



EVERY MAN
THE
ARCHITECT of his own FORTUNE :
OR THE
ART OF RISING IN THE CHURCH.
A SATYRE.

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A DIALOGUE betwixt a POET and his FRIEND.

F. **G**OOD friend, forbear—the world will say 'tis spite,
Or disappointment goads you thus to write—
Some lord hath frown'd ; some bishop past dispute
At surly distance spurn'd your eager suit,
Prefer'd a dull vile clod of noble earth,
And left neglected genius, wit, and worth.

P. Regards it me what snarling critics say ?
'Tis honest indignation points the way.
Thanks to my stars my infant sleeps are o'er,
And dreams delusive catch my thoughts no more.

Let

Let clumsy DOGMATUS, with simp'ring face,
 Supply the nurse's, or the footman's place,
 Make coffee, when my lady calls, or whey,
 And fetch, and carry, like a two-leg'd tray ;
 Let blust'ring GNATHO swear with patriot rage,
 To poor, old, tott'ring TIMON bent with age,
 " Had you, my lord, the horse at MINDEN led,
 " 'Sdeath, what destruction would your grace have made ?
 " Like Wantley's dragon you had roar'd, and thunder'd,
 " And eat'n up Frenchmen hundred after hundred ;"
 Thus mean and vile let others live, not I,
 Who scorn to flatter, and who fear to lye.
 What honest man——

F. Stop, or you ne'er can thrive—
 Sure you're the strangest, squeamish wretch alive !
 What, in the name of wonder, friend, have you,
 In life's low vale, with honesty to do ?
 'Tis a dead weight, that will retard you still,
 Oft as you strive to clamber up the hill.
 Strip, and be wise—strip off all bashful pride,
 Throw cumbrous honour, virtue, truth aside,
 Trust up, and girt like VIRRO, mend your pace,
 The first, the nimblest scoundrel in the race.
 Go copy TREBIUS—

P. Copy TREBIUS?—Hum—
 And forfeit peace for all my life to come.
 Should I devote my sister's virgin charms
 To the vile lewdness of a patron's arms,

Too sure my father's injur'd ghost would rise,
 Rage on his brow, and horror in his eyes;
 Would haunt, would goad me in the social hall,
 Or break my rest—tho' slumb'ring in a stall.
 Oh gracious God, of what thin flimsy gear
 Is some men's conscience?—

F. Hold, you're too severe——

Think when temptations ev'ry sense assail,
 How strong they prove, and human flesh how frail!
 When satan came, by righteous heav'n ordain'd
 To tempt the leader of the Christian band,
 He drew, he caught him from the barren waste,
 And on the temple's tow'ring summit plac'd;
 And nowadays, or sage experience lies,
 From church preferments great temptations rise.
 Spare TREBIUS then—e'en you yourself may yield—

P. Not, friend, 'till vanquish'd reason quits the field:
 Then I, poor madman, 'midst the mad and vain,
 May Judas-like betray my God for gain;
 At HELLUO's board, where smokes th' eternal treat,
 And all the fat on earth bow down, and eat,
 A genuine son of LEVI may adore
 The golden calf, as AARON did before.
 Then welcome the full levee, where resort
 Crouds of all ranks to pay their morning court,
 The well-rob'd dean with face so sleek, and fair,
 And tatter'd CODRUS pale and wan with care,

Whose

Whose yearly-breeding wife, in mean attire,
 To feed her hungry brats must spin for hire.
 Hail medley dome, where like the ark we find
 Clean, and unclean, of ev'ry sort and kind !
 Hail medley dome, where three whole hours together,
 (Shiv'ring in cold, and faint in sultry weather)
 We brook, athirst and hungry, all delay,
 And wear in expectation life away !
 But hush ! in comes my lord—important, big,
 Squints thro' his glass, and bustling shakes his wig,
 Whose faucy curls, confin'd in triple tye,
 With constant work his busy hands supply.
 He stops, bows, stares—and whispers out aloud
 “ What spark is yon, that jostles thro' the croud ? ”
 Sir William's heir—“ enough—my dear, good friend,
 “ Sir William liv'd—I think—at Ponder's end ;
 “ Yes—yes—Sir William liv'd ”—Then on he goes,
 And whispering this grand secret crams his nose
 Into your wig, and squeezing every hand,
 “ 'Tis mine to serve you, Sir—Your's to command ”—
 Thus kindly breathing many a promise fair,
 He feeds two rows of gaping fools with air ;
 Unmeaning gabbles set rotines of speech,
 As papists pray, or prelates us'd to preach,
 Makes himself o'er in trust, to keep his ground,
 And FAIRLY GULLS HIS CREDITORS ALL ROUND.

