

Oldham, John

Satyrs upon the Jesuits Written in the year 1679 ; And some other pieces
by the same hand

London 1682

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A A A
SATYRS

UPON THE

JESUITS:

Written in the YEAR 1679.

And some other

PIECES

By the same

H A N D.

J. Fairfax

The Second Edition more Corrected.

L O N D O N :

Printed for Joseph Hindmarsh, at the
Black Bull in Cornhill. 1682.

The CONTENTS of both BOOKS.

Book I.

- fol*
1 **P**rologue to the Satyrs upon the Jesuits
The first Satyr. *Garnet's* Ghost addressing to the Jesuits met in private Cabal after the murder of *Godfrey*.
24 The second Satyr.
39 The third Satyr. *Loyola's* Will.
74 The fourth Satyr. *St. Ignatius* his Image brought in, discovering the Rogueries of the Jesuits, and ridiculous Superstition of the Church of *Rome*.
93 The Satyr against Vertue. Pindarique Ode.
111 An Apology for the foregoing Ode by way of Epilogue.
119 The Passion of *Byblis* out of *Ovid's* Metamorphosis imitated in *English*.
139 Upon a Woman who by her Falshood and Scorn was the death of his Friend. A Satyr.

Book II.

- 1 *Horace* his Art of Poetry imitated in *English*.
45 An Imitation of *Horace*. Book I. Satyr 9.
54 Paraphrase upon *Horace*. B. 1. Ode 31.
58 Paraphrase upon *Horace*. B. 2. Ode 14.
62 The Praise of *Homer*. Pindarique Ode.
73 The Lamentation for *Adonis* imitated out of the Greek of *Bion* of *Smyrna*. Pastoral *Bion*. A Pastoral in imitation of the Greek of *Moschus*, bewailing the Death of the Earl of *Rocheſter*.
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99 Paraphrase upon the 137 Psalm. Pindarique Ode.
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THE Author might here (according to the laudable custom of Prefaces) entertain the Reader with a Discourse of the Original, Progress, and Rules of Satyr, and let him understand, that he has lately Read Casaubon, and several other Criticks upon the Point; but at present he is minded to wave it, as a vanity he is in no wise fond of. His only intent now is to give a brief account of what he Publishes, in order to prevent what censures he foresees may colourably be past thereupon: And that is, as followeth:

What he calls the Prologue, is in imitation of Persius, who has prefix'd somewhat by that Name before his Book of Satyrs, and may serve for a pretty good Authority. The first Satyr he drew by Sylla's Ghost in the great Johnson, which may be perceiv'd by

by some strokes and touches therein, however short they
come of the Original. In the second, he only follow'd
the swinge of his own Genius. The Design, and some
passages of the third were taken out of the Franciscan
of Buchanan. Which Ingenuous confession he thinks
fit to make, to shew he has more modesty than the com-
mon Padders in Wit of these times. He doubts, there
may be some few mistakes in Chronology therein, which
for want of Books he could not inform himself in. If
the skilful Reader meet with any such, he may the more
easily pardon them upon that score. Whence he had
the hint of the fourth, is obvious to all, that are any
thing acquainted with Horace. And without the Au-
thority of so great a President, the making of an Image
speak, is but an ordinary Miracle in Poetry. He ex-
pects, that some will tax him of Buffoonery, and turn-
ing holy things into ridicule. But let them Read, how
severely Arnobius, Lactantius, Minutius Felix, and
the gravest Fathers, have raily'd the fopperies and
superstitions of the Heathen, and then consider, whe-
ther those, which he has chosen for his Argument, are
not

not as worthy of laughter. The only difference is, that they did it in Prose, as he does in Verse, where perhaps 'tis the more allowable.

As for the next Poem (which is the most liable to censure) though the World has given it the Name of the Satyr against Vertue, he declares 'twas never design'd to that intent, how apt soever some may be to wrest it. And this appears by what is said after it, and is discernable enough to all, that have the sence to understand it, 'Twas meant to abuse those, who valued themselves upon their Wit and Parts in praising Vice, and to shew, that others of sober Principles, if they would take the same liberty in Poetry, could strain as high rants in Profaneness as they. At first he intended it not for the publick, nor to pass beyond the privacy of two or three Friends, but seeing it had the Fate to steal abroad in Manuscript, and afterwards in Print, without his knowledg; he now thinks it a justice due to his own Reputation, to have it come forth without those faults, which it has suffer'd from Transcribers and the Press hitherto, and which make it a worse

worse Satyr upon himself, than upon what it was design'd.

Something should be said too of the last Trifle, if it were worth it. 'Twas occasion'd upon Reading the late Translations of Ovid's Epistles, which gave him a mind to try what he could do upon a like Subject. Those being already forestal'd, he thought fit to make choice of the same Poet, whereon perhaps he has taken too much liberty. Had he seen Mr. Sandys his Translation before he begun, he never durst have ventur'd: Since he has, and finds reason enough to despair of his undertaking. But now 'tis done, he is loth to burn it, and chuses rather to give somebody else the trouble. The Reader may do as he pleases, either like it, or put it to the use of Mr. Jordan's Works. 'Tis the first attempt, he ever made in this kind, and likely enough to be the last, his vein (if he may be thought to have any) lying another way.

SATYRS

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BEing to appear anew in the world, it may be expected, that I should say something concerning these ensuing Trifles, which I shall endeavour to do with as much briefness, as I did before what I last publish'd in this kind.

I doubt not but the Reader will think me guilty of an high presumption in adventuring upon a Translation of The Art of Poetry, after two such great Hands as have gone before me in the same attempt: I need not acquaint him, that I mean Ben Johnson, and the Earl of Roscommon, the one being of so establisht an Authority, that whatever he did is held as sacred, the other having lately perform'd it with such admirable success, as almost cuts off all hope in any after Pretenders of ever coming up to what he has done. Howbeit, when I let him know, that it was a Task impos'd upon me, and not what I voluntarily engag'd in; I hope, he will be the more favourable in his Censures. I would indeed very willingly have wav'd the undertaking upon the foremention'd account, and urg'd it as a reason for my declining the same, but it would not be allow'd as sufficient to excuse me therefrom. Wherefore, being prevail'd upon to make an Essay, I fell to thinking of some course, whereby I might serve my self of the Advantages, which those, that went before me, have either not
a minded

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

mind'd, or scrupulously abridg'd themselves of. This I soon imagin'd was to be effected by putting Horace into a more modern dress, than hitherto he has appear'd in, that is, by making him speak, as if he were living, and writing now. I therefore resolv'd to alter the Scene from Rome to London, and to make use of English names of Men, Places, and Customs, where the Parallel would decently permit, which I conceiv'd would give a kind of new Air to the Poem, and render it more agreeable to the relish of the present Age.

With these considerations I set upon the work, and pursued it accordingly. I have not, I acknowledg, been over-nice in keeping to the words of the Original, for that were to transgress a Rule therein contained. Nevertheless I have been religiously strict to its sence, and exprest it in as plain, and intelligible a manner, as the Subject would bear. Where I may be thought to have varied from it (which is not above once or twice, and in Passages not much material) the skilful Reader will perceive 'twas necessary for carrying on my propos'd design, and the Author himself, were he again alive, would (I believe) forgive me. I have been careful to avoid stiffness, and made it my endeavour to hit (as near as I could) the easie and familiar way of writing, which is peculiar to Horace in his Epistles, and was his proper talent above any of mankind. After all, 'tis submitted to the judgment of the truly knowing, how I have acquitted my self herein. Let the success be what it will, I shall not however wholly repent of my undertaking, being (I reckon)

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reckon) in some measure recompenc'd for my pains by the advantage I have reap'd of fixing these admirable Rules of Sense so well in my memory.

The Satyr and Odes of the Author, which follow next in order, I have translated after the same libertine way. In them also I labour'd under the disadvantages of coming after other persons. The Satyr had been made into a Scene by B. Johnson, in a Play of his, called the Poetafter. After I had finish'd my Imitation thereof, I came to learn, that it had been done likewise by Dr. Sprat, and since I have had the sight of it amongst the Printed Translations of Horace's Works. The Odes are there done too, but not so excellently well, as to discourage any farther endeavours. If these of mine meet with good entertainment in the world, I may perhaps find leisure to attempt some other of them, which at present suffer as much from their Translators, as the Psalms of David from Sternhold and Hopkins.

The two sacred Odes I design'd not to have made publick now, forasmuch as they might seem unfit to appear among Subjects of this nature, and were intended to come forth apart hereafter in company of others of their own kind. But, having suffer'd Copies of them to straggle abroad in Manuscript, and remembering the Fate of some other Pieces of mine, which have formerly stoln into the Press without my leave, or knowledg, and been expos'd to the world abominably false and uncorrect; to prevent the same misfortune likely enough to befall these, I have been persuaded to yield my consent to their Publishing

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

amongst the rest. Nor is the Printing of such Miscellanies altogether so unpresidented, but that it may be seen in the Editions of Dr. Donne, and Mr. Cowley's Works, whether done by their own appointment, or the sole direction of the Stationers, I am not able to determine.

As for the two Essays out of Greek, they were occasion'd by a report, that some persons found fault with the roughness of my Satyrs formerly publisht, tho, upon what ground they should do it, I could be glad to be inform'd. Unless I am mistaken, there are not many lines but will endure the reading without shocking any Hearer, that is not too nice, and censorious. I confess, I did not so much mind the Cadence, as the Sense and expressiveness of my words, and therefore chose not those, which were best dispos'd to placing themselves in Rhyme, but rather the most keen, and tuant, as being the suitablest to my Argument. And certainly no one that pretends to distinguish the several Colours of Poery, would expect that Juvenal, when he is lashing of Vice, and Villany, should flow so smoothly, as Ovid, or Tibullus, when they are describing Amours and Gallantries, and have nothing to disturb and ruffle the evenness of their Stile.

Howbeit, to shew that the way I took, was out of choice, not want of judgment, and that my Genius is not wholly incapable of performing upon more gay and agreeable Subjects, if my humor inclin'd me to exercise it, I have pitch'd upon these two, which the greatest men of sense have allow'd to be some of the softest and tenderest of all Antiquity. Nay, if we
will

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will believe Rapin, one of the best Criticks which these latter Ages have produc'd; they have no other fault, than that they are too exquisitely delicate for the Character of Pastoral, which should not seem too labour'd, and whose chief beauty is an unaffected air of plainness and simplicity.

That, which laments the Death of Adonis has been attempted in Latin by several great Masters, namely, Vulcanius, Douza, and Monsieur le Fevre. The last of them has done it Paraphrastically, but left good part of the Poem toward the latter end untouch'd, perhaps because he thought it not so capable of Ornament, as the rest. Him I chiefly chose to follow, as being most agreeable to my way of translating, and where I was at a loss for want of his guidance, I was content to steer by my own Fancy.

The Translation of that upon Bion was begun by another Hand, as far as the first fifteen Verses, but who was the Author I could never yet learn. I have been told that they were done by the Earl of Rochester; but I could not well believe it, both because he seldom meddled with such Subjects, and more especially by reason of an uncorrect line, or two to be found amongst them, at their first coming to my hands, which never us'd to flow from his excellent Pen. Conceiving it to be in the Original, a piece of as much Art, Grace, and Tenderness, as perhaps was ever offered to the Ashes of a Poet, I thought fit to dedicate it to the memory of that incomparable Person, of whom nothing can be said, or thought so choice and curious, which his Deserts do not surmount, If it be thought mean to have borrow'd the sense of another

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another to praise him in, yet at least it argues at the same time a value and reverence, that I durst not think anything of my own good enough for his Commendation.

This is all, which I judg material to be said of these following Resveries. As for what others are to be found in the parcel, I reckon them not worth mentioning in particular, but leave them wholly open and unguarded to the mercy of the Reader; let him make his Attaques how, and where he please.

The

SATYRS
UPON THE
JESUITS.

P R O L O G U E.

FOR who can longer hold? when every *Press*,
The *Bar*, and *Pulpit* too has broke the peace?
When every scribbling *Fool* at the alarms
Has drawn his Pen, and rises up in Arms?
And not a dull *Pretender* of the Town,
But vents his gall in *Pamphlet* up and down?
When all with licence *rail*, and who will not,
Must be almost suspected of the *PLOT*,
And bring his *Zeal*, or else his parts in doubt?

In vain our *Preaching Tribe* attack the *Foes*,
 In vain their weak *Artillery* oppose :
 Mistaken honest men, who gravely *blame*,
 And hope that *gentle Doctrine* should reclaim.
 Are *Texts*, and such exploded trifles fit
 T' impose, and sham upon a *Jesuit* ?
 Would they the dull *Old Fisher-men* compare
 With mighty *Suarez*, and great *Escobar* ?
 Such thred-bare proofs, and stale *Authorities*
 May *Us* poor simple *Hereticks* suffice :
 But to a fear'd *Ignatian's* Conscience,
 Harden'd, as his own Face, with Impudence,
 Whose Faith in contradiction-bore, whom Lies,
 Nor non-sence, nor impossibilities,
 Nor shame, nor death, nor damning can assail :
 Not these mild fruitless methods will avail.

'Tis pointed *Satyr*, and the *sharps* of Wit
 For such a *prize* are th' only Weapons fit :
 Nor needs there *Art*, or *Genius* here to use,
 Where *Indignation* can create a muse :

Should Parts, and Nature fail, yet very spite
Would make the arrant'st *Wild*, or *Withers* write.

It is resolv'd: henceforth an endless War,
I and my Muse with them, and theirs declare;
Whom neither open *Malice* of the *Foes*,
Nor private *Daggers*, nor *Saint Omer's Dose*,
Nor all, that *Godfrey* felt, or *Monarchs* fear,
Shall from my vow'd, and sworn revenge deter.

Sooner shall false *Court Favourites* prove just,
And faithful to their Kings, and Countreys trust:
Sooner shall they detect the tricks of *State*,
And knav'ry, suits, and bribes, and flatt'ry hate:
Bawds shall turn *Nuns*, *Salt D—s* grow chaste,
And *Paint*, and *Pride*, and *Lechery* detest:
Popes shall for *Kings Supremacy* decide,
And *Cardinals* for *Huguenots* be tried:
Sooner (which is the great'st impossible)
Shall the vile Brood of *Loyola*, and *Hell*
Give o're to Plot, be villains, and rebel;

Than I with utmost spite, and vengeance cease
To prosecute, and plague their cursed race.

The rage of *Poets* damn'd, of *Womens Pride*
Contemn'd, and scorn'd, or *proffer'd lust* denied:
The malice of *Religious* angry *Zeal*,
And all, *cashier'd* resenting *Statesmen* feel:
What prompts dire *Hags* in their own blood to
And sell their very souls to Hell for spite:
All this urge on my rank envenom'd spleen,
And with keen Satyr edg my stabbing Pen:
That its each home-set thrust their blood may draw,
Each drop of Ink like *Aquafortis* gnaw.

Red hot with vengeance thus, I'll brand disgrace
So deep, no time shall e're the marks deface:
Till my severe, and exemplary doom
Spread wider than their guilt, till it become
More dreaded than the *Bar*, and frighten worse
Than damning *Popes Anathema's*, and curse.

SATYR I.

Garnet's Ghost addressing to the Je-
suits, met in private Cabal just af-
ter the Murder of Godfrey.

BY *Hell*'twas bravely done! what less than
this?

What *Sacrifice* of meaner worth, and price

Could we have offer'd up for our success?

So fare all they, who e're provoke our hate,

Who by like ways presume to tempt their fate;

Fare each like this bold meddling *Fool*, and be

As well *secur'd*, as well *dispatch'd* as he:

Would he were here, yet warm, that we might drain

His reeking gore, and drink up ev'ry vein!

That were a glorious *sanction*, much like thine,

Great *Roman*! made upon a like design.

Like thine? we scorn so mean a *Sacrament*,
 To seal, and consecrate our high intent,
 We scorn base Blood should our great League
 cement :

Thou didst it with a slave, but we think good
 To bind our Treason with a bleeding God.

