

Yet, when the Tempest rages, lifts his Eyes
To Heaven and calls on the relenting Skies.
No sooner comes a Calm he quickly cools,
And laughs at all Mankind as fearful Fools;
Then if you tell him there's a God who guides
This World and o'er all Human Things presides:
That there's another Life when this is done,
He hears you, but will nothing like it own.

As for me, Friend, who ev'n in Health allow,
That World to be which is his Banter now;
Who think the Soul Immortal, and the Noise,
Of Rolling Thunder, Heaven's tremendous Voice,
I certainly have nothing here to do;
Adieu to *Paris* then, a long Adieu!

SATIRE II.

To M. DE MOLIERE.

O Happy Wit. Whose rare and fruitful Vein,
 In Writing knows no Toil nor anxious Pain :
 For whom *Apollo* opens ev'ry Store,
 Shews you his Mines, and helps you to the Oar,
 Who Sees so well in the Disputes of Wit,
 Where sometimes to defend and where to hit;
 Teach me to Rhyme ; to me your Art disclose,
 And how it from your Pen so freely flows.
 Sweet Rhymes, whene'er you write, uncall'd attend,
 And wait your Pleasure at the Verse's End ;
 They ne'er perplex you, but observe your Pace,
 And when you want, you find 'em in their Place ;
 While I, who only by Caprice and Whim,
 I doubt, am for my Sins condemn'd to Rhyme
 My Fancy rack on such rude Tasks as these,
 And Sweat in vain, for what you find with ease.
 When the Fit takes me thus, from Morn to Night
 I labour hard, but oft put *Black* for *White*.

Am

Am I to paint an humble, *Priest*, or show

A just Example of a well drest *Bean*,

Purely for sake of *Profody* and Tag,

I put *Sacheverell* and Captain *Rag*.

Quote I an Author of the first Degree ?

Reason's for *DRYDEN*, but the Rhyme for *LEE*.

Thus spite of my Endeavours, or my Will,

The Humorous Gypsie is against me still.

I rage that Rhymes shou'd puzzle me, and grieve,

And balk'd, at last the tiresome study Leave,

I curse the Sprite, with which I am possess'd,

And swear to drive the *Demon* from my Breast.

Scarce have I curs'd *Apollo* and the Nine,

But the Rhyme offers to complete the Line.

My Fire re-kindles, I retake my Pen,

And spite of all my Curses write agen.

My Oaths forgot, my Paper I resume,

And think from Verse to Verse the Rhyme will come ;

And if my Muse shou'd in so wild a Fit,

A frigid Epithet, or Phrase admit,

I shou'd not then without Example be,

What Author is there from this Failing free ?

If I begin, *Oh Nymph of Race Divine,*
I soon can add, *That do's all Nymphs outshine.*
If I praise *Phyllis* for a *Thousand Charms,*
The next Verse tells, how *She* each *Swain* alarms.
When I'm to talk of *Celia's sparkling Eyes.*
Shall I not think of *Stars and glitt'ring Skies?*
Celia, Heav'n's *Master Piece,* *divinely fair,*
The Rhyme makes *Celia* still *without Compare.*
With all these shining Words, by Chance compos'd,
The Noun and Verb a hundred times transpos'd,
ALL WALLER I might make my own with Ease,
And without Genius steal him Piece by Piece:
But in my Choice of Words I can't dispence
With one improper, or which clogs the Sense.
I can't allow that an insipid Phrase
Shou'd jostle in to fill a vacant place,
I write, and add, and rase, and when I've done,
'Tis rare that in four Words I suffer one.

Curse on the Man, who in a senseless Fit,
To Rhymes and Numbers first confin'd his Wit;
And giving to his Words a narrow Bound,
Constrain'd the Sense to yield to empty Sound.

Had

Had I ne'er travell'd in such dang'rous Ways,
Nor Pains, nor Envy had disturb'd my Days;
But o'er my Bottle with a Jest and Song,
My pleasant Minutes won'd have rowl'd along.
Like a fat Prebend, Careless and at Ease,
Content and Lazy I had liv'd in Peace:
Slept well at Night, and loiter'd all the Day,
And every Passion I had felt been Gay.
At Court I had not then to Fortune bow'd,
But fled the Greatness which deceives the Crowd.
Private and Pleasant I had past my Time,
Had my curst Stars not Fated me to Rhyme.
From the sad Hour this Frenzy first began,
With its black Vapours to perplex my Brain;
That some cross *Demon*, jealous of my Ease,
Flatter'd my Muse that she with Toil might please.
Nail'd to my Works, or adding something new,
Or raising out, or on the strict Review,
In this vile Trade I pass my weary Days
So ill that *B——re* can my Envy raise.

Oh happy *B——re* Thy prodigious Muse
Huge Books of Verse can in a Year produce.

True,

True, Rude and Dull, to some she gives Offence,
And seems created in Despite of Sense.

Yet for all what the Critic World have said,
She finds both Sots to print, and Fools to read.

If, thy Verse jingle with a lucky Rhyme,
What matters Reason, first secure the Chime.

Unhappy those who wou'd to Sense confine
Their Writings, and with Genius Method join ;
Fools write with Ease, are ne'er for Rhimes perplex ;
Nor ever in the Choice of Phrases vex.

Such, ever fond of what they last brought forth,
Admire themselves, and wonder at their Worth ;
While Wits sublime their utmost Fancy stretch,
To gain the Summit they but seldom reach ;
Disgusted still, themselves, at what they write,
With Pain they read, tho' others with Delight.
They scarce, what all the World applaud, will own,
And wish for their Repose it was undone.

You then, who see the Ills my Muse endures,
Shew me a Way to Rhyme, a Way like yours.
But least I shou'd in vain your Care implore,
Teach me then, dear *Maisiere*, to Rhyme no more.

SATIRE III.

A. **W**Hence comes it, Friend, that thou'rt so
chang'd of late ?

What can this Grave and gloomy Air create ?

Why art thou Paler, than at Quarter Day

A Farmer, who has five or six to pay ?

Where's now the Jolly Look, the double Chin,

The plump hard Flesh that us'd to stretch thy Skin ?

Where's now the livid Blue, the ruby Red ?

With fasting *Ortolans* thou then wert fed,

And us'd rich Bisket stead of hungry Bread.

No glorious Carbuncle adorns thy Face,

When the Wine sparkled there as in the Glass ;

Then ev'ry Eye on thee was cast ; the Sad

When e'er they saw thy honest Face grew glad.

Why now so Melancholly ? has the State

Reform'd the Kitchin by some Law of late ?

Or have the Floods o'er-whelm'd the fruitful Vale

Where thy Vines throve, or do thy Melons fail ?

Something's the Matter ; say, What Cause unknown

Disturbs thee, answer me, or I am gone.

M

P.

P. * --- For Heav'n's Sake give me Time to breath,

I vow

I ne'er was nearer Pois'ning, than but now.

A Fop has oft invited me to dine,

But I mistrusting some such vile Design

Avoided it, inventing an Excuse.

For what I cou'd not decently refuse.

