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13

T H E

WORLD AS IT GOES,

A

P O E M.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF THE DIABOLIAD.

DEDICATED TO

One of the Best Men in his Majesty's Dominions, &c.

---

THE TIME IS OUT OF JOINT. — SHAKESPEARE.

---

THE SECOND EDITION.

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. BEW, in Pater-Noster-Row.

MDCCLXXIX.

2799

d. 95

*Bot. from G. A. C. C.*



T O  
SIR GEORGE SAVILE, BART.

WHOSE INFLEXIBLE INTEGRITY,

UNREMITTED INDUSTRY,

A N D

EMINENT ABILITIES,

EVER EMPLOYED TO THE HONOUR

A N D

BENEFIT OF HIS COUNTRY,

HAVE JUSTLY GAINED HIM THE TITLE OF

One of the Best Men

IN HIS MAJESTY'S DOMINIONS,

THE FOLLOWING POEM,

IF IT MAY DESERVE THAT NAME,

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

B Y

HIS OBEDIENT, HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

---



1942

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

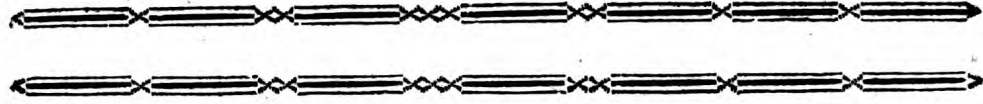
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

1942

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

1942



THE  
WORLD AS IT GOES:

A  
P O E M.



**T**HERE was a Time, a boyish, blushing Time,  
When tender Feelings mingled with my Rhime,  
And taught my Reed, in humble notes, to play  
The Village-Song and simple Roundelay;  
Or aid the Chorus of the rural Train,  
Who sing the tranquil Pleasures of the Plain.

B

There

There was a Time, when, at the breaking dawn,  
I trod the silver'd Verdure of the Lawn ;  
Or climb'd the craggy Mountain's lofty Brow,  
To view the lefs'ning mists that float below ;  
Or sought the Thicket's Shade, to hear the tale  
Of early songsters echo through the dale.

There was a Time, when, at the dusky hour  
Of sober Eve, I sought the secret Bower,  
Where Amaryllis had entwin'd the Rose,  
And every other fragrant flow'r that blows,  
To hallow, with their breath, the sacred Shade,  
By Love's ingenious Arts, for Lovers made.

There was a Time, when, as the midnight-bell  
Flung to the distant vale its hollow knell,  
And Cynthia shone abroad, I lov'd to tread  
The gloomy Mansions of the peaceful Dead,  
While, to my cold and wat'ry cheek, I press'd  
The sacred Urn where Friendship's Ashes rest.

These

These Times are past!---these tender joys are o'er!---  
They're past and gone, and will return no more!  
New scenes succeed: by fond Ambition fir'd,  
By the feverer Muse, at length, inspir'd,  
To her I yield my Reed, to her belong;----  
'Tis she awakes and will direct my song!

'Twas in the month when Sirius' burning ray,  
With scorching heat, inflames the fultry day,  
That by a Riv'let's Side I careless laid  
My languid limbs beneath the Willow's Shade;---  
There gentle slumbers o'er my senses crept,  
And solemn Visions hail'd me as I slept.

Methought there 'rose to my astonish'd sight  
A Female Form, in awful splendor bright:  
A flowing Robe of dusky hue she wore;  
In her right hand an iron Harp she bore;  
And from a Ribbon, o'er her shoulder flung,  
A Scourge, with all its knotty lashes, hung.

Stern was her Visage, and her piercing Eye  
 With scrutinizing ray seem'd made to pry  
 Deep in the Source whence human Actions flow,  
 Their Motives and their Origin to know ;---  
 Could pierce the Veil of hypocritic Art,  
 And view the Vice that festers in the Heart.

“ Begone ! ” she cried ; “ give o'er thy foolish trade,  
 “ For low-born Swains and homely Shepherds made.  
 “ Content no more to charm the Village-Throng,  
 “ Exalt your strain, and dignify your song :  
 “ Quit, quit the simple Reed ; 'tis I inspire ! ”  
 She said, and gave the harshly-sounding Lyre.  
 I took the hallow'd gift, and strove to play ;  
 But o'er the cords my erring fingers stray.  
 “ What must I do,” I cried, “ forbid to sing  
 “ Of frozen Winter and the scented Spring ;  
 “ Of all the sweets which op'ning flow'rs disclose,  
 “ The snowy Jasmin and the crimson Rose ?  
 “ To sing of higher themes in vain I try ;  
 “ These humble Plains no loftier themes supply.

