in logic) to connect the two extremes: as that post, from its natural conveniency of situation, may be so dextrously served, as to render the possessor somewhat *amphibious*, *i. e.* a something between them both.



92. Writers and printers of OBSCENE ;  
 Who vend, or buy, or read, or mean;  
 Alike impure and vile :  
 Rakers of kennels, or debauch,  
 Who beat their trulls, or beat the watch ;  
 All glory in THY smile.
93. Traitors and rebels—curst band !  
 Foes of their sov'reign and the land ;  
 Supporters of thy shrine !  
 Whate'er profest, wherever found,  
 Above, beneath, or under ground,  
 Are either ROME's or THINE.
94. Monopolizers of our trade :  
 " But DIVES has his fortune made."  
 DIVES ! Pray who is he ?  
 Why, ev'ry villain you can name,  
 That (to his country's hurt or shame)  
 Wou'd sell the STATE for TEA.
95. Fishmongers—scaly, water'd fry,  
 Who drink, and sweat, and stink, and lye,  
 " How bounteous Providence !"  
 True—but his bounty is your BANE ;  
 'Tis SCARCITY that brings you gain ;  
 " How lawful SELF-DEFENCE !"
96. Free-Masons—strange, promiscuous brood,  
 Of vulgar-great and low-bred lewd :  
 The PEER and peerless one :  
 Sworn to conceal—what, if proclaim'd,  
 Were or too filthy to be nam'd,  
 Or worthless to be known.

97. Juries and jurymen—a crew!  
 Yet all twelve honest men and true,  
 “ Here, gentlemen, you swear,  
 “ A legal verdict ye will bring  
 “ Between our sov’ reign lord the king,  
 “ And pris’ner at the bar.”
98. The cause is heard—perplex’d the case;  
 But ev’ry thing you know gives place:  
 “ We’ve waited here from nine.”  
 Thus “ wretches hang (as sings the bard,  
 But pray, my lords, is it not hard?)  
 “ That jurymen may dine.”
99. Court-martials—how august a train!  
 All gracious military men:  
 How charming the parade!  
 ’Tis no great crime “ come—thirty score,  
 “ ’Tis for the honour of the corps,  
 “ And judgment is our trade.”
100. See there a trembling coward stand,  
 The ENSIGN totters from his hand,  
 His knees disjointed smite:  
 Out steps a hero from the line,  
 “ Here, take it, Sir, again, ’tis thine;  
 “ And see you hold it tight.”
101. Trembling, he touches it once more;  
 Then drops it as ’twas dropt before,  
 “ For shame! a second time!”  
 But, miss’d the hazard of the day,  
 Unshot himself he bears away,  
 The STANDARD of his crime!

102. And what is more than this—REVENGE,  
 This and insult—to pimp or cringe,  
 Is all a COWARD can.  
 A health is drank—not at the STATE—  
 “The court—I hope will vindicate  
 “My honour and it’s stain.”
103. They do—and what’s the consequence?  
 Why, you have neither grace nor sense,  
 And they as void of thought:  
 The brave is punish’d in your room,  
 Tho’ hanging was by right your doom,  
 Or else to have been shot.
104. Recruiting officers—a line,  
 How tall, how manly, or how fine!  
 But hark, the martial strife;  
 The king wants men—“come, beat away,  
 “Here, who’s for blood and present pay?”  
 While—THRASO steals a wife!
105. Millers—a thievish, dusty race,  
 How like the grinders of thy grace!  
 Who starve or feed the soul:  
 Not as they ought, but as they’re paid,  
 Each has his grist (so much per head)  
 These TYTHE, as they their TOLL.
106. Keepers of taverns and of inns,  
 Drivers of stages and machines,  
 A drinking, surly crew;  
 “You want a cast, an outside seat;  
 “Well, sir, you’ll walk before and wait,  
 “We’ll easy make it do.”

117. Deal-men and duellers, fell pair !  
 Drown'd drunk, or stabb'd, THY blessing share,  
 And boast their filial line :  
 Ruffians and murderers for pride,  
 Their guilt beneath thy banner hide,  
 And help pollute the shrine !
118. Milliners, (VIRTUE's hate and bane)  
 A forward, wanton, fimsy train,  
 Designing, shrewd, and sly :  
 Upstarts from nothing, or from worse :  
 The TEMPLAR's idol and his curse :  
 Now paint a kindred fry.
119. Upholsterers, a saucy race,  
 With clumsy hands, and brazen face,  
 Assure you "all is clean."  
 They've taken more than they could find,  
 That is, a few are left behind,  
 To breed and bite again.
120. Black undertakers, who'd interr  
 The dead or living :—what THEIR care,  
 But to secure their aim ?  
 Like vultures watch your dying breath,  
 Then nail you in the case of death,  
 Less dreadful than their name.
121. Pirates and pages of the stairs ;  
 Butchers, and hell-born privateers ;  
 A furious, fanguine crew !  
 Plunder or scrape, blaspheme or roar,  
 Infest the main, the court, or shore ;  
 Unchangeable, true blue !

122. What trusty friends thy BODY guard!  
But what of MOST the sole reward?  
    Why ORTHODOX', and GIN.  
Give them but these, they'll give thee ALL,  
Or fair or foul, or great or small;  
    And THY reward their SIN.
123. These, with the laws thy fathers made,  
(For making laws was once their trade,  
    As since it has been thine)  
Will safe defend thy lawless claims,  
A proof beyond what SCRIPTURE names,  
    Of TYTHES or RIGHTS DIVINE.
124. Yet some of THEM not always pleas'd,  
Oft grumble that they are not eas'd  
    Of what they feel a yoke:  
And which, but for more cogent ties,  
Than all thy menaces or lies,  
    Had long ago been broke.
125. Nor could they justly have been blam'd,  
If dubious ought thy pride had claim'd,  
    Had been reclaim'd again;  
Till better prov'd than only said,  
And so have made thee earn thy bread,  
    Like other honest men.
126. Nor can we still the injury see,  
That would accrue to them or thee,  
    If this was now the case:  
For should'st thou all thy claims disown,  
The prince and poor would but their own,  
    And thou resume thy place.

127. And what less righteous be desir'd,  
 Than that thy sons with virtue fir'd,  
 Should seek not THEIRS but THEM?  
 Not to oppress but save the souls,  
 Who long have wander'd from the folds  
 Of thy JERUSALEM.
128. However this was not thy task,  
 But theirs who might do more than ask  
 A favour from thy call?  
 Might have compell'd thee full and large,  
 To feed thy flock and keep thy charge,  
 For less than TYRHE of all.
129. But they were dull and thou wast keen,  
 As full of guile as they of spleen;  
 E'er watchful o'er thine ends:  
 But leaving these tho' not unblam'd,  
 Recount (with dignity) unnam'd,  
 Thy more conspicuous friends.
130. High in the front, and foremost stand,  
 K——g, L——s, and C——s of the land:  
 But be not over vain,  
 For wary of thy craft and pride,  
 Reserv'd they curb, or slack'ning guide  
 Thy LEGISLATIVE rein.
131. These are the pillars of thy state:  
 BASE of thy vast, unwieldy weight;  
 Yet, while they seem to crown  
 The DOME of thine aspiring head,  
 Let fall the talent of their lead,  
 To keep thy GENIUS down.

132. Well knowing, that if left at large,  
 The sole dominion and the charge  
 Of either them or theirs,  
 In time there's nothing would remain,  
 But, or the galley or the chain,  
 For THEM and for their HEIRS!
133. Next view some monsters, horrid N———h!  
 P———m, P———n and A———h!  
 With NUDA flagrant lufs!  
 All bare of honesty or shame,  
 As e'er was northern ice of flame,  
 Or, BARRISTER of grace.
134. Base RENEGADOES, who desert  
 Their native cast, untouch'd in HEART,  
 Tho' circumcis'd their skin:  
 And with the blasphemy of pride,  
 Insult of wealth, embronz'd deride  
 The base-born NAZARENE.
135. Yet THESE are thine; egregious boast!  
 Thy converts, converts to thy cost,  
 And converts to their own:  
 Replete with infamy of FAME,  
 Enhanc'd your mutual guilt and shame,  
 Till mutually undone!
136. LONG-ACRE ruffians and their noise,  
 Coachmakers, Papists, Bridewell-boys,  
 Puffs, Cl—d—n, W——t, and R——k:

- MONMOUTH, high fam'd for knaves and clothes,  
 With all the red hot high church foes  
 Of CROMWELL, BOYLE, and LOCKE\*!
137. Old wives that sit on stalls or BENCHES,  
 Bear-garden heroes, orange wenches,  
 Or BILLINGSGATE's loud glee:  
 Scullions and turn-spits, chamber-maids,  
 'Prentices bound, or free from trades,  
 Decide or scream for thee.
138. Opposers of the PUBLICK good:  
 See there a nuisance long has stood:  
 A BRIDGE to ferry MULES!  
 "It should be taken down no doubt."  
 Why then, content with giving out,  
 Your ANCESTORS were FOOLS?
139. And what are you, whose lust of gain,  
 Oppones the just concerted plan  
 For SAFETY or for USE?  
 Read here your name at length, a KNAVE,  
 To thieves or bacchanals a slave,  
 The TARGET † of the Muse.

\* For many years I was at a loss to guess what could be the reason why no PAPIST, JACOBITE, REBEL, HIGH-CHURCH-MAN, or true OXONIAN could ever bear the name of this great man; but my wonder was soon at an end, when, about two years since, I read (with the utmost extasy of surprize) that most invaluable piece of his upon TOLERATION; that third MAGNA CHARTA of this kingdom, as the BIBLE is the first.

† This word is here used in the military sense, and signifies a But or mark to be shot at.



140. Nay more, a MURDERER esteem'd :  
 Nor let the vengeful bard be blam'd,  
     While with resentive eye,  
 He draws the huge, compressive crowd,  
 Squeezing to dangers, deaths, or blood :  
     Unheard their helpless cry.
141. Where age, or impotence infirm,  
 Extend their unsupported arm ;  
     No refuge HERE is found :  
 While clattering wheels absorb their voice  
 Suffus'd amidst the direful noise  
     Of hurry and it's sound.
142. Where furious drivers fierce contend :  
 Where next is seen on either hand,  
     A drove of madden'd herd :  
 Gor'd by the arms of brutes HUMANE,  
 Tortur'd they roar or turn again,  
     Unfane and undeterr'd.
143. WHO then obstructs, his GENIUS' shows ;  
 Shares in the guilt of present woes,  
     And vindicates the PAST :  
 Murders the nations that have been,  
 Adopts his rude forefather's sin,  
     And struts a CIVIC beast !
144. Nor less THEIR memory abhor\* ,  
 Their taste accurst, nor mean, adore  
     Their GRANDEUR or their FAME :

\* Those who from stupidity, or brutishness of avarice, opposed the plan of Sir Christopher Wren for rebuilding the city of London after the great fire in the year 1666.

Plump sons of DULNESS and renown,  
 In SIZE or SUBSTANCE overgrown :  
 Our patterns to our shame !

145. Whose muddy'd steps their offspring trace ;  
 A stupid, earthy-minded race,  
 Of CITIZENS or swine !

Like THESE emplung'd in filth, they thrive,  
 While CLEANLIER souls are doom'd to live  
 In darkness, dirt and sin.

146. With these a more pernicious clan \*,  
 Their CITY's and the NATION's bane ;  
 Tho' now extinct their breath :  
 Who bore the sword of JUSTICE' law :  
 Yet justice but INJUSTICE saw,  
 Herself adjudg'd to DEATH.

147. Brow-beat the fervent and the good,  
 Revil'd the jealous for his GOD,  
 From pride, despite, or gain :  
 Favour'd the profligate and base ;  
 Their OFFICE and it's END's disgrace :  
 They bore the sword in vain.

148. The sword of subalternate rule ;  
 Lean, puisné judges in the school  
 Of ALBION's sire SUPREME ;  
 But how unlike HIS equal-hand,  
 Who waves his sceptre o'er the land ;  
 Her benefit HIS aim.

\* The magistrates, ministers, &c. who opposed and prevented the *Reformation of Manners* begun by Dr. Woodward, some years since, to their own shame, and the nation's irreparable loss.

149. Nor THEM forget, if yet are found  
 Their LIKE unlifted from the ground,  
 The many or the few :  
 Who with the air of MERCY's friend,  
 An EXON's furious imps defend,  
 Or, DENBIGH's lawless crew !
150. Chemists, apothecaries, brewers \*,  
 Who cleanse or foul the common sewers  
 Of all thy sickly sons :  
 Poison'd with ale or oil, or drug,  
 They die—the sharpers mimp or shrug ;  
 Then CANONIZE their bones !
151. Next, see a group of formal sons,  
 Solemn as owls, or SPANISH DONs ;  
 Half sober, half devout :

\* These are a set of gentry, that, in general, we must not let go unreprehended. They are not mentioned here as if their business was *unlawful*, or as if all of them made it so ; but that many of them do, is most certain, by adulterating their commodities ; and thereby, with their brethren the *wine-coopers*, vitiating them oft-times very injuriously, for which the two former are perpetually calling one another names, and I dare say with very good reason.

The latter incur some censure on the same account, and above all, for promoting their private interest at the publick expence ; I mean the health and happiness of their countrymen, who drink away soul and body ; are tempted to idleness, gaming, &c. distress their families, and at last are brought to the parish and a morsel of bread. And yet these gentlemen, with their customers the *publicans*, truly, think themselves most highly aggrieved, when the necessities of the times call for a little of that income they would amass or squander, at the ruin of thousands, both here and hereafter !

Who quaff, and sip, and hum, and haw,  
 With hiccup shake their heads—"No LAW!  
 "She's ruin'd, there's no doubt!"

152. Ruin'd by whom? ye tippling tribe!  
 Her ale and tenets ye imbibe;  
 What has she more to lose?  
 Unless yourselves, or any worse,  
 'Gainst whom the law sues HER divorce:  
 And these bequeath their shoes!

153. With them enroll a kindred-clan,  
 All true-blue church-men to a man,  
 Who wave their rags or birch:  
 But never sigh, or care, or think,  
 Save when conven'd, athirst they drink,  
 "Come, brother, here's the CHURCH!"

154. Stock-jobbers, bankers, keen as steel,  
 Who'd EAT the gold their fingers feel,  
 But gold will FREEDOMS buy:  
 Born, or to MEND, or LACKER shoes;  
 How black their heels! how white their hose!  
 How arrogant their TYE!

155. Draymen and us'ers court thy door,  
 Who flecce their cattle or the poor,  
 Cruel, severe, and fierce:  
 Coachmen and porters, drinking band!  
 Who drive or carry half the land,  
 On shoulders or their hearse.

156. Domestic-servants, hellish brood!  
 Idle, lascivious, bold, and proud,  
 A base, purloining fry:

Attend in droves, (half in thy court)  
 Their LORDS their PATTERNS, and their SPORT,  
 Like whom they live, or die.

157. Footmen and valets, above all,  
 That trip the salon or the hall;  
 These too revere thy dome:  
 Who cry (their lady half in view,  
 Leering at them, herself, and you,)  
 "HER GRACE is not at home."

158. Quack-doctors, midwives, and buffoons;  
 With conjurers who WAX by moons,  
 And fools that WANE by them:  
 Stewards, and wood-reeves, pilf'ring fry;  
 Who STEAL their coach, or ride and tye:  
 With poachers wild and tame.

159. Arians, focinians, and deists,  
 Gluttons and drunkards, (human beasts!)  
 Time servers, palm'd or vext:  
 'Tis well, thy limits are confin'd  
 To profelytes of HUMAN kind,  
 Or WHOM might we have next?

160. To close, we add a fearful crew,  
 Bigots and hypocrites, (thy due)  
 Who growl or whine thy praise:  
 With malice cry, "O what a shame  
 "T' abuse our MOTHER's sacred name,  
 "In these HARMONIOUS days!"

161. "Days of such harmony and peace,  
 ("O might they ne'er grow short or cease!)  
 "When all WITHOUT or IN,

“ Do as they list without controul,  
 “ The CHURCH and SCHISM, all one soul,  
 “ And love and live in———SIN.”

162. Infidels, sceptics, calvinists,  
 And half-reforming METHODISTS,  
 Are at thine altars seen:  
 Nay THESE have (arch enough) in SONG  
 Late prov'd thee neither right nor wrong,  
 Or worst half way between.
163. Just as they'd set their wits to work,  
 To prove thee neither JEW nor TURK,  
 As if unknown before,  
 That take away the bad from all,  
 E'en foul mouth'd L—v—g—n's a PAUL,  
 Nor ROME herself a WHORE!
164. These know that take away their pride,  
 HOMIL's and ARTICLES aside,  
 Scarce one poor reed so vile,  
 But tho' 'tis now esteem'd OUR OWN,  
 Yet did, or might at least have grown,  
 On HER prolific soil.
165. To SUCH, thou'rt equally oblig'd,  
 As citadels when close besieg'd,  
 By foes encompass'd round:  
 Are to their friends who make a rout,  
 T' annoy the enemy WITHOUT,  
 Yet undermine the ground.
166. For were their TENETS to take place,  
 (Alike for once both THEIRS and GRACE)  
 Which still were meetly just:

Down rush thy pride, and pomp, and all,  
As ramparts batter'd from their wall,  
Low levell'd with the dust.

167. And yet they aim thy tow'rs to raise,  
Attend thy courts, affect thy praise,  
Reciprocally given :  
Allow there may be more than one,  
But still persuaded thine alone,  
The SAFEST way to heaven.

168. Indeed all know there is but one ;  
Yet not restrain'd to thine alone,  
E'en where thou bear'st the sway :  
There's many that ne'er saw thy face,  
At least ne'er saw thy fund of grace,  
And yet they find their way.

169. Nay this perhaps with small ado,  
As naked of thy farce and show,  
Their hindrance so much less :  
Pursue the crown reserv'd on high,  
Mount easier to their native sky,  
Compleat as sure their blifs.

170. But here we must à moment stop,  
To pick up what thou would'st not drop,  
Tho' not of RIGHT DIVINE :  
“ Not found DISSENTER here—not one ;”  
Yet O that among them were none  
Who too resemble THINE !

171. Who, tho' they may not make thy noise,  
Yet slander with low, whisp'ring voice,  
Poison'd as hemlock-tree :

Or join'd the gen'ral hue and cry,  
 As frighted at thy mobs, deny,  
 "They differ MUCH from thee."

172. And truly in the sense they mean,  
 Who well know how to TRIM between  
 RELIGION and the TIMES:  
 They differ mighty little more  
 Than does the cold NORWEGIAN shore  
 From HYPERBOREAN climes.

173. Alike your zeal, alike your love,  
 For those who stand the least remove  
 From YOU or from your MODE:  
 Alike in gen'ral both your aims,  
 For each divine protection proclaims,  
 And FORMS and GAIN your god!

174. Now THINE, from out whose dew-lap'd mouth  
 Are bellow'd round from North to South  
 Thy honours all abroad!  
 Who drunk, or sober, sane, or mad,  
 Or blind, or lame, or brisk, or sad,  
 All wait thy pow'rful NOD.

175. Sure ne'er magician with his wand,  
 In EGYPT or CHALDEAN land,  
 Could e'er so just divine:  
 Or raise such swarms of frogs or mice,  
 As in a moment for thee rise,  
 With but a cast of thine!

176. For wave but this, O what a shout  
 Of noise, confusion, and of rout  
 From ev'ry quarter flows!



Houses and buildings and their wall,  
With fame and furniture all fall:  
Fell slaughter of thy foes!

177. Or sound the trump's PONTIFIC clang,  
Or pulpit drum, PAROCHIAL bang,  
What squadrons soon are seen!  
(As vultures flying from afar)  
Around thy standard they repair,  
Quadrangle, street, or green!

178. Some like a lion roar, or howl  
Like dogs, or stand aloof and growl;  
Like apes their brethren grin:  
All well employ'd in one design,  
To save thy corps and RIGHTS DIVINE,  
Without or fly within.

179. O what a group of high and low!  
Who stick at nothing they can do  
To keep out HERESY!  
But stamp or squeak, and swear or lye,  
Nay steal, and murder, hang and die,  
Or any thing for THEE.

180. All these of different sorts and size,  
Or small, or great, or fool, or wise,  
The frisking old or young:  
With male and female, bond and free,  
Adorn a staff or grace a tree,  
Or BRIBE or BORE the tongue.

181. These all are thine, as theirs thou art,  
Alike their hand, their head, and heart;  
Who thy protection share:

To what a sum does all amount,  
As soon might wizard-MOORE recount  
The atoms of the air!

182. To what compare thy fertile womb?  
A den, a cavern, or the tomb?

Why not compare to all?  
Dark, hollow, teeming, large and deep;  
Or wild, or dead, or fast asleep;  
And stubborn as a wall.

183. Or like a MART, high vending place;  
Open for every age and face,

Who loiter, steal, or range:  
Or, like the common road or street,  
Where knaves, as honest, walk or meet;  
As ALBION'S grand EXCHANGE.

184. In short, thou'rt like a common shore,  
Filling and emptying, never pure  
From pride, or pomp, or sin:  
That (speak they truth who say they know)  
With all thy SCAVENGERS can do,  
They cannot keep thee clean.

185. Sure 'tis thy COURTESY receives  
Them all; who ought beside believes,  
Without the least dispute,  
He must conclude thee false as kind;  
Free as a haven or the wind,  
A common PROSTITUTE.

186. And yet exceeds thy CHARITY!  
To dandle all upon thy knee,  
And never once repine:

Can ROME more patient candour boast?  
Whene'er she's drunk, be thou HER toast,  
And she again be THINE!

187. For such indulgence sure and care,  
Is hardly seen in wedded pair,  
As long discern'd in YOU:  
For me, I scarce can think you TWAIN,  
So like your tempers and your mien,  
As mickle that ye do!

188. But now thine answer to the whole;  
(I know it speaks thy very soul)  
“ Pray how shall we prevent?  
“ They all were born within our fence,  
“ And if we seem to drive them thence,  
“ They then will all DISSENT.”

189. Dissent from what? from THEE or SIN?  
If both before, pray where had been  
The infamy or wrong?  
THOU might'st perhaps some credit lost,  
SATAN a smaller number boast,  
And heav'n a brighter throng!

190. Well, and suppose who DO should come  
And supplicate your porch or dome:  
How large your own disgrace!  
The very thing that some would want,  
Your POSTS and OFFICES supplant;  
And ye yourselves give place.

191. A thing your pride would burst to find,  
And yet how just! the same their mind,  
The same neglect or care:

The same their right to all your claims,  
Of tythes and ranks, and dues and names,  
Equal their pains and share.

192. But now they stand so far aloof;  
There's none dare stir, no not a hoof,  
A mite receive or straw:  
So far from this, compell'd to bear,  
Their burden but of LOSS or CARE;  
So bids the CHURCH's law.

193. "They have their own," why that is true,  
And do they not help nourish you,  
Who else care not a shell,  
Whether they sink, or whether swim,  
Whether they wake, or whether dream,  
And sudden start in hell?

194. Suffice it then that all's secur'd,  
Your pride, and pomp, and rights immur'd,  
Ye call the land your own:  
Leave them unenvy'd to enjoy  
Without or censure or annoy,  
Their LEGISLATIVE boon.

195. No thanks to YOU or YOURS the leave,  
They now possess to think or live,  
As NATIVE right might claim:  
Or even worship as they wou'd,  
Whom once their fathers serv'd with blood;  
Their PRESENT offspring's shame!

196. Time was when THESE their rights could boast;  
Time now when these and more is lost,  
Than ever RACKS could move:

Their former liveliness and zeal;  
 Their flame for heav'n, their scorn of hell;  
 Their meekness and their love.

197. Now lost and swallow'd up in sin!  
 Demure without, how proud within!  
 How quench'd the former flame!  
 Extinct and wither'd by the world,  
 Their order to confusion hurl'd,  
 And all their boast a name \*!
198. A name to live, but oh how dead!  
 Slaves to their own or thine for bread,  
 Their whole pretence a form:  
 Full of themselves with THEE deride,  
 And e'en DISSENTERS swell'd with pride,  
 Can emulate a storm.
199. Laugh in their sleeves at all the fears,  
 The sufferings, sorrows, and the tears  
 That lav'd their fathers eyes:  
 To see a nation sunk in sin,  
 Their children now emplung'd therein,  
 And hunting after flies.
200. How chang'd their manners and the times!  
 The Church ESTABLISH'D and her crimes,  
 Adopted for THEIR OWN:  
 So much alike their mien and air,  
 Why not their stock as well as care,  
 Incorporate in one?

\* If any dissenter, especially of the *presbyterian* or *independent* party, cast their eye upon this page, let him not censure the author as *uncharitable*; but blush, and remember it is no more, no, nor half so much, as some of their own most valuable writers (especially the late learned Dr. *Watts*) have affirmed, with the utmost degree of certainty and concern.

201. What harmony of thought subsists  
 Between their PASTORS and thy PRIESTS?  
 How like their aim and ends!  
 Alike their prejudice and pride,  
 And both unite in all (beside  
 THE HOUSE OF GOD) are FRIENDS.
202. No wonder censur'd their DISSENT!  
 What pity ought should e'er prevent  
 The junction of your hands?  
 So much alike your mutual state,  
 Neither can find a meeter mate;  
 What can forbid the BANNs?
203. THESE scorn and hate (what can YE more?)  
 The men who would their life restore,  
 And call them up from death:  
 From dulness, emptiness, or form;  
 Their heart with ancient ardor warm;  
 Refin'd their baleful breath.
204. Stop the loud clamour of the day,  
 To peace and honour pave their way,  
 Regardless of their own:  
 Take all the burden of their shame,  
 Patient, expect a better name,  
 To MARTYRS yet unknown.
205. But ah! what hopes the least return!  
 Who all reproof or caution scorn;  
 The madman's voice despise:  
 Keep at a distance as from fear,  
 Listen a lie or pausing leer,  
 And turn away their eyes.

206. Mean, narrow, dull, constricted souls,  
Pinion'd (like geese) within their folds,  
Scarce justify the pen  
Drawn in their cause, unask'd as kind,  
But if they knew, (so base their mind!)  
Would vilify the MAN.

207. And from a heart of pride malign,  
Of envy, spite, and low design,  
The kind regard would wound:  
Or with an air of insolence,  
Devoid of candour as of sense,  
Exclaim "They are not found."

208. "Not found!" ye hypocrites, why so?  
Who taught you SOUND or SENSE to know?  
Is orthodox' YOUR trade?  
Go tell your own to blush and learn,  
To wound, reprove, invite, or warn,  
UNFEARFUL and UNPAID.

209. Here then we leave you and your crimes,  
For better hopes and better times,  
When YE may be restor'd:  
Or wait with trembling fear the doom  
Pronounc'd alike on more than ROME,  
For calling JESUS "LORD \*."

210. But to resume our talk with thee,  
Who scarce can't with thine own agree;  
But highly discompos'd,  
If any e'en within THY pale,  
Are wrested not from thee, but hell;  
As if thy shame expos'd.

\* Luke vi. 46.

211. But put the worst, they shou'd dissent,  
Pray what by all this rout is meant,  
Unless the horrid aim

(Tremble my heart as on the brink  
Of deepest hell) that none may think  
Diversive of thy SCHEME?

212. Was ever found so hard or vain?

So opposite to GOD or MAN?

Say WHY the mind it's own?

But to discern, accept, refuse,

Or form to any other use,

By many or by one.

213. Why not then THEIRS as well as OURS,

To use or LIGHT or NATIVE POW'RS

Of GOD or reason giv'n?

Was it not this? that these might judge

(Freely from all the dupe or drudge)

Their claim or path to heav'n?

214. Come don't oppose your SACRED call,

To point or pave the way for all,

Or idiot or wise:

Go find yourselves the paths of bliss,

Or never prophesy of peace;

Ye blind of heart and eyes!

215. Nor false pretend thy love to THEM,

While yet (how base neglect and shame!)

Thine own are dead in sleep!

Hard seeking death amidst their life,

In pride, or wantonness, or strife;

Fast hurrying to the deep!



216. For know, 'tis not who swerves from thee,  
In point of *MODE* or *THEORY*,  
That risks his future weal :  
But who dissents from truth and peace,  
Who breaks the laws of righteousness,  
He seeks the path to hell.
217. Besides what is it ye would have ?  
Wish ye a universe to save,  
Against or law or right ?  
What can ye more than now possess ?  
Except that purity and peace  
So far beyond your sight !
218. What have ye not that ye esteem ?  
May ye not range, or sink, or swim  
For ought that *THESE* impede ?  
Did not we know your constant lay,  
One should but deem you as in play,  
Or lunatic your *HEAD*.
219. Nay—if the failure prov'd no worse,  
A cure might chance be found in course  
Of providence and time :  
But now what can be said or done ?  
For plain from what yourselves must own,  
'Tis not *DEFECT* but *CRIME*.
220. Sure ye forget the hardy day,  
When first your fathers brake their way  
From *ROME*, now turn'd behind :  
You do not think they only came  
Half naked from the sanguine dame,  
And brought away her *MIND* !

221. Was it not THIS they just abhorr'd ?  
 (Her pride of thought and pomp of word !)  
 To speak or think forbid :  
 'Till first obtain'd her PAPAL nod,  
 High sitting in the place of GOD,  
 His CHURCH's lordly head ?
222. Whence sprang the darkness of her night ?  
 Whence the remove of all her light ?  
 Whence all her matchless crimes ?  
 Whence inquisitions, racks, and caves ?  
 Whence broken hearts and howling slaves ?  
 Feel ye not YET the times ?
223. Whence sprang the whole, and myriads more ?  
 Some broil'd in flames, or bath'd in gore,  
 Or stretch'd beneath their pain ?  
 Whence all their sorrows and distress ?  
 The loss of property or peace ?  
 Whence ROME's infernal reign ?
224. Sprang it not hence (bleed thou my heart,  
 At those who wish re-plung'd her dart,  
 In ALBION's fairest breast :)  
 Sprang it not hence, the pride of men,  
 Drunk with the lore of lust and gain ?  
 Rise hell and speak the rest !
225. And would ye then be thought like these ?  
 Long ye again to break our peace ?  
 Our very thoughts confine ?  
 Away then all your plaint of ROME,  
 Awake your rant—now reeking come,  
 From her SUCCESSIVE line.

226. But can ye this succession boast?  
What lies, what lives, what livres cost  
Her lineal descent!  
Yclep'd the APOSTOLIC line,  
Yet wove at ROME—pontific twine;  
How strong and permanent!
227. Made of that scourge—the SAVIOUR's pain,  
Now drawn at length—a LINEAL chain,  
Of PRELATES and their LAWS:  
Extended line of pomp and lies,  
Of blood, of torture, and of vice:  
The SWEET-MEATS of her jaws!
228. Broken and knotted like a cord,  
That hangs a traitor to his lord,  
His country or his king:  
Snapt in ten thousand pieces—ty'd,  
To stretch their neck or lash the hide;  
How worn the sacred string!
229. A rope of villains and of PRIESTS,  
Fierce as the tyger or the beasts,  
Of AFRIC's wild domain:  
Yet they and all their claims DIVINE!  
All of a piece, the same their line,  
The same their future pain.
230. Enough now seen, on what depend?  
Patient await till seen their end,  
What double torment feel!  
When justice cuts the long-stretch'd cord,  
And priests now PENDANT with their lord,  
For ever plung'd in hell!

231. O what a plunge of guilty weight !  
 (Ne'er yet so plung'd a falling state)  
 All hell the splash resounds !  
 Her nations flee the dread surprize,  
 While floods of liquid sulphur rise,  
 And overflow their bounds !
232. Such are the crimes, and such the doom,  
 Of all who follow her and ROME,  
 For just alike their aim:  
 Each seeks his own and nothing more,  
 Each serves alike the SCARLET WHORE,  
 And JUSTIFIES her claim.
233. Alike the scornful empty smile  
 Of faucy flirts, or the revile  
 Of faints invective breath:  
 The beau, the rake, the sot, the 'squire,  
 'Tis all a spark of the same fire,  
 Emitted from BENEATH !
234. Who LAUGHS your conscience — soon would  
 Fair the occasion change his tone, [FROWN !  
 Condemn you to the flame:  
 Nor here confine the curst decree,  
 But lost to all humanity,  
 Would stand, and see you DAMN.
235. 'Tis all revenge, and spite, and scorn:  
 You THINK and they would see you burn,  
 Alike devout and civil:  
 'Tis by them all or SPOKE or MEANT;  
 In judgment or in vengeance sent,  
 To prison or the devil.

236. Who then in thought, or word, or deed,  
 Would see us pine, would see us bleed,  
 For sentiment or mode:  
 Shews that he feels a MURDERER's mind,  
 Approves HER slaughters unconfin'd,  
 A monster in his brood!
237. Beside, if LIBERTY's destroy'd,  
 All reason, grace, and nature void,  
 All or of place or times:  
 All soon to dire confusion hurl'd,  
 Nor GOD himself repays the world,  
 The vengeance of their crimes.
238. Plead not of ROME the dire mistake,  
 (SHE pleads it something else to make,  
 All her designs are ONE)  
 "That all are not enough endu'd,  
 "With light of evil or of good,  
 "To chuse or leave alone."
239. This reason HERS, she proves it good,  
 But such her zeal, 'tis prov'd by blood;  
 Her charity how kind!  
 Seizes a wretch, (what fair INTENT!)  
 Tortures him thoughts he never MEANT,  
 And SCREWS him to her mind.
240. From hence what base deceit and fraud?  
 The priest and loaf are both a GOD;  
 Half worship'd, half devour'd!  
 And yet WITHIN, are both despis'd,  
 As nothing more when just revis'd,  
 Than priest-craft and it's gourd.

241. Despis'd by all, constrain'd to cry,  
 From fear or pay, or truth or lye,  
     As they themselves have done:  
 By this evinc'd their call a trade,  
 Who by their force or guile have made  
     Another's crimes their own.
242. For who another's mind directs,  
 Answers his sins or his defects,  
     In reason or in grace:  
 Nor less shall answer in that day,  
 When GOD with recompence shall pay  
     Each tyrant to his face.
243. Then rather dread the horrid thought,  
 A stranger to thy sentence brought,  
     By violence or fraud:  
 If found at length thyself a knave,  
 Or pupil, an extorted slave;  
     How answers each his GOD?
244. Who then but for some base reward  
 (Conscience asleep or disregard)  
     Would of HIMSELF assume  
 As meet or just, or fair or wise,  
 To claim or close a stranger's eyes?  
     For ever felt his doom!
245. Reply'd, "But is it not enjoin'd,  
 "That all should bear one heart, one mind,  
     " And think and speak the SAME?  
 "That ALL should seek the COMMON weal,  
 "Another's joy or torture feel,  
     "His glory or his shame?"