A Year, he courting, I excusing, past,

But meeting Yesterday he caught me fast,

And cry'd, " To Morrow I expect you ; come ;

" You'll find I do not entertain with Stum ;

" I've fourteen Bottles by me ; right and rare ;

" *Bucingo's* cannot with my Wine compare :

" Mine on the Palate is so bold and dry,

" I *Villandri* and all the Town defy.

" *Moliere* has promis'd to rehearse † *Tartuff*,

" And I have *Lambert's* Word || and that's enough.

" You know him. *How is Lambert to be there ?*

" Yes *Lambert*, Sir. To Morrow. Take no Care.

And

* *Horace* gives a Description of a ridiculous Entertainment in the 8th Satire of the 11th Book ; but there is hardly any thing in his like this of Mr. Despreaux.

† *Tartuff* was at that Time forbidden to be acted, and every one was fond of having *Moliere* to hear him rehearse it.

|| *Lambert* the famous Musician was a very honest Fellow, who us'd to promise every Body, but never came according to his Promise.

And thus to Day as soon as Mass was done,
I thither like a Fool vouchsaf'd to run ;
The Door I scarce had enter'd, e'er my Man
Came out, embrac'd me, and his Speech began,
Joy in his Eyes, " I'm glad to see you here,
" And tho' we've neither *Lambert* nor *Moliere*,
" You make amends for both, he cries. Walk in,
" You're wanted and to serve they'll soon begin.
I saw my Error now, but 'twas too late ;
So up I follow'd to the Room of State ;
'Twas very Hot as well as very High,
And bore the broiling of the Summer Sky ;
No Shutter cou'd defend our fine Alcove,
Much hotter than a Bath or burning Stove :
The Cloth was laid in this delicious Place :
Of all the Company I knew no Face,
Except two Country Boobies, nicely bred,
And in the Learning of Romances read.
With me, and with themselves in full Content,
I had all *Cyrus* in a Complement.
This put me out of Patience 'till I saw
The Soup, and on his Spoon each laid his Paw.

A Cock in splendid Equipage appears, ;
His State, his Title chang'd ; a new he bears ;
The *Cock* which us'd among the Hens to crow,
Their Host to Honour is a *Capon* now.

Two Dishes next was serv'd of Leaden Hue,
In this a Tongue was cookt, a vile Ragou' ;
In that a Lumber Pye to dare us stood,
And the broad Walls with Oily Butter flow'd ;
We sat, but crowded up, and happy he
Whose Fortune was to have an Elbow free ;
Sideway, and in close Order we were plac'd,
And each by Force upon his Neighbour prest ;
Judge ye, if posted thus the Feast cou'd please
A Man who always loves to sit at Ease,
To whom a Throng of People is a Pain,

Who ne'er but to have Room had heard *Cassaign* ;
Who if he did not love to loll and stretch,
Had never seen *Cotin* nor heard him preach.

Our Host thus to the Company address,

" How-like ye Gentlemen the Soup ? D' ye Tast

" The Citron in't, methinks the Juice does well,

" The Relish is as grateful as the Smell :

Sweetly

" Sweetly the *Verjus* and the *Eggs* agree ;
" How say ye ? *Mignot* is the Cook for me, —
At *Mignot's* Name as if with Thunder struck
I star'd, for he's the Devil of a Cook.
In *Paris* never was and ne'er will be
So great a Poisoner in his Trade as He,
Mignot ! --- I kept my Cholér in my Breast
In hopes the Wine would answer for the Rest.
• For Wine I call'd : A Salver strait was brought
With Red, but in a horrid Mixture fraught ;
Strong *Auvern* with *Lignage* join'd ; the same
That *Crenet* sells but in a borrow'd Name ;
It passés off for *Hermitage* tho' dead
And sweet and of a dull Vermillion Red ;
'Twas flat and pall'd, and when it touch'd my Tongue
I found we were alike in all things Wrong.
Good store of Water in the Wine I put,
To mollify and force the Poyson out ;
'Twas Labour lost, for when I cur'd that Vice,
The Heat remain'd and we could get no Ice.
No Ice in *June*, thought I, if thus you make
Your Feast, the Devil may Feast and Feaster take.

From Table I was oft about to start,
Scorn their severe Reflections and depart.
Faustical and rude or what they pleas'd
'Twere better to be call'd, than stay the Feast.
Both *Guests* I was resolv'd to leave and *Host*,
And just as I was rising came the Roast.
By six lean Pullets flank'd a Hare appear'd,
O'er that, their Heads three Household Rabbits rear'd,
Which from their Infancy in *Paris* bred
Stunk of the Cabbage still on which they fed.
Around this Heap of Victuals pil'd; a String
Of Larks stuck close together, made a Ring:
Six Pigeons on the Brim increas'd the Course,
As well to grace the Dish as reinforce;
Two Sallads on the side stood in Parade,
Of wither'd Herbs and yellow Purslain made;
Which both in Vinegar of Roses Swam;
And far the Oil diffus'd it's od'rous Fume.
The Fools assum'd a different Air, and strait
They prais'd the Plenty of the Pile, and State.
My Coxcomb made Grimaces all the while,
Excusing what was wanting with a Smile.

But

But above all a Sycophant whose Looks
 Shew'd that he had not much to do with Cooks,
 A Brother, as he said, of the Coteau *
 Did most his Praises by his Eating shew.
 Led by the Scent he comes, and down he sits,
 And crams it in by Birds and not by Bits.
 His Band might have been white, for ought I know,
 And his Wig curl'd some twenty Years ago ;
 • Old now and dirty as they were ; His Mien
 Was truly merry, shabby, bold and lean.
 For our Hutch Rabbits he the Warren robs,
 And our Hen Pigeons are with him young Squabs ;
 • Our Host to flatter he observes his Tone,
 And to his Look and Air adjusts his own.
 The Cully on my Plate perceiv'd the Meat
 Untouch'd, and thought it strange I could not Eat,
 " You're out of Humour, Sir, he cries, I find
 " I have not got a Dinner to your Mind.

M 4

Musk,

* This Name of Coteaux or Hills, was given to three great Lords who could not agree in their Opinions, as to the Excellence of the Wines which the Hills in the Neighbourhood of Rheims produce. They had each their Partisans.

" Musk, if you love it, every where you meet ;
 " Are not these Pullets tender, fat, and sweet ;
 " These Pigeons plump, upon my Word they're fresh ;
 " These Rabbits--See how white and soft's the Flesh.
 " 'Tis tolerable all, you must allow

" That *Mignot* has out-done even *Mignot* now.
 " How sav'ry is the Sauce. The Pepper too
 " So nice——well nothing gives so fine a *Gou*.
 " I'm stor'd, thank Heaven ; and *Pelletier* entire,
 " For *Wrappers* us'd, has thus escap'd the Fire.

I stood it like the Statue in the Play,
 And had not to his Speech a Word to say.
 I swallow'd at a Venture, down it went,
 I took whate'er I met with by Content,
 A like disgusted with the Taste and Scent.