“ O Muse

" O Muse divine ! assist my feeble strain,  
 " Or give me back my Shepherd's Reed again.  
 " Fool," she replied, "incline thy willing ear;  
 " Observe my words and with attention hear.  
 " ---Of all the various themes which Poets chuse,  
 " Of all the subjects which the wayward Muse  
 " Reveals to Bards, there is but one can give  
 " That lasting Fame which will for ever live.

" Whate'er of Man th' observing eye can see,  
 " By Virtue rais'd, or sunk in Infamy ;  
 " His cold Reserve, his unrestrain'd Excess,  
 " His sinking Grief or rampant Happiness ;  
 " His rising Honour or approaching Shame,  
 " The vain Pursuit or just Contempt of Fame ;  
 " His furious Love and unremitted Hate,  
 " His passing Life and unexpected Fate ;---  
 " This is the theme which should the Muse employ,  
 " The Good to praise, the Wicked to destroy.  
 " Does outcast Virtue 'neath Oppression bow,---  
 " Tho' Kings oppose thee, crown her sacred brow:

C

" Does

“ Does titled, frontless Vice exalt his horn,---  
“ Expose him to the pointing hand of Scorn.  
“ If the rank Letcher, by intemp’rance bred,  
“ Fouls the chaste honours of a Brother’s bed ;  
“ If fordid Avarice shall dare with-hold,  
“ From craving Want, his unavailing gold ;  
“ If base and crafty Senators betray  
“ Their King and Country’s dearest rights for pay ;  
“ Th’ indignant Muse, inflam’d with honest rage,  
“ Should mark them down on her eternal page,  
“ And, with her iron pen, inscribe their shame  
“ In the black annals of recording Fame.”

---“ But I, the meanest of the scribbling tribe,”---  
“ Peace !” she replied ; “ look round thee and describe !”

I turn’d, and lo ! a wide-extended plain,  
Where barren Solitude had fix’d her reign :  
Far as the eye could reach, no lively green,  
Or spreading tree, or painted flower, was seen ;

No

No murm'ring riv'let flow'd,---no gushing rill,  
In silver streams, ran down the dusky hill;  
Through the mid air no fowl was seen to wing,  
No Dove was heard to coo, no bird to sing:  
There, all alone, a solitary guest,  
The shrieking Bittern built her secret nest:  
No trace of human footsteps there appear'd,  
But one poor low-roof'd Cottage that was rear'd  
Against the naked crag,---whose pendant brow  
Threaten'd destruction to the hut below.

“ There,” said the Muse, “ from distant cities fled,  
“ Submissive Virtue hides her holy head,  
“ Well-pleas'd beneath that humble shed to live,  
“ And taste of joys that cities cannot give.  
—“ The taunts of prosp'rous Vice,---the look severe  
“ Of unrelenting Pride,---the early tear  
“ Of helpless Orphans, and the bursting sighs  
“ That in the Widow's tortur'd bosom rise,  
“ When stern Injustice riots in her dower;---  
“ Oppression's iron hand,---the gripe of Power;

“ The



" The noon-day Letch'ries, the Blasphemer's tongue,  
 " With impious tales and deadly curses hung;  
 " The poison'd *Circes* that, o'er paths of flowers,  
 " Tempt hapless Youth to their enchanted bowers;  
 " The Murd'rer's blood-stain'd knife, the lawless flame  
 " Of lewd Adultery that laughs at Shame;  
 " The roar of Faction,---the domestic Strife,  
 " And all the Ills that wait on public Life,---  
 " Drove shudd'ring Virtue to that humble cell  
 " Where Peace and patient Resignation dwell :  
 " Here she to Heaven breathes forth the constant prayer,---  
 " And the rare Pilgrim finds a blessing there."

Again I look'd,---the mournful scene was gone,  
 No darksome cloud obscur'd the golden Sun;---  
 All, all was gay, and, to my dazzled eyes,  
 Proud cities, with their gilded turrets, rise !  
 The deepen'd vallies teem with gushing rills,  
 The grazing herds hang down the verdant hills;  
 Each spreading tree the purple cluster bears,  
 And Nature pleas'd her gayest liv'ry wears.

Commerce

Commerce, with spreading sails, exulting flood,  
And menac'd, with its weight, the yielding flood :  
The song of Pleasure floated in the air,  
And trooping Nymphs her rosy feasts prepare.

“ Mid yonder tow'rs and these surrounding plains,  
“ Vice,” said the Muse, “ in all her glory reigns :”  
“ There has she fix'd her dwelling, and prepares  
“ The gilded treach'ries and envenom'd snares,  
“ To catch unwary mortals, and controul  
“ Each great and noble feeling of the soul ;  
“ And, with a more than Circe's fatal art,  
“ Pollutes the source of Virtue in the heart.”

