



L O N D O N :

A P O E M,

In IMITATION of the  
THIRD SATIRE of JUVENAL.

By Mr. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

—— — *Quis ineptæ*  
*Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se?* JUV.

<sup>a</sup> **T**H O' grief and fondness in my breast rebel,  
When injur'd THALES bids the town farewell,  
Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,  
I praise the hermit, but regret the friend ;  
Who now resolves, from vice and LONDON far,  
To breathe in distant fields a purer air,  
And, fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,  
Give to St. David one true Briton more,

JUV. SAT. III.

<sup>a</sup> *Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici ;*  
*Laudo, tamen, vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis*  
*Destinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.*

For



b For who wou'd leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,  
 Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?  
 There none are swept by sudden fate away,  
 But all whom hunger spares, with age decay :  
 Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,  
 And now a rabble rages, now a fire ;  
 Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,  
 And here the fell attorney prowls for prey ;  
 Here falling houses thunder on your head,  
 And here a female atheist talks you dead.

c While THALES waits the wherry that contains  
 Of dissipated wealth the small remains,  
 On Thames's bank in silent thought we stood,  
 Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood.  
 Struck with the seat that gave \* Eliza birth,  
 We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth ;  
 In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,  
 And call Britannia's glories back to view ;  
 Behold her cross triumphant on the main,  
 The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain.

b — *Ego vel Prochyta præpono Suburræ.*  
*Nam quid tam miserum, tam solum vidimus, ut non*  
*Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus*  
*Tectorum assiduos, et mille pericula sævæ*  
*Urbis, & Augusto recitantes mense poetas ?*  
 c *Sed, dum tota domus rhedâ componitur unâ,*  
*Substitit ad veteres arcus. —*

\* *Queen Elizabeth born at Greenwich.*



Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,  
Or English honour grew a standing jest.

A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,  
And for a moment lull the sense of woe.  
At length awaking with contemptuous frown,  
Indignant THALES eyes the neighb'ring town.

<sup>d</sup> Since worth, he cries, in these degen'rate days  
Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praise;  
In those curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,  
Since unrewarded science toils in vain;  
Since hope but sooths to double my distress,  
And ev'ry moment leaves my little less;  
While yet my stedd' steps no <sup>e</sup> staff sustains,  
And life still vig'rous revels in my veins;  
Grant me, kind heaven, to find some happier place,  
Where honesty and sense are no disgrace;  
Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play,  
Some peaceful vale with nature's painting gay;  
Where once the harass'd Briton found repose,  
And safe in poverty defy'd his foes;

<sup>d</sup> *Hic tunc Umbricius: Quando artibus, inquit, honestis  
Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,  
Res hodie minor est, heri quam fuit, atque eadem cras  
Deteret exiguis aliquid: proponimus illuc  
Ire, fatigatas ubi Dædalus exiit alas;  
Dum nova canities —*

<sup>e</sup> — — et pedibus me  
*Porto meis, nullo dextram subeunte bacillo.*



Some secret cell, ye pow'rs, indulgent give :

<sup>f</sup> Let — live here, for — has learn'd to live.

Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite

To vote a patriot black, a courtier white ;

Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,

And plead for pirates in the face of day ;

With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth,

And lend a lye the confidence of truth.

<sup>g</sup> Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,

Collect a tax, or farm a lottery,

With warbling eunuchs fill a licens'd stage,

And lull to servitude a thoughtless age.

Heroes, proceed ! what bounds your pride shall hold ?

What check restrain your thirst of pow'r and gold ?

Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,

Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.

To such, a groaning nation's spoils are giv'n,

When publick crimes inflame the wrath of heav'n :

<sup>h</sup> But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,

Who start at theft, and blush at perjury ?

<sup>f</sup> *Cedamus patriâ : vivant Arturius istic*

*Et Catulus : maneat qui nigrum in candida vertunt.*

<sup>g</sup> *Queis facile est ædem conducere, flumina, portus,*

*Siccandam eluvium, portandum ad busta cadaver. —*

*Munera nunc edunt.*

<sup>h</sup> *Quid Romæ faciam ? mentiri nescio : librum,*

*Si malus est, nequeo laudare & poscere. —*

Who



Who scarce forbear, tho' BRITAIN'S court he sing,  
 To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing ;  
 A statesman's logick unconvinc'd can hear,  
 And dare to flumber o'er the Gazetteer ;  
 Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,  
 And strive in vain to laugh at H——r's jest.

<sup>i</sup> Others with softer smiles, and subtler art,  
 Can sap the principles, or taint the heart ;  
 With more address a lover's note convey,  
 Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.  
 Well may they rise, while I, whose rustick tongue  
 Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,  
 Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,  
 Live unregarded, unlamented die,

<sup>k</sup> For what but social guilt the friend endears ?  
 Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune shares :  
<sup>l</sup> But thou, should tempting villainy present,  
 All Marlborough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,  
 Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy scornful eye,  
 Nor sell for gold, what gold could never buy,

<sup>i</sup> — *Fere ad nuptas, quæ mittit adulter,  
 Quæ mandat, norint alii: me nemo ministro  
 Fur erit, atque ideo nulli comes exeo.*

<sup>k</sup> *Quis nunc diligitur, nisi conscius?  
 Carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult,  
 Accusare potest.——*

<sup>l</sup> — *Tanti tibi non sit opaci  
 Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum,  
 Ut somno careas.——*



The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,  
Unfullied fame, and conscience ever gay.