Mean Time the Prater, busy with the Roast,
 Found Leisure for a Glass, assum'd the Toast ;
 And on the Company impos'd our Host .
 But all were with the Imposition pleas'd,
 For who'd refuse the Glass that was a Guest ?
 The Challenge they accepted, round it goes,
 And in each Hand the Poys'nous Brimmer flows ;

The

The Glasses went about, and none cou'd think
 They wanted rinceing, or be loath to drink ;
 The Footmens Fingers were too plainly seen
 For any one to doubt their being clean.

The Brimmers void, and all with Drinking glad,
 One only look'd dissatisfy'd and sad.

A Song it seems he wish'd, a Song he had :

With a rude Consort then the Chamber rung,

• And loudly as their Throats cou'd reach they sung.

But sure such charming Music ne'er was heard :

They stunn'd me with the Noise as well as fear'd.

There a hoarse Base, a squeeking Treble here;

• Not one of 'em had either Note or Ear ;

And yet all this I with the rest must bear.

A meagre Gammon loaded next the Board

And soon as seen ----- *Westphalia* was the Word.

The Valet as he brings it gravely treads,

As when Vice-Chancellor the Doctors heads,

And the sage Troop to Convocation leads.

Two greasy Scullions next attend in State,

Each bearing in his lifted Hand a Plate ;

In this were Sweet-breads and Champignons stow'd,

Green Pease in that, with Water over-flow'd;

Two

Two Napkins round their Waste in order tuckt
Hinted by whom this Noble Feast was cook't.

So fine a Show surpriz'd each Gaping Guest,

And Joy was double now in every Breast,

But presently the Troop, of Noise so full,

Begin to argue and grow gravely dull.

They regulate the Interest of the State ;

And most, what least they understand, debate :

Correct our Politics, the Court reform,

And for another War, the Nation, Arm.

They beat the Britains, and the Dutch subdue,

Conquer both *Indies*, and acquire *Peru* :

Then leaving all these several Foes in Peace,

They talk of Plays and Poems as they please,

* And by unheard of Impudence pretend

To Censure things at Random, and Commend.

Our Host, for Wit and Art, (to shew his Zeal)

Rais'd *Ronsard* to the Skies and *Theophile*.

One of our Country Critics, somewhat shockt,

Curl'd his hard Whiskers, and his Castor Cock

Broad

* *Perfius Sat. 1. 30.*——*Ecce inter Pocula querunt
Romulidæ saturi, quid dia Poemata narrent.*

Broad-brim'd, and cover'd with a spreading Shade
Of a huge Feather for his Father made."

Silence, he cries, and with a Doctor's Air
Defies the Company to match *La Serre*.

"Oh he's a charming Author, (Verse or Prose;)

"He's fine in ev'ry Thing, and always flows.

"He writes with so much Elegance and Ease.

"The Maid of *Orleans* too 's a Gallant Piece;

"Yet, when I read it, I am such a Fool

"I always gape. *Le Pat*'s a pleasant Droll.

"I wonder what they in this *Voiture* find,

"The World and I are seldom of a Mind.

"Well, Judgement's all, say I, and who wou'd drudge

'Upon an Author if he cou'd not Judge?

"*Corneille* is well enough sometimes I own,

"Good Language pleases me, when all is done.

"Pray what for *Alexander* * can they say,

"He says not one soft Thing in all the Play.

"Do *Quinault*'s Heroes talk at such a Rate?

"All's tender there, so much as ev'n *I* hate.

"I'm told he's brought on the Satiric Scene

"By a young Writer—I know whom you mean

Reply'd

* A Tragedy written by Racine.

Reply'd our Host, the Verses too I know.

" * Were I an Author without Fault to show

" Reason says *Virgil*, and the Rhime *Quinau*,

The same. * If all his Satire is like that,

" Faith 'tis as poor as one cou'd wish, and flat.

" Condemn *Quinaut*, Sir ! shew me such a Thing

" As his *Astratus*, or his *Royal Ring*.

" His Conduct is so Nice, that ev'ry Act

" Composes of it self a Play compact :

What others like, will not go down with me ;

I'm not so fond of ev'ry Thing I see,

Profound is *Quinaut*'s Genius, 'tis true, —

A Coxcomb interrupts whom soon I knew

To be a Poet; By his Look 'twas seen,

So jealous that, and so reserv'd his Mien ;

" 'Tis not your Word Sir, that his Fame secures.

The Country Man enrag'd, *as much as yours*.

And hotter growing by another Cup,

He swell'd, and storm'd, and cou'd not put it up.

Perhaps so, says the Author ? " But d' ye know

" What you are talking of : The Squire. " I do,

" And better, Sir a Thousand times than you.

'Tis

* See the Satire address'd to Moliere.

That's very fine indeed---- " Pray mind your Glafs.

The Author cries, *Then I'm it seems an Ass*

Cries Countryman. " So be it ; Sir, you Lye.

And without more ado a Plate lets fly.

The Poet seeing what was like to come,

Duckt. To the Wall the flying Plate went home,

And thence rebounded round about the Room.

Such an Affront, what Man of Rhime cou'd brook.

He darted at the Squire a dreadful Look :

The Combatants engag'd, the Fight was close,

And hot the Battle grew, and thick the Blows :

In vain the Company to part 'em strove,

About the Chairs, about the Bottles move ;

The Tables overturn'd, the Glasses broke,

And the Room eccho's with each sounding Stroke ;

The Waiters take away----But e'er they'd done,

Rivers of Wine about the Chamber run.

At last to end the Fray, the Guests renew

Their Pains, and parted 'em with much ado ;

Their Fury went as quickly as it came,

For Valour's not in all a constant Flame :

The Company, as both to Peace inclin'd,
 Few Difficulties in the Treaty find;
 While they were lab'ring at it, to the Door
 I got, said nothing, and sneakt off, but swore,
 If ever for the Future I shou'd stay
 In such a Crew when I cou'd get away,
 I gave with all my Heart, my full Consent,
 That this shou'd be my Folly's Punishment,
 " Ne'er to have any Wine, but what might be
 " As Despicable as the Growth of *Brie*;
 " No Wild Fowl all the Winter brought to Town;
 " Nor Pease come in till Summer's almost gone.

SATIRE IV.

To M. L'ABBE' LE VAYER.

TELL me, *Le Vayer*, whence does it arise,
 That Fools still think themselves the only
 Wife?

Whence----That in all this Town there's not an Ape,
 But what presents his Neighbour with the Cap?

A Pedant, of his useless Learning, Proud,
 Puff up with Ignorance, concerns the Crowd;

He

He Crams with musty *Greek* his Leaden Skull,
While at the Bottom he's an errant Fool:
With him the Force of Wit and Sense is small;
Reason is nothing---- *Aristotle's* All.

On t' other Hand, a *Fashionable Fop*
You meet, who thus is wholly taken up.
From House to House he raps, from Street to Street,
And ev'ry Thing he says is soft and sweet;
His Wig is light, and very like his Mind,
And oft for want of Thought 'tis tost behind;
He's dully Gay; and then to shew his Wit,
Damns, whether good or bad, whatever's writ;
Fond of his Folly, he defies the Schools,
And fancies Beaus by Privilege are Fools;
That Courtiers shou'd not be to Learning Friends;
And Scholars to the dirty College sends.