246. Speaks this thy candour or thy pride?  
Thy love for UNION, or to hide  
The secret of thy hate  
At those who CHUSE to think from THEE,  
And deem thy FRACTUR'D unity,  
A creature of the STATE?
247. If but the former were the case,  
With ease and with a milder grace,  
Thy meekness would submit:  
No more thy wrath as thunders roll,  
Disclos'd the meanness of thy soul;  
Or weakness of thy feet!
248. GREAT minds are like the stately oak;  
Unmov'd, at least are mov'd unbroke,  
Nor heed the tempest's roar:  
While LITTLE souls, like whiffling trees,  
Are ruffled by a common breeze,  
As from their surface tore!
249. Yet just the reas'ning, nay divine:  
But what an angle draws their line?  
Deviate the point from LOVE:  
Drawn from the centre of their pride,  
Themselves eccentric, base deride  
The needful, just remove.
250. LOVE is the centre of the soul!  
Magnetic sun, that draws the whole,  
Enflames the mind humane  
With all the virtues of her SIRE,  
Primeval, uncreated FIRE,  
That warms the CHERUBIN!

251. Angels but love, what can they more?  
 Cause why they burn, rejoice, adore,  
 Yet see not all the same :  
 To these more heighten'd scenes reveal'd,  
 On those yet larger raptures seal'd ;  
 But who dare angels blame ?
252. Why then to blame, another's fight  
 More than thine own—a dimmer light ?  
 What each that is not given ?  
 Hast thou the clearer of the two ?  
 Or, not the blind, more clear than you ?  
 The gracious boon of heav'n !
253. To move the matter from dispute,  
 Much to the general FALL impute,  
 To NATURE much or AGE :  
 Much to the NURTURE of the mind,  
 In ALL to error most inclin'd :  
 The infant or the sage.
254. Much to the GENIUS of the times,  
 Much to the bane of FOREIGN climes,  
 Much to THYSELF ascribe :  
 Another place in thy own stead,  
 Or, on HIS shoulders fix THY head ;  
 His principles imbibe.
255. Or, if thou canst a horn-book read,  
 Hear this (O were it in thy creed !)  
 The argument is strong :  
 “ 'Tis plain as just—(why look so small ? )  
 “ Who licence has to think AT ALL,  
 “ Has licence to think WRONG.”



256. Not this to harden or excuse  
Or nature's errors or abuse  
Of freedom or of grace :  
But to abate thy vast surprize,  
That others see with other's eyes,  
Or wear another's face.
257. To move thy pity, and to warm  
Thy frozen heart, to teach, inform,  
Reprove, or fervid raise  
The smallest sparks of weak desire,  
Till kindled the ethereal fire  
To an ethereal blaze.
258. Lastly, to move thy grateful boon,  
If greater light on thee has shone,  
Or ardor warm'd thy mind :  
Not to exaggerate thy pride,  
Much less to punish or deride,  
UNMANLY as unkind.
259. Again, if ALL in ALL agree,  
All might APPEAR as harmony,  
Thro' just distinction void :  
Like octav'd chords, of equal tone,  
Monotic notes, alike, alone,  
The list'ning hearer cloy'd.
260. But FINISH'D harmony is form'd,  
And music's graceful soul is warm'd,  
By DIFFERENCE of sound :  
Well-mingled tones, of flats or sharp,  
While softest lute, or sprightly harp,  
Or echoing stops rebound.

261. Where different parts and different chords  
 Each in their place it's aid affords,  
     Nay, DISCORDS help the choir :  
 Chromatic sounds, of JARRING strains,  
 While all the rumbling bass maintains :  
     All harmony and fire !
262. So in the BAND of charity,  
 Where differ all, yet all agree,  
     As SERAPHIM above !  
 Scarce ONE so vile, or loft, or base,  
 But must or kind compassion raise,  
     Or, meet demand our love.
263. And THIS the part to us assign'd ;  
 Not to bring all to think OUR mind,  
     But to regard our own :  
 Whether to tune the pipe or string,  
 Or to the lute more mildly sing,  
     Or swell the bursting tone.
264. Or, like a building large and fair,  
 Whose parts their diff'rent burdens bear,  
     Invisible or seen :  
 Some form the solid, nervous base,  
 Others the cone or cornish grace,  
     Or graceful shine between.
265. All yet cement by nicest art,  
 Adorns or strengthens each his part,  
     Unpolish'd as polite :  
 E'en RUBBISH helps the load support,  
 Or smoothly spreads the path or court,  
     Or garden trimly dight.

266. Where in their diff'rent orders stand,  
Tall, sprightly PINES, on either hand  
The MYRTLES gravely smile:  
With FLOW'RY SHRUBS (low sited plants,)  
Of various forms and various scents;  
As best befits the soil.
267. Where view the harsh, rough-coated ELM;  
Or trembling ASP, while BRIARS embalm  
The warm, high-scented air:  
Where CYPRESS'D GROVES erect their heads,  
Dilate their EMBLEMATIC shades,  
Asylums of despair.
268. Where mix the LILY and the ROSE,  
Diverse in hue, yet fair compose  
The garland or the crown:  
While DAISIES, meek, neglected race,  
Or, parterr'd Box, the borders grace,  
And deck the genial ground.
269. Where of unnumber'd kinds are seen  
Or annual or ever-green,  
LAUREL or DAFFODIL:  
Where all is sweet, serene, or gay,  
And with UNITED force display  
Their verdure, shape, or smell.
270. Nor here omit the EMPOISON'D root,  
The dead'ning leaf, or baleful fruit,  
A dark, tremendous train:  
Taught to imbibe each noxious juice,  
They speak their just, SPECIFIC use,  
And vindicate their BANE.

271. So all their part in the machine,  
 Of GRACE, of NATURE, or of SIN,  
 Each fills his own abode :  
 And in his sphere, his lot, or line,  
 Compleats the HARMONY divine,  
 Of Providence and GOD.
272. But “ THESE for TRIFLES swerve you know :”  
 And can’t you let a TRIFLE go ?  
 A trifle of a thought !  
 Have patience, they may ALL in time  
 Obey thy lore, attend thy chime ;  
 TRIFLERS are easy bought.
273. Is not this thy complaint of ROME,  
 Condemn’d a universe to come  
 For SENTIMENT or MODE ?  
 Art thou then guilty of the same,  
 And blushless deem’d unworthy blame,  
 Nor tremblest at HER ROD ?
274. “ But, WE are right, and SHE is wrong ;”  
 Know this is THINE, and not HER song,  
 SHE sings another lay :  
 With HER, thou’rt wrong and SHE is right,  
 SHE calls thick darkness all thy light,  
 And heresy thy way.
275. So say all parties and all sects,  
 Each only right, the wrong rejects,  
 Why then this fruitless stir ?  
 On THIS, thy jaunt might be to ROME,  
 For she’s not farther off from HOME,  
 Than home is far from HER.

276. Here then you differ, yet agree ;  
What discord, yet what harmony !  
      SHE thunders and YOU roar :  
And such HER charity to YOU,  
As ye esteem to OTHERS due ;  
      Blush both and speak no more.
277. I'll tell thee what I've often thought,  
And here for thy regard is wrote,  
      Had'st thou been more employ'd  
About the welfare of mankind,  
Than bringing all to think thy mind,  
      Thy aim had not been void.
278. For if thy view had only been  
The wretch to save, the injur'd screen,  
      From hard despair or wrong,  
Thou ne'er hadst lost or rich or poor,  
Crowded thy straitn'd courts or door  
      The universal throng.
279. Instead of this thy constant pain,  
Has been not HEARTS but HEADS to gain,  
      In order to prevent  
(What ne'er has been prevented yet,  
Nor will,) thy foes contemptuous hate,  
      Or children's discontent.
280. Just like a prince prepar'd for war,  
Whose sole ambition, pride, or care  
      His numbers to encrease :  
Not deeming 'tis not force or might,  
But arms undaunted and unite,  
      That prophesies success.

281. So thou, more MILITANT than wise,  
For fear the scorner should despise

Thy despicable FEW :

Has footh'd, or menac'd, seiz'd, or brib'd

The myriads just before describ'd ;

A huge, unhealthy crew !

282. And all this from the dire mistake

(What blunders WIZARDS often make !)

It would thy fame approve :

Unweeting, 'twas not names or votes,

That proves the truth, or ends disputes,

But purity and love.

283. THIS then seek thou, and let them seek,  
With hearts benevolent and meek,

Who glory in thy line :

Or else with all thy tricks of state,

Thou'lt ne'er support thy falling weight,

Or prove thy right DIVINE.

284. A moment then we here shall cease,

A moment part on terms of peace,

Yet unextinct our zeal

For thee and thine—this still my pen

Unsheath'd records—a moment then,

Thou MITR'D dame, farewell !





## C A N T O II.

DELECTANDO, *pariterque* MONENDO. Hor.

1. **A** W A K E, once more, my trembling plume,  
 The hateful task once more resume,  
 And lift aloft thine hand :  
 Explore the term, this "RIGHT DIVINE,"  
 The vaunt of traitors and their shrine :  
 Nor shun the bold demand.
2. This SPRITE unseen, whence does it spring ?  
 Is it a beggar or a king ?  
 Or vile hermaphrodite ?  
 To me THIS seems to be it's sex ;  
 It sometimes asks, and sometimes takes,  
 Careless of WRONG or RIGHT.
3. I think it's source is easy trac'd,  
 As are it's claims in order plac'd,  
 It's furniture and crests :  
 A blended spawn of church and state,  
 It's father—CONSTANTINE the GREAT,  
 It's dam,—the pride of priests.
4. Who fir'd with lust of rule and gain,  
 Spar'd neither lies, nor art, nor pain,  
 To turn the FONDLING's head :  
 That all since urg'd of RIGHT DIVINE,  
 Is nothing more than CONSTANTINE,  
 Still speaking tho' he's dead.

5. Nor less the spirit still survives,  
 Where'er the PRIEST or BIGOT lives :  
 It's quintessence and pow'r,  
 Like PROTEUS self to change it's shape ;  
 Is lion, bear, or fox, or ape,  
 Or LAMBKIN or a boar.
6. Now, see it crawl a wriggling worm,  
 Is all VERMICITY of form,  
 And sheepish, scarcely dares  
 Or cringing ask, or e'en receive  
 What royal bounty deigns to give,  
 Or cold compassion spares.
7. Then rears a monster, swoln with pride,  
 That lifts her leg and mounts astride  
 An emp'ror and his throne :  
 Pretends her origin DIVINE,  
 Her race the APOSTOLIC line,  
 Herself and heav'n but ONE.
8. Now hear her strike a loftier tune,  
 When fair occasion late or soon,  
 Assists the guileful plan :  
 No longer meek, nor honest NOW,  
 But with a bronze of thievish brow,  
 She harpies all she CAN.
9. In short, she's all or any thing,  
 Sometimes a slave, and oft a king,  
 Can thunder peal or chimes :  
 Can sneer or snivel, quake or quaff,  
 Can groan or growl, or weep or laugh ;  
 For lo, she serves the times !



10. Thus, when complaints on every side  
Arraign her avarice and pride;  
Her knavery and wrong:  
She pleads or storms, submits or fires,  
Just as the times or state require,  
And “ay” or “no”—the song.
11. For when nor JUST nor REASON plead,  
There must be SOMETHING in their stead,  
And here you see the way:  
'Tis but to join the strongest side,  
Or calmly wait the moving tide,  
Then arrogate the day.
12. By this, what has not been secur'd?  
To what injustice KINGS allur'd?  
To yield or guard a claim,  
Which neither LAW nor RIGHT before,  
Had dar'd demand, nay, often more  
Than e'en a PRIEST dar'd name.
13. And all for what? why THIS the cause,  
Princes, ONCE children fear'd the claws  
Of fierce pontific zeal:  
Dreaded their subjects foul revolt,  
Or, for THEIR negligence or fault,  
For ever chain'd in hell.
14. Thus impuls'd, or impress'd with FEAR,  
They saw, or DREAMT they saw it clear,  
That ALL the priest requir'd,  
Was nothing more than just their due,  
And such as THEY could easy shew,  
Who but THEIR OWN desir'd.

15. THEIR OWN forsooth! who made it so?  
 I know who quick to MOSES go,  
     Better to CAIN by half:  
 A MURDERER now, as first a PRIEST,  
 And reason good, if may be guest,  
     ONE cause his brother's self.
16. If self the lore of priests was THEN,  
 Or all besides, were honest men,  
     (What pity THESE exclude!)  
 There need no other be assign'd,  
 Why CAIN should feel a murderer's mind,  
     Or murdering bask in BLOOD!
17. And are there NONE who him succeed?  
 Base copyers of his mind and deed,  
     Nor ought have spar'd for gain?  
 But seiz'd or tortur'd, rack'd or kill'd,  
 Their land with violence have fill'd?  
     And yet unpurg'd their stain!
18. But to recall the JEWISH plea,  
 Of tythes divine or equity,  
     Why not the painful rite  
 Of CIRCUMCISION once enjoin'd,  
 And somewhat satiate to the mind,  
     Of PRIESTLY stagyrite?
19. Besides—it might be so contriv'd,  
 (Were it of FULL extent reviv'd)  
     To raise a glorious sum:  
 If but the LAW would once enjoin,  
 And make it NOW as still divine,  
     Her relicks are at ROME.

20. No care, you know, the vulgar howl,  
If stubborn—easy to controul:  
    Or pleas'd or sad their mood:  
Besides, whatever THESE might own,  
There are with whom 'twould glib go down,  
    Tho' 'twere the PRICE OF BLOOD.
21. My PLEA—if tythes were equal pain,  
And brought the CRAFTSMEN no more gain,  
    Than this UNGRATEFUL rite:  
Ye'd TYTHE no more than CIRCUMCISE,  
Nor this, than put out both your eyes,  
    As clearer seen the light.
22. But CIRCUMCISION nothing brings,  
Therefore was never ask'd of kings,  
    Or laws, to make divine:  
'Twas easier done ANOTHER way,  
And more adapted to THEIR lay,  
    As more enhanc'd the shrine.
23. Besides, " 'tis plain revok'd elsewhere,  
" Saint PAUL has set THIS matter clear,  
    " Cursed who this performs:"  
And what are they who lye or swear,  
That all the BEST—is but THEIR share,  
    And fleece their fellow-worms!
24. In truth, my friends, were nothing more  
Than TRUTH at heart, nor gain your lore,  
    It is not one but ALL,  
Had long since render'd up your claims,  
Nor ever dar'd belye the names,  
    Of MOSES or Saint PAUL.

25. For what say either these to you?  
 The first has NOTHING left your due,  
 The latter but your HIRE :  
 And this dependant on your care,  
 To feed the flock, their sorrows bear,  
 Or else your wages—FIRE.
26. What more their MASTER and his train  
 Of lively, apostolic men,  
 Who fought not THEIRS but THEM :  
 Made THIS their business here below,  
 Heav'n-ward with sacred hope to go,  
 Thro' poverty and shame?
27. “ Pugh—THEY were poor unselfish things,  
 That neither car'd for courts or kings,  
 And only minded SOULS :  
 Stuff of I know not what myself,  
 But senseless of the lore of self,  
 Evinc'd how mean their moulds !
28. “ Or else, it may be what they did,  
 Was only just a cloak to hide  
 The ODIUM of their call :  
 So left, that they who boast THEIR name,  
 In after-times might plead their claim,  
 And thus engross it all.”
29. And less has never serv'd THEIR turn,  
 Who must have all, or lawless burn  
 The innocent or good :  
 Who yet would glad have born their part,  
 If nought beside, their upright heart,  
 As for their LORD their blood.

30. But this **THEY** could at any time  
Let out—'twas scarce a **VENIAL** crime,  
For **PONTIFF** pride inflam'd:  
And tho' nor pomp, applause or gain,  
Yet still 'twas shed with little pain,  
Nor ever after nam'd.
31. But still, it made a way for **ROME**,  
With greater swiftness to assume  
Whate'er her lust admir'd:  
'Twas nothing but to say, "'Tis **MINE**,"  
And seize it with her paws **DIVINE**,  
For **ROME** was now **INSPIR'D**.
32. And so she was, but with the same  
Infernal principle and flame  
That fires the hosts of hell:  
Who nor devise, nor think, nor do,  
But what a universe must rue,  
And **PART** for ever feel!
33. So has been felt **HER WEIGHTY** hand,  
In every coast, or foil, or land,  
Where-e'er **HER** wings have flown:  
Not long since sigh'd sweet **ALBION'S** isle,  
Beneath the darkness of her smile,  
Or horror of her frown.
34. Scarce yet withdrawn from **ALL** her sons,  
Preserv'd (as marrow in their bones)  
The **SPIRIT** of the dame:  
Refer to **HERS** or **AARON'S** chair,  
To make their **DARK** succession **CLEAR**:  
All **HIERARCHY** and flame!

35. As if was nothing right but ROME,  
 And all was wrong, as sent or come  
 For any where but HER:  
 As GOD himself were fast confin'd  
 To tell HER only all his mind,  
 Or, who HER rights aver!
36. Thoughtless how many they condemn:  
 Unworthy or of scorn or blame:  
 Who yet detest HER line:  
 Discard her maxims from their schools,  
 Her ORDERS banish and her RULES,  
 AS DEV'LISH not DIVINE.
37. Hating (as sacred writ enjoins)  
 Her spotted garments and her shrines,  
 Devote to pride and blood:  
 Worn as the badges of HER priests,  
 Or Baal's—(both alike the BEAST'S)  
 And enemies of GOD!
38. Foremost in rank stands wise GENEVE\*,  
 Grave school of CALVIN and his SLEEVE,  
 Plain, accurate and pure:  
 Full of religion's sternest sense,  
 Without or forc'd or vain pretence  
 TO DULNESS or DEMURE.

\* As I have taken the liberty of making pretty free remarks upon the church of *England*, and her source the church of *Rome*, I shall here take the same freedom with that of *Geneva*, and observe, that unless she does, or would tolerate liberty of conscience, and religion in it's different *modes*, (where it interferes not with the just *policy* or *peace* of the *republick*) she is so far from having any reason to boast of *superiority* with respect

39. Where dwells sweet liberty and peace :  
 Conscience at large, reclin'd at ease,  
     Directs the gentle reins  
 Of wisdom's philosophic car,  
 Void of DISSENSION as of war,  
     Her BASIS firm remains.
40. All hail the man, decent addrest !  
 Her native son, whose ample breast  
     Flames ardent with her fire :  
 Whom ALBION warms with fervid zeal,  
 To serve her honours or her weal,  
     His sov'reign and HER fire !
41. Long may he plead her injur'd cause,  
 With safety as with just applause :  
     Nor less his great reward,  
 When call'd from silence or the field,  
 He views the bright etherial shield,  
     And meets the angelic guard.
42. Name not, my muse, who knows thee well,  
 Thy weakness and thy faults could tell,  
     But kind conceals thy shame :  
 Enough—thou know'st him brave or wise,  
 Nor base expose to vulgar eyes  
     His VIRTUES or his NAME.

to *others*, that she does but evince her relish and approbation of that spirit her founder brought from *Rome* ; and in which he so cruelly exercised his artillery on poor *Cervetus*, that, as some might be inclined to think, it requires no small degree of charitable confidence to believe *John Calvin* is gone to heaven ; so it must necessarily reflect an *equal* dishonour and suspicion on that *republick*, if, while they reverence his memory, they do not most publickly and formally renounce his crime.

43. But wave we here a long record  
 Of princes, who by art, or sword,  
 Have each undaunted broke  
 From off their own, or subjects neck  
 (What ere long ROME herself will break)  
 The hard, pontific yoke.
44. And hail again thy native land,  
 Long may her fame on record stand,  
 As just, discreet and bold:  
 Long may her name her children warm,  
 And long a BRUNSWIC's equal arm  
 Her diadem uphold.
45. O were her sons devout and wise!  
 Candid their mind as keen their eyes!  
 Discern'd their highest blifs!  
 What graceful ardor then should roll  
 Each BRITISH eye! replete his soul  
 With courtesy and peace.
46. O were her MINISTERS a flame,<sup>7</sup>  
 Not such as burns the FLAGRANT dame,  
 But pure ethereal fire:  
 Such as enwraps the SERAPHIM,  
 Or such as once glow'd warm in HIM,  
 First BRIGHTNESS of his SIRE!
47. O were his servants like their LORD!  
 Untaint their life, as keen their word,  
 Or caustic or the balm!  
 How soon should all thy praise return,  
 Whose wither'd laurels deep we mourn,  
 And re-assum'd thy palm!



48. For want of this how much is lost  
Of REAL honour and it's boast!  
Nor like to be procur'd:  
Nay, thou hadst forfeited the WHOLE,  
E'en that which most enchants thy soul,  
But POLICY enfur'd.
49. Yet even THIS could not obtain  
(What, O hadst thou preferr'd to GAIN,  
As far the NOBLER part)  
The SECRET reverence of mankind,  
(Alike in this, each differing mind)  
The nation and it's HEART!
50. For, neither friends nor foes approve  
That they who talk of THINGS ABOVE,  
Should only (as ALONE)  
Seek little else, but things BELOW,  
As eager nought beyond to know,  
Or, nothing less THEIR OWN.
51. Who honour, ease, and wealth prefer,  
To shame, and poverty, and care,  
For what so dearly bought:  
By that more precious far than gold,  
Or ought that HUMAN tongues e'er told  
Of angels or their thought!
52. Quit then thy claim to EARTHLY THINGS,  
Leave them to courtesans and kings:  
Be THIS thy one employ,  
To see THY CHILDREN WALK IN PEACE,  
THY PRIESTS ARRAY'D IN RIGHTEOUSNESS,  
Thy saints exult for joy!

53. Till then, what wonder thy disgrace!  
 Constru'd thy fairest form—grimace,  
     So near ally'd to guile:  
 That artifice so long reprov'd,  
 In HER of old—so dearly lov'd,  
     So infamous for wile!
54. What wonder all the world should say,  
 And think thee STILL like boys at play,  
     As whole depriv'd of sight:  
 While from one corner of an eye  
 They seek the mark they'd seem to fly,  
     And court the follower's flight.
55. And this has oft been deem'd of THEE,  
 By those, who boast they more than see  
     With only half an eye:  
 THESE tell—"Thou only FEIGN'ST to run,  
 "From HER thou cou'dst not even SHUN,  
     " But for the standers by."
56. "That were it not for HUMAN laws  
 "That gripe thee right between their paws,  
     " THOU soon would'st swift return,  
 "To all thy mother holds so dear,  
 " (And stately dictates from her chair)  
     " To rack, confine, or burn."
57. And really, one would think it TRUE,  
 And that the hubbub and ado  
     Which has so oft been made,  
 Is not, as say thy PARTIAL sons,  
 "For nothing more than EMPTY sounds,"  
     As rumour were a trade.

58. In proof of this, they first alledge  
 (What, wert thou drawn upon a sledge,  
 ALL traitors just desert:  
 Would heavy weigh around thy neck,  
 And, with the first QUASSATION break  
 The sinews of thy heart.)
59. “Thy sacred court”—(base imposition!)  
 That sister of the INQUISITION;  
 So hardly known asunder:  
 Only, that THINE is less severe;  
 Good reason—laws HUMANE are near,  
 And qualify the thunder.
60. Next, “Bonds, imprisonments and fines,”  
 White sheets, and wide expensive lines,  
 Citations, bills and writs:  
 Enough to make e’en CHANC’RY stare,  
 And tugged QUAKERS quake for fear,  
 While others lose their wits!
61. And oft, perhaps, for little more,  
 Than only thinking her a WHORE,  
 Some SICHEM has defil’d:  
 But such thy decent, tender care,  
 Unwilling to defame the FAIR,  
 In mercy to the child.
62. Or else, thy PONTIFF vengeance falls  
 On HER, our subject now recalls,  
 A PENITENT of THINE:  
 Whom now THINE act has harden’d more,  
 Than of HER OWN an hundred score,  
 ’Gainst shame or grace divine!

63. Only 'tis meet to do the best

Thou canst, to arm the GENTLE breast

With fear another time :

And by thy CANDID censure teach

(With more effect than THINE e'er preach)

The BLACKNESS of the crime !

64. Again, thy terrors half disjoint

(Where neither LAW nor REASON point)

Some poor, unfriended crew :

Who, after all thy HIRELINGS treat,

Or greedy tything-men repeat,

See not the TYTHE thy DUE \*.

65. And pray, WHO does, that dares be BOLD,

And think ALOUD—that but for GOLD,

ALL safe might might march their way—

\* The *Clergy* are not censured here simply for *taking* tythes, but for pretending they are *theirs* by a *divine* right, as if *their* case was parallel with that of the *Levites*, who, besides that they received the *tenth* by express Command of God, (which I defy *these* to prove from scripture, directly or indirectly with regard to themselves) did *that* work for it, which I fancy *few* of *these* gentlemen would readily do for *double*, and what was still more (and herein consists the twofold equity of the division,) they were forbid all other possessions and inheritance whatever. Would their *successors* (as they are called) think you, give up their *paternal* or *acquired* estates upon *these* terms? Trust them in the experiment. Nor less avails their plea from the *law*; since it is nothing more than a courteous *legislative* continuance of those *acts* which were made in their behalf at a time when their *forefathers* trod upon the necks of *princes*, (*robbed* their subjects of their *rights*) and, when their own merits called rather for some proper *corrections*, than for any further emoluments, which they knew, and ought still to feel, the legislature can *diminish* or *resume*, whenever they judge *proper*.

To heav'n or hell?—no matter WHERE,  
 He'd neither have THY curse or pray'r,  
 As nothing now to pay.

66. And this they draw from the conceit  
 “ That, but amongst the RICH or GREAT,  
 “ THINE scarce or ne'er discern'd:  
 “ Unless, when once or twice a year,  
 “ They roll in state, to seize their share  
 “ Of wages never earn'd.”

67. Or, “ if they are more frequent seen,  
 “ 'Tis at the race or bowling-green,  
 “ The levee or the ball:  
 “ As seldom known to watch or pray,  
 “ But only for a hand at play,  
 “ Or weather for VAUX-HALL.”

68. Or, in their CONCLAVE close and warm,  
 Like hornets buzzing—(what a swarm)  
 Loud humming—or reserve:  
 Oppress the fatherless and poor,  
 Exclude the widow from their door,  
 Or, usher'd in to—STARVE.

69. Double their incomes and their fines,  
 (Such the dire av'rice of DIVINES!)  
 Not satiate to receive  
 The common gains of OTHER men,  
 They raise (or ruin) all they can,  
 Then bid them—“ Go and live!”

70. Just like a thief that stops your horse,  
 To take your parcel or your purse,  
 At even' or the day:

- Seizes your throat, half kills your breath,  
 Then leaves you (in the jaws of death)  
 (Like THESE) to walk your way !
71. Such the INQUISITORS, their fires,  
 Whom LUCIFER their lord inspires  
 With DOUBLE lust of pain :  
 Shut by themselves (as THESE) alone,  
 They torture, till they crack the bone,  
 Or bursts the starting vein !
72. High PANDEMONIUM of DIVINES !  
 Where each, or fair or fleshy shines,  
 (What plenitude of grace !)  
 Some plume their hair, or twist their hands,  
 Or daub their nose, or smooth their bands,  
 Or stroke their full-moon'd face.
73. Council of tyrants and cabal,  
 As e'er adorn'd GEHENNA's hall,  
 In truth 'tis little more :  
 'Tis where the widow is oppress'd,  
 The orphan ruin'd unredress'd ;  
 The SHAMBLES of the poor !
74. WHERE, what is heard but NEWS, or tales ?  
 Genius of PRIESTS, and of their sales,  
 Of gracelessness and gain !  
 Where hopes and fear alternate flow,  
 From harpy'ing eyes, or hearts of woe,  
 And pale unpity'd pain !
75. All rank adjusted and degree :  
 Soft ope the door, return the key ;  
 A crowd of shiv'ers stand :

NONE sure how yet may end the day :  
 Whether not more than ALL to pay ;  
 But—ALL are cap in hand.

76. \* First see a gentleman walk in,  
 Dropping his hand, and turns his chin :  
 “ YOUR pleasure, fir, we’d know ;”  
 “ I only come to pay my rent ;”  
 (Rack gather’d to the last extent)  
 Then quits ’em with a bow.

77. Next, see a sturdy blade appears ;  
 That neither cares for THEM nor THEIRS ;  
 “ YOUR pleasure, pray, be known ?”  
 He answers (with as rough a mien)  
 “ I come to see and to be seen.”  
 “ Your PROMISE, sirs, be done.”

78. O how swell all the bursting line,  
 Of scarlet hue, or pale MALIGN,  
 “ No promise e’er was made :”

\* The following instances are not designed as *literally* true, in every *particular*, but only intended to illustrate the *general* disposition, character and transactions, that are so flagrant at these times, to the scandal of their profession, the hardship and injury of those they deal with, and to the amazement and disgust of all *humane* and *moderate* men---and therefore *fictitious* as they may be deemed, or represented, in order to debilitate their force, I verily believe, they *all* of them fall most *descriptively* short of what they know in their own conscience to be *true*, and which so many hundreds have experienced at their hands all over the kingdom, to their sorrow and undoing, or why (unless driven to the last *necessity*) does no one upon earth chuse to hire, lease, or buy even a hog-sly, that *they* own ?

“ You lie, sir,” and, “ you lie again,”  
 “ There THAT is HE—the very man,  
 “ The pattern of your HEAD.”

79. “ You lie again,”—the herd reply;  
 Return'd with furious, threat'ning eye,  
 “ Is this your chosen text?”  
 “ A pack of lurchers of you all!”  
 But what care THESE for GREAT or SMALL;  
 “ Come, pray let in the next.”

80. Now see a tradesman—honest man!  
 He bows and hums—now see the clan  
 Suspicious as they're keen:  
 “ Well, sir, what is it YOU would say?”  
 “ Why gentlemen”—we can't to-day;  
 “ Come, let him out again.”

81. Another late his house new-fac'd;  
 “ You know improvements should be rais'd \*.”  
 “ I paid it once before.”  
 “ That was the glazier—by your leave :”  
 He pays—but growling in his sleeve,  
 Makes side-ways to the door.

\* This is a circumstance as much to be *lamented* and *abhorred* as it is true---In all *other* estates in *England* (except those of the *church*) tenants are encouraged to improve both *houses* and *estates*, by the owners either bearing a part of the *expence*, or at least, by permitting the possessor to enjoy it *un-raised* and unmolested during his own time; a thing however *generous*, is no more than is *just*: but among the former, it is at a man's peril ever to white-wash the walls of his house, or to make even *necessary*, and oft-times *expensive* improvements, either in *that*, or his farm; for at his next renewal, which



82. Next view a sprightly widow'd WEEED :  
 Blythe as if NO BODY were dead ;  
 Or sinking with distress :  
 Impartial deed ! each rack'd their dues :  
 (Or more—they never MORE refuse  
 Nor ever yet took LESS.)
83. Now comes a smirking, airy spark,  
 Warm in his honey-moon—a LARK !  
 “ ’Twas THIRTY, sirs, before : ”  
 “ I think you've just set up a trade :  
 “ Well, sir, ’tis meet you should have BREAD :  
 “ You only pay — threescore.”
84. Last see a sight would break a heart  
 Of stone (how deep the TRAGIC part !)  
 The scene unequal'd trace :  
 An ancient tenant full of years :  
 Hoary his head,—his eyes with tears  
 Fast running down his face.
85. Long had he till'd the barren farm :  
 Long plow'd in vain his fruitless arm :  
 (Who can unweeping tell !)

may be in a few years (or if a *son* succeed, in a few days) he is compelled to pay a considerable fine, or turn out. --- So that really some of their houses, &c. are half ruined from this very circumstance ; and when they are told of the unreasonableness and *disbonesty* of this, the *usual* reply, it seems, is, “ We have it only for our *life*.” --- Your *life* ! --- why would you have it *after* your life ? If this calls not for some legislative notice and amendment, what does ? --- And, what is not a little surprising, some of those very gentlemen themselves have often made the very same complaint ;—but then it is only at *home*.  
 —The *clergy* want a *Roman* tenate at their heels.

Half starv'd—his rackless rent to pay  
 Their fathers long since swept away  
 TO HAPPINESS OR—HELL!

86. Bending with age,—he crouches low:  
 Tott'ring scarce rises from his bow:  
 Begins his humble moan:  
 “Hopes that their worships will forbear,  
 “He lost his ALL and more t' year!”  
 The CONCLAVE burst — a groan!

87. Not for HIS loss—pray don't mistake:  
 The news makes all their SUR-LOINS crack:  
 Down drops each stounded head:  
 But oh—how awful and how loud  
 The solemn groan!—out peal'd a cloud  
 Of thunder brought to bed!

88. Now silence yields — their looks revive:  
 Soft jostles each his neighbour's sleeve:  
 “Brothers—what shall we do?”  
 Not do with HIM they do not mean;  
 All that is easily foreseen:  
 How merciless a crew!

89. Strait rises up a reverend BEAU,  
 Turns on his heel—and points his toe:  
 (Still echoing with his pain)  
 And half a novice at the trade,  
 Hints “some ABATEMENT should be made:”  
 Then fits him down again.

90. HE's not the man—here read the NEXT:  
 A stately opener of his text:  
 What tendernefs HE feels!

Stares at the young proposer's face :  
 Then with a voice as harsh as brass,  
 Cries—"lay him by the heels."

91. By these he lies—O what a scene,  
 For heav'n to see and hell to grin :  
 But cease all sad surprize: [THEM:  
 The WRETCH — you mourn — but mourn for  
 (Drying as fuel for the flame,)  
 While HE is starv'd and dies !

92. What wonder this should be THEIR end,  
 Unhelp'd by JUSTICE or her FRIEND :  
 No matter—all's a trade !  
 And trades must live, tho' OTHERS want:  
 Smugglers and villains have their RENT :  
 The CLERGY, or the SPADE.

93. Besides, 'tis only for a time :  
 THIS is THEIR breathing place and clime :  
 'Tis HERE they have THEIR good :  
 SOON to repay with treble pain,  
 Their cruel insolence and gain :  
 Now sweeter than their blood !

94. But hark—"there are DIVISIONS there,"  
 Nay more than partly, one might swear :  
 What news to fight or scold !  
 When this the reason we alledge,  
 To share the GARMENT or the WEDGE  
 Of ACHAN's crime and gold !

95. And THESE are moved too no doubt :  
 They wou'dn't stir a hand without,  
 Or to receive or hoard :

But tempted more than they can bear,  
 With groans each luggs away his share :  
 The burden of HIS LORD !

96. “ But hold, fir—you condemn the WHOLE :  
 “ One BODY, as if but one SOUL :”

Why—are their spirits TWO ?  
 Meet they not ALL with ONE design ?  
 In THIS at least one heart and mind :  
 What BETTER then the FEW ?

97. SEP’RATE they may—(and ’tis but fair  
 To give the FIEND his PROPER share)  
 INCORPORATE—they turn :  
 Like concrete sulphur in a flame :  
 They’re one and all, I fear, the SAME,  
 And hissing bounce, or burn.

98. And pray, what say I here or more,  
 Than what THEY tell who keep the door.  
 Of SECRESY and SIN ?  
 Privy to all that passes THERE :  
 Whether they stoop or domineer :  
 Or gnashing growl, or grin.

