

For him was this fair Frame of Nature made;
 And all the Creatures for his use and aid:
 To him alone of all the living kind,
 Has bounteous Heav'n the reas'ning Gift assign'd.
 Reason, 'tis true, has ever been his Lot;
 But thence I argue Man the greater Sot.

*This idle Talk, (you say) and rambling Stuff,
 May pass in Satire, and take well enough
 With Sceptic Fools, who are dispos'd to jeer
 At serious Things: But you must make't appear
 By solid Proof. Believe me, Sir, I'll do't,
 Take you the Desk, and let's Dispute it out:
 Then by your Favour, tell me first of all,
 What 'tis, which you grave Doctors, Wisdom call?
 You Answer: 'Tis an evenness of Soul,
 A Steady Temper, which no Cares controul,
 No Passions ruffle, nor Desires inflame,
 Still constant to it self, and still the same,
 That moves as gingerly in all Affairs,
 As a Dean mounts the Convocation Stairs.
 Most true; yet is not this, I dare maintain,
 Less us'd by any, than the Fool, call'd Man.*

The wiser *Emmet*, quoted just before,
 In Summer-time ranges the Fallows o'er
 With Pains, and Labour, to lay in her Store;
 But when the blust'ring North, with rattling Blasts,
 Saddens the Year, and Nature overcasts;
 In her own Cell, remote from Harm and Noise,
 The Fruits of her past Industry enjoys.
 No *Ant* did e'er so little Sense betray,
 To work in Winter, and in Summer play.

* But sillier Man, in his unconstant Course,
 Is wilder'd, and oft strays from Bad to Worse:
 Tost by a thousand Gusts of wavering Doubt,
 His restless Mind still rolls from Thought to Thought:
 In each Resolve unsteddy, and unfixt,
 And what he one Day loaths, desires the next.

*Shall I, so fam'd for many a ruant Jest
 On Wiving, now go take a Jilt at last?
 Shall I turn Husband, and my Station choose,
 Amongst the reverend Martyrs of the Noose!*

• P 2

No.

* *Hor. Epist. Lib. ii. Ep. 1. 98.*

Quod petit spernit, repetit quod nuper omisit;
 Aituat & vitæ disconvenit ordine toto,
 Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis.

*No, There are Fools enough besides in Town,
 To furnish Work for Satire, and Lampoon :
 Few Months before cry'd the unthinking Sot ;
 Who quickly after, hamper'd in the Knot,
 Was quoted for an Instance by the rest,
 And bore his Fate, as tamely as the best ;
 And thought, that Heav'n from some mirac'lous side,
 For him alone had drawn a faithful Bride.*

*This is our Image just : Such is that vain,
 That foolish, fickle, motly Creature Man :
 More changing than a Weathercock, his Head
 Ne'er wakes with the same Thoughts, he went to Bed.
 Irksome to all beside, and ill at ease,
 He neither others, nor himself can please :
 Each Minute round his whirling Humours run,
 Now he's a Trooper, and a Priest anon, }
 To day in Buff, to morrow in a Gown.*

*Yet pleas'd with idle Whimfies of his Brain,
 And puffed with Pride, this haughty Thing would fain
 Be thought himself, the only stay, and prop,
 That holds the mighty Frame of Nature up :*

The Skies and Stars his Properties must seem,
 And turn-spit Angels tread the Spheres for him:
 Of all the Creatures he's the Lord (he cries)
 More absolute, than the *French* King of his.
And who is there (say you) that dares deny
So own'd a Truth? That may be, Sir, do I.

But to omit the Controversie here,
 Whether, if met, the Passenger and Bear,
 This or the other stands in greater fear.
 Or if the *Lybian* Herdsmen made a Law,
 That all the *Barca* Lions shou'd withdraw,
 Whether they'd strait obey their high Command,
 And at a Minutes warning rid the Land:
 This Monarch of the World, this Demy-God,
 That rules the subject Creatures with a Nod;
 This titular King, who thus pretends to be
 The Lord of all, How many Lords has he?
 The Lust of Money, and the Lust of Power,
 With Love, and Hate, and twenty Passions more,
 Hold him their Slave, and chain him to the Oar.

Scarce has soft Sleep in silence clos'd his Eyes,
 * *Up!* (strait says Avarice) *'Tis time to rise.*

Not yet: One Minute longer. *Up!* (she cries)
 The Shops, 'quo' you, are shut: 'Tis hardly Day.

No matter, Rise! Still you, For what, I pray?

To scow'r from end to end the spacious Deep,

Crys Avarice, Shake off inglorious Sleep!

To Monks and Beggars laziness resign,

The distant Indies search, exhaust New Spain,

Fetch Spice from Goa, China from Japan.

What need all this? I've Wealth enough in store,

I thank the Fates, nor care for adding more.

You cannot have too much, for Sacred Gain,

You must no Crime, no Perjury refrain.

Hunger you must endure, Hardship, and Want,

Amidst full Barns keep an eternal Lent,

And tho' you've more than B————m e'er spent,

Or

* *Pers. Sat. V. Vers. 132.*

Mane piper stertis : surge, inquit Avaritia : eja,
 Surge. Negas ; instat. Surge, inquit. Non queo : Surge
 En quid agam ? Rogitas ? Saperdas advehe Ponto,
 Castoreum, stupas, hebenum, thus, lubrica Coa ;
 Tolle recens primus piper e sitiente Camelo.
 Verte aliquid, jura, &c.

*Or C——n got, like stingy B——l save,
And grudge your self the Charges of a Grave,
And the small Ransom of a single Groat,
From Sword or Halter to redeem your Throat.*

*And pray, why all this sparing? Don't you know?
Only t'enrich a spendthrift Heir, or so:*

*Who shall, when you are timely dead, and gone,
With his Gilt Coach and Six, amuse the Town,*

*• Keep his gay brace of Punks, and vainly give
More for a Night, than you to Fine for Sheriff.*

But you lose time; the Wind and Vessel waits,

Quick, let's aboard! Hey for the Downs, and Streights

• Or, if all-powerful Money fail of Charms

To tempt the Wretch, and push him on to Harms:

With a strong Hand does fierce Ambition seize,

And drag him forth from soft Repose and Ease

Amidst ten thousand Dangers spurs him on,

With loss of Blood and Limbs to hunt Renown.

Who for Reward of many a Wound and Maim,

Is paid with nought but wooden Legs, and Fame;

And the poor Comfort of a grinning Fate,

To stand recorded in the next Gazette.

*But hold, (cries one) your paltry gibing Wit,
 Or learn henceforth to aim it more aright :
 If this be any ; 'tis a glorious Fault,
 Which through all Ages has been ever thought
 The Hero's Virtue, and chief Excellence :
 Pray, What was Alexander in your Sense ?
 A Fool belike. Yes, faith, Sir, much the same :
 A crack-brain'd Huff, that set the World on flame ;
 A Lunatic broke Loose, who in his Fit,
 Fell foul on all, invaded all he met.
 Who *, Lord of the whole Globe, yet not content,
 Lack'd Elbow-room, and seem'd too closely pent.
 What Madness was't, that born, to a fair Throne,
 Where he might Rule with Justice, and Renown,
 Like a wild Robber, he should choose to roam,
 A pitied Wretch, with neither House, nor Home :
 And hurling War and Slaughter up and down,
 Thro' the wide World make his vast Folly known ?*

Happy

* *Juv. Sat. X. Vers. 162:*

Unus Pellæo Juveni non sufficit Orbis.
 Æstuat infelix angusto limite Mundi.

