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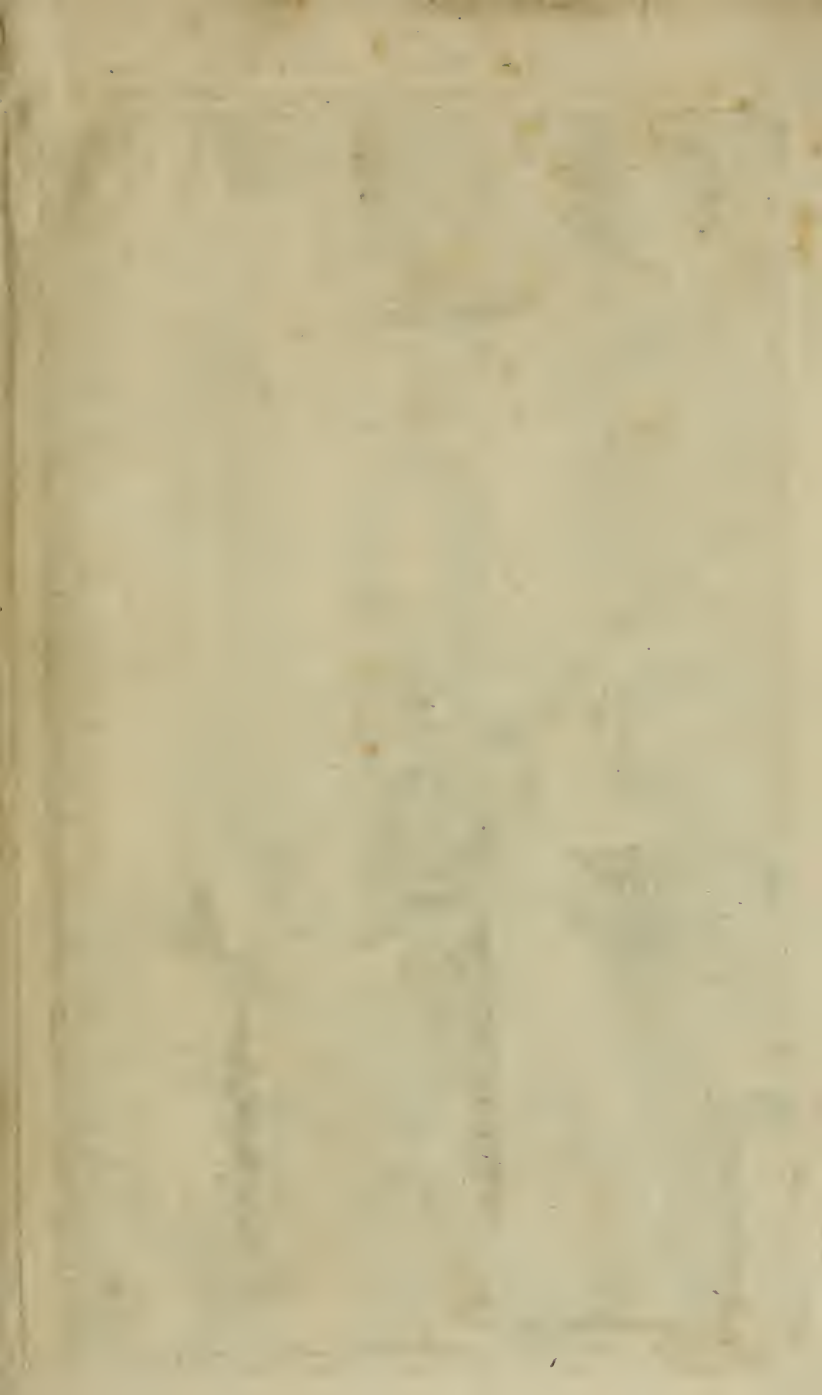
Treasure Room













B O I L E A U's
L U T R I N:
A
Mock-Heroic
P O E M.

In Six C A N T O'S:

Render'd into English Verse.

To which is prefix'd some A C C O U N T of
BOILEAU's Writings, and this T R A N S L A T I O N.

By N. R O W E Esq;

Tantæne Animis Cælestibus Ira? Virg.

L O N D O N:

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Monſieur *BOILEAU*'s

P R E F A C E.



WERE in vain now to deny that the following Poem was occasion'd by a petty Quarrel that happen'd in one of the most celebrated Churches of Paris, between the Treasurer of the Relicks, and the Master of the Choir; otherwise call'd the Prelate and the Chanter. [The latter it seems being a Man of a forward inroaching Spirit, had made some Steps towards an Invasion of the Rights and Privileges of the former; which he not brooking, and being resolv'd to humble him, bethought himself of setting up in the Choir a sort of a Reading-Desk (Lutrin) upon the very Overture of the

A 2 Chanter's

Monfr. Boileau's

Chanter's Seat, and so block him up.] The Fact is true, and that's all. The rest is mere Fiction from the Beginning to the End; and all the Actors in it are not only invented, but industriously drawn quite opposite to the true Character of the Ministers of that Church, who for the most part, especially the Canons, are Men of great Virtue and as much Wit: There's one amongst 'em, whose Opinion I would as willingly have upon my Performances, as of a great many Gentlemen of the Academy. 'Tis not therefore to be wonder'd, that no Body took Offence at this Poem, since in Truth no Body is attack'd by it. A Spendthrift is not troubled to see a Miser expos'd; Nor does a Religious Person resent the ridiculing of a Rake. I shall not mention how I was engag'd in this Trifle upon a kind of a jocular Challenge made me by the late Monsieur Lamoignon, whom I paint under the Name of Aristus. A particular Narration of this Matter, does not seem to be at all necessary. But I should think I did myself a great deal of wrong, to let slip this Opportunity of informing those who are ignorant of it, how much I was honour'd with that great Man's Friendship, during his Life. I began to be known to him at the Time when my Satyrs made the greatest Noise; and the obliging Access he gave me into his illustrious Family, was a very advantageous Apology in my Behalf, against those who were minded to accuse me of Libertinism and
ill

P R E F A C E.

ill Morals. He was a Man of an amazing Knowledge, and a passionate Admirer of all the good Books of Antiquity, and this was what made my Works the more tolerable to him; fancying he perceiv'd in 'em some Taste of the Ancients. His Piety was unfeign'd, and yet had nothing in it that was stiff or troublesome. He was not at all frighten'd at the Title of my Works, Satyrs, where in Truth he found only Verses and Authors expos'd. He was pleas'd often to commend me for having purg'd this Sort of Poetry from that Obscenity and Filth, which till then, had been as it were, peculiar to it. Thus I had the good Fortune not to be disagreeable to him. He let me into all his Pleasures and Diversions, that is to say, his Studies and Retirements. He favour'd me sometimes even with his strictest Confidence, and open'd to me the inmost Recesses of his Soul. And what did I not see there! What a surprising Treasure of Probity and Justice! What an inexhaustible Fund of Piety and Zeal! Tho' the outward Lustre of his Vertue was exceeding great, it was infinitely brighter within; and 'twas visible how carefully he temper'd the Rays of it, not to wound the Eyes of an Age so corrupt as ours. I was sincerely struck with so many admirable Qualities; and as he always discovered a great deal of Kindness for me, so I ever return'd it with the strongest Devotion for him. The Respects I paid him were not mixt with any Mercenary Leven of self-Interest, and I made it more my Business to

Monfr. Boileau's, &c.

profit by his Conversation, than his Credit at Court. He died at the Time when this Friendship was in its highest Point of Perfection, and the Remembrance of so great a Loss afflicts me daily. Why must those who are so worthy to live, be so soon snatch'd from the World, whilst the Worthless and Undeserving are crown'd with Length of Days! I shall say no more upon so sad a Subject, lest I wet with Tears the Preface of a Work purely Jocular.

SOME

SOME
ACCOUNT
OF
BOILEAU's Writings,
And this Translation.

To Mr-----

S I R,



IF Criticising other People's Works, especially living and late Authors, were not a Task that I am by no Means inclin'd to, I should have sooner answer'd your Desire, and
A 4 told

Some Account of Boileau, &c.

told you what I thought of Monsieur *Boileau's Lutrin*, and the Translation of it into English Verse, which you did me the Favour to send me in Writing.

M. *Boileau* and his Works, especially this of his *Lutrin*, are of so great a Name in the World, that I think it a pretty bold Attempt to endeavour to translate him; not but that I must confess I know but few Hands cou'd have succeeded better than this Gentleman has done. Amongst that Little that I have read of the *French Poetry*, M. *Boileau* seems to me without Comparison to have had the finest and the truest Taste of the best Authors of Antiquity; his violent Passion for 'em and famous Disputes in their behalf are too well known to be told over again now; it is very certain that he had 'em so perpetually in his Eye, that he form'd most of his Poetical Writings so closely after their Models, that in many of 'em especially
his

and this Translation.

his *Satyrs*; he can hardly pretend to the Honour of any thing more, than having barely translated them well; and I am apt to believe that if the Design of the *Lutrin* be entirely his own and Modern, it is because there was nothing in the ancient Poetry of this kind for him to draw after. However it is very plain that ev'n in this, *Virgil* has been of great Use to him, and supply'd him with some of his finest Images; to mention one Particular only, every Body may see, that his *Fury* who sets the good People at *Paris* together by the Ears, is a manifest Copy of *Alecto* in the seventh *Aeneid*, or indeed is rather taken from *Juno* and *Alecto* together, as both contriving and executing the Mischief her Self. I won't pretend to give you a Critical Account of this Kind of *Mock-Heroic* Poetry, if it can be call'd a Kind, that is so new in the World, and of which we have had so few Instances. I call it new because

Some Account of Boileau, &c.

I take *La Secchia Rapita* of *Tassoni* to be the first of this Sort that was ever written, or at least that ever I heard of: As for *Homer's* Battle of the *Frogs* and *Mice*, I take that only to be a Tale or Fable, like those of *Æsop*, amongst which it is to be found, and ought rather to be rank'd among the Writings of the *Mythologists* than those of the *Poets*. Whatever Name or Title the Criticks may be pleas'd to dignify or distinguish this Sort of Writing with, I am sure it has had the good Fortune to be very well receiv'd: The Reputation of the *Lutrin* in *France*, and the *Dispensary* in *England*, are two of the best Modern Instances of Success in Poetry that can be given.

And since I have mention'd those two Poems together, it may not be Improper to observe, that in the Latter of'em, tho' writ upon a very different Subject, there are some Passages that are
plainly

and this Translation.

plainly Imitations, or indeed even Translations of the Former ; Those who will take the Trouble to compare 'em, now they are both in one Language, will be best able to judge, how near the Translator of the *Lutrin* comes to the Beauties which all the World has so justly admir'd in Dr. Gorb.

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

Dans le Reduit obscur, &c.

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

The General Turn of his Verse is agreeable, his Diction Poetical, and very
proper

Some Account of Boileau, &c.

proper to the Subject, and that whatever Faults there may be, they are meerly verbal, and may very well be receiv'd under that good natur'd Allowance which *Horace* makes for those

————— *Quas aut incuria fudit*

Aut humana parum cavit Natura.