99. But what from THESE expect to find,  
 Of just, or generous, or kind ?  
 Howe’er polite or civil :  
 Who lost and plung’d in wealth’s IMMERSE,  
 Esteem an empty, hollow purse,  
 IDENTIC with the DEVIL \*?

\* This was the *meaning*, and almost the very *literal* expression of a certain dignitary in the church of C. not long since; and is no great secret in the city where it was spoken.

100. Now hear my blame on every side,  
 From ignorance, envy, hate or pride,  
 Of OTHERS or the TRADE:  
 Nor spare us more our WARMEST friends,  
 Who, oft for no less virtuous ends,  
 Have far SEVERER said.
101. But what severe enough for THEM?  
 Their country's burden and it's shame:  
 A load so hardly born:  
 Who see a nation watchful stand:  
 Her FOES on-tip-toe for the land:  
 Yet SENSELESS sleep or scorn?
102. See all her children now in arms:  
 While BRUNSWIC's flame their bosom warms,  
 Their FATHER to defend:  
 BRUNSWIC, the mild, the brave, the just:  
 Religion's and his people's trust!  
 Their SOV'REIGN and their friend!
103. Yet WHAT are THESE? or what they do  
 Worthy of record or to know?  
 What VIRTUES have THEY done?  
 Half threescore suns have warm'd MY head,  
 Since first I chew'd their HUMBLE bread,  
 Yet never heard of ONE!
104. WHOM have they serv'd, or WHOM reliev'd?  
 What wretch releas'd? what want retriev'd?  
 What mercy have they shown,  
 Or to their tenants, or their slaves,  
 Maintain'd, or ruin'd, as by halves,  
 Till exil'd or undone?

105. Yet THESE are they who claim as due,  
 High reverence grave from ME and YOU :  
 While each their partners greet :  
 With lordly congé or farewell :  
 Just quit the ADIT, or the CELL :  
 The TEMPLE or the STREET !
106. The POOR—the RICH—how justly serv'd !  
 The latter chous'd, the former starv'd ;  
 Each asks it thro' the land :  
 Nay flatter with their mutual lie  
 The men whom they should CURB or FLY :  
 And beg or kiss their hand.
107. Yet turn'd their backs—how BOTH despise !  
 Shrug up their necks and wink their eyes :  
 High blazing with disdain !  
 “ D'ye see the DOCTOR whom we bow'd ?  
 “ Look there, he shoots thro' yonder croud,  
 “ He just deserves a chain ! ”
108. See here the VILLAIN and the SLAVE !  
 See each a FOOL and each a KNAVE !  
 Who scorn and yet they bend :  
 Not from CIVILITY or GRACE,  
 But with the air of low grimace,  
 A loaf—or none—their end.
109. Despis'd by THEM they DECENT use :  
 By THOSE belov'd they most abuse :  
 What contrast on THEIR part !  
 But yet THEY have the better GAGE,  
 Who maugre all their envious rage,  
 Are honour'd in their HEART !

110. But meet the man, whom all despise  
 For seeing clear with BOTH his eyes ;  
 How grave their fingers tell !  
 Yet take 'em by the lump or score,  
 Behind your own or neighbour's door,  
 " I hope, fir, you are well !"
111. " I'm pretty well, I thank you, fir ;  
 " But come, don't let us make a fir,  
 " For you may be undone :  
 " For me—I'm unconcern'd and free,  
 " Nor care a fig-leaf from the tree,  
 " For ALL of them in ONE."
112. They KNOW it too—that's something more,  
 " I'm CIVIL—but I'll ne'er adore  
 " A BIGOT or a KNAVE :  
 " And such I ever would esteem  
 " Who others for THEIR thoughts condemn :"  
 What fetters drags a SLAVE !
113. Fetters of jingling self-conceit !  
 Dull clogs of proud, contemptuous hate :  
 A CONVICT on his throne !  
 YOUR heels he binds—but half insane,  
 An IDEOT raves—nor hears the chain  
 Loud rattling at his own !
114. Next scrapes a TRADESMAN at his door :  
 He bows perhaps for something more :  
 They want an ounce of thread :  
 Or send for something he has not,  
 Or never had—nor to be got :  
 But still—he must have BREAD.

115. Thus mutual flattery and guile ;  
 TRADESMEN may work—the DOCTORS smile,  
 And grave their reverence claim :  
 But what regard from meanest slaves,  
 Unless where THEIR example saves  
 From punishment or shame ?
116. But to resume our former friends,  
 Whom neither time nor patience mends,  
 Who yet securely breathe :  
 While kindred nations are at jar,  
 Our own now in the midst of WAR :  
 If not the midst of DEATH !
117. Rise ALBION rise—exert thy claim  
 On all who boast thy boon or name :  
 Bid them their off'rings bring :  
 Tell them “ the kingdom wants their MITE :  
 “ The army and the poor their RIGHT :  
 “ Their USELESSNESS the king.”
118. Tell them “ how great the general charge !  
 “ The nation and it's wants how large !”  
 Remember they are THINE.  
 If LARGELY—well—but if refuse :  
 Thine own distress and freedom use,  
 And seize the coffer'd shrine.
119. Seize all you find—'tis not their own ;  
 Thy prince's and their country's boon ;  
 Now THINE, no longer THEIRS :  
 To hoard or rust within their walls,  
 Nor squander on the shameless calls  
 Of future spend-thrift heirs,



120. When this is done—if they submit,  
And grateful fall beneath thy feet,  
    Forgive the former crime:  
Remember not their saucy tone,  
Against thy welfare or the throne,  
    Or dignity sublime.
121. But if they murmur or complain,  
Resist or clamour for their gain,  
    As probably they will:  
Shew them remains ANOTHER mode,  
To deal with them (as with their GOD)  
    Far more effectual still.
122. Shew them thy licence to demand  
The service of at least their HAND:  
    Implant it with a SWORD:  
Place them full front their foes in fight,  
And there resistless bid them fight,  
    The battles of their Lord.
123. I know their MEANNESS as their pride:  
Their cowardice and all beside:  
    They'll pray SUCCESS thy scheme:  
Yes, so they will—till LOUIS land:  
Then cringing with their cap in hand,  
    They'll supplicate for HIM.
124. Believe them not—'twas so before:  
Their FATHERS did it heretofore,  
    ALIVE — the same again:  
THESE are their sons—they BOAST their race:  
All made of adamant and brass:  
    To keep out wind and rain.
- ‡

125. Besides, if these were more sincere,  
 Would not their honesty appear,  
 As decent or discreet?  
 Would they permit a thousand souls,  
 To lie like hogs im-penn'd in folds?  
 Their infants in the STREET\*!
126. Would they permit (I dare to say,  
 What heard an hundred times a day)  
 The very men to pine,  
 Who, for or less or little more,  
 Than what their minions keep the door,  
 May BLEED to save their SHRINE,
127. Suppose that HALF their useless PILE  
 (Where the indecent or DEFILE?)  
 Had prov'd their friendly shade:  
 In times like these but more alert,  
 (How shocking to a POPISH heart!)  
 Horsec their STABLE made.
128. And where the crime — when WHO made them,  
 And them who ride (how great THIS shame!)  
 A STABLE made DIVINE?

\* As was (it seems) actually the case in the city of *Canterbury*, when two regiments of *foot*, and one of *horse*, were quartered there last winter: nor was the *complaisance* of the *church*, I am told, any more extended towards the *officers* than their *charity* was towards the *private* men: something strange too, one would think, that a *body* of men, *both* whose kingdom is most certainly of *this* world (tho' they both *fight* in their *different* way) should incorporate no better! but only this we know, that under some *certain* circumstances, even *Satan* may be divided against *himself*.

Much more adorn'd with SUCH a GUEST,  
 Than e'er debas'd a USEFUL beast,  
 The temple of THEIR shrine.

129. Suppose all this and far beyond ;  
 What sinking of their fame or fund,  
 Who could afford still more ?  
 Abate the nation her expence,  
 Far richer in their BANK than SENSE :  
 High plunderers of the POOR !

130. " My GOD ! what BRITON can forbear ?  
 " Nor breathe—but THUNDER in their ear,  
 " Their duty and their call ?  
 " Lov'd they but THEE, their PRINCE and THINE,  
 " Wou'd they not CEDE their RIGHT DIVINE ;  
 " The MANORS of their PALL ?"

131. O were they safe beneath the LAST !  
 Secure in heaven from all that's PAST,  
 Or PRESENT or to COME !  
 ALBION might welcome use their GOLD :  
 Her rights no more for NONSENSE sold :  
 And FRENCHMEN meet their doom !

132. The SESSION ends—the game is play'd :  
 They smile and wish each other dead :  
 At least there's some do THEM :  
 For why?—what EVIL have they done ?  
 Why—for the same that many a one  
 Has wish'd—but would not name.

133. Waiting till PROVIDENCE removes  
 A brother—whom he dearly loves,  
 (RECIPROCALLY even !)

You smile perhaps — pray stand aloof :  
 For what of LOVE's a better proof,  
     Than to be wish'd in HEAVEN ?

134. Each now returns — well fraught with GEER :  
 The service of the current year :  
     And ESSENCE of his song :  
 But LIFE's full LEASE is deeper sign'd,  
 Than any THEY have left behind,  
     Tho' haply — not so LONG.

135. Crave ye to know from whom these come ?  
 From one who safely smiles the doom,  
     Or judgment of YOUR schools :  
 From one who wishes YOU were wise :  
 And knew that ALL whom YE despise,  
     Are neither KNAVES nor FOOLS.

136. Alas the latter — for HER weal :  
 Alas the latter — whom wish'd YE well !  
     My heart for ALBION mourns :  
 Long may my tears in secret flow,  
 My heart her joys and sorrows know,  
     Till all her peace returns.

137. Ye call us ENEMIES — 'tis true :  
 We are — YET not to HER — nor YOU ;  
     But to your baleful PRIDE :  
 Who stately tread — or snoring nod,  
 While hangs o'er HER the threat'ning rod :  
     Or bleeds HER wounded side.

138. Wounded by you, and by your stains :  
 Who rob her of her hearts and gains,  
     Both sacred to your lay :

Alike your aim in peace or war :  
 Replete HER heart with hope or fear :  
 However — ye can PRAY.

139. A long digression this — what cost !  
 Yet all our pains not surely lost :  
 Resume our first design:  
 Report again, thou gentle dame,  
 Some other articles, that fame  
 Objects to THEE and THINE.

140. Of these — “ Thy visits once a year : ”  
 Less fam'd for DISCIPLINE than CHEER :  
 As what imports the least :  
 ARCH-DEACONS, CHANCELLORS, and DEANS,  
 APPARITORS and go-betweens  
 The CONCLAVE and the FEAST.

141. Church-wardens PERJUR'D, old and new :  
 Who swear to what they CANNOT do :  
 Then swear — they've done the WHOLE :  
 Accountable (it seems) to none,  
 But to themselves and these alone :  
 Bold sponsors for the soul.

142. Where all that's done is little else  
 Than telling lies or telling tales ;  
 Like anarchy of SCHOOL :  
 Where seldom more is heard than noise,  
 Of buxom PRIESTS — like FREE-SCHOOL BOYS :  
 Nor decency nor rule.

143. What wonder then that THESE exclaim,  
 Who or despise or hate thy name ?  
 And cordially deride

(What with amazement all the WISE  
Reprove and see with equal eyes)

Thy USELESSNESS of pride?

144. Again object "THY TRIPLE CREEDS:"

Long roll of ATHANASIAN beads:

Which whoso'er repeat,

Condemn themselves and all around:

While laughing scorers loud resound

" 'Tis nothing but a CHEAT!"

145. Amaz'd that any THINKING mind;

Or wise, dispassionate or kind,

Should thus itself deceive!

When in their conscience (if it's true)

THEY CAN NO BETTER witness shew

Than this — that THEY BELIEVE:

146. Much less can relish how a man

Or not a MURDERER or INSANE,

Can curse his mortal foe:

For not conceiving what he owns

Himself, so far exceeds the bounds

Of mortal skill to know!

147. From hence concluding shrewdly keen

(No other MEDIUM between:

The INFERENCE of course:)

" That they who dare assert, deny,

" ONLY because — they know not WHY;

" Would say it of their HORSE."

148. And so far rightly they conceive,

That those who any thing believe,

From CUSTOM or COMMAND:

Would on occasion (and they do,  
To all intents we mean it true ;)  
Call either FOOT their HAND.

149. Not, but the MEANING may be well,  
As they who mild explain it tell :  
And ALL but DEISTS own :

“ THERE ARE IN glory—THREE THAT BEAR  
“ Their RECORD — and yet all THESE ARE  
“ In ESSENCE only ONE.”

150. But How they are and can but be  
Or THREE in ONE — or ONE, yet THREE :  
Is only known ABOVE :

How this or WHY is not the case :  
Nor to define a MORTAL'S place :  
But to believe and love !

151. Not that we blame thy zeal for TRUTH :  
But TERMS so puzz'ling and uncouth :  
Too jumbl'd to conceive :  
But more — Thy double-damning clause ;  
On all who dare presume to pause,  
Tho' SENTENC'D to believe !

152. For true conception — or that FAITH,  
Sure witness in the soul that hath,  
Confession should precede :  
Or else what lengths may not be run ?  
The UNIVERSE believ'd a SUN :  
Or e'en the ATHEIST'S creed !

153. Yet shun THEIR proud PHILOSOPHY :  
Pregnant with pride and sophistry :  
Who with THEIR broken line,

Affect THAT mystery to scan:  
 Or that of DEITY made MAN:  
 Incarnate and divine!

154. To what compare their vanity?  
 But to the fool's who fain would weigh  
 The mountains in a scale:  
 Or to the child that with it's arm  
 Extended, and his dirty worm,  
 "Stands bobbing for a WHALE."

155. Such children THEY who think to sound  
 The GODHEAD's wide or vast PROFOUND:  
 Unfathom'd and unweigh'd  
 By lines or scales of HUMAN art:  
 Or all that fancy can impart:  
 Or wisdom's deeper aid.

156. Not — as we scorn'd their pure design,  
 Who warm with zeal for ought divine,  
 With all the WORLD believ'd:  
 But for their SYSTEMS to explain  
 INEXPLICABLES — then — complain  
 "Their systems UNCONCEIV'D."

157. Suffice that BOTH are plain reveal'd  
 As TRUTH — tho' still the HOW conceal'd  
 From deep or keenest ken:  
 Perhaps scarce known to saints above:  
 Who THERE may rather gaze and love,  
 Than dare the MODE explain.

158. Shall MAN then dare that depth explore  
 Without it's bottom or it's shore?  
 IMMENSITY divine!



Wider than space — it's blaze more bright  
 Than thousand suns — yet deep as night,  
 The GODHEAD's triune SHRINE!

159. Detest we, on the other side,  
 Their forward insolence and pride:  
 Who with uplifted horn,  
 Deny what is, for aught THEY know,  
 ESSENTIAL and ETERNAL true:  
 Nor lessen'd by their scorn.

160. Define not THESE the great SUPREME?  
 Is he not limited by THEM?  
 Confin'd within THEIR sphere?  
 Set him a line he may not pass,  
 But so exist or else transgress,  
 At peril of their sneer?

161. 'Tis true, they make him only ONE:  
 Yet kindly leave him not alone:  
 Fit company conjoin'd:  
 Place on his right a HUMAN god:  
 And with him in his bright abode,  
 Some SPIRIT or the WIND!

162. And what's the evidence that's given?  
 Not HIS that erst came down from heaven:  
 THEN present with his SIRE:  
 But the pale lamp of NATURE's light:  
 Envelop'd with ÆGYPTIAN night:  
 Hell's GENIUS and her FIRE!

163. I know their fond, absurd reply:  
 "Where found the TERM of TRINITY?"  
 We echo as they sing:  
 H

Why not MORALITY difown'd,  
 (THEIR god) because the TERM unfound?  
 But — is not found the THING?

164. What are all words but simple terms &  
 Or terms complex of modal forms,  
 Invented to convey  
 What or we mean or would make known,  
 To millions or to only one?  
 Concise as clear the way.

165. What more the term now under view?  
 It's great idea fix'd nor new:  
 Design'd THAT truth t'impart:  
 And only stands among DIVINES,  
 As that which best their sense defines:  
 A sacred TERM of ART.

166. How weakly then do they reflect,  
 Who for so weak a cause reject  
 What seems so plain reveal'd?  
 Written at large — it's truth divine  
 On leaves inspir'd of sacred line:  
 Tho' still the MODE conceal'd!

167. Return we now from whence we came:  
 Cover'd with awful fear and shame:  
 As had approach'd too near:  
 And bold resume our former clue:  
 Our purpose for THY good pursue:  
 Nor unobservant hear.

168. Another charge against thee brought,  
 (But which I trust will come to nought,  
 Or thou must come to shame)

Is — “ that thy RULERS won't permit  
 “ That any who have not THEIR writ,  
 “ Should preach the SAVIOUR's name.”

169. Not seeming rightly to surmise  
 That 'tis not they whose wanton eyes  
 Survey thy ample state :  
 Who or for wealth, or want, or whim,  
 For pride, or ease, or more esteem,  
 Intrude the sacred gate.

170. Are either call'd or sent by HIM,  
 Who only hath the LAWFUL claim  
 His ministers to chuse :  
 That even BISHOPS are no more  
 Than PORTERS waiting at the door,  
 To OPEN, — not REFUSE.

171. At least not THIS or THAT to dare,  
 For int'rest, fame, or pique, or fear :  
 For prejudice or pride :  
 But with the utmost care to trace,  
 And cautious mark the lines of grace :  
 Not BLUSTER nor DERIDE.

172. When this is done — then they have done ;  
 But not before, — nor e'er will one  
 Thus mission'd — be allow'd,  
 However learn'd, or grave, or wise,  
 Or in his own, or other's eyes,  
 The PRIEST or FRIEND of GOD !

173. That GOD who never will permit  
 Always to lie beneath their feet,  
 The honours of his name :

But on HIS OWN his spirit show'rs :  
 Nor needs the aid of HUMAN pow'rs,  
 To PROVE or GUARD his claim.

174. Not that we would distraction chuse ;  
 Or decent rule or forms refuse ;  
 But what we here contend,  
 Is this — that NONE who bare regard  
 The lore of ease or base reward :  
 Or HUMAN laws commend,

175. Should be permitted to intrude  
 The sacred dome, or on the crowd  
 His MORAL dreams impose :  
 With schemes of dullness and of pride,  
 As but himself and none beside  
 Were worthy of the ROSE.

176. Guard against these — we care not who  
 Or mounts the PULPIT or the PEW :  
 If black, or fair, or brown :  
 We need no longer fear the line  
 Of bullies, rakes, or fops, or fine  
 White coxcombs of the town.

177. 'Tis THESE, and such as these, has made  
 Thy ministry esteem'd a TRADE :  
 Suspected, nay abhorr'd :  
 Woe to the men — (for woe their fate !)  
 By whom e'en HEATHENS scorn or hate  
 THE OFF'RING OF THE LORD !

178. All such are thieves and robbers own'd :  
 And long since by their LORD postpon'd :  
 As come SOME OTHER way :

- Come with a view to fleece or steal:  
 Come not of HIS, but THEIR OWN will,  
 To carry off the prey.
179. Who scorn the men prepar'd by HIM,  
 As sent by knaves or madmen's dream:  
 Or wild distracted brain:  
 Who yet were impuls'd by his grace,  
 Without reward of fee or place,  
 Or FILTHY LUCRE — gain.
180. Yet deem the labourer worthy hire:  
 As just infirmities require:  
 Or cloaths or daily food:  
 Unmindful of all else beside:  
 Or nature's life or nature's pride:  
 As known the life of GOD!
181. THESE then are they who touch'd WITHIN  
 With pungent sense of IN-BRED SIN,  
 FLEE FROM the WRATH TO COME:  
 Then pierc'd with kind compassion's dart:  
 With lips of flame and fire of heart,  
 Invite a nation home!
182. No matter WHERE or WHOM address:  
 With utterance as with ardor blest,  
 They lift their voice on high:  
 Bid kingdoms turn from sin to GOD:  
 And know redemption in THAT blood,  
 Which sprinkles all the sky!
183. THESE then are who their mission prove,  
 By fervent faith and equal love:  
 Best witnesses of their claim:

What need they any other test,  
Than what now fills and fires their breast,  
The glory of the LAMB?

184. I see the answer in thine eye,  
And am as ready to reply,  
As thou art to oppose:

“ Why then if this may be the case,  
“ There’s none but if his noddle please,  
“ Menders of POTS or SHOES,

185. “ But may up-perch upon a stand,  
“ With brazen face and dirty hand  
“ Talk NONSENSE or BLASPHEME:  
“ Then cry—HE’S MOVED FROM WITHIN,  
“ TO CALL HIS BRETHREN FROM THEIR SIN,  
“ IN THE REDEEMER’S NAME !”

186. In part you’re right, in part you’re wrong:  
I’ll prove ’em both before ’tis long;  
Only beware thy heat:  
We do not say “ ’tis all who DREAM  
(None such) “ are sent in HIS great name  
“ Or, either CALL’D or MEET.”

187. And yet e’en THESE as much as SOME  
Who think they merit all the room,  
From dignity or sense:  
Yet are but bunglers at their work,  
And speak (from BOOK) what JEW or TURK  
Might hear without offence.

188. Who boast indeed of CALL and POWER,  
But wherein better than the hour  
Of DARKNESS and DESPAIR?

What coldness often in the face !  
 The tongue no more than SOUNDING BRASS,  
 The word — more light than air !

189. And if the LIFE be like his speech,  
 As soon may velvet-mouth'd horse-leech  
 Draw blood from iron bar:  
 As he draw water from that well :  
 Or make his SENSELESS hearers feel,  
 Or HOPE or HOPELESS fear.

190. But he's a PRIEST or DEACON dubb'd :  
 (Tho' still at school, had still been drubb'd,  
 A TRIFLER or a DUNCE)  
 And, were he not a SACRED son,  
 Not ONE would hear him, no not one:  
 At least not more than ONCE.

191. But only shew the PAPAL sleeve :  
 What CONTRASTS will they not believe ?  
 How 'chanting is the shrine !  
 What DARK or DULL will not go down !  
 Such MAGIC bears the robe or gown !  
 Nay — BLASPHEMY's — divine !

192. And more — what crimes of various dye,  
 Cannot THEIR practice sanctify,  
 If not as GREAT or GOOD :  
 At least, as innocent or pure :  
 Their very wantonness, demure :  
 And mild — their frantic mood.

193. O what a group of careless souls,  
 Have drove these shepherds of their folds,  
 To misery and shame !

Who plead as reason or excuse,  
 (What ALL without distinction use)  
 “Our PASTOR does the SAME.”

194. This then accounts for something more,  
 Unthought and unobserv'd before:

But awful as 'tis true:

Why MENDERS or of SHOES or BRASS,  
 Ideots esteem'd — or boys or asfs,  
 Are oft preferr'd to YOU.

195. YOUR call is human — THEIRS divine:  
 They seek the SOUL, and you the SHRINE,  
 They PROFIT — you but PLEASE:  
 They toil and labour, watch and pray:  
 You trifle, lounge, or sleep, or play:  
 They SUFFER — you're at EASE.

196. Yet — “they are ALL, or proud or false:  
 “Tellers of lies and lying tales:”  
 Then how unguarded YOU!  
 Who by your malice and defame,  
 Affix on SUCH (how wide your aim!)  
 The badges of the TRUE!

197. Such were the marks their FATHERS bare:  
 And such from YOU their offspring share:  
 But know to all your shame:  
 The WISE and CALM — bar all your spite,  
 Will e'er suspect there's something RIGHT,  
 Whenever you exclaim.

198. And this they do on reason just:  
 Not caring to take ALL on trust:  
 Your doctrines or your fears:



Conscious how apt we're ALL to speak  
 Our hopes or doubts — or blind, mistake  
 The finest WHEAT for TARES.

199. TARES — such as ne'er by YOU were sown:  
 Nor ONCE imagin'd could have grown  
 On YOUR hard, barren soil:  
 But what cannot effect HIS hand,  
 Who sows his harvest thro' the land,  
 Without or seed or toil!

200. But put the case as you believe:  
 Alike unfit to PREACH or LIVE:  
 Let JUSTICE have her course:  
 If MAD — then stretch their limbs on straw:  
 Or VILE — their necks, where stakes the LAW  
 Her lifeless, pye-bald horse.

201. But sure ye cannot be so blind!  
 (Tho' more than to discern the wind)  
 'Tis nothing but your PRIDE:  
 That thus alarm'd with envious scorn,  
 Reddens your eye, and gilds your HORN:  
 Too prominent to hide.

202. What — can ye not DISCERN the TIMES?  
 No difference then 'twixt jingling CHIMES  
 Of wild, uncertain sound:  
 Where all's confusion and dissent:  
 From where or rule or concord's meant:  
 All MUSICALLY round!

203. Know ye not what THEIR peal portends?  
 Rung in your ears for higher ends  
 Than parish-toll for prayers:

It rings your LARUM or your KNELL :  
 Arise, ye sluggards, start and feel  
 It's thunder at your ears !

204. It rings to wake THE DEAD IN SIN :  
 It rings to curse who die therein :  
     Cover'd with death's deep PALL !  
 It rings that ALL may hear the sound,  
 Who all are yet unhearing found :  
     God's great tremendous CALL !

205. Arise, then, find yourselves undone :  
 Arise, and see the falling sun  
     Now blushing on your souls :  
 Arise, and flee yourselves from woe :  
 Nor farther with your followers go,  
     Your lost, misguided folds.

206. Awake and blow the gospel-blast :  
 Earnest of THAT to sound at last,  
     When ALL the dead shall rise :  
 The dead in GRACE — the dead in SIN,  
 Invok'd no more — for good shut in,  
     In TOPHET or the SKIES !

207. For this, THEIR trump now blown to you :  
 Your long forgotten strength renew ;  
     Your jealousy resume :  
 Or THEY — whom here ye all contemn,  
 Will stand the witness of your shame,  
     And judges of your doom !

208. Till then, what further need to ask  
 WHICH of you bears the hardest task ?  
     Or, likely most to prove

His ministry deriv'd from GOD :  
His zeal for HIM, who spilt his blood :  
Or, to MANKIND his love ?

209. Nor call this railing or untrue :  
The world are witnesses and you :  
    Why then should THEY deny ?  
(Themselves from darkness late emerg'd,  
For 'tis but meet and right when urg'd,  
    With meekness to reply.

210. By this — we therefore will abide,  
All other arguments aside,  
    'Tis not who WILL or RUN,  
For gain or pleasure fond to teach ;  
But such as GOD appoints to preach  
    The gospel of his son.

211. (In part already here defin'd)  
Of fervent, unaffected mind,  
    From guile (as treason) clear :  
Attach'd to none — but knit to ALL  
Who on the same Redeemer call,  
    In meekness and in fear.

212. Such among YOU, we know there are :  
The FEW — who like the morning-star,  
    Or comet blaze and burn :  
Evinc'd their mission not from THEE :  
More real, full, confess and free :  
    Thro' all the earth they turn,

213. Cover'd with just reproach and shame,  
 They bear abroad the SAVIOUR's name,  
 His EQUAL godhead own\* :  
 Chusing to wait the praise DIVINE,  
 (O were they less attach'd to THINE)  
 "Ye faithful friends, well done!"

214. To these we add a serious train  
 Of holy, just and upright men,  
 MODEST their faith — not CLEAR :  
 Who, tho' now straiten'd and confin'd,  
 Shall e'er long feel a LARGER mind :  
 And shine on WIDER sphere !

215. O were but ALL thy sons like THESE !  
 Devout — (tho' partial) warm to please  
 The GOD whose cause they love !

\* I cannot here sufficiently admire and recommend as a pattern to his brethren the *clergy* — the zeal of that sensible and useful preacher, Mr. ROMAINÉ — in vindicating that most important and fundamental article of the *Christian* religion, the divinity of the Son of GOD — tho' I must take the liberty of observing, that I think he carries his mark too high, since from the principles whereon he endeavours to prove that point, he may seem to make not only three distinct *persons*, but really three distinct *Gods*; for undoubtedly three necessarily self-existent, and independent *beings*, must be three necessarily, self-existent, and independent *deities*, so that even the *Nicene* creed, wherein *Christ* is styled *God of God, Light of Light, &c.* however *orthodox* it is esteemed, is really the reverse: and if so, this argument proves too much. — But this I hint with the utmost decency of deference and regard; as I do likewise my wish, that however severely he may judge it necessary to explode the tenets of the *Arians, Socinians, &c.* he would nevertheless treat those *gentlemen* with less *clerical* resentment and contempt; *i. e.* with more *lay-politeness* and humanity.

What meet respect e'en here below,  
With all who should their virtue know!  
How bright their thrones above!

216. Nay e'en of THOSE thy state and pride  
Has grac'd with emblems on their SIDE:  
The CROSIER or the PALL:  
Of THESE are found (at least — a FEW:  
Give each — my thoughtful Muse, their DUE:  
Nor base explode them ALL.)

217. The men of dignity and sense:  
Void or of lightness or offence:  
Impartial, fair and mild:  
Unturn'd their heads by STYLE or PLACE:  
Their hearts fair copy'd in their face:  
Their manners as a child.

218. Unmov'd by all the pomp of pow'r:  
Alike the seen or silent hour:  
Such, GLOUCESTER, late was THINE!  
If ALL were such — die SATYR all:  
As prov'd if not divine their CALL,  
At least their HEARTS divine.

219. Serious and modest, meek and calm,  
More soft than oyl or healing balm,  
Addressive and humane:  
Generous, unprejudic'd and just:  
True to their friend as to their trust:  
Nor less their scorn of gain.

220. And yet to shew thy just esteem  
Of such as boast their FILIAL name,  
And reverence thy pale:

No sooner shines a brighter ray,  
That takes the gloominess away,  
But THINE reproach and rail\*.

221. All in a moment rise a cloud  
Of adversaries, hot and loud,  
Like bull-dogs deep or fierce:  
PRELATES and DOCTORS (sturdy band)  
RECTORS and PATRONS (thro' the land)  
Their danger now rehearse.

222. CHURCH-WARDENS, OVERSEERS and POOR,  
SEXTONS — with those who ope the door  
For courtesy or DRAM:  
MUMPERS, that ask or cut your purse:  
ALL these with different mode of curse,  
Cry out "O fy for shame!"

223. For shame of WHAT — ye worthless crew?  
Who preach or scandalize what's true?  
The CHURCH's own decree:  
"Sin ACTUAL and ORIGINAL:  
"Th' extensive curse of ADAM's fall:  
"By GRACE alone set free."

\* Of this we have lately had some very remarkable instances in the person of Mr ROMAINÉ in particular, and some others whose eyes GOD has opened to discern *the truth as it is in* JESUS, and their mouths as largely to declare it, tho' before they were either not known, or only regarded as *learned* or *ingenious* men:--but they are now called forth to pass thro' a different scene, *viz* of contempt, ridicule and opposition; a proof of their *adversaries* spirit, and no small evidence in favour of their own mission, and the success of *that* ministry, which, as it comes from heaven, entitles it's messengers to the reward *there* reserved for *all* such as turn many to righteousness, *viz.* to shine as the stars for ever and ever!

224. "That—NOT BY WORKS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS,  
 WHICH WE HAVE DONE, or shall profess,  
 But by THAT faith alone,  
 Which must the sinner justify,  
 Acquit in GOD's severest eye,  
 His new adopted son."

225. "That HENCE proceeds that ardent love  
 That fires the heart with things above,  
 Cancell'd the guilt of sin:  
 Shakes all it's base, destroys it's pow'r,  
 And in it's time shall raze the tow'r  
 Of pride erect WITHIN!"

226. "That HENCE the love we bear to GOD,  
 And HENCE that love as deep or broad,  
 As ocean's wide domain:  
 Borne in it's arms not ONE but ALL  
 Who on the name of JESUS call,  
 Or, groan the GENERAL stain."

227. For this — what envy, spite and noise,  
 Of draggled faints and parish-boys,  
 Who beg or steal their bread!  
 What WRITS and CALLS to pontiff courts!  
 The JUDGE and PROCTORS gain and sports:  
 Who shrug and wag their heads!

228. How much like THEM, who once wagg'd THEIRS  
 At HIM who brightens all the spheres,  
 Bids comets warmer burn!  
 Transfix'd as helpless on his cross:  
 Meek pattern of THEIR shame and loss,  
 Who suffer in their turn!

229. You here observe I wholly wave  
 (What from yourselves I well might crave)  
 The merits of the cause:  
 But say — you should the CHURCH discard:  
 Or else in prudence own and guard  
 The men who preach HER laws!
230. What else will JEW or HEATHEN tell?  
 Or say the keen-ey'd infidel?  
 But “that ye serve a PLACE”  
 As sign'd at first what few believe:  
 Then preach a system as ye live,  
 Devoid of truth or grace!
231. And this they have done long ago,  
 That what ye deal is but the blow  
 Return'd on harmless men:  
 Who if they're truly meek or wise,  
 Would sooner pluck out both their eyes,  
 Than e'er return again.
232. But only in their kind concern:  
 As warm their inmost bowels yearn  
 For YOUR increase and love:  
 Hoping tho' now your hate or scorn,  
 They may with you (by angels borne)  
 Be ever join'd above.
233. I know the bottom of thy plea:  
 (Thy fond pretence of HERESY;  
 But this is all grimace!  
 The truth is this — thou knowest not,  
 With all thy pains, or depth of thought,  
 The CAUSE or END of grace.



234. Nor can thy envy well digest  
The place THEY hold in every breast  
Exempt from pride or spleen :  
The crowds that hang upon their word :  
Or SAINTS converted to their Lord :  
Or SINNERS from their sin.
235. If HERESY then break thy peace :  
Know there is none so great as THIS,  
Which all thy coast o'er-runs :  
THAT may exclude from out THY pale :  
But THIS includes and shuts in hell,  
Both thee and half thy sons.
236. That half I mean — be't less or more  
If more thou hast — ten million score,  
Who while they boast thy name :  
Like heathens LIVE — like heathens DIE,  
Without or hope or charity :  
Thy glory and thy shame !
237. For know 'tis not who cleaves to THEE,  
Or any else — from bigotry,  
From int'rest, whim, or pride :  
Or born or PERJUR'D to thy pale,  
That can escape or turn the scale,  
Which shall his doom decide.
238. Nor they who hate or scorn thy fold,  
From fear or favour, pique or gold,  
Magnificent or small :  
Who either live posselt of grace :  
Or die enwrapt in HIS embrace,  
Whose eye disowns them all.