The *Hypocrite*, so vain as to believe
That God, he can with his Grimace deceive;
Thinks that his solemn Look, and holy Pride
Will pass for Virtue, and his Vices hide;
To judge Mankind a Pow'r Supreme assumes,
And whom he pleases to Perdition dooms.

S A T I R E IV.

The *Libertine* without or Faith or Soul
Himself will only by himself controul.
Brimstone and Hell he thinks an idle Tale
And treats it as ridiculous and stale:
He's not to be by such Devices sham'd,
For Women only and for Children fram'd.
His Pleasure is with him a Sov'reign Law,
And nothing shall his noble Spirit awe:
He'll not be troubled with such needless Care;
For all Religion's built, with him, on Fear;
He takes Devotion as a certain Sign
Of Frenzy, and his Jest is the *Divine*.

In short, who're of these Reforming Times
Wou'd Paint the manners and relate the Crimes,
As well may count those fall'n by *Salmon's* Bills,

* Whom *Tunbridge* Mineral, or *Epsom* kills;

How often *B-----* has been kis't for Gold,
Or *F-----* has his Venal Manhood fold.

But not in such an endless Wild to stray,

I'll soon dispatch the little I've to say.

Give

* *Juvenal Sat. 10. Vers. 220.*

Promptius expedit quot amaverit Hippia Mechos,
Quot Themison agros Aurumno occiderit uno.

Give me the Freedom of a Rhyme or two,
 And a small Matter shall my Business do.
 Tho' by that Freedom I wou'd not displease
 The *Sages*, if you will, or Fools of *Greece*.
 So far I must presume as to premise,
 We ne'er shall find a Man that's truly wise.
 We are all Fools, this Truth we must confess,
 The Difference only is who's more or less.

* As in a Wood, 'tis hard to find the Way,
 Where the Paths cross, and easy there to stray.
 These take the Right, and those the Left prefer,
 Yet both, tho' differing, by one Error err.
 Each in this World a different Way pursues,
 According to the Error of his Views.
 Some Men usurp the Character of Wise,
 And every thing condemn, and every thing despise.
 Others they Fools without Distinction call,
 While they're themselves the greatest Fools of all.

N

But

* Horat. *Liv. 11. Sat. III. Verse 48.*

Velut Sylvis, ubi passim,
 Palantes error certo de tramite pellic.
 Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit; unus utriq;
 Error, sed varijs illudit Partibus.

But Satire, as she pleases, may be free ;
Men still have been the same, and still will be.
His Folly, as a Vertue, each maintains,
And as it reign'd of old, this Weakness reigns :
Tho' a Man's Reason may be ne'er so wry,
He trusts his own and not anothers Eye :
Whate'er he does is right—And you may preach ;
He ne'er will learn who fancies he can teach :
The Man who thoroughly himself wou'd know,
Whose Modesty is something more than Show,
Is he who views himself with equal Eyes,
And then the Wisest find he is not wise.
He looks on others with a kind Regard,
And always is himself the last that's spar'd.
He's in his Justice to his Faults precise,
And in his proper Court indicts his Vice.
But where was ever such a Censor known ?
On others Faults we fall, but spare our own.
The Misers who their idol Gold adore,
Want in their Wealth, and are in Plenty poor.
They dignify their Folly, with the Name
Of Prudence, and are harden'd in their Shame.

Gain, as their chiefest Good's, their sole Employ ;
Tho' what they gain they never can enjoy ;
And other Fools are in as furious Haste,
What's left 'em, which their Fathers got, to waste.
How foolish is that Hunk—the Spend thrift cries,
While he himself is quite as far from wise :
He to all Commers throws his Wealth away,
And loses, when he cannot spend, a Day.
His Fortune is his Plague; and pray judge you,
Which of these Fools is greatest of the Two.

They're both alike ; and if you'll take my Word,
Their Brains are touch'd (replies, unask'd, my Lord.)
My noble Lord, who duly waits at *White's*,
And wanting Company, accepts the *Knight's*.
Early the Cards are in his Hand, and late,
Expecting from a Point or Pic his Fate.
Or else to *Br——y's* he rashly goes,
And Life and Death like a Deserter throws.
If a cross cast comes up—(Nor is it strange
For Luck, wherever she presides, to change.)
His Hair soon stands an end : With lifted Eyes,
And horrid Oaths, he threats the patient Skies.

Blaspheming like a Fiend before the Priest,
When driv'n by sacred Spells from the Possess.
Bind him——For by his Daring one wou'd fear,
Like a new *Titan*, he with Heav'n will War ;
Whilst by his Oaths, th' Avenger he defies,
And Hills on Hills he piles, and scales the Skies.

But leave him rather to his Vice ; in Time,
His Punishment, you'll see, will be his Crime.
His Patrimony gone, his Chattels seiz'd,
And all Things but his Person in Arrest ;
Then let him answer who's the silliest Elf,
The Prodigal, the Miser, or himself.

Men are to other Weaknesses inclin'd,
Vices of Thought, and Errors of the Mind ;
A pleasing Poison which the Soul receives
With Rapture, and a Heav'nly Gift believes !
'Twas *M——*'s Folly that he needs must Rhyme,
And from a Sonnet soar to the Sublime.
You, as a Poet, find him in the List,
Tho', even by Cits his rambling Rhymes were hift,
And ev'ry *Saturday* at *Sydney's* Board
Were *D——y's* Jest and entertain'd my Lord.

Himself

Himself well satisfy'd with what he's done,
Parnassus climbs; he claims the Laurel Crown,
 And boldly pleads a Right to *Virgil's* Throne.
 How wretched wou'd he be, how basely griev'd,
 If e'er he happens to be undeceiv'd;
 If any one shou'd show him that he's blind,
 And say his sounding Verses are but Wind,
 That without either Force, or Grace they walk,
 On two big Words as if on Stilts they stalk:
 If his divided Phrases he perceives,
 For which no Reason but the Rhyme he gives:
 Or his dull Ornaments in Rank and File,
 Which prove so little after so much Toil.
 Whoe'er before his Eyes shall set that Sight,
 * He'll curse him and the new disorder'd Light:
 Still fond of his Imaginary Vein,
 He wishes, when he wakes, to dream again.

A Bigot once there liv'd, whose Brains were crackt,
 And yet in other Things no Sense he lackt:
 He fancy'd that he heard the Heav'nly Chloires,
 And Angels tuning their eternal Lyres.

N 3

At

* Hor. Ep. Lib. 11. 138.

—Pol, me occidistis, amici,
 Non servastis, ait, cui sic exorta voluptas,
 Et demtus per vim mentis gratissimus error.