That which indeed to me seems most liable to an Exception, is, that the Gentleman has taken the Liberty in some Places to depart from his Author, and to substitute other Persons and Things in the Room of Those which he has left out or chang'd; and that while he still retains the original Story, and keeps the Scene at *Paris*, he makes use of the Names of Men and Books in *England*, unknown to and unthought of by *Monfieur Boileau*; and particularly in the Battle of the Books, where he makes use of some *French* and some *English*: I
could

and this Translation.

could have wish'd indeed they had all belong'd to one Nation ; For tho' the Satyr upon our own Countrymen is very just and entertaining, yet I must always think the Poem would have look'd more of a Piece, if the Names had been all as they are in the Original, or that else removing the Action and Scene entirely into *England*, the Names of Persons, Places, &c. had been all *English*, and so the whole had been rather an Imitation than a Translation of M. Boileau.

After all I am sensible that it may be easily enough reply'd in Defence of the Translation, that as it is intended for *English* Readers, and more especially for those who don't understand *French*, so a long Bead-roll of dull *French* Authors who are grown into such Contempt, that they are hardly read, or even known in their own Country, would be but an odd Entertainment
to

Some Account of Boileau, &c.

to People here, who never heard of 'em before ; besides it must be allow'd, that one may very easily apprehend the Plaifantry of the Satyr in the Original, by the Translator's mustering up a Set of *English* Authors of equal Degree and like kind of Dulness with those mention'd by M. *Boileau*.

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

It is not the first Time that Justice has divested that Monarch of Honours which he had long assum'd
to

and this Translation.

to himself, to place 'em more worthily upon Her Majesty: Nor is it now only that his Grace has been adorn'd with the Spoils of a *French* General. The Praise is, I am sure at least as highly deserv'd, and as justly given by the *English* as the *French* Poet. And indeed I think the whole Translation to be so well done in the main and so entertaining, that what little Faults are in it, if there are any, ought not to be taken Notice of, for the Sake of the Beauties. Nor had I taken the Liberty to say what I have said of it, if it had not been to give you a Proof of an exact Sincerity in every thing where you ask my real Opinion.

I am

S I R,

LONDON,
April the 24th.
1708.

Your Humble Servant

N. Rowe.

All the ...

to himself to show that ...
they were the things ...
and ... that he ...
of ... with the ... of a ...
... the ... of ...
at least in ...
... by the ...
... and ...
... to be ...
... to the ...
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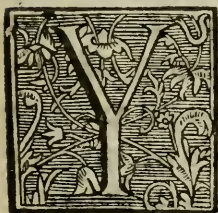
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To the Right Honourable

CHARLES Lord *HALIFAX*.



OUR Lordship is not to be inform'd of the great Reputation Monsieur *Boileau* has acquir'd by all his Works. They are esteem'd so Nice in themselves, that it has been thought by some as rash an Attempt to translate this French Author, as for an English General to attack an Army of theirs. The late Successes of some former Campaigns have sufficiently prov'd that their *Heroes* are not *Invincible* ; and the happy Imitations of some of their best Pieces, that their *Writers* are not *Incomparable*. Not that I'm so

*

vain

The Dedication.

vain as to Imagine the following Translation deserves to be mention'd in the same Breath with some I cou'd name. But certain it is, the *French* Genius may be match'd (if not surpass'd) in both, the *Pen* as well as the *Sword* ; whatever exalted Notions to the contrary Some among us may have, who cou'd relish *Slavery* it self, if it were but *French*. I do not intend anything to the disadvantage of our Enemy's Wit and Knowledge, but only to put the Matter in a Way of Issue and let the Country try it. I have endeavour'd with the Assistance of my Friends, to do Monsieur *Boileau* all possible Justice in this Celebrated Piece of his, the *Lutrin* ; I hope I have us'd him with that Civility which is due to one of the first Figure in the Commonwealth of Learning ; I was going to say, with that Generosity our Country-Men treat his at *Litchfield* and *Nottingham*.

But my Lord, if it really be so bold an Undertaking to translate the *Lutrin*, it is unpardonably worie to offer it to Your Lordship, whose *Penetration*, is equal to
Your

The Dedication.

Your Noble *Birth*; and yet *Both* yield to the prevalence of your *Good Temper*, which with a like Indulgence receives the Homage of all sorts of Persons.

Upon this Foundation I presum'd to set Your Lordship's Name on the Frontispiece of this Work; to be to it, what you are to Your Country, its *Ornament* and *Protection*.

If ever your Lordship shall alienate so much of Your Time from the *Public Good*, as to read this *Poem*; You will find in it very Great, but necessary Variations from the *Original*; whether for the better or the worse, I submit to *You*, from whose Judgment there is no Appeal.

Nothing checks and deadens the Fancy more than a too superstitious Respect for the Original, especially in Poetry; It is commonly the Cause that an *Idolatrous* Translator (as *la Motte* calls such a one) endeavouring too exactly to render *All* the Beauties of his Author, gives you in Truth *never a one*. Every *Minute* Circumstance of a Thought cannot be preserv'd with any tolerable Grace, nor is it indeed necessary; provided

The Dedication.

vided the Translator makes amends for his neglect of what is less important, by Improving and if possible by Refining upon *Essentials*; which is better done by Studying the *Genius* and Copying the *Tour* and *Air* of an Author, than in adhering to a scrupulous *Detail* of *Phrases*, ever flat and disagreeable.

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

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

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

The Dedication.

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

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

Monfieur *Boileau* calls this Poem of his, *Heroui-Comique*, Mock-Heroic ; that is, a Ridiculous Action made considerable in Heroic Verse.

If I distinguish right, there are two sorts of *Burlesque* ; the first where things of mean Figure and Slight Concern appear in all the Pomp and Bustle of an *Epic* Poem ; such is this of the *Lutrin*. The second sort is where

The Dedication.

Great Events are made Ridiculous by the meanness of the Character, and the oddness of the Numbers, such is the *Hudibras* of our Excellent *Butler*.

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

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

I am

Your Lordship's most Obedient

and most Humble Servant,

J. Ozell.

THE
Lutrin of Boileau.

A
MOCK-HEROIC.

CANTO I.



RMS and the PRIEST I
sing, whose Martial Soul
No Toil cou'd terrify, no Fear
controul;

Active *it* urg'd his *Oatward Man* to dare

The num'rous Hazards of a *Pious War* :

B

Nor

Nor did th' Immortal Prelates Labours cease,
 Till Victory had Crown'd 'em with Success ;
 Till his gay Eyes sparkling with fluid Fire,
 Beheld the *Desk* reflourish in the Choir.
 In Vain the *Chanter* and the *Chapter* strove ;
 Twice they essay'd the fatal *Desk* to move :
 As oft the *Prelate* with unweary'd Pain,
 Fix'd it to his proud *Rival's* Seat again.

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

And thou *Illustrious* * *Hero*, whose *Command*
 Asswag'd the Fire, whose salutary *Hand*
 With more than *Æsculapian* Art cou'd heal
 The *Schism-sick* Church, and stop the growing Ill.

* *M. Lamoignon. Premier President.*

Propitious o'er these Sacred Numbers shine,
 With thy bright Influence aid the great Design;
 And as you deign a willing Ear to lend,
Religiously th' important Tale attend.

Mid'ft the soft Pleasures of Fraternal Peace,
 In laughing Plenty and luxuriant Ease,
Paris beheld her † *Ancient Chappel* rife,
 Florid in Years, delightful to her Eyes;
 Her luffy Canons rofy Beauties grace,
 And brilliant Health crimfons each ruddy Face;
 Fatten'd with long and holy Luxury;
 Deep funk in Down, foft as their Furs they lie;
 While there the sacred Sluggards wafte the Day,
 In dull Repofe——By *Deputy* they Pray.
 They only watch'd that they might relifh Reft,
 And never fafted but to make a Feaft.

† L² *Anfienne Chapelle* in *Paris* the Scene of Action.

Unhealthy *Mattins* wisely they decline,
 And substitute a *Journeyman-Divine*.

When *Discord* rose a squalid guilty Shade,
 Black as her Crimes, in sable Night array'd ;
 Soft Peace with Horror view'd the Ghastly Spright,
 And trembling fled her inauspicious Sight :
 The livid Fury her dire Course had run,
 From *Church* to *Church* her *Visitation* gone ;
 Then at the noisy Hall's litigious Bar
 She stop'd, and smil'd to see the pleasing War ;
 Contemplating her growing Power she stood,
 And breath'd Contention on the jarring Croud.
 In countless Shoals her faithful * *Normans* flow ;
Normans whose Breasts perpetual Tempests blow :
 Squadrons of *Lawyers* here, drive o'er the Plain,
 And *Clients* there, the dreadful Charge sustain :

* *Litigious* is a Proverb.

The Lord, Clown, Senator, Fop, Bully, Cit,
 Mingling in one vexatious Jargon fight;
 Round *Themis* every Standard they display,
 And in the Wordy War consume the Day.

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

The *Fiend* at Sight of this offensive Peace
 Grins horrible, she howls, her Serpents hiss;
 Then lashing her thin Form, strong Poison fills
 Her Mouth; with Vengeance her lean Bosom swells;

Her Eyes in Streams of livid Lightning glow,
 Distraction sits malignant on her Brow.
 What then, said she (and as the Fury spoke
 The trembling Windows jarr'd, the Houses shook)
 Have my resistless Fires these Hundred Years
 Inflamm'd the *Carmelites*, the *Cordeliers*?
 Did not the *Celestines* my Fury feel,
 Cou'd great St. *Austin's* Order me repell?
 Have I involv'd in Feuds the Ministry?
 Have I made Convoc——ns disagree?
 And shall this Church alone rebellious dare
 Cherish eternal Peace, when I bid War?
 And am I *Discord*? Then may Tumult cease,
 If I've no Power to blast her boasted Peace:
 To hated Quiet let Mankind return,
 Nor on my sacred Altars Incense burn.

This said, she strait assum'd a *Chanter's* Dress ;
Such was her Shape, so formal in her Pace :
Her Warlike Visage rich in Rubies shines,
Painted with the best Blood of generous Vines.
Thus dress'd, she to the sleeping Prelate flies,
In this dissembled Form deceives his Eyes.

Deep in the Covert of a dark Alcove,
Form'd for the idle Gods of *Sleep* and *Love*.
A Downy Couch appears with wond'rous Care,
At great Expence secur'd from noxious Air :
Curtains in double Folds around it run,
And bar all Entrance of th' intruding Sun ;
Artfully rais'd to lull each softer Sence,
Devoted to the Goddess *Indolence*.
In idle Riot there she keeps her Court,
There airy Visions, wanton Phantoms sport ;

Here negligently Dreaming out the Day,
 Dissolv'd in Ease the Holy Sluggard lay,
 Strengthen'd with an immoderate Morning Meal,
 The Glutton batten'd till the Dinner Bell:
 Youth in its Flower blooming with vernal Grace,
 Shone in his Eyes, and brighten'd on his Face;
 His Chin enormous, overspreads his Chest,
 In three deep Folds descending on his Breast:
 There doz'd the leaden Lump of slumbring Fat,
 While the press'd Cushions groan beneath the Weight.

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

Prelate arise, quit this inglorious Down,
 Or the proud *Chanter* will thy Power disown:

He

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

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

So wounded by a Wasp have I beheld
 A sturdy Bull, Lord of the flow'ry Field;
 Unus'd to Pain till then in amorous Play,
 He Lov'd and Eat, and Wanton'd out the Day:

But

But now impatient Loves and Feeds no more,
 The Neighbouring Forests tremble at his Roar;
 With deep fetch'd Bellowings the noble Beast
 Exhales his Spirits, and torments his Breast
 At the vile Insect that disturbs his Rest.