With warm delight his words poor CODRUS hears,
 Sweet as the fancy'd music of the spheres ;
 Then trudges jocund home thro' mire and clay,
 While pleasing thoughts beguile the long long way ;

A snug warm living sleims before his eyes;
 His tythe pig gruntles, and his grey goose flies;
 His lonely shatter'd cot, all patcht with mud,
 And hem'd around by many a fragrant flood,
 Chang'd to a neat, and modern house he sees,
 Built on high ground, and shelter'd well with trees;
 Spacious in front the chequer'd lawns extend,
 With useful ponds, and gardens at the end,
 Where art and nature kindly join to bring
 The fruits of Autumn, and the flowers of Spring.
 No more a sun-burnt bob the preacher wears,
 Or coat of serge, where ev'ry thread appears:
 Behold him deckt in spruce and trim array,
 With cassock short, and vest of raven-grey;
 In powder'd pomp the spacious grizzle flows,
 And the broad beaver trembles o'er his nose.
 Ah dear delusions tempt his thoughts no more,
 Leave him untortur'd by desire, though poor!
 What can advance, in these degenerate days,
 When gold, or int'rest all preferment sways,
 A wretch unblest by Fortune, and by birth?
 Alas, not TERRICK's parts, or TALBOT's worth!
 Else long, long since had honest BUTLER shone
 High in the church religion's spotless sun;
 Had beam'd around his friendly light to chear
 The lonely, wayworn, wandring traveller;
 Chac'd error's black and baleful shades away,
 And pour'd thro' every mind resistless day.
 Alas, the change! far in a lowly vale,
 'Midst straggling huts, where some few peasants dwell,

D

He

He lives in virtue rich, in fortune poor,
 And treads the path his master trod before.
 Oh great, good man, to chear without request
 The drooping heart, and sooth the troubled breast;
 With cords of love the wayward sheep to hold,
 And draw the lost, and wandering to the fold;
 To spend so little, yet have some to spare;
 To feed the hungry, and to cloath the bare;
 To visit beds of sickness in the night,
 When rains descend, and rolling thunders fright,
 There death deprive of all his terrours foul,
 And sing soft requiems to the parting soul!
 Blush, blush for shame!—Your heads, ye Pastors, hide,
 Ye pamper'd sons of luxury and pride,
 Who leave to prowling wolves your helpless care,
 And truck preferments at the public fair;
 In whose fat corps the soul supinely lies,
 Snug at her ease, and wondrous loth to rise!

F. Friend, friend, you're warm—why this is downright
 spleen,

You flout the fat, because yourself are lean:
 Yet laugh to see behind the silver mace
 Black-brow'd CORNUTUS with his starveling face,
 A wretch so worn with penury and pride,
 His very bones stand staring thro' his hide.
 Why chuse the church, if petulant and vain
 You proudly shun the paths that lead to gain,
 Yet rack'd with envy, when your brethren rise,
 Revile the prudent arts that you despise?

Better some dirty, vile, mechanic trade,
 Cobler, or smith—a fortune might be made ;
 The cros-leg'd wretch, who stitches up the gown,
 Is of more worth than half the clerks in town :
 And laughs with purse-proud insolence to see
 The needy curate's full-sleev'd dignity.—

P. Why chuse the church ? A father's prudent voice
 Determin'd, friend, and dignify'd the choice :
 To thee, religion, thro' the tranquil road,
 Himself with honour and with virtue trod,
 He led me on—and know, no slave to gain,
 Undow'r'd I took thee, and undow'r'd retain.
 What ? Durst the blind philosopher of yore
 Chuse thy half-sister Virtue, vile and poor,
 Chuse her begirt with all the ghastly train
 Of ills, contempt, and ridicule, and pain ?
 And shall not I, O dear celestial dame,
 Love thee with all my soul's devoutest flame ?
 Shall I not gaze, and doat upon thy charms,
 And fly to catch the heav'n within thy arms ?
 O my fair mistress, lovelier to be seen
 Than the chaste lily, opening on the green ;
 Sweet as the blushing rose in SHARON's vale,
 And soft as IDUMEA's balmy gale !
 Of thee enamour'd martyr'd heroes stood
 Firm to their faith, and constant ev'n to blood ;
 No views of fame, no fears of sad disgrace,
 Had pow'r to tear them from thy lov'd embrace,