<sup>m</sup> The cheated nation's happy fav'rites see;  
Mark whom the great cares, who frown on me.  
LONDON ! the needy villain's gen'ral home,  
The common sewer of Paris and of Rome,  
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,  
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.  
Forgive my transports on a theme like this,  
<sup>n</sup> I cannot bear a French metropolis.

° Illustrious EDWARD ! from the realms of day,  
The land of heroes and of saints survey;  
Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,  
The rustick grandeur, or the surly grace,  
But lost in thoughtless ease, and empty show,  
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;  
Sense, freedom, piety, refin'd away,  
Of France the mimick, and of Spain the prey.

All that at home no more can beg or steal,  
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;  
His'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,  
Their air, their dress, their politicks import;

<sup>m</sup> *Quæ nunc di-vitibus gens acceptissima nostris,  
Et quos præcipue fugiam, properabo fateri.*

<sup>n</sup> ——— Non possum ferre, Quirites,  
Græcam urbem. ———

° *Rusticus ille tuus sumit trechedipna, Quirine,  
Et ceromatico fert niceteria collo.*

Obsequious,



P Obsequious, artful, voluble and gay,  
 On Britain's fond credulity they prey.  
 No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,  
 q They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a clap;  
 All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,  
 And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.

r Ah! what avails it, that, from slav'ry far,  
 I drew the breath of life in English air;  
 Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,  
 And lisp the tales of HENRY's victories;  
 If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,  
 And flattery subdues when arms are vain?

s Studious to please, and ready to submit,  
 The supple Gaul was born a parasite:  
 Still to his int'rest true, where-e'er he goes,  
 Wit, bravery, worth, his lavish tongue bestows;  
 In ev'ry face a thousand graces shine,  
 From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.

P *Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, sermo  
 Promptus. —————*

q *Augur, schænobates, medicus magnus: omnia novit,  
 Græculus esuriens, in cælum, jusseris, ibit.*

r *Usque adeo nihil est, quod nostra infantia cælum  
 Hausit Aventini?*

s *Quid quod adulandi gens prudentissima, laudat  
 Sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici?*



† These arts in vain our rugged natives try,  
 Strain out with fault'ring diffidence a lye,  
 And gain a kick for aukward flattery.

}

Besides, with justice this discerning age  
 Admires their wond'rous talents for the stage :  
 † Well may they venture on the mimick's art,  
 Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part ;  
 Practis'd their master's notions to embrace,  
 Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face ;  
 With ev'ry wild absurdity comply,  
 And view each object with another's eye ;  
 To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,  
 To pour at will the counterfeited tear,  
 And as their patron hints the cold or heat,  
 To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.  
 \* How, when competitors like these contend,  
 Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend ?  
 Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,  
 And lye without a blush, without a smile ;

† *Hæc eadem licet & nobis laudare : sed illis  
 Creditur.*

† *Natio commædia est. Rides ? majore cachinno  
 Concutitur, &c.*

\* *Non sumus ergo pares : melior, qui semper & omni  
 Nocte dieque potest alienum sumere vultum :  
 A facie jactare manus : laudare paratus,  
 Si bene ructavit, si rectum minxit amicus.*



Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice adore,  
 Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore;  
 Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear  
 He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.

For arts like these prefer'd, admir'd, carefs'd,  
 They first invade your table, then your breast;  
 y Explore your secrets with insidious art,  
 Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart;  
 Then soon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,  
 Commence your lords, and govern or betray.

z By numbers here from shame or censure free,  
 All crimes are safe, but hated poverty.  
 This, only this, the rigid law pursues,  
 This, only this, provokes the snarling Muse.  
 The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak,  
 Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;  
 With brisker air the filken courtiers gaze,  
 And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.  
 a Of all the grief that harrafs the distress'd;  
 Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;  
 Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,  
 Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

y *Scire volunt secreta domûs, atque inde timeri.*

z *—— Materiem præbet causasque jocosum  
 Omnibus hic idem? si fœda & scissa lacerna, &c.*

a *Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,  
 Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.*



Has heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,  
No pathless waste or undiscover'd shore?  
No secret island in the boundless main?  
No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd by SPAIN?  
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,  
And bear oppression's insolence no more.

This mournful truth is ev'ry where confess'd,  
SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPRESS'D:  
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,  
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold;  
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,  
The groom retails the favours of his lord.

But hark! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries  
Roll through the streets and thunder to the skies:  
Rais'd from some pleasing dream of wealth and power,  
Some pompous palace or some blissful bow'r,  
Aghast you start, and scarce with aking sight  
Sustain th' approaching fire's tremendous light;  
Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,  
And leave your little ALL to flames a prey;

— *Agmine facto*  
*Debuerant olim tenues migrasse Quirites.*  
Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat  
*Res angusta domi; sed Romæ durior illis*  
*Conatus* —  
— *Omnia Romæ*  
*Cum pretio* —  
*Cogimur, & cultis augere peculia servis.*



<sup>a</sup> 'Then thro' the world a wretched vagrant roam,  
For where can starving merit find a home?  
In vain your mournful narrative disclose,  
While all neglect, and most insult your woes.