Again I turn'd mine eyes, but saw no more  
What I beheld with such delight before.  
The lofty hills the angry heav'ns deform,  
And all their beauties sink beneath the storm ;  
In the fat pastures Lux'ry plans the feast,  
And slaughters hecatombs to gorge a guest.

D

Beneath

Beneath the spreading vine the Drunkard lay,  
 And foul Intemp'rance snor'd his hours away :  
 In frolic Pleasure's unsuspected bowers  
 The Serpent roll'd his poison'd train in flowers :  
 While Commerce, weeping, sat upon the strand,  
 The broken rudder in his trembling hand.

The forked Lightnings cleave the glitt'ring spires ;  
 Through gilded palaces the raging Fires  
 Burst their impetuous way ; the piercing Cry  
 Of ravish'd Innocence assaults the sky ;  
 The streets grow red with streams of human Gore,  
 And crowded Prisons will contain no more ;  
 Neglected Age weeps o'er the new-rais'd tomb,  
 And envies Youth its unexpected doom.

I could behold no more---“ O Muse severe !”  
 I humbly said, “ my fond petition hear !  
 “ Far, far away these sights of Woe remove,  
 “ And leave me in the Solitude I love ;

“ Leave

“ Leave me to mingle with the Sylvan Train,  
 “ And give me back my Shepherd’s Reed again.”

“ Ah, filly Youth !” replied the Maid divine,  
 “ To turn away thine ear from words like mine ;  
 “ To check that spirit which would thine inspire,  
 “ And warm thy genius with poetic fire.  
 “ Wilt thou refuse the verdant wreath of Fame  
 “ And all the honours of a Poet’s name ?  
 “ Expel these coward terrors from thy heart,  
 “ In Virtue’s cause employ the tuneful art ;  
 “ My shrill-ton’d harp shall aid thy honest rhymes,---  
 “ Then take this biting scourge and lash the Times.”

“ But how shall Shepherd Swain, unknown to Strife,  
 “ Born in the lowly Vale of tranquil life,  
 “ How shall he sing aright or tune his lays,  
 “ To tell of Men, their Manners, and their Ways,  
 “ And all the Horrors of degen’rate days ?” }  
 ---“ To me” she said, “ the duty shall belong,  
 “ To give thee knowledge and instruct thy song.

“ By

" By my command, before thy wond'ring eyes,  
 " The varying pictures of the World shall rise ;  
 " Its wants and misery, its vice and woe,---  
 " With all that it befits a Bard to know :---  
 " Truth shall the scene compose, and ev'ry part  
 " Beam new instruction to thy feeling heart.  
 ---" Mark with attention ; and, as in a glass,  
 " Behold the faithful visions as they pass."

Deep in the shady bosom of a Wood,  
 Methought a large and antient Temple stood :  
 Upon the solid strength of Archés rear'd,  
 In rev'rend dignity the fane appear'd.  
 Around the dome luxuriant Ivy crawls  
 And deadly Serpents hiss within the walls :  
 In mould'ring sculpture croaking Ravens rest,  
 And Daws discordant find a secret nest :  
 Brambles and Weeds, with pois'nous blossoms crown'd,  
 Weave their rank tendrils and infest the ground ;  
 While the surrounding growth of thicken'd Trees  
 Collects the vapour and obstructs the breeze.

---Its

---Its ancient Form remain'd;---but ev'ry Grace,  
Which deck'd the building and adorn'd the place,  
Had long been left to moulder and decay,  
To Time's relentless fangs a yielding prey.  
Imperfect characters of faded gold,  
High in the front, its antient Goddess told.  
Beside the gate, with broken sculpture grac'd,  
'Mid storied urns, by cank'ring Age defac'd,  
*Orestes* stood, in mutilated pride,  
And *Pylades* was mould'ring by his side.

---There was a Time when ev'ry labour'd part  
Bore the nice touches of ambitious Art:  
When the rich altars blaz'd with sacred flame,  
And Friendship was a dear and honour'd name:  
When heart-sick Vot'ries, drooping with despair,  
Found a sure refuge and asylum there;  
Where, from oppression safe and worldly strife,  
They pass'd in peace the closing years of life.  
There injur'd Virtue turn'd its willing feet,  
And found a welcome and secure retreat:

E

There



There the bold Youth, with love of arms inspir'd,  
 Felt his young soul with heighten'd ardor fir'd;  
 Preferr'd his pray'r, and, big with promis'd fame,  
 Sprung to the war and gain'd an Hero's name.