Wrapt up in thee, tho' harlots stalkt abroad,
 And persecution shook her iron rod!
 Peace to their souls!—But tell me, gentle maid,
 Oh tell me are thy beauties all decay'd?
 Hath time's foul canker ev'ry grace devour'd?
 Thy virgin charms hath ignorance deflow'r'd?
 That thus thou wander'st helpless and forlorn,
 Of knaves the hatred, and of fools the scorn!

F. Still knave, and fool?—For God's sake, Sir, refrain!
 This petulance of pride will prove your bane.
 What! you're averse to dash thro' thick and thin?
 Try cleaner ways—'tis done, if you begin.
 Go with soft flattery, studious to oblige,
 Some dull, and self-admiring lord besiege,
 And like the dove, to MECCA's prophet dear,
 Pick a good living from your patron's ear:
 GULLION succeeded thus, and so may you—
 But railing, railing!—Friend, it ne'er can do.

P. Good heav'n forbid that I a plain blunt man,
 Who cannot fawn, and loath the wretch who can,
 Should brook a trencher-chaplain at the board,
 The loud horse-laugh, and raillery of my lord;
 Slave to his jokes, his passion, and his pride,
 A dull tame fool for lacquies to deride,
 Who snort around to hear the wretch abuse
 My person, morals, family, and muse!
 Shall I such base Egyptian bondage bear,
 And eat my heart thro' sorrow, grief, and care?

For twice sev'n tedious years wait, watch, ride, run,
 Nor dare to live, or speak, or think my own ?
 Observe with awe that fickle vane his mind,
 That shifts, and changes with the changeful wind ?
 Read ev'ry look, each twinkling of his eye,
 And thence divine the doubtful augury ?
 No PHARAOH no !—Here in this calm retreat,
 Where ev'ry muse, and virtue fix their seat,
 Here let me shun each lordling proud and vain,
 And scorn the world ere scorn'd by it again !
 Ye happier few, that in this stately dome
 Where still the soul of NEWTON deigns to roam,
 Inspires each youthful candidate for fame,
 His noonday vision, and his midnight dream ;
 Ye happier few, by regal bounty fed,
 Here eat in privacy and peace your bread ;
 Nor tempt the world, that monster-bearing deep,
 Where hush'd in grim repose the tempests sleep,
 Where rocks, and sands, dread ministers of fate,
 To whelm the pilot's hopes in ambush wait.

On a huge hill, that braves the neighbouring sky,
 Washt by the sable gulph of infamy,
 Preferment's temple stands ; the base how wide,
 How steep the top, how cragg'd ev'ry side !
 Compact of ice the dazzling mountain glows,
 Like rocks of crystal, or Lapponian snows,
 While all around the storm-clad whirlwind rides,
 Dread thunder breaks, and livid lightning glides,
 Hither by hope enliven'd crouds repair,
 Thick as the noontide swarms that float in air ;

Dean jostles dean, each suffragan his brother,
 And half the jealous mob keeps down the other.
 Ah little knows the wretch, that hath not try'd,
 What hell it is this shouldring throng to bide,
 Where garish art, and falsehood win the day,
 And simple single truth is spurn'd away :
 Where round, and round, with painful steps and slow,
 Whoe'er would scale the sudden height must go ;
 Catch ev'ry twig, each brake and op'ning trace,
 Pull down his friend, nay father from his place,
 And raise himself by others foul disgrace. }
 Yet some there are, gay Folly's flutt'ring train,
 That free from care and toil the summit gain,
 Sublimely soar on fortune's partial wind,
 And leave the sons of Science far behind.
 Thus straws and feathers easily can fly,
 And the light scale is sure to mount on high ;
 Thin air-blown bubbles with each breath are born,
 And wind will raise the chaff, that leaves the corn,
 Others again with crouds contentious strive,
 And thro' mere dint of opposition thrive ;
 Stiff in opinion, active, restless wights,
 They rise against the wind like paper kites :
 'Twas thus proud RAMUS to the mitre flew,
 Opposing, and oppos'd —————