Happy, for ten good Reasons, had it been,
 If *Macedon* 'ad had a *Bedlam* then :
 That there with Keepers under close restraint
 He might have been from frantic Mischief pent.

But that we mayn't in long Digressions now
 Discourse all *Senault*, and the Passions through,
 And ranging them in Method stiff and grave,
 Hold forth in Verse, and Rhyme by Paragraph :
 • Let's quit the present Topic of Dispute,
 For *Charron*, or *la Chambre*, to confute ;
 And take a view of Man in his best light,
 Wherein he seems to most Advantage set.

• 'Tis *be alone*, (you'll say) 'tis *happy be*,
 That's fram'd by Nature for Society :
 He only dwells in Towns, is only seen
 With Manners and Civility to shine ; . . .
 He only *Magistrates* and *Kings Elects*,
 Observes a *Polity*, and *Law Respects*.

'Tis granted, Sir ; but yet without all these,
 Without your boasted *Laws*, and *Policies*,
 Or fear of *Judges*, or of *Justices* ;

*Who

* Who ever saw the Wolves, so bent on Prey,
 To rob their fellow Wolves upon the way?
 Who ever saw *Church* and *Fanatic* Bear,
 Like savage Mankind one another tear?
 What Tyger e'er, aspiring to be great,
 In Plots and Factions did embroil the State?
 Or when was't heard upon the *Lybian* Plains,
 Where the stern Monarch of the Desert reigns,
 That *Whig* and *Tory* Lions in wild Jars
 Madly engag'd for choice of Sheriffs and May'rs?
 The fiercest Creatures, we in Nature find,
 Respect their Figure still in the same kind;
 To others rough, to these they gentle be,
 And live from Noise, from Feuds, from Actions free.
 No Eagle does upon his Peerage sue,
 And strive some meaner Eagle to undo:
 No Fox was e'er suborn'd by Spite, or Pay,
 To swear his Brother Fox's Life away:

Nor

* ——— *Idem, Sat. XV. Vers. 159.*

Sed jam Serpentum major concordia, parcit
 Cognatis maculis similis fera. Quando Leoni
 Fortior eripuit vitam Leo? Quo nemore umquam
 Exspiravit aper majoris dentibus apri?
 Indica Tygris agit rabida cum Tygride pacem
 Perpetuam, saevis inter se convenit Ullis.

Nor any Hind, for Impotence at Rut,
 Did e'er the Stag into the Arches put ;
 Where a grave Dean the *Congress* might ordain,
 And with that Burlesque Word his Sentence stain :
 They do no dreadful *Quo Warranto* fear,
 No Courts of Sessions, or Assize, are there,
 No *Common-Pleas*, *Queen's-Bench*, or *Chancery-Bar* :
 But happier they, by Nature's Charter free,
 Secure, and safe, in mutual Peace agree,
 And know no other Law, but Equity.

'Tis Man, 'Tis Man alone, that worst of Brutes,
 Who first brought up the Trade of cutting Throats,
 Did Honour first, that barbarous Term devise,
 Unknown to all the gentle Savages ;
 'Twas not enough, his Hand was taught by Hell,
 To knead Salt-Petre, and to sharpen Steel.

Farther to Plague the World, he must ingross
 Huge *Codes* and bulky *Pandects* of the Laws,
 With Doctors Glosses to perplex the Cause.
 Where darken'd Equity is kept from light,
 And under Heaps of Authors buried quite.

Gently, good Sir ! (dry you) *Why all this rant ?*
Man has his Freaks and Passions ; that we grant ;

*He has his Frailties, and blind Sides ; who doubts ?
 But his least Virtues balance all his Faults.
 Pray, was it not this bold, this thinking Man,
 That measur'd Heav'n, and taught the Stars to scan,
 Whose boundless Wit, with soaring Wings durst fly,
 Beyond the flaming Borders of the Sky ;
 Turn'd Nature o'er, and with a piercing view
 Each cranny search'd, and look'd her through and through.
 Which of the Brutes have Universities,
 When was it heard, that they e'er took Degrees,
 Or were Professors of the Faculties ?
 By Law, or Physic, were they ever known
 To merit Velvet, or a Scarlet Gown ?*

No, questionless ; nor did we ever read,
 Of Quacks in Woods, that were Licentiates made,
 By Patent to profess the pois'ning Trade :
 They have no Doctors there, to hold Dispute
 About Black-pudding, while the wond'ring Rout
 Listen to hear the knotty Truth made out :
 Nor Virtuoso's teach deep Mysteries
 Of Arts for pumping Air, and smothering Flies.

But

But not to urge the Matter farther now,
Nor search it to the Depth, What 'tis to know,
Or whither our laps'd Spirit, since the Fall
Has known, or do's know any Thing at all.
Answer me only this, What Man is there
In this vile thankless Age, wherein we are,
Who does by Sense and Learning value bear?
Would'st thou get Honour, and a fair Estate,
And have the Looks and Favours of the Great?
Cries an old Father to his blooming Son,
† Take the right Course, be rul'd by me, 'tis done.
Leave mouldy Authors to the reading Fools,
The poring crouds in Colleges and Schools:
How much is threescore Nobles? Twenty Pound.
Well said, my Son, the Answer's most profound:
Go, thou know'st all that's requisite to know;
What Wealth on thee, what Honours haste to flow!

}
}

. In

† Hor. Ars. Poet. Vers. 325.

Romani pueri longis rationibus assem
Discunt in partes centum dividere; dicat
Filius Albini, si de quincunce remota est
Uncia quid superat? poteras dixisse triens, Eu,
Rem poteris servare tuam. Redit uncia, quid fit?
Semis. At hæc animos ærugo & cura peculi
Cum semel imbuerit, speramus carmina fingi
Posse, &c.

*In these high Sciences thy self employ,
 Instead of Plato, take thy Ricard, Boy.
 Learn there the Art to audit an Account,
 To what the King's Revenue does amount :
 How much the Customs and Excise bring in,
 And what the Managers each Year purloin.
 Get a Case-hard'ned Conscience, Irish proof,
 Which nought of Pity, Sense, or Shame can move :
 Turn Algerine, Barbarian, Turk, or Jew,
 Unjust, inhuman, treacherous, base, untrue ;
 Ne'er stick at wrong ; hang Widows Sighs and Tears,
 The Cant of Priests to frighten Usurers :]
 Boggle at nothing to encrease thy Store,
 Not Orphans spoils, nor plunder of the Poor :
 Scorn then the paltry Rules of Honesty,
 By surer Methods, raise thy Fortune high ;
 And disappoint ev'n * Colbert's watchful Eye.*

*Then Shoals of Poets, Pedants thou shalt have,
 Lawyers, Astrologers and Doctors grave,*

Authors

* The Treasurer of France.

*Authors of every sort, and size, shall press,
To thee their Works, and Labours shall address,
Degrade the Heroes to give thee their-Place.*

*With pompous Lines their Dedications fill,
And learnedly in Greek and Latin tell
Lies to thy Face, that thou hast deep insight,
And art the nicest Judge of what they write.*

† *He that is Rich, is every Thing that is,
Without one Grain of Wisdom, he is wise,
And knowing nought, knows all the Sciences :
He's Witty, Gallant, Virtuous, Generous, Stout,
Well-Born, well-Bred, well-Shaped, well-Drest, what not ?
Loved by the Great, and courted by the Fair ;
No Farmer of the Customs need Despair.
Gold to the loathsom'st Object gives a grace,
And sets it off, and makes ev'n D—neat :
But tatter'd Poverty they all despise,
Love stands aloof, and from the Scare-crow flies.*

Thus

† Hor. Lib. I. & VI. Vers. 36.