---But now no more on Friendship's altars blaze  
 Th' ascending flames;---no more the song of praise,  
 In grateful chauntings, echoes through the dome:---  
 Exil'd by Int'rest from her native home,  
 She wanders all forlorn; the daily sport  
 Of ev'ry Fool that cringes in a Court,  
 Of ev'ry Knave, and all the endless Train  
 Of those who sweat beneath the Lust of Gain.  
 ---Among the Rich, the Noble, and the Great,  
 Who hears her cry,---who mourns her hapless fate?  
 To her deserted Temple who repair?

PORTLAND\* alone demands admittance there.

\* This Nobleman, in an interested age, is a most shining example of disinterested Friendship.—I shall take a more proper occasion than the present to enlarge upon so pleasing a subject.—Indeed, higher abilities than mine are requisite to give a due celebrity to his character: however, my best talents, such as they are, shall one day be exerted to do him justice;---I have reserved a page for the purpose.

Another

Another scene appears----new Temples rise,  
Whose gilded pinnacles assault the skies.  
High in the midst, and on a splendid throne,  
Where ev'ry gay and solid trapping shone,  
*Self-Int'rest* sat,---an execrable form,  
And, with a scowling eye, beheld the swarm  
Of crowding Vot'ries eager to address  
The fordid Monarch of their happiness.  
Stars, Ribbands, Purfes, Wands, in order strung,  
Like Beadsmen's rosaries, around him hung :  
Patents and Sleeves of holy Lawn were seen,  
With the sage Hoods of snowy Ermeline,  
And ev'ry other foolish, glitt'ring toy,  
That charms the infant man or hoary boy.  
---A polish'd Magnet grac'd each grasping hand,  
The wond'rous engines of his high command,  
Which, with repulsive or attracting art,  
Could drive the life-blood onward to the heart,  
Or check the streams which vital warmth supply,  
And leave the ruddy cistern cold and dry.

These



These as he turn'd with well-directed skill,  
 He won the pliant Vot'ry to his will ;  
 Urg'd ev'ry fordid impulse,---but repress'd  
 Each gen'rous purpose of the human breast ;  
 Chill'd Patriot Love, and, with magnetic art,  
 Perverted all the feelings of the heart.

There S— — ask'd for Pow'r, despising Fame,  
 And all the glories of an honest name.  
 The good Sir P— — — impatient stood,  
 And fought to quench his thirst in K— —'s Blood.  
 M— —, the tool of ministerial power,  
 A Conscience ask'd *for one important hour*,  
 And, when the big, important hour was o'er,  
 Never to goad his callous bosom more.  
 The *Sawney* W— — — in silence steals,  
 And seeks in vain a Peerage and the Seals.  
 H— —, in all the City honours clad,  
 Demands a wealthy Heir, a sprightly lad,  
 In the mid-way 'twixt twelve and twenty-one,  
 With ev'ry forward wish to be undone,---

To

To whom a few cool Thousands might be lent  
 At the small gain of only *Cent. per Cent.*  
 B— —p, with sneaking, conscious visage, bow'd,  
 The least and meanest of the bending Croud,  
 And claim'd of future Wives a precious Store,  
 Whene'er his present Dear should be no more\*.  
 ---Contracting H— — fought to steal the Bread  
 With which the starving Soldier should be fed.  
 ---Lank G— —r ask'd his Patron God to give  
 Some strength'ning Balm,---that he might whore and live.  
 ---*Rigby* requests some Ten Years more of Life,  
 And bawdy B— — — a golden Wife.  
 H— —d implor'd, or he should be undone,  
 Some Sinecure to cloath a younger Son;  
 While his good Dame or said or seem'd to say,  
*Betty's unmarried yet,---an Husband, pray.—*

\* I must beg the *worthy* Lord, to whom I have the honour of alluding, not to have any great dependance upon his being mentioned at this time only *en passant*.—It did not suit my purpose to say more; but he may be assured, that I will, at a proper opportunity, keep my word with him, and with the public in regard to him.

Large troops of hungry *Scotsmen* bow'd the knee  
 To crave *Diplomas* for their Treachery,---  
 And ask'd, with suppliant voice, the blessed fate  
 To suck the Vitals of the Land they hate.  
 ---Mifs crav'd a Lover,---batter'd Beaux a Wife,  
 And crouds of Husbands ask'd *a quiet Life*.  
 ---Young, greedy Heirs, who grudge the very breath  
 Their Fathers draw, demand their instant Death.  
 ---The prostrate *Delia*, with uplifted hands  
 And eyes suffus'd in briny tears, demands,  
 To ease those longings she can scarce endure,  
 That *Florio* may receive a speedy Cure †.  
 For Bridges *Mylne* applied on bended knee,  
 And *modest Adams* crav'd *a Lottery* ‡.

