

For them, in Jewels and Brocade she shines,
Their Company she courts, and thine declines :
For them, she's at such waste, of Red and White,
By Day an Angel, but a Hag by Night :
For them, the Structure of her Hair is rais'd ;
For them, with borrow'd Curls, her Forehead grac'd :
By Day, avoid her Chamber, and beware,
By too much Freedom, to offend the Fair.
If, in your turn, you wou'd the Spouse possess,
'Tis well, if she'll Consent, in an Undress.
Stay till she lays aside her Days disguise,
And on her Toilet her Complexion lies.
D'ye think that Head's so nicely Drest for you,
No, a Night-Pinner, or a Coif, will do.
When of her Beauties, for the Bed she's strip'd,
And from her Checks, the Rose and Lilly wip'd ;
When in four Handkerchiefs of vary'd Scent,
The Cherries to the Whitster's Hedge are sent ;
'Tis free for you to Enter, but take Care,
Put on kind Looks, at least, and speak her Fair.
Don't drop a Word, by which she may suspect
You, on her Folly and Expence reflect.

But

But show, the readyⁿ Money's, tempting Charms,
And ne'er come empty-handed to her Arms.
Or, if to try her Temper, you put on,
Another Face, and meet her with a Frown ;
Soon will you see her clench her threat'ning Hand,
And in a Posture of Defiance stand ;
Or else, with weeping Eyes complain, How hard
Her Fate, how ill her Virtue you reward ?
I've a fine Husband, with disdain, she'll cry,
That won't my necessary Wants supply.
To spend her Breath about such Stuff, she loaths,
But what's Five hundred Pound a Year in Cloaths.
Did ever Wife so little Cost ? You've done :
Compell'd, her Housewifry, and Care to own :
The Keys pull'd out, her Fury to appease,
And she may drain your Treasure at her Ease.
Who'd Grieve, or for a Gallant Wife, or Gay,
That had been plagu'd with one possess'd with Play ?
Those Curses are but Trifles, to the Dame
Infected, with a fatal Itch to Game :
Howe'er thy plenteous Fortune may be fraught,
'Twill daily to the brink of Wreck be brought :

To Chance abandon'd, or a Gamester's Trick,

Thy Wealth become a Prey to a *Repic*.

How charming will it be, to see, thy Spouse,

Surrounded with her Heroes in thy House?

To see her Busie, and with grateful Care,

The *Basset*-Table for the Guests prepare.

But if some faucy Law shou'd interdict

Its use, and on the Game, a Pain inflict,

The Table, that she fitted for *Basset*,

Will serve the turn as well for *Lansquenet*.

If Plays, so necessary, they decry,

There yet remains a better still, the *Die*:

She'll Cog at that, or with a solemn Face,

At *Ombre* meditate to steal an *Ace*.

If One's ill play'd, how she'll of luck complain,

And murmur, when a *Gano*'s call'd in vain.

In private, Heav'n, on which she looks, she'll blame,

To lose, by an unguarded King, the Game:

And when she's *Beasted*, she can scarce forbear

To burn the guilty Cards, her Points to tear.

This her Employment, till the dawning Day,

And the Sun-rising, finds her oft at play;

The

The Cards still in her Hand, with Pain she leaves,
And that the Light so soon disturb'd 'em, grieves.
She pities Human Nature's wretched State,
The Cares and Pains that want of Sleep create.
She's sorry, that the Bed, those Minutes waste,
That with such Pleasure might at Cards be past.
She Pines, that Time, so swiftly flies away,
And thinks all lost, that is not spent at Play.
Some Comfort 'tis howe'er, amidst her Pain,
That when she rises, 'tis to Game again ;
That the whole Company, when they withdrew,
Engag'd, the Morrow, shou'd the Work renew.
Her Time in these Amusements sweetly past,
Thus your whole Wealth, the Spoil of Chance, she'll
waste,
And leave you in the Hospital at last.
Your guiltless Family, on Alms subsist,
Plac'd by her Madness, in the Parish List ;
Your Goods by Out-cry, sold ; and thus your Mate,
Frighten all *Paris* with your dreadful Fate :
Or let her hold the Card, or fling the Die,
Better thy Peace at such Expence to buy ;

Better

Better be ruin'd by her Lust of Game,
Than by a scraping, starv'd, or niggard Dame,
Insensible of Reason, or of Shame.

Who, when thou seest thy faithful Slaves dismiss,
Will Collar thee, if thou should'st dare resist:
Of Frauds, thy Servants, or of waste accus'd,
To Serve thy self, thou shalt be soon reduc'd:
Like that base Magistrate of hideous Fame,
Whose Fate, and that of his unpittied Dame,
I'll lightly, tho' so known a Story touch,
That those may dread their Deaths, whose Lives are
such.

From an old Stock, he did his Lineage draw,
And was himself illustrious in the Law:
Nor Reason did he want, nor Sense, nor Wit,
Nor any Talent for his Station fit:
But all his Virtues were by Av'rice spoil'd,
By that his Character and Birth defil'd;
Yet within Bounds his Weakness he restrain'd,
And a good Port, and handsome Board maintain'd;
For Frugal, he a while, and prudent past,
For one, who did not love to want or waste.

He

He two good Horſes kept, nor did they lack
Their ſtint of Corn, nor empty was the Rack :
Enough beſides to feed a Mule was found,
And well as yet in Fame he kept his Ground :
But ſtill his ſecret Thirſt of Gold increas'd,
And Money fill'd his Head, and fir'd his Breſt.
A Wife he wanted to enlarge his Store,
The Portion was his view, and nothing more.
Nor Honour did his choice; nor Virtue guide,
But in a fordid Houſe he choſe his Bride.
'Twas Nature in him, all his Soul inclin'd
To Gold, and he to other Charms was blind.
A Monster, in a Virgin's Dreſs, he took,
Nor did he on her Parts or Perſon look.
Handſome to him, or ugly, was the ſame,
He never much examin'd whence ſhe came.
With all her Faults, her Portion made her paſs,
He knew her Rich, and matter'd not her Face :
Tho' goggle was her Eyes, her Shoulders round,
She muſt be Fair, with Thirty thouſand Pound ;
Tho' like a Witch ſhe look'd, yet in his ſight,
A naked *Venus* wou'd not ſhine ſo bright.

He marries her, and home his Bride he brings,
Who in his Ears her saving Lectures rings.

The Man in short, at his Expence, tho' small,
Finds he has been a perfect Prodigal ;

A Squand'rer, a most Debauchee, compar'd
To her ; and he must learn to live as hard.

He sees the Folly of his former Life,
And yields to be directed by his Wife.

Of all his past Profusion he repents,
And by her Counsel to be rul'd consents.

First then, she throws the Spit, as useless by,
And Wheat renounces in her Bread, for Rye.

The Steeds and Mules were strait to Market sent,
Fasting at Night, two lusty Lackeys went ;
And least for bad they might the House infest,
Betimes she warily disbands the rest.

Two Wenches, when she well had box't their Ears,
At once, by Kicks compell'd, descend the Stairs ;
Safe in the Street, with lifted Hands and Eyes,
They thank for their Escape the gracious Skies.