At last a fam'd Physician by his Skill,
Or Luck, produc'd the Salutary Pill :
The Man restor'd, the Doctor wants his Fees ;
Fees, quo the Bigot, give me my Disease ;
By your damn'd Art you've rob'd me of my Bliss ;
I'm cur'd——But cur'd of what ? Of Paradise.
His Anger's good——For, what you Reason call,
Whatever Plagues we have 's the Worst of all.
She by impertinent Remorse destroys
The Relish of our Sweets, and checks our Joys.
She's strict unmanagable and severe,
And always preaching what we wou'd not hear.
The Tyrant or the Pedant still she plays,
Free of her Censure, niggard of her Praise ;
She's always Chiding us, and always Sour,
But preaches with no more Effect than *Shower* ;
In vain in Robes magnificent she's seen,
Drest up by some Deep Thinkers for a Queen ;
They'd have her to our Sense, forsooth, give Law,
Direct our Manners, and our Passions awe.
A Goddess, she's with them ; and to the Skies,
They hope, by her Assistance, they shall rise :

How to live well she teaches us, they cry:

Tis true——And we have nothing to reply:

All's right——But to this Truth you must consent,

The Fool of all Men is the best Content.

SATIRE V.

To the Marquis DE DANGEAU.

Done by Mr. OLDHAM.

Corrected and Completed from the Original.

I Grant, *Dangeau*, Nobility in Man,
Is no wild flutt'ring Notion of the Brain;
When he, descended of an ancient Race;
Which a long Train of numerous Worthies grace;
By Virtue's Rules, like you, directs his Course,
And treads the Steps of his bright Ancestors.

But yet I can't endure an haughty Aſs,
Debauch'd with Luxury, and slothful Ease;
Who, besides empty Titles of high Birth,
Has no Pretence to any thing of Worth,
Shou'd proudly wear the Fame, which others won,
And boast of Excellencies not his own.

I grant, his brave Fore-Father's Feats in War,
Have furnish'd ample Matter for *La Serre*.
For which their Scutcheon, by *Hugh Capet's* Grace,
Still bears three *Flow'r de Luces* on the Base.
But what does this vain Mass of Glory boot
To be the Branch of such a noble Root ;
If he of all the Heroes of his Line,
Which in the Register of Story shine,
Can offer nothing to the World's Regard,
But mouldy Parchments which the Worms have spar'd ?
If sprung, as he pretends, of Stock so high,
He does his own Original belie,
And, swoln with selfish Vanity and Pride,
To Greanefs has no other Claim beside ;
But squanders Life, and sleeps away his Days,
Dissolv'd in Sloth, and negligent of Praise ?

Mean while, to see how much the Insolent
Boasts the false Lustre of his high Descent ;
You'd fancy him Comptroller of the Sky,
And form'd by Heaven of other Clay than I.

* Tell me, great Hero, you that look so proud,
So much above the mean and humble Croud ;

Which of all Creatures do's the World esteem ?

And which would you your self the noblest deem ?

Put case of Horse : No doubt; you'll answer strait,

The Racer, which has often't won the Plate :

Who full of Mettle, and of sprightly Force,

Is never distanc'd in the Dusty Course ;

• But if the Breed of *Bayard*, often cast,

Degenerate, and prove a Jade at last ;

Nothing of Honour, or Respect (we see)

Is had of his high Birth, and Pedigree :

• But let him e'er so noble Linage boast,

The worthless Brute is banish'd from the *Post*.

Condemn'd

* *Juvenal*, Sat. VIII. 56.

Dic mihi, Teucrorum proles, animalia muta
Quis generosa putet, nisi fortia ? Nempe volucrem
Sic laudamus equum, facili cui plurima palma
Fervet & exultat raucæ victoria circo.
Nobilis hic quocumque venit de gramine, ejus
Clara fuga ante alios, & primus in æquore pulvis
Sed venale pecus Corythæ, posteritas &
Hirpini, si rara jugo victoria sedit.
Nil ibi majorum respectus, gratia nulla
Umbrarum, Dominos prætijs mutare jubentur
Exiguus, tritoque trahunt epithedia collo,
Segnipedes dignique molam versare Nepotis.

Condemn'd for Life to ply the dirty Road,
To drag some Cart, or bear some Higgler's Load.

Then how can you expect with any Sense,
That I should be so fond to Reverence
The Ghost of Honor, perish'd long ago,
That's quite extinct, and lives no more in you?
Such gaudy Trifles with the Fools may pass,
Caught with mere Shew, and vain Appearances:
Virtue's the certain Mark by Heaven design'd,
That's always stamp'd upon a noble Mind.

If you from such illustrious Worthies came,
By copying them your high Extract proclaim:
Shew us those generous Feats of Gallantry,
Which Ages past did in those Worthies see;
That Zeal for Honor, and that brave Disdain,
Which 'icorn'd to do an Action base or mean.

Do you apply your Interest aright,
Not to oppress the Poor with wrongful Might?
Or wou'd you Scruple to pervert the Laws,
Tho' brib'd to do't, or urg'd by your own Cause?
Dare you, when justly call'd, expend your Blood
In Service for your King's and Country's Good?

Can you forget Repose? and in the Field,
Harnest in Armour sleep beneath your Shield?

By such illustrious Marks as these, I find,
You're truly issu'd of a noble Kind:

* Then lengthen out your Line to *Charles* the Great,
Or *Pharamond* of a more ancient Date.

At leisure search all History to find

Some great and glorious Warrior to your Mind:

• Take *Cæsar*, *Alexander*, which you please,

To be the mighty Founder of your Race:

Heralds in vain your Parentage belie,

That was, or shou'd have been your Pedigree.

• But, if you cou'd with Ease derive your Kin

From *Hercules* himself in a right Line;

If yet there nothing in your Actions be,

Worthy the Name of your high Progeny;

A7

* *Ibid.* Verse 131.

Tunc licet a Pico, numeres genus, altaque fi te
Nomina delectant, omnem Titanida pugnam
Inter Majores, ipsumque Promethea genus
De quocumque voles privum tibi sumito libro.

* All these great Ancestors, which you disgrace,
 Against you are a Cloud of Witnesses:
 And all the Lustre of their tarnish'd Fame
 Serves but to light and manifest your Shame.
 You urge the Merit of your Race in vain
 And boast that Blood, which you your self disdain.
 In vain you borrow, to adorn your Name,
 The Spoils and Plunder, of another's Fame;
 If, where I look'd for something Great and brave,
 I meet with nothing but a Fool, or Knave,
 A Traitor, Villain, Sycophant, or Slave;
 A freakish Madman, fit to be confin'd,
 Whom *Bedlam* only can to Order bind:
 Or (to speak all at once) an useless Limb
 And rotten Branch of an illustrious Stem.

But I am too severe, perhaps you'll think,
 And mix too much of Satire with my Ink:
 We speak to Men of Birth and Honor here,
 And those nice Subjects must be touch'd with Care:

Your

* *Ibid.* Verse 138.

Incipit ipsorum contra testare parentum
 Nobilitas, claræque facem præ se pudendis.

Your Pardon, Sirs ! *Your Race, we grant, is known ;*
But how far backwards can you trace it down ?