† Among the many refinements which disgrace this refining age, and seem to strike at the root of all decency, the circumstance here alluded to is of the first magnitude.—There are many unfortunate women, artfully reduced to a state of prostitution, who have much more real chastity in their hearts than that young person of fashion, who not only knowingly receives the addresses of a man when he is infected with an impure disease, but enters into a formal consent to delay her union with him till he is purified from it,---when she receives him to her arms from the sink of pollution.---Such an one must think her marriage more effectually sanctified by the *certificate* of the *Surgeon*, than the *benediction* of the *Divine*.

‡ The scheme for retrieving the ruined fortunes of this man and those who were connected with him, has far outgone every other bold and audacious

---Council demanded Briefs, and for a Cause  
 Attornies brawl'd, those Leeches of the Laws;  
 While pillag'd Clients 'fore the Sov'reign fall,  
 And humbly sue to have no Laws at all.

Thus, as I look'd, the Vifion funk away,  
 And other Phantoms o'er my fancy play.  
 ---Methought, in one fhort moment there arofe  
 A rugged Den, whose threat'ning jaws difclofe  
 Such loathfome Shapes, fo horrid to the fight,  
 That all my nerves were ftiffen'd with affright,  
 No monftrous Shapes, that, erring from her plan,  
 Nature brings forth to be the Scourge of Man,---  
 No pois'nous Reptile, whose envenom'd bane  
 Can ftop the Life-blood courfing through the vein,  
 And bring on infant Death, but there were feen,---  
 The blue, the grey, the fpeckled, and the green.

cious impofition which has, in thefe days, infulted the underftandings and  
 common-fenfe of mankind.---It would be an impertinence to enlarge my ob-  
 fervations in this place ;---but in the History of the prefent Times, which is  
 the employment of my leifure-hours, a very full, minute, and authentic  
 account of this tranfaction will be given to the world.

---No

---No stupefying Leaf,---no deadly Flower,  
Planted by Fate for Man's despairing hour,  
But, with an intermingled foliage, wave  
Their baneful tendrils round the dismal Cave.  
---Beneath the shaggy Arch, in loathsome state,  
The lustful Regent of the Dungeon fate.  
A form less pleasing eyes could never see  
Than this foul semblance of *Adultery*.  
Enchanting smiles adorn'd her ruddy face  
With ev'ry winning charm and soften'd grace ;  
Long yellow tresses on her bosom play'd,  
Whose heaving orbs the inward flame betray'd :  
Beneath her waist a ruder shape appears,  
Her lower form a shaggy cov'ring wears;—  
Around her feet, hard, cloven sandals grow,---  
Above a Woman, and a Goat below.  
---Upon a couch of matted reeds she lay,  
And, in rude dalliance, pass'd the time away:  
To brutal joys she woo'd each beastly shape,  
The sturdy Stallion, and luxurious Ape ;

And

And, in exhaustless vigor, play'd the Whore  
 With the smooth Panther and the bristly Boar.

But now I saw, and trembled to behold,  
 The Young, the Lively, the Deform'd, and Old,  
 Both high and low, of every degree,  
 Pay their low Homage to Adultery.  
 ---There W— — stood, who, by lewd Passion led,  
 Defil'd the Honours of her Husband's Bed:  
 Not in that age when infant Love inspires,  
 And am'rous sighs awaken am'rous fires ;  
 When, warm'd by Nature, should th' impatient Bride  
 Find a cold, nerveless *Statue* by her side,  
 Whose ineffectual strength, Oh sad to tell !  
 Serves but to 'wake the flame it cannot quell;---  
 Should she, unhapp'ly, in Life's genial May,  
 From rigid Virtue be provok'd to stray,  
 Justice will almost weep o'er its decree,  
 And pitying Sorrow calm her misery ;  
 Repentance will declare her sins forgiven,  
 And mild Religion ope the promis'd Heaven.

G

—But



---But W— —, many an Year a wedded Dame,  
 Deferts her gen'rous Lord, her honest Fame;  
 And, lost to Feeling, to all Honour blind,  
 Her young and lovely Offspring left behind,---  
 Left them, in lawless Love, her Lust to blend  
 With the shrewd Letcher and the faithless Friend.  
 Before the Cave she stood, and, frantic, tore  
 The saffron mantle she no longer wore;—  
 Then on a bank her homely length she laid,  
 Beneath a pension'd Scotchman's filthy plaid.