One Servant, whom alone his Master lov'd
Still staid, expecting still to be remov'd.

He

He from his Birth, had with her Husband liv'd,
And deepest in his shallow Bounty div'd.
Thus something had he sav'd, and not to Part,
He shrunk his scanty Store, with chearful Heart :
A Share of his Expences he defray'd,
Yet, *Madam* was uneasie, while he staid.
Impatient both, this faithful Wretch beheld,
And he too, like a Thief, e're long expell'd.
This Pair, well-mated, now are left alone,
No Children come, and all the Servants gone ;
Triumphant in their House they live, and free,
In all their greedy griping Ways agree.
No Limits to their Av'rice now they put,
The Cellar's now condemn'd, the Kitchin shut :
And least the Billets shou'd be burnt, afraid,
E're Winter comes, they're far from Chimnies laid.
Both on the Public liv'd ; by Presents he
From fraudulent Lawyers, and by Spunging she.
But in full light, to set this glorious Pair,
Let'em in Public, as they us'd, appear ;
Duffy and Dirty, in a tatter'd Gown,
You see him gravely foot it through the Town.

A greazy Hat, that hangs about his Ears,
 Bandlefs, and of an Antique make, he wears.
 He sweeps the Kennels with his daggled Train,
 And calls the cleanly, Fops, the Decent, Vain.
 But when he's on the* Bench, to make a show,
 How well his Wife equips the ragged Beau!
 How well her self! how like the Queen of Hags,
 In rusty Crape, in Clouts and filthy Rags!
 From whence her motly Robe, she pick'd, we know,
 By the course Pieces, and the dunghill Hue.
 With thirty Holes shall I design her Hose,
 Or twenty Times repair'd her cobbled Shoes?
 Or her foul Coif, to which her Mask is ty'd
 Bald as her Pate, her hideous Face to hide?
 Shall I the Tinsell on her Coat describe,
 The Regent's Present, and a College Bribe?
 The tawdry Stuff, which she for Fine mistakes,
 Three Sattin *Theser's* together makes.
 For this, the Magistrate compells the Laws,
 And the rich Fellows gain the doubtful Cause.
 The vary'd Cassock, as she walks, provokes
 A thousand biting Taunts, and vulgar Jokes.

T Some
 * M. Tardieu a Judge in Paris, for a more particular Account of
 him and his Wife vid. Vol. II. Pag. 239.

Some scorn the Wife, and some the Judge abhor,
And baul behind her, *Argument* abor?

This Story is my own, perhaps, you'll cry.

Tell *Paris* so, and give the Town the Lie,
For thus, to him that Doubts it, she'll Reply.

" To prove it, I good Witnesses can bring ;

" My whole Extent did of this Couple ring.

" United by One Vice for Twenty Year,

" They made it to my Citizens appear,

Those who abound in Wealth, may be as Poor

As those who beg their Bread, from Door to Door :

Robbers, at last, their Riches to possess,

Surprize these Misers, and their *Mammon* seize:

They broke their well-bar'd Doors, their Throats they
And a sad End to their curst Beings put. (cut,

Such, of their horrid *Hymen*, was the Fate,

Nor worse did e'er attend the Marriage State.

Such they deserv'd, and righteous was their Doom,

And to such Ends may all such Couples come.

But you'll be apt to think our Tale too long ;

Can Censure for such Vices be too strong?

Their Crime, cou'd Satire in less room have shown,

And made so useful an Example known?

Each

Each to his Trade ; then lets pursue our Theme,

And further set in view the Nuptial Flame.

A Preacher but of yesterday, 'tis true,

Who with the Rev'rend Air of *Bourdaloue*,

Wou'd teach the list'ning World, if he knew how.

For tho' he may assume the Teacher's shape,

He's not so much his Scholar, as his Ape.

My Sermons, I like him, with Pictures fill,

There I have painted, and not painted ill :

The wanton Wife, the Worldly, the Coquet,

And other Images, are wanting yet.

The Froward, and the Humerfome, comes next,

Who's always vexing others, always vext.

Her Lectures, when her Husband wakes, begin,

And ev'ry Night he dreads her Curtain din.

She Scolds, she Snarls, she Thwarts, and right or wrong,

Her passive Lord is bound to bear her Tongue.

With her, there is for him, no Sleep nor Ease,

For never does her War-Domestic cease :

His hopeful Marriage is a round of Strife,

And he has ev'ry Plague in One, his Wife.

But granting, when her Humour's at the best,

A Moment she permits her Spouse to rest,

Her Rage she'll on her Servants quickly vent,
For ne'er but with her Force her fury's spent.
Observe, when she addresses 'em, her Tone,
How sharp, how shrill, how quick, how much her own.
Mark how her Action's suited to her Speech,
And with what Words she does our Tongue enrich;
Words, which were we to trace by Alphabet,
Another Tome wou'd fill, for *Richelet* :
But you're of no such noisie Dame afraid,
Your Lady has, you say, been better bred :
She'll in your House make no such hateful stir,
She suck'd in too much Reason at St. Cyr.
'Tis well, Sir, very well, and you believe,
She won't your Hopes in *Hymen's* Yoke deceive.
Did you ne'er know, an humble Female Saint,
Beauteous and young, become a Termagant?
She, who 'ere Marriage look'd so mild and meek,
And blush'd and smil'd, as if she fear'd to speak;
Who seem'd an Angel 'ere the Knot was ty'd;
But then the Fiend appear'd: Nor Peasant's Bride,
Nor City Wife, cou'd match her Savage Pride.
This during Life, her wretched Spouse must hear,
And be most Civil, when she's most Severe.

The more Tyrannic and Outrag'ous She,
The more Complying and Submissive He:
But granting none of this: Suppose, my Friend,
Your Lady is as Meek as you pretend?
Will she ne'er be by Jealousy possess'd?
And with her wild Suspicions break thy Rest?
Will she to Reason listen, and to thee?
Then how the Fury works, *Alcippe*, thou'lt see.
To lead a happy Life, poor Man, prepare,
And the dire Load with humble Patience bear:
Daily on visionary Doubts to hear,
The Dæmon roaring in thy trembling Ear:
Thy Laugh, thy Leer, thy ev'ry Look indite;
By Day observe thee, and pursue by Night:
Stand at the Corner of a Street to see,
To whom thou'rt stealing, or who steals to thee:
Or frantic with her Fears, her Hair an end,
The various Av'nuës of the House defend.
Tho' behind twenty well-bar'd Doors thou'rt shut,
She'll force 'em open all to find thee out:
Thy Trembling Ears she'll with Reproaches rend,
And to thy Eyes present no peaceful Fiend;

Not, as in *Iris* *, mild *Eumenides*,

So tame appears, as if the Child of Peace :

But like *Alecto*, in the *Eneis*, stand,

Fire-darting from her Eyes ; and in her Hand,

Like her, thou'lt see her hold, the lifted Brand :

As when, she at *Latinus*, *Turnus* seiz'd,

And breath'd her Rage into *Amata's* Breast.

But why should I the Tragic Buskin wear ?

The Comic Sock will do the Business here.