Would it were *His* (why should I fear to name,
 Or you to hear't?) at which we nobly aim!
 Lives yet that hated *en'my* of our *cause*?
 Lives *He* our mighty projects to oppose?
 Can *His* weak innocence, and Heaven's care
 Be thought security from what *we* dare?
 Are you then *Jesuits*? are you so for nought?
 In all the *Catholick* depths of Treason taught?
 In *orthodox*, and *solid* pois'ning read?
 In each profounder art of killing *bred*?
 And can *you* fail, or bungle in your trade?
 Shall one poor *life* your cowardize upbraid?
 Tame dastard slaves! who your *profession* shame,
 And fix disgrace on our great *Founder's* name.

Think what late *Sect'ries* (an ignoble crew,
 Not worthy to be rank'd in sin with you)
 Inspir'd with lofty wickedness, durst do:
 How from his Throne they hurl'd a *Monarch* down,
 And doubly eas'd him of both Life, and Crown:
 They scorn'd in covert their bold act to hide,
 In open face of Heav'n the work they did,
 And brav'd its vengeance, and it pow'rs defied.
 This is his *Son*, and mortal too like him,
 Durst you usurp the glory of the crime;
 And dare ye not? I know, you scorn to be
 By such as *they*, out-done in villany,
 Your proper *province*; true, you urg'd them on,
 Were engines in the fact, but they alone
 Share all the open credit, and renown.

But hold! I wrong our *Church*, and *Cause*,
 which need

No forein instance, nor what others did:

Think on that matchless *Assassin*, whose name

We with just pride can make our happy claim;

He, who at killing of an *Emperor*,
 To give his poison stronger force, and pow'r
 Mixt a *God* with't, and made it work more sure :
 Blest memory ! which shall through Age to come
 Stand sacred in the lists of *Hell*, and *Rome*.

Let our great *Clement*, and *Ravillac's* name,
 Your Spirits to like heights of sin inflame ;
 Those mighty *Souls*, who bravely chose to die
 T'have each a *Royal Ghost* their company :
 Heroick Act ! and worth their tortures well,
 Well worth the suff'ring of a double Hell,
 That, they felt here, and that below, they feel.

And if these cannot move you, as they shou'd,
 Let *me*, and *my example* fire your blood :
 Think on my vast attempt, a glorious deed,
 Which durst the Fates have suffer'd to succeed,
 Had rival'd *Hells* most proud *exploit*, and *boast*,
 Ev'n *that*, which wou'd the *King of fates* depos'd,
 Curst be the day, and ne'er in time inrol'd,
 And curst the Star, whose spiteful influence rul'd
 The luckless Minute, which my project spoil'd :

Curse

Curse on that *Pow'r*, who, of himself afraid,
 My glory with my brave design betray'd:
 Justly he fear'd, lest I, who strook so high
 In guilt, should next blow up his Realm, and Sky:
 And so I had; at least I would have durst,
 And failing, had got off with Fame at worst.

Had you but half my bravery in Sin,
 Your work had never thus unfinish'd bin:
 Had I bin Man, and the great act to do;
 H'ad dy'd by this, and bin what I am now,
 Or what *His Father* is: I would leap Hell
 To reach *His Life*, tho in the midst I fell,
 And deeper than before. —
 Let rabble Souls, of narrow aim, and reach,
 Stoop their vile Necks, and dull Obedience preach:
 Let them with slavish aw (disdain'd by me)
 Adore the purple Rag of Majesty,
 And think't a sacred Relick of the Sky:
 Well may such Fools a base Subjection own,
 Vassals to every *Ass*, that loads a Throne:

Unlike the fowl, with which proud I was born,
 Who could that sneaking thing a *Monarch* scorn,
 Spurn off a Crown, and set my foot in sport
 Upon the head, that wore it, trod in dirt.

But say, what is't, that binds your hands? do's fear
 From such a glorious action you deter?

Or is't Religion? but you sure disclaim

That frivolous pretence, that empty name:

- ◊ Meer bugbear word, devis'd by *Us* to scare
- ◊ The senseless rout to slavishness, and fear,
- ◊ Ne're known to awe the brave, and those, that dare.
- ◊ Such weak, and feeble things may serve for checks
- ◊ To rein, and curb base-mettled *Hereticks*;
- ◊ Dull creatures, whose nice bogling consciences
- ◊ Startle, or strain at such slight crimes as these;
- ◊ Such, whom fond inbred honesty befools,
- ◊ Or that old musty piece the Bible gulls:
- ◊ That hated *Book*, the bulwark of our foes,
- ◊ Whereby they still uphold their tott'ring cause.

Let no such toys mislead you from the road
 Of glory, nor infect your Souls with good:
 Let never bold incroaching Virtue dare
 With her grim holy face to enter there,
 No, not in very *Dream*: have only will
 Like *Fiends*, and *Me* to covet, and act ill:
 Let true substantial wickedness take place,
 Usurp, and Reign; let it the very trace
 (If any yet be left) of good deface. }
 If ever qualms of inward cowardice
 (The things, which some dull fots call conscience)
 rise, }
 Let them in steams of Blood, and slaughter drown,
 Or with new weights of guilt still press 'em down.
 Shame, Faith, Religion, Honor, Loyalty,
 Nature it self, whatever checks there be }
 To loose, and uncontroul'd impiety,
 Be all extinct in you; own no remorse
 But that you've balk'd a sin, have been no worse,
 Or too much pity shewn. —

Be diligent in mischiefs Trade, be each
 Performing as a *Dev'l*; nor stick to reach
 At Crimes most dangerous; where bold despair,
 Mad lust, and heedless blind revenge would ne're
 Ev'n look, march you without a blush, or fear,
 Inflam'd by all the hazards, that oppose,
 And firm, as burning *Martyrs*, to your *Cause*.

Then you're true *Jesuits*, then you're fit to be
 Disciples of great *Loyola*, and *Me*:
 Worthy to *undertake*, worthy a *Plot*,
 Like *this*, and fit to scourge an *Huguenot*.

Plagues on that *Name*! may swift confusion
 seize,

And utterly blot out the cursed Race:
 Thrice damn'd be that *Apostate Monk*, from whom
 Sprung first these *Enemies* of *Us*, and *Rome*:
 Whose pois'nous Filth, dropt from ingend'ring
 Brain,

By monstrous Birth did the vile *Insects* spawn,
 Which now infest each Country, and defile
 With their o'respreading swarms this goodly *Ite*.

Once it was ours, and subject to our Yoke,
 Till a late reigning *Witch* th' Enchantment broke:
 It shall again: *Hell*, and I say't: have ye
 But courage to make good the Propheſie:
 Not fate it ſelf ſhall hinder.—

Too ſparing was the time, too mild the day,
 When our great *Mary* bore the *English* ſway:
 C Uuqueen-like pity marr'd her Royal Pow'r,
 C Nor was her *Purple* dy'd enough in Gore.
 Four, or five hundred, ſuch like petty ſum
 Might fall perhaps a Sacrifice to *Rome*,
 Scarce worth the naming: had I had the Pow'r,
 Or been thought fit t'have been her *Counſellor*,
 She ſhould have rais'd it to a nobler ſcore.
 Big *Bonfires* ſhould have blaz'd, and ſhone each day,
 To tell our Triumphs, and make bright our way:
 C And when 'twas dark, in every Lane, and Street
 C Thick flaming *Hereticks* ſhould ſerve to light
 C And ſave the needless Charge of *Links* by night:

Smithfield should still have kept a constant fire,
 Which never should be quench'd, never expire,
 But with the lives of all the *miscreant rout*,
 Till the last gasping breath had blown it out.

So *Nero* did, such was the prudent course
 Taken by all his mighty Successors,
 To tame like *Hereticks* of old by force :
 They scorn'd dull reason, and pedantick rules
 To conquer, and reduce the harden'd *Fools* :
Racks, Gibbets, Halters were their arguments,
 Which did most undeniably convince :
 Grave bearded *Lions* manag'd the dispute,
 And reverend *Bears* their doct'rins did confute :
 And all, who would stand out in stiff defence,
 They gently *claw'd*, and *worried* into sence :
 Better than all our *Sorbon dotards* now,
 Who would by dint of words our *Foes* subdue.
 This was the rigid *Discipline* of old,
 Which modern sots for *Persecution* hold :

Of which dull *Annalists* in story tell
 Strange *Legends*, and huge bulky *Volumes* swell
 With *Martyr'd Fools*, that lost their way to Hell.

From these, our *Church's* glorious *Ancestors*,
 We've learnt our arts, and made their methods
 ours:

Nor have we come behind, the least degree,
 In acts of rough and manly cruelty:

Converting Faggots, and the pow'ful stake,
 And Sword resistless our *Apostles* make.

This heretofore *Bohemia* felt, and thus
 Were all the num'rous *Profelytes* of *Huss*
 Crush'd with their head: So *Waldo's* cursed rout,
 And those of *Wickliff* here were rooted out, (chose,
 Their names scarce left.---Sure were the means, we
 And wrought prevailingly: *Fire* purg'd the dross
 Of those foul *Heresies*, and foveraign *Steel*
 Lopt off th' infected *Limbs* the *Church* to heal.

Renown'd was that *French Brave*, renown'd his
 A deed, for which the day deserves its *red* (deed,
 Far more than for a paltry *Saint*, that died:

How-goodly was the Sight! how fine the Show!
 When *Paris* saw through all its Channels flow
 The blood of *Huguenots*; when the full *Sein*.
 Swell'd with the flood, its Banks with joy o're-ran!
 He scorn'd like common Murderers to deal
 By parcels, and piecemeal; he scorn'd *Retail*
 I'th' Trace of Death: whole Myriads died by
 th' great, :
 Soon as one single life; so quick their Fate,
 Their very Pray'rs, and Wishe came too late.

This a *King* did: and great, and mighty 'twas,
 Worthy his high Degree, and Pow'r, and Place,
 And worthy our *Religion*, and our *Cause*:
 Unmatch'd 't had been, had not *Mac-quire* arose,
 The bold *Mac-quire* (who, read in modern Fame,
 Can be a Stranger to his Worth, and Name?)
 Born to outsin a *Monarch*, born to *Reign*
 In Guilt, and all Competitors disdain:
 Dread memory! whose each mention still can make
 Pale *Hereticks* with trembling Horror quake,

T'undo a *Kingdom*, to atchieve a crime
Like his ; who would not fall and die like him ?
Never had *Rome* a nobler service done,
Never had *Hell* ; each day came thronging down
Vast shoals of Ghosts, and *mine* was pleas'd, & glad,
And smil'd, when it the brave revenge survey'd.

Nor do I mention these great Instances
For bounds, and limits to your wickedness :
Dare you beyond, something out of the road
Of all example, where none yet have trod,
Nor shall hereafter : what mad *Catiline*
Durst never think, nor's madder *Poet* feign.
Make the poor baffled *Pagan Fool* confess,
How much a *Christian Crime* can conquer his :
How far in gallant mischief overcome,
The *old* must yield to *new*, and *modern Rome*.
Mix *Ills* past, present, future, in one act ;
One high, one brave, one great, one glorious Fact,
Which *Hell*, and *very I* may envy——
Such as a *God* himself might wish to be

A Complice in the mighty *villany*

And barter's *heaven*, and vouchsafe to die.

Nor let Delay (the bane of Enterprize)

Marr yours, or make the great importance mis.

This *fact* has wak'd your *Enemies*, and their fear ;

Let it your vigour too, your haste, and care.

Be swift, and let your deeds forestall intent,

Forestall ev'n wishes, ere they can take vent,

Nor give the Fates the leisure to prevent.

Let the full Clouds, which a long time did wrap

Your gath'ring thunder, now with sudden clap.

Break out upon your *Foes* ; dash, and confound,

And spread avoidless ruine all around.

Let the fir'd *City* to your *Plot* give light ;

You raz'd it half before, now raze it quite.

Do't more effectually ; I'd see it glow

In flames unquenchable as those below.

I'd see the *Miscreants* with their houses burn,

And all together into ashes turn.

- C Bend next your fury to the curst *Divan*;
 C That damn'd *Committee*, whom the Fates ordain
 C Of all our well-laid *Plots* to be the bane.
 C Unkennel those *State-Foxes*, where they ly
 C Working your speedy fate, and destiny.
 C Lug by the ears the doting *Prelates* thence,
 C Dash *Heresie* together with their Brains
 C Out of their shatter'd heads. Lop off the *Lords*
 C And *Commons* at one stroke, and let your Swords
 C Adjourn 'em all to th' other world—

Would I were blest with flesh and blood again,
 But to be Actor in that happy Scene!

Yet thus I will be by, and glut my view;
 Revenge shall take its fill, in state I'll go
 With captive *Ghosts* t'attend me down below.

Let these the Handfells of your vengeance be,
 But stop not here, nor flag in cruelty.

Kill like a Plague, or *Inquisition*; spare
 No Age, Degree, or Sex; only to wear
 A Soul, only to own a Life, be here

Thought crime enough to lose't: no time, nor
Be Sanctuary from your outrages. (place

- ◁ Spare not in Churches kneeling *Priests* at pray'r,
- ◁ Though interceding for you, slay ev'n there.
- ◁ Spare not young *Infants* smiling at the brest,
- ◁ Who from relenting Fools their mercy wrest:
- ◁ Rip teeming Wombs, tear out the hated Brood
- ◁ From thence, & drown 'em in their *Mothers* blood.
- ◁ Pity not *Virgins*, nor their tender cries,
- ◁ Though prostrate at your feet with melting eyes
- ◁ All drown'd in tears; strike home, as 'twere in *lust*,
- ◁ And force their begging hands to guide the thrust.
- ◁ Ravish at th' Altar, kill when you have done,
- ◁ Make them your Rapes, and Victims too in one.
- ◁ Nor let gray hoary hairs protection give
- ◁ To *Age*; just crawling on the verge of Life:
- ◁ Snatch from its leaning hands the weak support,
- ◁ And with it knock't into the grave with sport;
- ◁ Brain the poor Cripple with his Crutch, then cry,
- ◁ You've kindly rid him of his misery.

Seal up your ears to mercy, lest their words
Should tempt a pity, ram 'em with your Swords
(Their tongues too) down their throats; let 'em
not dare

To mutter for their Souls a gasping pray'r,
But in the utt'rance choak't, and stab it there.

'Twere witty handsom malice (could you do't) ,
To make 'em die, and make 'em damn'd to boot.)

Make Children by one fate with Parents die,
Kill ev'n *revenge* in next Posterity :

So you'll be pester'd with no Orphans cries,
No childless Mothers curse your memories.

Make Death, and Desolation swim in blood

Throughout the *Land*, with nought to stop the *flood*

But slaughter'd Carcasses; till the whole *Isle*

Become one *tomb*, become one *fun'ral pile*;

Till such vast numbers swell the countless sum,)

That the wide Grave, and wider Hell want room.)

Great was that *Tyrants* wish, which should be
Did I not scorn the leavings of a sin; (mine,

Freely I would bestow't on *England* now, (grow,)
 That the whole Nation with one neck might }
 To be slic'd off, and you to give the blow. }

What neither *Saxon* rage could here inflict,
 Nor *Danes* more savage, nor the barb'rous *Pict*;

What *Spain*, nor *Eighty Eight* could ere devise,
 With all its *Fleet*, and *fraight* of cruelties;

What ne're *Medina* wish'd, much less could dare,
 And bloodier *Alva* would with trembling hear;

What may strike our dire *Prodigies* of old,
 And make their mild, and gentler acts untold.

What *Heav'n's* Judgments, nor the angry *Stars*,
Forein Invasions, nor *Domestick* Wars,

Plague, *Fire*, nor *Famine* could effect or do;

All this, and more be dar'd, and done by you.

But why do I with idle talk delay

Your hands, and while they should be acting, stay?

Farewell—

If I may waste a pray'r for your success,

Hell be your aid, and your high projects bless!

May that vile Wretch, if any here there be,

That meanly shrinks from brave Iniquity;

If any here feel pity, or remorse,

May he feel all, I've bid you act, and worse!

May he by rage of Foes unpitied fall,

And they tread out his hated Soul to Hell.

May's Name, and Carcase rot, expos'd alike to be

The everlasting mark of grinning infamy.

C 4 S A

SATYR II.