Thus the gall'd Prelate's Rage no Balm can heal,
 The Servants first his rising Fury Feel;
 His Rage grows high, and kindling by Degrees,
 From his stung Bosom drives inactive Peace.
 He dresses, and oh Horror! makes a Vow,
 Tho' Dinner waits, he to the *Choir* will go.
 Wife *Gilotin* his Chaplain vainly strove,
 With sage Advice this rash Resolve to move;
 Councill'd, Intreated, every Danger told;
 That then 'twas Noon, that Dinner wou'd be cold.

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

Thus *Gilotin*—Then pointing shew'd his Lord
 The smoaking Soup attending on the Board;
 The Prelate struck with Reverence and Delight,
 Stood silent conquer'd by the pleasing Sight.

Victorious *Pottage* stop'd his eager Haste,
 Soften'd his Rage, and broke his three Hours Fast.
 Yet the black Cholera struggling with his Meat,
 Oppos'd the Passage of each luscious Bit.
 Good *Gilotin* express'd in Groans his Care,
 And politickly spreads the growing Fear.
 His *Partizans* the dreadful News receive,
 And feeling own a sympathetic Grief:
 In numerous Troops to their lov'd Patron flie,
 And bravely swear to *Conquer* or to *Die*.

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

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

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

* *A Church Vessel.*

Illustrious Partners of my long Fatigues,
 You sole Supporters of my Pious Leagues;
 By whose Assistance I at last am made
 Of a Mad *Chapter* the exalted Head.
 To your incessant Services I own,
 All the rich Honours that imboss my Gown;
 And can you unconcern'd with equal Eyes,
 Behold my Rival, and confirm his Joys?
 Must I, the Creature of your Wisdom, fall
 A Sacrifice to that proud Chanting *Baal*?
 Will you my Cause, and your own Right deny?
 Can you and angry Heaven stand Neuter by?
 (This Morn a sacred Vision I beheld;
 A Deity these fatal Truths reveal'd.)
 Yes, he has seiz'd the Fruits of all my Toil,
 And insolently glories in the Spoil:

He Daily blesses the unhallow'd Croud,
 Pronounces *Benedicat Vos* aloud.
 Horror on Horror! who can speak the rest!
 Turns my own pointed Weapons on my Breast.

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

When *Sidrac* came, Age lengthen'd out his Way,
 (The languid Limbs confessing their Decay.)
 Four Ages in this peaceful Choir he told;
 Knew Men and Manners well, was Wise and Bold;

And

And this rare Knowledge did his Merit raise,
From *Sexton* to the *Vestry-Keeper's* Place.

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

Then thus the *Reverend Sire*—*Prelate* revive ;
To the dull *Chanter* uselefs Sorrow give :
Arise, resume thy Spirits, and thy Power ;
I will thy injur'd Empire's Rights restore :
Collect your Judgment, and attend with Care,
What Heaven and Heavenly Powers inspire me, Hear.

Where now that supercilious *Chanter* rears
His harden'd Front, that Source of all thy Cares,
In ancient Days a well known *Desk* of Wood,
Fram'd of unequal Structure firmly stood ;
There in the Choir, on thy Left-Hand 'twas plac'd,
And its large Sides a spacious Shadow cast.

Behind

Behind this Work the humble *Chapter* sat
 In an obscure Invisible Retreat :
 When forward to the radiant Day alone,
 Attracting every Eye the Prelate shone ;
 Whether some *Dæmon*, to the *Desk* a Foe,
 Or Nightly Force combin'd its Overthrow ;
 Or was it *Destiny's* unerring Hand
 That Pre-ordain'd it should no longer stand.
 One fatal Morning with surprizing Noise,
 The great *Machine* fell down before our Eyes :
 In Vain we at the Angry Heav'ns repin'd ;
 'Twas to the Vestry in our Sight confin'd ;
 There thirty Winters hid from open Day,
 Forgotten in Ignoble Dust it lay.

Hear Prelate then——When nightly Mists
 arise,
 And veil in dim suffusion prying Eyes,

Let Three elected from this Friendly Rout,
 And favour'd by the growing Night, steal out,
 With ready Zeal the broken Mass rejoin,
 And to its pristine Seat the *Desk* confine :
 If in the Morn the *Chanter* dares destroy
 Our glorious Work, and damp the general Joy,
 Actions on Actions, Suits on Suits shall tell
 The Church's Spirit, and her Servants Zeal :
 Then Authoriz'd by Heaven you may engage ;
 This is a War worthy a Prelate's Rage :
 Wou'd you to *Prayer* alone that Heart confine ?
 Let your great Soul in ardent *Action* shine ;
 Let a dull Country Vicar be content
 With a long Life in lazy Preaching spent.
 At *Paris*, Sir, You flourish—Then prepare,
 Be Obstinate, Vexatious, rouse to War ;
 Be Active, Restless, Vigilant and Proud ;
 This raises you above the Vulgar Croud ;

From common Crape discriminates a Lord,
 And is a Prelate's Charter on Record :
 Then throw your *Benedictions* boldly round:
 Let every Place your *Benedictions* found.
 Bless in the *Chanter's* Sight, and never cease,
 With uplift Palms the very *Chanter* Bless.

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

Each pleads his Merit to the great Command ;
 Each Worthy seems in this illustrious Band.

Let Destiny, the Prelate then reply'd,
 Let Fortune by decisive Lots provide.
 They write; Each hopes his own Immortal Name
 Will rise the Foremost in this Scroll of Fame.
 Full thirty Names into small Billets made,
 Are in a Cap's round sinuous Bottom laid;
 And that no Fraud may their great Hopes destroy
 Of a just Choice, they call a Singing Boy:
 Young *William* strait the great Design attends;
 Blushing, his Artless Novice-hand he lends.

The Prelate with his naked Hands and Eyes
 Thrice blesses all the Tickets; stirs 'em thrice:
 The Infant draws: First *Brontin's* Name appear'd;
 They all approve the Lot with due Regard:
 The Prelate hop'd a lucky Augury,
 And smiling wish'd the happy *Brontin* Joy.

When

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

One undetermin'd Lot did yet remain ;
 The Prelate mingles, shakes 'em well again.

* *La perruquiere*, in *Boileau* ; the Barbers Wife.

All crowd and watch the Draught with eager
Haste,

Each hopes his own great Name may be the last.

Oh *Boirude* ! how shall I thy Joys relate,
When in the Prelate's Eyes thou readst thy Fate,
And saw in them thy faithful Name appear ?
Such Transports, *Mighty Sexton*, who cou'd
bear ?

Then thy pale Face which never blush'd before,
'Tis said, with flushing Blood was purpled o'er ;
Thy Gouty Limbs resum'd their Youthful Heat,
And every Pulse with Martial Ardor beat.
Boldly thy feeble Corps attempted thrice,
As oft alas ! in Vain essay'd to rise.

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

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

GRANT

For the purpose of and to the effect of the
Act of the 23rd of March 1845

The object of the said Act is to provide
for the better regulation of the
said Act, and to amend the
said Act, in so far as it relates to
the said Act, and to the said Act.

THE
LUTRIN.

CANTO II.



E A N Time the Monster of
 Gigantick Size,
 Hung round with opening Mouths,
 and waking Eyes ;

Who far and wide tells what she hears, and more ;
 Trav'ling from Clime to Clime, from Shore to Shore :
 F A M E, nimble Messenger, prepares to dart
 A mortal Dread on *Barberiffa's* Heart :

Tell

Tells how her Lord, by a fond Fancy led,
 That Night determin'd to forsake her Bed,
 And to erect the *Desk*. Amaz'd to hear,
 She first stood motionless, and froze with Fear:
 At last, confessing Anger and Surprize,
 With Hair dishevel'd, and with flaming Eyes,
 Her Wrath no longer able to conceal,
 She thus upbraided his officious Zeal :

* And would'st thou hide this Mischief of thy
 Mind ?

And can nor sacred Vows, nor Duty bind ?
 Dar'st thou then, Traytor, so perfidious prove
 To plighted Faith, and *Hymeneal* Love ?
 Are all th' Indearments of a Wedded Life,
 The soft Embraces of a tender Wife,

(A
 * *Dissimulare etiam sperasti, perfide, tantum
 Posse nefas ? ———
 Nec te noster, amor nec te data dextera quondam,
 Nec moritura tenet crudeli funere Dido.*

(A Wife alas! just ready to expire)
 Too Weak to conquer one unkind Desire?
 False Man, wert thou oblig'd to wear away
 The tedious Hours from Eve to dawning Day;
 With well-form'd Curls, or with dissembled Hair,
 The Beau to furnish, or adorn the Fair:
 I cou'd, perhaps, without Regret or Pain,
 The Want of *due Benevolence* sustain;
 Thy Absence sweetned with the Hopes of Gain. }
 But thus to leave your Partner in the Lurch,
 With a mad Zeal in Favour of a Church?
 Stay, cruel Man! Ah! whither do you run?
 Why the Companion of your Pleasures shun?
 Have you forgot so soon? And can you see
 These flowing Streams, and not be touch'd, like me?
 By all our Kisses, by our softer Nights,
 And melting Sweets of Conjugal Delights.

If ever mov'd with *Barberiffa's* Charms,
 You took the easy Victim to your Arms :
 If by no previous Promises betray'd,
 E'er join'd by Priest, I fell a willing Maid :
 If those yon glimmering Lamps, which rowl
 above,
 Ne'er saw a second Rival in my Love.
 Ah ! do not go ! let me your Stay implore
 But for one Night, and I will ask no more.

She said : The Torrent of her amorous Flame
 Threw on a trusty Stool the swooning Dame.
 The moving Sight her Lord's brave Soul oppress'd ;
Honour and *Love* contended in his Breast.
 Till calling his known Courage to his Aid,
 Thus to the Queen of his Desires he said :
 (But with a Voice which spoke divided Care,
 A *Lover's* Sweetness, and a *Husband's* Air,)

Madam,

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

How

How will it sound, when future Poets write,
 That I, by Favour of the silent Night,
 The *Desk* erected in the Church's Right!
 Curb then your fond Desires; nor seek to shock
 My solid Honour, stable as a Rock.
 Ah! do not *Barberissa's* Vertue stain,
 Nor those fair Eyes bedew with brackish Rain;
 Nor with ungenerous Sighs protract my Stay,
 † For Heav'n has call'd me, and I must obey.

This said; He leaves her full of anxious Fears,
 Her Cheeks all delug'd with a Flood of Tears.
 Streight the *Vermillion* vanish'd from her Face,
 And the wan *Lily* took the *Rose's* Place.
 Thrice to recall the Salvage Man sh' assay'd;
 But her rebellious Tongue thrice disobey'd.

Then

† *Et nunc Jove missus ab alto
 Interpres Divum fert horrida jussa per auras.*

Then to the lofty Room, which fac'd the Skies,
 By Men the GARRET call'd, the weeping Lady flies.
Alicia heard ; streight after her she went,
 Nimble surmounting the Stairs high Ascent ;
 To shew her Duty by her speedy Care,
 And lessen Sorrow, while she takes a Share.

Now, had approaching Night the Town o'er-
 spread,

And scatter'd thro' the Streets a dusky Shade.

The Bell rings Supper ; th' hungry Chaplains all,
 Blessing the Sound, and pliant to the Call,
 Flock from the *empty Choir* to the more *welcome*
Hall.