Less frightful Objects on the Scene we'll show ;

What need a Fury, when a Fool will do ?

Shou'd a sick Lady be thy Lot, we'll see,

How much thy Fate in her will better be.

One, who when e're she's out of Humour, Swoons,

And where her Nights she spends, she wastes her Noons.

Whole Months abed, in perfect Health, she'll lie,

And into Fits will fall, if thou art by.

What Reason for this Illness ? Some will say,

Why dies the fainting Fair so oft away ?

Has

* A^o Fury in the Opera of *Iris*, who has hardly any thing to do throughout the whole Representation.

Has Death a beauteous Daughter snatcht, or Son,
Or is her House's Hope for ever gone?
No: 'Tis to bring her Husband to dismiss
A Servant, whom she hates for being his.
He's pleas'd with him, and she of Course displeas'd;
Away he must be turn'd, or thus she's seiz'd
With Fits, and only by Indulgence eas'd.
Or is some useful Journey to be made?
She's sick, and takes, to break it off, her Bed.
Least from her Lover, she a Week must be,
And lead a dull, a hated Life with thee;
She cannot bear the Thoughts, she'll more than feign
Be sick indeed, but hide her real Pain.
O, that her Mimic Illness to chastize,
Some true Distemper won'd disarm her Eyes!
Wou'd she indeed were Sick! — Perhaps she may
To morrow feel, what she affects to day,
And Die, with no dissembling Fits, away.
Courtois and *Deniau*, when they're call'd to view
The feigning Patient, may create a true.
A Work well worthy *Esculapian* skill,
Such Strength to ruin, and such Health to kill.

And when the Red in her Complexion grows,
The Lilly add to the prevailing Rose.
By this they may a true Disease produce,
And scorning *Fagon's* frightful Means to use,
Destroy a Life, which 'twas a Sin to save,
And give her, what she most deserv'd, a Grave;
Heav'n rest her Soul, and from such Plagues as these
Deliver us, and Doctor's Recipe's!

I hate their Art, 'tis all at best but Guess,
And scarce, for killing her, I hate 'em less.

Now let us, some more curious Subject chuse,
And with the Muses, entertain the Muse.

Fine Ladies, who to Books pretend, and Wit,
If such you like, you may your Humour hit:
With all thy Soul, and searching Eyes pursue,
The various Pictures that demand thy view.

And first appears, a proud Pedantic Dame,
A Friend to *Roberval's* disputed Fame;
Whom *Sauveur* courts, whose House is always full
Of Scholars, and her Visits like a School;
Who o'er her Beauties hangs that gloomy Cloud,
And blunts those Eyes of which she once was proud.

Cassini

* *The King's chief Physician.*

Cassini's Calculation's in her Head;
 To meditate on that she quits her Bed;
 All Night she'll often in her Garret Stand,
 A lifted Quadrant in her lovely Hand,
 The Course of *Jupiter* to mark and try,
 And measure with her Ken the Starry Sky.
 Beware how you disturb her, and you'll find
 How variously employ'd she'll work her Mind:
 Such boundless Science will not be content
 With one dull exercise, but new invent,
 And at *Delance's* make th' Experiment.
 The Tryal of some Microscope behold,
 And hear *Du Vernay* Nature's Depths unfold;
 To see a Woman with her Embryo dead
 Dissected, and to hear the Lecture read:
 Whatever's to be heard this *Curious* She
 Will hear, whatever's to be seen she'll see.

But what fine Lady's this, what foppish Fair,
 Whose Wit consists in her fantastic Air?
 Such Wits were in the Days of *Yore* renown'd,
 And kept, till *Moliere's* rough Attack, their Ground.
 The Rempant of the noble *Precieuse* Race
 Your Lady, still retains their *Prudish* Ways.

Her Visits for the vilest Author's free,
Their Friend, their Flatt'rer, and their Fav'rite she;
They Comfort from her sure Applauses find;
She damns the best, and to the worst is kind.
Perrin has in her House the foremost Place,
And it is always Open to *Corras*.
False Wits to her are Welcomer than true,
And ev'ry Poem's good to her that's new.
For * *Pradon* she has still a Word to say,
But rails at ev'ry good and artful Play;
She thinks that none but Fools are fond of Greek,
And to love Latin is with her as weak.
Cotin to *Aristotle* she prefers,
And, if you talk of Poets, *Chaplain's* Verse.
Th' *Æneis* she compares with the *Pucelle*,
And if she censures not the first 'tis well;
For when she's forc'd some Places to endure,
She flights as many more as mean and poor:
But *Chaplain's* her consummate Author still,
In him, if you'll believe her, nothing's ill,

But

* A llay-wright.

But that he can't be read——

[She thinks, how'er, he may be read at last,
When, after some few Centuries are past,
The Tongue grown old and alter'd by Degrees,
His barbarous Diction shall no more displease;
She wonders that a Work like † *St. Paulin*,
Where ev'ry Word's so perfect and so fine,
On *Coignard's* dusty Stall unfold should lie,
And none but Grocers be dispos'd to buy:
A Pen so soft, so easy, and so sweet,
With fewer Readers than the *Maid* shou'd meet:
She blames the Age that on the Ancients doats,
And Modern Authors, better Models, quotes;
She wonders we so vile a choice can make,
And how a dull Pedantic *Gou'* should take;
'Tis strange, she thinks, it shou'd so high advance
As Magistrates and Peers and Sons of *France*;

They

☞ The Verses between the Crotchets were left out in the last Paris Edition 1701, and instead of the four First, (which are what Perrault says in his *Dialogues*, in relation to Chapelain) were these Two,

And his true Worth the better to disclose
Wou'd have his Verses all turn'd into Prose.

† A Poem of Monsieur Perrault's.

They to a finer Relish should be bred,

Nor *Virgil* be by such nor *Terence* read;

Perrault she's always praising and repines

Less at the *Pucelle's* Fate than *St. Paulin's*]

"Why this fantastic School do you expose

"To me? am I in League with one of those?

"Does she I love, like City Criticks, rail

"To see that Taste which you despise prevail?

"Dull Books does she admire and foolish Plays,

"And Authors who the Town has censur'd praise?

"Am I some vain pretending Nymph to wed,

And take a Prentice Author to my Bed?

Know then, you cry, the Maid that I'll espouse

"May boast of Princes in her ancient House.

"Her Grandfires were in *Italy* renown'd,

"And Highnesses among 'em may be found.

I understand you, Sir, your purchas'd Place,

Is meant with Titles to adorn your Race.

Yet still my Satire shall her Cause maintain,

And, tho' you think her insolent, be plain.