NAy, if our sins are grown so high of late,
 That Heav'n no longer can adjourn our fate;
 May't please some milder vengeance to devise,
 Plague, Fire, Sword, Dearth, or any thing but this.
 Let it rain scalding showers of *Brimstone* down,
 To burn us, as of old the *lustful Town*:
 Let a new *deluge* overwhelm agen,
 And drown at once our Land, our Lives, our Sin.
 Thus gladly we'll compound, all this we'll pay,
 To have this worst of *Ills* remov'd away.
 Judgments of other kinds are often sent
 In mercy only, not for punishment:
 But where these light, they shew a Nation's fate
 Is given up, and past for reprobate.

When God his stock of wrath on *Egypt* spent,
 To make a stubborn *Land*, and *King* repent,
 Sparing the rest, had he this one Plague sent;

For this alone his *People* had been quit,
And *Pharaoh* circumcis'd a *Profelyte*.

Wonder no longer why no *curse*, like these,
Was known, or suffer'd in the primitive days:
They never finn'd enough to merit it, (fit,
'Twas therefore what Heav'n's just pow'r thought
To scourge this latter, and more finful age
With all the *dregs*, and *squeesings* of his rage.

Too dearly is proud *Spain* with *England* quit
For all her loss sustain'd in *Eighty Eight*;
For all the Ills, our Warlike *Virgin* wrought,
Or *Drake*, and *Rawleigh* her great Scourges brought.
AmPLY was she reveng'd in that one birth, (forth;
When Hell for her the *Biscain* Plague brought
Great Counter-plague! in which unhappy we
Pay back her suff'rings with full usury:
Than whom alone none ever was design'd
T'entail a wider curse on Human kind,
But *he*, who first begot us, and first sin'd.

Happy the World had been, and happy Thou,
 (Less damn'd at least, and less accurst than now)
 If early with less guilt in War th'hadst dy'd,
 And from ensuing mischiefs Mankind freed.
 Or when thou view'dst the *Holy Land*, and *Tomb*,
 Th'hadst suffer'd there thy *brother Traytor's* doom.
 Curst be the womb, that with the *Firebrand* teem'd,
 Which ever since has the whole *Globe* inflam'd;
 More curst that ill-aim'd *Shot*, which basely mist,
 Which maim'd a *limb*, but spar'd thy hated *breast*,
 And made th' at once a *Cripple*, and a *Priest*.

But why this wish? The *Church* if so might lack
Champions, *good works*, and *Saints* for th' *Almanack*.

These are the *Janizaries* of the *Cause*,
 The *Life Guard* of the *Roman Sultan*, chose
 To break the force of *Huguenots*, and *Foes*.
 The *Church's Hawkers in Divinity*,
 Who 'stead of *Lace*, and *Ribbons*, *Doctrine* cry:
Rome's Strowlers, who survey each *Continent*,
 Its *trinkets*, and *commodities* to vent.

Export the *Gospel*, like mere *ware*, for sale,
And truck't for *Indigo*, and *Cutchoneal*.

As the known *Factors* here, the *Brethren*, once
Swopt *Christ* about for *Bodkins*, *Rings*, and *Spoons*.

And shall these great *Apostles* be contemn'd,
And thus by scoffing *Hereticks* defam'd?
They, by whose means both *Indies* now enjoy
The two choice blessings *Pox*, and *Popery*?

Which buried else in ignorance had been,
Nor known the worth of *Beads*, and *Bellarmino*?

It pitied holy *Mother Church* to see

A world so drown'd in gross *Idolatry* :

It griev'd to see such goodly Nations hold
Bad *Errors*, and unpardonable *Gold*.

Strange ! what a godly zeal can *Coyn* infuse!

What charity *Pieces of Eight* produce!

So you were chose the fittest to reclaim

The *Pagan* World, and give't a *Christian* Name.

And great was the success; whole *Myriads* stood

At *Font*, and were *baptiz'd* in their own blood.

Millions of Souls were hurl'd from hence to burn
 Before their time, be damn'd before their turn.

Yet these were in compassion sent to Hell,
 The rest reserv'd in spite, and worse to feel,
 Compell'd instead of *Fiends* to worship you,
 The more inhuman *Devils* of the two.

Rare way, and method of *conversion* this,
 To make your *Votaries* your Sacrifice!
 If to destroy be *Reformation* thought;
 A *Plague* as well might the *good work* have wrought.

Now see we why your *Founder*, weary grown
 Would lay his former Trade of *Killing* down;
 He found 'twas dull, he found a *Gown* would be
 A fitter case, and badge of cruelty.
 Each sniv'ling *Hero* Seas of Blood can spill,
 When wrongs provoke, and Honour bids him kill,
 Each tiny *Bully* Lives can freely bleed,
 When prest by *Wine*, or *Punk* to knock o'th' head:
 Give me your through-pac'd *Rogue*, who scorns
 Prompted by poor *Revenge*, or *Injury*, (to be
 But does it of true inbred cruelty:

Your

Your cool, and sober *Murderer*, who prays,
 And stabs at the same time, who one hand has
 Stretcht up to Heav'n, t'other to make the Pass.

So the late *Saints* of blessed memory,
 Cut throats in godly pure sincerity :
 So they with lifted hands, and eyes devout
 Said Grace, and carv'd a slaughter'd *Monarch* out.

When the first Traitor *Cain* (too good to be
 Thought Patron of this black *Fraternity*)
 His bloody Tragedy of old design'd,
 One death alone quench'd his revengeful mind,
 Content with but a quarter of Mankind :
 Had he been *Jesuit*, had he but put on
 Their savage cruelty ; the rest had gone :
 His hand had sent old *Adam* after too,
 And forc'd the Godhead to create anew. (thought

And yet 'twere well, were their foul guilt but
 Bare sin : 'tis something ev'n to own a fault,
 But here the boldest flights of wickedness
 Are stamp't *Religion*, and for currant pass.

The blackest, ugliest, horrid'st, damned'st deed,
 For which *Hell flames*, the *Schools* a Title need,
 If done for *Holy Church*; is sanctified.

This consecrates the blessed *Work*, and *Tool*,
 Nor must we ever after think 'em foul.

To undo Realms, kill Parents, murder Kings,
 Are thus but petty trifles, venial things,
 Not worth a *Confessor*; nay, Heav'n shall be
 It self invok'd t'abet th' impiety.

“ Grant, gracious Lord. (*Some Reverend Villain*

“ That this the bold Assertor of our *Cause* (*prays*)

“ May with success accomplish that great end,

“ For which he was by thee, and us design'd.

“ Do thou t'his Arm, and Sword thy strength im-

“ And guide 'em steddy to the *Tyrants* heart. (*part,*

“ Grant him for every meritorious thrust

“ Degrees of bliss above among the Just;

“ Where holy *Garnet*, and *S. Guy* are plac'd,

“ Whom works, like this, before have thither rais'd.

“Where they are interceeding for us now;

“For sure they’re there. Yes questionless, and so

Good *Nero* is, and *Dioclesian* too,

And that great ancient Saint *Herostratus*,

And the late godly *Martyr* at *Tholouse*.

Dare something worthy *Newgate*, and the *Tow’r*!

If you’l be *canoniz’d*, and Heav’n ensure.

Dull *prim’tive Fools* of old! who would be good,

Who would by vertue reach the blest abode:

Far other are the ways found out of late,

Which Mortals to that happy place translate:

Rebellion, Treason, Murder, Massacre,

The chief Ingredients now of *Saintship* are,

And *Tyburn* only stocks the *Calendar*.

Unhappy *Judas*, whose ill fate, or chance

Threw him upon gross times of ignorance;

Who knew not how to value, or esteem

The worth, and merit of a glorious crime!

Should his kind Stars have let him acted now;

H’ad dy’d *absolv’d*, and dy’d a *Martyr* too.

Hear'st thou, Great God, such daring blasphemy,
 And letst thy patient Thunder still lie by?
 Strike, and avenge, lest impious *Atheists* say,
 Chance guides the world, & has usurp'd thy sway;
 Lest these proud prosp'rous *Villains* too confess,
 Thou'rt senseless, as they make thy Images.
 Thou just, and sacred Pow'r! wilt thou admit
 Such Guests should in thy glorious presence sit?
 If Heav'n can with such company dispence;
 Well did the *Indian* pray, *Might he keep thence!*

But this we only feign, all vain, and false,
 As their own *Legends, Miracles, and Tales*;
 Either the groundless calumnies of spite,
 Or idle rants of Poetry, and Wit.

We wish they were: but you hear *Garnet* cry,
 "I did it, and would do't again; had I
 "As much of Blood, as many Lives as *Rome*
 "Has spilt in what the *Fools* call *Martyrdom*;
 "As many Souls as Sins; I'd freely stake
 "All them, and more for *Mother Church's* sake.

For that I'll stride o're Crowns, swim through a
Flood,

“Made up of slaughter'd *Monarch's* Brains, and
Blood.

“For *that* no lives of *Hereticks* I'll spare,

“But reap 'em down with less remorse, and care

“Than *Tarquin* did the Poppy-heads of old,

“Or we drop beads, by which our Pray'rs are told.

Bravely resolv'd! and 'twas as bravely dar'd:

But (lo!) the Recompence, and great Reward,

The *wight* is to the *Almanack* preferr'd.

Rare motives to be damn'd for holy Cause,

A few *red Letters*, and some *painted straws*!

Fools! who thus truck with Hell by *Mohatra*,

And play their Souls against no stakes away.

'Tis strange with what an holy impudence

The Villain *caught*, his innocence maintains:

Denies with oaths the fact, until it be

Less guilt to own it than the perjury:

By th' *Maß*, and blessed *Sacraments* he swears,

This *Mary's Milk*, and t'other *Mary's Tears*,

And the whole muster-roll in *Calendars*.

Not yet swallow the Falshood? if all this
 Won't gain a resty Faith; he will on's Knees
 Th' *Evangelists*, and *Ladie's Psalter* kifs.

To vouch the Lye: nay, more, to make it good
 Mortgage his Soul upon't, his Heav'n, and God.

Damn'd faithless *Hereticks*! hard to convince,
 Who trust no Verdict, but dull obvious Sense.

Unconscionable *Courts*! who *Priests* deny
 Their *Benefit o'th Clergy*, Perjury.

Room for the *Martyr'd Saints*! behold they come!
 With what a noble Scorn they meet their Doom?
 Not *Knights o'th Post*, nor often Carted *Whores*
 Shew more of Impudence, or less Remorse.

O glorious, and heroick Constancy!
 That can forswear upon the *Cart*, and die
 With gasping Souls expiring in a Lye.

None but tame Sheepish *Criminals* repent,
 Who fear the idle Bugbear, Punishment:
 Your Gallant Sinner scorns that Cowardice,
 The poor regret of having done amifs:
 Brave he, to his first Principles still true,

Can face Damnation, Sin with Hell in view:

And bid it take the Soul, he does bequeath,

And blow it thither with his dying Breath.

Dare such, as these, profess *Religion's* Name?

Who, should they own't, and be believ'd; would
shame

It's Practice out o'th World, would *Atheists* make

Firm in their *Creed*, and vouch it at the Stake?

Is *Heav'n* for such, whose Deeds make *Hell* too good,

Too mild a *Penance* for their cursed Brood?

For whose unheard-of Crimes, and damned Sake

Fate must below new sorts of Torture make,

Since, when of old it fram'd that place of Doom,

'Twas thought no Guilt, like this, could thither come

Base recreant Souls! would you have Kings trust
you,

Who never yet kept your Allegiance true

To any but *Hell's Prince*? who with more ease

Can swallow down most solemn Perjuries,

Than a *Town-Bullie* common Oaths, and Lies?

Are the *French Harries* Fates so soon forgot?

Our last blest *Tudor*? or the *Powder-Plot*?

And those fine Streamers, that adorn'd so long
The *Bridge*, and *Westminster*, and yet had hung,
Were they not stoln, and now for *Relicks* gone?

Think *Tories* Loyal, or *Scotch Covenanters*:

Rob'd *Tygers* gentle; courteous, fasting *Bears*:

Atheists devout, and thrice-wrack'd *Mariners*:

Take *Goats* for Chast, and cloyster'd *Marmosites*:

For plain, and open two-edg'd *Parasites*:

Believe *Bawds* modest, and the shameless *Stews*,

And binding *Drunkard Oaths*, and *Strumpet's Vows*:

And when in time these Contradictions meet;

Then hope to find 'em in a *Loyolite*:

To whom, tho gasping, should I credit give;

I'd think 'twere Sin, and damn'd like unbelief.

Oh for the *Swedish* Law enacted here!

No Scarecrow frightens like a *Priest-Guelder*:

Hunt them, as *Beavers* are, force them to buy

Their Lives with Ransom of their Lechery.

Or let that wholesome *Statute* be reviv'd,

Which *England* heretofore from *Wolves* reliev'd:

Tax

Tax every *Shire* instead of them to bring
 Each Year a certain tale of *Jesuits* in:
 And let their mangled *Quarters* hang the *Ile*
 To scare all future Vermin from the Soil.
 Monsters avaunt ! may some kind Whirlwind sweep
 Our Land, and drown these *Locusts* in the deep:
 Hence ye loth'd Objects of our Scorn, and Hate
 With all the Curses of an injur'd *State*:
 Go, foul *Impostors*, to some duller Soil,
 Some easier *Nation* with your *Cheats* beguile:
 Where your gross common *Galleries* may pass,
 To slur, and top on *bubbled Consciences*:
 Where *Ignorance*, and th' *Inquisition* Rules,
 Where the vile Herd of poor *Implicit Fools*
 Are damn'd contentedly, where they are led
 Blindfold to *Hell*, and thank, and pay their Guide.

Go, where all your black *Tribe* before are gone,
 Follow *Chastel*, *Ravillac*, *Clement* down,
 Your *Catesby*, *Faux*, and *Garnet*, thousands more,
 And those, who hence have lately rais'd the Score.

Where the *Grand Traitor* now, and all the Crew
Of his *Disciples* must receive their Due:

Where Flames, and Tortures of Eternal Date
Must punish you, yet ne're can expiate:

Learn duller *Fiends* your unknown Cruelties,
Such as no Wit, but yours, could ere devise,

No Guilt, but yours, deserve; make *Hell* confess

It self out done, its *Devils* damn'd for less.

 SATYR III.

Loyala's Will.

Long had the fam'd Impostor found Success,
 Long seen his damn'd Fraterniti's increase,
 In Wealth, and Power, Mischief, and Guile improv'd,
 By Popes, and Pope-rid Kings upheld, and lov'd:
 Laden with Tears, and Sins, and numerous Scars,
 Got some it'h Field, but most in other Wars,
 Now finding Life decay, and Fate draw near,
 Grown ripe for Hell, and Roman Calendar,
 He thinks it worth his Holy Thoughts, and Care,
 Some hidden Rules, and Secrets to impart,
 The Proofs of long Experience, and deep Art,
 Which to his Successors may useful be
 In conduct of their future Villany.
 Summon'd together, all th' Officious Band
 The Orders of their Bed-rid Chief attend;
 Doubtful, what Legacy he will bequeath,
 And wait with greedy Ears his dying Breath:

*With such quick Duty Vassal Fiends below
To meet commands of their Dread Monarch go.*

*On Pillow rais'd, he do's their Entrance greet,
And joys to see the Wish'd Assembly meet:
They in glad Murmurs tell their Joy aloud,
Then a deep Silence stills th' expecting Croud.
Like Delphick Hag of old, by Fiend possess'd,
He swells, wild Frenzy heaves his panting Brest,
His bristling Hairs stick up, his Eye-Balls glow,
And from his Mouth long flakes of Drivel flow:
Thrice with due Rev'rence he himself doth cross,
Then thus his Hellish Oracles disclose.*

*Ye firm Associates of my great Design,
Whom the same Vows, and Oaths, and Order joyn,
The faithful Band, whom I, and Rome have chose,
The last Support of our declining Cause:
Whose Conqu'ring Troops I with Success have led
'Gainst all Opposers of our Church, and Head;
Who e're to the mad German owe their Rise,
Geneva's Rebels, or the hot brain'd Swiss;*

Revolted Hereticks, who late have broke,
And durst throw off the long-worn Sacred Yoke:
You, by whose happy Influence *Rome* can boast
A greater Empire, than by *Luther* lost:
By whom wide Nature's far-stretch't Limits now,
And utmost *Indies* to its Crozier Bow:

Go on, ye mighty Champions of our Cause,
Maintain our Party, and subdue our Foes:
Kill Heresie, that rank, and pois'nous Weed,
Which threatens now the Church to overspread:
Fire *Calvin*, and his Nest of Upstarts out,
Who tread our Sacred Mitre under Foot;
Stray'd *Germany* reduce; let it no more
Th' incestuous *Monk* of *Wittemberg* adore:
Make Stubborn *England* once more stoop its Crown,
And Fealty to our Priestly Sovereign own:
Regain our Church's Rights, the *Island* clear
From all remaining Dregs of *Wickliff* there.
Plot, enterprize, contrive, endeavour: spare
No toil, nor Pains: no death, nor Danger fear:

Restless your Aims pursue: let no defeat
 You sprightly Courage, and Attempts rebate,
 But urge to fresh, and bolder, ne're to end
 Till the whole World to our great *Caliph* bend:
 Till he thro' every Nation every where
 Bear Sway, and Reign as absolute, as here:
 Till *Rome* without Controul, and Contest be
 The Univerfal Ghostly Monarchy.