<sup>c</sup> Should heaven's just bolts Orgilio's wealth confound,  
And spread his flaming palace on the ground,  
Swift o'er the land the dismal rumour flies,  
And publick mournings pacify the skies;  
The laureat tribe in servile verse relate,  
How virtue wars with persecuting fate;

<sup>f</sup> With well-feign'd gratitude the pension'd band  
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.

See! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,  
And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome;  
The price of boroughs and of souls restore;  
And raise his treasures higher than before.

Now blest'd with all the baubles of the great,  
The polish'd marble, and the shining plate,

<sup>g</sup> Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,  
And hopes from angry heav'n another fire.

<sup>d</sup> ———— *Ultimus autem,  
Ærumnæ cumulus, quod nudum, & frustra rogantem  
Nemo cibo, nemo hospitio, tectoque juvabit.*

<sup>e</sup> *Si magna Asturici cecidit domus, horrida mater,  
Pullati procures. ————*

<sup>f</sup> *Jam accurrit, qui marmora donet,  
Conferat impensas: hic, &c.  
Hic modum argenti. ————*

<sup>g</sup> *Meliora, ac plura reponit  
Persicus orbis lautissimus. ————*

Could'ft



<sup>n</sup> Could'st thou resign the park and play content,  
 For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent ;  
 There might'st thou find some elegant retreat,  
 Some hireling senator's deserted seat ;  
 And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,  
 For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand ;  
 There prune thy walks, support thy drooping flow'rs,  
 Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs ;  
 And, while thy beds a cheap repast afford,  
 Despise the dainties of a venal lord.  
 There ev'ry bush with nature's musick rings,  
 There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings ;  
 On all thy hours security shall smile,  
 And bless thy evening walk and morning toil.

<sup>i</sup> Prepare for death, if here at night you roam,  
 And sign your will before you sup from home.

<sup>k</sup> Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,  
 Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man ;

<sup>n</sup> *Si potes avelli Circensibus, optima Soræ,  
 Aut Fabrateriæ domus, aut Frusinone paratur,  
 Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum.  
 Hortulus hic*

*Vive bidentis amans, & culti villicus horti,  
 Unde epulum possis centum dare Pythagoræis.*

<sup>i</sup> *—— Possis ignavus haberi,  
 Et subiti casus improvidus, ad cœnam si  
 Intestatus eas.*

<sup>k</sup> *Ebrius et petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,  
 Dat pœnas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum  
 Peleidæ.——*



Some frolick drunkard, reeling from a feast,  
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest

<sup>l</sup> Yet ev'n these heroes, mischievously gay,  
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way ;  
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth and wine,  
Their prudent insults to the poor confine ;  
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,  
And shun the shining train, and golden coach.

<sup>m</sup> In vain these dangers past, your doors you close,  
And hope the balmy blessings of repose :  
Cruel with guilt and daring with despair,  
The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar ;  
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,  
And plants, unseen, a dagger in your breast.

<sup>n</sup> Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,  
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.  
Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,  
Whose ways and means support the sinking land ;  
Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,  
To rig another convoy for the k — g.

<sup>l</sup> ———— *Sed, quamvis improbus annis,  
Atque mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina læna  
Vitari jubet, et comitum longissimus ordo,  
Multum præterea flammæ, atque ænea lampas.*

<sup>m</sup> *Nec tamen hoc tantum metuas : nam qui spoliet te  
Non deerit : clausis domibus, &c.*

<sup>n</sup> *Maximus in vinclis ferri modus : ut timeas ne  
Vomer deficiat, ne marræ et sarcula defint.*



• A single jail, in ALFRED's golden reign,  
Could half the nation's criminals contain;  
Fair Justice then, without constraint ador'd,  
Held high the steady scale, but deep'd the sword;  
No spies were paid, no special juries known,  
Blest age! but ah! how diff'rent from our own!

ᵖ Much could I add, but see the boat at hand,  
The tide retiring calls me from the land:  
⁹ Farewel!—When youth, and health, and fortune spent,  
Thou fly'st for refuge to the wilds of Kent;  
And tir'd like me with follies and with crimes,  
In angry numbers warn'st succeeding times;  
Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid,  
Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade;  
In virtue's cause once more exert his rage,  
Thy satire point, and animate thy page.

• *Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas  
Secula, quæ quondam sub regibus atque tribunis  
Viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam.*

ᵖ *His alias poteram, & plures subnectere causas:  
Sed jumenta vocant.* —————

⁹ ———— *Ergo vale nostri memor: & quoties te  
Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,  
Me quoque ad Eleusinam Cererem, vestramque Dianam  
Convelle a Cumis: satirarum ergo, ni pudet illas,  
Adjutor gelidos veniam caligatus in agros.*