239. Who tho' dissenting wide in *MODE*,  
 Made each themselves their idol-god,  
     Their *PARTY* or their *STATE*:  
 But void alike their faith and love,  
 Equal with thine their hope above:  
     And equal now their *FATE*.
240. This constitutes another charge,  
 Which may in time be view'd at large:  
     At present this suffice:  
 That it is one of many score,  
 That makes thy friends thy fall deplore,  
     And enemies despise.
241. Here then thy *PARTIAL* pride they plead,  
 E'en in the burial of thy *DEAD*:  
     Where without wit or fear,  
 E'en *ATHEISTS* who a *GOD* deride,  
 The damn'd for *GIN*, or *LUST*, or *PRIDE*,  
     Are all — "OUR brethren dear."
242. And *YOURS* they may for ought we know,  
 Thy charity esteems them so:  
     While this aright none call:  
 But those at least who fought in fear,  
 The *GOD* whose name they worship'd here,  
     The *FATHER* of us *ALL*.
243. But chief of them who unconfi'd  
 In judgment — warm with love their mind  
     Know no reserve in grace:  
 But in the multitude of peace,  
 Where seen the fruits of righteousness,  
     A *UNIVERSE* embrace.

244. And yet in thee (except for ROME)  
 Whom once excludes thy PAPAL doom  
 What sepulchre is meet?  
 But (such as where they dropt who dy'd,  
 For murder — or for SUICIDE,  
 Were stak'd) the-ROAD or STREET?
245. Nor this the lot of all of THEM:  
 Tho' curs'd \* their end — as life their shame,  
 Yet THESE can quarter find:  
 E'en PARRICIDES have THINE interr'd,  
 Of no FUNERAL rites debarr'd:  
 A FEE makes HANGMEN kind.
246. Nay on thy maxims 'tis but fair  
 'They all who here thy bounty share,  
 Whatever be their END:  
 Should still be number'd of thy line,  
 (O what a length of cord is thine!)  
 Nor know thee less their friend!
247. And on the other — what more just  
 Who swerv'd from thee alive — their dust  
 When dead — (what dread restraints!)

\* This is not designed to insinuate that *all*, no nor flatly to assert that *any* in particular, who die *this* death, are lost for ever — God forbid! — We both hope and believe that *some* (not to say *many*) who leave the world thus *ignominiously*, are *saved*; and make no doubt but (*humanly* speaking) many more might, had they but been attended at so important and awakening a period, by any besides drunkards, ignorants, or stupid bigots to a *form* or *party*. — And the term is here used allusively to the *manner* of their death, not the *effect*.

Should not be suffer'd to defile  
 Thy SPIT-DEEP consecrated soil;  
 Or rise among THY saints!

248. Not that thou needst be much afraid,  
 That such as are not of THY dead,  
 Will ever THINE molest:  
 Rise when they will, I dare averr,  
 'Twill not be hard to know who share  
 THY portion from the rest.

249. Again they urge a thousand things\*,  
 Which tho' confirm'd by POPES and KINGS,  
 They cannot much commend:  
 A heap of ritual forms and modes,  
 Drawn out of old PONTIFIC codes:  
 A FINIS without END.

250. "Thy temples of promiscuous fry:"  
 Of such as come to gaze or lye,  
 To GOD as well as MAN:  
 Descend from chat to PRAY or SING:  
 Or smile, a simp'ring, thoughtless ring:  
 As glad to meet again.

251. "Thy altars unfrequented left:  
 "Or throng'd with men of bread bereft:  
 "Their conscience truck'd for GAIN:  
 "Who come as if thy courts to grace,  
 "For pride, or salary, or place:"  
 What farther can remain?

\* The reader will observe, that these are only a continuation of the objections made by the *dissenters* rather than *author*.

252. Why next, "THE ALTAR IS ADOR'D:"  
Where lies the body of the LORD,  
Without or end or life:

The priest's DERISION or his GOD:  
Some TYPAL deem, some, REAL blood:  
What NECROMANCE of strife!

253. Whence this but from the love of gain?  
Ign'rance, or fopp'ry, or chicane!

(The INFIDEL's amaze!)

To see some bend before the shrine,  
While others (tho' allow'd DIVINE)  
Neither adore nor gaze.

254. 'Tis THIS the cause — one acts the PRIEST,  
His prudence calls to do the best

His office to support:

For if no more than only BREAD,  
A LAY-MAN might supply his stead:

Nay, consecrate at COURT!

255. O what unhallow'd thoughts are these!

What frenzy does some madmen seize,

When strolling from their sphere?

To dream that THEY may dare to come,

Or soil the platform of the dome:

Be stounded all that hear!

256. OTHERS review with milder eyes:

They (not adore — but) not despise,

Esteem their LORD's request:

Take, as HE gave, with awful hand,

Fulfil the SAVIOUR's kind command:

As PRIESTCRAFT all the rest.

257. Regard it as an ORDINANCE,  
 A MEANS of grace — and in it's sense,  
 To celebrate his love:  
 Type of his body and his blood,  
 By faith receiv'd — they see their GOD,  
 Now prevalent above.
258. Believ'd and lov'd — ador'd unseen:  
 FAITH the sole instrument or mean,  
 By which his grace is known:  
 HIMSELF a spirit — too REFINE,  
 To be contain'd in bread or wine:  
 Unalter'd still and one.
259. Nay wider yet — they rightly judge  
 'Tis not the MENIAL slave or drudge  
 For quarterage or hire:  
 Of ROME or from her KINDRED pale,  
 Has greater right her steps to scale,  
 Or light the sacred fire.
260. But more the men of hope and love,  
 Warm in themselves from fire above,  
 To blaze the sacred word:  
 To whom more just the office due,  
 To deal with holy hands and true  
 The supper of THEIR LORD.
261. And what more rational or clear  
 Than who the PREACHER's office bear,  
 By them alike be brought  
 The TYPAL elements divine,  
 The broken bread and mingled wine?  
 How NATURAL the thought!

262. Can any not INSANE suppose  
That e'er in early days arose  
A HEATHEN or a JEW,  
Unturn'd from darkness or his sin,  
Who dar'd or was admitted in  
Or, ALTAR or the PEW?
263. And what are THESE of whom we treat,  
But JEWS — or INFIDELS compleat,  
In knowledge or in life?  
Why then this pother for no ends,  
But to disgust or shame our friends,  
A vain unholy strife!
264. Not that we would ourselves intrude:  
Do aught unseemly, wild, or rude:  
Sooner our form deface:  
But only make his WORD the RULE:  
Great mode of practice in the school  
Of WISDOM and of GRACE.
265. From THIS we learn (what learn we not?)  
Or of his will, or mind, or thought,  
That needs our PRESENT state?  
Knowledge divine, exact, and pure:  
Void of deceit, or proud demure:  
How lowly — yet how great!
266. From hence we learn the SIMPLE mode,  
Of saints, first warm'd with fire from GOD,  
ALL sons, and each an HEIR!  
No greater MYSTERY is found  
In the PRIME courts of sacred ground,  
Than — “BREAKING BREAD and PRAYER!”

267. How PLAIN, how NATURAL the term!

“BREAKING OF BREAD”—what HERE to warm  
The BIGOT or the PRIEST?

Much less to agitate the soul

With thoughts that like a torrent roll,

And swell the LORDLY breast!

268. What here to hinder — but command

That ALL who join'd in heart and hand,

Meek hearers of his word:

Should with themselves — all brethren meet,

Convene, divide, partake and eat

The SUPPER of the LORD?

269. What need of IMPOSITION here?

To make the CALL or MANNER clear,

Most simple, most divine:

The blind may see — the dumb may speak

In heart-felt silence, warm and meek:

No ALTAR, PRIEST, or SHRINE!

270. And what necessity can be,

Where there's no FRAUD or MYSTERY?

But all sincere and good:

Each takes (in faith) before him plac'd,

The tokens that his LORD has bless'd:

The SYMBOL of his blood.

271. Nay, if unguarded ask'd — will own

Some stately wise — “It may be done

“Of GENERAL intent:”

When this is (more than urg'd) PERFORM'D,

Then all beware — the PRIEST is warm'd,

'Tis (now) a SACRAMENT!”



272. Allow'd — WHOSE then the right or meet  
To take and bless, commend and eat  
The tokens of their LORD:  
But THEIRS — the men of grace, prepar'd,  
Sons of their labour and reward,  
The preachers of his word?
273. One with themselves, by THEM receiv'd:  
Faithful their trust, their call believ'd:  
Why then SHOULD they divide  
What GOD together has conjoin'd,  
And if DIVINE, alike design'd  
Together should abide?
274. Too sacred THIS — for all but THEIRS,  
Who read alike the NEWS or prayers,  
With eyes more blind than glass?  
Know scarce the meaning of a word,  
Much less the SPIRIT of the LORD:  
More dumb than BALAAM's ass!
275. THESE to their own SHOULD they prefer,  
The children of their pains or pray'r:  
Degraded or repell'd:  
Yet would THEY curse both THESE and THEM:  
Tho' firm their ground in their esteem:  
In high devotion held!
276. But this is all suppos'd — a dream:  
Or empty visionary gleam,  
Where thousand PHANTOMS rise:  
The whole existing in THEIR mind,  
To INT'REST — SELF --- or SECTIONS join'd:  
Hood-wink'd or sore their eyes!

277. But " 'tis the OFFICE, not the MEN  
 " That THEY support--- the rest is vain  
 " To THAT the rank is given:  
 " As coming in it's LINEAL race  
 " From the FIRST preachers of his grace  
 " Direct the line from heaven."
278. But hold a while till we repeat,  
 Without irreverence or heat:  
 " THESE were IRREGULAR:"  
 Well said — your point ELSEWHERE be fix'd,  
 Or all is quite confus'd and mix'd:  
 All PRIESTCRAFT and DESPAIR!
279. If not from THEM — no right nor call:  
 For BOTH as one must stand or fall:  
 " I am (alone) the DOOR!"  
 But THESE (their own) whom YOU resist:  
 Yourself yet say — " are call'd at least  
 " As THEY were call'd before."
280. Why then what contrast of the wise!  
 Who say — they see with both their eyes,  
 And we believe they do:  
 But more at bottom than we guess:  
 For fear or pride — it means no less  
 Than that they KNOW it true.
281. But here the CANONS come in play:  
 THEIR thunder now is play'd away:  
 Tho' 'twas not long ago,  
 When it was ask'd (nay more deny'd)  
 " By whom CONFIRM'D or ratify'd?  
 " Do any of you know?"

282. What law or of the CHURCH or STATE,  
Is not a matter of debate:

How then are they oblig'd

To rules which never were enjoin'd?

At least not LEGISLATIVE sign'd:

Of course then disengag'd.

283. Confirm'd as SLENDER as they are,  
Were they to wage their GENTLE war

Against THEIR works or peace:

They'd find whatever were THEIR END:

'Twere not so easy to defend

Their batteries of GRACE.

284. THEY hear no CONSCIENCE — but the LAW:  
Like HER extend their iron claw,

And gripe at GREAT or GOOD:

Let loose on THESE or on the FIRST,

They thunder forth “ ABHORR'D — ACCURST ” —

Then PENANCE — or your — BLOOD !

285. Besides, have they not SIGN'D these rules  
(The mode of TYRANTS and their TOOLS)

Themselves? then they are BOUND:

Nor ought in sentiment or deed,

Impeach their honesty or head,

As stubborn or unsound.

286. But, or they did not, or they did,

'Tis just the same — whate'er forbid,

The ARTICLES or THEY:

All know, they both detest THEIR scheme,

Condemn their HERESY to shame:

With all who disobey.

287. Their preaching and a thousand things,  
 Ne'er lik'd, nor ratify'd by KINGS:  
 Nor by the church enroll'd:  
 " True — but here CONSCIENCE plays her part:"  
 What, has she found ANOTHER heart?  
 Or mended up the OLD?
288. Or is she still the same as e'er,  
 But can a LITTLE portion spare  
 For bigotry or pride?  
 O what machinery of guile!  
 Well may our friends resentive smile,  
 Our enemies deride.
289. We wound her in the tenderest point;  
 Yet seem to boggle at a joint;  
 As tho' it were the WHOLE:  
 Cautious to pain her any more  
 We only aggravate her sore,  
 And grieve her very soul.
290. 'Tis true, we call her — " all DIVINE!"  
 Cry " THOU art OURS and WE are THINE:"  
 The flummery of the PRIEST:  
 Yet while pursu'd the general scheme,  
 How should she otherwise esteem  
 The whole but as a JEST?
291. For what avails the pompous air  
 Of formal LITURGY and PRAY'R?  
 Or bowing to her HOST?  
 While well she knows that after all,  
 Tho' loud ourselves — her SONS we call:  
 'Tis really at HER cost!

292. Well may she bid us FAIR dissent:  
 And honest own — what if not meant  
 Is both our guilt and shame:  
 For should HERSELF the marks assign,  
 'Twixt those who SERVE or who DISJOIN,  
 What others would she name?
293. Would she not say — “ Go preach abroad,  
 “ Let LAYMEN teach the name of GOD:  
 “ Let WOMEN bear their rule:  
 “ All act commission'd, or as mov'd,  
 Or, as or gifted, or approv'd,  
 A non-commission'd school.”
294. Now this and more she reads is true,  
 And shun we farther yet to go,  
 As if afraid to grieve  
 Her more than is already done?  
 As if ourselves — nay, all and one  
 Were fasten'd to her sleeve!
295. In short, we leave her just her cloathes:  
 Her RAGS, her ROSTRUM, and her ROSE:  
 Her PLATTERS and her BONES:  
 But take away her CHIEFEST joy:  
 Her FAV'RITE boast — then solemn cry,  
 “ MOTHER — behold thy SONS!”
296. She does — but 'tis with plaintive scorn,  
 Her carcase on our shoulders borne,  
 Attended as if DEAD:  
 Yet oh! what agony she feels,  
 While conscious we support her HEELS,  
 At peril of her HEAD!

297. Or, if we seem to raise on high,  
 Her languid top beneath the sky,  
     How added her disgrace!  
 Since pulling down, as we erect,  
 'Twill in the end, (ah dire effect!)  
     But undermine her **BASE**.
298. But give her back her **PREACHING** plan,  
 Her doctrine, discipline, and then  
     You may take all the rest:  
 Meet oft or private as you please,  
 For profit, pleasure, or your ease:  
     Nay proclaimate your **FAST**.
299. Which now we dare not — or we won't:  
 The **CANONS** roar their dread affront:  
     Nor louder sounds a cloud  
 Of thunder pealing in our ear?  
 While else — where or respect or fear?  
     Nay we resist aloud.
300. Resist again — and break thro' all:  
 Assert the **VIRTUE** of your call:  
     All **CEREMONY** dead:  
 Boldly arraign her guilt and shame:  
 Your hands beneath her sinking fame:  
     And help erect her head!
301. Again "the **TIMES** the thing won't bear:"  
 The **TIMES**! — what **TIMES**? (what lighten'd  
     Had they once sooth'd the **TIMES**,      [air!])  
 Better they ne'er had known their birth,  
 As left their **TALENTS** in the earth:  
     A **NATION** — in her **CRIMES**!

302. "The TIMES forsooth!" WHAT times e'er  
wou'd

Bear OUGHT that's RIGHT, or GREAT, or  
GOOD?

We never saw the day:  
And never will — till we refuse  
ALL of our necks to grace her noose:  
Nor fast and looser play.

303. Had they THEN ask'd of FLESH and BLOOD,  
Impuls'd of MAN — instead of GOD,

What were the base reply?

"O still maintain your HALLOW'D ground,

"With us your heritage be found,

"And help support our LYE!"

304. Come — lay aside your FORMER doubts;  
Timid, severe, contracted thoughts:

Your RIGHTS no longer hide:

Discard the NOBLEST of her sex:

If bound your hands, or yok'd your necks,

By QUALITY or PRIDE!

305. Once more revive your FORMER fires:

Seed of your parent, and her SIREs:

Go call up ALL her sons:

A resurrection new and fair,

Frequent and full, and warm and clear,

And live their lifeless bones!

306. And THEM receive already given

Children of hope — the gift of heav'n:

The partners of your cares:

Who wait your hand, — attend your call,  
 With you resolv'd to stand or fall:  
 Your helpers and your heirs!

307. Who labour with you in the WORD:  
 Why not the TABLE of our LORD?  
 THEIR LORD as well as OURS:  
 EQUAL their call in things DIVINE,  
 (If not their APOSTOLIC line)  
 And equal HERE their POW'RS!

308. We speak not but for YOUR rega'd:  
 For what is YOUR or THEIR reward,  
 But poverty and shame?  
 So shall ye raise a glorious seed:  
 To deal with YOU the LIVING bread,  
 The SUPPER of the LAMB?

309. Till then what numbers want THAT food?  
 Life of the soul — and life of GOD,  
 Thro' SCARCITY or FEAR?  
 Must or frequent th' UNHALLOW'D pale:  
 With scorers throng the sacred rail:  
 Or mourn the live long year.

\* And so it *must* be, and cannot be otherwise so long as this *simple* institution is deemed a *sacrifice*; for in this case, a *priest* (if he is to be had for *love* or *money*) must administer, and none else: — whereas, only reduce it to its *primitive* and *scriptural* standard — and then, a handful of *private* individuals, or a single family, may communicate, as the Christians did of old — and the *sacrament* (so called) become once more *literally* a daily sacrifice of *prayer* and *thanksgiving*. . . . Strange, to hear wise and good people talk of, and pretend to pray for this, and yet at the same time most preposterously vindicate and adhere to that very method, which so unshakably *contradicts* and *prevents* it!



23. But lay the ax beneath the root:  
 Down falls the tree — it's branch and fruit  
 Low levell'd with the ground:  
 Or dry the river at it's source,  
 Then alter or direct it's course:  
 And make the water found.
24. Not that compar'd the VILE and GOOD:  
 As equal enemies to GOD:  
 To virtue or mankind:  
 As if no difference were between  
 The vulgar rude or decent mien:  
 The base or polish'd mind.
25. This we allow — each takes his place:  
 But where exempt if view'd in GRACE?  
 Here ALL insolvent see:  
 ALL are in debt — and WHO shall pay  
 The grand discharge — or WHO can say  
 “ My hand has set me free!”
26. Free before MEN — they may appear:  
 Delude thine eye — or mock thine ear:  
 With FIGURE or with SOUND:  
 But will HE (think you) judge the same  
 Who knows no difference of BLAME,  
 Where difference is not found?
27. And none is HERE — for all have sinn'd \*  
 His GLORY lost — nor e'er has gain'd  
 One soul His lost esteem:  
 'Till conscious prostrate in the dust,  
 Condemn'd as guilty and unjust,  
 He owns his EQUAL shame.

\* Vid. Rom. iii 23.

28. THEN may he rise — but not before :  
 'Till then alike the VILE or PURE :  
 The HUMBLE and the PROUD :  
 All else is NATURE's work and pride :  
 Unsearch'd — untempted — or untry'd :  
 Most NEGLIGENTLY good !
29. Small cause to boast if this the case,  
 Virtuous or vile alike from GRACE :  
 The man endu'd with none :  
 YET unemerg'd from NATURE's night,  
 Or, glories in her BORROW'D light :  
 And glitters like the moon.
30. “ Yet this is light ” — we grant it is :  
 And such as oft deceives the wise :  
 Serene or mild as balm :  
 As well might SHIPS their virtue boast,  
 Who ride unshatter'd, as untoft :  
 Amidst the flatten'd calm.
31. The calm of ELEGANCE and EASE :  
 Unruff'd by the lightest breeze  
 To influence your course :  
 Yet even HERE — your PRIDE is seen :  
 You shew or meditate your MIEN :  
 Your STATURE or your HORSE.
32. Yet with the air of DISREGARD,  
 (Your self-complacence your reward :  
 Nor this alone — your end)  
 Silent you ask a smile or steal :  
 Then with a blush — reflective feel  
 The flattery of a friend.

33. Feel it with pleasure and with pain:  
 Disgust of POLITIC disdain:  
 Yet while you seem to shun  
 The fond applause — or feign to hide:  
 How fed the ardor of your pride!  
 Nor this engag'd alone:
34. For now your VIRTUE comes in play:  
 Your TEMPERs shine a summer's day:  
 Your soul — a violin:  
 How ready to oblige or go!  
 The rise how grand! the stoop how low!  
 How virtuous — HARLEQUIN!
35. Was e'er such goodness seen before?  
 Why yes — at COURT — ten thousand more  
 Whose piety like HIS,  
 Drops from their eyes or fingers ends:  
 Smile on their foes and squeeze their friends,  
 How gracious or — how WISE!
36. See grave TERTULLUS in his rear:  
 Thoughtful, serene, august, severe:  
 And polish'd as a REED:  
 Has nobly drawn in the defence  
 Of GRACE — the TRUTH and COMMON SENSE:  
 A CONVERT to his CREED!
37. But yet, TERTULLUS might do well  
 To weigh a moment if his zeal  
 Be girt with CHARITY:  
 GENIUS — consistent in his mien:  
 Devoid of PARTY, STATE, or SPLEEN:  
 UNMIX'D simplicity!

38. Not clouded by the portly frown  
 That with IMPERIAL scorn looks down  
 On ANY who dissent  
 In practice, principle or mode:  
 Nor deems a sacrifice to GOD,  
 The bigot's COMPLIMENT\*.
39. Paid as an offering to the shrine  
 Of HUMAN precepts as DIVINE:  
 Whence thousand CONTRASTS rise!  
 The whims of PRIESTS' prolific brain:  
 Of senseless vanities — a train  
 And HIERARCHAL lies!
40. Whence hard contempt or hate of THEM,  
 Who bare the BURDEN and the SHAME  
 Of half a kingdom's CRIMES:  
 Their toil — or use — as light esteem'd:  
 THEMSELVES as vile INTRUDERS deem'd:  
 The STOP-GAPS of the times!
41. And yet FERTULLUS burns with zeal,  
 And huge concern for ZION's weal:  
 As warm her sons to save!  
 But SPURNS the very men by WHOM  
 HER head emerges from the TOMB:  
 Her honours from their GRAVE!
42. Thinks — pity GOD had not employ'd  
 The men by whom, as half destroy'd:  
 So half her shrine's defil'd:  
 Her STATUTES, ORDERS, and her CREEDS,  
 Esteem'd a RIG-MA-ROLL of beads:  
 The DRIVELINGS of a child!

\* *Viz.* The despising others for GOD's sake.

43. Fit troop indeed — to raise HER fame!  
 Her merit — dignity or name:  
 THEMSELVES her worst disgrace!  
 How fitter far to serve THEIR \* turn,  
 To whom her very NAME's a scorn:  
 Insulted to her face!
44. Yet THESE — TERTULLUS are thy CHOICE!  
 For THESE preferr'd th' elective voice:  
 How thoughtless and ingrate!  
 Not once reflecting — he condemns  
 The very men — whom yet esteems  
 His FOLLY or — his FATE!
45. Strange — that TERTULLUS does not see  
 What wild — unfair absurdity  
 His WITLESS scheme attends!  
 Since, tho' the FIRST are wrong believ'd:  
 The men — who them SUPPORT — receiv'd  
 His patterns and his friends!
46. Nay — should his heat for MODES subside:  
 Or cool his superstitious pride:  
 Or STATELINESS of sense:  
 What difference would he dare commend  
 'Twixt those — who ROB'D or ROBELESS stand?  
 Her HATE — and her DEFENCE!

\* The *Deists, Arians, Socinians, Papists, and Dissenters*; all of whom in their different ways have had a stroke at our poor JERUSALEM! — and the bad lives of so many of her ministers, is the general handle with them all.

47. Would he not see — and own how wise  
 That ruling PROVIDENCE — whose eyes  
 Beheld her VILE estate:  
 Had interpos'd his TIMELY power:  
 By THESE had sav'd her from the hour  
 Of ROME's impending fate!
48. The fate of ALL — who boast a name  
 To LIVE — yet to their LIVING shame  
 Are DEAD — amidst their BREATH!  
 The case of HER — before us seen:  
 Till these (HE scorns) arose between  
 Her SENTENCE and her DEATH!
49. Strange sort of HOMAGE this — to HER:  
 Whose fall HE mourns — for whom HIS pray'r  
 Ascends a FILIAL flame:  
 Thus to esteem who her DESPISE:  
 And THEM CONTEMN — by whom THEY rise  
 From INFAMY to FAME!
50. The first, in truth, for little more,  
 Than what e'en HEATHENS might adore:  
 The DRAPERY or VEST:  
 ACCOUTREMENTS contriv'd to screen  
 The nonsense, dulness, or the sin  
 Of one — yclep'd a PRIEST!
51. The next again — for little else  
 Than that THESE want the lordly veils  
 Of AARON's pontiff line:  
 But stand the ministers of GOD:  
 Uncumber'd with th' INVIDIOUS load,  
 Of PRIESTCRAFT and her SHRINE!

52. As if (because unbound by swarms  
Of EPHODS, ARTICLES and FORMS :)  
Unhallow'd and unmeet !  
Or, as devoid of thought or sense,  
An awful, all-wise PROVIDENCE  
Had acted INDISCREET !
53. For tho' the INFERENCE should shame,  
As well it may — yet still we claim  
With REASON to conclude:  
“ Who or despises or condemns  
“ The INSTRUMENTS—the WORKMAN blames:  
“ As foolish or not good !”
54. This most undoubtedly's imply'd:  
Tho' plac'd in FORM — might be deny'd:  
Or as an AXIOM brought,  
Would shock TERTULLUS' generous soul:  
His sparkling eyes resentive roll,  
With horror at the THOUGHT !
55. But such the INCONSISTENCY,  
Where squinting — moon-ey'd BIGOTRY  
Maintains her hood-wink'd sway:  
Or with the hand of witchcraft spreads  
Her leaden mantle o'er our heads:  
And blunts the VISUAL ray !
56. Next MITIO — herald of the word:  
As plain as e'er was NORWAY board:  
And stedfast as a tow'r:  
Serious, serene, polite, and mild:  
Yet all his virtues — how despoil'd !  
Were MITIO fond of POW'R ?

57. But what — if he were fond of more?  
 Not the successive, bursting roar,  
     That noisy BIGOTS raise:  
 But if he drinks with eager breath,  
 Th' empoison'd draught of certain death:  
     The stabs of decent praise\*?
58. Nor were this all — see next behind,  
 With all the graces of his mind:  
     The fiend his bane instill:  
 If by his eloquence, or strain,  
 His art, his interest, or mien,  
     He perpetrates his WILL.
59. Since tho' unmov'd by vulgar things,  
 The pomp of courtiers and of kings:  
     Of TITLES or of PELF:  
 Yet on the whole, we should infer,  
 However self-renounc'd his AIR,  
     “ That MITIO lov'd HIMSELF.”
60. Now GLARIO — solemn, midnight sage!  
 Bursts o'er the manners of the age,  
     His deep, nocturnal groan!  
 Drawn by the PROFILE of his pen,  
 WHO sees — yet sorrows not that MEN  
     And CENTAURS, are but ONE?

\* As for example, if a man in writing a dialogue, should so manage it, that his *pupil* (if *himself* were the *instructor*) should compliment HIM from beginning to end? — or, from a *diffidence* of his own *inability* and *demerits*, should suffer two or three *poetical* eulogiums to be printed (as it were on the very title page of his book) could one impute it to any thing, but the want of knowledge, resolution, or humility?



61. CRITIC of morals and the times :  
 He spares not BRITAIN nor her crimes,  
 But mark the luckless foil :  
 Not censur'd ALL — ah partial ROSE !  
 While o'er his IDOLS shrines he throws  
 The DAUBINGS of his oil !
62. DAUBINGS of fulsomeuess and pride :  
 The drapery DESIGN'D to hide  
 The MONSTERS he should paint :  
 The rich, the rising, and the great :  
 The pimps and minions of a state :  
 Pray which of THESE — the SAINT !
63. Why then condemn'd the INFIDEL ?  
 Who with his ASTAROTH or BELLE —  
 Exclaims — “ Behold the SUN ! ”  
 While AGE herself adores the fair,  
 And points to ev'ry list'ning ear :  
 “ One BRIGHTER than the MOON ? ”
64. Forgive the pertness of the Muse :  
 Nor call her liveliness — abuse :  
 But lift thine eyes and see  
 The answer, e'er HER being, giv'n :  
 “ Who spare not WILMINGTON, nor HEAV'N,  
 “ Will surely not spare THEE ! ”
65. Beside, the thought that plumes THY crest :  
 May lawful warm HER tumid breast :  
 Enkindled at thy flame :  
 In whose, with thine, with all around,  
 The UNIVERSAL PASSION's found  
 Of universal FAME !

66. Nor ought avails — th' unequal'd pen :  
 Depictur'd — GODDESSES or men,  
     How bright or blind their eyes :  
 Not HERS, the subject of my song :  
 For thee reserv'd — and for thy tongue,  
     “ Fair P—TL—D of the skies !”
67. The skies — her rival and her sphere :  
 Where not SELINA's brightness dare  
     With CYNTHIA's form contend :  
 But “ more a GODDESS by the CHANGE”  
 Exult — and in her LUNAR range  
     Adore her NOBLER friend !
68. Unmask her, GLARIO unmask :  
 For THEE 'tis no unusual task  
     To strip the borrow'd plume :  
 Besides, 'twas borrow'd from THY pen,  
 And to thy shame resume again,  
     Nor dread the waxing gloom.
69. What tho' eclips'd — she hide her face,  
 Nay more than hide — suppose her GRACE  
     Should frown upon thy age :  
 What's that to THEE ? her harshest frown  
 Will not retard thy falling sun :  
     Nor sweep thee from the STAGE !
70. But if she could — what would she more,  
 Than sweep thee from the dreary shore  
     Of earth's inhuman throng ?  
 Sweep thee where smiling seraphs live,  
 Where bright NARCISSA's flames revive  
     And angels learn her song !

71. And thou shalt theirs — if theirs thy lot:  
 On high up-cast — where MIDNIGHT thought  
 Like LIGHT herself shall shine:  
 Where plays the uncreated ray:  
 Where all is one unclouded day:  
 ECLAIRCISSEMENT divine!

72. Next, CRUSIUS, warm, prelatic bard:  
 A Levite — poet — truth 'tis hard,  
 To say what he is not:  
 At times he's taken for a fool:  
 A madman — void of care or rule:  
 All vacuum of thought!

73. Or thought confus'd or uncontroul'd:  
 To selfish whim or fancy fold:  
 All hurry and turmoil!  
 Yet amidst all — the SOMETHING's found  
 That like a gem from under ground  
 Denominates the SOIL!

74. But here the grand obstruction lies:  
 CRUSIUS can see with BOTH his eyes:  
 But uses only ONE:  
 From hence arises his reserve:  
 Or huge affection — till the nerve  
 Of friendship is undone.

75. Here stands a PAUPER — well what then?  
 Is he a saint? not CRUSIUS can  
 Discern it in his FACE:  
 Shew him a COLONEL — or my LORD:  
 They hardly breathe — but “on his word,  
 “HE KNOWS they must have GRACE!”

76. And whence is this? why, chance from hence,  
 That CRUSIUS knows (for he has sense)  
 And gives the reason why —  
 'Tis this — “ a something's felt WITHIN”  
 (For if they're not afraid to SIN)  
 “ They're not afraid to DIE.”
77. And mayn't the fear of death be gone  
 From thousands as from only one:  
 Whose state is insecure?  
 Not sure where found the NOBLE mind:  
 From VULGAR dross and dregs refin'd:  
 High polish'd — and obdure!
78. But this is CRUSIUS' turn and taste:  
 He thinks unthought — and speaks in haste:  
 Commends or disapproves:  
 Dependant each — not on the ground  
 Of solid rock — at random found:  
 Wherever CRUSIUS loves.
79. And where is that? why you shall hear,  
 The rich, the stranger, and the fair:  
 The graceful and the wise:  
 The man of pomp or eminence:  
 The dame of honour and of sense:  
 How thick their VIRTUES rise!
80. From hence his inconsistency,  
 His cool relax to you or me:  
 His glory and his stain:  
 Yet after all to speak his due:  
 Aside what else we might review:  
 He DIES — an honest man!

81. What hence inferr'd? why what is plain,  
How strong tho' LATENT is the stain

Diffusive thro' us ALL:

Nor can our utmost efforts hide

What are themselves the fruits of PRIDE:

As pride is of the FALL.

82. But you — perhaps are something more:

You visit, nay you love the poor:

Nor scorn their levell'd roof:

So good — you'll rise by night or day:

Nay pity, feed, or clothe, or pray:

But can you bear REPROOF?

83. "Reproof for what?" why this or that:

Or any thing — I can't tell what

Particularly now:

"But I MUST know" — I'll tell you why —

You're or most pompously too high:

Or sullenly too low.

84. Not barely in your mien or mood:

And RIGHT — were an EXTREME of good:

Nor wholly free from blame:

But or too warm your fond pretence,

Or soon and lasting your offence:

I need not speak your NAME.

85. 'Tis you, 'tis me, in short, 'tis ALL,

On most the INUENDOS fall:

Our foible or our crime:

'Tis want of prudence or of grace:

'Tis want of knowledge in our place:

Or difference of time.

86. All the effect of pious pride:  
 Without ability to hide  
 Your impotence of soul:  
 Easy elate, with ease deprest,  
 For trifles angry, or distressed,  
 At parties, or the whole.
87. And yet, methinks, I know a case,  
 Where you would court the lowest place,  
 Nay, relish a rebuke:  
 "Where?" — why when, sweetly with your leave  
 Nods with an air, or pulls your sleeve;  
 My LADY or the DUKE.
88. THEN — you are all submits of form:  
 Never so humble was a worm:  
 You're nothing that you should:  
 Replete with foibles, blots and crimes,  
 The very model of the times:  
 How wicked and how — good!
89. 'Tis well that neither you nor they,  
 Believe one syllable you say:  
 How wretched your desert!  
 If either did — how flush'd your face!  
 What ordeal trial of your grace!  
 'Twould scarify your heart!
90. But you are safe — there's nought to fear  
 From THEM, ungrateful, or severe:  
 No DELICACY hurt:  
 You wound YOURSELF — there is no harm:  
 Besides their flattery's a balm:  
 Soft physic of the COURT!

92. But undone this — O what a FACE!  
What flushings of EXASPER'D grace!  
What menaces or scorn!  
What dread designs against our peace!  
Our hearts, our credit, or our ease!  
Your very entrails burn.
93. Burn with amazement or revenge,  
At those who firm disdain to cringe,  
But honest disregard  
Your pleasure or impertinence,  
Yourself a rock of just offence:  
Your torment your reward.
94. And plain the premises approve  
That all the ardor of your love,  
Your piety and zeal,  
When closely scann'd are little more  
Than (as was hinted just before)  
The honours of your WILL.
95. Be this perform'd — you're all that's pleas'd,  
And this oppos'd — ne'er so diseas'd,  
The leprous head or hand:  
Too strong for REASON's gentle rein,  
You cannot for your life refrain,  
Nor bear a reprimand.
96. “Bear it from whom?” why, from a friend:  
“O yes — I hope — I'd always mend  
“When it is RIGHTLY giv'n!”  
Rightly forsooth! come cut it short:  
You love the language of the COURT:  
A LITTLE of the leaven.