Scilicet, uxorem cum dote, fidemque & amicos,
Et genus & formam regina pecunia donat.
Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venusque.

Thus a stanch Miser, to his hopeful Brat,
Chalks out the way that leads to an Estate:
Whose Knowledge oft with utmost stretch of Brain
No high'r than this vast Secret can attain,
Five and Four's Nine, take Two, and Seven remain.

Go, Doctor, after this, and rack your Brains,
Unravel Scripture, and grow Lean with Pains:
On musty *Fathers* waste your fruitless Hours,
Correct the Critics, and Expositors:
The Sacred Horror pierce of Holy Writ;
Point out each Quicksand, and with labour'd Wit,
Shew us where *Calvin* and where *Luther* split;
The fam'd Disputes of Ages past display,
And drive the *Rabbies* learned Clouds away:
Then at the last, some bulky Piece compile,
There lay out all your Time, and Pains and Skill;
And when 'tis done and finish'd for the Press,
To some great Name the mighty Work address:
Who, for a full Reward of all your Toil,
Shall pay you with a gracious Nod or Smile:
Just Recompence of Life too vainly spent!
An empty, *Thank you*, Sir, and Compliment.

But

But, if to higher Honors you pretend,
 Take the Advice and Counsel of a Friend ;
 Here quit the Desk, and throw your Scarlet by,
 And to some gainful Course your self apply.
 Go, Practise with some Banker how to Cheat,
 There's choice in Town, enquire in *Lombard-street*.
 Let *S---t* and *O-----m* wrangle as they please,
 And thus in short with me conclude the Case,
 • A Doctor is no better than an *Ass*.

Ass in your Teeth, Sir Poet, have a care ;
 This is to push your Raillery too far.
 But not to lose the time in trifling thus,
 Beside the Point come now more home and close :
 That Man has Reason is beyond debate,
 Nor will ev'n you, I think, deny me that :
 And was not this fair Pilot giv'n to *Steer*—
 His tott'ring Bark through Life's rough Ocean here ?

All this I grant : But if in spite of it
 The Wretch on every Rock he sees will split,
 To what great purpose does his Reason serve,
 But to misguide his Course, and make him swerve ?
 What boots it • *Durfey*, when it says, *Give o'er*—
 Thy scribbling Itch, and play the Fool no more,

If her vain Counsels, purpos'd to reclaim;
 Only avail to harden him in Shame;
 Lampoon'd, and hiss'd, and damn'd the thousandth
 time,

Still he writes on, is obstinate in Rhime:

* His Verse, which he does every where recite,
 Puts all his Neighbours, and his Friends to flight;
 Scar'd by the Rhiming Fiend, they haste away,
 Nor will his very Boy be hir'd to stay.

The Ass, to whom Dame Nature has deny'd
 Reason; content with Instinct for his Guide,
 Still follows that, and wiselier does proceed:
 He ne'er aspires, with his harsh braying Note,
 The Songsters of the Wood to challenge out:
 Nor, like this awkward smatterer in Arts,
 Sets up himself for a vain Ass of Parts;
 Of Reason void, he sees, and gains his End;
 While Man, who does to that false Light pretend,
 Wildly gropes on, and in broad Day is Blind.

By

* *Id. in Art. Pict. Vers: 474.*
Indotum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus.

By Whimsy led, he does all Things by chance,
 And Acts in each against all common Sense.
 With every Thing pleas'd, and displeas'd at once,
 He knows not what he Seeks, nor what he thuns:
 Unable to distinguish good, or bad,
 For nothing he is Gay, for nothing Sad:
 At random Loves, and loaths, avoids, pursues,
 Enacts, repeals, makes, alters, does, undoes.

Did we, like him, e'er see the Dog, or Bear,
 Chimera's of their own devising fear?
 Frame needless Doubts, and for those Doubts forego
 The Joys, which prompting Nature calls them to?
 And with their Pleasures awkwardly at strife,
 With scaring Fantoms pall the Sweets of Life?
 Tell me, grave Sir, Did ever Man see Beast
 So much below himself, and Sense debas'd,
 To worship Man with superstitious Fear,
 And fondly to his Idol Temples rear?
 Was he e'er seen with Pray'rs and Sacrifice
 Approaching him, as Ruler of the Skies,
 To beg for Rain, or Sun-shine, on his Knees?
 No never: But a thousand Times has Beast
 Seen Man, beneath the meanest Brute debas'd.

Fall low to Wood; and Metal heretofore,
 And madly his own Workmanship adore:
 * In Egypt oft has seen the Sot bow down,
 And Reverence some deify'd Baboon:
 Has often seen him on the Banks of Nile
 Say Pray'rs to the almighty Crocodile.

*But why (say you) these spiteful Instances
 Of Egypt, and its gross Idolatries?
 Think you that such wild Stuff as this will pass
 For any Proof, that Man's below an Ass?
 An Ass! That heavy, stupid, lumpish Beast,
 The Sport, and mocking Stock of all the rest?
 Whom they all Spurn, and whom they all despise,
 Whose very Name all Satire does comprize?
 An Ass, Sir! Yes; Pray, Wherefore do we Mock
 At him? Yet he's the common Laughing-stock;
 But, if one Day, he should occasion find,
 Upon our Follies to express his Mind;*

If

* Juvenal, Sat. XV. Vers. 1.

Quis nescit, Voluci Bithynice, qualia demens
 Ægyptus portentosa colat? Crocodilon adorant
 Pædæ hæc: illa pavet saturam, Serpentibus Ibin.
 Effigies sacri nitet aurea Cercopitheci.

If Heav'n, as once of old, to check proud Man,
By Miracle should give him Speech again;
What wou'd he say, d'ye think, cou'd he speak out,
Nay, Sir, betwixt us two, What wou'd he not?

What wou'd he say, were he condemn'd to stand,
For one long Hour in *Fleetstreet*, or the *Strand*,
To cast his Eyes upon the motly throng,
The two-legg'd Herd, that daily pass along;
To see their odd Disguises, Furs and Gowns,
Cassocks, Lac'd Coats, Lawn-Sleeves, and Pantaloons?

What would he say to see a Velvet Quack
Walk with the Price of Forty kill'd on's Back;
Or mounted on a Stage, and gaping Loud,
Commend his Drugs and Ratsbane to the Croud?

What wou'd he think upon a Lord-Mayor's Day,
Shou'd he the Pomp and Pageantry Survey?
Or view the Judges, and their solemn Train,
March with grave Decency to kill a Man?

What wou'd he think of us, should he appear
In *Term*, amongst the Crouds, at *Westminster*,
And there, the hellish Din, and Jargon hear;

Where *D——s*, and his Pack, with deep mouth'd Notes,
Drown *Billinggate*, and all its Oyster-Boats ?
There see the Judges, Serjeants, Barristers,
Attorneys, Councillors, Solicitors,
Cryers, and Clerks, and all the Savage Crew
Which wretched Man at his own charge undo ?
If after Prospect of all this, the *Ass*
Should find the Voice he had in *Æsop's* Days ;
Then, Doctor, then, casting his Eyes around
On Human Fools, which every where abound :
Content with Thistles, and from Envy free,
He'd shake his Head, and cry undoubtedly,
Man is a Beast, Good Faith, as much as we.

SATIRE IX.