Oh! that kind Heaven a longer Thread would
 give,

And let me to that happy Juncture live:

But 'tis decreed!—*at this he paus'd, and wept,*

The rest alike time with his Sorrow kept:

Then thus continued he—Since unjust Fate

Envies my race of Glory longer date;

Yet, as a wounded General, e're he dies,

To his sad Troops, sighs out his last Advice,

(Who, tho' they must his fatal Absence moan,

By those great Lessons conquer, when he's gone)

So I to you my last Instructions give,

And breath out Counsel with my parting Life:

Let

Let each to my important words give Ear,
Worth your Attention, and my dying Care.

First, and the chiefest thing by me enjoyn'd.

The Solemn'st tie, that must your Order bind,

Let each without demur, or scruple pay

A strict Obedience to the *Roman* Sway :

To the unerring Chair all Homage Swear,

Altho' a Punk, a Witch, a Fiend sit there :

Who e're is to the Sacred Mitre rear'd,

Believe all Vertues with the place conferr'd :

Think him establish'd there by Heav'n, tho' he

Has Altars rob'd for Bribes the choice to buy,

Or pawn'd his Soul to Hell for Simony :

Tho' he be Atheist, Heathen, *Turk*, or *Jew*,

Blasphemer, Sacrilegious, Perjur'd too :

Tho' Pander, Bawd, Pimp, Pathick, Buggerer,

What e're Old *Sodom's* Nest of Lechers were :

Tho' Tyrant, Traitor, Pois'oner, Parricide,

Magician, Monster, all, that's bad beside :

Fouler than Infamy ; the very Lees,

The Sink, the Jakes, the Common-shore of Vice :

Strait

Strait count him Holy, Vertuous, Good, Devout,
Chast, Gentle, Meek, a Saint, a God, who not?

Make Fate hang on his Lips, nor Heaven have
Pow'r to Predestinate without his leave:

None be admitted there, but who he please,

Who buys from him the Patent for the Place.

Hold those amongst the highest rank of Saints,

Whom e're he to that Honour shall advance,

Tho' here the Refuse of the Jail, and Stews,

Which Hell it self would scarce for lumber chuse:

But count all Reprobate, and Damn'd, and worse,

Whom he, when Gout, or Tiffick Rage, shall curse:

Whom he in anger Excommunicates

For *Friday* Meals, and abrogating Sprats:

Or in just Indignation spurns to Hell

For jearing holy Toe, and Pantofle.

What e're he says, esteem for Holy Writ,

And text Apocryphal, if he think fit:

Let arrant Legends, worst of Tales, and Lies,

Falser than *Capgraves*, and *Voragines*,

Than *Quixot*, *Rablais*, *Amadis de Gaul*,
 Is sign'd with Sacred Lead, and Fisher's Seal,
 Be thought Authentick and Canonical.

Again, if he ordain't in his Decrees,
 Let very Gospel for meer Fable pass:
 Let Right be Wrong, Black White, and Vertue Vice,
 No Sun, no Moon, nor no Antipodes:
 Forswear your Reason, Conscience, and your Creed,
 Your very Sense, and *Euclid*, if he bid.

Let it be held less heinous, less amiss,
 To break all Gods Commands, than one of his:
 When his great Missions call, without delay,
 Without reluctance readily Obey,
 Nor let your Inmost Wishes dare gainsay:
 Should he to *Bantam*, or *Japan* command,
 Or farthest Bounds of *Southern* unknown Land,
 Farther than Avarice its Vassals drives,
 Thro' Rocks, and Dangers, loss of Blood, and Lives;
 Like great *Xavier's* be your Obedience shown,
 Outstrip his Courage, Glory, and Renown;

Whom neither yawning Gulphs of deep Despair,
 Nor scorching Heats of Burning Line could scare :
 Whom Seas, nor Storms, nor Wracks could make
 refrain

From propagating Holy Faith, and Gain.

If he but nod Commissions out to kill,
 But becken Lives of Hereticks to spill ;
 Let th' *Inquisition* rage, fresh Cruelties
 Make the dire Engins groan with tortur'd Cries :
 Let *Campo Flori* every day be strow'd
 With the warm Ashes of the *Luth'ran* Brood :
 Repeat again *Bohemian* Slaughters ore,
 And *Piedmont* Vallies drown with floating Gore :
 Swifter than Murthuring Angels, when they fly
 On Errands of avenging Destiny.

Fiercer than Storms let loose, with eager haste
 Lay Cities, Countries, Realms, whole Nature waste.
 Sack, ravish, burn, destroy, flay, massacre,
 Till the same Grave their Lives, and Names interr.

These are the Rights to our great *Musty* due,
 The sworn Allegiance of your Sacred Vow :

What else we in our Votaries require,

What other Gift, next follows to enquire.

And first it will our great Advice besit,

What Soldiers to your Lifts you ought admit,

To Natives of the Church, and Faith, like you,

The foremost rank of Choice is justly due:

'Mongst whom the chiefeft place assign to those,

Whose Zeal has mostly Signaliz'd the Cause.

But let not Entrance be to them denied,

Who ever shall desert the adverse Side:

Omit no Promises of Wealth, or Power,

That may inveigled Hereticks allure:

Those, whom great learning, parts, or wit renowns,

Cajole with Hopes of Honours, Scarlet Gowns,

Provincialships, and Palls, and Triple Crowns.

This must a Rector, that a Provost be,

A third succeed to the next Abbacy:

Some Princes Tutors, others Confessors

To Dukes, and Kings, and Queens, and Emperors:

These are strong Arguments, which seldom fail,

Which more than all your weak disputes prevail.

Exclude not those of less desert, decree
 To all Revolters your Foundation free :
 To all, whom Gaming, Drunkenness, or Lust
 To Need, and Popery shall have reduc'd :
 To all, whom slighted Love, Ambition crost,
 Hopes often bilk't, and Sought Preferment lost,
 Whom Pride, or Discontent, Revenge, or Spite,
 Fear, Frenzy, or Despair shall Profelyte :
 Those pow'rful Motives, which the most bring in,
 Most Converts to our Church, and Order win.
 Reject not those, whom Guilt, and Crimes at home
 Have made to us for Sanctuary come :
 Let Sinners of each Hue, and Size, and Kind
 Here quick admittance, and safe Refuge find :
 Be they from Justice of their Country fled,
 With Blood of Murders, Rapes, and Treasons died :
 No Varlet, Rogue, or Miscreant refuse,
 From Gallies, Jails, or Hell it self Broke loose.
 By this you shall in Strength, and Numbers grow
 And shoals each day to your throng'd Cloysters
 flow :

So *Rome's* and *Mecca's* first great Founders did,
By such wise Methods made their Churches spread,

When shaven Crown, and hallow'd Girdle's
Power

Has dub'd him Saint, that Villain was before;

Enter'd, let it his first Endeavour be

To shake of all remains of Modesty,

Dull sneaking Modesty, not more unfit

For needy flatt'ring Poets, when they write,

Or trading Punks, than for a *Jesuit*:

If any Novice feel at first a blush,

Let Wine, and frequent converse with the Stews

Reform the Fop, and shame it out of Use,

Unteach the puling Folly by Degrees,

And train him to a well-bred Shamelesness.

Get that great Gift, and Talent, Impudence,

Accomplish't Mankind's highest Excellence:

'Tis that alone prefers, alone makes great,

Confers alone Wealth, Titles, and Estate:

Gains Place at Court, can make a Fool a Peer,
 An Afs a Bishop, can vil't Blockheads rear
 To wear Red Hats, and sit in Porph'ry Chair.
 'Tis Learning, Parts, and Skill, and Wit, and Sense,
 Worth, Merit, Honour, Vertue, Innocence.

Next for *Religion*, learn what's fit to take,
 How small a Dram does the just Compound make.
 As much as is by the Crafty *States-men* worn
 For Fashion only, or to serve a turn:
 To bigot Fools its idle Practice leave,
 Think it enough the empty Form to have:
 The outward Show is seemly, cheap, and light,
 The Substance Cumberfome, of Cost, and Weight:
 The Rabble judg by what appears to th' Eye,
 None, or but few the Thoughts within Descry.
 Make't you an Engine to ambitious Pow'r
 To stalk behind, and hit your Mark more sure:
 A Cloak to cover well-hid *Knavery*,
 Like it, when us'd, to be with ease thrown by:
 A shifting Card, by which your Course to steer,
 And taught with every changing *Wind* to veer.

Let no Nice, Holy, Conscientious Afs
 Amongst your better Company find place,
 Me, and your Foundation to disgrace:
 Let Truth be banisht, ragged Vertue fly,
 And poor unprofitable Honesty;
 Weaks Idols, who their wretched Slaves betray;
 To every Rook, and every Knave a Prey:
 These lie remote, and wide from Interest,
 Farther than Heaven from Hell, or *East* from *West*,
 Far, as they e're were distant from this breast.

Think not your selves t' Austerities confin'd,
 Or those strict Rules, which other Orders bind:
 To *Capuchins*, *Carthusians*, *Cordeliers*
 Leave Penance, meager abstinence, and Prayers:
 In lousie Rags let *Begging Fryars* lye,
 Content on Straw, or Boards to mortifie:
 Let them with Sackcloth discipline their Skins,
 And scourge them for their madness, and their Sins:
 Let pining *Anchorets* in Grotto's starve,
 Who from the Liberties of Nature swerve:

Who make't their chief *Religion* not to eat,
 And place't in nastiness, and want of Meat:
 Live you in *Luxury*, and pamper'd *Ease*,
 As if whole Nature were your *Cateress*.
 Soft be your Beds, as those, which Monarch's *Whores*
 Lye on, or *Gouts* of *Bed-rid Emperors* :
 Your *Wardrobes* stor'd with choice of Suits, more
 Dear
 Than *Cardinals* on High Processions wear :
 With *Dainties* load your Boards, whose every
 Dish
 May tempt cloy'd *Gluttons*, or *Vitellius Wish*,
 Each fit a longing *Queen* : let richest *Wines*
 With *Mirth* your Heads Inflamm, with *Lust* your
 Veins :
 Such as the Fiends of Dying *Popes* would give
 For *Cordials* to prolong their gasping *Life*.

Ne're let the *Nazarene*, whose Badg, and Name
 You wear, upbraid you with a *Conscious Shame* :

Leave

Leave him his slighted *Homilies*, and *Rules*,
 To stuff the *Squabbles* of the wrangling *Schools*;
 Disdain, that he, and the poor angling *Tribe*,
 Should *Laws*, and *Government* to you prescribe:
 Let none of those good *Fools* your *Patterns* make;
 Instead of them, the mighty *Judas* take.
 Renown'd *Iscariot*, fit alone to be
 Th' Example of our great *Society*:
 Whose daring *Guilt* despis'd the common *Road*,
 And scorn'd to stoop at *Sin* beneath a *God*.

And now 'tis time I should *Instructions* give,
 What *Wiles*, and *Cheats* the *Rabble* best deceive:
 Each *Age*, and *Sex*, their diff'rent *Passions* wear,
 To suit with which requires a prudent *Care*:
 Youth is *Capricious*, *Headstrong*, *Fickle*, *Vain*,
 Given to *Lawless Pleasure*, *Age* to *gain*:
 Old *Wives*, in *Superstition* over-grown,
 With *Chimney-Tales*, and *Stories* best are won:
 'Tis no mean *Talent* rightly to descry,
 What several *Baits* to each you ought apply.

The Credulous, and easie of Belief,
 With *Miracles*, and well-fram'd Lies deceive.
 Empty whole *Surius*, and the *Talmud*: drain
 Saint *Francis*, and Saint *Mahomet's Alcoran*:
 Sooner shall *Popes*, and *Cardinals* want Pride,
 Than you a *Stock* of Lies, and Legends need.

Tell how blest *Virgin* to come down was seen,
 Like *Play-House Punk* descending in *Machine*:
 How she writ *Billets Doux*, and *Love Discourse*,
 Made *Assignations*, *Visits*, and *Amours*:
 How *Hosts* distrest, her *Smock* for *Banner* bore,
 Which vanquish'd *Foes*, and murder'd at twelve
 Relate how *Fish* in *Conventicles* met, (Score.
 And *Mackrel* were with Bait of *Doctrine* caught:
 How *Cattle* have *Judicious Hearers* been,
 And *Stones* pathetically cry'd *Amen*:
 How consecrated *Hives* with *Bells* was hung,
 And *Bees* kept *Mafs*, and Holy *Anthems Sung*:
 How *Pigs* to th' *Ros'ry* kneel'd. and *Sheep* were
 To bleat *Te Deum*, and *Magnificat*: (taught

How *Fly-Flap* of Church-Censure Houses rid
 Of Insects, which at Curse of *Fryer* dy'd:
 How travelling Saint, well mounted on a Switch,
 Rid *Fournies* thro' the *Air*, like *Lapland Witch*:
 And ferrying Cowls *Religious Pilgrims* bore
 O're waves with the help of Sail, or Oar.
 Nor let *Xavier's* great *Wonders* pass conceal'd,
 How *Storms* were by th' Almighty *Wafer* quell'd;
 How *zealous Crab* the sacred Image bore,
 And Swam a *Cath'lick* to the distant Shore
 With Shams, like these, the giddy *Rout* mislead,
 Their *Folly*, and their *Superstition* feed.

'Twas found a good, and gainful Art of Old
 (And much it did our Church's *Pow'r* uphold)
 To feign *Hobgoblins*, *Elves*, and walking *Sprites*,
 And *Fairies* dancing *Salenger* a Nights:
 White Sheets for *Ghosts*, and *Will-a-wisps* have past
 For Souls in *Purgatory* unreleas't.
 And *Crabs* in Church-Yards crawl'd in *Masquerade*,
 To cheat the Parish, and have *Masses* said.

By this our *Ancestor* in happier Days,
 Did store of Credit, and Advantage raise:
 But now the Trade is fall'n, decay'd, and Dead,
 E're since *contagious Knowledg* has o're-spread:
 With *Scorn* the grinning Rabble now hear tell
 Of *Hecla, Patricks hole, and Mongibel*;
 Believ'd no more, than Tales of *Troy*, unless
 In *Countries* drown'd in *Ignorance*, like this.
 Henceforth be wary how such things you feign,
 Except it be beyond the *Cape, or Line*:
 Except at *Mexico, Brazile, Pegu,*
 At the *Molucco's Goa, or Pegu,*
 Or any distant, and *remoter Place,*
 Where they may currant, and unquestion'd pass:
 Where never *poching Hereticks* resort,
 To spring the Lye, and make't their *Game, and*
Sport.

But I forget (what should be *mention'd* most)
Confession, our chief Priviledg, and *Boast*:
 That Staple ware, which ne're returns in vain,
 Ne're balks the *Trader* of expected Gain.