For

* For me, shou'd such a Fair the Mountains pass,
 And frowning boast of her illustrious Race,
 Shou'd she her Houses ancient Names repeat,
 How rich they were, upbraid me, or how great,
 Madam, I'd cry, " We two shall ne'er agree,
 " Your Ladyship's a Match to big for me,
 " To wed so high a Dame, I'm not so vain,
 " And you for me, may cross the *Alps* again:
 " Your Grandfires were among those martial Souls,
 " Who won immortal Fame at *Cerizoles*, †
 " When *Enguien* under a *Valois* compell'd
 " Th' *Iberian* Chiefs to quit the Doubtful Field:
 " Tho' *D'Hozier* says it not, be that as 'twill,
 " I'm fix'd and in my purpose steady still;
 " My Master shall not be a Spouse for me,
 " I'll have no Mate of your sublime Degree.
 " Go Princess with your Sires whose burnish'd Shields
 " With mighty Mounds have fill'd the *Latian* Fields.
 " Go

* Juvenal, *Sat. VI. Ver. 166.*

malo,

Malo Venusinam, quam te Cornelia, mater
 Gracchorum, si cum magnis virtutibus affers
 Grande supercilium & numeras in dote triumphos,
 Tolle tuum precor Hannibalem, victumque Syphacem
 In castris, & cum tota Carthagine migra.

† The Battels of *Cerizoles* gain'd by the Duke of Enguien in Italy.

- " Go there and glory in your kindred dead,
" My House is not for you, nor humble Bed.
" Proceed, You cry, I like your noble Rage,
" And with just Satire fill your keener Page ;
" But know my House's Honours are not due
" To th' Place I hold, nor are our Titles new ;
" In *Paris* born, my Ancestors, 'tis known,
" Have long with Magistrates supply'd the Town,
" No Mushroom Upstarts no, nor Owners we,
" Proud of a feign'd and purchas'd Pedigree ;
" None of those Nobles we, without a Name,
" Who from the Province by Compulsion came ;
" Nor did my Sires attend the Plough or Flock,
" Nor hide their Filth beneath a Millers Frock ;
" Nor Will my Spouse tho' of a higher Race,
" Upbraid me that my Parent's hers Disgrace ;
" Nor boast of her Descent, nor rail at mine ;
" Her Soul's so taken up with things Divine :
" In Acts of Piety she'll lead her Life ;
" A Gentle Mistress and an humble Wife :
" Her self to humble she betimes was taught,
" Her Heart betimes to Heav'nly Ways she brought.

" To

" To undeceive you of a Thought so strange,
" That Hymen cou'd corrupt her Mind and change;
" Hear what she first in our Accord requir'd
" (What you had in a Woman most admir'd,)
" That no vain Husband shou'd her Will constrain,
" To drag with her to Church a Pompous Train;
" But above all she cou'd not bear to come
" Before a jealous God, as those presume
" Who with high Canopy's hung o'er their Head,
" And Tyrian Carpets all around 'em spread,
" On Velvet proudly pay their careless Vows.
" Such is the Virtue of my future Spouse.
I see, as you are pleas'd the Fair to paint,
The Lady you're to wed will prove a Saint;
Nothing's affected in this mighty Zeal,
Nor does this humble Air her Pride conceal.
But are you sure you can distinguish well,
And who's the Saint, and who the Bigot tell?
Do you the Nation Hypocritic know?
What's solid Substance, and what's only Show?
I'll mark you out some Tokens hard to find
How far the Mein's concern'd, how far the Mind.

And when I have this useful Draught exprest,
With this great Portrait finish all the rest.

At *Paris* I confess, at Court, we see
Some pious Fair, who from this Fraud are free,
Whose Zeal is worthy of our high Applause,
Who guide themselves by Virtues sacred Laws,
Who in all times and Places are the same;
Of fair Report and an unblemish'd Name.
One only, dear to God himself, I know,
Wife in her Fortune, in her Greatness low,
Who *Esther* like beneath her Grandeur groans,
And Vice it self her matchless Merit owns;
Whose Picture, tho' imperfect as you see,
You'll know th' Original, and cry 'tis she.
But where we one so truly virtuous meet,
How many are their false and Counterfeit?
How many of the Fair their Crimes conceal
Beneath a solemn Look and sullen Zeal:
When God imprinted, on their Face, we see,
How far are they from what they seem to be?
Their shameful Pleasures thus they hide from view,
And with clean Looks their filthy Paths pursue.

Thick

Think not I will their Secret Sins disclose,
Or naked the Fair Hypocrite expose.
'Tis better we shou'd with their License bear,
Than let 'em to the World unmask'd appear.
The *Buffies* and *Brantomes* may if they please
Complete whole Volumes with such Lives as these.
But such lewd Images I dread to touch,
And blush least I've already said too much.
Nothing in wicked *Fury* can excel
Nor monstrous *Caprice*, a pretended Zeal.

If one among these sullen Fair we find
Who to her Husband bears a softer Mind,
Her to a haughty Bigot I prefer,
Foolish, and Proud, and in her Pride severe;
Who when she on Devotions Threshold lies,
Thinks she can higher in Perfection rise,
Who tho' she plagues me with incessant Care,
From her Shrews ~~lecture~~ daily flies to Pray'r;
And once a Week is at Confession seen,
Her Look's so pious— So devout her Mein,
None could believe that from a Heart so pure
Such Storms could rise, and I so much endure;

Or when her Eyes to Heav'n erect they see,
She's off'ring up the Woes she caus'd to me;
She in a hundred Duties mates the Saints
Few of their Vertues in Appearance wants;
She reads *Rodriguez*, oft is on her Knees,
Sighs from her Soul, and yet her Soul's at Ease.
She haunts the Hospitals, laments the Poor,
And seeks the wretched out from Door to Door;
Six Masses in a day at Church she hears,
And back the Guilt she carried thither bears:
But with her self to war, her Errors view,
And fight till she those Errors can subdue;
Her Pride, her Passion, and her Lust of Play
To quell and make her Rebel Mind obey,
If Heav'n of her exacts such Terms as those,
She thinks 'em hard, and ne'er with Heav'n will close:
She'll trust to her Director, for she's sure,
Of Him, and if he's Judge, of Heav'n secure;
She'll a soft Sentence find from such a Friend,
Him she'll consult, and on his Word depend;
To him she flies, and now methinks, I see
She's at Confession, and that Priest is He,

Mark how well fed He is, how plump his Cheek !
 How fresh his Colour, and his Skin how sleek !
 The florid Spring we in his Face behold,
 His Paunch how promanent, his Front how bold !
 And yet to hear him groan or see him strain,
 You'd think that he supports himself with Pain.
 He, Yesterday, was with a Fever seiz'd,
 And a short burning Fit disturb'd his Rest.
 The fiery Fumes that from his Stomach rose
 Confess'd with Morning Flames his Evening Dose,
 Or else by Surfeit cloy'd the luscious Load,
 Thro' his full Veins in fev'rish Juices flow'd,
 The Sex allarm'd their ready Succours bring:
 Nor guess from whence the boiling Vapours spring.
 Officious to the Bed the Lump they bear,
 For none's so certain of the Lady's Care
 As a Fat Priest, the Fav'rite of the Fair.
 Tho' Light his Ail, and of it self t'wou'd go,
 Yet the next Minutes with the Saint too slow ;
 The Pinner'd Squadron to assist him fly,
 While she with anxious Cares stands Weeping by ;
 This warms the Broth, the Med'cine That prepares,
 Which He the sooner takes because 'tis Hers.

Syrups and Sweatmeats from her Household Stores,
Fast do they fetch, and he as fast devours:

Rich Sugar-Cakes such pious Paunches please,
Not the sweet Bloom's more grateful to the Bees;
And the first *Citron* of the candid kind
Was made at *Rean*, and for a Priest you'll find.