THE Faults of others I enough have shown,
 'Tis just at last that I should tell my own ;
 Nor vainly think while I their Errors see,
 That I who judge 'em am from Erring free.

To thee, My Muse, this Satire I'll address,
 And force thee ev'ry Failing to confess ;
 My partial Patience has endur'd too long
 The Sallies of thy proud Cenforious Song.
 Thy Friends have either flatter'd thee, or thought
 That like another *Cato* Thou hast Taught.
 All Authors Merit thou hast boldly weigh'd,
 And Schemes to form a perfect Poet laid ;
 As if, from Censure, and Reproof secure,
 No Wit nor Writings*but thy own were pure.
 Enough of that—— For I who know thee well,
 Thy Pride and Weakness will no more conceal:
 I laugh to see thee so p'resumptious grown,
 To fancy thou, forsooth, canst mend the Town ;

Tho' thy loud Malice may be heard as far,
As a ducky Scold or * G——r at the Bar :

Does that a Critic make thee or a Wit ;
When thou for neither art by Nature fit ?

Didst thou e'er feel the sacred Fire that warms
The Poets Breast, and all his Readers charms :

To climb *Parnassus* sharp Ascent ne'er try;
† The Fall is dreadful if thou soar'st too high.

A *Dryden* or an *Otway* thou must be
Or else a *Settle* or at most a *Lee*.

And if, my Firm, Endeavours can't restrain
The furious Spleen of thy Satyric Vein,

Ne'er break thy Rest thy Neighbours Verse to scan,
‖ But if thou hast a Genius Sing of *Anne* ;

The Mighty Theme thy humble Muse will raise,
And Favour thou may'st thus acquire or Bays :

And tho' the forward Bard the Pension gains,
The Glory of the Song rewards the Pains.

Tempt

* G——r a famous railing Lawyer.

† Horat *Art. Poet. Vers.* 372.

——— Mediocribus esse Poetis

Non Homines, non Di, non concessere Columnæ.

‖ Hor. *Lib. 11. Sat. 4. Verse* 10.

Aut si tantus Amor scribendi te rapit, aude

Cæsaris invicti res dicere, multa laborum

Premia laturus. Pater optime, vires

Deficiant, &c.

Tempt me (methinks the Muse Replies) No more,
 My Wings too heavy and too weak to soar;
 The most of me you can with Reason ask,
 Is a dull Sonnet or insipid Masque.

Of some Renown'd Enchantress let me sing,
 Some whining Emperor or Maudlin King;
 For *Anna's* Godlike Vertues and her Fame
 Are Themes reserv'd for some illustrious Name:

The Muses to the Men that Charge assign,
 Who drew *Mirmillo* and who sung the *Boyne*.

* *Aaron* and I by hazard only write;

And never had been Poets but for spite;

• And witty as we think our selves, had best

To Rhime no more, to be no more a Jest;

For if like Slaves we shou'd to Fortune bow

And find out Merit in a *F—b* or *H—*

Wou'd not the World the Myst'ry soon unfold?

And cry the Coxcomb said it all for Gold?

Shou'd we pretend new Triumphs to proclaim,

Great *Churchill's* Deeds or *Stanhope's* growing Fame:

The

* Juvenal Sat. 1. V. 79.

Si natura negat, facit Indignatio Versum,
 Qualemcumque potest, quales ego vel Cluvenus.

The Town wou'd be surpriz'd at what we meant,
And think it at the best Impertinent.

If you will scribble you shou'd be discreet
Nor fall on ev'ry Fool you chance to meet ;
This Town was never yet nor e'er will be
From Fools and Fops of all Professions free.

Pray why shon'd Poets only then be spar'd,
If they as Mortal may not err, 'tis hard.

Perhaps you have a Deathless Name in View
And *Horace's* unerring Tracts pursue ;
For future *Rhymers* crabbed Work prepare,
And raise another *Boyle* and *Bentley* War.
Vain Hopes uncertain as a Gamesters Pence,
A Tradesman Honesty or Tory's Sense.
'Tis odds, you venture little if you lay
That he's to Morrow damn'd who took to Day.
Taking's a Trick and by a Party made,
You court the Player and your Farce is play'd.
One Winter on the *Posts* 'tis seen in Red,
But like an Almanack the next 'tis dead.
Thus Books by which the Father Printer won,
Rot on the dirty Stall and break the Sol.

Like

Like honest *Tom's* whom you so much despise
Light Pipes or else are bak'd with Penny Pies :
Your Works so highly by your self esteem'd,
To Trunks or *London Bridge* may be condemn'd ;
Or what nor Eating Time nor Rats destroy,
Some lazy Lucky's idle Hours employ.
Or through some bawling Ballad-Singers Throat
Be strain'd and Sold by Dozens for a Groat.

But grant your Labors have a longer Reign,
Sell whole Impressions off, Reprint again ;
That more by Malice than Desert you hit,
And Criticks yet unborn approve your Wit,
I'm still expos'd to suffer for your Guilt,
And threaten'd with an Action or a Tilt.

What will you get if future Times allow
Your Satire good if you must suffer now.
You Toil and Trouble to your self create,
That Fools may fear you and their Fav'ers hate.
To Rail and Rhime what *Demons* sets thee on ?
A Book offends thee. Let the Book alone.
Can no poor Author from thy Rage be free,
No Sot be damn'd in Quiet now for thee ?

Ill Fortune! When their Works wou'd be forgot
Thy Spleen revives and will not let 'em rot:
What Mortal Wight if thou hadst never writ
Had heard that *B*—— wou'd be thought a Wit?
In Dust proud *Gondibert's* Heroic Head
Had lain, and *Westley's* Life of Christ been dead.
A Croud of Sonnetteers and Stage Buffoons,
Fathers of Fustian Scenes and lewd Lampoons;
Vain Coxcombs, of Conceit and Nonsense Full,
Swoln with Success and insolently dull:
The Living and the Dead alike you blame,
And fight a wretched Host too vile to name;
Yet some of 'em have had the Luck to hit,
And *C*—— is for others Worth a Wit:
The Living to their Shame and Loss give o'er,
The Dead are dead and can offend no more.
You say they tire you with their Trash—— 'tis true,
What then, has no body been tir'd but you.
These very Coxcombs are at Court carest,
And thought to be inspir'd when they're possess'd.
'Tis ev'ry English Man's undoubted Right,
To use his Pen, and when he pleases, write;

To

To lead some fam'd Romantic Knight along,
Thro' Fifty Thousand Lines of Epic Song;
Parnassus thus with Wit is over-run,
Like Swarms of Insects in a Summers Sun;
The pasted Door of ev'ry Tradesman's Shop
Informs us daily of some Printing Fop;
Each Scoundrel Scribler with his *Scriptions* fills
The Posts like Quacks to vend *Veneræal* Pills,
And Shoals of Pamphleteers the World Abuse
With Paltry Politicks or Lying News.
Writing's a Humor and will have its run;
Till Fools are weary or the Trade's undone.
But what and who are you that you shou'd dare
Against the Reigning Folly to declare?
D'ye think your Name or Lessons will prevail
Or has the God commission'd you to rail?
While you with others Works are so severe
Pray lend to what they say of you an Ear.

The Man is mad or else he wou'd n't loſe

* A hundred Friends to pleaſe a froward Muſe :

Nothing, not *Arthur* will with him go down,

He'd make his Taſte the Standard of the Town :

No Pleader tho' for Tropes and Tricks renown'd

Can pleaſe him, he's ſo nice and ſo profound.