'Tis this, that spies through Court-intrigues, and
Admission to the Cabinets of Kings: (brings

By this we keep proud Monarchs at our Becks,
 And make our *Foot-stools* of their *Thrones*, and *Necks*:

Give 'em *Commands*, and if they *Disobey*;

Betray them to th' *Ambitious Heir* a *Prey*:

Hound the *Officious Curs* on *Hereticks*,

The *Vermin*, which the *Church* infest, and vex:

And when our turn is serv'd, and *Business* done,

Dispatch 'em for *Reward*, as *useless* grown:

Nor are these half the *Benefits*, and *Gains*,

Which by wise *Manag'ry* accrue from thence:

By this w' unlock the *Miser's* hoarded *Chests*,

And *Treasure*, though kept close, as *States-mens*

Breasts:

This does rich *Widows* to our *Nets* decoy,

Lets us their *Jointers*, and themselves enjoy:

To us the *Merchant* does his *Customs* bring,

And pays our *Duty*, tho he cheats his *King*:

To us *Court-Ministers* refund, made great

By *Robbery*, and *Bank-rupt* of the *State*:

Ours

Ours is the Soldier's Plunder, Padder's Prize,
 Gabels on Letch'ry, and the Stew's Excise:
 By this our Colledges in Riches shine,
 And vy with *Becket's*, and *Loretto's* Shrine.

And here I must not grudg a word or two
 (My younger Vot'ries) of Advice to you:
 To you, whom Beautie's Charms, and gen'rous Fire
 Of boiling Youth to sports of Love inspire:
 This is your Harvest, here secure, and cheap
 You may the Fruits of unbought Pleasure reap:
 Riot in free, and uncontroul'd Delight,
 Where no dull Marriage clogs the Appetite:
 Taste every dish of Lust's variety,
 Which *Popes*, and Scarlet Lechers dearly buy,
 With Bribes, and Bishopricks, and Simony,
 But this I ever to your care commend,
 Be wary how you openly Offend:
 Lest scoffing lewd Buffoons descry our shame,
 And fix disgrace on the great Order's fame.

When the unguarded Maid alone repairs
 To ease the burthens of her Sins, and Cares;
 When

When youth in each, and privacy conspire
 To kindle wishes, and befriend desire;
 If she has Practis'd in the Trade before:
 (Few else of Profelytes to us brought o're)
 Little of Force, or Artifice will need :
 To make you in the Victory succeed :
 But if some untaught Innocence she be,
 Rude, and unknowing in the mystery ;
 She'l cost more labour to be made comply.
 Make her by Pumping understand the sport,
 And undermine with secret trains the Fort,
 Sometimes as if you'd blame her gaudy dress,
 Her Naked Pride, her Jewels, Point, and Lace ;
 Find Opportunity her Breasts to Prefs :
 Oft feel her Hand, and whisper in her ear,
 You find the secret marks of lewdness there :
 Sometimes with naughty fence her blushes raise,
 And make 'em guilt, she never knew, confess ;
 " Thus (may you say) with such a leering smile,
 " So Languishing a look your hearts beguile :

“ Thus with your foot, hand, eye, you tokens speak,
 “ these Signs deny, these Assignations make:

“ Thus 'tis you clip, with such a fierce embrace

“ You clasp your Lover to your Breast, and Face:

“ Thus are your hungry lips with Kisses cloy'd,

“ Thus is your hand, and thus your tongue employ'd.

Ply her with talk like this: and, if sh' encline,
 To help devotion give her *Aretine*
 Instead o'th' Rosary: never despair,
 She, that to such discourse will lend an Ear,
 Tho' chaster than cold cloyster'd Nuns she were,
 Will soon prove soft, and pliant to your use,
 As *Strumpets* on the *Carnaval* let loose.
 Credit experience; I have tri'd 'em all,
 And never found th' unerring methods fail:
 Not *Ovid*, tho' 'twere his chief Mastery,
 Had greater Skill in these *Intrigues*, than I:
 Nor *Nero's* learned *Pimp*, to whom we owe
 What choice Records of Lust are extant now.
 This heretofore, when youth, and sprightly *Blood*
 Ran in my *Veins*, I tasted, and enjoy'd:

Ah those blest days!---(here the old Lecher smil'd,
With sweet remembrance of past pleasure fill'd)

But they are gone! Wishes alone remain,
And Dreams of joy, ne're to be felt again:
To abler Youth I now the Practice leave,
To whom this counsel, and advice I give.

But the dear mention of my gayer days
Has made me farther, than I would, digress:
'Tis time we now should in due Place expound,
How guilt is after shrift to be atton'd:

Enjoyn no *sow'r* Repentance, Tear, and Grief;
Eyes weep no cash, and you no profit give:

Sins, tho' of the first rate, must punish'd be,
Not by their own, but th' Actor's Quality:

The Poor, whose purse cannot the Penance bear,
Let whipping serve, bare feet, and shirts of hair:

The richer Fools to *Compostella* send,
Tome *Rome*, *Monferrat*, or the *Holy Land*:

Pet Pardons, and the Indulgence-Office drain
Their Coffers, and enrich the *Pope's* with gain:

Make 'em build Churches, Monasteries found,
And dear bought Masses for their crimes compound.

Let Law, and Gospel, rigid precepts set,
And make the paths to Blifs rugged, and strait:
Teach you a smooth, an easier way to gain
Heav'ns joys, yet sweet, and useful sin retain:
With every frailty, every lust comply,
T' advance your Spiritual Realm, and Monarchy:
Pull up weak Vertue's fence, give scope, and space
And *Purlieus* to *out-lying Consciences*:
Shew that the Needle's eye may stretch, and how
The largest *Camel-vices* may go thro'.

Teach how the *Priest Pluralities* may buy,
Yet fear no odious Sin of Simony,
While Thoughts, and *Ducats* will directed be:
Let Whores adorn his exemplary life,
But no lewd heinous Wife a Scandal give.
Sooth up the *Gaudy Atheist*, who maintains
No Law, but Sense, and *owns no God*, but *Chance*.
Bid *Thieves* rob on, the *Boistrous Russian* tell,
He may for Hire, Revenge, or Honour kill:

Bid *Strumpets* persevere, absolve'em too,
 And take their dues *in kind* for what you do:
 Exhort the painful, and industrious *Bawd*
 To *Diligence*, and *Labour* in her *Trade*:
 Nor think her innocent *Vocation* ill,
 Whose incomes do's the sacred *Treasure* fill:
 Let *Griping Usurers* Extortion use,
 No *Rapine*, *Falshood*, *Perjury* refuse,
 Stick at no *Crime*, which covetous *Popes* would scarce
Act to enrich themselves, and *Bastard-Heirs*:
 A small *Bequest* to th' *Church* can all *atone*,
 Wipes off all scores, and *Heav'n*, and *all's their own*.
 Be these your *Doctrins*, these the *truths*, you *preach*,
 But no forbidden *Bible* come in reach:
 Your *Cheats*, and *Artifices* to *Impeach*.
 Lest thence *Lay-Fools* *Pernicious knowledg* get,
 Throw off *Obedience*, and your *Laws* forget:
 Make 'em believe't a spell, more dreadful far
 Than *Bacon*, *Haly*, or *Albumazar*.
 Happy the time, when th' unpretending *Crowd*
 No more, than I, its *Language* understood!

When

When the worm-eaten Book, link'd to a chain,
 In dust lay moulding in the *Vatican*;
 Despis'd, neglected, and forgot, to none,
 But poring *Rabbies*, or the *Sorbon* known:
 Then in full pow'r our *Sovereign Prelate* sway'd,
 By *Kings*, and all the *Rabble-World* Obey'd:
 Here humble *Monarch* at his feet kneel'd down,
 And beg'd the Alms, and Charity of a Crown:
 There, when in *Solemn State* he pleas'd to ride,
 Poor Scepter'd slaves ran *Henchboys* by his side:
 None, tho in thought, his *Grandeur* durst Blaspheme,
 Nor in their very sleep a *Treason* Dream.

But since the broaching that mischievous Piece,
 Each *Alderman* a *Father Lumbard* is:
 And every Cit dares impudently know
 More than a Council, *Pope*, and *Conclave* too.
 Hence the late *Damned Frier*, and all the crew
 Of former *Crawling Sects* their poison drew:
 Hence all the Troubles, Plagues, *Rebellions* breed,
 We've felt, or feel, or may hereafter dread:

Wherefore enjoyn, that no Lay-coxcomb dare
 About him that unlawful Weapon wear;
 But charge him chiefly not to touch at all
 The dang'rous Works of that old *Lollard, Paul*;
 That arrant *Wickliffist*, from whom our Foes
 Take all their Batt'ries to attack our Cause;
 Would he in his first years had Martyr'd been,
 Never *Damascus*, nor the Vision seen;
 Then he our Party was, stout, vigorous,
 And fierce in chase of Hereticks, like us:
 Till he at length, by th' Enemies seduc'd,
 Forsook us, and the hostile side espous'd.

Had not the mighty *Julian* mist his aims,
 These holy Shreds had all consum'd in flames:
 But since th' immortal Lumber still endures,
 In spite of all his industry, and ours;
 Take care at least it may not come abroad,
 To taint with catching Heresie the Crowd:
 Let them be still kept low in sence, they'l pay
 The more respect, more readily obey.

Pray that kind Heav'n would on their hearts di-
 A bounteous, and abundant Ignorance, (sense
 That they may never swerve, nor turn awry
 From sound, and orthodox Stupidity.

But these are obvious things, easie to know,
 Common to every *Monk*, as well as you:
 Greater Affairs, and more important wait
 To be discuss'd, and call for our debate:
 Matters, that depth require, and well besit
 Th' Address, and Conduct of a *Jesuit*. (Throne,
 How Kingdoms are embroil'd, what shakes a
 How the first seeds of Discontent are sown
 To spring up in Rebellion; how are set
 The secret snares, that circumvent a State:
 How bubbled Monarchs are at first beguil'd,
 Trepann'd, and gull'd, at last depos'd, and kill'd.

When some proud Prince, a Rebel to our }
 For disbelieving Holy Church's Creed, (Head,
 And *Peter-pence*, is Heretick decreed;

And by a solemn, and unquestion'd Pow'r
 To Death, and Hell, and You deliver'd o're:
 Chuse first some dext'rous Rogue, well tri'd, and
 known

(Such by Confession your Familiars grown)

Let him by Art, and Nature fitted be

For any great, and gallant Villany,

Practis'd in every Sin, each kind of Vice,

Which deepest Casuists in their searches miss,

Watchful as Jealousie, wary as Fear,

Fiercer than Lust, and bolder than Despair,

But close, as plotting Fiends in Council are.

To him, in firmest Oaths of Silence bound,

The worth, and merit of the Deed propound:

Tell of whole Reams of Pardon, new come o're,

Indies of Gold, and Blessings, endless store:

Choice of Preferments, if he overcome,

And if he fail, undoubted Martyrdom:

And Bills for Sums in Heav'n, to be drawn

On Factors there, and at first sight paid down.

With, Arts, and Promises, like these, allure,
And make him to your great design secure.

And here to know the sundry ways to kill,
Is worth the *Genius* of a *Machiavel* :

Dull *Northern* Brains, in these deep Arts unbred,
Know nought but to cut Throats, or knock o'th'
No flight of Murder of the subt'lest shape, (Head,
Your busie search, and observation scape :

Legerdemain of Killing, that dives in,

And juggling steals away a Life unseen :

How gawdy Fate may be in Presents sent,

And creep insensibly by Touch, or Scent :

How Ribbands, Gloves, or Saddle-Pomel may

An unperceiv'd, but certain Death convey ;

Above the reach of Antidotes, above the pow'r

Of the fam'd *Pontick Mountebank* to cure.

What e're is known to quaint *Italian* spite,

In studied Pois'ning skill'd, and exquisite :

What e're great *Borgia*, or his *Sire* could boast,

Which the Expence of half the Conclave cost.

Thus may the business be in secret done,
 Nor Authors, nor the Accessaries known,
 And the flurr'd guilt with ease on others thrown.
 But if ill Fortune should your Plot betray,
 And leave you to the rage of Foes a prey;
 Let none his Crime by weak confession own,
 Nor shame the Church, while he'd himself atone.
 Let varnish'd Guile, and feign'd Hypocrisies,
 Pretended Holiness, and useful Lies,
 Your well-dissembled Villany disguise.
 A thousand wily Turns, and Doubles try,
 To foil the Scent, and to divert the Cry:
 Cog, sham, out-face, deny, equivocate,
 Into a thousand shapes your selves translate:
 Remember what the crafty *Spartan* taught,
 "Children with Rattles, Men with Oaths are
 Forswear upon the Rack, and if you fall, (caught:
 Let this great comfort make amends for all,
 Those, whom they damn for Rogues, next Age shall
 Made Advocates i'th' Church's Litany. (see

Who ever with bold Tongue, or Pen shall dare
 Against your Arts, and Practices declare;
 What Fool shall e're presumptuously oppose,
 Your holy Cheats, and godly Frauds disclose;
 Pronounce him Heretick, Firebrand of Hell,
Turk, Jew, Fiend, Miscreant, Pagan, Infidel;
 A thousand blacker Names, worse Calumnies,
 All, Wit can think, and pregnant Spite devise:
 Strike home, gash deep, no Lies, nor Slanders spare;
 A Wound, though cur'd, yet leaves behind a Scar.

Those, whom your Wit, and Reason can't decry,
 Make scandalous with Loads of Infamy:
 Make *Luther* Monster, by a Fiend begot, (Foot:
 Brought forth with Wings, and Tail, and Cloven
 Make Whoredom, Incest, worst of vice, and shame,
 Pollute, and foul his Manners, Life, and Name.
 Tell how strange Storms usher'd his fatal end,
 And Hell's black Troops did for his Soul contend.

Much more I had to say; but now grown faint,
 And strength, and Spirits for the Subject want:

Be these great Mysteries, I here unfold,
 Amongst your Order's Institutes enroll'd :
 Preserve them sacred, close and unreveal'd ;
 As ancient *Rome* her *Sybil's* Books conceal'd.
 Let no bold Heretick with sawcy eye
 Into the hidden unseen Archives pry ;
 Lest the malicious flouting Rascals turn
 Our Church to Laughter, Raillery, and Scorn.
 Let never Rack, or Torture, Pain, or Fear,
 From your firm Breasts th' important Secrets tear.
 If any treach'rous Brother of your own
 Shall to the World divulge, & make them known,
 Let him by worst of Deaths his Guilt atone.
 Should but his Thoughts, or Dreams suspected be,
 Let him for safety, and prevention die,
 And learn i'th' Grave the Art of Secresie.

But one thing more, and then with joy I go,
 Nor ask a longer stay of Fate below :

Give me again once more your plighted Faith,

And let each seal it with his Dying Breath:

As the great *Carthaginian* heretofore

The bloody reeking Altar touch'd, and swore

Eternal Enmity to th' *Roman* Pow'r:

Swear you (and let the Fates confirm the
same)

An endless Hatred to the *Luth'ran* Name:

Vow never to admit, or League, or Peace,

Or Truce, or Commerce with the cursed Race:

Now, through all Age, when Time, or Place soe're

Shall give you pow'r, wage an immortal War:

Like *Theban* Feuds, let yours your selves sur-
vive,

And in your very Dust, and Ashes live.

Like mine, be your last Gasp their Curse.—*At*
this

They kneel, and all the Sacred Volumn kiss;

Vowing to send each year an Hecatomb

Of Huguenots, an Off'ring to his Tomb.

In vain he would continue;—Abrupt Death

A Period puts, and stops his impious Breath:

In broken Accents he is scarce allow'd

To falter out his Blessing on the Crowd,

Amen is eccho'd by Infernal Howl,

And scrambling Spirits seize his parting Soul.

S A-

S A T Y R I V.

S. Ignatius his Image brought in, discovering the Rogueries of the Jesuits, and ridiculous Superstition of the Church of Rome.

ONce I was common Wood, a shapeless Log,
 Thrown out a Pissing-post for every Dog:
 The Workman yet in doubt, what course to take,
 Whether I'd best a Saint, or Hog-trough make,
 After debate resolv'd me for a Saint,
 And thus fam'd *Loyola* I represent:
 And well I may resemble him, for he
 As stupid was, as much a Block as I.
 My right Leg maim'd, at halt I seem to stand,
 To tell the Wounds at *Pampelune* sustain'd.