Our Doctor by these Female Helps restor'd,
Sooths Her fore Conscience by a healing Word.
The Rubs which in her Way to Heav'n are found,
He easily removes and smooths the Ground.

And far from foul on her Defects to fall,
Himself takes Care to justify 'em all.

Why a vain Censure shou'd you mind, he cries,
What if that White and Red the World surprize,
What if they murmur, let 'em murmur still,
I can't conceive why they shou'd think 'tis ill?

Nor how a Lady does her Conscience load,
Because she's Innocently in thy Mode.

A Tribute from the Fair to Fashion's sedue,
What others pay her she expects from you;
To frighten you, they only make this Stir,
You can no Guilt, where there's no Crime incur.

Pride

Pride on your pompous Robes is seen they say,
Our dazzl'd Eyes we're forc'd to turn away;
Does Heav'n such Vanity profane allow,
Or is he pleas'd with so much costly Show:
Yes sure, in Quality 'tis all allow'd,
And to be Decent is not to be proud:
But how will you your Gaming now excuse?
To Game was never reckon'd an Abuse
In any Age, but ever had its Use.
One cannot always Labour, Read, or Pray,
And to Backbite's more sinful than to Play:
If to avoid that Sin you take the Dice,
To Game is more a Virtue than a Vice;
For what in others may perhaps be ill,
In you receives a Sanction from your Will,
The Heav'nly Motions of a holy Heart,
Things Natures change, and Ill to Good convert;
But you're Ambitious, Covetous they cry,
And in the State wou'd see you Kindred high;
You'd have 'em all the chiefest Posts engross,
And what's to others Gain, to you is Loss.
What d'ye in this but your good Nature show,
What do you more than you are bid to do?

For if your Neighbour you must love, what Fool
Can think Relations are not in the Rule :
Virtuous your Kindred are besides and Wife,
And such are only worthy such Employ
For shou'd they be on Carnal Minds bestow'd,
They're apt of Worldly Nothings to be proud :
No, let the Wicked Murmur as they please,
And as for your Salvation be at ease.

On all these Points He thus himself declares,
His Judgment is in all a Guide to hers ;
She thinks an Angel's sent her from the Skies,
And gladly with his easy Law complies :
She lulls her Soul into a sweet Repose,
And thus confirm'd in all her Errors grows ;
Still in her Confessor she puts her Trust,
Still keeps her Crimes, and still believes she's just ;
Tho' daily on the Host she feeds, her Head,
By Pride, by Vanity and Passion's fed.
Heav'n's Gate she with Assurance thinks to pass,
And hopes that Confidence in Her is Grace ;
As privileg'd to sin she can't believe
But God her Soul will with the Saints receive.

To this comes all the Doctors pious Cares,
His holy Councils and his Heav'nly Pray'rs,
And if with this He's satisfy'd, tis well,
For to worse Uses he may put his Zeal.
So much He preaches of the Light within,
Whate'er she does with Him she thinks no Sin ;
When his new Doctrine by new ways he proves
She'll easily believe the Spirit moves :
By Satan's Help the Bounds of Virtue past,
In Paradise the Joys of Hell they tast.

Was you with one of these two Wives to mate,
Pray tell me, which you'd most incline to hate ;
The Saint whom I've describ'd in Sin secure,
Or Her who fondly thinks she's only pure ;
Who for Ill-Nature Piety mistakes,
And Merit of her Spleen and Choler makes :
In whose, false Charity, Self-love, we meet,
For to love God, with her's the World's to hate :
In Human Actions all things she suspects,
And Virtue out of ev'ry Vice extracts ;
She'll something criminal in all presume,
And censure where there is, or is not Room ;

If in her Men, the Complaisance perceives,
For a chaste Maid she strait the worst believes,
Both are reputed guilty, both dismiss,
And others hir'd to fill the Household List:
Her Husband, when oblig'd to Town to come,
And all things leaves in peaceful State at Home,
At his Return, when he expects the same,
Wonders to hear the Porter ask his Name,
To find his House so chang'd, there is not one
Whom he now knows in't, or to whom he's known.

" 'Tis very well--- The Painting's very fine,
" And the whole Sex, as you the Draught design,
" Have neither Virtue you approve nor Vice,
" A noble Image this, so just-- so nice:
" Not *Theophrastus* with *La Bruyere's* Aid,
" A richer Price had of this Picture made.
" Enough, 'tis time to lay the Pencil by,
" You have already drain'd the Subject dry;
Drain'd it *Alcippe*--- The Subject's so extreme
I might fill Volumes with thy copious Theme.
If the whole Sex I should pretend to trace,
In whom their Caustick Piety's Grimace.

But

But shou'd I a more tragic Story tell,
Show a She Atheist ridiculing Hell,
More than one *Capanea* should I paint,
What would you say, at Heav'n to hear her rant ;
Laugh at the Glories of a Future State,
And make the Sov'reign Law consist in Fate :
To brave Heav'ns Thunders, and with Scoffs despise
The Voice and Lightnings of the vengeful Skies ;
Against the 'great Creator to declaim,
And with lewd Tongue insult his mighty Name.

Hence with the most infernal of her Kind,
But don't believe there are no more behind.
What have I said of the fantastic Fair,
Whose Mind's as various as th' inconstant Air ;
Who loves me in the Morn and hates at Night,
And what of her who Fawns tho' full of Spite,
What of that Woman, whose insatiate Will,
Wou'd have her wearing Sponse a Lover still :
Tho' Twenty Winters he has warm'd her Bed,
And with due Fires her furious Wishes fed ?
What of the Damsel who from Drinking comes,
And scatters as she goes her nauseous Fumes ;

Whose

Whose squeamish Lovers can't the Vapours bear,
With which when e'er she breaths, she blasts the Air,
Free of her Kisses, which they fly with Fear,
So strong they of Tobacco Smell and Beer?

What have I told you of the Sharping Dame,
Whose Braves and Callow Bubbles meet to game,
Who suffers more Affronts than she who deals
For Sixpence to her Guests her scanty Meals?

What of those Furies have I said in whom
There's no Remembrance of the lab'ring Womb,
Than the young Lion's dreadful Dam more fierce,
Whom not the Cries of her own Young can pierce,
Who storms and raves, and in her Children beats
The Husband, who because he's hers she hates.

Her House like *Phalaris's* full of Cries,
Where dwell the bleeding Hearts and streaming Eyes.

What have I of the Pedant Lady writ,
Stately and starcht or of the fulsome Cit,
Of her who's always plying with her Cat,
Or wastes her useless Life in Senseless Chat?

What of the Superstitious---- 'tis in vain
To think of all for thousands still remain.

Three Quarters of 'em are untouch'd at least,
I'm tir'd, and will excuse you of the rest.

" Oh ! Sir, you have your Moderation shown

" And do not now give over, pray go on

" But end, you cry, your Speech as you began,

" D'ye fancy dar'd by such vain Discourse

" I thought you gave each Phrase its Genuine Force,

" That gravely I your Censure understood,

" Not a mere Banter, as you meant I shou'd ;

" You only laugh'd, and were as much in Jest,

" As when you plac'd a Man below a Beast.