Ill-fated *Sarah!* next thy form I view'd,  
 Thy swollen cheeks with gushing tears bedew'd:  
 Lost were thy cherub smiles and winning grace  
 In the pale sadness of thy bloated face!  
 Methought I saw Repentance by thy side,  
 Who kindly ask'd to be thy pensive guide,  
 And bid thee to her secret cell repair  
 To find a refuge and asylum there,

Now

Now D— — and her Paramour advance,  
 And beat the rugged ground in am'rous Dance.  
 Sprightly she seem'd, as unconcern'd and gay  
 As the blythe Nymph that dances to the May.  
 From pendant boughs she pluck'd th' oblivious Fruit,  
 She eat, and sunk at once into a Brute;  
 At once forgot the days of Virtue past,—  
 Those happy days that were not made to last;—  
 At once forgot a Mother's tender care,  
 And ev'ry charm that makes a Woman fair:---  
 Chang'd was her airy form, and she was seen  
 The perfect Image of her beastly Queen.  
 —C— — — next approach'd the lustful band;  
 Stern was her shameless brow, and, in her hand,  
 With careless air a Parchment Scroll she bore,  
 Rich with the painted honours, which, of yore,  
 Her brave, illustrious Ancestry had won,  
 And through full many an age, from fire to son,  
 Had been, with added fame, maintain'd, till she,  
 The latest scion of this goodly tree,  
 Their Deeds of Honour clos'd with Guilt and Infamy. }  
 With



With scornful look the Record she unroll'd,  
 That show'd Emblazonments enrich'd with Gold;  
 But, as the Parchment felt the cank'rous Air,  
 A Blank appear'd, nor was a Colour there.

Now P— —y came, conducted by a Priest,  
 With fair T— — —l, to the sinful Feast:  
 And, from the Stable-Yard, a well-known Pair  
 With ardent eyes beheld the pastimes there.  
 Upon his head the branching Horns appear'd,  
 Which ev'ry moment some new antler rear'd;  
 And, on her brow, 'twas curious to behold  
 Horns of a smaller size, and tipt with gold.  
 ---*Hymen*, with fearful eyes and sadden'd mien,  
 View'd, in despair, the desolating Scene;  
 Then wav'd his languid Torch, afraid to stay,  
 And stretch'd his eager wings and fled away.

Why mourns the frantic World?---What solemn Show  
 Of deep Distress, and ceremonious Woe,

Sur-

Surrounds that tomb, 'mid bending willows plac'd,  
 And with full many a weeping Cherub grac'd?  
 Is Liberty no more?---Is Virtue fled?—  
 The chaunted Dirges answer---PRICE *is dead!*  
 Laugh, Whim, and Joke, and Merriment are o'er,  
 The chaunted Dirge repeats---CHASE *is no more!*  
 He's gone, the Fav'rite of the jovial Train,  
 And we shall never see his like again.  
 ---*Humour* with *Melancholy*, silent Maid,  
 Walk'd, arm in arm, beneath the Cypress shade.  
*Mirth* fought the secret dale, in gloomy pride,  
 And *Wit* and *Dulness* saunter'd side by side.  
 Dejected *Comus* broke his wand in twain,  
 Then wept, and with him wept his frolic Train.  
 --Around his tomb there troop'd the venal Fair,  
 And hung the price of Prostitution there.  
 He sung their various praise, and, in return,  
 They weave their dirty garters round his urn.  
 ---But diff'rent Sorrows diff'rent Hearts controul'd;  
 Some mourn'd their jovial Friend, and some their Gold.

P— — look'd grave, and *Thanet* hung his head,  
 And Cousin *Batburst*'s face was *doubly red*.  
 The weeping *Christie* let his hammer fall,  
 And turn'd and look'd at Brother *Tatterfall*.  
 ---Bands of Choice Spirits all distracted roam,  
 And hiccup out their griefs and stagger home.  
 Pimps, Bawds, and Waiters, all his loss deplore;---  
 Again, in chorus, howl—PRICE *is no more* \*!