My Sword, and Soldiers Armour here had been,
 But they may in *Monferrats* Church be seen:
 Those there to *blessed Virgin* I laid down
 For Cassock, Surcingle, and shaven Crown,
 The spiritual Garb, in which I now am shown.

With due Accoutrements, and fit disguise
 I might for Centinel of Corn suffice:

As once the well-hung *God* of old stood guard,
 And the invading Crows from Forrage scar'd.

Now on my Head the Birds their Relicks leave,
 And Spiders in my mouth their Arras weave:

And persecuted Rats oft find in me
 A Refuge, and religious Sanctuary.

But you profaner *Hereticks*, who e're
 The *Inquisition*, and its vengeance fear,

I charge, stand off, at peril come not near:
 None at twelve score untruss, break wind, or
 piss;

He enters *Fox* his Lists, that dares transgress:

For I'm by Holy Church in rev'ence had,
 And all good Cath'lick Folk implore my aid.

These Pictures, which you see, my Story give,
 The Acts, and Monuments of me alive :
 That Frame , wherein with Pilgrims Weeds I
 stand,
 Contains my Travels to the *Holy Land*,
 This me, and my Decemvirate at *Rome*,
 When I for Grant of my great Order come.
 There with Devotion rapt, I hang in Air,
 With Dove (like *Mah'met's*) whisp'ring in my
 ear.

Here *Virgin* in Galeesh of Clouds descends,
 To be my safeguard from assaulting Fiends.

Those Tables by, and Crutches of the lame,
 My great Atchievements since my death proclaim :
 Pox, Ague, Dropsie, Palsie, Stone, and Gout,
 Legions of Maladies by me cast out,
 More than the *Colledg* know, or ever fill
 Quacks Wiping-Paper, and the Weekly Bill.

What *Peter's* shadow did of old, the same
 Is fancied done by my all-pow'rful Name;
 For which some wear't about their Necks, and
 Arms,

To guard from Dangers, Sicknesse, and Harms;
 And some on Wombs the barren to relieve,
 A Miracle, I better did alive.

Oft I by crafty *Jesuit* am taught
 Wonders to do, and many a juggling Feat.

Sometimes with Chaffing Dish behind me put,
 I sweat like Clapt Debauch in Hot-House shut,
 And drip like any Spitchcock'd *Huguenot*.

Sometimes by secret Springs I learn to stir,
 As Paste-board Saints dance by mirac'lous Wire:

Then I *Tradescant's* Rarities out-do,
 Sands Waterworks, and German Clockwork too,
 Or any choice Device at *Barthol'mew*.

Sometimes I utter Oracles, by Priest
 Instead of a Familiar possest.

The Church I vindicate, *Luther* confute,
And cause Amazement in the gaping Rout.

Such holy Cheats, such *Hocus* Tricks, as
these,

For Miracles amongst the Rabble pass.

By this in their Esteem I daily grow,

In Wealth enrich'd, increas'd in *Vot'ries* too.

This draws each year vast Numbers to my
Tomb,

More than in Pilgrimage to *Mecca* come.

This brings each week new Presents to my
Shrine,

And makes it those of *Indian* Gods outshine.

This gives a Chalice, that a Golden Cross,

Another massie Candlesticks bestows:

Some Altar Cloths of costly work, and price,

Plush, Tissue, Ermin, Silks of noblest Dies,

The *Birth*, and *Passion* in Embroideries:

Some Jewels, rich as those, th' *Aegyptian* Punk

In Jellies to her *Roman* Stallion drunk.

Some offer gorgeous Robes, which serve to
wear

When I on Holydays in state appear;

When I'm in pomp on high Processions shown,

Like Pageants of Lord May'r, or *Skimmington*.

Lucullus could not such a Wardrobe boast,

Less those of Popes at their Election cost;

Less those, which *Sicily's* Tyrant heretofore

From plunder'd Gods, and *Jove's* own Shoulders
tore.

Hither, as to some Fair, the Rabble come,

To barter for the Merchandize of *Rome*;

Where Priests, like Mountebanks, on Stage appear,

T' expose the Fripp'ry of their hallow'd Ware:

This is the Lab'ratory of their Trade,

The Shop, where all their staple Drugs are made;

Prescriptions, and Receipts to bring in Gain,

All from the Church-Dispensatories ta'en.

The Pope's Elixir, Holy Water's here,

Which they with Chymick Art distill'd prepare:

Choice above *Goddard's* Drops, and all the Trash
Of modern Quacks; this is that Sovereign Wash
For fetching Spots, and Morpew from the Face,
And scowring dirty Cloaths, and Consciences.

One drop of this, if us'd, had pow'r to fray
The Legion from the Hogs of *Gadara*:

This would have silenc'd quite the *Wiltshire Drum*,
And made the prating Fiend of *Mascon* dumb.

That Vessel consecrated Oyl contains,
Kept sacred, as the fam'd *Ampoull* of *France*;
Which some profaner *Hereticks* would use
For liquoring Wheels of Jacks, of Boots, and
Shooes:

This make the Chrism, which mixt with Snot of
Priests,

Anoint young Cath'licks for the Church's lifts;
And when they're crost, confest, and die; by this
Their lanching Souls slide off to endless Blifs:
As *Lapland* Saints, when they on Broomsticks fly,
By help of Magick Unctions mount the Sky.

Yon Altar-Pix of Gold is the Abode,
And safe Repository of their God.

A Cross is fix'd upon't the Fiends to fright,
And Flies which would the Deity beshite;
And Mice, which oft might unprepar'd receive,
And to lewd Scoffers cause of scandal give.

Here are perform'd the Conjurings, and Spells,
For Christning Saints, and Hawks, and Carriers
Bells ;

For hall'wing Shreds, and Grains, and Salts, and
Bawms,

Shrines, Crosses, Medals, Shells, and Waxen Lambs :

Of wondrous virtue all (you must believe)

And from all sorts of Ill preservative ;

From Plague, Infection, Thunder, Storm, and Hail,

Love, Grief, Want, Debt, Sin, and the Devil and all.

Here Beads are blest, and *Pater nosters* fram'd,

(By some the Tallies of Devotion nam'd)

Which of their Pray'rs, and Oraisons keep tale,

Lest they, and Heav'n should in the reck'ning fail.

Here Sacred Lights, the Altars graceful Pride,
 Are by Priests breath perfum'd, and sanctified;
 Made some of Wax, of *Her'ticks* Tallow some,
 A Gift, which *Irish Emma* sent to *Rome*:

For which great Merit worthily (we're told)
 She's now amongst her Country-Saints inroll'd.

Here holy Banners are reserv'd in store,

And Flags, such as the fam'd *Armado* bore:

And hallow'd Swords, and Daggers kept for use,
 When resty Kings the Papal Yoke refuse:

And consecrated Ratsbane, to be laid

For *Her'tick* Vermin, which the Church invade.

But that which brings in most of Wealth, and
 Gain,

Does best the Priests swoln Tripes, and Purfes
 strain;

Here they each week their constant Auctions hold

Of Reliques, which by Candel's Inch are sold:

Saints by the dozen here are set to sale,

Like Mortals wrought in Gingerbread on Stall.

Hither are loads from emptied Charnels brought,
 And Voiders of the Worms from *Sextons* bought;
 Which serve for Retail through the World to
 vent,

Such as of late were to the *Savoy* sent:

Hair from the Skulls of dying Strumpets shorn,
 And Felons Bones from rifled Gibbets torn;

Like those, which some old Hag at midnight
 steals,

For Witchcrafts, Amulets, and Charms, and Spells,
 Are past for sacred to the cheap'ning Rout;

And worn on Fingers, Breasts, and Ears about.

This boasts a Scrap of me, and that a Bit

Of good *S. George*, *S. Patrick*, or *S. Kit*.

These Locks *S. Bridget's* were, and those *S. Clare's*;

Some for *S. Catharine's* go, and some for *her's*

That wip'd her *Saviours* feet, wash'd with her
 tears.

Here you may see my wounded Leg, and here

Those, which to *China* bore the great *Xavier*.

Here may you the grand *Traitor's* Halter see,
Some call't the Arms of the Society :

Here is his Lanthorn too, but *Faux* his, not,
That was embezl'd by the *Huguenot*.

Here *Garnet's* Straws, and *Becket's* Bones, and Hair,
For murd'ring whom, some Tails are said to wear ;
As learned *Capgrave* does' record their fate,
And faithful *British* Histories relate.

Those are *S. Laurence* Coals expos'd to view,
Strangely preserv'd, and kept alive till now.

That's the fam'd *Wildefort's* wondrous Beard,
For which her Maidenhead the Tyrant spar'd.

Yon is the *Baptist's* Coat, and one of's Heads,
The rest are shewn in many a place besides ;

And of his Teeth as many Sets there are,
As on their Belts six Operators wear.

Here Blessed *Mari's* Milk, not yet turn'd four,
Renown'd (like *Ass'es*) for its healing pow'r,
Ten *Holland* Kine scarce in a year give more.

Here

Here is her *Manteau*, and a Smock of hers,
 Fellow to that, which once reliev'd *Poictiers* :
 Besides her *Husbands* Utensils of Trade,
 Wherewith some prove, that Images were made.
 Here is the Soldiers Spear, and Passion-Nails,
 Whose quantity would serve for building *Pauls* :
 Chips, some from Holy Cross, from *Tyburn* some,
 Honour'd by many a *Jesuit's* Martyrdom :
 All held of special, and mirac'lous Pow'r,
 Not *Tabor* more approv'd for *Agu's* cure :
 Here Shooes, which, once perhaps at *Newgate*
 hung,
 Angled their Charity, that past along,
 Now for *S. Peter's* go, and th' Office bear
 For Priests, they did for lesser Villains there.

These are the Fathers Implements, and Tools,
 Their gawdy *Trangums* for inveigling Fools :
 These serve for Baits the simple to ensnare,
 Like Children spirited with Toys at Fair.

Nor are they half the Artifices yet,

By which the Vulgar they delude, and cheat:

Which should I undertake, much easier I,
 Much sooner might compute what Sins there be
 Wip'd off, and pardon'd a a *Jubilee*.

What Bribes enrich the *Datary* each year,

Or Vices treated on by *Escobar*:

How many Whores in *Rome* profess the Trade,

Or greater numbers by Confession made.

One undertakes by Scale of Miles to tell

The Bounds, Dimensions, and Extent of Hell;

How far, and wide th' Infernal Monarch
 reigns,

How many *German* Leagues his Realm con-
 tains:

Who are his Ministers, pretends to know,

And all their several Offices below:

How many Chaudrons he each year expends

In Coals for roasting *Huguenots*, and Fiends:

And with as much exactness states the case,
As if h'ad been Surveyor of the place.

Another frights the Rout with ruful Stories,
Of wild *Chimæra's*, *Limbo's*, *Purgatories*,
And bloated Souls in smoaky durance hung,
Like a *Westphalia* Gammon, or Neats Tongue,
To be redeem'd with Masses, and a Song.

A good round Sum must the Deliv'rance buy,
For none may there swear out on poverty.

Your rich, and bounteous Shades are only eas'd,
No *Fleet*, or *Kings Bench* Ghosts are thence re-
leas'd.

A third the wicked, and debauch'd to please,
Cries up the vertue of Indulgences,
And all the rates of Vices does assess;
What price they in the *holy Chamber* bear,
And Customs for each Sin imported there:
How you at best advantages may buy
Patents for Sacriledg, and Simony.

What Tax is in the Leach'ry-Office laid
On Panders, Bawds, and Whores, that ply the
Trade :

What costs a Rape, or Incest, and how cheap
You may an Harlot, or an Ingle keep;
How easie Murder may afforded be
For one, two, three, or a whole Family ;
But not of *Her'ticks* ; there no Pardon lacks,
'Tis one o'th' Church's meritorious Acts.

For venial Trifles, less and slighter Faults,
They ne're deserve the trouble of your thoughts.
Ten *Ave Marias* mumbled to the Cross
Clear scores of twice ten thousand such as those:
Some are at sound of christen'd Bell forgiven,
And some by squirt of Holy Water driven:
Others by Anthems plaid are charm'd away,
As men cure Bites of the *Tarantula*.

But nothing with the Crowd does more en-
hance
The value of these holy *Charlatans*,

Than

Than when the Wonders of the Mass they view,
 Where spiritual Jugglers their chief Mast'ry shew:
Hey Fingo, Sirs! What's this? 'tis Bread you see;
Presto be gone! 'tis now a Deity.

Two grains of Dough, with Cross, and stamp of
 Priest,
 And five small words pronounced, make up their
Christ.

To this they all fall down, this all adore,
 And strait devour, what they ador'd before;
 Down goes the tiny *Saviour* at a bit,
 To be digested, and at length beshit:
 From Altar to Close Stool, or Jakes preferr'd,
 First Wafer, next a God, and then a——

'Tis this, that does the astonish'd Rout amuse,
 And Reverence to shaven Crown infuse:
 To see a silly, sinful, mortal Wight
 His maker make, create the Infinite.
 None boggles at th' impossibility;
 Alas, 'tis wondrous Heavenly Mystery!

None dares the mighty God-maker blaspheme,
 Nor his most open Crimes, and Vices blame:
 Saw he those hands that held his God before,
 Strait grope himself, and by and by a Whore;
 Should they his aged Father kill, or worse,
 His Sisters, Daughters, Wife, himself too force.

And here I might (if I but durst) reveal
 What pranks are plaid in the Confessional:
 How haunted Virgins have been dispossess'd,
 And Devils were cast out, to let in Priest:
 What Fathers act with Novices alone,
 And what to Punks in shriving Seats is done;
 Who thither flock to Ghostly Confessor,
 To clear old debts, and tick with Heav'n for more.
 Oft have I seen these hallow'd Altars stain'd
 With Rapes, those Pews with Buggeries profan'd:
 Not great *Cellier*, nor any greater Baw'd,
 Of Note, and long experience in the Trade,
 Has more, and fouler Scenes of Lust survey'd.

But I these dang'rous Truths forbear to tell,
For fear I should the *Inquisition* feel.

Should I tell all their countless Knaveries,
Their Cheats, and Shams, and Forgeries, and Lies.
Their Cringings, Crossings, Censings, Sprinklings,
Chrims,
Their Conjurings, and Spells, and Exorcisms;
Their motly Habits, Maniples, and Stoles,
Albs, Ammits, Rochets, Chimers, Hoods, and
Cowls.

Should I tell all their several Services,
Their Trentals, Masses, Dirges, Rosaries;
Their solemn Poms, their Pageants, and Parades,
Their holy Masks, and spiritual Cavalcades,
With thousand Antick Tricks, and Gambols more;
'Twould swell the sum to such a mighty score,
That I at length should more volum'nous grow,
Than *Crabb*, or *Surius*, lying *Fox*, or *Stow*.

Believe what e're I have related here,
As true, as if 'twere spoke from Porph'ry Chair.

If I have feign'd in ought, or broach'd a Lie,
Let worst of Fates attend me, let me be
Pist on by Porter, Groom, and Oyfter-whore,
Or find my Grave in Jakes, and Common-shore:
Or make next Bonfire for the *Powder-Plot*,
The sport of every sneering *Huguenot*.

There like a Martyr'd Pope in Flames expire,
And no kind Catholick dare quench the Fire.

Aude

*Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, & carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis.*——Juven. Sat.

O D E.

I.

NOW Curses on you all! ye ver-
tuous Fools,

Who think to fether free-born souls,

And tie 'em to dull morality, and rules.

The Stagarite be damn'd, ond all the Crew

Of Learned Idiots, who his steps pursue;

And those more silly Profelytes, whom his fond
precepts drew.

Oh! had his Ethicks been with their wild Au-
thor drown'd,

Or a like Fate with those lost Writings found,

Which

Which that grand Plagiary doom'd to fire,

And made by unjust Flames expire :

They ne're had then seduc'd Mortality,
Ne're lusted to debauch the world with their lewd
Pedantry.

But damn'd, and more (if Hell can do't) be that
thrice-cursed name,

Who e're the Rudiments of Law design'd ;
Who e're did the first model of Religion frame,
And by that double Vassallage enthrall'd Mankind,
By nought before, but their own pow'r, or will
confin'd :

Now quite abridg'd of all their Primitive
Liberty,
And slaves to each capricious Monarch's Tyranny.
More happy Brutes ! who the great Rule of Sense
observe,

And ne're from their first Charter swerve.