The Taverns thicken ; the wet *Chanter* sings ;
 And every Room with Noise and Nonsense rings.

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

The Sexton follow'd, *Boirude* was his Name ;
 The Third in this immortal Deed of Famè :
 Both fally out, kindled with Honour's Charms,
 To fire the Slow *Lamour* with Love of Arms.
 Let us depart, they cry'd, the Day declines,
 And to succeeding Night his Sway resigns.
 Why thus dejected? Whence this black *Chagrin*
 Which hovers o'er your Eyes and swells your
 Spleen ?

Then

Art thou the Man, who blam'd the tedious Day,
 And curs'd the lagging Sun's unkind Delay?
 Rise, follow us; great Deeds great Souls inflame.
 At this the *Barber* blush'd with gen'rous Shame.

Then to his well-fil'd Magazine he flies,
 Where many an Iron Weapon sacred lies,
 Till call'd to Light on some brave Enterprize.
 Some fashion'd by the skill'd *Cornavian's* Care,
 At *Birmingham*, the Shop of *Mulciber*:
 Not like those Arms of the *dead-doing* Kind;
 These *fasten* things which were before *disjoin'd*:
 Like an inverted *Cone*, of Metal strong,
 Sharp Pointed, and *quadrangularly* long;
 In Vulgar Speech call'd N A I L S; of these the best
 He chose; a Hatchet his broad Shoulders prest:
 A well-tooth'd Saw his brawny Body bends,
 Which, like a Quiver, down his back descends:

D

Incourag'd

Incourag'd thus, *Brontin* a Mallet shook,
 And *Boirude* a Nail-driving Hammer took.
Lamour's Heroic Steps they tread, and feel
 An unknown Warmth, a more than Human
 Zeal.

Happy the Wretched who implore the Aid
 Of such a Leader, such a firm Brigade!
 The *Moon*, who spy'd their haughty March from
 far,
 Withdraws her Peaceful Light, and aids the War.
Discord pursu'd them, with a favou'ring Eye,
 She grin'd a Smile, and with her hideous Cry
 Drove back the trembling Clouds, and pierc'd
 the vaulted Sky.

From thence the *Sound* descended to th' Abode
 Of the * *Citose*, and wak'd *Sloth's* drowsy God.

There

* *Cisterrians*. A Fraternity in the Romish Church.

There in a Cell he keeps his silent Court ;
 Around him, luke-warm lazy *Genij* sport :
 Here *One* retires to knead the fat'ning Paste
 Which plumps the *Canon's* Cheeks, and swells his
 brawny Waste.

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

Proudly they march'd beneath her thick Disguise,
 Safe in their Strength, secure from Human Eyes :
 While *Discord's* fiery Brands their Souls inflame,
 Who threatens here to Aggrandize her Name.
 Lo! with to Morrow's Light a *Desk* appears,
 The Joy of Factious, restive Mutineers.
 A Thousand Dangers on the Tumult wait !
 A Thousand Feuds foment the curst Debate!
 So Heav'n has written in the Book of Fate.

She spoke : *Sloth*, rising from his filky Bed,
 And leaning on one Arm his lumpy Head ;
 While from his languid Eyes a Deluge ran,
 This broken Speech with feeble Voice began.
 O *Night*, thou stab'st me with this killing News ?
 What new-born Plagues does *active Hell* produce ?
 Still do the *Furies* throw their Fiery Darts ?
 Still breathe Fatigue and War in Human Hearts ?

Ah!

Ah! whither fled those happy Times of Peace,
When idle Kings, dissolv'd in thoughtless Ease,
Resign'd their Scepters, and the Toils of
State

To *Counts*, or some inferior *Magistrate* :

Loll'd on their Thrones, devoid of Thought or
Pain ;

And, nodding, slumber'd out a lazy Reign ?

No anxious Cares did nigh the *Palace* creep ;

But Day and Night was one continu'd Sleep,

Except the *Vernal* Month, when *Flora* gilds

The chearful Valleys, and the smiling Hills,

When the loud *North* his Airy Rule resigns

To gentle *Zephyrs*, and more peaceful Winds,

Four *Oxen* drew with *slow* and *silent* Feet

Th' unactive Monarch to some Country Seat.

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

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

The *Jesuits* ever have my Pow'r defy'd ;

Few but the dull *Citose* my Rule obey'd.

The † *Holy Chappel*, with its Founder, slept,

And from old Time its Lethargy had kept.

Lo! now a *Desk*, a fatal Foe to Peace,

Strives to dislodge me from my ancient Ease.

And wilt Thou, *Night*, lend thy officious Aid

To cover Crimes, far blacker than thy Shade?

Wilt Thou, dear Partner of my lov'd Repose,

Abet my Ruin, and protect my Foes?

If e'er to *Thee* alone I did reveal

The Joys of Love, which I from *Day* conceal ;

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

With length of Words, and want of grateful Rest,

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

And to Repose resign'd the lifeless Load.

* *Religious Houses in and near Paris.*

† *The Scene of Albion where this Dissention happen'd.*

The first of these is the fact that the
 country is a very fertile one, and
 the soil is very rich. The second
 is that the climate is very healthy,
 and the air is very pure. The third
 is that the water is very soft, and
 the food is very good. The fourth
 is that the people are very kind,
 and the manners are very polite.
 The fifth is that the scenery is
 very beautiful, and the views are
 very grand. The sixth is that the
 government is very good, and the
 laws are very just. The seventh
 is that the education is very good,
 and the schools are very well
 managed. The eighth is that the
 commerce is very active, and the
 trade is very large. The ninth
 is that the industry is very good,
 and the manufactures are very
 numerous. The tenth is that the
 population is very large, and the
 country is very populous.

THE
LUTRIN.

CANTO III.



L D *Night*, Triumphant on a footy
Cloud,
Parent of Fears, and Nurse of Sor-
row, rode :

Burgundia's vinous Fields she hovers round,
And sheds her dreery Vapours o'er the Ground :
Then tow'rd's the fair *Lutetian* Turrets flies,
Distilling *Opiats* from her humid Eyes.

At

At length * *Montlerry's* lofty Tow'rs she shrouds,
 Fond of those venerable Old Abodes ;
 The Summit of whose Walls stupendious Height,
 Steals by Degrees from the deluded Sight ;
 While the strain'd Eye-balls pierce the Clouds in
 vain,
 And stretch their fiery Beams the vast Ascent to gain :
 The weary'd Pilgrim *flies* the tedious View,
 The *Objects* follow, and his Flight *pursue*.
 Here *Crows* and *Vultures* keep their ruin'd Court ;
 Here *Ravens* and *Funebrous Birds* resort ;
 The croaking *Toad* and *Bat* in om'nous Squawls
 Improve the Horror of these desert Walls ;
 Here thirty Winters aged *Howlet* lay,
 And claim'd a Refuge from the hated Day ;
 Fruitful of evil Pate the Schrieker cries,
 And by *foretelling* Mischiefs *magnifies* ;

In

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

In this wild Place retir'd to Meditate,
Expecting Night, the *sober Creature* fate :
The Goddess came ; *Howlet* exalts his Voice,
Sadning the tuneful Neighbours with his Joys :
Complaining *Progne* trembles with new Pains,
And *Philomela's* Fears o'ercome her Strains :
Follow me, *Son*, said *Night*. The *Feather'd Fate*,
Rous'd at her Voice, forsook his drowsy Seat ;
With heavy Wings they press the thickning
Air,
And darkling their dull Shades to *Paris* bear ;
Here both arresting their auspicious Flight
On the fam'd *Chapel's* destin'd Bellfry Light :
The Goddess bending from the lofty Arch,
Observes the Warriors, and regards their March.
The smirking *Barber* brandishes on high
A Bumper, which re-smiles with mutual Joy :

Each deluging in genial Juice his Soul,
To *Gilotin* and *Bacchus* fill the Bowl.

Shall they then Triumph thus, the Goddess
said,

And find an easy Conquest in my Shade ?
Soon these insulting Miscreants shall know,
What to my sacred Dignity they owe :

Then gravely nodding to her darling Pride,
Her tardy Wings the foggy Air divide :
Howlet with equal Pinions takes his Flight,
And follows thro' thick Shades his Mother Night.
Both to the fatal *Sacristy* repair,
Where lay the dreadful Business of the War :
The fullen Deity now makes a Stand,
Beholds the *Desk*, and gives this stern Command :

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

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

The Champions warm'd with Native Heat and
Wine,
Unanimous pursue the great Design.
The sacred *Chapel's* Marble Steps ascend;
While *Bacchus* does his friendly Influence lend.
The proud *Piazza's* pass'd, the Heroes now
Behind 'em see the Shop of fam'd *Rebow* ;
There undisturb'd volum'nous *H*—— sleeps,
Him under Twenty faithful Locks he keeps ;
Secure from Chandlers, and devouring Fire,
The learned Lumber there remains intire.

When

When *Boirude*, as the Danger nearer grew,
A Tinder-box from his wide Pocket drew ;
The veiny *Flint* and hardy *Steel* ingage,
Breathing in Particles of Fire their Rage :
Colliding Blows the *Atoms* difunitè,
And kindle living Seeds of *Infant Light* :
The new-born Sparks a bluish Flame beget,
Which from sulphureous Fumes ejaculate ;
The waxen Taper glows with borrow'd Fires,
And in a lasting bolder Flame aspires.
The *Heroes* with this trembling Star their Guide,
(This trembling Star the absent Sun supply'd)
Approach the Temple ; *Boirude* opes the Gate,
And manfully conducts the Van in State :
As thro' the spacious Solitude they steer,
With Talk they dissipate invading Fear.

The *Vestry* now is seen ; each pallid Face
Owns the tenebrous Horror of the Place.
There lies the *Desk*, dread Work of wayward Fate ;
A while they stand its Form to contemplate :
Till rousing 'em, aloud the *Barber* cries,
This Spectacle is not t'amuse our Eyes :
We are not here conven'd, my Friends, to stare ;
Time will not stay ; the Moments precious are :
Into the middle Isle convey the *Mass*,
And fix it on the haughty *Chanter's* Place.
To morrow a plump *Prelate's* gloating Eyes
Shall view the Triumph with uncommon Joys.

Then with an Arm tremendous bravely strove
From its old Post the dusty Lump to move.
When *Oh Distraction!* a dread Voice aloud,
Was heard to Issue from the hollow Wood ;

Brontin grew stiff with freezing Ague-Fear,
 The *Sexton's* Colour fled, uprose his Hair,
Lamour bemoan'd (to dastard Fear betray'd)
 The Want of *Barberiffa* and his Bed ;
 Yet strait his Courage recollects, and now
 Resolves, what e'er Fate means, to stand the
 Blow ;

When from his Powdry Roofst the *Bird of Night*
 With Fate-denouncing Outcries takes his Flight ;
 Like *Statues*, Petrefy'd with chilly Fear,
 Unable to resist, they shake, they stare.
Howlet th' *Illuminated Wax* descry'd,
 And soon extinguish'd with his Wings their
 Guide.

Now Disarray'd, Confounded; they retreat,
 Confessing by swift Flight a base Defeat :
 Their *Nerves* relax, their trembling Knees in vain
 Their Bloodless Bodies labour to sustain ;

Their Hair Erect, and Grey with sudden Fright
The flying Squadron pierce the Shades of Night.