" You the same Project now had in your Brain,

" And rally'd in the same facetious Strain :

" But we have banter'd both of us enough,

" Besides the Jest's too false as well as rough.

" 'Tis time to put an end to this Dispute,

" And all you've said, I'll in a word confute.

" The Lady I adore, is Noble, Great,

" Modest, well-bred, Fair, Humble and Discreet ;

" Not one of all those Errors you have shown,

" In Her is to be found, in her there's none ;

" But if, as 'tis not to be thought it shou'd,

" It happens that she turns to Bad from Good.

" Shou'd

"Shou'd she, to use your Phrase, with whom I'm charm'd

"Be from an Angel to a Devil transform'd,

"Unsociable when she's grown, my Heart

"Will soon grow cold, and we as soon shall part ;

"Nor shall I hang my self, nor drown, but cry,

"Go, Madam, here's no Room for you and I ;

"We're not, I find, for one another made,

"And I'll this irksome Life no longer lead :

"Your Fortune was so much? and so much mine?

"We'll each our Share resume, and then disjoin ;

"Pray let me not be troubled with you more,

"Madam, your Dowry's there-- and there's the Door.

And you beleive, *Alcippe*, that you so soon
Shall bring her to't, and she'll at this begone ;

But don't you, when you thus have shockt her, know
It in your Lady lies, to stay or go ?

And can you think she'll quit the dear Delight
Of Teazing, Plaguing and the Sweets of Spite,
And first in hand his Pen her Proctor takes,
And of her various Claims a Volume makes.

In *Paris*, thanks be to the Law, we meet
Good Christian Husbands, Men of Nature sweet ;

Tho'

Tho' ne'er so high a Wife's Demands may be,
The Court confirms them by a kind Decree.
Alcippe, I see you start at this Discourse,
And place in Arbiters your last Resource;
Your Cause by partial Judges shan't be try'd,
But Friends the Matter by themselves, decide;
By Friends, by Arbiters, you'll brave the Laws,
Prevent the Courts and they shall judge the Cause,
But hold--- you go too fast--- consult your Wife,
For Right she does not lose so much as Strife:
The Process pleases her--- she'll never flinch,
But gain the Land or lose it Inch by Inch.
A Lordship got by Law she wou'd despise,
For her sole Pleasure in Contesting Lies.
With her no Right, no Title can be clear;
No Proof is Proof, no Process old with her,
Tho' ne'er so well adjudg'd the Cause and plain,
She'll when she pleases bring't about again.
Not *Rolet* in his way, tho' so expert,
More Difficulties in a Cause can start,
Nor puzzle Matters more, nor show more Art:
Believe me--- don't to gain the better hope.
But try, if possible to make it up;

Or I'll not swear, if far you let it run,
You won't with all your Skill be first undone.
Cast and confounded, ruin'd and a Foot,
Lean, Poor, and languishing, you'll curse the Suit
You'll wish, too late, you had not been so hot,
And oft resolve to tye the fatal Knot;
But longer must you bear the Plague of Life
And take again, the Plague of Plagues, your Wife.

S A T I R E X I.

Monfr. *de VALINCOUR*,

Principal Secretary

OF THE

A D M I R A L T Y.

S A T I R E. XI.

Y E S, Honour, *VALINCOUR*, to all is Dear :
 No Word so oft in ev'ry Mouth we hear ;
 To praise it, all in Eloquence abound,
 If one begins, its Eulogy goes round.
 Honour by High and Low's alike ador'd,
 Go where you will, and Honour is the Word.
 The Rogue that in the Gally Plies the Oar,
 Whom e'en his Fellows for his Crimes abhor,
 Of Honour talks; and with a Letter'd Brow,
 Pretends that she's in him condemn'd to Row.
 Of Judge unjust; and Sentence he complains,
 And wonders how the World permits his Chains.

'Tis ev'ry where the same by Land or Sea;

Honour you'll find's the Universal Plea.

The Cit who cheats behind his Counter Board,

Pretends as much to Honour as my Lord:

The Man, who robs his Country in a ~~place~~ ^{place},

Of Honour talks as boldly as his Grace.

This Lord, who ne'er his honest Deots will pay,

And That, who bubbles callow Deirs at Play,

Of Honour are so full, that they can spare

Sufficient for a common Mortal's Share:

Of Soldier, Courtier, Magistrate inquire,

Tho' this for Pension serves, and that for Hire;

They'll tell you, and believe them if you can,

They're Men of nicest Honour to a Man:

They scorn so mean a thing as Interest, They,

And only Honour's gen'rous Laws obey.

But if you put the Lanthorn to their Eyes,

And bring 'em to the Light their Honour flies;

If by a strict Examen they are try'd,

You'll soon perceive what Spirit is their Guide,

You ev'ry where will find Ambition reign,

With Fraud, Corruption, and the Lust of Gain.

Pride,

Pride, Folly, Vanity in all abound,
And Honour often taught, is seldom found.
This World in my Opinion's like a Scene,
Where never what they say the Actors mean;
Where each imposes on the other, This
On That, and none appears for what he is.
~~How often~~ do we on this spacious Stage,
Some Fool or other meet, who acts the Sage?
This Blockhead who would for a Scholar pass,
Assumes the Mein, tho' he's an errant Ass;
That Rascal for a Saint sets up, and None,
Tho' free with others Faults, would show his own:
How does it flatter 'em and feed their Pride,
Their Weakness when they vainly think they hide?
Truth finds 'em out, whatever Art they use,
She knows them; Her they cannot long abuse;
Nor can they to the Publick's piercing Eyes,
Their Follies always, and their Faults disguise;
For Malice ever to the Bottom goes,
She'll all things know, and publish what she knows;
And Censure quickly with a searching View,
Observe what's false about us, what is true;

It opens us with our Defects, and shows^a
How our dear Masks upon the World impose.
Truth will o'er Falshood always reign, and He
Who'd act the Man of Honour such must be.
For let who will assume another Air,
Twill not do long, he must himself appear:
His Inside, and his Out, the World will see,
And what he's not, he shan't appear to be.
In vain that surly *Misanthrope* puts on
A smiling Air, those Looks are not his own.
The Sullen's Genuine, but the gay Grimace,
The Smiles are out of Humour in his Face,
And not one Feature there becomes a Grace;
His soothing Words, our utmost Scorn create,
Fear his Caresses, and his Flattery Hate.
E'en in his *Meannesses* there's something Vain;
So true it is, that Truth will always reign,
That Nature ev'ry where will force her Way,
Show what she is, and what she's not, betray.
In vain we stop her Course, we drive her back,
She'll pierce thro' all, thro' all her Passage break.