Happy ! whose lives are meerly to enjoy,

And feel no stings of sin, which may their blis annoy.

Still unconcern'd at Epithets of ill, or good,
Distinctions, unadult'rate Nature never under-
stood.

Hence hated Vertue from our goodly Isle,

No more our joys beguile ;

No more with thy loath'd presence plague our
happy state,

Thou enemy to all, that's brisk, or gay, or brave,
or great.

Be gone with all thy pious meagre Train,

To some unfruitful, unfrequented Land,

And there an Empire gain,

And there extend thy rigorous command :

There where illib'ral Natur's niggardise

Has set a Tax on Vice.

Where the lean barren Region does enhance

The worth of dear intemperance,

And for each pleasurable sin exacts excise.

We (thanks to Fate) more cheaply can of-
fend,

And want no tempting Luxuries,

No good convenient sinning opportunities,

Which Nature's bounty could bestow, or Heaven's
kindness lend.

Go follow that nice Goddess to the Skies,
 Who heretofore disgusted at increasing Vice,
 Dislik'd the world, and thought it too pro-
 phane,
 And timely hence retir'd, and kindly ne're re-
 turn'd again.

Hence to those airy Mansions rove,
 Converse with Saints, and holy folks above;
 Those may thy presence woo,
 Whose lazy ease affords them nothing else to
 do:

Where haughty scornful I,
 And my great Friends will ne're vouchsafe thee
 company.

Thou'rt now an hard, unpracticable good,
 Too difficult for flesh and blood:
 Were I all soul, like them, perhaps I'de learn to
 practise thee.

3.

Vertue! thou solemn grave impertinence,
 Abhorr'd by all the men of wit, and sense.

Thou

Thou damn'd Fatigue! that clogst lifes journey here,

Though thou no weight of wealth, or profit
bear ;

Thou puling fond Green-sickness of the mind!

That mak'st us prove to our own selves unkind,
Whereby we Coals, and Dirt for diet chuse,

And, Pleasur's better food refuse.

Curst Jilt! that lead'st deluded Mortals on,

Till they too late perceive themselves un-
done,

Chous'd by a Dowry in reversien.

The greatest Votary, thou e're could'st boast,

(Pity so brave a Soul was on thy service lost ;

What Wonders he in wickedness had done,

Whom thy weak pow'r could so inspire
alone ?)

Tho' long with fond amours he courted thee,

Yet dying, did recant his vain Idolatry :

At length, though late, he did repent with
shame,

Forc'd to confess thee nothing, but an empty
name.

So was that Leacher gull'd, whose haughty love
Design'd a Rape on the Queen Regent of the
Gods above:

When he a Goddess thought he had in chase,
He found a gaudy vapour in the place,
And with thin Air beguil'd his starv'd
embrace.

Idly he spent his vigour, spent his blood,
And tyr'd himself t' oblige an unperforming
Cloud.

4.

If Human kind to thee 'ere worship paid ;
They were by ignorance misled,
That only them devout, and thee a Goddess made.
Known haply in the Worlds rude untaught in-
fancy,
Before it had out-grown its childish innocence,
Before it had arriv'd at sense,
Or reach'd the manhood, and discretion of De-
bauchery ;
Known in those antient godly duller times,
When crafty Pagans had ingross'd all crimes;
When

When Christian Fools were obstinately good,

Nor yet their Gospel-freedom understood.

Tame easie Fops! who could so prodigally bleed,

To be thought Saints, and dye a Calender with
red :

No prudent Heathen e're seduc'd could be,

To suffer Martyrdom for thee :

Only that arrant Ass whom the false Oracle call'd
Wife

(No wonder if the Devil utter'd lies)

That sniveling Puritan, who spight of all the
mode

Would be unfashionably good,

And exercis'd his whining gifts to rail at Vice :

Him all the Wits of *Athens* damn'd,

And justly with Lampoons defam'd :

But when the mad Fanatick could not silenc'd
be

From broaching dang'rous Divinity ;

The wise Republick made him for prevention die,

And sent him to the Gods, and better com-
pany.

5.

Let fumbling Age be grave, and wise,
 And Vertu's poor contem'd *Idea* prize,
 Who never knew, or now are past the sweets of
 Vice ;

While we whose active pulses beat
 With lusty youth, and vigorous heat,
 Can all their Beards, and Morals too despise,
 While my plump veins are fill'd with lust and
 blood ;

Let not one thought of her intrude,
 Or dare approach my breast,
 But know 'tis all possess'd
 By a more welcom guest :

And know, I have not yet the leisure to be good.
 If ever unkind destiny
 Shall force long life on me ;

If e're I must the curse of dotage bear ;
 Perhaps I'll dedicate those dregs of Time to
 her,
 And come with Crutches her most humble vo-
 tary.

When

When sprightly Vice retreats frome hence,
And quits the ruins of decayed sense;
She'l serve to usher in a fair pretence,
And varnish with her name a well-dissembled im-
potence.

When Ptifick, Rheums, Catarrhs, and Palsies
seize,
And all the Bill of Maladies,
Which Heav'n to punish over-living Mortals
sends ;

Then let her enter with the numerous infirmi-
ties,
Her self the greatest plague, which wrinkles, and
gray hairs attends.

6.

Tell me, ye Venerable Sots, who court her most,
What small advantage can she boast,
Which her great Rival hath not in a greater store
ingroft.

Her boasted calm, and peace of mind
In Wine, and Company we better find,
Find it with pleasure too combin'd.

In mighty Wine, where we our senses steep,

And Lull our Cares, and Consciences
asleep:

But why do I that wild *Chimæra* name?

Conscience! that giddy airy Dream,

Which does from brain-sick heads, or ill-digest-
ing stomachs steam.

Conscience! the vain phantastick fear

Of punishments, we know not when, nor
where:

Project of crafty Statesmen! to support weak
Law,

Whereby they slavish Spirits awe,

And dastard Souls to forc'd obedience
draw,

Grand Wheadle! which our Gown'd Impostors
use,

The poor unthinking Rabble to abuse.

Scarecrow! to fright from the forbidden fruit of
vice,

Their own beloved Paradise:

Let those vile Canters wickedness decry,

Whose Mercenary tongues take pay

For what they say ;

And yet commend in practice what their words
deny,

While we discerning Heads, who farther pry,

Their holy Cheats defie

And scorn their frauds, and scorn their
sanctified Cajoulery.

7.

None but dull unbred Fools discredit vice,

Who act their wickedness with an ill grace ;

Such their profession scandalize,

And justly forfeit all that praise :

All that esteem, that credit, and applause,

Which we by our wise menage from a sin can raise.

A true, and brave transgressor ought

To sin with the same height of spirit, *Cæsar*
fought:

Mean-Soul'd offenders now no honours gain,

Only debauches of the nobler strain.

Vice well-improv'd yields bliss, and fame beside,

And some for sinning have been deifi'd.

Thus the lewd Gods of old did move,
By these brave methods to the seats above.
Ev'n *Jove* himself, the Sovereign Deity,
Father and King of all th' immortal Progeny,
Ascended to that high Degree;
By crimes above the reach of weak Mortality.
He Heav'n one large Seraglio made,
Each Goddess turn'd a glorious Punk o'th'
trade;

And all that Sacred place
Was fill'd with Bastard Gods of his own race:
Almighty Lech'ry got his first repute,
(And everlasting whoring was his chiefest Attri-
bute.

8.

How gallant was that Wretch, whose happy guilt
A Fame upon the Ruins of a Temple built!

“ Let fools, said he, Impiety alledg,

“ And urge the no-great fault of Sacriledg :

“ I'll set the Sacred Pile on flame,

“ And in its Ashes write my lasting Name,

“ My

“ My name which thus shall be

“ Deathless as its own Deity.

“ Thus the vain-glorious *Carian* I’le out-do,

“ And *Egypt’s* proudest Monarchs too ;

“ Those lavish Prodigals, who idly did consume

“ Their Lives, and Treasures to erect a Tomb,

“ And only great by being buried would become :

“ At cheaper rates than they I’le buy Renown,

“ And my loud Fame shall all their silent glories
drown.

So spake the daring Hector, so did Prophecie,

And so it prov’d, in vain did envious Spite

By fruitless methods try

To raze his well-built Fame, and Memory

Amongst Posterity :

The *Boutefeu* can now Immortal write,

While the inglorious Founder is forgotten quite.

9.

Yet greater was that mighty Emperour ;

(A greater crime befitted his high Pow’r)

Who

Who sacrific'd a City to a Jest,

And shew'd he knew the grand intrigues of
humor best :

He made all *Rome* a Bonfire to his Fame,

And Sung, and play'd, and danc'd amidst the
Flame ;

Bravely begun ! yet pity there he stay'd,

One step to Glory more he should have made :

He should have heav'd the noble frolick higher,

And made the People on that Fun'ral Pile expire,

Or providently with their blood put out the Fire.

Had this been done ;

The utmost pitch of glory he had won :

No greater Monument could be

To consecrate him to eternity,

Nor should there need another Herald of his
praise, but me.

10.

And thou, yet greater *Faux*, the glory of our
Isle,

Whom baffled Hell esteems its chiefest Foyl ;

'Twere

'Twere injury should I omit thy name,

Whose action merits all the breath of Fame.

Methinks, I see the trembling shades below

Around in humble reverence bow ;

Doubtful they seem, whether to pay their Loyalty

To their dread Monarch, or to thee:

No wonder he (grown jealous of thy fear'd success)

Envy'd Mankind the honour of thy wickedness,

And spoil'd that brave attempt, which must have
made his grandeur less.

How e're regret not, mighty Ghost,

Thy Plot by treach'rous fortune crost,

Nor think thy well deserved glory lost.

Thou the full praise of Villany shalt ever share,

And all will judg thy Act, compleat enough,
when thou could'st dare,

So thy great Master far'd, whose high disdain

Contemn'd that Heaven, where he could not
Reign,

When he with bold ambition strove

T' usurp the Throne above,

And led against the Deity an armed Train,

Though who

Though from his vast designs he fell,
O're-power'd by his Almighty Foe,

Yet gain'd he Victory in his overthrow :

He gain'd sufficient Triumph, that he durst
Rebel,

And 'twas some pleasure to be thought the
great'st in Hell.

II.

Tell me, you great Triumvirate, what shall I do
To be illustrious as you?

Let your examples move me with a gen'rous fire,

Let them into my daring thoughts inspire

Somewhat compleatly wicked, some vast Gyant-
crime,

Unknown, unheard, unthought of by all past
and present time.

'Tis done, 'tis done; Methinks, I feel the pow'rful
charms,

And a new heat of sin my spirit warms;

I travel with a glorious mischief, for whose birth,

My Soul's too narrow, and weak fate too feeble
to bring forth.

Let the unpitied vulgar tamely go,
And stoek for company, the wide Plantations
down below :

Such their vile Souls for viler Barter fell,
Scarce worth the damning, or their room in
Hell.

We are his Grandees, and expect as high prefer-
ment there,

For our good Service, as on earth we share.

In them sin is but a meer privative of good,

The frailty, and defect of flesh, and blood:

In us 'tis a perfection, who profess

A studied, and elaborate wickedness.

We're the great *Royal Society* of Vice,

Whose Talents are to make discoveries,

And advance sin like other Arts, and Sciences.

'Tis I the bold *Columbus*, only I,

who must new Worlds in Vice descry,

And fix the pillars of unpassable iniquity.

I 2.

How sneaking was the first debauch, that sin'd

Who for so small a Crime sold human kind!

Who

How undeserving that high place,

To be thought Parent of our sin, and race,

Who by low guilt our nature doubly did debase!

Unworthy was he to be thought

Father of the great first-born *Cain*, which he begot;

The noble *Cain*, whose bold, and gallant act

Proclaim'd him of more high extract:

Unworthy me,

And all the braver part of his Posterity.

Had the just Fates design'd me in his stead;

I'd done some great, and unexampled deed:

A deed, which should decry

The Stoicks dull Equality,

And shew that sin admits transcendency:

A deed, wherein the Tempter should not
share

Above what Heav'n could punish, and

above what he could dare

For greater crimes than his I would have fell,

And acted somewhat, which might merit
more than Hell;

*An Apology for the foregoing Ode, by way of
Epilogue.*

MY part is done, and you'l, I hope, excuse
Th' extravagance of a repenting Muse,
Pardon what e're she hath too boldly said,
She only acted here in Masquerade.
For the flight Arguments she did produce,
Were not to flatter Vice, but to traduce.
So we Buffoons in Princely dress expose,
Not to be gay, but more ridiculous.
When she an Hector for her Subject had,
She thought she must be Termagant, and mad:
That made her speak like a lewd punk o'th'
Town,
Who by converse with Bullies wicked grown,
Has learn'd the Mode to cry all Vertue down.
But now the Vizard's off; she changes Scene,
And turns a modest civil Girl agen.

Our Poet has a different taste of Wit,
Nor will to common Vogue himself submit.

Let some admire the Fops whose Talents lie
In venting dull insipid Blasphemy;

He swears, he cannot with those terms dispense,
Nor will be damn'd for the repute of sense.

Wit's name was never to profaneness due,
For then you see he could be witty too:

He could Lampoon the State, and Libel Kings,

But that he's Loyal, and knows better things,

Than Fame, whose guilty Birth from Treason
springs.

He likes not Wit, which can't a Licence claim,

To which the Author dares not set his Name.

Wit should be open, court each Reader's eye,

Not lurk in sly unprinted privacy.

But Crim'nal Writers like dull Birds of Night,

For weakness, or for shame avoid the light;

May such a Jury for their Audience have,

And from the Bench, not Pit, their doom receive.

May they the Tow'r for their due merits share,

And a just wreath of Hemp, not Laurel, wear:

He could be Bawdy too, and nick the times,

In what they dearly love; Damn'd placket
Rhimes,

Such as our Nobles write——

Whose nauseous Poetry can reach no higher

Than what the Codpiece, or its God inspire.

So lewd, they spend at quill; you'd justly think,

They wrote with something nastier than Ink.

But he still thought that little Wit, or none,

Which a just modesty must never own,

And a meer Reader with a Blush attone;

If Ribauldry deserv'd the praise of Wit,

He must resign to each illit'rate Citt,

And Prentices, and Car-men challenge it.

Ev'n they too can be smart, and witty there;

For all men on that Subject Poets are.

Henceforth he vows, if ever more he find

Himself to the base itch of Verse inclin'd;

If e're he's given up so far to write ;
 He never means to make his end delight :
 Should he do so ; he must despair success :
 For he's not now debauch't enough to please,
 And must be damn'd for want of wickedness.

He'l therefore use his Wit another way,
 And next the ugliness of Vice display.
 Though against Vertue once he drew his Pen,
 He'l ne're for ought, but her defence, agen.

Had he a Genius, and Poetick rage,
 Great as the Vices of this guilty Age.

Were he all Gall, and arm'd with store of
 spight ;

'Twere worth his pains to undertake to write ;
 To noble Satyr he'd direct his aim,
 And by't Mankind, and Poetry reclaim,
 He'd shoot his Quills just like a Porcupine
 At Vice, and make them stab in every Line,
 The world should learn to blush,——

And dread the Vengeance of his pointed Wit,
Which worse than their own Consciences should
fright,
And all should think him Heav'ns just Plague, de-
sign'd
To visit for the sins of lewd Mankind.

I 2

THE

And dead the Vengeance of his pointed Wit

Which worse than their own Consciences should
right

And all should think him Heavy as just Plague, de-
sign'd

To visit for the sins of lewd Mankind,
yaw

And next the subject of Vice display
The

He drew his Pen once he drew his Pen
He

And in his Gentle and Practick way
Gentle

to show how he had the
right

to show how he had the
THE

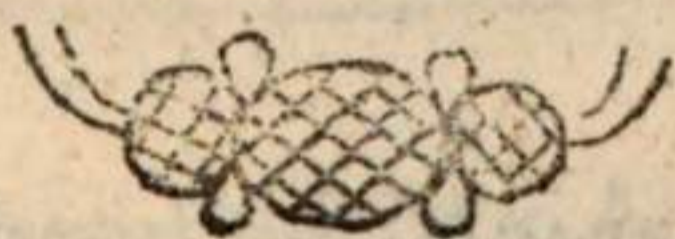
THE

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THE
PASSION
OF
BYBLIS

IN
Ovid's Metamorphosis
Imitated in English.