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

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

E

She

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

Stop, Miscreant Wretches, whither wou'd you fly?
 Here neither Bloodshed is, nor Enemy.
 What! Will you then for a vile *Bird* alone
 Your Honour lose, and Enterprize disown?
 Dare you not stand the impotent Grimace
 Of *one* poor Owl? What wou'd you do, alas!
 If every day like me you saw the *Bar*,
 And wag'd with hideous Looks eternal War?

Friendless solicit hard a Hearing *now*,
 Then stand a Haughty Judge's rigid Brow ;
 Ear-beat, without his Fee, a Lawyer dead ;
 In *Forma Pauperis* incessant plead.
 Believe me, Sons, Experience is my Guide,
 My self a *Chapter* sue'd, the *Law* defy'd.
 Nor can the *Bar* shew that tremendous Look,
 But I a hundred Times have stood its Shock :
 Dauntless their forward Way my Body barr'd,
 I'th' *Church's* Name demanding to be heard.
 The *Church* was fruitful then in great *Divines*,
 Souls forg'd by Nature for immense Designs.
 Then *Pennyles* and *Friendless* we could go,
 Farther than now for *Love* and *Money* too.
 In those Triumphant Days, The vilest Head
 A *Prelate* and a *Chanter* durst implead.
 The *World* grows old, *Time* runs a jaded Race,
 And worn-out *Nature* teems with her Disgrace.

If yet you cannot *Reach* your Fathers State,
 At least their shining Vertues *Emulate*.
 Think what Dishonour your bright Names will
 foul,

When Men shall tell the *Fable* of the Owl.

Think how the *Chanter* with indignant Pride
 Will mock your Valour, and Attempt deride :
Howlet will be the Word, a standing Jest,
 The Flout of Boys, and Mirth of every Feast.

Yes, I perceive your Souls no longer bear
 These stinging Thoughts ; for *Action* then pre-
 pare :

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

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

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

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

54. Boileau's *Lutrin*.

Asbam'd and *Angry* at their late Defeat,
 They light their Taper and their Task repeat :
 The *Noisy Enemy* flies off unhurt,
 And what was late their *Terror* is their *Sport*.
 And now the *Desk* the *Chanter's* Pew ascends,
 A Shout the *Chapel's* lofty Arches rends :
 The wormy Boards, by Times corroding Spight
 Disjoin'd, the lusty Mallet's Blows unite :
 With their Continu'd Strokes the *Pews* resound ;
 The *Vaults* rebellow'd, and the *Organ* groan'd.

Ah *Chanter*, buried in profound Repose,
 Little thy Heart the brooding Mischief knows ;
 But undisturb'd by Grief or anxious Fear,
 Dreams not what angry Fate is doing here !
 If in a *Vision* yet some Pow'r Divine
 Shou'd to thy Sense reveal the dread Design,

E'er thou wou'dst suffer that ill-shapen *Mass*,
Aspiring so, to Lord it in thy Place ;
Bold as a dying *Martyr* wou'dst thou come,
And gloriously Dispute thy hapless Doom :
Thy naked Body to the Nails expose,
And tender Head to the hard Hammer's Blows :
To Mummy bruis'd thou on the Spot wou'dst
die,
And worthless Life refuse with Infamy.
But while the *Desk* to thy Disgrace does rise,
In silken Chains *Thee* gentle Slumber ties.

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

For thou wert the first that I saw

Alighting by the side of the way

And as I gazed upon thee with eyes

And gloriously thy face did show

The radiance of the sun above

And under light to the best of mine eyes

To witness truth's light in the eyes of mine

thine

And wondering I forthwith went away

And while I thought on thee I saw the

Light in thine eyes the gentle summer

From the east coming across the hill

thine

And the light came on the valley

THE

LUTRIN.

CANTO IV.



THE *Sextons* to their early Task
 repair,
 And call the Yawning *Priests* to
Matin Pray'r ;

The Bells with silver Sounds the Region shake,
 Their Turrets rock, and lazy *Chanters* wake ;
 Halfrais'd at the sad Din, Each drowsy Head
 Sinks down oppress'd by its own *Native Lead*.

Their

Their *Chief* alone with fanſy'd Terror ſtruck,
 And ſcar'd by viſionary Forms awoke ;
 At the redoubled Clangor of his Cries
 Each Servant quits his Down, and trembling flies.
 Firſt Faithful *Giro*t, with undaunted Speed,
 Appear'd before the Sweating *Chanter's* Bed :
*Giro*t his ſhaking Maſter's Senſe Reſtor'd ;
 The *worthieſt Servant* of ſo good a Lord !
 Who, pleas'd *Domestic* Merit to prefer,
 The *Choir*e's proud Gate committed to his Care ;
Abroad, a ſtiff-neck'd haughty *Virger*, He ;
At Home, a ſupple *Slave* in *Livery*.

My Lord, ſaid he, what Trouble heaves your
 Breafſt ?
 What Melancholy breaks your grateful Reſt ?

Wou'd

Wou'd you *unpresidented* madly run
To *Chapel*, and prevent the rising Sun ?
Consider, Sir ; to vulgar *Chanters* Leave
The Pride of *Meriting* what they receive.
Your Genius then indulge without Reserve,
Let Wretches born for Labour toil and starve.

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

When

When as I thought i'th' *Choire* with glorious Grace
 I *Bless'd* the Crowd and fill'd my wonted Place,
 Swallow'd the Incense, and *unrivall'd* bore
 The first-Degree in Office and in Pow'r;
 A Gloomy Smoke long rowling from afar
 Seem'd from the darken'd *Vestry* to appear;
 Forward it shot, and kindling as it came,
 The dreadful Cloud burst in a bluish Flame;
 And Oh! Dire Object! to my Sight display'd
 A Dragon, by th' assisting *Prelate* led;
 His Head *Triangular*; the frightful *Mafs*
 A very *Reading-Desk* appear'd, or Was.
 When, animated by his Guide, the Beast
 Darting at me, uprais'd his Monstrous Crest.
 In vain I trembling fled, cry'd out in vain,
 Till kindly *Sleep* relax'd his gentle Chain.
 I can no more— Possess'd with *Panic* Dread;
 In my pale Eyes the Sequel may be read.

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

The *Master* of the *Choire*, averse to Jest
 (With chiding Eyes his ill-tim'd Wit suppress)
 Leap'd furious from his Bed, and hasten'd to be
 dress'd.

All his rich Vests and sumptuous Robes puts on,
 His *Mohair* Cassock and his *Tabby* Gown,
 His *Violet* Gloves ; that very *Rochet* wore
 Which once the jealous *Prelate's* Fingers tore :
 An *Ebon* Stick he held, and on his Head,
 Snowy with Winter Age, a *Sattin* Bonnet laid ;

Quick-

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

Quickning his Pace with fierce impulsive Ire
He runs, he flies, and reaches *first* the Chaire.

* Oh Thou who guided by the *Delphic God*
Sung, On the Margin of a drowsy Flood,
Obstinate Chiefs inur'd to deadly Wars ;
'Twi'xt Hostile *Frogs* and *Mice* immortal Jars.
† Oh Thou whose *Muse's* bold Fantastick Flight
Did the *Bolonian Bucket's Rape* indite ;
Vile Cause of War ! All *Latium* to engage
In Bloody Arms, The *Helen* of their Rage !
And || Thou who painted in a Deathless Strain
The *Licens'd Homicides of Warwick Lane* !
(*Phæbus* to Thee his *Double Blessing* gives ;
Thy *Musick* charms us, and thy *Art* relieves,)
Give *Energy* to my Enervate Tongue,
While the fir'd *Chanter's* flagrant Rage is sung :

* Homer's *Batrachomyomachia*.

What

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

|| Dr. Garth.

What Pencil can his Indignation draw,
When on his Seat th' aspiring *Desk* he saw!
Mute, Motionless and Pale a while he stood,
Horror, Surprize and Grief benumb'd his Blood;
But his imprison'd Words at Length resound,
And breaking thro' his Sobs a Passage found.

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

Into a *Dungeon* thus convert my *Pew*,
 Eclipse my Glories from the *Public View*!
 Unseen, Unknown to all *but God*, my Face
 Must there be hid *incog*' in my own Place!
 What! Must I sit *Ingloriously Obscur'd*!
 It is too much; It cannot be endur'd.
 No, let us first the sacred *Altar* fly,
 Abandon *Heav'n*, Renounce the *Ministry*;
 Yes, let us cease our inharmonious *Pray'rs*,
 No longer offer Music to the *Spheres*,
 Nor deafen, with rude Sounds, *Immortal Ears*:
 Let us from this ungrateful *Church* retire,
 Nor see, where we're *not seen*, a thankless *Choir*;
 But then my *Rival* Triumphs on his Seat,
 And smiles insultingly at my Defeat,
 While on my *Pew* this *Desk* will still be born,
 And riding on its creaking Hinges turn,

Forbid it *Heav'n*, Or give me Instant Death,
 And Stifle foul *Dishonour* with my *Breath*!
 Yes, faithful *Gilot*, let us bravely Die,
 If we're too weak to move this *Infamy*;
 But this Right Hand shall tear the *Tyrant* down;
 'Tis lawful an *Usurper* to Dethrone:
 Yes, e're we die, if noble Death must come,
 The Rival *Desk* shall, falling, share Our Doom.

Strengthen'd with Rage, at these Determin'd
 Words

The Furious *Chanter* seiz'd the trembling Boards;
 When, guided thither by Auspicious Chance,
Roger and *John*, two well known Chiefs, Advance;
 Renowned *Normans* both, Equally Skill'd
 I'th' Law, with Knowledge and Experience fill'd;
 They hear his Anger's Source, his *Cause* they Own;
 Yet Counsel, Nothing *rashly* shou'd be done:

F

Yes

Yes, they Agree The *Monster* must not stand,
Nor must it fall by any *Private* Hand :

But let th' *Assembled Chapter* View the Sight,
And in full *Synod* do the *Chanter* Right.

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

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

Foolish and bold, Says *Roger*, To enjoyn
A Morning's work I fear we must decline !
Betimes we ought to *Quit* this Party Fray,
Where 'tis Impossible we shou'd *Obey* ;

Tho'

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

The Warm Old Man Replies, I see what Ends
You Wish, and whither this Oration tends.
I see, your Dastard Souls the *Prelate* dread;
Yes, of the haughty *Prelate* You're afraid;
Ye Servile Wretches; I have seen you stand
Bending your Necks beneath his *Blessing* Hand.

Go Still be Slaves, still Fawn, and Lick, and Bow ;
I will the *Canons* raise without ye Now.

Approach then, Honest *Girot*, thou true Friend !
Whom neither *Bribes* can Shake, nor *Prelates* Bend :
Do thou the *Maundy Thursday's* * *Rattle* Take ;
Soon shall this Engine make 'em *Hear* and *Shake* ;
The *Sun* a Sight intirely new shall see,
The Droneing *Chapter* Up as soon as *He*.

This heartning Speech made Trusty *Girot* fly,
And rake the dust of *Holy Armory*.

