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**Cant, a satire ..**

**Inskip Thomas**

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**Title: Cant, a satire ..**

**Author: Inskip Thomas**


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# CANT,

A Satire.

“Cant in this Age infects the very air,  
Cant fills our Morning and our Evening Pray’r.”—Page 15.

“In vain Rome’s power thou seekest to restore,  
The shadow of thy deeds hath pass’d before.”—Page 49.

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London:

DARTON AND CLARK, 58, HOLBORN HILL,  
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HARVEY AND DARTON, 55, GRACECHURCH STREET.

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1843.

1880

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Morton, Printer, 16, Peter's Hill, Doctors' Commons.

Proem.

WHEN Age so nigh hath brought the grisly king  
We see Death's features through Time's shadowy wing.  
Wisdom declares, just waking to Fate's scheme,  
The world a vision and this life a dream !  
A world where Hope might walk to make Life sweet,  
But Disappointment shades her spell-bound feet ;  
Where Pleasure sickens at the touch of Care,  
Where Pow'r grows insolent with wealth, and where  
Dissimulation self's sole purpose wins,  
As Avarice weaves the net that Cunning spins.

THE  
ART OF  
DECEPTION. PROEM.

*Thy* business Cant, to make mankind *believe*,  
And man's profoundest study—to deceive :  
Refinement's tongue adorns Deception's powers,  
—A serpent gliding through a bed of flow'rs ;—  
Thus, the great Mesmer o'er the senses creeps,  
And charms and plunders, whilst its victim sleeps !





CANT,

**A Satire.**

“Tantum Religio potuit sua dere malorum.”—*Lucretius*.

WHEN Nature form'd this nebula of earth,  
Millions of ages before man had birth,\*  
She stock'd it o'er with things endow'd with life,  
With horrid forms prepared and arm'd for strife,  
Amphibious genii of each element,  
Mammoth, and Sloth, of size magnificent;  
Gigantic forms that browsed the mountain-steeps,  
Or grazed in herds beneath the ocean deeps;

\* Compare the Rev. Doctor Buckland's account of the creation of the world with that of Moses, and decide as seemeth best, for Philosophy or Divinity.

But Man, at length, superior to the best,  
—Design'd to govern and subdue the rest,—  
To self-defence soon limited his sway,  
And tried his skill in making human prey ;  
'Twas soon found easier to cheat man than beast,  
Hence the first Canter dubbed himself a Priest,  
Forbade improvements infant mind to advance,  
And match'd his cunning 'gainst man's ignorance.  
From that time forth his scheme prevail'd, and then  
Farewell all prospects to the sons of men ;  
Farewell all noble thoughts and glorious deeds,  
For Freedom sickens where'er Priestcraft treads ;  
A tyrant stern, mysterious, and dark,  
The foul fiend made captivity his mark ;  
Saw man to blank credulity inclined,  
And clapp'd Faith's iron padlock on his mind,  
Then shot the bolt,—six thousand years have pass'd,  
And still the present sun beholds it fast !

His empire fixed, an age scarce vanish'd when  
The Harpy throve and multiplied 'mongst men :  
The fraud complete they clothed themselves in black  
—The emblems of their conscience graced the back.  
With terror arm'd the monsters cried “ give,” “ give,”  
And robb'd mankind that they themselves might live ;  
The Devil smiled, his children work'd so well,  
And “ *Tithe*” resounded from the banks of hell !  
Then the great archetype of all that's base  
Drew the first likeness of the Pusey race !  
The craft improved, lo ! ages pass'd away,  
Saw the sleek demons fatt'ning on their prey ;  
When Torquemado gave his genius scope,  
Plotting fresh crimes, beyond the devil's hope ;  
In holy fires he saw his victims cramm'd,  
First robb'd,—then made amusement of the damn'd  
Black bloated priests, carousing at the games,  
Danced to the shrieks of heretics in flames ;

Soul-sick'ning thought ! wherever Reason gleams,  
Darting her light to scare a bigot's dreams,  
Throughout the historic page, stern truth it stands,  
Such Christian teachers have the bloodiest hands !  
In all hell's mischiefs there's a bliss that springs  
Grateful alike to priests and tyrant kings ;  
To see young Freedom in the flames expire  
Monarchs themselves have leaped to light the fire,\*  
And monks and fanatics with hearts of stones  
Sung hallelujahs to his dying moans !  
But Time omnipotent saw craft decay,  
For Anno Domini was growing grey ;  
And Harry's lust combined with Luther's spite  
Destroyed the first and brought man's second night :  
Men deem'd Religion might rest unmolested  
When the great German potentates protested,

\* An Auto de fé was a theatrical display of human torture for pious amusement, and Amphitheatres have been formed, and Courts and Monarchs been present to witness these *interesting* spectacles !