91. Give you your way — (for that's the thing)  
 What down so soft! nor smiles the king  
 More gracious from his throne:  
 Accent how mild — how meek your eyes!  
 The cause just nam'd — (nor latent lies.)  
 Your sov'reign MIND is done.
97. But is your food or phyfic worse  
 Because the vehicle is coarse?  
 Your freedom less admir'd:  
 Because the hand that sets you free,  
 Or bids you turn the friendly key,  
 Is raggedly attir'd?
98. "But 'tis UNMERITED the blame" —  
 Why then your censure's not your shame:  
 How little we abide!  
 Besides 'tis what you might have doné,  
 And may e'er sets the rising sun:  
 Just issue of your pride.
99. "Well but I did not do the thing:"  
 Allow'd — but pray are you a king  
 That no one must reprove:  
 What or they hear or think you did,  
 But only as you please to bid;  
 Or delicately love?
100. If true the guilt — esteem it well:  
 Nor be displeas'd that any tell  
 Your weakness or your crime:  
 If not — be thankful you are clear:  
 And take as warning for your care,  
 Against another time.



101. For who despises a reproof,  
But fondly deems he's safe enough  
    From error's sad disease:  
Yet shews a mind but too infirm,  
To bear the impulse of a storm:  
    Or ruffling of a breeze.
102. But lofty minds are ALWAYS safe:  
At admonition's frown or laugh:  
    The monitor miscall:  
Unweeting (till they smart WITHIN)  
That scorn of THAT precedes our sin:  
    And haughtiness our fall!
103. Now comes your rival — bold or fair:  
Who sweeps along like zephyr'd air:  
    (You're very smart indeed)  
Has seen the world — that is the STAGE:  
Talks of it's manners and the age:  
    How infidel their creed!
104. Laments in soft pathetic tone  
The crimes that constantly are done  
    Within this lower sphere:  
Loves much to hear the gospel spreads,  
The suckling on the serpent treads:  
    It's MESSENGERS how dear!
105. The last how just — how shrewdly true!  
But is there nothing dear to you  
    Beside their WORD's success?  
Mistakes mine ear — or dims mine eye,  
When prone to think you half apply  
    For personal ADDRESS.

106. At least, for personal regard :  
 Their just attention your reward :  
 As pleas'd to hear you speak  
 Your own — or judgment of the WISE :  
 “ How strong their thoughts — how clear their eyes,  
 “ How masculine their GREEK !
107. “ How tun'd their voice — how wav'd their hand :  
 All nature moves at their command :  
 “ The hearers how inform'd !  
 “ What nervous points ! what crowds attend !  
 “ Myself — how raptur'd to the end !  
 (Less mended than you're warm'd.)
108. “ Well, sir, I hope not short your stay :  
 “ Indeed, you ne'er should go away,  
 “ If I could have my will :”  
 Believ'd, MIRANDA, you say right :  
 You'd hark the year, from morn to night  
 Yet, be MIRANDA still.
109. And that's enough — 'tis all that's frail :  
 A blast — a bubble, or a tale :  
 A fairy or an elf :  
 It is, in short — what is it not ?  
 A dream — the IDEOT of a thought :  
 It is — MIRANDA's self. —
110. And reason good it should be so :  
 You aim at nothing but to KNOW :  
 An easy, lifeless task :  
 But as a MEDIUM of excuse :  
 Permit me less reserve to use :  
 And unapolig'd ask,

111. Start there no glances from your eyes?  
 No grave, affected, soft surprize  
 At what you knew before?  
 No gentle, sprightly, well-turn'd leer?  
 No INCLINATION of your ear,  
 To be inform'd of more?
112. I would not willing judge thee hard:  
 Only 'tis meet that some regard  
 In reason should be paid  
 To marks as glaring as the sun:  
 By or your hand, or air, or tone:  
 Or motion of your head.
113. All these (you know) as loudly tell  
 (As ever toll'd th' alarming bell  
 For burial or for pray'rs :)  
 What is the GENIUS of your frame:  
 What or your hope or hopeless aim:  
 Or whether only — AIRS?
114. And if 'tis THIS — 'tis loss of time  
 At least — if not a real crime:  
 And nothing gain'd beside  
 The harsh, uncomfortable sense,  
 “ That all your grace is but PRETENCE:  
 “ And all your fervour — PRIDE !”
115. But come — be serious and sincere:  
 (All AFFECTATION costs us dear)  
 Enough YOU know the TEXT:  
 Leave others to descant in form,  
 Display the logic of their ARM:  
 And listen to the next.

116. Hear then a SPARK that tells you more  
Than chance you ever THOUGHT before:  
    “ There never WAS a FALL:  
    “ ADAM was just as he was MADE:  
    “ And we but carry on the trade  
    “ That fools CORRUPTION — call.
117. “ We’re all the same — pure FLESH and BLOOD:  
    “ Some ACT amiss — but all are good:  
    “ Each in his DIFFERENT way:  
    “ Except ’tis here and there a few,  
    “ Who ne’er or truth or morals knew:”  
    This is HIS sacred lay!
118. To HIM we nothing can reply:  
HE seems as born to live and die  
    A HEATHEN of a PRIEST:  
But so far we may just remark:  
As to return the daring spark,  
    His ARTICLES at least.
119. Now comes a third — an airy beau:  
That looks as if a PUPPET-SHOW  
    Were really the INTENT:  
He talks a little like the first:  
And eke unwilling to be curst:  
    Repeats the COMPLIMENT.
120. Tells them — “ they’re doubtless well inclin’d:  
    “ Good CHRISTIANS — all of the SAME mind:  
    And so they are no doubt:  
But still he cautions them (for fear)  
Not to get drunk, defraud, or swear:  
    This serves the present bout!

121. And it serves THEM as well as HIM :  
 He TELLS — and they APPROVE the dream :  
 But NEITHER — quite awake,  
 Imagine aught behind remains,  
 But — to forget it for their pains :  
 And hold the former track.
122. Up steps a fourth — a lusty blade :  
 Just fit to handle OAR or SPADE :  
 A very STRONG divine !  
 Tells us — “ that nothing’s good for nought :  
 “ That TROY was burnt, and DUNKIRK bought : ”  
 They stare — go home — and dine.
123. Another lifts his trumpet’s voice :  
 (Did ever HERALD make his noise ?)  
 “ Ye can but LIVE in sin ! ”  
 O how they echo to his praise !  
 Since in effect — the WIZARD says,  
 “ That we must DIE therein ! ”
124. Now hear your Christian FAITH defin’d :  
 “ A notion ” — any thing — the wind :  
 “ It is ” — pray WHAT is it ?  
 Why, ’tis a something that you brought  
 Into the world — that comes to nought :  
 The model of your WIT.
125. Yet, “ We are JUSTIFY’D by FAITH ”  
 The good old CHURCH OF ENCLAND-PATH :  
 But hear him all ye TURKS !  
 For fear his flock should IDLE grow :  
 And neither GOOD nor EVIL do :  
 “ We’re justify’d by WORKS ! ”

126. But now — “ we ARE fet free indeed  
 “ BY FAITH ALONE ” — be this our CREED :  
 But does the SIRE infist  
 On any farther due regard  
 To promise — threat’ning or reward ?  
 Or live we as we list ?
127. If so — what profits all our faith ?  
 Still to move on the baleful path  
 Of CARELESSNESS or SIN :  
 Far better yet unknown his grace :  
 Than thus affront him to his face :  
 And dare the wrath divine !
128. But hold — “ ye are PREDESTINATE ! ”  
 WHO are ? why — we’ll demand your STATE :  
 Have you one fingle spark  
 Of light or life infus’d WITHIN ?  
 Do you DESIGN to flee from sin ?  
 “ Why, yes ” — then there’s the MARK !
129. Allow’d — but is there nothing more ?  
 This they could boast of long before :  
 So that if THIS be all :  
 But slender cause your joy to move,  
 Since at the close, it may but prove  
 AN INEFFECTUAL call.
130. From hence how many self-deceiv’d :  
 Themselves PREDESTINATE believ’d,  
 For little more than THOUGHT !  
 Trifled with GOD, till left alone :  
 They’re irretrievably undone :  
 To swift destruction brought.

131. Now view the souls — whose end is nigh,  
Senseless or hopeless see them lie:

And desperate their case:

Yet why should THESE be lost with fear:

When traitors whisper in their ear:

“Ye’re the ELECT of GRACE?”

132. Nay, see a second rack’d with care:

From GUILT — he’s dying in despair:

Stabb’d deeper by THEIR breath

Who cry — “The path, that SUCH must go,

“The saints of GOD must all pass thro’

“The vale and shade of death!”

133. ’Tis true — who doubts or dares deny?

But pray, can you no mean descry,

No difference between

The soul that’s drinking his last cup,

And TRIFLER that is given up

To horror for his SIN?

134. But, had ye carry’d it still higher,

The light of life, the living fire,

Bright shining in his soul:

Influx of grace and love divine:

Where sweet, angelic tempers shine,

Conspicuous thro’ the whole:

135. No sinner had himself deceiv’d:

No one himself ELECT believ’d,

For nothing but a spark:

Or flash of weak or strong desire:

Till flam’d his soul ethereal fire,

Grand, EVANGELIC mark!

136. Enlighten'd by the LIVING word,  
 Born as begotten of his LORD:  
     He tastes that GOD is good:  
 Harmless, and pure, and undefil'd:  
 His MAKER owns him for his CHILD:  
     His FATHER and his GOD!
137. Nor short of this — will aught avail:  
 Still as unenter'd in the pale;  
     Or covenant of grace:  
 A child UNBORN is not an HEIR:  
 Untasted yet the vital air:  
     Unnumber'd with his race.
138. Instead of this — how low defin'd  
 The tokens of a GRACIOUS mind!  
     So pale, infirm, or faint:  
 That not the HOLY (these who blames?)  
 But e'en the HYPOCRITE esteems  
     Himself a CHOSEN faint!
139. Has fancy'd he was born AGAIN:  
 Took it for granted he was clean:  
     ELECTED — ere CONCEIV'D:  
 And who can blame the dire mistake,  
 ('Tis but the same that many make)  
     THEY said it, HE believ'd!
140. Thus they sail on, right down the stream  
 Of party, prejudice, or whim:  
     They trifle, dress, or sing:  
 Attend the lecture of the day:  
 Then trade, or while — their life away,  
     “ALL children of a KING!”



141. Again, they're carry'd up so high,  
That 'twere a marvel to descry  
A faint thro'out the whole:  
He sins amain — what next the tone?  
“ Why — safe his end — or else he's gone  
A NON-ELECTED soul!
142. And yet, not long since, you esteem'd  
This very man, elect, unblam'd:  
You saw it in his FACE:  
But now you can't deny his FALL —  
You must, or make secure his CALL:  
Or say, “ 'Twas all GRIMACE !”
143. But where or truth or reason here?  
Why will ye scruple to declare  
What FACTS so plain evince?  
That after all that GOD has done,  
THIS faint his former course may run,  
And perish in his sins!
144. A brother tells the sleepy crowd,  
“ All fear is needless — GOD is GOOD:  
“ Ye may repent at WILL:  
“ Is THIS (say they) the truth we hear?  
“ Why then indulge another year:  
“ At least — a little while.”
145. A while the sinner puts it off:  
They dance — they play — they lie — they scoff:  
Each hugs the pois'nous tale:  
Till in a moment — ere they think,  
DEATH flyly moves them to the brink:  
And sends the PACK to hell.

146. Another speaks so soft of SIN,  
 You'd think it were a violin;  
 Or idiot of a trance;  
 He talks so sweet of all they love,  
 What wonder with their HEART should move  
 Their FEET the choral dance!
147. Next hear a wealthy, solemn DON:  
 But mark the TEXT he is upon:  
 "Who WORKS not — shall not EAT:"  
 Well said — what pity all the TRADE  
 Don't feel — if this was GEN'RAL made,  
 THEY'D nor have DRINK nor MEAT!
148. Another VINDICATES the poor:  
 But mind they're thrust from HIS door:  
 HE ne'er admits ONE in:  
 But to excite his hearers PRIDE,  
 He tells 'em — "CHARITY shall hide  
 "A MULTITUDE of sin!"
149. The multitude his wisdom praise:  
 And doubt not but that as he says,  
 "It SHALL their doom decide:"  
 For once to huge confession brought:  
 Each owns (but who BELIEVES) he's got  
 A MULTITUDE to hide!
150. Strait see the patin or the dish:  
 All cannot GIVE — but all can WISH  
 To offer up their mite:  
 Some HEAVEN buy — as much as NEEDS:  
 Others atone (as some by BEADS)  
 Their lust, revenge, or spite!

151. Yet THIS — they're told — is CHARITY:  
Only distinctive in DEGREE:

But all is pious done:

From him that lamps the gloomy pile:

To him that makes an ORGAN smile:

And mends it's broken tone.

152. The donors die — but heav'n has all  
Who THEM support, or THEY their PALL:

What CERTAINTY of gain!

But only see THEIR windows broke:

A plank too starts — not struck a stroke:

Nor ever heal'd a pane!

153. A STEEPLE totters in it's height:

'Tis bad — it's split — oh what a fright!

(The land-mark of the POOR:)

Come, take it down — to stand a shame:

Loft now — from ALL except the NAME

Of ARNOLD and his TOW'R!

154. Where NOW employ'd the sacred sum?

Supports it any other dome?

To what is now devote?

Who can explore (and yet 'twere meet)

The heighten'd fund — 'tis all secrete:

Or THOUSANDS or a GROAT!

155. O would some LAY-unhallow'd LAW

But lift on high her leaden paw,

And make the scrutiny!

You'd soon perceive — (tho' hard deny'd)

That PART at least was ill apply'd:

Not ALL — in charity.

156. Another grave, important BARD  
 Tells us what he himself has heard :  
 And ancient fires declare,  
 (An old wife's tale — more dull than true)  
 “ That fairs in HEAV'N — their SINS shall view,  
 “ To keep them humble THERE !”
157. His audience — all of the same mind :  
 And (reason good) are well inclin'd  
 To lay aside their fear :  
 E'en let us prosecute our will :  
 We may as well retain 'em STILL,  
 To keep us humble HERE.
158. They take the counsel of the PRIEST :  
 However — each HIS OWN at least :  
 And hugs the lying tale :  
 Each lives incautious of his state :  
 Till with amaze they find too late  
 Their SINS and THEM in hell !
159. But see his SUCCESSOR appear :  
 (Hey day ! pray WHO have we got here !)  
 O a far deeper ROSE !  
 He enters wide into his work :  
 Tosses and cuts like any CORK,  
 The TEXT before his nose.
160. Tells you how all the Heav'ns were made :  
 (As if APPRENTICE to the trade)  
 How all the glitt'ring stars  
 Are suns and worlds — just such as OURS :  
 Where there are seas, and hills, and tow'rs :  
 HE joins the HEMISPHERES !

161. The audience gaze — and well they may:  
 They'd rather heard of HOPPS and HAY:  
 Or have had leave to sin:  
 But all have different gifts to use,  
 Some for diversion or abuse:  
 And some to raise a grin.
162. Next hear a MORALIST declaim:  
 Tells you the nature of your FRAME:  
 How form'd to act at WILL!  
 How you may reason, know and chuse:  
 Compare, determine, and refuse:  
 Yet — be a SINNER still!
163. Talks of the human soul and powers:  
 GRACE and her NONSENSE scorns and scowers,  
 As SCAVENGERS the STREET:  
 Sweeps them away as dirt and stone:  
 For since the world is WISER grown,  
 'Tis almost out of date.
164. The gospel doubtless — is a scheme,  
 That long has been a fav'rite theme  
 Among the GOOD and WEAK:  
 But never was of GOD design'd,  
 But only as a light — to BLIND  
 The senseless JEW or GREEK.
165. Talks of CONFUCIUS, SOCRATES:  
 SENECA, PLATO, whom you please:  
 As MILLERS of their GRIST:  
 Quotes now and then (to save the rest)  
 A poor old PROPHEET's dream or jest:  
 But hardly once of CHRIST.

166. Another mentions him — as WHAT ?  
 I hardly know — what it is not :  
 A stranger — or as one  
 They say “ once liv’d — and dy’d, and rose,  
 “ But left behind his BURIAL-CLOTHES :  
 “ Then came — and put ’em on.”
167. His brother comes and calls him “ LORD,”  
 But makes him nothing but a WORD :  
 Tho’ not long since his pen  
 Witness his GODHEAD — human born :  
 We KNOW him — were the times to turn,  
 He’d witness it AGAIN !
168. THESE wretches can take any form,  
 One when they’re cold — another warm :  
 For int’rest, pique, or pride :  
 Swear and subscribe — yet ne’er believe,  
 Or nonsense — or a lye receive :  
 Then seek their shame to hide.
169. But seek in vain — ’tis known to all :  
 Alike their HONESTY and CALL,  
 Consistent and divine !  
 ’Tis all to serve a PRIVATE end :  
 To serve the times — or make a friend :  
 Or consecrate their shrine !
170. At first — they sign’d the CHURCH’s sense :  
 Their PATRON bids ’em now dispense :  
 But soon as THIS is done :  
 The knaves confounded — hardly know  
 What to reply — but brazen bow ---  
 “ We sign’d it --- in OUR OWN !”

171. But what to wonder at in THEM,  
 Their calling's burden and it's shame?  
 All — but their sin — by halves:  
 That those should high blaspheme their GOD,  
 And deem the virtue of HIS blood  
 No better than a CALVE's \*!
172. FIT doctrine to indulge the times  
 In vice and infamy of crimes!  
 Who shall his ruin tell,  
 When rushing down the deep amain:  
 He like a comet — drags a train  
 Of PROSELYTES to HELL!
173. THERE leave him to enjoy his fame,  
 Convert to wisdom in a flame:  
 High blazing o'er his head!  
 Not for his IGNORANCE or MISTAKE,  
 But for his PERFIDY to make  
 A MARKET of his CREED!
174. Now sparkling see a diamond ring!  
 Would fain talk sense about the KING:  
 His LOYALTY we know:  
 His hearers think him mighty FINE:  
 But scarce a PRIEST — and no DIVINE,  
 He shines a finish'd BEAU!

\* The very expression of a certain modern *D. D.* --- How different was the judgment of *this* apostle from that of the famous author of the Epistle to the *Hebrews*. See *Heb.* xii. 24.

175. Another raves or tells his mind :  
 His audience are all inclin'd,  
     To take the counfel giv'n :  
 They do take care — but what to do ?  
 Nor to repent, nor live anew :  
     But — to beware of — HEAV'N.
176. A champion now upon the lifts !  
 Down PURITAN and METHODISTS :  
     Beware all flesh or bone !  
 Well meant and large upon the head :  
 It comes with weight — 'tis folid lead :  
     As is his HEART of STONE !
177. Hear now the HERETICS defin'd —  
 “ Monsters — LEVIATHANS — the wind —  
     “ Red DRAGONS of the fea !”  
 But view the buzzing, sniggering crowd,  
 Who point, and whisp'ring his aloud —  
     “ There — yonder — that is HE !”
178. “ You're very good — I fee him now —  
 “ O what a JESUITIC brow !  
     “ How VILLAINOUSLY pale !  
 “ Well — who'd have thought — if ftill unfeen,  
 “ That SUCH a WRETCH had ever been !  
     “ Pray — won't he go to HELL !”
179. Why yes he will — if he don't mend :  
 With you and your inquiring friend :  
     FELL brothers of DESPITE :  
 Who censure, damn, revile and curse :  
 Are WRONG yourselves, or, what is worfe,  
     UNCHARITABLY right !



180. Well — now we're bidden "to be GOOD" —  
But O how frail is FLESH and BLOOD!

"PERFECTION IS NOT HERE!"

What rapture feizes all around!

Since what you know CANNOT be found,

Need never make our CARE!

181. But you SHOULD leave your GROSSER sin,  
Because if chance ye SHOULD therein

Be driven from the earth:

'Tis POSSIBLE you may be sent

WHERE (tho' in vain) you'll sure repent

You ever knew your birth.

182. "However SMALL infirmities

"Are not to be adjudg'd as VICE:"

(A THREAD is not a VEIN)

How swallow'd glib the golden pill!

Each walks his way — INFIRM or ILL

In FOLLY and in SIN.

183. This — the infirmity of PRIDE:

THAT — has the weakness to deride

Or GRACE or NATURE's fool:

ONE's folly to live void of care:

While OTHERS dance, debauch, or swear:

INFIRMITY's their rule!

184. At length the preacher proves a SWORD:

A sinner feels the POINTED word:

CONDEMN'D — the CONVICT cries;

"WHAT must I do — t'escape the doom

"For SIN reveal'd — the wrath to come?"

WHERE shall he turn his eyes?

N

185. Not to the WORLD — THEIR case the SAME,  
But ignorant, would revile or blame :

No mercy at THEIR hand :

The PASTOR's fought — what's the event ?

To sports, the world, or nonsense sent :

A faithful, triple BAND !

186. He takes the counsel — see his end —

The world are pledg'd to stand his FRIEND :

They stand — and see HIM fall :

His peace, repute, or bus'ness dies :

He finds their promises are lies :

Forfaken of them ALL !

187. Another drunk — a BRUTE — a THIEF' :

Of sinners, held by ALL, as CHIEF :

Their scandal or their load :

Reform'd — he lives ANOTHER man,

The world no longer can contain :

But curse him with his GOD !

188. SOME could have borne a PARTIAL change,

But THUS abridg'd his former range,

No patience with the times !

SINNERS — their CONTRAST view and burn :

While envious SAINTS malign with scorn

The convert from his crimes.

189. What wonder that a circle's ROUND !

Has not the same been always found ?

What here then strange or new,

That DARKNESS should oppose the LIGHT ?

The BLIND revile the men of SIGHT ?

The lying false — the true ?

190. Has not thy LORD foretold thy fate?  
 HIMSELF sure object of their hate,  
 The scandal of his OWN?  
 The men of OUTWARD form and pride;  
 With barefac'd finners help deride  
 The sacred CORNER-STONE!
191. "But THEY—were JEWS"—and what are THESE?  
 Why JEWS—or PAGANS— which you please,  
 Their SPIRIT just the SAME:  
 Replete with pride— (a shameless crew!)  
 They'd join the PAGAN or the JEW;  
 To crucify the LAMB!
192. Regard them not— they know not HIM:  
 What marvel then— they BOTH blaspheme  
 In THEE the name of CHRIST?  
 In THEE— thy LORD revil'd again?  
 A LOLLARD— saint— or PURITAN;  
 Or, viler METHODIST!
193. Now hark— the DECALOGUE's explain'd:  
 No pride of HUMAN glory stain'd:  
 The LETTER is the thing:  
 Who breaks not THIS— is sound and safe:  
 May eat and drink— carouse or laugh:  
 A GODDESS or a KING!
194. And well they might, were this the case  
 And nothing more the sign of grace;  
 Than NEGATIVES in sin:  
 A myriad might their MERITS boast:  
 To honour, truth, and virtue lost:  
 If only lost WITHIN!

195. Keep from commission of the DEED,  
 How pure their HEART—how firm their CREED!  
 ALL else as GUILTY blam'd:  
 But take the SPIRIT of the word,  
 A thief—a jilt—her GRACE—my LORD:  
 Tho' SAINTS— are all condemn'd.
196. How strange we would be JUSTIFY'D  
 By that --- which in the LETTER try'd,  
 Would scarce discharge us clear!  
 And yet defy the SPIRIT's sense,  
 As if unguilty the offence,  
 And folly all our fear!
197. Allow'd in part, the LETTER free,  
 But appertains the LAW to THEE,  
 Yet flatter'd a RELEASE!  
 Try'd by the LETTER at thy word,  
 What proves it but a two-edg'd sword,  
 A ponyard to thy peace?
198. And well it may --- for what's the doom?  
 Why nothing but "THE WRATH TO COME,"  
 As unperform'd the WHOLE:  
 The LETTER broke—but once allow:  
 Behold the lightnings of his brow,  
 Bright flashing on thy soul!
199. Flashing conviction to thy face:  
 Felon of THIS—if not of GRACE:  
 Small reason to presume:  
 Or boast, as sure thy vain retreat:  
 When seen (with horror at thy state)  
 The LETTER of thy DOOM?

200. But still the LETTER is not all :  
 It's SPIRIT has a further call :  
 And hails thee at the bar :  
 No longer now SECURE or FREE :  
 The SPIRIT's sentence and decree :  
 From SINAI's thunder hear.
201. The text — “ NO OTHER GODS BUT ME,  
 “ What wretches all the PAPISTS be !  
 “ Within THIS sacred place  
 “ Not one IDOLATER has been ! ”  
 Pray what are they who love their SIN,  
 Or, idolize a FACE ?
202. “ THOU SHALT NOT MAKE AN IDOL-GOD : ”  
 They don't — they can't — or else — they wou'd :  
 By this the THESIS prove :  
 They're ready made — make it a CREED :  
 When pride, revenge, and lust, or trade,  
 SOLE objects of their love !
203. “ THOU SHALT NOT TAKE MY NAME IN VAIN :  
 “ SWEARERS — how wicked and prophane ! ”  
 And art not THOU condemn'd,  
 Who boasts a CHRISTIAN's faith and name ?  
 Thy life a stumbling-block and shame :  
 Thro' THEE — thy LORD blasphem'd !
204. REMEMBER — SANCTIFY MY DAY :  
 “ They do — they go to church and pray : ”  
 But how concludes the rest ?  
 In publick strollings or in sport :  
 While some in SCANDAL cut it short :  
 Or spend the time in jest !

205. Some move a PAWN — or deal a CARD:  
 But then 'tis DECENT disregard,  
 'Tis only candle light:  
 “Come draw the curtain” — why — what fear?  
 “None — but to save the VULGAR stare:”  
 But — is not GOD in SIGHT:
206. “HONOUR THY PARENTS” — now the THEME:  
 “Unruly children what a shame!  
 “How threaten'd THEIR offence!”  
 But are unmeant nor menac'd THEY  
 Who curse, revile, or disobey  
 Their BETTERS or their PRINCE?
207. The ag'd — the honour'd — how revil'd!  
 Their years contemn'd — their glory foil'd,  
 From wantonness or pride:  
 What mongrels lift not up their horn?  
 Their counsels hate, their dictates scorn,  
 Their weaknesses deride!
208. Thus are contemn'd thro' all the land,  
 Who bear or high or sole command,  
 Their terror and their jest:  
 Their rulers dupes — their prince a fool,  
 Their parents doat — an ASS or MULE,  
 Or dull or stubborn beast!
209. “THOU SHALT NOT MURDER” — next the word  
 “Not one of THESE — e'er DREW a sword:”  
 What unconcern'd surprize!  
 But has not HATRED found a part,  
 Deep lodg'd the cavern of thy HEART,  
 Or started from thine eyes?

210. Hast thou not WISH'D a brother DEAD!  
 A thousand curses on his head!  
 Here then thy VIRTUE'S flaw!  
 Come — blush condemn'd and conscious own,  
 What farther still thy hand had done,  
 But only for the LAW!
211. Nay — nor has THIS always deterr'd:  
 So little MURDERERS regard  
 Conscience or future pain:  
 But had ye dy'd a sacrifice  
 To frantic HONOUR and her lies:  
 WHERE had ye both NOW been?
212. Why — where ALL murderers shall go:  
 Deep to the shades of final woe:  
 Who hate, revenge, or kill:  
 Alike the spirit of them ALL,  
 Alike their everlasting fall:  
 Such THINE unalter'd will!
213. Now hear “ADULTERY” — forbid:  
 “All clear — as not the OUTWARD deed:  
 But who's untaint WITHIN?  
 Has not THINE eye a wanderer rov'd?  
 Creatures inordinately lov'd:  
 And art THOU clear of SIN?
214. Hear what the SPIRIT saith of old:  
 Thy crime — it's cause and end foretold:  
 “Who LOOKS the base desire,  
 “That moment bursts the SACRED line,  
 “Incurs the penalty DIVINE:  
 “Heav'n's vengeance and hell-fire!”

215. THOU SHALT NOT STEAL" — how great a SIN!  
 " But who of THESE concern'd therein?  
 " Who are of THESE to blame?"  
 Not YOU—who ne'er took GOLD or FLEECE:  
 But only robb'd thy neighbour's PEACE,  
 Or stole his guiltless NAME!
216. But hangs the THIEF that steals thy PURSE  
 Half-starv'd? — why then escapes a WORSE,  
 If THOU unhang'd may'st live,  
 Who causeless wounds another's NAME:  
 Or wanton stabs a dying fame,  
 Unable to survive!
217. Now hark, a voice salutes thine ear,  
 " THOU SHALT NO PERJUR'D WITNESS BEAR"  
 For enmity or gain,  
 " AGAINST THY NEIGHBOUR'S life or weal,"  
 Where JUSTICE lifts aloft her scale,  
 Or lawless F———DS arraign.
218. " Of this — ALL innocent and pure!  
 " From LEGAL vengeance how secure?"  
 But what is HIS esteem,  
 Whose ear has heard thy sland'rous tongue  
 Whisper aloud the infectious wrong,  
 Of treacherous DEFAME?
219. " THOU SHALT NOT COVET" — saith the LORD,  
 By WHOM not broken ALL his word?  
 Who guiltless bears not part  
 Or in the judgment of mankind:  
 Or, (of THEIR judge) tho' more refin'd,  
 A sinner in his HEART?



220. Has not THINE eye with envy seen  
 Another's wealth, or peace, or mien,  
 His fortune or his fame?  
 Another's beauty or estate?  
 The objects of thy restless hate?  
 Or, base, malignant theme?
221. For THESE — what censure upon ALL!  
 How prov'd a UNIVERSAL fall!  
 But SINAI roars in vain,  
 While lying prophets tell the crowd,  
 "That all but PROFLIGATES are GOOD,  
 "Nor GENERAL the stain!"
222. From hence — what vile deceit of pride!  
 ALL now beneath the banner hide  
 Of LESS enormous crimes!  
 The SAINT and SINNER bear a part,  
 And cry — from insolence of heart,  
 "How WICKED are the TIMES?"
223. WICKED indeed! when each of YOU  
 (A proud, prophane, or formal crew,  
 What dire hypocrisy!)  
 Comparing each yourselves with THEM,  
 Whom FAME or HUMAN LAWS condemn,  
 Cry — "Stand aloof from ME!"
224. Aloof for WHAT? are YE afraid  
 Of being number'd with THE DEAD  
 In TRESPASSES and SIN!  
 YOURSELVES unquicken'd to this hour,  
 Void of the FORM — at least the POW'R  
 Of godliness WITHIN!

225. In truth as much need THEY to fear  
 A worse estate — left without care,  
     The men whom ye deride  
 Should catch from YOU that FOUL disease,  
 Sure death of all whome'er it seize:  
     The plague of HOLY pride!
226. Far safer is their PRESENT lot,  
 If pierc'd their heart — abas'd their thought,  
     They mourn uncancell'd sin:  
 Than with yourselves — deluded dream  
 All is secure — yet rush the stream  
     Of death's unending pain!
227. Object not here — “ A mottled blend  
 “ Of VICE with VIRTUE's foes or friend;”  
     Not EAST from WEST more wide:  
 Our sole design (and all we crave)  
 The SINNER and the SAINT to save  
     From RUIN and from PRIDE.
228. Well-weeting they are ALL condemn'd:  
 Alike in HIS account esteem'd,  
     Who balances the soul:  
 His LAW — a CIRCLE round his throne:  
 That so whoe'er offends in ONE  
     Is guilty of the WHOLE\*.
229. How stain'd the pride of HUMAN boast!  
 Their merits void — their glorying lost:  
     Just issue of the FALL:  
 The LORD alone exalted stands,  
 While JUSTICE with her dread demands,  
     Is justify'd of ALL!

\* See James ii. 10.

230. No more the saints their VIRTUE plead:  
Sinners no more the worthless deed  
    Of partial — VIRTUOUS vice:  
But BOTH alike condemn'd for SIN,  
Find judgment scattering within,  
    The REFUGE of their LIES.
231. No longer damns the chaste — a WHORE:  
The proud — a PHARISEE — no more  
    The scrupulous a THIEF:  
But each with equal guilt and shame,  
Prostrate — abas'd — aloud exclaim,  
    “ Of SINNERS I am CHIEF ! ”
232. But how shall this effect be wrought?  
Is it by poisoning the thought  
    With false or proud conceit  
Of their own merit or desert?  
And leave as unarraign'd the HEART,  
    PRIME source of all deceit.
233. Is it by saying — “ ye are GOOD, ”  
Because unspilt a brother's BLOOD,  
    His PROPERTY yet clear?  
While still beneath the fairest form,  
Sly lurks the fox, the wolf, or worm,  
    The tyger or the bear!
234. Touch but the apple of their eye,  
Their virtue, fame, or quality:  
    Their goodness or their face:  
Trust me, you'll soon their vengeance feel:  
E'en MYSTICS — cannot long conceal  
    The VENGEANCE of their GRACE!

235. Couch but the TRUTH — in AUKWARD terms  
 My LORD will glow — my LADY warms:  
     Pugh — don't pretend to hide:  
 'Tis nothing more than artifice,  
 The stately coverture of lies,  
     The MYSTERY of PRIDE!
236. Still light or varying as the wind,  
 Like this to calm or storm inclin'd:  
     Uncertain, yet the same:  
 Now pliant bends, elastic steel:  
 Or whirls on fury's livid wheel,  
     The hot vindictive flame.
237. Or, with the meek, superb address,  
 Of stately, calm, contemptuous ease,  
     Remits you back again:  
 For what? because you're but a CLOWN:  
 Knew not THEIR distance or YOUR OWN:  
     And put their PRIDE to pain.
238. And here — hail THOU — idol of all!  
 Thy voice of old — a trumpet's call  
     To SERIOUSNESS and GOD:  
 The CHRISTIAN'S hope of PERFECT love  
 Co rival of the faints above:  
     Now both their BANE and ROD.
239. Lost in the all-confounding maze  
 Of MYSTIC labyrinths — where the race  
     Of TAULER and his sons,  
 Began but never ended THEIRS:  
 Bequeath'd the clue each to his heirs,  
     An endless period runs.

240. WHERE shall it end? who can say WHERE?  
 Or in the SPIRIT of LOVE, or PRAY'R,  
 Or lunacy of PRIDE?  
 Most like — while these supremely wise,  
 A universe of FOOLS despise,  
 Or, modestly deride.
241. But yet how ill can most of THESE  
 Dispense with FAME or selfish EASE \*?  
 Their charter and their seal:  
 SEVERE your truth — stand clear offence:  
 You but “excite a passion'd sense  
 “They do not care to feel!”
242. But then consult the ORACLE:  
 What will they not or think or tell?  
 Now you are TRULY wise!  
 For owning THEY are so alone:  
 That all beside are blind of ONE,  
 While these have BOTH their eyes!
243. And what beside should they expect,  
 When ask'd as judges to direct,  
 Your conscience or intent?  
 'Tis nothing more than is their due,  
 Who in return will dictate you,  
 A MYSTIC compliment.
244. But guard against their pious lie:  
 'Tis but the shield of policy,  
 To ward the dread offence:

\* Two things, among many others, the *modern* mystics do not care to part with any more than some other people.

Of bold impertinents in *MODES*,  
 Who rather than presume *THEM* gods;  
 Dispute their very *SENSE*.