You answer : ' For at least a Thousand Year

' And some odd Hundreds you can mak't appear ;

' 'Tis much : But yet in short the Proofs are clear :

' All Books with your Fore-Fathers Titles shine,

' Whose Names have escap'd the general Wreck of Time :

But who is there so bold that dares engage

His Honor, that in this long Tract of Age

No one of all his Ancestors deceas'd

Had e'er the Fate to find a Bride unchast ?

That they have all along *Lucretia's* been,

And nothing e'er of spurious Blood crept in,

To mingle and defile the sacred Line ?

Curs'd be the Day, when first this *Vanity*

Did primitive Simplicity destroy !

In the blest'd State of infant Time, unknown,

When Glory sprung from Innocence alone :

Each from his *Merit only* Title drew,

And that alone made Kings, and Nobles too :

Then scorning borrow'd Helps to prop his Name,

The Hero from himself derived his Fame :

But

But Merit by degenerate Time at last,
Saw Vice ennobled and her self debas'd :
And haughty Pride did pompous Titles find
T' amuse the World, and Lord it o'er Mankind :
Thence the vast Herd of Earls, and Barons came,
For *Virtue* each brought nothing but a Name :
Soon after, Man, fruitful in Vanities,
Did *Blazoning* and *Armory* devise,
Founded a *College* for the *Heralds* Art,
And made a Language of their Terms, apart,
Compos'd of frightful Words, of *Chief* and *Base*,
Of *Chevron*, *Salter*, *Canton*, *Bend* and *Fess*,
And whatsoe'er of hideous *Jargon* else
Fantastic *Guillim's* barbarous Volume swells.

Then farther the wild Folly to pursue,
Plain down-right Honor out of fashion grew ?
But to keep up it's Dignity and Birth,
Expence and Luxury must set it forth :
It must inhabit stately Palaces,
Distinguish Servants by their Liveries,
And carrying vast Retinues up and down,
The Duke and Earl be by their Pages known.

Thus Honor to support it self is brought
To it's last Shifts, and thence the Art has got
Of borrowing every where, and paying naught :
Tis now thought mean, and much beneath a Lord
To be an honest Man and keep his Word ;
Who by his Peerage, and Protection safe,
Can plead the Privilege to be a Knave :
While daily Crouds of starving Creditors
Are forc'd to dance Attendance at his Doors :
Till he at length and all his mortgag'd Lands
Are forfeited into the *Banker's* Hands :
Then to redress his Wants, the *Bankrupt Peer*
To some rich trading Sor turns Pensioner :
And the next Step for a more easie Life,
He takes the Rascal's Daughter for his Wife.
Where for a Portion of ill-gotten Gold,
Himself and all his Ancestors are sold :
And thus, when all his Parrimony's lost,
Repairs his *Fortune* at his *Honor's* Cost.

For if you want Estate to set it forth,
In vain you boast the Splendor of your Birth :
Your priz'd Gentility for Madness goes,
And each your Kindred shuns and disavows :

But

But he that's Rich is valu'd at full Rate,
 And tho' he once cry'd *Small-Coal* in the Street,
 Tho' he ne'er had a Name, unless you look
 Into the Register, or Parish Book,
Greg. King shall show, by help of old Records,
 Of his long Family a Hundred Lords.
 Then *Dangeau*, thou who dost thy Honor grace,
 Adding new Lustre to thy ancient Race,
 Who thy unspotted Vertue dost secure,
 Tho' the soft Syrens of a Court allure,
 Who dost our King, bright of himself, behold
 Outshining all his Gems and Circling Gold;
 Cloath'd with fresh Beams he ev'ry Day appears;
 Whose Brow adorns the Laurel which he wears.
 Who does the sweet but shameful Ease disdain
 Of *Turkish Sultans* or a *Persian* Reign;
 Blind Fortune yeilds nor can she go astray,
 Where his discerning Councils lead the way,
 Th' Undocile World begins at last to see
 By his Example, what a *King* shou'd be.

If then desirous of a Titl'd Name
 Thou seek'st true Honor and an Unbought Fame;

Go ; in bright Arms thy Royal Master serve,
And by brave Actions his Esteem deserve ;
The wondring Nations of the World convince,
That *France* has Subjects worthy of their Prince.

SATIRE VI.

* **W**Hat Noise is this, good God ! what doleful
Cries

Assault my Ears and keep unshut my Eyes ?

What spiteful Goblin do's this Clamour make ?

Do Men at *Paris* go to Bed to wake ?

The Caterwauling Cats in Garret groul,

Worse than Cur-Dogs anights in Hamlets houl :}

Disturb'd and Terrify'd, in vain I rouze ;

It rattles as if Hell was in the House.

One grumbles like a Tyger here ; and there

One, like a squawling Brat torments my Ear.

This is not all my Curse ; the Mice and Rats

To wake me seem in Confort with the Cats :

○

As

* See the 3d Satire of Juvenal from the 232 Verse.
Plurimus hic agitur toritur Vigilando, &c.

As ill I can by Night this Plague endure,
As e'er I cou'd by Day, *L'Abbe de Pure*.

All Things at once conspire to break my Rest,
And that which I lament, disturbs me least :

No sooner the shrill Cock his *Mattins* crows,
Than the Smith rises and his Hammer goes :
Heav'n for my Sins has posted him so near,
That on his Anvil ev'ry Thump I hear ;
It tears my Brains, and ev'ry dreadful Sound
Makes in my Head a terrible Rebound.

Now Carts and Coaches run along the Streets,
And next my Ear the Masons Music greets ;
Now Doors unlock'd on rusty Hinges jar,
And opening Shops, expose deceitful Ware :
Now Clocks and Cries, a horrid Confort make,
And Inbring Priests for hated Duties wake :

Now in the neigh'ring Tours the crazy Bells
By drunken Sextons ring departing Knells ;
The troubled Air they with Confusion fill,
To compliment the Dead, the Living kill ;
While Storms of Hail upon the Windows beat,
And various Discords in one Chaos meet.

But

But this is nothing to the Plagues to come.

⁵Twere well if I had known the Worst at Home.

A Bed, if I cou'd not forbear to curse;

How cou'd I in the Street, for there 'twas worse.

* I press where e'er I went, from Throng to Throng,

Jostled and shov'd, and sometimes heav'd along :

The Crowd incessantly came on in Swarms,

I scarce had Use of Feet, and none of Arms ;

*Torn are my Ruffles, rumpled my Cravat,

And rudely from my Head they tofs my Hat.

† Here to'ards the Church a pompous Funeral Show

Advances with a solemn March, and flow ;

There, Lackies fall together by the Ears, i

And there fet Dogs upon the Passengers ;

Here Paviers stopping me, I'm at a Loss,

And there I meet an ill prefaging Cross :

Here Tilers are at work, and down they pour,

Of Dirt and Brick and Tile a dangerous Show'r;

O 2

* There

* Ibid. Verse 243.

-Nobis properantibus obstat

Unda prior, magnò populus premit agmine lumbos,

Qui sequitur, ferit hic cubito, ferit aliere duro

Alter, at hic tignum capiti iniecit, ille metretam.