Now the *Lugubrous* Instrument Resounds,
And every Ear with hideous Clangor Wounds.
Infernal Discord, pleas'd, Prepares to head
Her Willing Champions, and afford them Aid ;
Then from the † Clam'rous *Hall*, † improve the Fright,
She Calls the *God* of *Noise* thro' Shades of Night :

And

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

And now Sweet Sleep forsakes each wondring Eye ;
The *Street*, astonish'd, rises at the *Cry* :

At length the *Ca nons* their strong Fetters break,
Unseal their Lids, and in Confusion Wake :

Monstrous and wild *Ideas* Each Conceives,
And what his *Fancy* breeds, his *Fear* believes :

One Thinks loud *Thunder* Splits the Sacred *Choire* ;

The *Chapel* burning with a * *Second* Fire :

Others more *Sad* and *Phlegmatick* than He
Guess't it the *Toning* of the † *Tenebra* :

A *Third*, still Dozing with the Fumes of Wine,

Believes it *Three*, Vows 'tis a laid Design,

And Grumbles that he was not Call'd to Dine. }
}

So when Returning *Phæbus* gilds the Year,
And Cheers with Genial Warmth our *Hemisphere* ;

* Once burnt down, In 1618. † The Service in the Romish Church the Week before Easter.

When *Zephyrs* blow, And Birds difus'd to fing
 Effay their Notes, to welcome in the *Spring*;
Albion's bright Goddess, mov'd with *Europe's* Tears,
 Sends forth her *Heroes* to dissolve their Fears;
 With *Insulary* Thunder to Prevent
 The tow'ring Giants of the *Continent*.
 The *L'ouvre* shakes, Pale *Louis* tastes again
 The terrors of a New *Ramillia* Plain.
 Th' *Escurial* dreads *ANNA's* recruited Might,
 And *Anjou* Saddles for a *Second* Flight:
Parisian Walls shall prove a weak Defence
 For * *Quixot* Kings, and each † *Knight Errant* Prince.

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

Girot resolves to rouse 'em, and prepares
 A Story, Which he Knew wou'd take their Ears,
 Restore their *Senses*, and Expell their *Fears*.

* *Don Philip.* † *Chevalier St. George.*

I'm

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

He spoke; All catch at once the welcome Sound,
 Shake off dull Sleep, and from their Pillows
 bound;

Headlong they press, as rapid Lightning, fleet;
 Yet swifter *Appetite* out-strips their *Feet*.

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

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

The disappointed *Chapter* View their *Chief*,
 And find they come not there to *Eat*, but *Grieve*.

The *Chanter* in the most *Pathetic* Words
 (The best his interrupting Grief affords)
 Reveals the sad *Misfortune* To his Friends,
 And his just Cause to *Them* and *God* Commends.

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

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

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

Thus Oft, Sublime, Contiguous to the Skies,
 Sacred to Dust, an Empty *Garret* lies;

'Till hir'd by some vile *Quack*, The *Furniture*
 Do's All the happy *lightsome* Space *Obscure* ;
 And What th' Unlucky Owner meant to *Grace*,
 Converted to an *Indigested Mass*.

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

Whence cou'd this *Stroke*, said He, but from the
 Womb,

Some Younger Sprig of Old *Socinus*, *Come*?

It must be so ; We're in the *Prelate's Snare* ;

These Eyes Saw *Deist T*—— visit there ;

Satan Endeavours, by that subtle Fiend,

The *Prelate* to his Purposes to Bend.

Sirs, he most certainly has somewhere heard

That this Litigious *Desk St. Louis* rear'd ;

Thus, grown *Polemical*, He'll proudly think

To Drown us All with *Deluges* of *Ink* ;

Vast Subsidies of *Paper-Force* he'll raise,
 And make his Partizans find *Means and Ways*.
 Now 'tis Our Duty timely to prepare,
 And stand a resolute *Defensive War*;
 Consult *Antiquity*, The *Scholiasts* scan,
 Let every *Text* be bolted to the Bran;
 Consider; Do's *Aquinas* nothing say
 Of *Desks*? None of the *Fathers* lean that Way?
 I find this *Argument* will ask much *Oil*,
 Close *Reading*, Indefatigable *Toil*.
 Then when *Aurora* kindles up the Day,
 And lights her Lamp, extinguish'd in the Sea;
 Let every Man by *Lots* his Portion take,
 And what our learned *Doctors* dictate, Speak.

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

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

If at my Years, said he, I turn One Page,
Or hurt with *Books* These Eyes too weak with
Age,
May I, like *Thee*, on Musty Paper feed,
Turn *Bookworm*, and be Bury'd 'ere I'm Dead ;
Let us, who know the Use of Living, live ;
Thy Meagre *Body* do's thy *Soul* Survive :
Go, Macerate what Flesh remains with Books,
We are not fond of such mean haggard Looks ;
What *Others* do shall ne'er disturb *My* Head ;
I neither *Alcoran*, nor *Bible* read.
I know right well the price of *College* Hay,
Or what Our *Farmers* every Quarter Pay,
On which good Vineyard there's a *Mortgage* made,
And what and how the *Int'rest* must be paid ;

Twenty

Twenty Large *Hogsheads* fill'd by my Command,
Rang'd *Orthodoxly* in my *Cellar* stand :

These are my *Authors*, *There* my *Study's* plac'd ;

By *Them* Inform'd, Substantial *Bliss* I Taste ;

And since All *Knowledge* in *Opinion* lies,

Can, when I please, from *thence* be *Warm* and
Wife.

As for this *Desk* ; D'ye Think your *Books* will
Charm

The *Monster* down ? Believe me, this *Right Arm*

More expeditiously your Work shall Do ;

The *Gorgon* without *Latin* Overthrow.

What ever does offend me I'll Remove,

Tho' *All* the *Fathers* shou'd the *Desk* approve :

Let us to Breakfast, and our Sorrows drown ;

So Fortify'd We'll Knock the *Monster* down.

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

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

Up rose the *Chief*. The faithful *Cohort* Charm'd
 With these *attracting* Words, his *Zeal* Confirm'd.
 Then to the *Choir* with fearless Steps they go,
 And there Behold the bold usurping Foe :

* *The Desk was of a triangular form.*

At this, *To Arms* tumultuously they Cry,
 And pour upon the *Common Enemy*;
 The *Axis* now defends it self in vain;
 What Force cou'd such *Confed'rate Pow'rs* su-
 stain!

Each honours with a Blow his gallant Hand;
 The *Desk* as bravely strove their Rage to stand:
 Firmly a while the *Hydra* kept his Ground,
 Till some dire *Hero* gave a fatal Wound;
 Deep was the Cut, he stagger'd with the
 Blow,
 And bow'd beneath his unexpected Foe.

At Length for Want of his great *Master's* Aid,
 The tottering *Lump* with Odds is *Overlaid*.

So batter'd by the North, A *Russian Oak*
 Succumbs, Unequal to the violent Shock:

Or So, Abandon'd by its *Girding* Wood,
Sinks an old *Roof*, which had for Ages stood.

The Captive *Boards* in Triumph are convey'd,
And in the Victor *Chanter's* Mansion laid.

T H E

10

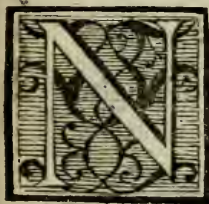
1778

On the 17th of the month of August
 1778 the following was received
 from the Honble the Board of
 Directors of the Bank of North Carolina
 in answer to a Resolution passed
 the 14th of the month of August
 1778.

The sum of one hundred and
 fifty thousand Dollars
 is the amount of the
 Bank's Cash and
 other Assets
 as at the 1st of
 August 1778.

THE
LUTRIN.

CANTO V.



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

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

Brontin to *Sydrac* speedily repairs,
 And the Misfortune of the *Desk* declares;
 Old *Sydrac* wept for Joy at his successful Cares.
 In silent Raptures Building as he stood
 A Thousand Law-suits on the ruin'd Wood.
 The Youthful Sire grows vigorous and bold;
 Age has no Ice, and Winter has no Cold.
 A sprightly warmth quickn'd his Tardy Blood,
 His Veins recruiting with a brisker Flood.
 Streight to the *Prelate* he betakes his Flight,
 And with loud Clamour opens to the Light
 The Melancholy Scene, and Crimes of Night.

The *Prelate*, grieving to be rouz'd so Soon,
 Impetuous Leap'd from his enchanting Down.
 Gladly wou'd *Gilotin* his Stay detain
 With a two-handied Goblet of *Champaign*;

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

So when *Alcides* Spun, Unbred to feel
 A Weight so light, he broke the *Spinning-Wheel*.

Half-dress'd he Goes. When lo! before his Gate
 An ardent Troop of *Church-Militia* Wait.
 Resolv'd, at their *Affronted Lord's* desire,
 Unanimously to *Desert* the *Choire*.
 But the grave *Sire*, appealing to the Laws,
 Condemns a Project Useless to his Cause.
 For Future *Fate*, Said He, we ought to look
 In the *Mysterious Sibyll's* Sacred Book.

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

All with One Voice the sage Advice approve,
And tow'rds the Bar the *Holy Warriours* move.

Her *Den* groan'd horrible, while *Echo* round
Doubles th' affright, as *She* repeats the Sound.

Amidst those *Gothick Pillars*, which Support
The formidable *Hall*, and awful Court
Of *Common Pleas* ; a Famous *Fabrick's* rear'd,
Ador'd by *Lawyers* and by *Clients* fear'd.
Here Fools and Knaves each *Term* in shoals repair,
Thin'd with the Diet of *Litigious* Air.
Beneath a Hill of *Briefs*, *Green Bags*, and *Scrolls*,
Here every Morn a *Hætic Sibyll* howls.
Vain are the Tears of *Orphans*, vain their Cries,
To that foul *Monster*, void of Ears and Eyes,

Call'd

Call'd CHICANRY, in learned Modern style,
 Bulky with Ruin, and o'ergrown with Spoil.
 While the wrong'd Widow want of Justice mourns,
 And the vex'd *Air* each empty groan returns;
 Pale *Want* and *Famine*, like some *injur'd Ghost*,
 Stalk o'er the Ground, and weep their Treasures
 lost.

Infamous *Poverty*, Devouring *Care*,
 And Everlasting *Toil*, and lean *Despair*,
 And black *Chagrin*, Compleat the Mournful Part;
 The wretched Off-spring of her *Cursed Art*!
Case-Books and *Codes* the Meagre Hag Consume,
 And Dies her self to dig another's Tomb;
 At every Meal, the hungry *Fury* Eats
 Fair *Palaces*, strong *Castles*, *Country Seats*.
 The bubb'd *Suitors* at their Fate repine;
 Gull'd with *Superfluous Reams* for *Solid Coin*.

A Hundred times has *Justice* turn'd her Scales;
 So oft her guilty Influence prevails,
 Incessantly from Trick to Trick she Runs;
 And sometimes, *like an Owl*, the Day-light shuns.
 Now, like a *Lyon* Lashing his dull sides,
 She stalks with fiery Eyes, and frightful Strides:
 Now like a *Serpent* thro' the *Herbage* glides.
 Long has the justest *Monarch* strove in Vain,
 With *Gordian* Knots this *Proteus* to restrain.
 Her Claws, by *So—rs* clip'd, increase in Strength,
 With Ink discolour'd, and o'ergrown in Length.
Ramparts and *Dykes of Law*, too feeble Foes,
 Resist th' Invasion, but in vain oppose.
 With *Creeping Guile* she Saps the Easy Ground,
 Or with *High Torrent* breaks th' Obstructing Mound.

Syrac Salutes the *Fiend*, and bending low,
 With distant awe reveres her wrinkled Brow.

Then Tempting Gold displays: *She* with delight
Views the bright Scene, and dwells upon the
Sight.