But

But from my Subject I too far have stray'd, .
 'Tis time I shou'd resume it, and proceed.
 Honour, I've said, by all the World's admir'd,
 But how are they, who have the same, inspir'd?
 What is that Honour which we shou'd admire?
 Is't that which sets the warring World on Fire?
 Inform me if thou can'st? As well as I,
 Thou know'st, some make it in Ambition lie:
 The Miser when his Chests are cram'd with Gold,
 Thinks the more Honour, the more Bags they hold,
 As the false Brave, whene'er he draws his Sword,
 And the true Cheat, whene'er he breaks his Word;
 When of his Rhymes the Poet boasts, is this
 True Honour, if 'tis not, say, What it is?
 Is He who with a mighty Title grac'd,
 Defrauds his Creditors, of this possess'd,
 Or He who of a Penance cheats the Priest?
 Or a Buffoon, whose Honour 'tis to brave,
 That Honour which the Wise wou'd wish to have?
 Is one of these a Man of Honour? Who
 Can think it? Where shall we to find it go?
 In what does it consist? To hear our Sense
 Extol'd, our Courage, or our Eloquence;
 X 3 To

To see the Subject World our Sway confess,
A Thousand shining Talents to possess?
For tho' these Gifts of Mind we Blessings call,
A King may be a Scoundrel with 'em all.
A *Herod*, a *Tiberius*, whom to name
Is dreadful, and no Daubing hides their Shame.
Where shall we then that real Honour find,
Which fills, which raises and refines the Mind?
What e'er St. *Evremond* is pleas'd to say,
I shall not think the worse of *Seneca*,
Nor rather for my Guide *Petronius* chuse,
Since the Grave Sage speaks better than the Loose.

There's nothing in the World, but Justice, fair,
There's nothing so much worth our Praise or Care;
Force, Bounty, Courage are, without Her, faint,
And all our Gifts their, Grace without Her, want.
The Virtues which for sparkling Diamonds pass,
Without Her, are like Bits of broken Glass.
A Warriour dreadful for Unrighteous Arms,
Who fills the Universe with dire Alarms,
Who without Cause, a hundred Nations spoils,
What are his Conquests, his Heroic Toil?

To rob the Globe if he delights to range,
 He's but a greater Robber than * *Saint Ange* ;
 And why shou'd Fame his boasted Deeds prefer,
 But only for their Grandeur, to * *Duterra* :
 For the first *Cesar*, who his Pen durst draw,
 If his great Acts were to be judg'd by Law,
 Who by the Laws his Conduct cou'd excuse
 Less Heroes for the same, their Necks, wou'd lose :
 In *France* He to the Scaffold had been led,
 And lost at once his Laurels and his Head.
 This Phoenix of the killing Trade, had gone
 The same sad way some Brother Braves had done.
 || 'Twas a King said it, and the Rule's August,
 That He's the greatest Man, who is most Just.
Sylla and *Mithridates* you may name,
 And others of as great, tho' fiercer Fame,
 As *Attila*, *Genferic*, *Tamerlane*,
 I think 'em less than e'en a Private Man :
 These Conq'rors, Kings, these Princes in my Eyes
 Are less than him whom Heav'n pronounc'd most † Wise.

X 4

That

* Two Famous High-way Men

|| Agesilaus. † Socrates.

That Citizen of *Athens*, as we read,
In Justice censur'd ev'ry glorious Deed,
Who with no Folly and no Vice defil'd
Was always Frugal, Mod'rate, Equal, Mild ;
Each Action of his Life to Justice tends,
Begins in Justice, and in Justice ends ;
Brighter than all the Virtues, Justice shines,
And none is Great but who to Her inclines ;
Nothing looks well but what her Liv'ry wears,
No ~~one~~ so taking, none so fine as hers :
A Hypocrite ne'er pleases nor betrays,
But when he gives his Wiles an honest Face ;
No Charm but Equity can touch the Soul,
Injustice e'en to the Unjust looks Foul.
And he who ne'er to Equity is true,
Severely from the World exacts his Due.
We in the most abandon'd Villain's Mind
Some Prints of Justice, some weak Footings find ;
The greatest Rogue in some Things may be true,
And who does always what he ought to do ?
Where shall we hope an Honest Man to meet
Whose Justice is in all his Works Complete ?

Where

Where shall we in an Age such Heroes know
 As *Caumartin*, *Bignon* or *Dagueffeau* ;
 The wretched Natives of the barb'rous Clime,
 Where Spoil is fair, and Plunder thought no Crime :
 Ev'n there, where Robbing is the Reigning Lust,
 The Robbers oft among themselves are just.
Arab and *Seythia* fairly share the Spoil,
 And e'en with them, to sink the Booty's Vile.
 The Prize they get among the lawless Band,
 Justice distributes with an equal Hand.

But Truth we now will to the Fountain tract,
 And see the Saint with his reserv'd Grimace ;
 That Look of Abstinence, that holy Leer :
 What is he ? Who wou'd thus devout appear,
 To Heav'n how hideous ! if he's not sincere.
 The Gospel no where says be Sullen, Sour,
 But bids you to be Simple, Honest, Pure.
 The Man, who is a Christian, seems to me,
 Compar'd with him who so affects to be,
 As distant from each other, as the Poles,
 From * *Davis* Streight to where th' *Antarctic* Rolls.—

And—

* A Streight under the Artic-Pole near Nova Zembla.

And by this Saint I do not understand
Tartuff, or *Molinos's* Mystic Band,
But a false Christian, who's of Scripture full,
And yet despises or Mistakes the Rule.
Its Wisdom and its Justice ne'er conceives,
And just no more than he thinks fit, believes;
Who colours with a Text his Darling Vice,
And fancies to defraud, is to be wise;
Who flatters in their shameful Faults the Great,
And Scripture will in their Excuse, repeat;
Winks at great Crimes, and makes a Jest of small,
As if the Sacrament wou'd hide 'em all;
As if 'twou'd bear him thro' the dreadful Streight,
And open at his Call the Heav'nly Gate.
Rare Saints in my Opinion these! For who
To Heav'n, and not to Justice, can be true?
But in these Wiles that we no more may rove,
Let's hence conclude what is not hard to prove,
That solid Honour's only that which takes
Truth for its Guide, and Truth its Glory makes:
And that the Man of Honour's only He
Whom Reason rules, and what the Laws decree;

To others Gentle, to himself Severe,
 In all his Words, in all his Works Sincere,
 In whom, no Courtiers Promise, we shall find,
 The Man alone, who bears an upright Mind.
 We in this Title ev'ry thing conclude
 That's Noble, Virtuous, or that's Great and Good.
 But whether what we say will please the Croud,
 We doubt, or if 'twill be for Truth allow'd :
 The Reason why we think it won't prevail,
 Is ~~that~~ 'd, you'll see, beneath this Mystic Tale.

When good old *Saturn* the first World contrbl'd,
 Then *Honour* and his Sister *Justice* rul'd.
 Mankind enlightend by their sage Advice,
 Were then, my Friend, in Favour with the Skies :
 All things were then in Common, gentle Peace
 Smil'd on the World, and Plenty flow'd with Ease ;
 Pounds then, and Fields divided, were unknown,
 And no Man yet had learnt the Phrase, *My Own*.
 Virtue to Danger was not then Ally'd,
 And none for too much Merit Fled or Dy'd :
 E'er *Ostracismes* disgrac'd the guilty World,
 And shining Worth was into Dungeons hurl'd.