245. O what an insolence of thought!  
 A *MYSTIC* to the *BIBLE* brought!  
 Now see the rising sun!  
 Dazzled thine eyes with unknown light;  
 Or strikes a *SOMETHING* on your sight;  
 As vapouring as the moon.

246. 'Tis borrow'd all — return it back;  
 Let the first owners of it take  
 Their phantasies again:  
 (*SUCH* light is darkness — and *HER* beams)  
 Nor puzzle with their complex dreams,  
 Thy dull, domestic brain.

247. *MYSTIC* or *PAGAN* — where's the mean?  
 Or what the difference between  
 The *INFIDEL* and *HE*?  
 By *BOTH* deny'd or wrath in *GOD*,  
 Th' *ATONEMENT* made by hallow'd blood:  
 All *INFIDELITY*!

248. Nor less the *PAPIST* claims his share  
 In the high precedented pray'r,  
 For full deliverance  
 From *TOPHET*'s warm *PURIFIC* fire:  
 The doom of *CATHOLICS*, and hire  
 Of *BEHMEN* and his *TRANCE*!

249. As if not *HERE* was scarce begun  
 The sacred work — much less were done  
 The *WHOLE* — e'er shoots the dart

Of death — fair levell'd with his hand,  
 To strike the sinner on the strand ;  
 SAV'D — yet UNPURG'D the heart !

250. O such a mixture — such a PAINT  
 Of PAGAN, PAPIST, PROTESTANT !  
 A triple-headed scheme !  
 Sprung from the enterprising brain,  
 Of heated, self-sufficient men :  
 A dark, TEUTONIC dream !

251. Yet not alike — who bear the name  
 Of MYSTICISM — favourite theme  
 Of PIETY and PRIDE :  
 Various it's orders and degrees,  
 A thousand branches and their trees,  
 It's fibrous roots divide.

252. Some PHILOSOPHIC — wise yet dark,  
 Noble their aim — yet miss the mark  
 Of TRUE felicity :  
 Not from defect of thought or sense,  
 But from the arduous high pretence  
 Of FALSE philosophy.

253. Impatient of the common load,  
 With scorn forsake the simple road  
 Of SCRIPTURE'S sacred rules :  
 Talk high of NATURE and her tome :  
 Still disappointed — wildly roam :  
 In HAPPINESS — are FOOLS.

254. Now name a man — yet name him not :  
 Daring his mind — and vast his thought :  
 But like the soul in sleep :

Cover'd with darkness all around,  
 He rolls at large the black PROFOUND;  
 And takes it for the DEEP!

255. Piercing his wit — severe his eye:  
 To probe or censure or apply  
 The CAUSTIC of the soul;  
 But void of skill or care humane,  
 He wounds or aggravates the pain,  
 Nor finds nor leaves it WHOLE:

256. (But what from THEM expect or find;  
 To lash as to lament inclin'd  
 Their partners in the FALL?  
 What from the men of high conceit;  
 Who cry with insolence of wit,  
 “We’re wiser than ye ALL?”)

257. O had this son of thunder known  
 How bright thy ways — how dark his own!  
 His aim sublime — how wild!  
 Peaceful his feet — and safe had trod;  
 His soul had center'd on her GOD:  
 Secure, serene, and mild.

258. Keen had his word like lightning shone:  
 Or melted warm the heart of stone:  
 With wisdom’s poignant fire:  
 Strong consolation deep had flow’d;  
 A multitude had sang their GOD,  
 Their PASTOR, and their SIRE!

259. For this — how slighted or, revil’d  
 His labours void, his glory soil’d,  
 And all his strength in vain:



But here no more, now drop the veil,  
His GREATNESS and his FATE conceal:  
For ever clos'd the scene!

260. Some with the air of high conceit,  
Term'd or philosophy or wit,  
Of warm TEUTONIC blood:  
Pour from their own exhaustless fund,  
A meaning useless — as beyond  
The vulgar and the good.

261. Stare in your face as if a ghost  
Your started slumbers should accost  
Amidst the noon of night:  
Pity your ignorance who pretend,  
Or not with ease to comprehend  
The darkness of their light.

262. Talk of their own immensity,  
Then bid you wond'ring gaze and see  
Them sink far deeper still:  
But after all their vaunt of wit,  
How plain 'tis nothing but a pit,  
Or unenlighten'd well.

263. Others less subtle than sincere,  
Contented move an humbler sphere  
Of piety and grace:  
Not vaunting rise, or wanton rove,  
But meek their mind as warm their love,  
An unaffected race.

264. Patient, and lowly, and serene,  
Grave, yet benevolent their mien,  
Impartial and benign:

Cautious their hope, indulg'd their fear,  
 They trace HIS steps with trembling care,  
 Great EXEMPLAR divine!

265. Adore his cross, and meek rejoice :  
 In secret silence wait the voice  
 Of WISDOM and her SIRE :  
 Long with empassion'd sense to feel,  
 (Not the judicial scorch of hell)  
 But pure seraphic fire.
266. Fire of affliction and of love,  
 By which the faints their virtue prove,  
 From dross their gold refin'd :  
 Bright in his image wait to stand,  
 High polish'd by the SAVIOUR's hand,  
 Fair emblems of his mind.
267. Such PHILO, venerable name,  
 His soul a sweet angelic flame,  
 Of modesty and love:  
 Serious his faith, as meek his hope,  
 Cautious he scales the mountain's top:  
 Yet sure his throne above.
268. Did MYSTICS all resemble THEE,  
 From pride, and guile, and nonsense free :  
 All FALSE distinctions void :  
 My wearied soul would quit her sphere,  
 No more my heart, mine eye, mine ear,  
 With SECTS or PARTIES cloy'd.
269. But they are not — thou art but ONE :  
 They all leave thee — thou them alone :  
 As little more than NAME :

I join thy tears — for ZION mourn:  
 And weeping for her laurels torn,  
     Continue WHERE I am.

270. Useless, neglected, and contemn'd,  
 My faults unpar'd — my VIRTUES blam'd,  
     If virtue's not deny'd  
 To one now stript of MEANS as ENDS,  
 By CAUSELESS foes — by THANKLESS friends,  
     Beyond the utmost try'd.

271. Constru'd INFIRMITIES to CRIMES:  
 And crimes minute — a thousand times  
     Exagger'd and expos'd:  
 Scorch'd by the breaths that should have heal'd  
 My sorrows — and my faults conceal'd:  
     Now GRACELESSLY disclos'd.

272. But stop, my Muse, thy eager hand,  
 Repress, or gracefully command  
     The ardor of thy strain:  
 Suffice in SECRET flows thy tear:  
 Sigh deep — but sigh to HIM whose ear  
     Receptive feels thy pain!

273. The pain of FRIENDSHIP's generous pride:  
 Deep wounded thro' the gilded side  
     Of honour in disguise:  
 The gauze of fair profession's veil,  
 Thrown as a mantle to conceal  
     A MAGAZINE of lies!

274. Yet why complain — as none but THEE  
 Were doom'd the mark of treachery,  
     As had THY breast alone,

Indulg'd a fawning viprous brood,  
 When clasp'd of old the SON of GOD,  
 A TRAITOR to his own!

275. Yet not thyself with HIM compare:  
 All bright — all spotless, and all fair,  
 Unguilty and untaint:  
 But to abate thy keen surprize,  
 To wipe the wonder from thine eyes,  
 And heal thy loud complaint.
276. Now name a race — but only name,  
 Their present boast — their present shame:  
 Of high BARCLEIAN mold!  
 Scornful they leave each RITUAL mode,  
 By BIGOTS deem'd — or serv'd a GOD,  
 Or as THEY serve their GOLD!
277. Yet boast of their FOREFATHERS zeal:  
 Their labours, love, and sufferings tell:  
 Now — only on record:  
 Their sons display ANOTHER mind,  
 To dull formality subjoin'd:  
 A lifeless, senseless word.
278. Say not — “ Condemn'd the whole for few:  
 Ye know that more than this is true  
 (What THIEVES conviction love!)  
 YOUR OWN may censure loud and warm:  
 Arraign the deadness of your form:  
 But may none else reprove?”
279. For who more worthy reprimand,  
 Than they who with uplifted hand,  
 Point out OUR heresy?

Their soundness boast (of words a strife)  
 Are sunk in all the PRIDE of LIFE,  
 Or proud FORMALITY!

280. To these succeed as poor a train:  
 Light, empty bigots, proud and vain:  
 Yet boast superior grace!  
 For what? is more sublime their LOVE?  
 In aught more favour'd from above,  
 As the PECULIAR race?

281. No — THEY unlimited deny,  
 Renouncing stout the heresy  
 Of CALVIN and HIS pale:  
 These loud maintain the general CALL:  
 As they deny the general FALL:  
 But — they believe — in GALE!

282. Avouch the true, primeval MODE  
 Of dedicating souls to GOD:  
 Immers'd beneath the deep:  
 Implung'd in darkness and in sin,  
 Emerging just as they went in,  
 Uncleans'd and fast asleep!

283. Yet boast of NATURE and her SKILL:  
 Her mighty pow'rs to act at WILL:  
 They censure or deride  
 Who dare believe that ALL have fell,  
 By nature BORN the heirs of hell:  
 THEIR charity and pride!

284. Deny the RESURRECTION'S pow'r  
 Of SOUL as BODY till the hour  
 When ALL the dead must rise\*;  
 Disown their LORD's divinity:  
 Account his merits as a lye:  
 A DREAM — his sacrifice!
285. Revile or slander who regard  
 The purchas'd glory — the reward  
 Of faith in JESUS' blood:  
 Trust to themselves and their OWN works:  
 May share the paradise of TURKS:  
 But not the mount of GOD!
286. A moment view their CONTRAST here:  
 Who move a more contracted sphere:  
 (How can EXTREMES be right!)

\* I should be mighty glad to know what either *good* or *wise* end so *uncomfortable* an hypothesis can possibly answer: that, contrary to *reason*, *scripture*, and (so far as *these* are any evidence of it) to the experience of *all* who are now on the other side of *time* — a number of otherwise ingenious and good men have taken so much pains to demonstrate and recommend it — I am sure with regard to the *N. T.* --- there is one writer has most *preposterously* uttered himself — If this doctrine be true, *viz.* St. Paul, *Philip.* i 24 where he desires to *depart* and to *be* with *Christ* — He should rather have petitioned to depart, that he might go to *sleep* with him --- which is far better still --- But the merit of being thought wiser than *others* --- which is *vanity*, and the want of real, vital, and *internal* spiritual experience --- which is no other than real and *spiritual* ignorance --- is the fountain of these, and ten thousand other whimsies and extravagancies of men, whose minds are corrupted by *vice*, or obscured by the mists of vanity and self-importance. --- One *simple* act of lively, holy faith dispels all these glooms, and clears up an infinity of difficulties, which without *that*, will always confound us!

But BOTH are so in their own eyes :  
 Reciprocally fools and wise :  
 Each other's darkness — light !

287. These hold the truths — the first deny :  
 And right affirm that ALL shall die  
 Of the accursed seed :  
 But WHO these are — is the dispute :  
 Be all but REVELATION mute,  
 THEIR oracles our CREED \*.

288. Not here decide — but there refer :  
 To end the ANTICHRISTIAN war  
 Of CALVIN and SOCINE :  
 Let each of all but clear evince  
 THEMSELVES elect — abhorr'd their sins :  
 Love mutual as divine !

289. Till this be done — nought else avails,  
 'Tis all but froth — and frothy tales :  
 Each but asserts HIS will :

\* Here was a fair occasion of entering full drive into the yet undecided controversy between the *Calvinists* and their opponents ---- but it is *purposely* avoided, as not only *unnecessary* but endless --- and the parties on *both* sides referred to what is the *best* proof of their own *sincerity* and *benevolence* in either, *viz.* to the spirit of Christian amity and a Christian life. --- And had this been the method pursued by only *one* of them, the controversy had long ago been at an end. --- All pious *fury* at our *antipodes* in sentiment had been avoided, and a direful handle to the adversaries of *Jesus Christ* and *his* gospel had never been given; but *they* have stumbled (and it was right they should, for they *sought* an occasion of *stumbling*, and were *glad* of an opportunity to disobey and despise the *Bible*) but woe to the men thro' whom the offence has come !

Small difference of SUPERIOR claim,  
 Whether the meek or surly name  
 Of EPISCOPÉ or GILL!

290. Now — for the COMPLEX of them all!  
 A prince — my LORD — or monarch call,  
 A prelate or a priest:  
 'Tis hard to say — (if fame be TRUE)  
 WHAT name -- or style — is not his due,  
 Or, **SPIRITUALS** or the BEAST!

291. Seven are his heads — and ten his horns,  
 A flagrant branch his front adorns,  
 Of insolence and pride:  
 Skill'd in the arts of polish'd guile,  
 He lures a senate at his will,  
 Or bribes them on his side.

292. Read but HIMSELF \* — and read his scheme,  
 'Tis any thing you please — a dream  
 Of blasphemy and filth:  
 WHERE could he get it? — who can tell?  
 Sure it was laded up from HELL,  
 Or, was it got by STEALTH?

\* As in the latter part of the fourth line in the first verse, the reader will observe the *whole* here is quite *supposititious*; so *this* line refers to such writings as have been published by this *eminent* person, or have come out under his immediate auspices and inspection; in which, without the least imputation of flattery or falsehood, one may venture to affirm, there are found *such* sentiments and expressions, as are not to be matched in all the writings of either the *ancient* or *modern* THEOLOGY; yet *strange* or *unscriptural* as they are, there are not wanting many who both admire and vindicate them --- and that too in *such* a manner, as, considering they so



293. Of HIM no more — unmatch'd by all :  
 We leave him or to stand or fall,  
     Till fate in his abode :  
 He tread the ever scorching ground,  
 With LUCIFER in darkness bound :  
     Or STRANGELY mounts — to GOD !
294. Now lifts an orator his hand,  
 While earthquakes shake a stagg'ring land,  
     (Hear all the awak'ning sound)  
 “ The ax is laid beneath the root,  
 “ What tree now brings not forth good fruit  
     “ Is smitten to the ground !”
295. But WHO'S the tree that is not GOOD ?  
 “ Why — who denies the word of GOD,  
     “ Transmitted from above :”  
 (The preacher's right) and HE no less  
 Who holds it in UNRIGHTEOUSNESS,  
     Or want of humble LOVE !
296. But who is this ? is not HE one  
 Who with his PONTIFF habit on,  
     Bids you incline your ear :  
 Himself betroth'd (with all he says)  
 To pride, revenge, intrigue or ease,  
     Can INFIDELS — but sneer ?

warmly condemn things of far less moment and exception in every body else, is a most undeniable proof if of nothing worse --- at least of the most devoted ignorance and bigotry to a *peculiar* sect, which have at last rendered themselves so *universally* contemptible and suspected.

“ Cornu petit ILLE, caveto.”

VIRG.

297. Laugh in their sleeves and spue on him,  
As telling in his sleep a dream :

AWAKE he must deny :  
Or else renounce his own pretence  
To grace, or honesty, or sense :

HIMSELF — his sermons LYE.

298. Next hear a preaching POLITICIAN,  
The STATE's and not the soul's physician,  
Their benefit his aim :

'Tis well — a few with zeal may burn,  
But then the greater part return,

No warmer than they came.

299. Another mounts and tells his tale,  
(You'd better read the FLANDER's mail)  
(Tho' orthodox the TEXT :)

Pities the VULGAR — shews their cause,

'Tis nothing more than nature's LAWS,

And NATURAL th' effects.

300. Effect of water and of air,  
Pent up within the lower sphere :

The marrow of her mines :

Opprest or troubled in her course,

What wonder she should vent with force

The burden of her LOINS ?

301. The list'ning croud exulting hear,  
Away or penitence or fear :

This doctrine must be sound :

The PREACHER says he knows the cause,

'Tis nothing but the COMMON laws

Of nature under-ground.

302. But can the preacher be a fool?  
 Does he not know that nature's **RULE**  
 Is nature's awful **GOD**?  
 That **SECOND** causes are the **MEANS**  
 He but employs to serve his ends?  
 His warnings or his rod.
303. Is it less dreadful an event,  
 Less kind or certain the intent,  
 Of warnings from his hand,  
 Because a **SECOND** cause is prov'd?  
 But is the **DANGER** too remov'd,  
 Or, **FOLLY** from the land?
304. Proves not each **SECOND** cause a **FIRST**:  
 Who then the bands of **REASON** burst,  
 Or render them in vain?  
 The men who point from **THEM** to **THIS**,  
 Or, you who more than **COMMON** wife,  
 Would rid them of their pain?
305. The pain of salutary fear,  
 As if a raid that over care  
 Should make them over good:  
 Or is it left their foolish mind,  
 To superstition's voice inclin'd,  
 Should agitate their blood?
306. Distort their senses — or their head?  
 Fill'd with the fond conceit or dread,  
 As **NATURE** were undone?  
 When, after all — 'tis nothing more,  
 Than what has oft been seen before,  
 A **FREAK** of nature's own.

307. But such a freak as you esteem,  
 Or, they who fond suppose a whim,  
     What NATURE dreads to tell:  
 Were you to ask the destin'd brood,  
 Late smitten by the hand of GOD  
     To ruin and to HELL,
308. "What (maugre all they dreamt before  
 With you — and half a million more,  
     Who scornful set at nought)  
 "Is, NOW their judgment of the laws  
 "Of NATURE and her SECOND cause,  
     " What NOW their real thought?"
309. Would they (imagine you) reply,  
 "O this is nothing — we but lie  
     " Beneath the COMMON laws  
 " Of NATURE in her USUAL course,  
 "'Tis all, true, PHILOSOPHIC force,  
     " Her SECONDARY cause?"
310. Would they not rather mourn their fate,  
 Their eyes unopen'd till too late,  
     For mercy once their friend?  
 Would they not answer — " THESE were all  
 " The friendly warnings of his call,  
     " PROPHEPIC of their end?"
311. " That these unnotic'd or despis'd,  
 " As visions scorn'd; as phantoms priz'd,  
     " Were the tremendous cause  
 " Why lost at all — they mourn in vain  
 " The endless rack of endless pain:  
     " HELL's nature and HER laws!"

312. But put no cause should intervene,  
A warning or a bar between

The sinner and his doom :  
But in a moment swept away,  
Should end the long protracted day,  
Amidst the wrath to come.

313. Would he not justly loud complain ?  
Unnotic'd as unthought his pain :

Would not yourself bewail  
The hapless portion and the end  
Of a poor unadmonish'd friend,  
Ne'er warn'd till deep in hell ?

314. Would ye not both aloud BLASPHEME  
The wrath of GOD and of the LAMB,  
Unrighteously severe ?

As struck without ONE warning giv'n  
From all the hope of life and heav'n,  
To torture and despair ?

315. Would ye not plead (the GENERAL lye)  
“ That had, but ere his doom drew nigh,

“ SOME notice been vouchsaf'd :  
“ He gladly would have burst the yoke,  
“ Have shunn'd the dread, avenging stroke,  
“ Nor drank the fiery draught ?”

316. Is this the copy of thy face ?

Thy self a copy of the race,  
Perfidious and ingrate !

By this we prove the whole untrue,  
HERE are the warnings of the blow  
That shall decide thy fate.

317. But where the terror that should reign?  
 Or where the sorrows for thy sin?  
     Where or discern'd or found?  
 Are not you one — out-stretch'd at ease,  
 While fierce omnipotence displays  
     It's thunders all around?
318. So far from this you either smile  
 Philosopher — serene and still:  
     The CAUSE (to you) is clear:  
 Or coward tremble from WITHIN:  
 Remov'd — congratulate your SIN:  
     Base perjury of fear!
319. But to return — are you afraid  
 Too soon improvement should be made,  
     Of terror and it's pain?  
 You may ASSIGN what cause you please,  
 Small labour serves to set at ease  
     Their conscience and it's sin.
320. Have not they all forgot the day,  
 When rous'd from slumber or from play,  
     Her NOBLES were dismay'd,  
 Left earth her jaws should open wide,  
 Their doom unchangeably decide?  
     Fast number'd with the dead!
321. Afraid no more — return'd amain,  
 To pride, to wantonness, or gain,  
     The nation lull'd to rest:  
 Rolls on her way — secure her sons:  
 Her gentry, rabble, and her dons:  
     Thrice obdurate her breast!

322. Small reason then to find a plea,  
From NONSENSE or PHILOSOPHY,  
    WHY finners should not mend:  
Far better bid the nation join  
Their concrete voice — loud added THINE,  
    To deprecate their end!
323. Last starts a wretch — hell starts to hear!  
ALL — (but his own) are struck with fear,  
    A fell blasphemer — HE!  
Heard him mine ears — write it my pen,  
And if repeat — then write again,  
    His horrid BLASPHEMY!
324. Spare not his form — or lank DEMURE,  
His soft address — or dark OBSCURE,  
    His subtlety or pride:  
His mean submission to the GREAT,  
His abject scorn or private hate:  
    LASH him but not DERIDE.
325. Not here his NONSENSE — but his CRIMES,  
Report to these or future times:  
    Rise censure like a storm!  
Whether he plays the guileful fox,  
The surly bear or stately ox,  
    Or, crawls a wriggling worm.
326. Tho' these are flea-bites to the next:  
Attend and hear him read his text:  
    Hell opens at the sound!  
What wonder EARTH had open'd too,  
Swallow'd with LISBON's worthless crew,  
    Himself and all around!

327. But GOD had mercy on the man,  
 They all perform the best they can,  
     But oft how bad the BEST !  
 Sure never sprang from INFIDEL  
 A worse (it must come warm from hell)  
     Or, vile PAGANIC priest !
328. What was the axiom — or the word ?  
 Malignant TREASON at his LORD :  
     Yet holds the TRINITY !  
 But such his infamy of face,  
 He calls — “ IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS —  
     “ Impute ABSURDITY\*!
329. Could he beyond — unless deny'd  
 The SAVIOUR either liv'd or dy'd,  
     Or risen from the dead ?  
 So far ev'n PRIESTS themselves have stretch'd :  
 All this might be — and but impeach'd  
     His IMPUDENCE OR HEAD.
330. But TREASON belches from the HEART :  
 This member must have borne it's part  
     With the blasphemer's tongue :  
 (Judicial blast for pride and sin)  
 Or the REDEEMER ne'er had been  
     His ridicule or song.

\* The *real* expression was --- “ imputed *nonsense*.” ---- Let any man in his senses only read over attentively the fourth chapter of the *Romans*, and then see whether he receives any authority from *St. Paul*, to treat so tremendous and important a point in so profane and ludicrous a manner!



331. “ My GOD forgive his blasphemy:  
 “ Open his darken’d eyes to see  
     “ His treachery and shame:  
 “ Bolt the deep thunder on his heart,  
 “ With lightning let his eye-balls start,  
     “ And flash the livid flame!
332. “ Plunge the keen ponyard of despair  
 “ Beneath his breast — hell’s fiery glare  
     “ Strike horror on his eyes:  
 “ Till burst his soul, with dread replete,  
 “ He fall condemn’d before thy feet,  
     “ Nor trifle nor despise.
333. Shew him HIS righteousness is SIN,  
 “ Ragged and filthy and obscene:  
     “ When thus expos’d his shame:  
 “ He’ll blush at his own nakedness,  
 “ And cloth’d with JESUS’ righteousness\*,  
     “ Shall reverence the LAMB.”

\* Whoever would see this most *sublime* and *important* doctrine most fully and emphatically elucidated — we refer him to the very valuable and ingenious author of *Theron* and *Aspasio*, --- tho’ at the same time, we must take the liberty of observing, that not only *what* is there his *main* scope, might have been proved and recommended in a far less compass, than in three large volumes; but that, had he been less strenuous in asserting some other *controversial* points --- and especially had he omitted such an *effluvia* of redundant and romantic *rhetoric*, it had certainly been as great a proof of his superior judgment ---- as, had he been somewhat less severe upon (that miserable helpless part of mankind) the *common* beggars, (for whose wants, idleness, and other misbehaviour, the *magistrates* are to blame more than they) *this* had likewise

334. I know the vulgar fond excuse,  
 'Their fear and danger of ABUSE :  
     As MORALS were at stake :  
 Pray look around — and take a view  
 Of such who scorn as well as you,  
     The PHARISEE or RAKE.
335. THESE like IMPUTED righteousness,  
 Just as the WISE approve your DRESS,  
     Perhaps not quite so well :  
 But if maintain'd it ne'er so strong,  
 Could they or your misguided throng,  
     Be any nearer HELL ?
336. Could they a greater distance move  
 From all that GOD or ANGELS love?  
     From happiness to come,  
 Than now they stand? — alike their case :  
 Each in his SINFUL righteousness,  
     And just alike their doom !
337. One argument for all suffice,  
 EXPERIENCE only answers lies :  
     Death stares upon them BOTH :  
 Eternity is hard at hand :  
 It's terrors in their brightness stand :  
     Less pale the SHROUD or CLOTH !

been of his superior *charity* ! for who could ever have imagined but from under his own hand,

“ That minds like *his* would e'er indulge a thought,  
 “ Of MERCY naked, and from LOVE remote ?”

338. "How STRANGE is this!" not strange at all,  
BOTH are the offspring of the FALL,  
    And both alike abhorr'd :  
Both yet UNSAV'D — or purg'd from sin:  
Nor ever from the birth have been  
    Or pardon'd or restor'd.
339. 'Tis not then ACTIONS — are the WHOLE :  
But 'tis our nakedness of SOUL,  
    Alike in ALL or NONE :  
Marvel not then the howl of saints,  
Beyond the sinner's loud complaints :  
    GOD estimates them ONE.
340. They're not like HIM — this is their BANE :  
Their present curse and future pain :  
    They're yet unborn ANEW :  
And what is more (ah dire to tell !)  
GOD oft condemns them BOTH to hell :  
    Ere they believe it TRUE !
341. But take a courtezan or king :  
A villain in his star or string :  
    A tyrant or his slave :  
Strip them of all that is THEIR OWN,  
And put HIS robes of beauty on :  
    How brilliant and how brave !
342. The reason here — they're now uncloath'd  
Of what the eye of JUSTICE loath'd,  
    The food of wrath divine :  
But veil'd and cover'd with THAT dress,  
The garment of HIS righteousness,  
    Each like the SAVIOUR shine.

343. Hell quits her claim and death her sting,  
 The vile's a faint, the faint a king:  
 No judgment now or dread:  
 They live enwrapt in that bright veil,  
 That death defies and laughs at hell:  
 All perfect as their HEAD!
344. " Hide ME — my GOD beneath this shroud,  
 Envelop'd as a fiery cloud  
 This spotted soul of mine:  
 I see it brighter than the sun,  
 E'en SERAPHS might they put it on,  
 Would more SERAPHIC shine!
345. Perhaps they do — who rash would dare  
 To say that ANGELS can appear,  
 With ought THEMSELVES acquire:  
 But highly favour'd yield THEIR robe  
 For THAT, which must enshroud a globe,  
 Or burst o'er all a FIRE!
346. Shall MAN then boast HIS righteousness?  
 His filthy rags and tatter'd dress,  
 Of arrogance and shame?  
 Shun the foul deed — lest GOD shun THEE,  
 Detest thy vile hypocrisy:  
 ANATOMIZ'D in flame!
347. Who hugs HIS OWN, will ne'er find HIS,  
 Who theirs abhor will never miss  
 Of glory or it's crown:  
 Alike receiv'd, as once his GRACE,  
 The purchase of THAT righteousness,  
 His merit makes OUR OWN.

348. In THIS who walk before him HERE,  
 In THAT before him shall appear,  
 Environ'd and secure:  
 Shine as ne'er ANGELS shone ABOVE,  
 High in his brightness and his love  
 As glorious and as pure!
349. Here then the difference with THEM,  
 Who here but GLORY in their SHAME,  
 Proud of their SINS or GRACE:  
 From those who ALL an off'ring bring,  
 Fall at his feet — remount and sing  
 “The LORD our RIGHTEOUSNESS!”
350. The contrast here assigns the cause,  
 (Like different climes and different laws)  
 WHY different our THOUGHT:  
 WHY SOME are rescu'd from their sin,  
 ANOTHER lives and dies therein,  
 While yet a third is brought.
351. To true repentance from despair,  
 To faith or joy from hopeless fear,  
 To virtue and to GOD:  
 While others stand unmov'd as oak,  
 The DEVIL's plants, till death's last stroke,  
 Insures them their abode.
352. The scene is done — the sermon ends:  
 The priest and people part good FRIENDS,  
 Intending to meet soon:  
 They nod, they bow, they compliment,  
 Each lips or mutters his intent  
 To spend the afternoon.

353. All now return, both low and high,  
 Who HEARD — as he who TOLD his lie,  
 Each wanton, hard or vain :  
 Resolv'd to live, as list their lays,  
 While the loud ORGAN roars their praise,  
 “ You're welcome, GENTLEMEN.”
354. “ The ALTAR next elate — secur'd :”  
 Not less by RAILS (with ease endur'd)  
 Than by a scarlet RACE  
 Of crimson dye — and crimson souls,  
 The doughty pastors of thy folds,  
 And helpers of their grace.
355. Who with the hands of pomp and pride,  
 The sacred elements divide :  
 Pour out the GRACELESS wine :  
 Bought fresh—with THAT which bought the LAST,  
 For who would say (but in his haste)  
 “ It should be bought with THINE ?”
356. To this ascends a mottled crowd,  
 Of surly, trifling, righteous, proud :  
 ALL once or twice a-year,  
 (Except the Atheist and profane,  
 Nay THESE when provident of gain)  
 To keep their reck'ning clear.
357. But ALL are welcome when they come,  
 Unsummon'd or by pipe or drum :  
 They come for various ends :  
 Some for DEVOTION, some for TASK,  
 Some know not WHY — some for a MASK,  
 And some to please their friends.

358. Nathless they come, and there they are:

Now thin adorn or thick the bar:

Each LYING — as they kneel\*:

Not rash — 'tis true, the whole we say,

You did YOURSELVES but t'other day,

Say what you did not FEEL.

359. “ The BURDEN of our sins is GREAT,”

“ REMEMBRANCE vast — unwieldy WEIGHT !”

“ But SORROW — how SINCERE !”

When in that moment — had you known

What you ne'er did — nor yet have done,

What AGONY ! — what FEAR !

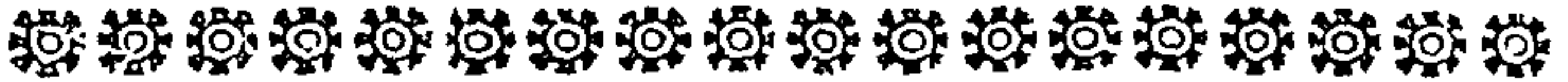
\* I am well aware of the vulgar, *senseless* objection, both with respect to *this* and many other parts of this poem, beginning with a great round — “ O — but you condemn *all*, “ without making any *distinction*.” --- O what an outcry about *nothing* ! but I suppose *you* are one, for I think your speech betrayeth you ---- but had you either common *sense*, or common *humanity*, you would have considered, that, as no man but a *murderer* would ever do the *one*, so again, that no man, not a lunatic, would ever require the *other*, when he knows at the same time, that upon the principles of *reason* and *benevolence*, a proper distinction is necessarily implied, and so consequently *here* ---- tho' 'tis true ---- *satyr*, like the *law*, (which is itself only the *satyr* of a *government*, and now and then a *satyr upon* it too) always supposes every one guilty (especially if found in *bad* company) till a full and impartial trial has proved them otherwise; and therefore, where daily experience demonstrates the GENERALITY culpable ----- to seem to include the *whole* is neither impropriety nor crime. --- Who thinks it is, only let him *live* the exception, and his *life* is his patent for ever !

360. How thunder-struck with self-amaze !  
 How would you shudd'ring grieve and blaze  
     Your own hypocrisy !  
 That had so long impos'd the cheat,  
 In place of REAL — palm'd deceit,  
     For holiness — a LIE !
361. This the effect of pious fraud !  
 We lie to conscience and her GOD :  
     Till smitten from above  
 With bright conviction — pungent pain,  
 Of self-deception and chicané :  
     We tremble but not love.
362. Yet safer THIS — than as before :  
 Return'd but blind and harden'd more,  
     AS BETTER for your SIN :  
 For WHAT beside — tho' you affirm,  
 Resolv'd — yet never dare reform,  
     Nor e'er one virtue win !
363. For this — how many fall'n asleep !  
 How many plung'd the fountless deep,  
     Of vast, unending pain !  
 For having trifled with their GOD,  
 Eat of his flesh and drank his blood,  
     Unfeeling — or in vain.
364. Come brib'd, or harden'd, unprepar'd,  
 Fall on their knees — but off their guard,  
     Week's PREPARATION void :  
 Go back to censure, guile and strife,  
 To all the toys or crimes of life,  
     To levity and pride.



365. Thus ends the service of the day,  
A farce, a tragedy, a play :  
Yet how secure WITHIN !  
But TIME and PROVIDENCE will shew  
Still deeper shades of heighten'd woe,  
For insolence and sin !





## CANTO IV.

O TEMPORA! O MORES!

Virg.

1. **H**ÉRÉ paus'd again — again we mourn,  
 And mourning — to our task return:  
 As hopeless as before:  
 Nathless while love magnetic draws,  
 We live to vindicate thy CAUSE,  
 Or else thy CURSE deplore!
2. “Thy CHRIST'NINGS next” — O what a farce!  
 (Could one unblam'd the whole rehearse)  
 Of superstitious guile!  
 Allow'd the duty — dark or clear;  
 Yet how express enough severe,  
 The BLENDED pure and vile!
3. “A CHILD is BORN” — 'tis born to die:  
 Make haste — perhaps it's end is NIGH:  
 Here comes the CURATE — well!  
 The hov'ring gossips round him stand,  
 When with his high-commission'd hand,  
 He saves ONE half from HELL:
4. The other left — a longer time:  
 'Tis left for good — and where's the crime?  
 The baby panting lies  
 Wearied with life — instinct of pain,  
 He seeks his native clime to gain,  
 And weeping pale — he dies!

5. Some cry, "A MERCY" — and some mourn  
 (Cruel!) a moment — it's return  
 From VANITY and DEATH:  
 From all the sorrows and the snares,  
 That taint our lives — or point our cares:  
 And make us curse our breath!
6. From bad examples seen at home:  
 From all the sufferings yet to come:  
 Who longer seasons know:  
 From all the guilt of various crimes,  
 From all the follies of the times,  
 And everlasting woe.
7. Hail, LITTLE favourite of GOD!  
 Now sparkling in thy fair abode,  
 Bright as the morning star!  
 What glories now enchant thine eye!  
 What unheard scenes before thee lie!  
 Thy INTELLECT — how clear!
8. Not so thy rival — who succeeds,  
 (For whom a distant mourner bleeds,  
 Born and re-born again:)  
 The parents glory and their hope:  
 In all the PRIDE of LIFE brought up,  
 Or nastiness and sin!
9. HE'S quite REGENERATE — and renew'd,  
 The FEES are paid — his BAPTISM'S good,  
 The SPONSORS — better still:  
 They were so kind — as to engage  
 He should perform — what dullest sage  
 May guess he never will.