F. And thus must you —————
 If opposition, faction, broils prevail,
 Take courage, friend, for sure you ne'er can fail.

Misguided youth, is satire thus your turn !
 Haste while the baleful flames of party burn,
 In hift'ry read go join the grand dispute,
 And give one hireling more to PITT, or BUTE.
 Oh would you paint his lordship's jerkin o'er
 With imps, and fiends (like base inquisitor)
 Then boldly hang him out to public view,
 The scorn and laughter of the gaping crew,
 How G * * A's sons would ———

P. What ?

F. Exult for joy,
 And lift your grateful praises to the sky.

P. Her sons exult ? your men of parts and skill
 Change like their drefs, their principles at will,
 Where Mammon calls with haste obsequious run,
 And bow like Persians to the rising sun.
 Too long alas o'er Britain's bleeding land
 Hath fell corruption wav'd her iron hand,
 Too long possess'd a monarch's patient ear,
 While all the sons of freedom shrunk with fear.
 Is there then one, whose breast religion warms,
 And virtue decks with all her brightest charms ;
 Whose fiery glance the loathsome den pervades,
 Where vice, and foul corruption sculk in shades ;
 True to his king, and to the public just,
 No dupe to passion, and no slave to lust ;
 Whom all the good revere, the vile abuse,
 A friend to learning, and the gentle muse ;

Scotchman, or Teague—be this his patriot view,
 I'll praise him, love him, friend, and so shall you.
 Curst be the lines (tho' ev'ry THESPIAN maid
 Come uninvoked, and lend her timely aid,
 View them, like THETIS, with a mother's eye,
 And dip them o'er in dew's of CASTALY)
 Curst be the lines, that pow'ful vice adorn,
 Or treat fair virtue, and her friends with scorn :
 Let 'em cloath candles, wrap up cheese, line trunks,
 Or flatt'ring on a rail, 'midst rogues and punks,
 Ne'er meet the mild judicious critic's praise,
 But die, like those that FANNY sings or says :
 FANNY, dull wight, to whom the ghost appears
 Of murder'd HORACE, pale and wan with tears ;
 FANNY, dull wight, a Mammon-serving slave,
 Half politician, atheist, parson, knave,
 That drunk each night, and liquor'd ev'ry chink,
 Dyes his red face in port, and his black soul in ink.

No fly fanatic, no enthusiast wild,
 No party tool, beguiling and beguil'd,
 No slave to pride, no canting pimp to pow'r,
 Nor rigid churchman, nor dissenter sour,
 No fawning flatterer to the base and vain,
 No timist vile, or worshipper of gain ;
 When gay not dissolute, grave not severe,
 Tho' learn'd no pedant, civil tho' sincere ;
 Nor mean nor haughty, be one preacher's praise
 That—if he rise, he rise by manly ways :
 Yes, he abhors each sordid selfish view,
 And dreads the paths your men of art pursue ;

Who trust some wand'ring meteor's dubious ray,
And fly like owls from truth's meridian day.

F. Alas, Alas ! I plainly, friend, foresee
In points like these we never shall agree.
Too sure debar'd from all the joys of life,
From heav'n's best gifts, a living, and a wife,
Chain'd to a college you must waste your days,
(Wrapt up in monkish indolence, and ease,)
In one dull round of sleeping, eating, drinking,
A foe to care, but more a foe to thinking.
There when ten lustrums are supinely spent
In ENVIOUS SLOTH, AND MORISH DISCONTENT ;
When not one friend, one comfort more remains ;
But slowly creeps the cold blood thro' your veins,
And palsy'd hands, and tott'ring knees betray
An helpless state of nature in decay ;
While froward youth derides your squalid age,
And longs to shove you trembling off the stage ;
Then then you'll blame your conduct—but too late,
And curse your enemies, and friends, and fate.

P. Better be worn with age, with ills oppress'd,
Distrest in fame, in fortune too distrest ;
Better unknown, and unlamented die,
With no kind friend to close the parting eye,
(So all is calm, and undisturb'd within)
Than feel, and fear the biting pangs of sin.
For oh what odds, the curtain once withdrawn,
Betwixt a saint in rags, and rev'rend knave in lawn ?