He ne'er likes any thing he hears at Church,

At *A*——y ſleeps, and ſnores at *B*——h.

Yet all he ever told us is no more

Than *Juvenal* or *Horace* ſaid before,

For *Juvenal* in Latin ſomewhere ſays,

When *T*——y preaches ev'ry Soul's at eaſe;

That *Br*——k's drowly Sermons are ſo dull,

To ſleep like *Laudanum* his Flock they lull:

Againſt vile Poets they declared aloud,

And you of ſuch Authority are Proud,

Horace

* *Horat. Sat. IV. Lib. 1. Verſ. 34.*

*Ecce num habet in cornu, longe fuge. Dummodo riſum
Excutiat ſibi, non hic cuiquam parcat amico*

Which Regnier has thus Imitated in the XII. Satire.

*Fly, Fly; with all the World this Railer Fights,
His Spleen ſo froward thus he ſnarles and bites.
Yet nothing can his peeviſh Humour mend
But for his Feſt he'll ſacrifice his Friend.*

Horace and Juvenal's great Names you use,

Your own licentious Satire to excuse;

'Twill never do, if all your Readers fear

To dip into your Book lest they are there;

Your Freedom will in Drowning end in time,

And I shall to the *Thames* be sent to Rhime,

Or some Boy Bully with obscure Attack,

Insult me, seconded by friendly *Back*.

Thus I, for neither Sword nor Swimming fit,

Shall penitently pay for what you writ.

Perhaps some merry Wits who love to laugh,

May like your Mirth; but let your Mirth be safe;

For one Man's Love you gain a hundreds Hate,

And endless Quarrels to your self create.

Give me a Reason why you'll still rail on,

Or Muse, to speak my Mind——You must have done

Is it to rail, to tell an empty Sot,

His Fame will fail him, and his Writings rot;

To Show a Poet of his Buyers proud,

That Sound as well as Sense may please the Croud,

That equal Time will in a faithful Glass

Discover They are Fools and He an Ass;

That

That ev'ry vile Translator's not a Wit,
 Nor ev'ry College Priest for Preaching fit;
 If this by your so sage Reproof you mean,
 Then Truth's Impertinence, and Reason Spleen.

Railing of late's mysterious grown and fine,
 A Quality too courtly to be mine.

In ancient Times 'twas open and severe,
 But now it flatters and is seeming fair;
 To hit the Mark it takes an artful Round,
 Yet gives a surer and a deeper Wound.

* As thus; were *D——b's* Story to be told,
 It wou'd n't all at once his Sins unfold,
 Nor *Helmfly* bought with *Abdicated* Gold;
 'Twou'd cry——*Alas I knew him from a Child,*
And sure He's not the first by Woman spoil'd:
He made the prettiest Lucky in the Town,
And clean'd a Shoe, and rub'd a Pacer down
So well—— Who thought that he wou'd wear the Gown:

Fortune

* Horat. Lib. 1. Sat. IV. Vers. 93.

—— Mentio siqua

Dē Capitolini furtis injecta Petilli

Te coram infuerit: defendas, ut tuus est mos:

Me Capitolinus victore usus amico,

Quæ a Puero est causaque mea permulta rogatus:

Fecit, & incolumis lætor quod vivit in urbe.

Sed tamen admiror quo pacto iudicium illud

Fugerit. Hic nigræ succus coliginis

*Fortune was Nodding when his Master broke,
And giving him the Chain, her Man mistook.*

These soft Mouth'd Satyrists wou'd thus declaim
At *M*—r whose Charity records his Name,

"The Knight had known how needy Wretches fare,

"His Parents were it seems the Parish Care ;

"A Saint profound—— To make his Reck'ning ev'n ;

"The Wealth he stole from Man, he gave to Heav'n.

Thus they defame, but in a sweeter Note,

And compliment ye, when they cut your Throat.

A Soul above such base Compliance born

To rally in so soft a Tone wou'd scorn.

With hobling Verse to quarrel What Offence ?

Or Wrong, to War with those that War with Sense ?

To laugh at such as labour to delight

In vain, is ev'ry common Readers Right.

A Fop of Quality with fine Grimace,

May Sentence freely and uncensur'd pass ;

May to our Modern Bards prefer our Old,

Or *Tasso's* Tinsel Rhymes to *Virgil's* Gold.

Each Powder'd Clerk believes his Eighteen Pence

Entitles him to judge of Wit and Sense ;

To Damn without Distinction or approve;
To Clap the *Trip* and Hiss at *Love for Love* :
Nay, I have seen a Poet's Valet weigh
In clumsy Scales, the Merit of a Play ;
For he that in the Scene his Fortune tries,
Is still a Slave to him that sees or buys :
To Prejudice and Humour, he submits,
And stands the Shock of Fools as well as Wits.
In vain an Author if his Works displease
Begs Pardon in a Preface on his Knees.
The Reader, like an angry Judge, will use
His Pow'r, and not admit of an Excuse.
Shall ev'ry one have Leave to speak but I,
Give me a Reason for't and I'll comply,
My Taste till then, like theirs, shall be my Rule,
I'll call a Sot a Sot, a Fool a Fool ;
Besides what harm has all this Freedom done,
Their Talents but for me had ne'er been known :
Nor T——'s Fame beyond St. Mary's reach'd,
Nor London heard that Bi---ks had ever preach'd.
Satire's a Service to a Rhiming Sot,
His Writings else, his Name wou'd be forgot ;

By this a Coxcomb is illustrious made,

As Light in Pictures is set off by Shade.

In short, I speak my Mind, whate'er I blame,

And those that may condemn me, think the same.

Some wary Persons fancy I'm too free

With A——. Let 'em so fancy still for me,

Can Faction mend an incorrect Design,

Or soften to my Ear a rumbling Line,

• If thousands have or may applaud his Song,

Their Judgment ever was and will be wrong.

You tell me he has Wit and Sense, suppose

He has, To prove it let him write in Prose;

• For 'tis not ev'ry Man of Sense and Wit

Who for the lofty Epic Strain is fit.

True Satire is an Author's truest Friend,

She shows him how he errs and how to mend,

Nor does she all that she condemns despise,

And only calls 'em Fools to make 'em wise :

By Sot and Fool she means a forward Wight,

Who will in spite of Art or Nature write;

His Public Character she always takes,

And never into private Actions rakes.

Did I like *W*—— with base Inveſtives ſcan
 His Life and for the Muſe attack the Man,
 From Reaſon and from Juſtice I ſhou'd ſwerve,
 And erring like a Slave a Slave's Reproof deſerve.
 Satire for Virtue has a due Regard,
 And from the Knight diſtinguiſhes the Bard :
 Say if you pleaſe, he's civil and diſcreet,
 * Learn'd, Eloquent, Obliging and Polite;
 Say he's a Man of Honour and Eſtate,
 'Tis granted, he is all and more than that,
 Yet if you take his Poems for the Teſt
 Of Epic Song, your Judgment is a Jeſt ;
 For as the Prince of Poets I diſown
 His Empire, and deny his Title to the Throne,
 When his pretended Right ſome Fools proclaim,
 My Choler with Diſdain is in a Flame,
 And if I durſt not vent my raging Spleen,
 Or tell the World my Grievance with my Pen,
 † Like the ſam'd Barber I ſhou'd dig a Hole,
 And there diſcharge the Burthen of my Soul.

There

* This relates to Chaplain, and is more literally tranſlated in M. Arnauld's Letter.