10. Promise he shall all THAT renounce,  
 Which they THEMSELVES ne'er did but ONCE,  
       'Twas THEN — by PROXY done:  
 Would you they more should do for HIM,  
 Than ever yet was done for THEM?  
       The child is not THEIR OWN!

11. And if it was — 'twere just the same:  
 A being — nurture — or a NAME:  
       WHAT can the parents MORE?  
 The warmest passion could not save  
 A fav'rite lap-dog from his grave,  
       Nor JULIA — from a WHORE!

12. “ But then — EXAMPLES should be show'd!”  
 They SHOU'D — and WOE that PARENT's load,  
       Who seeks not to excel:  
 But keener still HIS pain shall prove,  
 Who or from pride, neglect, or love,  
       Has sown his seed in HELL!

13. But whose is he? why you shall hear,  
 (Shudder ye fires — twinge ev'ry ear,  
       Hear all ye PARENT-brood)  
 He's born of THEM — perhaps of YOU,  
 Who care not if he prove a JEW:  
       Or any thing — but GOOD!

14. “ CONCEIV'D in SIN” — he's NOW it's heir,  
 His parents crimes and follies share,  
       Perhaps their rotten health\*:

\* As a *naturally* necessary consequence, not *vindictive* or *judicial* --- but as it was a consideration that *ought* to have deterred the parent from *committing* sin, so is it a *severe*, but *wise* and *gracious* designation of providence to make his off-

A partner in their life and vice :  
Lives as they die, and then enjoys  
    Their perjur'd, ill-got wealth !

15. Taught from a child to love the ILL,  
Impuls'd from NATURE to his will,  
    What e'er he wills — performs :  
Unus'd to bridle or restraint,  
Can brook nor caution, nor complaint,  
    But like a madman storms.

16. Blusters the TYRANT or the SLAVE,  
Proves or a COXCOMB — or a KNAVE :  
    Dupe of HIMSELF and sin :  
He games, he rakes, he stamps, he-swears,  
Falls sick, condemn'd, he raves and tares,  
    Then drops to endless pain !

17. Or taught t'admire the scarlet-hose :  
To raise the neck and turn the nose :  
    “ How pretty Miss — and GOOD ! ”  
Told of her family and name :  
Her future fortune and her fame,  
    Her HERALDRY of BLOOD !

18. Early initiate in the arts  
Of losing GRACE, or gaining HEARTS,  
    She courts the coxcomb's bow :  
But what is here of blame or lies,  
SHE never broke the promises :  
    WHO made the senseless vow ?

spring abhor it; so that tho' the *father* may have eaten four grapes, yet (in *one* sense) the children's teeth need not be set on edge !

19. Never corrected, or with pain,  
 “Come — hush — we’ll make it up again:”  
 Thus void the sacred rules  
 Of wisdom’s discipline sublime:  
 The child unconscious of a crime,  
 Sees BOTH the parents — FOOLS.

20. HENCE loss of government and peace:  
 HENCE strife, and passion, and distress:  
 HENCE fell DOMESTIC wars:  
 HENCE children’s stubbornness and pride:  
 HENCE parents false or surly chide  
 RECIPROCALLY jars.

21. Nor less the STRANGER helps our woe,  
 These all the pretty moppet know,  
 And fondly act the KNAVE:  
 Acquaintance, relative, or friend,  
 All help to it’s untimely end:  
 The GALLOWS or the GRAVE.

22. Next view the POOR — what better here?  
 Devoid of grace, or shame, or fear:  
 They work or steal for GIN:  
 What RUDE impiety is found?  
 How discontent or scorn abound?  
 What RAGGEDNESS of sin?

23. Point at the man whose kind intent  
 Would save their souls, or them from want,  
 From each distress redeem:  
 Yet how they curse, reproach, deride:  
 Shiver with NAKEDNESS and PRIDE:  
 Till drop their rags and them.

24. Another lives and drives a trade :  
No doubt his fortune will be made :  
A citizen or sh'riff !  
Perhaps an alderman — a fish —  
There's nothing easier than to WISH :  
But yet — he dies a THIEF !
25. “ He dies (you answer) in his BED : ”  
What then ? but WHERE his heart, his head ?  
Or harden'd or insane ?  
Pity'd by those who wish him free  
From small to highest misery :  
The plunge of deepest pain !
26. In short, go wander thro' the land,  
What can ye find on either hand,  
But rioting or want ?  
And where's the wonder, when ye hear  
How void of virtue or of fear,  
And all religion — RANT ?
26. And whence is this ? comes it not HENCE,  
(The only plea in your defence  
But) that ye were BEGUIL'D ?  
The CHURCH began the baleful lay,  
Your parents led you more astray,  
DELUDED from a CHILD !
27. Taught from the first, nay BID believe,  
(What none but madmen e'er receive)  
“ That BAPTISM was your GRACE : ”  
As well they might have said — and true,  
“ The chrystal rivulet was blue :  
“ The bason was your face. ”

28. From hence your scorn and disregard  
Of all that ever since ye heard,  
Of being born again!  
Laugh and reject th' important theme,  
As but a fool or madman's dream,  
The oozings of THEIR brain.
29. Woe worth such PARENTS and such GUIDES!  
(Not strange the INFIDEL derides,  
So humorous a sight :)  
What know ye not 'tis but a sign  
Of deeper things — not to refine,  
Or wash the ÆTHIOP white?
30. No — nor SUCH washing — never will,  
Had they e'en kept on washing still,  
You'd been but where you are:  
The shackled slave of guilt and sin,  
A foe to GOD — of FUTURE pain,  
The everlasting heir!
31. But had they honestly declar'd  
“ Your state by NATURE — foul and hard,  
“ Your heart impure and vile:  
“ The taint by BAPTISM unremov'd,”  
Your base hypocrisy reprov'd,  
(Solemnity of GUILT !)
32. Ye would have trembled at the sound,  
Or prostrate fallen on the ground,  
With broken heart deplor'd  
Your rooted EPIDEMIC stain,  
Nor rash, nor sudden rose again,  
Till bidden by your LORD:



33. " Arise and be baptiz'd WITHIN,  
 " ARISE AND WASH AWAY THY SIN,  
 " Invoke the sacred name  
 " Of HIM that calls you to return,  
 " Bids you with tears afflictive mourn  
 " Your danger and your shame."
34. THEN had you been BAPTIZ'D indeed!  
 From guilt, and fear, and judgment freed,  
 From darknes and it's pow'rs:  
 Fought with his saints the FIGHT OF FAITH,  
 Obtain'd the everlasting wreath,  
 As more than CONQUERORS!
35. Instead of this — THEIR constant lore:  
 " WE are not sick — WE have no sore;  
 " WE all have been BAPTIZ'D,  
 " Are all regenerate again;"  
 " Yea cleans'd" — and yet UNPURG'D from sin:  
 And GOD himself despis'd.
36. But this not long — he calls aloud:  
 Hear him ye unawaken'd crowd,  
 His thunder's at your door:  
 Rise — see the lightning on his wheels,  
 The swift avenger at your heels:  
 And GOD despis'd no more!
37. Now just disclose a kindred scene,  
 Than in it's order comes between  
 A TRAGEDY and JEST:  
 Where with the form of something good,  
 How SACRILEG'D the name of GOD,  
 How prostitute the PRIEST!

38. Dight CONFIRMATION now at hand:  
 Where rows of blended rabble stand,  
     Each in disorder plac'd:  
 But hard to say from what you see,  
 Or all or whether of the three,  
     Or BISHOP'D — curs'd or blest.
39. See myriads throng together brought,  
 Void or of DECENCY or THOUGHT:  
     How like a mart — the place!  
 Each to obtain (what none believe,  
 Nay what THEIR hands can never give)  
     The SIGNATURE of grace.
40. Now see each rev'rend pastor leads  
 The untaught flock his dulness feeds:  
     The infant with the sage:  
 Deep in his care — O what a task,  
 To search distinct or gravely ask  
     What name, or place, or age!
41. Or if more close the scrutiny,  
 Then thro' or fear or modesty,  
     Each pupil's found a dunce:  
 The pray'r — the decalogue or creed,  
 THIS has forgot — THAT cannot read:  
     But ALL could say it ONCE!
42. All now deliver up their charge,  
 Each left to live and sin at large,  
     To stand or fall alone:  
 Freed ev'ry parent from his fear,  
 As ev'ry sponfor from his care:  
     Committed to their own.

43. Taught to maintain, they've all receiv'd,  
What just before not one believ'd,  
Or was, or COULD be giv'n:  
Walk on their way — their sin pursue,  
Alike regenerate and new:  
Alike secure of heav'n!
44. How different this from THEIRS of old,  
(Engros'd on leaves of sacred gold)  
When APOSTOLIC men,  
Laid on the hands of FAITH and LOVE,  
Invok'd the SPIRIT from above:  
And souls were born again!
45. Or, born before, afresh renew'd  
The seal and evidence of GOD:  
Afresh their GRACE confirm'd,  
Of LIVING faith — or humble hope:  
Their hearts in grateful joy lift up,  
With livelier ardor warm'd!
46. A multitude the sound inflames,  
Of grace descending as in streams  
Of rapturé from on high:  
While gaze the GENTILE and the JEW,  
Each marvel, as acknowledg'd true:  
Nor dare profane draw nigh?
47. All now were of one heart and mind,  
Their hopes, their joys, their suff'rings join'd,  
The same, elective call:

No murm'ring voice of avarice heard,  
None claim'd his own, but gladly shar'd,  
In common with them ALL \*!

48. Stedfast as ardent they abode,  
In ALL the ordinance of GOD,  
With gratitude of fear:  
Unwavering hearers of his word,  
They meek attended on their LORD:  
In vigilance and prayer!

49. SUCH were the times — and SUCH the men  
Whom here we mimick — but in vain,  
Till kindled from above,  
We feel THEIR first seraphic flame,  
That warm'd the followers of the LAMB,  
All purity and love!

50. Till THEN — or pow'r from HIM is giv'n,  
To shut or ope the doors of heav'n,  
Communicate his grace:  
We but elude each vulgar soul:  
Palm on their judgment bras for gold:  
Foul insult of grimace.

51. Nay more than this — 'tis downright GUILE:  
Not worthy bare neglect or smile:  
'Tis guile of deepest dye:

\* See *Acts* ii. 42. O what a picture of a *Christian* church!  
— had the church of *Rome* preserved *this* system *uncorrupt* ---  
there had been no *Reformation* ---- had the church of *England*  
done it, there had been no *dissention* ---- and if the *Methodists*  
maintain it, there will be no *division*.

Abhorr'd of reason and of God,  
It merits his vindictive rod,  
    And irritates his eye.

52. First to impose YOURSELVES as THEY  
Whose beck the sacred gifts obey,  
    Of knowledge or of faith:  
Abuse the senseless multitude,  
Of proud, or light, or vain, or lewd,  
    Heirs of eternal wrath.

53. As if how base or vile before,  
They now were vile or base no more:  
    Endu'd with grace divine:  
Pardon'd their trespasses and sin,  
From guilt, offence or judgment clean:  
    A spotless, sacred line!

54. Yet view their tempers or their lives:  
Would one suppose that e'er survives  
    A thought of heav'n or hell?  
When erst they came, or march'd their way,  
How rude — how light — how vain — how gay!  
    How — any thing you will.

55. O what absurdity of thought!  
What wonder all returns to nought?  
    The source from whence it came:  
Or more than nought — it ends a CURSE,  
When proves the whole (if nothing worse)  
    A senseless, noon-day dream!

56. And how should it be otherwise,  
When nothing's heard but sacred LIES?  
    Nay more — when thanks are giv'n,

That maugre all their guilt and sin,  
They're each regenerate and clean,  
Ascertain'd heirs of heav'n!

57. See here the close of all the farce:  
It's baleful consequence rehearse,  
(O what a fearful scene!)  
With pride and careless fancy warm'd,  
The multitudes disperse — CONFIRM'D,  
In IGNORANCE and SIN!

58. To close at length this tedious plan,  
Of all thy nonsense proud and vain,  
These two objections more:  
Reserv'd the last, to grace the whole,  
As what of all best paint thy soul:  
(A part how soft and sore!)

59. " Thy ABBIES huge, MINSTERS and CHOIRS,  
" Lin'd with a range of pond'rous fires,  
" That look like things abroad\*:"  
Who lean or loll, or sit, or stand,  
As best agrees with heart or hand,  
Or head — dispos'd to nod.

\* In the abby at DURHAM, the *Dean* and *Chapter* wear not the *similar*, but very *identical* garments that their *predecessors* (the *Popish* priests) wore there about 200 years ago --- and I think *such* figures they must make, as are seldom to be met with --- unless in those countries, where their *profession*, as well as *practice*, is really *papistical*. --- what would these gentlemen say, if any of the *dissenters* were deck'd up in this manner, and have they not a *right*? Nay, would not *those* who turn to the *Church* for hire or reward, put on *these* upon the very same motive?

60. Fronting their EASTERN deity,  
 Who had he spectacles to see,  
 Their WORSHIPFUL intent:  
 Might peep himself behind the screen,  
 And with his godlike air and mien,  
 Return the compliment.
61. THESE († they pretend) are such a weight,  
 “About the neck of church and state,  
 “That if not hang’d ELSEWHERE,  
 “Will either sink them to the DEEP,  
 “Or tost aloft like down of sheep,  
 “Up-mount THEM into air!”
62. Then DISPROPORTION of thy BOONS,”  
 Wider than WAX’D from WANING moons,  
 (ROME first the difference made)  
 THIS call “my LORD” — THAT hardly “SIR,”  
 Here comes the DOCTOR blowz’d in fur,  
 But is his CURATE paid?
63. Some roll in STATE and some in dust:  
 This venison feeds — and that a crust:  
 Another basks in down:  
 His brother chance on nothing more,  
 Than wheaten bed — or humble floor,  
 Nor these (or long) his own!
64. Some move in chairs, and some on foot,  
 Well-feather’d crowns, or bald as coot,  
 Expos’d to heat or cold:  
 One plaits his lawn — this pares his nails,  
 One tells his griefs — a fourth his vails,  
 Of COPPER or of GOLD.

† The *Dissenters*.

65. Such the dire contrast of thy CALL,  
 And yet alike divine of ALL!  
 Why not more equal PAY?  
 If all are thine — why then so FEW,  
 Who hardly find so much their DUE,  
 As stable-room or hay?
66. I'll tell thee WHY — (for THOU may'st shame)  
 Thy PREDECESSORS were to blame,  
 Who FORG'D this RIGHT DIVINE:  
 With what intent — but to defraud  
 The poor, the naked, and their GOD,  
 And aggrandize their shrine?
67. O such a plea for STOLEN wealth!  
 No wonder as it came by STEALTH,  
 What each can get his OWN!  
 Or what he grasps his RIGHT believes,  
 Shar'd like the moiety of THIEVES,  
 Some ALL and others NONE!
68. In short, they all get all they can:  
 Would grasp POTOSI at a span,  
 Or stride th' ÆQUATOR'D line:  
 And tho' at last but MOD'RATE gains,  
 LECTURE or LIVING for their pains,  
 Yet, THIS is right DIVINE!
69. Another happier — fastens more,  
 Robs friends, the widow, or the poor,  
 (Such THY permissive will!)  
 He plays, or sports, retails, or shoots,  
 LACKERS my lord — PROCURES, or votes:  
 THIS is DIVINER still.



70. A THIRD — more fortunate than BOTH,  
 (Fell dread or envy of the CLOTH  
     Such HIS effectual call !)  
 SOMEHOW — procures a DEANERY,  
 A GOLDEN-PREBEND or a SEE:  
     THIS — most divine of ALL !
71. In short 'tis nothing but DIVINE,  
 Whether they swell, or burst, or pine:  
     All's sacred — all's secure !  
 O how infatuate the times,  
 When PRIESTS by subtlety or crimes,  
     Could SUCH demesnes procure !
72. HENCE then the boast of RIGHT SUPREME ?  
 Why not engross'd the AIR or FLAME ?  
     What pity but they cou'd !  
 If AIR would keep, or vend the SUN,  
 So much for breath or light per TUN:  
     As now so much for WOOD !
73. I know what's ready in return:  
 " A proper ORDER must be borne,  
     " Or all would be destroy'd:  
 " The church must have her WEALTHY fires,  
 (" This indispens'd her state requires)  
     " Down to her meanest CHILD."
74. Next " Just GRADATION is thy plea,"  
 (O SUCH a scale of harmony !)  
     A true HIERARCHAL plan !  
 So then to keep the balance EVEN,  
 This DARES, while that DISCREDITS heav'n:  
     And SCUFFLES as he can !

75. Well — and requires her DIGNITY,  
 That some should burst a PLETHORY,  
 While others scarce have BREAD?  
 Why, sure she's not a MONSTER grown,  
 Her hands and feet — and heart all one:  
 And nothing but a HEAD!
76. If this the case — all wonder ceas'd:  
 Her pains and penalties releas'd:  
 Know this — ye NORTH and SOUTH!  
 The CHURCH (whate'er to YOU she seems)  
 Depriv'd of all her FORMER limbs,  
 Is nothing but a MOUTH!
77. Feed her with lions, or with fawns,  
 With vultures wild — or tamer swans,  
 Or aught she can digest:  
 Feed her with honours, styles, and state,  
 Ye know her lore, be these her BAIT,  
 And HELL's extreme her rest!
78. But jest apart — for truth 'tis none,  
 More solemn far than broken bone,  
 Or COMMON broken HEART:  
 And THINE will break I dare to say,  
 (Whoever lives to see the day)  
 When THOU and WEALTH shall part!
79. And part ye must — nay part from ALL,  
 The MITRE, PURPLE, and the PALL:  
 Prefigure these thine END?  
 E'en tho' thy sorrows should excel,  
 The howl of HADADRIMMON's vale:  
 Or, JESSE's for his friend.

80. O were it giv'n thee thus to mourn,  
 Thy breast with keen concern to burn,  
 Thy sorrows loud deplore  
 The loss of all thy DIGNITY,  
 End of thy FAITH and PURITY:  
 Conspicuous now no more \*!

81. Address we here our last design,  
 Come listen to a friend of THINE,  
 Thy welfare his desire:  
 Permit him free to reprimand,  
 Kindly embrace thy careless hand,  
 And modestly enquire,

\* Whoever would see to the utmost advantage, the controversy (not barely between the *Dissenters* — for there is no end of *their* squabbles, but really) between Scripture, *common* sense, and *common* decency on the one side — and the *Church of England* as by *law* established on the other — debated and decided in the most *convincing* and *masterly* manner, let him only read a book, entitled “*The Dissenting Gentlemen’s Answer to the rev. Mr. White,*” (not long since gone to answer himself for having drawn over his *parish* from *their* communion, instead of their *sins* — in which, it is to be feared, *some* of them still lived and died.) A book, wrote in so *just* and *correct* a spirit, that it deserves to be printed in letters of *gold*, and worn around the neck of all the *clergy* in *England* — nor less does the most ingenious author deserve the best preferment in the *church*, if either her *gratitude* would offer it, or his *conscience* permit him to accept it—but *she* knows better, and I hope *he* does too. ---- I was born, and am like to die in her tottering *communion*, but I despise her *nonsense*, and thank *God* I have once read a book, that no fool *can* answer, and no *honest* man will --- to *this* I will readily add---  
 “*Neale’s Hist. Purit.*---*Calamy’s Hist. of ejected Ministers* ---  
 “*Bennet on the Reformation.*----*An Essay on the Character*  
 “*of Charles I.*----*The Life of that memorable man Oliver*  
 “*Cromwell,* written by a *Gentlemen of Oxford,*---- and the  
 “*rev. Mr. John Wesley’s three Appeals.*”

82. Is all this TRUTH — or is it not?

With mickle more that might be brought,  
 If pity did not sue,  
 And beg the Muse to say no more,  
 Lest found so like the SCARLET-WHORE,  
 Ye scarce were known for two.

83. Nor wou'd you now — but those who RULE,  
 Kindly prevent your turning FOOL,

As they have often done:  
 Nay really were it not a sin,  
 To wed — who are so near a kin,  
 For ME, you might be ONE.

84. Not that this need break any square,  
 SHE can, ye know, with graceful air,

The CHASTEEST laws postpone:  
 Widest extremes together tye,  
 Much more the TWO that are so nigh:  
 CONSOLIDATE in ONE.

85. As YOU again from HER decree,  
 Have frequent molten TWO from THREE\*,

For profit or for ease:  
 And then dissolve, for gain or will,  
 When there remains as many still,  
 For any that can seize.

\* As I know a certain *dignified* divine did, not long since, even when his own hands were as full as they could hold; --- whereby a valuable, and *useful* man was deprived of his expectation, and in some measure of his *right*. Pray now, when a wretch acts in this manner, does not it shew the nature of a *pig*? and ought such a disposition to be indulged in a church established by *law*?

86. But this is the OPPOSER's tale,  
 Now hear a friend that bids thee well,  
 One in thy circle born :  
 Permit HIM too to deal as plain,  
 As THOU hast done with many a man,  
 And ask THEE in thy turn.

87. Not with the threats of racks or noose,  
 Such as thy KINSWOMAN would use,  
 To torture out the truth :  
 But such as one might freely do,  
 With one's best friend -- as I with you,  
 Thou gentle virgin-youth.

88. Yet ah ! what little hope I see,  
 That e'er thy sons will follow me,  
 In ALL OR AUGHT I mean :  
 As soon may THAMES o'er-freeze in JUNE,  
 Hoarse ravens croak the SYREN's tune,  
 Or, CANTIA's \* streets be clean !

89. Sooner shall SHYLOCK hate his GOLD :  
 ARABIA's sands burn frore with COLD :  
 The PLANETS burst their rule :

\* The *capital* or *metropolis* of the county of KENT, (in *Latin*, CANTIUM) which I have been told is (with the city, &c. of York) most remarkable for its *dirtiness*, as the *precincts* of its *cathedral* for their *darkness*. --- What pity a *severe* act of *parliament* does not compel them *both* to do *that*, which neither *common* conveniency, humanity, reputation nor *decorum* ever did yet, or ever *will* without it !

From AVON's tide old NAIADS spring:  
 A BLAKE — or BLAKENEY fly like B\*\*\* †:  
 Or CH—ST—RF—LD turn-FOOL!

90. However — be my end despair,  
 'Twill make at least my REVERENCE clear,  
 And 'tis a debt I owe:  
 In case I think thee false or wrong,  
 To tell thee so, in GENTLE song,  
 Tho' not the half I know.

91. Why feign we then our warp from HER,  
 As cringing hounds afraid to stir,  
 Or, growling dare not bark?  
 For what's the difference that's seen,  
 But little more than that between  
 The PARISH-PRIEST and CLERK?

92. What says the faucy PAPAL dame,  
 But BRITISH canons say the same,  
 Or, would repeat again?  
 Let ROME but thunder out her BULLS,  
 'Gainst heretic, dissenting culls,  
 And ENGLAND cries "AMEN!"

93. Away then all thy specious boast,  
 Of BELLS, and BEADS, and BODKINS lost:  
 Thou farther must depart,

† An eminent *sea*-commander, who once sav'd the *British*-*fleet* from the barbarous designs of a merciless and inveterate enemy ---- whom he set at defiance by the dextrous disposition of his sails and rigging ---- but for which *signal* piece of service, he was *sometime* under his discontented country's disgrace. See his own letter dated May 25, off *Minorca*. ----  
*Anno --- quo scriptum est.*

Or, maugre all thy form of PURE,  
Thy visage prim, or mien demure,  
Be deem'd a JILT at heart.

94. If then thou would'st thy fame retrieve,  
Nor scandal of thy children live,  
Who mourn a PARENT's fall:  
Not THIS or THAT the bar removes,  
But ALL thy scarlet sifter loves,  
'The PRISON \* as the PALL.

95. But if thou wilt nor leave nor mend,  
Persisting fondly to the end,  
To boast thy PONTIFF line:  
Assert thy claim to TYTHES and dues,  
And punish such as dare refuse,  
On score of RIGHT DIVINE.

96. Permit me to foretel thy DOOM,  
(Which has in PART — been that of ROME)  
Thou wilt be clean abhorr'd:  
The NATION will expose thy shame,  
Cast out as dung thy putrid name,  
The vengeance of the LORD!

\* I almost query *who* is the greatest criminal, the rev. Mr. T. who threw poor *John Little* into prison, or those trusty friends of *Quakers*, who permit him to lie in, as he has done for some years? to the *present* honour of *both* parties, and I *hope* their *future* happiness and applause. I really think that next to a case in *Canterbury*, where a poor woman has lain in a *common* jail, for about sixteen years, (half the time, it seems, at a *particular* friend's request) for a debt contracted by the industry of the *spiritual* court ---- I hardly know one that wears such an aspect of *equity* and *benevolence*! but it must be *death*, I believe, (and not the *law*,) or private humanity, that must set either of them at liberty.

97. For while her ORDERS and her RULES,  
 Are made the STANDARD of thy SCHOOLS:  
 And all beside of BLAME:  
 What OTHER portion canst thou hope,  
 But that the WISE should give thee up,  
 Her APE — without her NAME?
98. Nor deem this sentence false or hard,  
 Depictur'd thus by WITLESS bard,  
 As BLASPHEMY were done:  
 What milder judgment CAN prevail,  
 Than that the church of ENGLAND's pale,  
 And ROME's (not CHRIST's) are ONE?
99. Complain not then, as if defam'd:  
 As had traduc'd — or causeless blam'd,  
 The writer or his Muse:  
 Is not the whole as fair and calm,  
 As zephyr'd breeze or vernal balm?  
 'Tis SATYR — not ABUSE.
100. And that you know, is always mild:  
 It's wound the man — it's aim the CHILD:  
 Tho' like a ponyard sharp:  
 Or, like an ORGAN fill'd and warm,  
 Blends with the thunder's loud alarm,  
 The sweetness of the harp.
101. Or, like a high-bred, generous HORSE,  
 That bounds or canters o'er the course,  
 With front undaunt as gay:  
 So would my Muse — her temper hold,  
 Champ on the bit, serene as bold,  
 Good-humour'd all the way.



102. But maugre this, I know there are,  
 Who rash will deem us too SEVERE,  
 If not alike UNTRUE:  
 To these, we must a while reply,  
 Unconscious of DESIGN or LYE:  
 A moment then adieu.
103. Severe in WHAT — we crave to know?  
 What more severe than what THEY do,  
 Of whom we here complain?  
 Can you resent a BASER deed,  
 Than THEIRS who made their CALL a TRADE,  
 Or GODLINESS — their GAIN?
104. Can you bewail more heinous crimes  
 Than THEIRS — who vilely serve the times,  
 THEMSELVES alone regard?  
 Who eat the fatness of the land,  
 And FRONTLESS ask at ev'ry hand  
 The lucre of reward!
105. Cry — “ Look on us — lo! WE are they,  
 “ Who can alone point out the way  
 “ To happiness and life:”  
 Strangers themselves to all beside,  
 Attach'd to indolence and pride,  
 Or, MAMMON's eager strife!
106. Who preach THEMSELVES and not their LORD,  
 THEIR OWN, and not HIS sacred word,  
 It's SPIRIT or it's POW'R:  
 Spout forth the dreams of other men,  
 Or of their own — as dull or vain:  
 Fast barr'd the gospel door!

107. Who CAUPONIZE the word of grace:  
 Then with the air of high grimace  
     Bid you "Do THIS and LIVE:"  
 Harden the vile, or wound the meek,  
 Raise not the dead—nor heal the sick:  
     Nor bid the faint—revive.
108. Confirm the sinner in his sin,  
 So that he shall not turn again,  
     Nor leave the widen'd road  
 Of guilt, and danger, and despair,  
 Careless his thought, unmov'd his care,  
     For happiness or GOD.
109. Shut up their bowels of concern,  
 From all on whom should sweetly yearn,  
     Their pity or their love:  
 Hide all compassion from THEIR OWN,  
 Flesh of their flesh, bone of their bone,  
     But FELLOW-HEIRS above!
110. Are THESE the men you would excuse?  
 Condemn their censure for ABUSE,  
     What can more mild be done,  
 Than GRAVELY to arraign their DEED,  
 BOLDLY—their insolence implead?  
     Less sharp than just the tone.
111. How more severe what SOON may break  
 In thunder's loud, concussive crack  
     O'er ev'ry guilty head:  
 Fill ev'ry heart with deep amaze,  
 While the keen lightning's livid blaze,  
     Shall sweep them to the dead!

112. Saw ye THIS fight, wou'd ye condemn  
 MY softer Muse — ner ARDOR blame,  
 As impious or severe?  
 Would ye not with a LOUDER strain  
 Had first alarm'd the slumbring train,  
 And REALIZ'D their fear?
113. But ye think — “ SATYR will not do.”  
 Says MINE a syllable untrue?  
 What but a fair record  
 Of deeds perverse, and actions done  
 Before HIS eyes (who lights the sun!)  
 And sharper than a SWORD?
114. What are his judgments NOW abroad?  
 What all th' artillery of GOD,  
 (Loud echoes of his call!)  
 But his rebuke for HUMAN crimes?  
 Censur'd the PAST and PRESENT times:  
 Grand SATYRS on us ALL!
115. What human PAINS and PENALTIES,  
 But LEGAL censures to make wise,  
 Or keep the FOOL in awe?  
 What the dire ensigns in her hand,  
 Stern JUSTICE waves o'er all the land,  
 But SATYRS of the LAW?
116. What all the censure of this pen,  
 On TIMES, on MANNERS, or on MEN,  
 Unjustly term'd “ ABUSE,”  
 But the weak arm of INFANCY,  
 Waving her reed at INFAMY:  
 The SATYR of the MUSE?

117. And what the plain intent of ALL,  
 But to prevent a farther fall  
 From VIRTUE and from REST:  
 Convince the rebel of his sin,  
 Secure his soul from FINAL pain,  
 High number'd with the BLEST?
118. To this object — “THEIR warm resent,”  
 Wide of the end or just intent,  
 Of satyr or it's aim:  
 Fill'd with disgust — refuse to turn,  
 Or fir'd with proud resentment burn,  
 Or glory in their shame.
119. WHOM have we satyriz'd — unspar'd?  
 Or, WHOM have we undaunted dar'd  
 To cauterize with fear?  
 None but the villain or profane:  
 The proud, the faucy, or the vain:  
 Impartial — tho' severe.
120. None but the insolent at least:  
 The hypocrite or surly priest:  
 The tyrant or the slave.  
 Of parties, interests, pique, or names:  
 Alike their honesty or aims:  
 The bigot or the knave.
121. O'er WHOM has wav'd our gentle rod,  
 But such as scorn the scourge of GOD?  
 Yet tempt the lifted hand  
 Of justice human or divine:  
 Serving an idol or their shrine:  
 Defilers of the land.

122. Nor has the Muse ingrate pass'd by  
 The men of mean estate or high,  
 Pure, and upright, or good:  
 But in their different ranks dispos'd,  
 Their virtue or their grace disclos'd,  
 To mortals and their God.

123. Who now should blush? the Muse or they  
 Who warn'd, advis'd, yet spurn away  
 The writer and his rod?  
 Yet what to marvel here as strange,  
 When each alike refuse to change  
 For JUSTICE or her God?

124. What strange to see a wretch resist  
 The hand DIVINE — or (as a beast,  
 Wild taken in the snare,)  
 Bluster, blaspheme, revile, rebel,  
 As plung'd beneath the lowest hell,  
 Fast pris'ner of despair!

125. What strange to see a THIEF condemn  
 The judge, the witness, or the beam,  
 Suspensive of his doom?  
 What is yet this but WRATH to hear  
 His sentence? — insolence of fear,  
 At judgment yet to come!

126. What else THEIR anger or disdain,  
 The pride of fury and it's pain,  
 At villainy disclos'd?  
 But servile dread, unjust as base,  
 Their rage canine (how plain the case!)  
 As punish'd or expos'd.

127. No difference too 'twixt US and THEM  
 Who indiscriminately blame  
     As serv'd or lost their END?  
 Let all alike at random go,  
 Or deal the hard unequal'd blow,  
     On enemy or friend.
128. No difference 'twixt MY muse and THOSE  
 Who envious or enrag'd expose  
     The frailties of a FEW?  
 Or warp'd with malice or design,  
 Blast, or besiege, or undermine  
     The fame of all they know?
129. Are not YOU one who here condemn  
 For too severe — the general blame,  
     As levell'd at the WHOLE?  
 Wilfully blind to the barrier  
 High fix'd with JUSTICE as with care,  
     Between the fair and foul.
130. Are not YOU one wise in YOUR OWN,  
 (Alike familiars as unknown)  
     Are blind with BOTH your eyes?  
 Govern'd by passion, pride, or spleen,  
 Oft see no difference between,  
     Or friends or enemies.
131. But with the weather or the wind,  
 Alike to fix or change inclin'd,  
     So various thy mood:  
 Prone now to CENSURE or to SMILE,  
 How base the great! how pure the vile!  
     How profligate the good!

132. What this but whim or low revenge,  
Harsh turning on the grating hinge  
Of prejudice or pride?  
Full of herself, yet easy tost  
From side to side — with all her boast,  
Too impotent to hide.
133. Nay — let them call your DOG a name,  
'Tis well if not provok'd SOME flame:  
SOME well-bred warm return:  
Would not SOME keen sensations rise,  
SOME sparks of fervor dart thine eyes,  
SOME secret ardor burn?
134. Would here escape the CHURCH or PRIEST,  
Who thus abus'd a harmless beast:  
A favourite of his DAME?  
I much mistake — all would not share  
Their part in the resentive pray'r,  
Of tenderness and flame!
135. How justly then provok'd our zeal,  
For ZION's or the PUBLICK weal:  
Ardent her sons to save!  
But least of those who mourn her fall,  
And aid with their inferior call,  
Her rescue from the grave.
136. Nor plead the impotence of MINE,  
Far less concern'd to please or shine,  
Than to avert HER Doom:  
'Tis but humanity — nor more  
To seek her ruins to restore:  
E'en SATYR may save SOME.

137. May mine save you — who would abuse,  
 Destroy it's nature and it's use:

    When take away the ILL:  
 You quite annihilate of course  
 The end, the genius, and the force  
 Of SATYR and her quill.

138. But while the villainy remains  
 Deep in it's dye and bright it's stains,  
 Unpunish'd nor pursu'd:  
 She still unsheathes the two-edg'd sword,  
 (The DOUBLE favour of her word)  
 For ruin or for good.

139. Or like an EAGLE — mounts on high,  
 Self-center'd in the sun's bright eye,  
 Where ken'd the prey her own:  
 Broad as the light, clear as the day,  
 She points and seizes on her prey:  
 A DUNGHILL — or a THRONE!

140. Or like a graceful well-taught HAND,  
 Whose fingers move at her command,  
 Eager to fire or please:  
 She plays around her living pen,  
 Impartial, accurate, serene,  
 With sprightliness and ease.