† Horace, Lib. II. Epist. 2. Vers. 24.

Triftia robusta, spectantur funera Plaustris.

* There on a Cart, with an extended Team,
 Is drawn along a huge unweildy Beam ;
 The Cart the trembling Street and Houses shakes,
 And threatens from afar the Croud it makes.
 It runs against a Coach, and breaks a Spoke,
 And overturns it with a furious Shock ;
 It lays it in the Dirt : Another came,
 And forcing to get by, it fares the same.
 These Coaches soon are follow'd by a Score,
 Those in an Instant by a Hundred more ;
 And as ill Luck wou'd have it, in the Nick,
 The Stop so lengthen'd, and the Croud so thick,
 A Drove of Oxen in the Street appears ;
 Each strives to pass ; one Lows, another Swears,
 The Noise of Mules, the horrid Din increase ;
 And wait a hundred Horse augment the Press ;

The

* Juvenal Sat. III. Verse 254.

____ Modo longa corulcat,
 Sarraco veniente abies, atque altera pinum
 Plaustra vehunt, nutant altæ populoque minantur.

The Defilees of the Confusion close,
Suround the Croud, and more confus'd it grows ;
Chain in the Passengers by firm Brigades,
And shew in midst of Peace the Barricades;
Nothing but one continual Cry was heard,
Heav'n thunder'd, but his Thunders were not fear'd ;
And none his Voice, to *Demons*, dreadful mind,
Before no Passage, no Retreat behind ;
Still crouding as they croud they faster bind :
But I, who had an Assignment made,
Was with most Pain and most Impatience stay'd ;
As well afraid that I might come too late,
As weary in so curst a Place to wait,
Not knowing to what Saint my Vows to pay,
I ventur'd ev'ry thing to make my Way ;
I ran in Danger of the Wheel to scape,
And twenty Kennels was oblig'd to leap ;
I squeez'd and shov'd, but still 'twas worse and worse,
For now I met with G——r and his Horse ;
The Water on my Face, and Cloaths was dash'd,
And I with Dirt from Top to Toe was splash'd ;

Nor daring in that Pickle to appear,
I labour'd to get out, and car'd not where;
While grumbling in the Corner of a Street,
I stay'd to clean the Dirt and dry the Wet.

Thus posted, thus employ'd, while I remain'd,
To plague me worse, if possible, it rain'd,
And pour'd as if the Skies were to be drain'd;
As if another Flood wou'd fall to drown
The Place,* and to a Sea convert the Town:

To cross the Street, the Waters rising high,
Slight Boards a thwart the flowing Kennels lie:

The boldest Lackey trembled when he pass'd,
And the most hasty there forgot his Hast:

Like others, I the tottering Plank must pass,
Or stay and still be wetter where I was;

The Waters which from Spouts in Torrents fell,
To Rivers soon the roaring Kennels swell:

I tript in passing, but approaching Night
Quicken'd my Speed as it increast my Fright.

* For when the peaceful Shades the Skies obscure,
And Shops are shut and Chains defend the Door;

When o'er his Bags the glad Mechanic looks,
His Bills examines, and his guilty Books:

When ev'ry Thing at the *Marche-neuf's* in Peace,

Then the Thieves sally and the City sieze;

No Wood where bloody Murderers retreat,

But what's still safer than a *Paris Street*.

• Wretched the Man whom Business keeps abroad,

The Danger wou'd be less to trust the Road:

If thro' an Alley he's oblig'd to go,

'Tis odds but he in Ambush finds the Foe;

• Beset by Rogues, saluted with a Curse,

'Tis well if they're contented with his Purse:

If he resists they cut his Throat, and then

His Death's recorded by some Ballad Pen;

Or sung in-doggrel Verse, or serves to fill

The Tales of Massacres and Weekly Bill.

O 4

For

* *Ib. Verse 302.*

Nam qui spoliat te
Non deerit; clausis domibus, postquam omnis ubique
Fixa catenatæ siluit compago tabernæ.
Interdum & ferro subitus grassator agit rem
Armato quoties turæ custode tenenter
Et Pontina palus & Gallinaria pinus.

For me—My Business with the Day is done,
I regulate my Setting with the Sun :
Fast then my Doors, my Shutters close I keep,
And when He goes to Bed, I'd go to sleep.
But 'tis in vain in Town to hope for Rest,
For Sleep the Eyes, and Quiet flies the Breast ;
And scarce my Candle's out before I find
No Ease is there, or for the Eyes or Mind ;
Some desp'rate Burglerer his Pistol Fires,
Nor always innocent of Blood retires ;
The Ball thro' Windows and thro' Curtain flies,
And Fear presents the Robber to my Eyes :
Hark ! Murder ! Help me ! Help ! I hear 'em cry
Thieves, Thieves ; and serenaded thus I lie.
Now Fire they tell me's in our Neighbour's House,
And from my Bed in mortal Dread I rouse ;
Half naked from our House to his I run,
All Night in Terror that 'twill take our own ;
'The raging Flames our Neighbourhood destroy,
And all around is like a second Troy,
Where many an *Argive* Rogue and greedy *Greek*
Thro' Fire and Ashes *Trojan* Plunder seek.

Down with a thousand Cracks the Fabrick falls,
And bare at last it leaves the burning Walls:

✓ The Fury of the Flame the Ruins broke,
And the choak'd Fire is lost it self in Smoke.

Still pale with Fear, I to my House return'd,
And ev'ry Thing, methought, about me burn'd:
'Twas light before I to my Lodging came;
But Day is to my Bed and Night the same:

• I lay me down to rest, for Rest I pray,
Which none can have in Town unless they pay.

* At *Paris*, Sleep like other Things is sold,
And you must purchase your Repose with Gold:
• Room within Room, at Rates excessive, hire,
And far from those that front the Street retire;
• 'Tis well if you the Noise from thence can keep,
And if in any Corner you can sleep.

Paris is for the Rich a glorious Place,
From Town they when they please to Country pass;
Within the Walls they have their Grots and Groves,
Their flow'ry Gardens and their green Alcoves;

In

* *Ibid. Verse 234.*

— Nam quæ meritoria somnum
Admittunt? magnis opibus dormitur in Urbe.

In midst of Winter they enjoy the Spring,
 And hear the captive Birds in Cages sing :
 The City Air's perfum'd with *Sylvan* Sweets,
 And lonely Walks are join'd to croud'd Streets ;
 Where he who's rich may on his Wealth employ
 His Thoughts, and sweetly his dear self enjoy.

But I (thank Fate) who've neither House nor Home,
 Am glad if any one will make me Room ;
 To sleep I'm forc'd to hire another's Bed,
 Lodge where I can, and where by Chance I'm led.

S A T I R E VII.

NO more, my Muse, tho' Satire may prevail,
 Let's change our Style for once and cease to rail :
 'Tis an ill Trade, and we have often found,
 Instead of giving, we receive the Wound ;
 Whate'er a Muse shall in this War engage,
 She'll surely, soon or late, repent her Rage.
 All bitter Taunts which you at others throw,
 Begin, perhaps in Mirth, but end in Wee.