† Perſius Sat. 1. V. 119.

Men' mutire neſas, nec clam, nec cum ſcrobe? Nuſquam
 Hic tamen infodiam. Vidi, vidi ipſe, libelle,
 Auriculas Alini Midas Rex habet.

There whisper to the Reeds that *Midas* wears
Beneath his Royal Crown an Asses Ears.

What hurt has my impartial Satire done ?

Its Talent is not baulkt, it labours on ;

Folio's on *Folio's* still are brought to light,

And *L——s* Garrets groan beneath the Weight.

No Critics friendly, or unfriendly Look

Can make or mar the Fortune of a Book.

When once 'tis publish'd it will have its run,

And is not to be fav'd or damn'd by one.

Richlieu in vain the famous * *Cid* decry'd,

All *Paris* for the fair *Chimene* sigh'd ;

Ev'n the whole Academy wrote in vain ;

The Public did the Poets Cause maintain.

That Head that held the Christian World in Chains

Was baffl'd by *Corneille's* Tragic Strains.

But fruitful *A——* Fortune is so hard

Each Reader is a Rimer to the Bard.

In vain a thousand Writers Altars raise

To offer to this God their Songs of Praise :

R 3

* *A Tragedy of Corneille*

As *Phæbus* Son they lift him to the Sky,
 Whose Poems give their loud Applause the Lye,
 Enough—— The Town has said as much before,
 They're tir'd with *A*—— So are we. No more.

Sati.e you say's a dang'rous Trade at best,
 Which tho' it pleases some, offends the rest.
Dryden was drub'd, and honest *Crown* was bang'd,
 And *Oldham* liv'd to fear he should be hang'd :
 Forbear—— The Pleasure's fatal as 'tis great,
 And let your Song be safe as well as sweet :

—Like *Westley* a Seraphic Subject chuse
 That all the Godly may espouse the Muse,
 And Sanctity its want of Sense excuse ;
 Or else, like *Cowley* with a daring Wing
 Of *Mighty Deeds* in *Mighty Numbers* sing ;
 Or waiting on your Flocks in Town, relate
 How hapless *Damon* dy'd for *Sylvia's* Hate ;
 Or tune your Oaten Reed at *Temple Bar*,
 And in your Closet tell the Woods your Care ;
 Or warm'd with gen'rous Draughts of *Tuscan* Wine,
 For *Amarillis* in an *Eclogue* whine,
 Or in cold Couplets, careless of the Fair,
 Sigh for some cruel *Chloris* in the Air :

Compare

Compare her to the Morn, or radiant Day;
 And while with living well, you're plump and gay,
 Sicken in Simile and Pine away.

Let Lovers to themselves their Language keep,
 To lull fond Women and old Fools to Sleep.

Satire, abounding with instructive Sense,
 Profit and Pleasure, wou'd at once dispense.

Her Verse in Reason's Limbec first refin'd,

Reforms the modish Errors of the Mind;

Pride and Injustice she alone defies,

And follows to the Throne the reigning Vice:

Oft by a Jest, or happy Turn, she shows,

That Reason has her Friends, as well as Foes.

* *Lucilius* Thus, with more than mortal Rage
 Attack'd the Roman *Westley's* of his Age:

And *Horace* lash'd the Poet's scribbling *Quimes*;

The *M—*, and the *D—* of his Times.

'Twas

* *Perfius* excuses himself for writing Satire Sat. 1. V. 114.

——— *Securit Lucilius urbem,*

Te Lupe, Te muti, & genuinum fregit in illis.

Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flaccus amico

Tangit, &c.

See a Passage in *Horace* thereon cited in the VII. Sat.

'Twas Sacred Satire, first inspir'd my Song,
 And Taught me to distinguish Right from Wrong.
 She, from a Boy, instructed me to hate
 A foolish Book, and fear its Author's Fate:
 She help'd me to ascend *Parnassus* Hill,
 She first encourag'd, and confirms me still:
 For Satire, in a word, I vow'd to write,
 And made a Duty of my first Delight.

But since you tell me, I shou'd make amends,
 And late oblige my Foes to be my Friends,
 Th' Offences of past Poems to repair,
 I'll change my Style, and to the World declare;
M——'s a *Virgil*, and a *Horace* *B——n*
Lesley a *Lock*, and *Bi———ks* a *Tillotson*.
 That *Wesley's* Parish-Temple's always cram'd,
 And *Ch——*, and *Bur——y* were never dam'd;
 That *F——. Hold*, the furious Fry's allarm'd,
 And each against th' *Ironie* Figure arm'd,
 His Pen, to blot the *Passive Paper* draws,
 And Rheams of Scandal shall revenge his Cause;
 Too wise to be by Metaphors misled,
 That backward must, like *Indian* Books, be read.

Perhaps they may discover hidden Crimes,
 And make a Misdemeanor of my Rhimes.
Churchill and *Stanhope*, I in vain have sung,
 And oft my Loyal Lyre for *Anna* strung:
 Of vile Fanatic Notions, they'll accuse
 My Satire, and indite the peevish Muse,
 Who likes not *A——y*, *Bi——ks* and *B——b*,
 They Swear, can never like the Queen and Church.
 What then: What Hurt can these Declaimers do?
 I have no Pension, nor no Place, in view.
 Can they the common Privilege refuse
 To mine, allow'd to ev'ry British Muse.
 Deny'd her Native Freedom 'twill be hard,
 Since Favour she expects not, nor Reward,
 Nor Posts nor Pay. What all the World admires,
 Provokes her Zeal, and grateful Praise inspires;
Churchill's high Acts, and *Stanhope's* injur'd Fame;
 Fair Liberty their Cause and Her's the same,
 Not slavish Flatt'ry, nor a Venal Flame.
 Gold is not wanting to antye my Tongue,
 When conquer'd *Spain* or *Belgia* calls my Song.
 I hope for nothing from my feeble Layes,
 But the sole Honour such Desert to Praise;

With

With the same Pen that I have fall'n on Fools,
 And lash'd vain Writers for neglecting Rules,
 Dull Coxcombs, of the Name of Authors Proud,
 And in their Colours shown the vicious Croud,
 Due Homage to our Righteous Queen I yield,
 And her fam'd Heroes in the glorious Field.

Those Wonders which to future Times shall seem
 A Fable, are my Loyal Muse's Theme :

Enough for Her that she's allow'd to sing,
 And Her poor Tribute to the Conqu'ror bring.

The Faults of Poetasters tho' I scan,
 I know my Duty and Respect to *Anne*,
 And wish (but all of us may wish in Vain,)
 For Force to tell the Blessings of Her Reign.

" 'Tis Labour lost and you'll the Theme abuse ;
 " But what can your Satyric Strokes excuse ?

" The Roaring Bullies of *Parnassus* Mount

" Severely vow to call you to Account.

I'm not afraid--- *You're stupid--- and shou'd fear*
An angry Author like a Greenland Bear.

What, fear him whether he is right or wrong ?

No Matter--- You are Merry--- hold your Tongue.

Preface, to the X Satire.