141. MALICE — low creeping on the ground,  
 A serpent-fly, malicious found,  
 Haunts but the fens or brakes:  
 Hisses at MAN — her FIRST distaste,  
 Doubles her folds then seeks in haste  
 Her brethren the SNAKES.



142. So THESE with envious pride or hate,  
Or flatter or despise the great,  
The virtuous or the good :  
Or kindred mingle with the vile,  
Altern their horror or their smile :  
A hissing, winding brood !
143. But where thus partial or malign ?  
Where or of pique or sect the sign,  
Or FALSE distinction known ?  
The portrait may be just and strong,  
But what improbity or wrong,  
That EACH should trace HIS OWN ?
144. Nor less the care to steer between  
The bombast swell or vulgar mean :  
Come draw thy wooden sword :  
Point with it's dull unpointed blade,  
The base reflection falsely made,  
Or one ILL-NATUR'D word.
145. Sprightly and blithe she may appear :  
And well — as freed from ev'ry care  
That could extort a frown :  
Depress the genius of the Muse,  
Or squeeze a lying vile excuse,  
Her SENSES not her own.
146. Much less has she condemn'd the WHOLE :  
Ten thousand bodies as one soul :  
One undistinguish'd blend :  
But just defin'd the separate bound,  
Has left on the unhallow'd ground  
His minions and the fiend !

147. Nay here we might without excuse,  
 Or feeblest shadow of abuse,  
     Pronounce “the WHOLE — unclean :”  
 Just as a PATIENT sore diseas’d,  
 All whom the leprosy has seiz’d,  
     Save that untouch’d his SHIN.
148. Come — view that yonder dunghill there:  
 Go fetch a spade full of it here:  
     “ ’Twas there a DIAMOND fell :”  
 Allow’d — but what infer’d from hence?  
 Howe’er it sprang, or came, or whence,  
     What but a DUNGHILL still?
149. So is the CHURCH — a blended heap  
 Of DEAD in SIN or DEAD in SLEEP,  
     Wanton or dull their mood:  
 But shall the FEW (like diamonds found)  
 On rotten, vile, unhallow’d ground,  
     Denominate her GOOD?
150. As well esteem a MUMMY such,  
 That fair, yet dreads the fatal touch  
     Of gentlest infant-hand:  
 Or, close preserv’d with trembling care,  
 Left some small breeze of lightest air  
     Should mold it on the strand.
151. Equal the folly and abuse,  
 Of JUSTICE servile to excuse  
     A GROUP for some alone:  
 As to condemn or censure all,  
 (Without distinction great and small)  
     For little more than ONE.

152. Now go survey that yonder mass,  
Mingled with straws, or stones, or grafs:  
See HERE the brilliants shine!  
This makes a difference indeed,  
We now pronounce (another creed)  
“No DUNGHILL — but a MINE.”
153. So shall the CHURCH — when purg'd her SCUM,  
Her papal dross of pomp and ROME,  
Her rottenness and shrine:  
Tho' still remain a FEW unsound,  
Still shall be SACRED held her ground,  
And all her sons DIVINE.
154. For this my heart shall often bleed,  
For this my spirit interceed,  
For this my eye run down:  
In secret places will I mourn,  
Her faded laurels late return,  
Her worship and renown!
155. Hail then again thou portly dame,  
Attend the ruin of thy fame,  
Attend thy certain doom:  
Precinctive sure and unrepell'd,  
While aught unconsecrate is held,  
Of popery and ROME.
156. Hast thou not heard, hast thou not known,  
The trumpet of her vengeance blown,  
From high PROPHETIC word:  
On HER and all who share her CRIMES:  
Pamper the spirit of her times?  
The vengeance of the LORD!

157. And is not yet HER genius found  
 Within thy courts unhallow'd ground?

Do not HER ensigns shine,  
 As standards blazing from on far,  
 The tokens of PONTIFIC war,  
 On all who quit thy shrine?

158. What then in reason to presume,  
 But partial crimes—a partial DOOM,  
 Of misery and woe:

Or unrepenting—share the fall  
 Of ROME's elate imperial wall,  
 GOD's high decisive blow!

159. Now struck at LISBON and her sons,  
 Proud, cruel, sanguinary dons,  
 Of insolence and blood:

Where rag'd the tyrant and the priest,  
 Fell members of the papal beast,  
 The curse and scourge of GOD.

160. Now scourg'd themselves with livid flame,  
 High blazing forth their horrid shame,  
 From earth's unburthen'd womb:

Burst with the load so long retain'd,  
 Nor till this period restrain'd,  
 But GOD secur'd the tomb.

161. Now opens wide the yawning earth,  
 Teeming with souls (a second birth)

Their ashes new reviv'd:  
 A moment view the ghastly pile,  
 Now burnt or levell'd with the soil,  
 Where once their tortures liv'd.

162. The spot where late tremendous flood,  
 The house of MERCY and of BLOOD,  
 A den of PONTIFF thieves:  
 Devote to insolence and gain,  
 The cave of horror and her pain,  
 Hell's tyrants and her slaves.
163. WHERE, nor sweet liberty nor peace,  
 Dar'd shew their undissembled face,  
 E'en THOUGHT herself confin'd  
 Within the limits of DISGUISE,  
 Looks the impostor in her eyes:  
 CORRUPT as RACK'D their mind!
164. WHERE bright religion never shone,  
 But with her squalid garments on,  
 Of horror and dismay:  
 Stalk'd like a murderer in despair,  
 Or with the witchcraft of her glare,  
 Put out the blaze of day!
165. WHERE nought but avarice of gain,  
 The lore of torture and it's pain.  
 Hot fierce PONTIFIC zeal:  
 Ravag'd like monsters all around,  
 While howling agonies were found,  
 Unequall'd but in HELL!
166. A matchless rival of that den,  
 (Deep from the sight of human ken)  
 Where FIENDS with torture glow,  
 Rattle their chains of ADAMANT,  
 And with infernal Gnashings taunt  
 The partners of their woe!

167. Now vast augmented by a crew,  
 Of dark, blood-thirsty, crimson hue,  
 Fell murderers of mankind:  
 Haters of GOD and of his race,  
 Now basking in the livid blaze,  
 Excruciate as confin'd.
168. Prisoners of judgment and despair,  
 Their eyes the living anguish glare,  
 Quick rolls the tortur'd ball:  
 Swift darts around her piercing ray,  
 Unview'd the light or beam of day,  
 Or hope that comes to all.
169. No longer now their state ador'd,  
 For ever blasted and abhorr'd  
 Their cruelty and scorn:  
 No longer vaulting o'er the groans,  
 Of nature's agonizing sons,  
 Unpity'd and forlorn.
170. No longer gauls the heavy chain  
 Her prisoner's feet with iron pain:  
 No more the merc'less WHEEL,  
 Stretches the victim from his joints,  
 While mockery all his torment points,  
 His torturers now in hell.
171. Here write the memorable day \*,  
 When GOD for ever swept away  
 These varlets from the earth:  
 When vengeance teeming with despair,  
 Struck them beneath the burning sphere,  
 First fountain of their birth.

\* Nov. 1. being ALL-SAINTS day, in the year 1755.

172. A day of torture and of pain,  
When souls a sacrifice are slain,  
    To murderers and their God:  
A day of cruelty and scorn:  
A day when unhelp'd wretches burn:  
    Of blasphemy and blood!
173. A day devoted to his SAINTS,  
Not one — but ALL — while eager pants  
    The bigot and his priest:  
To light the high sacrificial pile,  
The PAINTED sufferers revile  
    THEIR agonies—their JEST.
174. A day when warm with furious hope,  
Their dark, blood-thirsty eyes look up,  
    As waiting to behold  
HEAVEN'S judge assisting with his train,  
Ten thousand deep — prophetic strain,  
    Of ENOCH from of old:
175. Ah dire mistake! (the contrast hear,  
Throb ev'ry heart — hark ev'ry ear)  
    On high enroll'd the deed!  
But not APPROV'D — the faints resign  
Their grand prerogative divine:  
    Stand DEMONS in their stead!
176. Not to ADJUDGE — but to fulfil  
His stern, unalterable will,  
    High thunder'd from his throne:  
“ That THEY who sought themselves the blood,  
“ Of weeping victims to their GOD,  
    “ Should now pour forth their own.”

177. And more than this, “ should bleed at heart,  
 “ And bleed for ever from the smart  
 “ Of vengeance and despair :”  
 The demons bow’d, and hugg’d their charge,  
 A moment loos’d, they range at large,  
 And throng the thick’ning air.
178. Now rose the SUN in bright array,  
 Threw round his eyes of piercing day,  
 With JUSTICE at his side :  
 Survey’d the death-devoted crew,  
 “ These, thou avenger, are thy due,  
 “ The sons of lust and pride.”
179. Justice had long stretch’d out his arm,  
 But MERCY, bleeding mercy warm,  
 With pity for the land :  
 Besought a moment to refrain  
 The stroke of full decisive pain,  
 And stopt HIS eager hand :
180. Arm’d with the sword of deep revenge :  
 Mercy — slow turning on her hinge,  
 The everlasting door :  
 Now final shut, for ever barr’d,  
 Their future cries and groans unheard :  
 GOD merciful no more !
181. Justice survey’d the destin’d prey,  
 Listen’d awhile the frantic lay,  
 Of madmen and their theme :  
 Silent review’d their black design,  
 Then in a moment sprung the mine :  
 GOD’s grand vindictive scheme.



182. Vengeance for crimes of various dye,  
 Whose hue had blacken'd all the sky,  
 Drew o'er their threaten'd heads  
 The clouds of judgment and dismay,  
 While MERCY weeping march'd her way,  
 And left them at their BEADS :
183. And — at their SINS (devout or not)  
 Nor GOD nor judgment in their thought,  
 No CHARITY at least:  
 But all a black ill-minded brood,  
 They ask, they seek, they pant for blood,  
 Fell offspring of the BEAST !
184. Leaves each his palace or his cell,  
 To help condemn to deepest hell,  
 His brother or his friend:  
 Silent or loud approve the deed,  
 Sees a companion broil or bleed:  
 Their torments without end.
185. All on the point precinctive stand,  
 Black rows of PRIESTS on either hand,  
 Their standard high uprear'd:  
 See clouds of rabble — each his torch,  
 Blazing with eagerness to scorch,  
 Or give the DOGS a beard\*.
186. See ev'ry heart and ev'ry eye,  
 With joy infern, elate on high,  
 See flocks of demons croud:

\* This is the phrase that is made use of, when with their *lighted* torches they singe the faces of such as are fasten'd to the STAKE.

See trembling caitiffs meet array'd,  
 Their life, their blood, an off'ring made,  
 To MOLOCH, — LISBON'S God.

187. Made — but yet only in intent,  
 Their death and their DAMNATION meant,  
 (Doom of the papal whore)  
 Fond they suppose themselves the men,  
 Whom JUSTICE follow'd with her train,  
 But JUSTICE was before.

188. Before with them and with their crime :  
 Now is HER hour and now HER time,  
 HER turn to strike the blow :  
 She did — and dashes with her hand,  
 A group of villains to the land  
 Of everlasting woe.

189. Big with amazement and the guilt  
 Of past, as with the blood unspilt,  
 But only in design :  
 They rush amain (O what a leap)  
 And headlong plunge the soundless DEEP,  
 Beneath the wrath divine.

190. DEVILS in arms to see them come,  
 With raptur'd horror make them room,  
 Their portion now the same :  
 Burning with joy they whet their taste,  
 While broiling FURIES dress the feast,  
 High roasted in the flame.

191. O what a rapture of repast,  
 E'en DEVILS have their fill at last,  
 And gorge them to the full :

Feed on the flesh of torturing PRIESTS,  
(Fatten'd themselves 'ike slaughter'd beasts)  
And scrap'd their very skull.

192. How just THEIR judgment from on high,  
Who just before had doom'd to die,  
The guiltless or the good !  
Scorch'd with the flames themselves had made,  
For ever blazing o'er their head :  
Hell's panders and her food!

193. Come hither all ye feather'd fowl,  
Ye spirits damn'd that flying howl,  
Around the dark domain :  
Perch on your long intended prey,  
Or in your talons bear away  
To realms of deeper pain.

194. Spare ye not them, they spar'd not here  
The tortur'd groan, or falling tear,  
Fast dropping from the eyes  
Of souls tormented to their death,  
Crackt or their limbs, suffus'd their breath,  
Unseen or mock'd their cries.

195. Nor this the whole that justice saw,  
By all contemn'd the common law,  
Of equity and love :  
Fond of revenge, of guile and death,  
Invok'd her judgment from beneath,  
Her vengeance from above !

196. A land of blood, and pride, and ease,  
Careless and settled on her lees,  
Unmov'd as unrefin'd :

Enslav'd her court to fraud and lies,  
 Brilliant HER diamonds and her vice,  
 And trifling as the wind.

197. Her prince unshaken at the groans  
 Of hapless widows and their sons,  
 The virgin or her fire :  
 Saw them unhelp'd (how helpless HE !\*)  
 To BAAL bow the trembling knee,  
 Or in the flames expire.

198. Expire for what? for lust or blood?  
 No, but for honouring their GOD  
 Beyond an IDOL's shrine :  
 Prefer'd the PATRIARCH to the SAINT :  
 The warm APOSTLE to the paint  
 Of priestcraft and her line.

199. For THESE—what blood has not been shed!  
 What eyes not wept — what hearts not bled !  
 What sorrows have not howl'd !  
 Hast THOU not seen ! hast thou not heard !  
 (My COUNTRY for a moment spar'd)  
 Or hast thou not been told ?

200. Yes thou hast heard and seen it too,  
 And is not HALF her doom THY due,  
 The Part'ners of her TRADE ?  
 And HALF her Crimes — as all suppress  
 The NATIVE candour of thy breast,  
 Uncrush'd the horrid deed !

\* See the publick accounts, where the very *King* himself be-  
 moans his situation — as being without a house, without at-  
 tendants, and without *bread*!

201. Had ALBION but stretched out her hand,  
Her SENATE grac'd the high command,  
Petition'd to cast down  
The cruel dome of LUST and BLOOD:  
E'en LISBON longer might have stood,  
Or milder ruin known.
202. Yet ALBION's sons heard all her cries,  
E'en ALBION turn'd away her eyes,  
And stop'd her tingling ears:  
Smote with the glitter of her gain,  
She view'd oblique the victim's pain,  
Nor wip'd away his tears.
203. But why should ALBION interpose?  
ALBION the wise — why SHE disclose  
Her secret disgust?  
At hazard of her own repute:  
Her INTEREST barter or commute,  
For virtue or for dust?
204. Suffic'd if not her LEAVE for trade?  
Or aught THEIR luxury had made  
Expedient or esteem'd?  
What OURS to do with racks or fire?  
She only saw their sons expire;  
Or pitied UNREDEEMED!
205. This GOD beheld — and saw it long:  
JUSTICE survey'd the sanguine throng,  
And waited their return:  
But all in vain — her wearied arm  
Impatient struck with short alarm,  
They tremble, howl, and burn!

206. See now a CAPITAL in flames !  
 See NOBLES (once distinguish'd names)  
 Just blended with the vile :  
 All in one common ruin thrown,  
 While stately palaces rush down,  
 And aggrandize the pile ?
207. E'en TAGUS lifts her tumid tide,  
 As fill'd with horror at their pride ;  
 And all her banks o'erflow'd :  
 As indignation swell'd her stream,  
 To vindicate her MAKER's name ;  
 Forerunner of his ROD !\*
208. Feels CADIZ next the horrid shock,  
 Shakes from the basis of her rock :  
 What tremulous amaze !  
 With dread awaits the rushing sound  
 Of flames emerging from the ground,  
 Or SODOM's falling blaze !
209. The dire concussion spreads abroad,  
 E'en MADRID trembles at the rod :  
 High waving o'er her head !  
 Shriek HERE the victims bleeding cries,  
 While vile INQUISITORS despise  
 The living and the dead !

\* It is highly observable that this *river* rose to a very remarkable height a few hours before the *earthquake* ; so that had it been but duly attended to, some might have escaped, and others, tho' they had perish'd, might nevertheless not have perish'd in their SIN!

210. WHERE rich and poor (alike their slave)  
 With bending fervile meannefs crave  
 A blessing from their tongue :  
 Inur'd to fawning and deceit,  
 They stoop or stooping kiss their feet :  
 Their idol and their song !
211. Bow to their shrine of pride and blood :  
 Adore the PRIEST — blaspheme their GOD :  
 To tyranny inur'd :  
 Shudder the RACK — yet kiss the hand,  
 That in a moment may command  
 THEMSELVES to be immur'd.
212. WHERE all humanity's destroy'd,  
 The strongest ties of nature void ;  
 HERE no distinction known :  
 Alike their bigotry and zeal ;  
 A FATHER (for the CHURCH's weal)  
 Arraigns or stabs his SON.
213. The daughter from her mother torn,  
 Her innocence must yield or burn :  
 Heard HERE no virgin-cries :  
 Fast in the hands of DEMON-priests  
 As devils hard and foul as beasts ;  
 She GUILTLESS sins — and dies.
214. For these, and crimes like these unknown,  
 JUSTICE shall shake th' ESCURIAL throne :  
 Nor always stand unpaid,  
 The sanguine debt of poor PERU ;  
 Their BLOOD as once their gold — her DUE :  
 And register'd their dead !

215. For this the arm of VENGEANCE bar'd  
 Without distinction or regard,  
     (For all approve the crime :)  
 Shall deal the thunders awful sound :  
 While livid light'nings scorch the ground:  
     And terrify her clime.
216. Barren as now their minds of grace,  
 Be then their land of herb or grass ;  
     The food of beasts or men :  
 Heaven's iron canopy severe  
 Shall leave e'en verdant pastures bare,  
     Nor drop the fruitful rain.
217. That fount of life — they now despise,  
 Far off remov'd elude their cries ;  
     Athirst unquench'd they pine :  
 Their NOBLES shall for hunger fail,  
 While famine ravenous as pale,  
     Consumes the pamper'd line.
218. Her PRIESTS in vile contempt array'd,  
 A hissing of the vulgar made,  
     Shall quit their sanguine LAY :  
 No more exalt their lucrous lye,  
 Themselves for ever doom'd to fly  
     Where glowing tortures play !
219. Nor these alone — but on the shores,  
 Of dull BATAVIA's greedy boors,  
     Is heard the threat'ning sound  
 Of vengeance hast'ning in her car,  
 Commenc'd the wide vindictive war,  
     Beneath the floating ground.



220. Here unrepenting shall they feel,  
 The trembling foil's concussive reel :  
 Or from the warning giv'n,  
 For ever plunge beneath the deep,  
 Involv'd in more than NATIVE sleep:  
 Death's dark asphaltic hav'n.
221. Nor for the cruelty or gain  
 Of priests — or racks distorting pain,  
 For daring to believe  
 What THESE dislike — or would impeach  
 The vile absurdities they teach ;  
 Nor base THEIR shrine receive.
222. But for their avarice of gold,  
 Their fame, and peace, and country sold  
 To perfidy and FRANCE :  
 For trampling on the SAVIOUR's name \*;  
 While scornful JAPONESE blaspheme  
 The Christians and their TRANCE !
223. For all their MERCANTILE defraud,  
 To serve the honours of their god ;  
 Vile MAMMON's molten shrine :  
 For all their cruelty and lies,  
 The yet unwip'd — unbury'd cries  
 Of BANTAM and AMBOYNE !

\* Which the *Dutch* are *universally* reported to do, by treading publickly on the *cross* at *Japan*, in token of their not being *Christians* but *Dutchmen* — (a truth as demonstrable as the light) — for which they are most cruelly censured — but I most cordially commend them — since having renounced the *gospel of Christ*, for the friendship of *mammon* — I cannot blame them for procuring as much of *this world* as they can.

224. For all her own domestic jars,  
 Her private stabs or civil wars,  
     Her PATRIOTS condemn'd :  
 Their schemes of probity oppos'd,  
 Their secrets artfully disclos'd,  
     And baffled or contemn'd.
225. Nor less the venerable Name  
 Of ORANGE and her patriot flame,  
     Inherent from her SIRE :  
 Shares the reproach of envious scorn,  
 From DUTCHMEN with their leaden horn :  
     Unquench'd the perjur'd fire.
226. Hail, widow'd PRINCESS! and thy son:  
 Heir of his father and his throne,  
     Thy genius and thy friend :  
 Lift up in hope thy hopeless eyes,  
 See brighter days precinct arise :  
     And all thy sorrows end !
227. See BRITAIN aid thy feeble hand!  
 See all her fires around thee stand :  
     BELGIA's defence and thine !  
 See perjur'd villains flee thy face :  
 The nations and their own disgrace :  
     See PROVIDENCE divine
228. Assert thy cause — his smile thy guard,  
 His hand thy shield—and thy reward,  
     The blessings of his throne :  
 See HIM prepare thy peaceful way :  
 Resum'd the triumph of the day,  
     The laurels all thine own !

229. Now ALBION thee — fairest of all!  
 Permit to join my feeble call  
 With heaven's loud alarm:  
 Attend the universal blow,  
 Let all thy sons and daughters know  
 The impartial outstretch'd arm
230. Of JUSTICE in her full career;  
 Not distant as of old but near,  
 That ALBION may attend:  
 Felt not thy coasts the fatal shock,  
 The dread divine elastic stroke  
 Of JUSTICE — YET thy friend?
231. JUSTICE — that with her loud alarm,  
 Wou'd fain thy sons with fervor warm:  
 And recollected rise  
 From out the ashes of their sin,  
 E'er her vindictive charge begin,  
 And set at nought their cries.
232. E'er MERCY — disappointed turn  
 Away her sight with weeping scorn,  
 At penitence to come:  
 Hopeless to see their morals mend,  
 His wrath appeas'd or GOD their friend:  
 And unrevok'd their doom.
233. “ But what! compare BRITANNIA's crimes,  
 With LISBON's sanguinary climes  
 Of tyranny and blood?  
 Compare HER genius meek and mild,  
 Her borders free and undefil'd  
 The favourite of GOD?”

234. "With LISBON's horrid worthless crew,  
 For whom what more reserv'd or due  
     Than vengeance and despair?  
 Region of cruelty and lies:  
 Where myriads mock the martyrs cries:  
     Nor heed the guiltless prayer."
235. "Where thousand unheard crimes are done;  
 Secret to all beneath the sun,  
     But HIS keen searching eye;  
 Equal to whom the deepest night,  
 As fairest noon's meridian light,  
     Their darkness can descry."
236. "HERE bright religion's gentle hand,  
 Waves over all her olive-wand  
     Of liberty and peace:  
 Her children smile beneath her shade,  
 Her saints in robes of truth array'd,  
     Her priests with righteousness."
237. In part allow'd — in part deny'd:  
 Or else how wisdom justify'd  
     In dealing HERE her blow?  
 Why else should BRITAIN feel the sound  
 Of distant warnings all around?  
     Prophetic strokes of woe!
238. Are not HER sins of crimson dye?  
 Is not HER smoke gone up on high?  
     HER offerings to the dead?  
 Her pride, and levity, and scorn,<sup>1</sup>  
 Her bendless neck and dauntless horn  
     High branching o'er her head?

239. What wantonness of deed and thought!  
What scenes of vice or folly wrought!  
What sacrifice of truth!  
Virtue of all the hate or smile:  
Her ancients how debas'd and vile!  
How dissolute her youth!
240. What foes to nature and their own!  
How fond of ruin — not alone  
A FATHER tells his shame:  
His children snatch the dire mistake,  
'The slender yoke in sunder break,  
And plead a PARENT's name.
241. What blasphemy of PROVIDENCE!  
His word a bauble or offence,  
To scorners and the wise:  
Prophan'd his name — despis'd his day:  
His secret warnings cast away,  
For liberty and lies.
242. For licence to walk on in sin:  
For leave to live and die therein,  
Without remorse or fear:  
High privilege of ALBION's sons,  
While each amain unbridled runs  
To ruin and despair?
243. What murmuring and discontent!  
What jealousy or base resent  
At injuries ne'er receiv'd!  
What murders, lewdness, and debauch!  
What false malevolent reproach!  
What infamy believ'd!

244. What vile indecency of pride!  
 What native proneness to deride  
     The STRANGER or the GOOD!  
 What insolence of poverty!  
 What raggedness of villany!  
     What thirstiness of blood!
245. What lust of pleasure and of sense!  
 What brutal base incontinence!  
     What idleness and strife!  
 What secret treachery and design!  
 What hard attempts to undermine,  
     Our property or life!
246. What total loss of probity!  
 What falshood — shameless perjury!  
     What appetite of gain!  
 What private stabs of harmless friends!  
 What stone unturn'd to serve their ends!  
     What mockery of pain!
247. What boldness of impertinence!  
 What plots or censure of their prince!  
     E'en BRUNSWICK feels his share:  
 (But yet not feels — or feels unseen  
 The envious malice of their spleen:  
     Their happiness his care!)
248. Hail him again — thy regal SIRE!  
 BRITAIN'S great hope — whose patriot fire  
     Enkindles all her sons!  
 Long may her scepter grace his hand:  
 Her foes confess HIS dread command,  
     Whom God himself enthrones!

249. Long may he wave the scepter'd rod,  
For ALBION's honour and her GOD  
    Long may he grace her throne:  
Till call'd from dignity and care,  
His brows a brighter lawrel wear,  
    An everlasting crown!
250. Long may his num'rous offspring shine,  
The charge of providence divine!  
    Long may his guardian hand  
Protect the num'rous rising race!  
Blest in his love enrich'd with grace  
    The darlings of the land!
251. Are these then BRITAIN's graceless crimes?  
Is this the portrait of HER times;  
    And can SHE still demand  
    " What room to fear the threaten'd woe;  
    " Of LISBON's dread, judicial blow,  
    " Re-echo'd on her land!"
252. Is not the LORD of terrors nigh?  
Is not his hand lift up on high;  
    His arrows cast abroad?—  
Drawn from the bow (elastic steel)  
To wound, consume, or drive to hell  
    The haters of their GOD!
253. Are not his kind monitions dealt?  
Why tremors or the murrain felt,  
    Among thy BESTIAL brood?  
More just as victims snatch'd away,  
Than feed thy carcase for the day  
    Of slaughter and of blood!

254. THESE die to save their LORDS from death !  
 To lengthen OURS resign THEIR breath,  
     Nay more, they die to save  
 A NATION from her death of SIN:  
 And (doom of all who dye therein)  
     An everlasting grave ! —

255. Is ALBION ignorant of this ?  
 ALBION — the stately, and the wise:  
     Can SHE untaught deny  
 The gentle lashings of his hand,  
 Or stout, beneath his vengeance stand,  
     Exalt her horn on high !

256. Can SHE refuse (from pride) to hear  
 The warning stroke of rumour'd war  
     Not DISTANT as of old:  
 But from her borders kens the hosts  
 Of murderers — hov'ring o'er her coasts ;  
     Must BRITAIN then be told,

257. “ THESE are the engines — THESE the rod:  
 The scourge vindictive from her GOD :  
     Brandish'd before her eyes ?  
 To shock the hardness of her sons,  
 To melt the marrow of their bones ;  
     And make their sorrows rise ? ”

258. “ That NATURE's self is nothing more  
 Than his artillery or store  
     Of water, air or fire :  
 Engines — from whence around are hurl'd,  
 Storms, or confusions thro' the world ;  
     The weapons of his ire. ”



259. MAKER of nature and her LORD,  
 That WIND and STORMS fulfil his word,  
     The LIGHTNING but his EYE  
 Flashing displeasure on mankind,  
 While the loud THUNDER rolls his mind?  
     Dread voice of majesty!

260. What, all the RAINS on herb or grass,  
 But tears wept o'er the fallen race  
     Of miserable men?  
 Tears of compassion to melt down  
 The HUMAN heart more hard than stone;  
     More infamous than sin!

261. What, LOCUSTS scatter'd o'er the land,  
 Dropt from the fingers of his hand  
     But tendrills of THAT rod,  
 Bound for the backs of SENSELESS fools,  
 Who laugh at wisdom and her rules;  
     The discipline of GOD!

262. What, all the FOES that ALBION hate,  
 Alien or homeborn in her state;  
     Beside a sword of THINE?  
 Ready whene'er thy JUSTICE calls,  
 To rase the turrets of her walls;  
     Or, violate her shrine!

263. But THESE perhaps we may be spar'd;  
 If not BRITANNIA's on her guard;  
     A match for HUMAN \* foes:

\* For *some*—not *all*—time *was* indeed when *Europe* trembled at the *name* of an *Englishman*, and well it might—but *now* a single country of what *our* vast significancy calls *Poltrons*—begin to mortify and stagger our *intrepidity*—but a nation that has lost its *virtue* has in effect lost *all*.

Mow'd as the grass beneath her steel?  
 Her sons around successive deal  
 Her thunders or her blows!\*

264. But can she equal guard her coasts  
 Against the light, suspensive hosts  
 Of LOCUSTS and their train?  
 Flying in squadrons from on far,  
 Pregnant with famine's baleful war,  
 Unnumber'd as the rain!

265. Will THESE regard her glittering arms?  
 The martial trumpet's loud alarms?  
 Will THESE be struck with fear  
 At all the forces she can raise—  
 The front of terror and its blaze,  
 The fulness of their rear?—

266. Will THESE regard her BRIB'D allies?  
 A camp of gewgaw butterflies:  
 The glittering of their sword?  
 Themselves in polish'd armour clad  
 Shall bold defie their keenest blade  
 The army of the LORD!

267. Can BRITAIN calm the THUNDER's power?  
 Can SHE repel the bursting shower  
 Of WATER or of FIRE!  
 Can SHE resist th'o'crwhelming stream  
 Or, quench the UNIVERSAL flame?  
 Or, hectoring require—

\* I believe so *conceited* a nation as the *English* are hardly to be found on the face of the earth — but some *late* occurrences perhaps may contribute to make both the *present* and the *future* generation a little less *sanguine* and somewhat more *vigilant* and *modest*.

268. (By or her STATUTES or her LAW)  
 The arm VINDICTIVE to withdraw  
 The MURRAIN from her HERD?  
 Or, can she live without THEIR aid?  
 Her sons (with them) an offering made:  
 Unpity'd and unspar'd?
269. Can SHE unmov'd the TREMOR feel  
 Of earth's intoxicated reel?  
 When staggering too and fro;  
 She rocks (as drunkards from their wine)  
 While bursting tempests undermine  
 Her BASIS from below!
270. If she MUST strive — let her contend  
 With (such as match her FEEBLE hand)  
 The POTSHERDS of the EARTH:  
 But let not ALBION boast her SHAME,  
 Or, madly dare contend with HIM,  
 Who gave BRITANNIA birth!
271. Howe'er on THEM she turn her eyes,  
 THEIR threatnings or THEIR arms defies;  
 THEIR promises or guile:  
 HERE let her drop her lifted hand,  
 Aghast before her MAKER stand;  
 And weep his absent smile!
272. Put off the garments of her PRIDE:  
 And wait till JUSTICE' scale decide  
 The balance of her doom:  
 Till MERCY's sov'reign arm shall raise  
 Her drooping head — and her bright blaze  
 Dispel the gen'ral gloom.

273. The gloom of ignorance and sin,  
 Dark gloom of conscience and it's pain  
 Now foolishly disguis'd :  
 If yet at HEART, her spirit fail,  
 WITHIN her anxious dread prevail,  
 EXTERNALLY despis'd ! —
274. Despis'd in vain — for yet not long ;  
 E'er, what is NOW her scorn or song ;  
 MAY be contemn'd no more :  
 But ALBION'S sons may FEEL the ROD  
 High waving in the hand of GOD,  
 Fierce thunder of his power !
275. Her peers no more direct her stage ;  
 Or lead the manners of the age,  
 With insolence demand  
 What rabble dare THEIR pleasures chuse?  
 “ The plaudit of THEIR taste refuse ” —  
 Or, lift the VULGAR hand !
276. Better be every hand employ'd —  
 (With folly's guilty pleasures cloy'd)  
 Lift up the GENERAL pray'r :  
 Or, wipe their wanton, scornful eyes,  
 While floods of INBRED sorrows rise ;  
 And wash them from DESPAIR ;
277. But hark — thy PRINCE proclaims a FAST \* !  
 For WHAT ? the PRESENT — and the PAST,  
 The guilt of FUTURE times :

\* Tho' I am fully persuaded that the last day of public humiliation was *really* and *effectually* such among *many* in the

For ALBION's sons will yet again  
Pursue their Follies and their sin ;  
Reiterate her crimes !

278. See ye not this — see in their face  
The signs of insolence and grace —  
In weeping they rebel :  
Stretch forth the hands of lust and pray'r :  
The lifeless, legal form, their care  
But does BRITANNIA feel !
279. Feels SHE compunction for her sin ?  
Does ALBION feel the poignant pain  
Of generous distress  
For all the evils of her sons ?  
While o'er her utmost border runs  
The stream of wickedness.
280. Feels SHE the warm vindictive shame  
At all the honours of her name  
Contaminate by vice ?

nation — for whom (I trust) God may in some measure have been intreated for the *land* — yet I fear the *greater* part either afflicted not themselves at all, or have since prov'd it but a mockery of God and of their KING, by the *fresh* if not *redoubled* return to their impieties. I am sure little better can be *thought* or *hop'd* of them who had the *insolence* and *impiety* both *before* nay *at* and *after* the royal proclamation to advertise in the public *news-papers* — their infamous assignments for balls, plays, &c. in half the little poultry cities and towns of this kingdom, or who attended them — If this be not to mock God, and despise his threatnings, I should be glad to know what is? — but is it not a doubt among us whether there be any God — or no — or at least any that troubles his head with the transactions of mankind — and who only sits an invisible and unconcern'd spectator of the wheel of that vast machine his *necessitated* omnipotence has set in motion.

Blushes the land for aught impure?  
 Still or how faithless or obdure;  
 How stupid — or how wise!

281. Laugh not her sons at all around?  
 While yet her PRINCE a MOURNER found,  
 Extends the regal hand  
 Pities the NATION and the times,  
 Weeps o'er his own and ALBION'S crimes:  
 The spokesman for the land.

282. Does not thy PRINCE thy fate discern?  
 For this do not HIS bowels yearn?  
 Sees not the KING thy doom?  
 Hear him — ye rebels — call aloud:  
 With him invoke your injur'd GOD,  
 And flee the wrath to come.

283. Will nothing then BRITANNIA move?  
 Her MAKER'S threatnings nor his love;  
 Will NOTHING move her fears?  
 She cannot sure be deaf to ALL:  
 Alike HIS thunder as the call,  
 Of gentle, vernal airs!

284. Awake then, ALBION, awake!  
 Thy children from their slumber shake,  
 E'er sees the rising sun  
 The morning of THEIR hapless fate:  
 Sequel of that thou heard'st so late:  
 At LISBON — but BEGUN.

285. Remember HERS, and watch THINE end:  
Alike thine own and MERCY's friend,  
Still — LINGRING at THY door:  
See HIM who weighs the NATIONS stand!  
Who LIFT the BALANCE with his hand,  
And LISBON — is no more!

F I N I S.