E'er

E'er he, who was Religious, was not nam'd
 A *Jansenist*, or for his Virtue Damn'd.
 Honour was then with Genuine Beauties fair,
 And with vain Ornaments did ne'er appear ;
 In Glories rich he us'd his Native Store,
 Nor Gold, nor borrow'd Diamonds Lustre wore.
 And while the Heav'nly Pair o'er Mortals reign'd,
 Severely He his Sisters Laws maintain'd ;
 But summon'd to the Starry World he fled
 To Heav'n, and with the Gods he long has ~~stay'd~~
 Soon an Impostor in his Place is seen ;
 His Look is like him, and his lofty Mien ;
 On Honour ev'ry where he loudly cries,
 Again to rule you, see he leaves the Skies ;
 From me alone you must your Laws receive,
 And his false Tales the easy World believe.
 Now guiltless Justice from her Seat is driv'n,
 She follows now her Brothers Flight to Heav'n,
 And to the Cheat their lawful Throne is giv'n ;
 He mounts it ; now with glitt'ring Rubies bright
 It shines, and all around's a borrow'd Light.
 In Gorgeous Robes how proudly he appears,
 Jewels and Gold an Alien Pomp he wears ?

You know the vile Impostor by his Train,
 Here Pride, there Impudence, and here Disdain.
 From Lux'ry's Hands when he receives the Crown,
 The Foolish World the bold Pretender own,
 And now to show his State, he learns to frown:
 Two wrangling Brothers are by him employ'd,
 And half the Globe's by *Mine*, and *Thine*, destroy'd;
 These endless Suits create, and endless Feuds,
 And Force into the World her Sway intrudes;
 These now divide the Earth, and *Right* and *Wrong*,
 The Names they take, are but the *Weak* and *Strong*.
 Thus Triumphs the new King, and thus he awes
 His Subjects, with some New unrighteous Laws:
 All founded on that only Plea of Might,
 For Pow'r is with this Prince Undoubted Right.
 Soon were his wicked Edicts spread abroad,
 And the Globe rul'd by his fantastic Code.
 Revenge He on the least Affront commands,
 And fills the guilty Earth with Hostile Bands.
 One Man for Trifles now another kills;
 The Conq'r'r unprovok'd a Crimson Deluge spills:
 Conscience in vain asserts her Legal Sway,
 The Bloody Characters are *Dis* and *Slay*.

When

When *Jupiter* the Iron Age began,
No Tye was a Constraint to virtuous Man ;
Now Brothers fight with Brothers, Sons with Sires,
The Tyrant now to boundless Rule aspires.
For Conquests Heroes rove from Clime to Clime,
No Virtue but Ambition is sublime,
And Crime, if happy, is not thought a Crime ;
Division, Hatred, Envy, Fear obtain'd,
And Tumult, Horror and Confusion reign'd.

True Honour in high Heav'n this Change was told,
That a base Mettal had Debauch'd the Gold.
To Earth he strait descends, but none wou'd own
The King, or help him to resume the Throne ;
None lik'd his Presence, None cou'd now endure
His Virtues, for corrupted Times too pure ;
His Manners were no more in Vogue, and all
Himself the Cheat and the Impostor call.
Himself a while to the Seducer bends,
Tir'd with Affronts, and destitute of Friends :
At last, He to his injur'd Sister flies ,
And dwells with Justice in their Native Skies ;

To Slav'ry An Ungrateful Race he leaves,
And whom the Cheat deceiv'd, he still deceives:
Ev'n to our Age He on their Ruin Preys,
For still false Honour, his wide Empire Sways.
O'er all, He in our Universe presides,
'Tis He, perhaps, who ev'n these Verses guides,
But whither 'tis or not, the Tale has shown
True Honour, is my Friend, in G O D alone.

*This is the last of M. Boileau's SATIRES.
we shall not take any Notice of the Dutch Ribaldry,
impos'd upon him, but only endeavour to give the
Public a just Translation of his GENUINE Works,
as We find 'em in the best Paris Edition.*

AN
ODE of SAPPHO;

Quoted by LONGINUS.

Thus Translated by CATULLUS.

Ad LESBIAM.

ILLE mi par esse Deo videtur,
Ille, si fas est, superare Divoe,

Qui sedens adversus identidem te,
Spectat & audit.

Dulce videntem. misero quod omnis
Eripit sensus mihi. nam simul te,
Lesbia, adspexi, nihil est super mi,
Quod loquar amens.

Lingua sed torpet; tenuis sub artus
Flamma dimanat; sonitu suo pte
Tinniunt aures; gemina reguntur
Lumina nocte;

Manat & Sudor gelidus; tremorque
Occupat totam; velut herba pallent
Ora; spirandi neque compos, orco
Proxima credor.

Non tamen despero: etenim indigentem.

Y

Thus

Thus by Mr. PHILIPS.

I.

BLeft as th^e Immortal Gods is he,
The Youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly Smile.

II.

'Twas this depriv'd my Soul of Rest,
And rais'd such Tumults in my Breast;
For while I gaz'd, in Transport tost,
My Breath was gone, my Voice was lost:

III.

My Bosom glow'd; the subtle Flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital Frame;
O'er my dim Eyes a Darkness hung;
My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung:

IV.

In dewy Damps my Limbs were chill'd;
My Blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd;
My feeble Pulse forgot to play;
Fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

Thus

Thus by Monsieur BOILEAU.

HEureux ! qui pres de toi, pour toi seule soupire :

Qui jouit du plaisir de t'entendre parler :

Qui te voit quelquefois doucement lui sourire.

Les Dieux, dans son bonheur, peuvent-ils l'égaler ?

Je sens de veine en veine une subtile flamme

Courir par tout mon corps, si-tôt que je te vois :

Et dans les doux transports, on s'égare mon ame,

Je ne scaurois trouver de langue, ni de voix.

Un nuage confus se repand sur ma vue,

Je n'entens plus, je tombe en de douces langueurs ;

Et passe, sans haleine, interdite, esperdue,

Un frisson me saisit, je tremble, je me meurs.

Thus Paraphras'd by a L A D Y.

I.

HAppy who near you Sigh, for you alone,

Who hear you Speak, or whom you Smile upon :

They well for this might Scorn a Starry Throne.

Y 2

II. T 5

II.

To this compar'd the Bliss which Gods do prove,
 No Envy raises: for the Blest above
 Ne'er tasted Joys compar'd to those of Love.

III.

When e're I look on you, thro' ev'ry Vein,
 Subtile as Light'ning flies the nimble Flame,
 I'm all o're Rapture, while all over Pain.

IV.

And while my Soul does in these Transports stray,
 My Voice disdains to teach my Tongue its Way,
 Each Faculty does now it's Trust betray.

V.

A Cloud of wild Confusion veils my Sight,
 Sounds vainly strike my Ears, my Eyes the Light,
 Soft Languishments my Senses disunite.

VI.

Swift Tremblings freight o're all my Body fly,
 Life frighten'd thence, Love does her Place supply,
 Disorder'd, breathless, pale, and cold, I die.

राष्ट्रीय पुस्तकालय, कोलकाता
 National Library, Kolkata

The End of the FIRST VOLUME.