AT last I present you the Satire which has so long been demanded of me. That I defer'd publishing of it till now, was because I was unwilling it should appear till the new Edition of my Book which was then in the Press came out, intending to have it therein inserted. Several of my Friends, to whom I read it, have given it great Commendations, and prais'd it publickly, as the best of my Satires; in which they did not do me any Pleasure. I know the Public naturally rises against any extraordinary Praises bestow'd on Works before they appear in the World, and that the greatest Part of Readers peruse what is rais'd so high, only with a Design to abase it. I declare therefore that I will not make any Advantage of these Discourses in Favour of this Satire, and not only leave the Publick to its free Judgement, but give full Power to all those that criticiz'd on my Ode of Namur, to exercise the utmost Severity of their Criticisms against my Satire also. I hope they will do it with the same Success; and I can assure them that all their Discourses shall not oblige me to break a Sort of Vow I have made, never to defend my Writings, when only Words and Syllables are attack'd. I can very easily defend against these Censurers Homer, Horace, Virgil, and all those other great Men, whose Works I admire. But for my own, which I do not value, let those who approve of them find out Reasons to defend them; which is all the Advice I have here to give to the Reader: Nevertheless, methinks, Decency requires that I shou'd here make some Excuse to The fair Sex for the Liberty I have taken to paint their Vices. But in the Main all the Pictures I have drawn in my Satire are so general, that far from being afraid that the Ladies will be offended, 'tis on their Approbation and their Curiosity that I ground my greatest Hopes of its Success. One Thing at least I am sure they will commend me for, which is my having found out a Way in treating of so delicate a Matter, to do it so that not one Word has escap'd me which can give the least Offence in the World to Modesty; wherefore I hope I shall easily obtain my Pardon, and that the Ladies will not be more shock'd at my preaching against their Faults in this Satire, than at the Satires the Preachers make every Day against the same Faults in the Pulpit.

A
DIALOGUE,
OR
SATIRE X.

'TIS true, then, you're of Roring weary grown,
Alcippe, and all the Fair renounce for *one*.

You'll take a Wife at last, the Bargain's made;

The Portion, which indeed is all, agreed;

The Jointure 's fixt, and to conclude the rest,

Your future Father ope's his Iron Chest;

The Wax is on the Marriage Cov'nants squeez'd,

And nothing now is wanting but the Priest.

'Tis very well——You'll free your self from Snares,

And *Hymen* has his Comforts with his Cares.

Oh with what Joy, what wond'rous Joy you'll prove

The kind Caresses of a Spouse you love?

In a fond Fit, how sweet 'twill be to hear

The loving Creature cry, *My Life, My Dear?*

To see a little Fry about you grown,

And please your self to think they're all your own?

The

The Mother's easy in her Sway and Mild,
Ne'er frightens with the Rod the froward Child ;
So you, as she's to you, indulgent, kind,
Who wou'd not be to such a Bliss confin'd ?

How charming (when you're indispos'd) to see,

How over careful, how concern'd she'll be ;

And tho' she's sure your Ill ts nothing, run

To help you, just as if 'twas Mortal sworn ;

• Well, that no Danger's in the Case, she knows,

Yet the Fit's stronger, if you say it grows.

You will not, like some Fools, mistrust her Grief

• Hopes, in a secret Lovers Arms, relief :

• Coxcombs who to torment themselves contrive !

No Way to such suspicious Whims you'll give ;

But when your Spouses Agony you view,

Believe she'll die her self in Fear for you.

I see you can't with this Discourse dispense,

• It strikes too close, and gives too much Offence.

“ Go on, your groundless Malice I defy,

“ Write against Wedlock what you please, you cry.

When

"When you have said your worst 'twill be no more

"* Than *Juvenal*, whose Vein you thus adore,
Had told us with his utmost Spite before.

† *From Rhæas Days was Chastity despis'd,
No more the Blush that grac'd her Forehead priz'd,
Affronted and insulted by Mankind,
And Lust and Impudence against her joyn'd.*

*Injustice in the Iron Age was born,
And Heav'n by Man was treated now with Scorn ;
Pride and Impiety with ev'ry Vice
To this vile Metal ow'd its early Rise.*

*But scarce did Faith in Nuptial Love endure
So long, nor was the Ore for Hymen pure.*

"How far beyond your Railery is this?

"These Words have in his Mouth an *Emphasis*.

"But still with all its Keeness and its Force,

"Why shou'd we to the Fable have Recourse?

"I tell you, Sir, that if in *Adam's* times,

"Or long e'er *Noah*, Man increas'd in Crimes,

Heav'ns

* *Juvenal Sat. VI. Vers. 23.*

*Omne aliud crimen mox ferrea protulit ætas.
Viderunt primæ argentea secula mæchos.*

† See the beginning of *Juvenal's VI. Sat.*

“Heav’n’s Justice and its threaten’d Vengeance dar’d,

“Avow’d his Vices and with Virtue war’d ;

“A Remnant of his Race was always found,

“And Honour in some Places to be found,

“Ev’n when the *Lais*’s did most abound.

“And if the World with faithless *Phryne*’s swarm’d,

“With Virtue there were then some Women arm’d ;

“More than one chaste *Penelope* was known

“To Teach all Ages and adorn her own :

“Form’d by these famous Models You’ll allow

“Some faithful Wives are to be met with now.

Doubtless, In *Paris*, Sir, If I can count,

The Number will to Three at least amount ;

Your Lady too, a Dame of peerless Worth,

To these will, when you’re wedded add a Fourth ;

Grant it. But think ye with the Name of Spouse

Fair *Chastity* it self will bless your House ?

Trust me --- Whene’er you from a Journey come,

Forget not, to send early Notice Home,

And let the Lady of the Mansion hear

Betimes, when you may be expected there ;

For this may many dire Mishaps prevent ;

And Husbands, oft, a rash Return lament.

The

One leaves his dear *Lucretia* in Tears,
 And failing yet in these judicious Cares
 Finds her-- You know-- "I know, Sir, what you'd say,
 "And how, the Cuckold gone, the Wife will play;
 "I've foul'd my Mem'ry with * *Jocunda's* Tale
 "As well as you, but what does that avail?
 "I find what you wou'd have, you've heard me own,
 "I mean to Wed, and that's to be undone.
 "Such is your Notion of this dang'rous State
 "Which now I see I'm bound to vindicate.
 "I young into the World by you was brought,
 "And have enough of this at times been taught.
 "Too well I know to what malignant Spite
 "Has *Hymen* been expos'd, what War of Wit,
 "Not fully of its Fate to be appriz'd,
 "And how tis either hated or despis'd.
 "This is the common Theme, on Wedlock all
 "Who are or wou'd be Wits with Malice fall.
 "'Tis very sure no Husband can be safe;
 "At him the Mimicks grin, the Poets laugh.
 "Songs, Satires, Fables are on Marriage made,
 "And the poor Cuckold, in the Farce is play'd.

I've

* This is an admirable Tale of Fontaine's.

- " I've seen what *Fontaine* and *Moliere* have said
" And *Villers* Writings on this Theme I've read;
" What *Ariosto*, *Rabelais*, and *Boccace*,
" This Author's merry Wit, and that's Grimace.
" All the Lampoons that have on *Hymen* been,
" And all against the injur'd Sex I've seen:
" But put 'em in the Scale you'll find 'em light,
" For Reason will out-weigh their partial Spite.
" What signify these vain invidious Tales?
" Marriage, you see, as much as e'er prevails;
" And he that was the smartest with his Joke,
" Submits, as well as others, to the Yoke.
" All in the Snare are caught, and soon or late
" Put on the Fetters, and pretend 'tis Fate.
" He who most laugh'd at Matrimonial Vows,
" Makes oft a very tame convenient Spouse;
" In short, who e'er a happy Life enjoys,
" In Wedlock must have made a prudent Choice;
" For ev'ry thing on that alone depends;
" On that the Blessing, or the Curse attends.
" But to be plain, so far my Life is spent,
" A Wife can only give the rest Content.