When thus the Sire—*Contention's* Mighty Queen!
Unquestion'd You o'er *Kings* and *Peasants* Reign.
Thro' Thee, *Force* uselefs is, and *Laws* are weak;
Statutes, like *Cobwebs*, You at pleasure Break.
For Thee the *Hind* Sweats at his drudging Plough;
For Thee his *Flocks* are fleec'd, his *Meadows* grow.
For Thee he Yearly reaps his *Golden Fields*;
To Thee his Rich *Autumnal* Labour Yields.
If from my Infant Years I've Thee ador'd,
And *Seas* of Ink on thy dread *Altars* pour'd,
Disdain not, *Mighty Goddess!* now to own
In his declining Years thy faithful Son.
Industrious *Fautress* of *Vexation*, Hear,
And Answer an imploring *Prelate's* Pray'r.

For on the Ruins of his Bright Renown
 An envious Rival has advanc'd his own:
 The *Desk* Destroying, with a forceful Band;
 'The *Desk*, late Re-erected by our Hand.
 Exhaust thy Fatal Knowledge in this Cause,
 Revolve the Books, Create Eternal Flaws,
 And with *Dadalean* Wiles confound the Laws.
 Be to thy Darling Sons those Arts display'd
 Which puzzle † *Themis* in the Rules she made!

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

My Friends, dismiss your Fears, You shall replace
 On the proud *Chanter's* Pew that *War-creating* Mass,

† *The Goddess of Justice.*

Arms you must take ; so *Fate* Ordains ; To Arms !

Prepare, My Sons, for glorious loud Alarms :

May long, long Suits Ensue, and Oh ! Beware

Never on any Terms your Cause *Refer*.

Let all *Accommodation* be Abhor'd :

Curst be the Slave who listens to *Accord* :

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

She stop't, and foaming breath'd upon the Throng
The same Dire Spirit late her Breast had stung.

From the Wild Hag, The *Demons* disengag'd,

Entred the *Herd*, and like a Tempest rag'd.

Headlong he drives 'em to the Deep Abyss

Of *Law*, unmindful of the Precipice.

Demurrers, Writs, Injunctions; Outla'ry,

Errors, Eternal Bills in Chancery,

In each undaunted Champion's Front appear,

And obstinately Threat perpetual War.

All, flush'd with fanfy'd Victory, return;
 They quit the less'ning *Hall*, and with new fury
 burn.

Mean Time, the *Canons* Far from Noise and Care,
 Indulge their Senses with Delicious Fare.
 The Servants under Thirty Chargers Sweat,
 And the full Board groans with the Sav'ry Weight,
 Each *Glutton* hunts, and garbles out Nice Bits,
 And, as his Fancy dictates Dainties, Eats.

The *Pasty's* irritating Salt excites,
 And kindles up their Thirty Appetites.
 When (Oh! Uncertain State of Human Things!)
 Light-footed *Fame* Unhappy Tydings brings,
 Reports with trembling Lips and visage pale
 The *Oracle*, and all its Dire *Detail*.

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

He

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

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

Thro' Various Paths, *Oblique* and *Dark*, they Draw
 Near to the Clam'rous Market of the Law.
 At length They reach the Celebrated *Hall*,
 Where Mercenary Tongues unweary'd bawl.
 In Om'nous Black, like *Priests*, Each *Proctor* plys,
 And serves his *Client* up for Sacrifice.
 Here the shop'd *Syrens* make a Busy Show,
 But get their Bread by what they Vend *Below*.
 Here crafty *Bibliopole* All Authors Sells;
 Wit, Learning, Arts and Sciences retails.
 Mingling, without Distinction, Good and Bad;
 Here *Dryden*, Next him *Ogilby* is laid.

While

While *Boyle* and *B*—ly blended, well Accord ;
 And *Row* and *Settle* grace one common Board.

The *Chanter* Now with formidable Noise,
 Exalts his shrill Ecclesiastic Voice :
 Urging his forward way—When Oh Dire Chance!
 The *Prelate* and his *Myrmidons* advance.
 Each rugged *Hero*, with encountring Eyes,
 His Rival's louring Front alternately Surveys :
 Sullen and Dumb Disdainfully they Stop,
 An Equal Madness Choaks and Swells 'em up.

So two fierce *Bulls*, who Rival-Passions share
 For some lov'd *Heifer*, Meditate a War.
 With jealous Rage fir'd at each others Sight,
 They quit the *Pasture* and prepare for *Fight* ;
 Bowing their Necks, Each his curl'd Forehead shakes,
 While from their Blood-shot Eyes their inward Fury
 breaks.

Ev'rad, by *Boirude* elbow'd, found his Spleen
 Began to Swell, and *Stimulate* within ;
 To *Biblio's* shop he bent his hasty Course,
 A *Cyrus* seiz'd, and with gigantic Force
 Th' unweildy Volume, at the *Sexton* threw ;
 He politickly Judg'd it, and withdrew :
 But hissing as it went, It *Sydrac* struck
 Full on the Chest ; who Sunk beneath the Shock :
 The Sire, by † *Artamene* forc'd to yield,
 Fell Breathless, the first Victim of the Field :
 His Friends with pain beheld his Overthrow,
 And Sympathizing Felt *Themselves* the Blow.
 Now against *Everard* twenty Champions dart,
 And all resolve to batter down a Part :
 The *Canons* their Assaulted Brother Spy,
 And forward, to sustain the Onset, fly :

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

Discord, Triumphant in the turbid Air
 Gave a loud shriek, the *Signal* of the *War*.

Now Nothing's heard but **Clank** and Warlike
 Din;

All Mingling, Enter *Biblio's* Magazine:

Poor *Ev'rard* Sinks beneath a *Booky* Show'r;

Twelves, *Quartos*, *Folios*, and *Octavos* pour.

So when destructive *Boreas* Marches forth
 With his Impetuous Forces of the *North*;
 In Storms of Icy Rain he plows the Air,
 Lays waste the Fields and makes the Orchards
 bare:

Throws down the blooming Honour of the Boughs,
 The Promise of the teeming Year and Lab'ring
 Gardner's Vows.

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

The Absent *Biblio's* Prentice strives in vain,
 Their more than *Gothick* Madness to restrain.

Volumes aloft, a *Leathern Tempest*, Fly;
 And Clouds of rising Dust involve the Sky.
 They Bruise for Bruise Exchange, and Wound for
 Wound,
 And Heaps of *Books* and *Bodies* raise the level
 Ground.

Here Tuneful *Waller* on the Pavement lay,
 And near him *Quarles* once more beheld the Day:
 Here *Aristotle* Flew, *Descartes* There;
 The *Heroes* met, and * *Jostl'd* in Mid-Air.
 Numberless Books appear'd this mighty Hour,
 Which scarce were seen, or ever known before.
 Here *Parthenissa* and *Cassandra* flew;
Romantic Weight did *Real Strength* subdue.
John Dunton too was seen, A wondrous Sight!
 To Dust retir'd, Revisiting the Light:
 And Towing the † *Dead Author* took his Flight.

Next,

* *Descartes's Philosophy is founded on contrary Principles to Aristotle's.*

† *Dunton writ Letters from Himself, as Dead.*

Next him, from its belov'd recess is Torn
 An English *Chevreau*, dead as soon as born.
 The *Rites o'th' Church* alone Unshaken stood,
 And grinning smil'd at sight of *Priestly* Blood.
 A *Keeble's Statutes*, with Unfriendly Weight
 Of crabbed Law, bruis'd *Girof's* empty Pate.
 When rough *Alcippus* felt a sudden Shock;
 Th' *Arabian Tales* his wounded Shoulder struck:
Indolent Sheets ! till now unus'd to bear
 The rough *Fatigues* and barbarous Rage of War,
 Supinely in soft Dreams You lull'd the *Fair*.
 Some luckless Hand afresh *Eliza* throws
 At *Clotho's* Head, and Smote him 'twixt the Brows;
 When, Strange effect ! the brawny Priest began
 To Yawn and stretch; *Lethargic Stiffness* Ran
 Thro' All the Magazines of Vital Heat;
 The Veins no more Life's quickning task repeat;

The *Soporiferous* Rhimes benumb'd his Breast,
 And with Strong *Opiats* forc'd him down to Rest.
Clelia wag'd *Amazonian* War Around,
 And bore down many a *Hero* to the Ground.
 'Twas by her Aid alone *Gorillion's* Name
 Reap'd Glorious Laurels, and a Deathless Fame.
 * Ten times by Her he signaliz'd his Arm,
 And Murd'rous bruises dealt and Mighty Harm.

But to Stout *Fabri's* Virtue all must Yield;
Fabri the foremost Champion in the Field!
 Hatch'd of a Sturdy *Consecrated* Brood,
 Nurtur'd i'th' Church, And Cradle'd up in Feud.
Robust of Body, And of *Mind* as Hard;
 No Danger his Intrepid Soul Debar'd,
 And Equally for *All Events* prepar'd.
 To Fight or Eat He never wou'd decline;
 Nor knew the Use of *Water* with his *Wine*.

* *Clelia* is in Ten Volumes in French.

His *Single Arm Whole Squadrons* Overthrew ;
 He *Guibert, Grasset, and Grangullet* flew,
Beau Gervase, and insipid *Guerin* too.

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

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

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

When thus, to sinking *Boirude*, *Brontin* Spoke;
 I see, *Illustrious Sexton*, in thy Look
 Some Seeds of Ancient Prowess: Oh my Friend!
 Let's to the last Our righteous Cause defend.
 What shall *One* Canon over *Us* prevail,
 And with his Single Weight thus turn the Scale?
 Shall it be said *One* Warrior bore away
 The Glory of the Cope and this Decisive Day?
 No; Never let that Envious Babler's Fame
 Tarnish the Lustre of thy Dauntless Name.
 Come, and Behind my Screening Body stand,
 This *Bastion* shall secure Thee from his Hand.
 Here, At his Head Fair *Afra's* Works let fly;
 And may they prove as killing as her Eye!

Boirude recall'd his Spirits to his Aid,
 And with Collected force th' Advice Obey'd.

By *Brontin* Cover'd, Takes delib'rate Aim,
And at the Warrior darts the Missive Dame.

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

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

With this, He *Fox's Book of Martyrs* chose.
Four ill-joyn'd Boards the Coverture compose,

Burrow'd by Worms, and Edg'd with Iron round ;
 And with an Old black Sheep-skin half way bound.
 No Silken Tyes it had, but at each Hasp
 Hung by three Nails a Remnant of a Clasp.
 Firm as it Stood upon the bending Shelf,
 No Humane Force cou'd Stir it, but Himself.

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

The

The *Prelate* saw their Fall with ghastful Eyes,
And sent to Heav'n a Scream that pierc'd the Skies.
Struck back with Horror and Appall'd with Fear,
He curses in his Heart the *God of War*,
With Silent Indignation he Retreats,
Yet still the *Chanter* in his Mind defeats.
Then rallying his lost Spirits, Makes a Stand,
And from his *Cassock* Draws his Vengeful Hand,
Yes, said the Mighty Chief, Tho' *Armies* fail,
These *Blessing-giving Fingers* shall prevail.

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

Kneeling in heaps the *Passengers* Receive
The *Benedictions* He prepares to Give,
With politic design to turn the Rout
Upon his Foes, who durst not *Stand* him Out.

The Zealous Vulgar Force down All they Meet,
Nor will they Suffer One to keep his Feet.

Th' Out-witted Adverse Host, Confounded
stare

At this unthought of Stratagem in War,
And dread the Storm approaching from afar.