\* This Gentleman was one of the most extraordinary persons who have lived in the present age.—He possessed considerable abilities; his mind was not unadorned with useful and polite information, and he was remarkable for a great share of that lively humour which is so essential to the character of what is called a *bon compagnie*: but his peculiar and distinguishing characteristic was a perfect Knowledge of Mankind, which he exercised with a success that has no example.—The World was the book which he made the continual object of his study; and, directing all the force of his natural sagacity to that point, he acquired a supreme insight into human weaknesses, and was, thereby, enabled so to apply the humorous flexibility of his own character as to lead them to his purpose.—This was his great and golden attribute; and to a judicious application of it, to all ranks and stations, he owes every success of his life. By this talent he duped the penetration, cunning, and even avarice of *Lord Batb*:—by this he carried his election for the county of *Radnor*, where he had little or no property, and little or no natural interest, against persons who had both great property and great natural interest:—by this he was enabled to dupe, or, to use a more expressive term, to *bumbug* all kinds of persons, from a Peer of the realm to the Waiter of a bawdy-house, and, first or last, to gain his point with them all.—By the same means, without having ever possessed any considerable fortune, he contrived, for many years, to bear himself upon a footing with the richest men in the kingdom, indulged himself in all the expensive turns of the *Man of Taste*, and in all the luxury of the *Man of Pleasure*;—left his family in a  
 state

Another Scene now greets my searching Eyes;---  
 Methought I saw a spacious Building rise:  
 Upon a Rock of Adamant it stood,  
 And proudly overlook'd the foaming Flood.  
 High, on the strength of mighty columns rear'd,  
 Its awful and unshaken Dome appear'd :  
 A simple grandeur reign'd in ev'ry part,  
 Untinsel'd by the glare of modern Art.  
 Close by its side a verdant Oak out-spread  
 Its knotty branches o'er fair Freedom's head.  
 In pensive attitude she lay reclin'd,  
 And gave her rising sorrows to the wind :  
 Then grasp'd her vengeful spear, and call'd in vain  
 For speedy succour o'er the troubled Main;  
 And heav'd her eyes to Heav'n as in despair,  
 To call, nor see her faithful *Keppel* there.

state of opulence, though he continually lived, as he died, in a state of insolvency.---Since my acquaintance with this Person, I have no longer considered the Sir *John Falstaff* of *Shakespeare* to be a character of Invention and out of Nature, as many of his Commentators have supposed :---I am now convinced that it was founded in Truth; and, if due allowance be made for the difference of times and circumstances, this Gentleman will be found to have been a very striking counterpart of that singular character.---*Chase Price* was, undoubtedly, the *Falstaff* of the present age.

Beneath

Beneath the Rock, within a gloomy Cave,  
That echo'd back the hoarse-resounding wave,  
Where Sun could never beam its cheering day,  
And only open to the Muse's ray,  
Three mortal Figures sat in deep debate  
On secret acts and mysteries of state.  
---The first in robe of filken Plaid was drest ;  
A leathern Girdle bound the motley vest,  
And form'd a Scabbard, where, in secret laid,  
The treach'rous Dirk dispos'd its thirsty blade :  
A purple Bonnet on his head he wore,  
Which, as a Plume, a spiteful Thistle bore :  
Upon his breast a Rose of pallid hue,  
Fair as when on the thorny stalk it grew,  
Safe in some northern vale,---its honours spread,  
Nor dropt its leaf, nor hung its rebel head.  
---Before him stood a Cross, that gracious sign  
Of pard'ning Mercy, and of Love Divine,  
But oft perverted, in degen'rate Times,  
To shield the Villain, and to hallow Crimes :

This

This he approach'd and kifs'd, with pious air,  
Then bent him low, and mutter'd forth a prayer.

The next, a rev'rend Form, in black array'd,  
Who trampled on the Laws himself had made.  
From his keen Eye the liquid Lightnings dart,  
But Treachery lay hid within his Heart.  
Before him was a Scroll, which, when unroll'd,  
Beam'd with the Names of many a *Baron bold*,  
Who made their King low bend his haughty knee  
Before the sacred shrine of Liberty.

---This Charter, by the will of Heav'n, design'd  
The lawless sway of Tyrant Crowns to bind,  
With patient labour and perverting skill,  
He blotted, chang'd, and modell'd to his will.

---Beside him, Slav'ry, of its bondage vain,  
Kifs'd the rough cords, and shook the pond'rous chain.

The third a Boy appear'd of tender age,  
Whom childish Sports and gilded Toys engage.



Altho' a Child, he like a Man was drefs'd  
 In velvet mantle and in ermin'd vest.  
 His baby-hand a golden Sceptre bore,  
 And on his brow a tott'ring Crown he wore.  
 Changeful he seem'd, and laugh'd and cry'd by turns;  
 Now fullen fits, and now with fury burns:  
 For other toys his watchful Guardian teaz'd,  
 With the new bawbles for a moment pleas'd;  
 Then threw them at his feet, and, with disdain,  
 Demands to leave the Cave, and calls his train----  
 When, strait, the stern Protector, from his vest,  
 Drew forth a Scourge, and thus the Boy address'd:  
 " Behold this dreadful Symbol of Command,  
 " To me entrusted by thy Mother's hand!  
 " Weav'd by her cunning art, and well design'd  
 " To rule thy tetchy mood and stubborn mind."  
 Deep sunk the threats into the Urchin's breast,  
 Who moan'd, and sobb'd, and cry'd himself to rest.