- “ My greedy Nephews when I near me see,
“ What to my Eyes more terrible can be
“ My Fortune they before my Face divide,
“ And living to their Use my Wealth’s apply’d.
“ They seem uneasy that I live so long,
“ As if my Keeping it was in their wrong.
“ I see methinks, (when they shall hear it said,
“ Their loving Uncle’s with his Father’s laid,
“ Gone to the Place from whence he’ll ne’er return)
“ What Tears they’ll shed, and how affect to mourn.
“ What Care they’ll take to let the World perceive
“ With what Decorum o’er my Grave they grieve.
“ Yet scarce can their dissembled Dew conceal
“ The secret Pleasure in their Hearts they feel.
“ To tell you all my Soul, I think with Joy,
“ How—— I by Marrying shall their Hopes destroy.
“ That while I’m still alive ’tis in my Pow’r
“ From their false Eyes to force a real Show’r.
“ Nay, further to confess a Truth, I own
“ At last, I’m tir’d to see my self alone.
“ Weakness or Reason call it what you will,
“ With Fears and Visions I my Fancy fill,

" Of Trayt'rous Servants while I dread the Curse,
 " And tremble for my Throat or for my Purse,
 " With Rogues a mellancholy Life to lead,
 " And a vile Crew of thieving Rascals feed :
 " My Head a nights with dreadful Dreams is fill'd,
 " Begot by bloody Tales of Masters kill'd.
 " With Tragic Stories rack my restless Mind,
 " Which yearly we in *Paris* Records find.
 " Hence with this Foolish fashionable Scorn ;
 " Man for Society and Love was born.
 " Proud of our Freedom as we are and vain,
 " We ne'er in Solitude can long remain }
 " Before our Happiness becomes a Pain.
 " Abandon'd to our selves there's none so strong
 " In Mind, as to endure its Labours long.
 " If Grandfire *Adam* had been left alone,
 " He gladly for a Bride had giv'n a Bone ;
 " Tho' richer by a Rib, the tedious Life
 " One day had been too long without a Wife,
 " But when, the Woman made, he found a Mate }
 " Frail as she was he blest his alter'd State,
 " And his long Life was of too short a Date. }

- " Why then shou'd we a bold Attempt engage
 " By Rhimes and Railing to reform the Age ?
 " Why to Misanthropy should we pretend ?
 " The World if wrong are not dispos'd to mend.
 " Cou'd we effect it, wou'd it not be weak,
 " The sweetest Tie of human Minds to break ?
 " Let Men live on as they have always done,
 " Let those that will, have Wives and others none.
 " *But Marriage is a Yoke, The Better still ;*
 " What Man so certain as to trust his Will ?
 " Our Passions easily the Mastr'y gain,
 " And are not to be rul'd without the Rein.
 " Man's fatal Power's the Rise of all his Pains,
 " And ne'er is he so free as when in Chains.
 " Heav'n knows the Weakness of his roving Mind,
 " And he's in Kindness to himself confin'd ;
 " 'Tis thus Heav'n helps him out, or he'd persist
 " In Error still a perfect *Jansenist*.

So learnedly you've laid the Matter out,
 Who of your Judgment and its Truth will doubt ?
 And shou'd you publicly this Doctrine broach
 The Frieſt * cou'd not out-preach you at *St. Roch*.

Enough

* *Father Desmarces a famous Preacher.*

Enough of Railery ; we'll insult no more,
But give *Hyperbole* and jesting o'er ;
Marriage as you have made it out, looks fine ;
Your turn has been to preach, and now 'tis mine.

You chuse so well, you say, your future Wife
Lives above Malice, an unblemish'd Life ;
In Virtues ways instructed by the Schools,
She governs her Desires by Duties Rules.

But how can you be sure she'll still remain
A Foe to Pleasure and be free from Stain,
That ne'er, by Licence, she'll from Duty Swerve,
But her first Innocence to Death preserve ?

When thou thy self shalt to the *Opera* lead
Thy Saint, think how 'twill fill her Heart and Head.
How will she there the pompous Scenes behold,
And hear the Tale of Love in Music told ?
How will her Eyes the wanton Dance pursue,
These Heroes with luxurious Voices view ?
How will the Magic Sounds her Passion move,
When ev'ry Thought and ev'ry Word is Love ?
How will she like to see a Lover dye,
To hear *Orlando* rave, *Rinaldo* sigh ?

By

By them that Love's a Sovereign God she'll know,
And all to this Divinity must bow ;
Ev'n Virtues self must yield, by them she'll prove,
That Hearts had not been giv'n us but to love.
These lustful Morals, These lewd Topics shine
In *Lully's* Airs, and Vice looks there Divine.
May not the Thoughts those melting Sounds inspire,
Inflame her Breast and kindle new Desire ?
Who'll swear that when she to her House returns,
She will not burn as fond *Armida* burns ;
Or when prepar'd by Musicks fatal Charms,
Ne'er take some happy *Medor* to her Arms ?

Suppose her Virtue can this Shock endure,
That faithful from the Scene she comes and pure.
Much Company and Visits will create
A Thousand Rocks to wreck the Marriage State ;
In slipp'ry Places will she walk secure,
And on the Precipice her Steps be sure ?
Will no vain Youth his free Access abuse
And with soft Arts her gentle Heart seduce ?
Will she not soon the way of *Clelia* get
And Gallants by the Name of Friends admit ?

Will

Will they be satisfy'd with *Nomme de Guerres*,
 With Counterfeited Sighs and mimic Tears?
 No, she'll at last improve the prosperous Gale,
 And down the River *Tender* sweetly sail.
 She'll censure Scorn, of which she's now afraid,
 And any thing will say and hear it said;
 Us'd to intrigue she'll further still advance,
 Nor end upon the Terms of a Romance.
 Vice asks no more of us but to begin,
 One Sin's the Parent of another Sin.
 Honour's a shelly Isle without a Shore,
 When once we've lost it we return no more.
 Perhaps before a second Year is past,
 She'll hate thee and thy Love because 'tis chaste.
 And out of Spite, to her Embraces take
 Some younger Brother, or some Redcoat Rake;
 A Tipling-house or Sutlers Cellar use,
 Or make her Assignations at the Stews.
 She'll *Phadra's* silly Modesty despise,
 Her Lovers meet with *Messalina's* Eyes,
 And tempt the lusty Slave to Lawless Joys:
 Like *Ch——ot* of her ruin'd Lovers boast,
 What one has lavish'd, what another lost.

And when she runs her Beggard Cullies o'er,
Of wounded, and of beaten count a Score,
The List four murder'd in her Quarrels crown,
And this with open Face and Pride she'll own.
Happy for thee if in her wicked Course,
Outragious thou mayst claim a full Divorce:
If for a hundred Crimes the Court allows
Thy Pray'r, condemns her, and dissolves thy Vows.

What will become of thee, suppose her Whim
Shou'd turn to love the Scandal, not the Crime,
And tho' so deep she shou'd not dip in Guilt,
Affect the Shew as much and act the Jilt,
Yet more to plague thee, than her self to please,
She smiles on ev'ry forward Fop she sees.
What wilt thou think to see thy Mansion grown
The common Rendezvous of Court and Town?
With gracious Looks she all but thee receives,
To this a Sigh, to that an Ogle gives.
To thee she's only fullen and morose,
She gaily rallies these and flatters those.
Soft, Witty, fond agreeable and free
To others, but a perfect Shrew to thee.

For