Vainly the Trembling *Chanter* seeks for Aid
From his own Courage, or his Firm Brigade.

By *Both* Forfaken, *He* too now must *Fly*,
Or *Fall* before his Haughty Enemy.

The Confternated Troops Themselves Disband.

Yet None Escapes the swift-pursuing *Hand*.

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

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

The Watchful *Prelate* saw his close Retreat,
 And strait March'd up, his Conquest to Compleat.
 Then Turning to the Right, he wheel'd around,
 And *Bless'd* the frightn'd Champion to the Ground.
 Thrice he Erects his Rebel Head in Vain,
 The lengthen'd *Finger* forc'd him down again.
 Oblig'd to Kneel, because the *Mob's* so near ;
 And what he owes to *Rev'ence* Pays to *Fear*.

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

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

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213

THE
LUTRIN.

CANTO VI.



WHILE All Things thus to out-
ward View Concur
To fan the *Fire*, and carry on the
War;

True Piety who long had lain Conceal'd
And to the * *Alps* her exil'd Head reveal'd.
Deep in her Defart hears the Mournful Cry
Which from *Lutetia's* distant Walls arise.

* La Grande Chartreuse among the Alps.

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

Oh Virgin ! thou who dost my Shrines Support !
 Scourge of the *Bad*, and the *Good Man's Resort* !
 No human Passion can o'er *Thee* Prevail ;
 Nor ought, but *Right* ; turn thy impartial Scale.
 Shall I ne'er come to thy Salubrious Arms,
 But thus in Tears and Sighs to give Alarms ?

Is't not enough that in despite of Thee
My Name's assum'd by Vile *Hypocrisy*,
That her rapacious Hand shall Seize my Due,
My *Croziers*, *Mitres* and *Tiara* too?
Must I behold my Heritage laid Waste,
My Vineyard made a Prey to each Wild Beast!
In Stormy Times, and when my Reign was young,
My God-like Sons, with Holy Ardor stung,
Wou'd Face a Tempest, and, prepar'd to Die,
The Thunder of a Tyrant's Rage defy:
Soon as Baptiz'd, in Martyrdom expire,
And from the *Font* Run joyful to the *Fire*.
With my Inspiring Name their Souls were fill'd,
And only breath'd the Doctrines I Infill'd.
To High Preferments call'd in Church or State,
True to my Rules they scorn'd the glittering bait,
Nor Mounted the World's Stage but with Regret.

Those Hearts that did No Racks nor Tortures
 shun
 Wou'd from a *Mitre's* prefer'd Honour Run.
 Fearless of Pain, and Toil, and Earthly Loss,
 Thro' Thorns and over Rocks they bore the *Cross*.
 In Vain did gaping Hell's Artillery play;
 Pressing to Heav'n they forc'd their glorious Way.
 But when the *Church* her Altars had *Immur'd*,
 With the Cementing Blood of Saints Secur'd;
 When Christen'd Kings had Smooth'd her *Stormy*
 Face,
 A Dangerous *Calm* Succeeded in the Place;
 A Slack *Indifference* Stagnated the Flood,
 Deaden'd their Spirits and benumb'd their Blood.
 The Ardor of their burning *Zeal* decreas'd;
 And lagging *Faith* their load of Sins Confess'd.
 The Mortifying *Monk* grown Debonair
 Shook off the Ashes, and his Coat of Hair.

The Prelate, by Intrigues prefer'd to Place,
High Living held to be Sufficient Grace ;
A Cross and Mitre, painted on his Coach,
Virtue Enough to Silence All Reproach.
Humility to Stalking *Pride* gave Way ;
And in the * Frock's foul Grease *Ambition* lay.
Then Discord soon the Ties of Love Unbound,
And to my Sacred Cloysters Entrance found.
There with my Wealth she Built her Strongest
Forts,
Drag'd all my Subjects to Litigious Courts ;
In Vain my bending Knees her Steps prevent ;
Under *my Banners* March'd this Insolent.
False Teachers next, in Numerous Crouds Arise,
To fill the Measure of my Miseries.
Then Dangerous Heresies began their Reign,
And Execrable Maxims craz'd the Brain.

That

* Frock. — A Monk's Habit.

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

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

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

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

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

Chas'd by these Trait'rous Black Attempts, I fled;
Propitious Heaven my Exil'd Progress led,
To seek a Calm Retreat, a Halcyon Cell,
Where Deadly Colds and Freezing Vapours dwell.
Those Hills with everlasting Ice confin'd,
Where *Winter* never yet to *Spring* Resign'd.

EV'N

Ev'n *There* the News of my Misfortunes flew,
 My Fears return'd, and old Wounds bled anew.
 This Day too faithfully a Voice I heard,
 Fraught with Disastrous News I little fear'd.
 That *Temple*; where a King of * *Holy* Name,
 Devoted all his Toils, and Fruits of Fame,
 Whose Pompous Form, and Wealth Immense reveal
 The flowing Grandeur of the *Founder's* Zeal,
 Lo! now with Lux'ry fill'd, and foul Debate!
 Boundless their Pride, Implacable their Hate.
Honour and *Duty*, Empty Sounds, are fled;
 While *Tyranny* Erects her *Hydra-Head*.
 And wilt thou, *Sister*, with indiff'rent Eyes
 Behold their Malice, and my Cause despise?
 And shall this *Temple*, to my Glory rais'd,
 Where thronging *Vot'ry's* Once Ador'd and Prais'd;
I
Shall

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

Shall it be fill'd with *Sacrilegious* War?
 For *Combatants* the shameful *Theatre*?
 Oh No! at length let thy swoln Vengeance burst!
Impunity too long their Crimes has Nurst.
 Arise then, *Themis*, shake thy flaming Rod;
 Absolve the *Heav'ns*, and Vindicate a God!

Thus to her Sister spoke the Plaintive *Dame*;
Grace kindling in her Eyes *Aethereal* Flame.
Themis Assures an undeferr'd Redress;
 With Cordial Speech thus Chearing her Distress.

Dear, Holy Sister, Thou whose Ears and Eyes
 Were Never shut to Other's Miseries;
 But still with thy *Officious* Helpful Hands,
 Hast wip'd away their Tears, and loos'd their
 Bands.

Why dost thou Sorrow thus without Relief?
 And give thy Heavenly Charms a Prey to Grief?
 Swell not those Beauteous Eyes with Causeless
 Tears,
 Nor Entertain Anticipating Fears.
 What if thy lukewarm Subject's Ardor Cools,
 Warp'd by a prosp'rous Sun-shine from thy Rules?
 On an Eternal Rock thy *Church* is built,
 And Fortified with Blood of *Martyrs* spilt.
 Tho' *Hell* its firm Foundations should assail,
 Yet never shall the Gates of *Hell* prevail.
 Midst all the Show'rs of persecuting Darts,
 Thy Name still Cherish'd lives in *Faithful* Hearts.
 Yes; In this very Place, now up in Arms
 To Crush Thee, and Dishonour all thy Charms,
 Thou shalt Return; Their fierce Debates shall Cease,
 The Storm be hush'd, and all Compos'd to Peace.

Lo, yon Vast *Dome*, by Mortals much Revere'd,
 Where suppliant *Clients* at *all Hours* are heard!
 There sits a Matchless Man, and bears in State
My Honourable Purple's Pompous Weight.
 For *Me*, his Valuable Health Impairs;
 Nor does the lab'ring Sun see half *His* Cares.
Aristus He——

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

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

Haste, Sister, and the Godlike Man address;
His Op'ning Gates thy Presence will confess.
All know thee There; for All thy Laws observe,
And *Imitate* the pious Man they *Serve*.
One Glance from *Thee* will pierce his inmost Soul,
Which *Love*, nor *Fear*, nor *Hatred* can Controul.

Thy

Thy Aspect's Silent Rhetorick shall gain
 What Earth-born Eloquence may Ask in vain.

Thus *Themis* spoke. Her Sister's ravish'd Ears
 Blest the sweet Musick that allay'd her Fears ;
 Then wing'd with Joy, she to *Aristus* flies,
 And Obvious to his *Intellectual* Eyes
 The *Goddeſs* thus bespoke her faithful Friend ;
 In vain thy *Courage* and thy *Zeal* contend
 To Justify my Cause, and Rights Defend ;
 If Impious *Discord* * at thy Doors presume
 Thus to insult me and my Throne assume.

Within those Walls, once Holy and Renoun'd,
 (Strangers to Every inharmonious Sound)
 Poison'd by *Discord's* stimulating Rage,
 Two mighty Pow'rs in adverse Arms Engage:

With

* *The Chapel was near Mr. Lamoignon's Palace.*

*Mr. Lamoignon (the Aristus of Boileau) was Premier President ;
 a Place of Law and Equity too.*

With Cruel Feuds my Altars they Prophane,
 While *Piety* exalts her Voice in vain.
 Thou then, to whom th' Oppress'd for Aid appeal,
 Do Thou their sharp *Religious* Ulcers heal.
 Save *Me* from splitting on these dangerous Shelves;
 Save *Them*, *Aristus*, Save 'em from *Themselves*!

She spoke; the Hero leaves, and sinks in Air.
 A while he lay in *Extasie* of *Pray'r*:
 All cover'd o'er with Flames divinely bright,
 He Own'd the lovely Virgin's *Heavenly* Light.
 And now recover'd from the dazzling View,
 Convenes the *Prelate* and the *Chanter* too.

But, O my *Muse*, in this Sublimer Part
 Aid my faint *Spirit* and *Inspire* my *Art*!
 Unequal I, to sing the Man, or tell
 How by his Mighty Art fierce *Discord* fell.

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

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

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

Still burns the *Muse* to speak the *Hero's Praise* ;
And with *Thy Name* *Immortalize* her *Lays*.

But

But when she Measures the Transcendant Height,
 Her feeble Wings Decline the dangerous Flight.
 The trembling Sounds are dash'd upon her Tongue,
 And *Admiration* interdicts her Song.

So in the famous *Hall* where *Themis* sways,
 And re-inthron'd by *Thee* exerts her Rays,
 A Youth, who fain wou'd to the *Barr* proceed,
 And from a *Hearing-Counsel* Call'd to Plead,
 At length, Surrounded with *Black Gowns* and *Fears*,
 The Aukward Wrestler at the *Barr* appears;
 Ent'ring the Lifts, his *Virgin-Motion* makes;
 But soon the Oil his fault'ring Tongue forsakes.
 Thy Awful Prefence Thunder-strikes his Sense,
 And Disarrays his Pusy Eloquence.
 The blushing *Orator* Attempts in vain,
 The Thred of his Distracted Speech to gain.

On the *last* Word tenaciously he Dwells,
 And lengthens out the bashful Syllables.
 He Stammers, Pauses, Stops, and Speechless grown,
 With Shame Oppress'd young *Cicero* plunges down.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

PAGE 6. line 3. for *What then*, read *Have then*. p. 8. l. 5. for *Flour blooming*, r. *Flowry Bloom*. p. 69. l. 12. for *Believes it Three*, r. *Believes it Noon*. p. 85. l. 11. for *Meagre*, r. *Busy*. p. 90. l. 2. for *Hall*, r. *Cave*. p. 97. l. 3. for *Rites*, r. *Rights*. p. 100. l. 9. for *Babler's*, r. *Babler*. Ibid l. 13. for *Afra*, r. *Trotter*.

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