The Poets, whom their Choler has inflam'd,
Have mist their Aim, and been or drub'd or damn'd ;
What tho' the Reader's tickled with the Jest,
You then may mourn the most when most he's pleas'd.

A tedious Panegyric coldly wrote,
Is bundled up, and may at Leisure rot ;
It fears no differing Censures, or unjust,
And has no Enemies but Moth and Dust.

'Tis not with Authors thus, who Satire love ;
The Reader may be pleas'd, he's safe enough :
He blames 'em while he reads, yet still reads on,
The Pleasure his, while they the Hazard run.

They fondly Fancy yet, 'tis lawful all,
Pursue the slipp'ry Path and fear no Fall.
They can't, alas, their merry Fits forego,
Tho' ev'ry Laugh that pleases makes a Foe.

A Poem soon offends, if too severe,
For each will think he sees his Image there ;
And he who reads it may applaud your Art,
Yet fear its Force, and hate you from his Heart.
Forbear it then, my Muse, and change thy Strain,
An Itch of Satire tickle thee in vain :

Learn then, like others of the Rhiming Throng
On some fam'd Hero to employ thy Song :
But to what End wou'd I thy Fancy raise,
That scarce can blunder out a Rhime for Praile ;
When to such Heights my Muse attempts to rise,
Like *Westley's* she with flagging Pinions flies.
I scratch my Head, I bite my Nails in vain ;
For all this mighty Labour of my Brain,
Brings nothing less unnatural abroad,
Than *B——*'s *Epic*, or than *Talden's* Ode.
I'm on the Rack, while Elegy I write ;
But have my Wish when Satire's arm'd with Spite :
Then, only then, I feel my self inspir'd,
And soon my Fancy is to Rally fir'd :
Soon, when *Apollo* I invoke, he hears,
And in each angry Page the God appears.
Words come with Ease and in due Order stand,
To wait the Motion of my eager Hand.
Were I to paint the Rascal of the Town,
My Pen, before I think, puts *M——b* down :
Were I a finish'd Coxcomb to design,
Till *Aaron's* broke I ne'er can want a Line.

Sweetly

Sweetly my Muse when big with Satire teems,
But hates your flattering Dauber's fulsome Theams.

Am I a foolish Author to describe,

Before me, Satire sets the Rhiming Tribe :

My Verse comes breaking like a Tempest down,
At once you meet with *P*——, *W*——, and *B*——, }
With *Durfey*, *O*——*h*, and the Doater *C*—— ;

And for one Scribler of their Rank, you find,

A thousand more, as bad, unnam'd behind.

I triumph to my self, with secret Joy,

I thus my Muse's happier Arts employ :

Fond of the Stroke, with ev'ry Lash, my Pen

The keener grows, and longs to strike again.

I often with my Muse, my self engage,

And strive to stop the torrent of my Rage ;

In vain I wou'd at least some Persons spare,

Satire forbids, and wages equal War.

When once the Frenzy seizes me, you know

What follows. Fly, if you wou'd miss the Blow.

Howe're, true Merit, I shall always Prize,

But Coxcombs shock me, and offend my Eyes ;

I hunt 'em, as a Hound pursues his Prey,

And Bark when e'er I smell 'em in my way.

This

This must be granted me, if Wit is scarce,
 I know to hit a Rhime, and tag a Verse.
 Plain Prose I can in jingling Metre dress,
 To more I ne'er pretended, nor to less.

* Tho' Death, whom Human Minds so greatly dread,
 Levell'd his Terrors, sudden, at my Head :
 Tho' a long Life were mine, and lasting Peace,
 The Pleasures of the Town, or Country Ease ;
 Shou'd the wide World against my Muse declare,
 With the whole World I know my Muse wou'd war ;
 And Merry, Melancholly, Rich or Poor,
 Not Rhime the less, but rally on the more.
 I pity the poor Poet, some will say,
 He'll rue this Rage, and for his Jest will pay :
 † The Fool he touches in a vengeful Mood,
 May quench his Thirst of Satire in his Blood :

But

* *Hor. Lib. 11. Sat. 1. Verse 57.*

Seu me tranquilla senectus
 Exspectat, seu mors atris circumvolat alis.
 Dives, inops, Romæ, seu fors ita jusserit, exsul,
 Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color.

† *Hor. Lib. 11. Sat. 1. Verse 60.*

O puer, ut sis
 Vitalis metuo, & majorum nequius amicus
 Frigore te feriat.

* But pray; When *Horace* and *Lucilius* rail'd,
 And thus the Vapors of their Spleen exhal'd;
 When their bold Strokes, against the reigning Crimes,
 Lanch'd the mature Corruptions of their Times,
 And when the furious Pen of *Juvenal*
 Ran o'er with Floods of Bitterness and Gall,
 When with keen Edge, and with unbridl'd Rage,
 He lash'd the Vices of an Impious Age;
 • Yet for their Jest, Did any of 'em die?
 What did they fear of old, and what shou'd I?
 Where do's my Manner, or my Name appear?
 What Feature does the Writer's Image bear?
 • I don't to imitate *M*———* presume;
 And bring my Verses out where e'er I come;
 My Table's not like his, with Papers spread,
 And sometimes I can scarce be brought to read: •

Perhaps

* *Ibid. Verse 62.*

— Quid cum est *Lucilius* ausus
 Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem
 Detrahere & pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora
 Cederet introversum corporis, nam *Laelius*, aut qui
 Duxit ab oppressa meritum *Carthagine* nomen
 Ingenio offensi, &c.

Perhaps, to please a Friend with Satire pleas'd,
I shew my Rhimes; but 'tis with Pain at least;
Perhaps too when I read my Verses, he
Laughs *out* at them, and *in his Sleeve* at me.
Be that as 'twill, I'm pleas'd, and that's my View,
Which if I gain, I have no more to do.
I'm hurry'd by a resty Muse along,
I can't speak well, nor can I hold my Tongue:
And if I fancy I have hit a Jest,
Down it must go, or I shall never rest.

Enough of this at once. Let's breath a while,
My very Hand is weary of the Toil:
Have done my Muse, and when you write in Pain,
Give o'er; to morrow, we'll begin again.

S A T I R E

SATIRE VIII.

To Mons^r. M***, Dr. of the *Sorbonne*.

Imitated by Mr. OLDHAM, in the Year 1682.

Compar'd and Corrected, from the Original,
by Mr. OZELL.

OF all the Creatures which *Earth's* Surface tread,
That fly i'th' Air, or in the Sea are bred,
Throughout the Globe from *Paris* to *Japan*,
The arrant'st Fool in my Opinion's *MAN*.

What ? (strait I'm taken up) Dare you affirm,
An Ant, a Butterfly, a crawling Worm,
A Bulk that chews the Cud, a braying Ass,
Or browsing Goat, do Man in Sense surpass ?
Do you an Insect of a Day prefer
To Man ? Ay, most unquestionably, Sir.
Doctor, I find you're shock'd at this Discourse :
Man is (you cry) Lord of the Universe ;