And now, methought, within the dismal Cell,  
 The deep-leagu'd Statesmen form'd the magic spell:

When,

When, from some secret corner of the Cave,  
*Mischief* came forth with many a sturdy slave:  
These gave the pond'rous hammer force, and those  
The piercing chissel's subtle art oppose  
To the hard stone, and, in strict union, join  
To form beneath the Rock the treach'rous Mine.  
Soon was the work perform'd; for magic Skill,  
With hellish haste, obeys its Master's will.  
That done, the ready Ministers prepare,  
With direful art, and deep-designing care,  
The fiery feeds which burning mountains yield,  
And in Hell's sulph'rous caverns lie conceal'd;  
With moulding hands the secret Lightnings form,---  
And the huge Mine receives the pregnant storm.  
From its dark mouth the nitrous trains expand  
Their intermingled branches to the strand.  
---Afflicted *Freedom* saw Destruction nigh,  
But check'd the tear and curb'd the rising sigh.  
Beneath she view'd the hostile Navy ride  
On the rough bosom of the adverse tide:

Despair-



Despairing of relief, she seeks her Throne,  
 There waits her Temple's downfall, and her own;  
 There waits, in mournful state, th' exploding fire,  
 Determin'd with her Altars to expire.

---And now methought the party-colour'd *Thane*,  
 With eager footstep, hurried to the Main:  
 On his right arm the sleeping Boy he bears,  
 And with his left the flaming torch uprears;  
 But ere he could its sparkling horrors throw,  
 To animate the secret fires below,  
 An armed Band came on, a Patriot Train,  
 Who seiz'd the torch, and made the treason vain.

The Vision vanish'd, and I saw no more  
 Of this dread scene;---but soon a wild Uproar  
 Of mingled voices burst upon my ears:  
 And strait, methought, a monstrous Car appears,  
 Unlike to those, which, in the days of yore,  
 In martial pomp, the conqu'ring Hero bore.  
 On its broad stage the World's huge round was plac'd,  
 With Isles, and Continents, and Oceans grac'd;

Such

Such as, of yore, old *Atlas*' shoulders press'd,  
 And drove his hoary chin into his breast :  
 Part was to part with iron sinews chain'd,  
 And brazen wheels the cumbrous load sustain'd.  
 ---Full in the Waggon's front, a well-rang'd band,  
 In equal rows, the harness'd Passions stand.  
 Such power alone, in hellish mischief strong,  
 Could draw the World's unweildy weight along.  
*Hate, Anger, and Distrust*, together stood,  
 And *Murder*, all athirst for human Blood:  
 Hot-glowing *Lust* and loud-complaining *Care*,  
 With grim *Revenge* and vehement *Despair* :  
*Profusion, Avarice, and bursting Pride,*  
 With fell *Ambition* panting by their side,  
 And *Love*, by mortals falsely deify'd,  
 Like well-train'd courfers, to their labour broke,  
 With ready will, submitted to the yoke.  
 Their iron bits they champ in wanton play,  
 Eager to bear the pond'rous Orb away.  
 ---With tinkling bells adorn'd and gawdy robe,  
 Exulting *Folly* fat upon the Globe :



" Does Beauty, swerving from its Maker's plan  
 " To be the Solace and the Joy of Man,  
 " Spurning at Fame and Honour's mild decree,  
 " Drink, with delight, the draught of Intemperance?  
 " Does Man, in haste to shun the dark betray,  
 " Then leave the Victim to the World's prey?  
 " Can he the World in any danger see,  
 " Nor feel the hundred Whips that lash despair?  
 "— Heedless that Youth, by unbridling Passions led,  
 " In Fall, his life and health thus wastes and sheds,  
 " With smoking Hell, his well-imag'd care,  
 " Still is as new around the burning snare;  
 " And from its just abysses his friendly eye,  
 " Sees vast the World's lightning in his Heart.  
 "— He sees a Man, who, wealthy to no end,  
 " Ne'er knew the common wish to be a Friend,  
 " Whose cold, unfeeling Heart's no ill Compassion feel'd?  
 " Scourge him! — *not fair the wit of CHESTERFIELD.*  
 "— Do breeding Scoundrels, in Corruption bold,  
 " Sell their poor Country as themselves are sold?

“ With