L O N D O N :

Printed for *Jo. Hindmarsh.* 1682.

THE
PASSION
OF
BYRRLIS

IN
Ovid's Metamorphosis

Imitated in English.



LONDON

Printed for J. Hindmarsh, 1781.

T H E
Passion of Byblis
 O U T O F
Ovid's Metamorphosis, B. 9. F. 11.

Beginning at

Byblis in exemplo est, ut ament concessa puellæ.

And ending with

— *Modumque*

Exit, & infelix committit sæpe repelli.



YOU heedless Maids, whose young, and
 tender hearts

Unwounded yet, have scap'd the fatal
 darts ;

Let the sad tale of wretched *Byblis* move,
 And learn by her to shun forbidden Love.

Not all the plenty, all the bright resort
 Of gallant Youth, that grac'd the *Carian Court*,
 Could charm the haughty Nymph's disdainful heart,
 Or from a Brother's guilty Love divert;
Caunus she lov'd, not as a Sister ought,
 But Honour, Blood, and shame alike forgot:
Caunus alone takes up her Thoughts, and Eyes,
 For him alone she wishes, grieves and sighs.

At first her new-born Passion owns no name,
 A glim'ring Spark scarce kindling into flame;
 She thinks it no offence, if from his Lip
 She snatch an harmless bliss, if her fond clip
 With loose embraces oft his Neck surround,
 And Love is yet in debts of Nature drown'd.

But Love at length grows naughty by degrees,
 And now she likes, and strives her self to please:
 Well-drest she comes, and arms her Eyes with darts.
 Her Smiles with charms, and all the studied art.
 Which practis'd Love can teach to vanquish
 hearts.

Industrious now, she labours to be fair,
And envies all, whoever fairer are.

Yet knows she not, she loves, but still does grow,
Insensibly the thing, she does not know:

Strict honour yet her check'd desires does bind,
And modest thoughts, on this side wish confin'd:

Only within she sooths her pleasing flames,

And now, the hated terms of Blood disclaims:

Brother sounds harsh; she the unpleasing word

Strives to forget, and oftner calls him *Lord*:

And when the name of *Sister* grates her ear,

Could wish't unsaid, and rather *Byblis* hear.

Nor dare she yet with waking Thoughts admit
A wanton hope: but when returning night

With Sleep's soft gentle spell her Senses charms,

Kind fancy often brings him to her Arms:

In them she oft does the lov'd Shadow seem

To grasp, and joys, yet blushes too in Dream.

She wakes, and long in wonder silent lies,

And thinks on her late pleasing Extasies:

Now likes, and now abhors her guilty flame,
 By turns abandon'd to her Love, and Shame:
 At length her struggling thoughts an utt'rance
 find,

And vent the wild disorders of her mind.

“ Ah me! (she cries) kind Heaven avert! what
 means

“ This boading form, that nightly rides my dreams ?

“ Grant 'em untrue! why should lewd hope di-
 vine ?

“ Ah! why was this too charming Vision seen ?

“ 'Tis true, by the most envious wretch, that sees, }
 “ He's own'd all fair, and lovely, own'd a prize }
 “ Worthy the conquest of the brightest eyes: }

“ A prize that wou'd my high'st ambition fill,

“ All I could wish ;——but he's my Brother still!

“ That cruel word for ever must disjoyn,

“ Nor can I hope, but thus, to have him mine.

“ Since then I waking never must possess ; }
 “ Let me in sleep at least enjoy the blish, }
 “ And sure nice Vertue can't forbid me this: }

“ Kind sleep does no malicious spies admit,
 “ Yet yields a lively semblance of delight:
 “ Gods! what a scene of joy was that! how fast
 “ I clasp’d the Vision to my panting breast!
 “ With what fierce bounds I sprung to meet my
 blifs,
 “ While my rapt soul flew out in every kiss!
 “ Till breathless, faint, and softly sunk away,
 “ I all dissolv’d in reeking pleasures lay!
 “ How sweet is the remembrance yet! though
 night
 “ Too hasty fled, drove on by envious light.
 “ O that we might the Laws of Nature break!
 “ How well would *Caunus* me an Husband make!
 “ How well to Wife might he his *Byblis* take!
 “ Wou’d God! in all things we had partners bin
 “ Besides our Parents, and our fatal Kin:
 “ Wou’d thou wert nobler, I more meanly born,
 “ Then guiltless I’d despair’d, and suffer’d scorn:
 “ Happy that Maid unknown, whoe’r shall prove
 “ So blest, so envied, to deserve thy love.

- " Unhappy me! whom the same womb did joyn,
 " Which now forbids me ever to be thine:
 " Curst fate! that we alone in that agree,
 " By which we ever must divided be.
 " And must we be? what meant my Visions then?
 " Are they, and all their dear presages vain?
 " Have dreams no credit, but with easie love?
 " Or do they hit sometimes, and faithful prove?
 " The Gods forbid! yet those whom I invoke,
 " Have lov'd like me, have their own Sisters took:
 " Great *Saturn*, and his greater Off-spring, *Jove*,
 " Both stock'd their Heaven with incestuous love:
 " Gods have their priviledg: why do I strive
 " To strain my hopes to their Prerogative?
 " No, let me banish this forbidden fire,
 " Or quench it with my blood, and with't expire:
 " Unstain'd in honour, and unhurt in fame,
 " Let the same Grave bury my Love, and Shame:
 " But when at my last hour I gasping lie,
 " Let only my kind *Murderer* be by:

“ Let him, while I breath out my soul in sighs,

“ Or gaze’t away, look on with pittying eyes:

“ Let him (for sure he can’t deny me this)

“ Seal my cold Lips with one dear parting Kifs.

“ Besides, ’twere vain should I alone agree

“ To what another’s will must ratifie;

“ Cou’d I be so abandon’d to consent;

“ What I have pass for good and Innocent,

“ He may perhaps as worst of Crimes resent.

“ Yet we amongst our race examples find

“ Of Brothers, who have been to Sisters kind:

“ Fam’d *Canace* cou’d thus successful prove,

“ Cou’d crown her wishes in a Brother’s love.

“ But whence cou’d I these instances produce?

“ How ’came I witty to my ruin thus?

“ Whither will this mad frenzy hurry on?

“ Hence, hence, you naughty flames, far hence
be gone,

“ Nor let me e’re the shameful Passion own.

“ And

“And yet shou’d he address; I shou’d forgive,
 “I fear, I fear, I shou’d his suit receive:

“Shall therefore I, who cou’d not love disown

“Offer’d by him, not mine to make him known?

“And canst thou speak? can thy bold tongue de-
 clare?

“Yes love shall force:—and now methinks I
 dare.

“But lest fond modesty at length refuse,

“I will some sure, and better method chuse:

“A Letter shall my secret flames disclose,

“And hide my Blushes, but reveal their cause.

This takes, and ’tis resolv’d as soon as said,

With this she rais’d herself upon her bed,

And propping with her hand her leaning head: }

“Happen what will (says she) I’ll make him know

“What pains, what raging pains I undergo:

“Ah me! I rave! what tempests shake my breast?

“And where? O where will this distraction rest?

Trembling, her Thoughts endite, and oft her Eye

Looks back for fear of conscious spies too nigh:

One hand her Paper, t'other holds her Pen,
 And Tears supply that Ink her Lines must
 drain.

Now she begins, now stops, and stopping frames
 New doubts, now writes, and now her Writing
 damns.

She writes, defaces, alters, likes, and blames :

Oft throws in haste her Pen, and Paper by,

Then takes 'em up again as hastily :

Unsteady her resolves, fickle, and vain,

No sooner made, but strait unmade again :

What her desires wou'd have, she does not
 know,

Displeas'd with all, what e're she goes to do :

At once contending, shame, and hope, and fear

Wrack her tost mind, and in her looks appear.

Sister was wrote; but soon mis-giving doubt

Recals it, and the guilty word blots out .

Again she pauses, and again begins,

At length her Pen drops out these hasty Lines.

- “Kind health, which you, and only you can
 grant,
 “Which, if deny’d, she must for ever want;
 “To you your Lover sends : ah! blushing shame
 “In silence bids her Paper hide her name :
 “Wou’d God! the fatal message might be done
 “Without annexing it, nor *Byblis* known,
 “E’re blest success her hopes, and wishes crown.
- “And had I now my smother’d grief conceal’d,
 “It might by tokens past have been reveal’d :
 “A thousand proofs were ready to impart
 “The inward anguish of my wounded heart :
 “Oft, as your sight a sudden blush did raise,
 “My blood came up to meet you at my face :
 “Oft (if you call to mind) my longing Eyes
 “Betray’d in looks my souls too thin disguise :
 “Think how their Tears, think how my heaving
 Breast
 “Oft in deep sighs some cause unknown confess :
 “Think how these Arms did oft with fierce em-
 brace,

“ Eager

- “ Eager as my desires, about you press:
 “ These Lips too, when they cou’d so happy
 prove,
 “ (Had you but mark’d) with close warm kisses
 strove
 “ To whisper something more than Sisters love,
 “ And yet, though rankling grief my mind di-
 strest,
 “ Though raging flames within burn up my breast,
 “ Long time I did the mighty pain endure,
 “ Long strove to bring the fierce disease to cure;
 “ Witness, ye cruel Pow’rs, who did inspire
 “ This strange, this fatal, this resistless fire,
 “ Witness, what pains (for you alone can know)
 “ This helpless wretch to quench’t did undergo:
 “ A thousand Racks, and Martyrdoms, and more
 “ Than a weak Virgin can be thought, I bore:
 “ O’rematch’d in pow’r at last, I’m forc’d to yield,
 “ And to the conqu’ring God resign the field:
 “ To you, dear cause of all, I make address,
 “ From you with humble pray’rs I beg redress;

“ You rule alone my arbitrary fate,

“ And life, and death on your disposal wait :

“ Ordain, as you think fit ; deny, or grant,

“ Yet know no stranger is your suppliant.

“ But she, who, though to you by Blood allied

“ In nearest bonds, in nearer wou'd be tied.

“ Let doating age debate of Law, and Right,

“ And gravely state the bounds of just, and fit ;

“ Whose wisdom's but their envy, to destroy

“ And bar those pleasures, which they can't enjoy :

“ Our blooming years, more sprightly, and more
gay,

“ By Nature were design'd for love, and play :

“ Youth knows no check, but leaps weak Vertu's
fence,

“ And briskly hunts the noble chase of fence :

“ Without dull thinking we enjoyment trace,

“ And call that lawful, whatsoe're does please.

“ Nor will our guilt want instances alone,

“ 'Tis what the glorious Gods above have done :

“ Let’s follow where those great examples went,

“ Nor think that Sin, where Heav’ns a precedent.

“ Let neither awe of Fathers frowns, nor
shame

“ For ought that can be told by babbling fame,

“ Nor any gastlier fantom, fear can frame,

“ Frighten, or stop us in our way to blifs,

“ But boldly let us rush on happiness:

“ Where glorious hazards shall enhance delight,

“ And that, that makes it dangerous, make it great.

“ Relation too, which does our fault increase,

“ Will serve that fault the better to disguise;

“ That lets us now in private often meet

“ Bless’d opportunities for stoln delight:

“ In publick often we embrace, and kiss,

“ And fear no jealous, no suspecting eyes.

“ How little more remains for me to crave!

“ How little more for you to give! O save

“ A wretched Maid undone by love, and you,

“ Who does in tears, and dying accents sue;

“ Who bleeds that Passion, she had ne’r reveal’d,

“ If not by love, almighty love compel’d:

“ Nor ever let her mournful Tomb complain,

“ *Here Byblis lies, kill’d by your cold disdain.*

Here forc’d to end, for want of room, not will
To add, her lines the crowded Margin fill,

Nor space allow for more: she trembling, folds

The Paper, which her shameful message holds;

And sealing, as she wept with boading fear,

She wet her Signet with a falling Tear.

This done, a trusty Messenger she call’d,

And in kind words the whisper’d Errand told:

“ Go, carry this with faithful care, she said,

“ To my dear,——there she paus’d a while, and
staid,

And By and by—*Brother*—was heard to add:

As she deliver’d it with her commands,

The Letter fell from out her trembling hands,

Dismay’d with the ill *Omen*, she anew

Doubted success, and held, yet bad him go.

He goes, and after quick admiffion got
 To *Caunus* hands the fatal feeret brought:
 Soon as the doubtful Youth a glance had caft
 On the firft lines, and gueft by them the reft,
 Strait horror, and amazement fill'd his breaft:
 Impatient with his rage, he could not ftay
 To fee the end, but threw't half read away.
 Scarce could his hands the trembling wretch for-
 bear,
 Nor did his tongue thofe angry threatnings spare:
 "Fly hence, nor longer my chaf'd fury trust,
 "Thou curfed Pander of detefted luft;
 "Fly quickly hence, and to thy fwiftness owe
 "Thy life, a forfeit to my vengeance due:
 "Which, had not danger of my Honour croft,
 "Thou'dst paid by this, and been fent back a Ghoft.

He the rough orders ftraits obeys, and bears
 The killing news to wretched *Byblis* ears;
 Like ftriking thunder the fierce tidings ftun,
 And to her heart quicker than light'ning run:

The frighted blood forsakes her gasty face,
 And a short death does every member seize :
 But soon as sense returns, her frenzy too
 Returns, and in these words breaks forth anew,

“ And justly serv'd ;— for why did foolish I
 “ Consent to make this rash discovery ?

“ Why did I thus in hasty lines reveal

“ That dang'rous secret, Honour wou'd conceal ?

“ I shou'd have first with art disguis'd the hook,

“ And seen how well the gawdy bait had took,

“ And found him hung at least, before I strook :

“ From shore I shou'd have first descri'd the wind,

“ Whether 'twould prove to my adventure kind,

“ E're I to untry'd Seas my self resign'd :

“ Now dash'd on Rocks, unable to retire,

“ I must i'th' wreck of all my hopes expire,

“ And was not I by tokens plain enough

“ Forewarn'd to quit my unauspicious Love ?

“ Did not the Fates my ill success foretel,

“ When from my hands th' unhappy Letter fell ?

“ So should my hopes have done, and my design,

“ That, or the day should then have alter'd bin;

“ But rather the unlucky day; when Heaven

“ Such ominous proofs of its dislike had given:

“ And so it had, had not mad Passion sway'd,

“ And Reason been by blinder Love misled.

“ Besides (alas!) I shou'd my self have gone,

“ Nor made my Pen a proxy to my Tongue;

“ Much more I could have spoke, much more have
told,

“ Than a short Letter's narrow room would hold:

“ He might have seen my Looks, my wishing Eyes,

“ My melting Tears, and heard my begging Sighs;

“ About his Neck I could have flung my Arms,

“ And been all over Love, all over Charms;

“ Grasp'd, and hung on his Knees, and there have
dyed,

“ There breath'd my gasping Soul out, if denied:

“ This and ten thousand things I might have done

“ To make my Passion with advantage known;

“Which if they each could not have bent his mind,
 “Yet surely all had forc’d him to be kind.

“Perhaps he, whom I sent, was too in fault,
 “Nor rightly tim’d his Message, as he ought;
 “I fear he went in some ill-chosen hour,
 “When cloudy weather made his temper lour.
 “Not those calm seasons of the mind, which prove
 “The fittest to receive the seeds of love,

“These things have ruin’d me; for doubtless he
 “Is made of human flesh, and blood, like me;
 “He suck’d no Tygres sure, nor Mountain Bear,
 “Nor does his breast relentless Marble wear.
 “He must, he shall consent, again I’le try,
 “And try again, if he again deny:
 “No scorn, no harsh repulse, or rough defeat
 “Shall ever my desires, or hopes rebate,

“My earnest suits shall never give him rest,
 “While Life, and Love more durable, shall last;
 “Alive I’le press, till breath in pray’rs be lost,
 “And after come a kind beseeching Ghost.

“For, if I might, what I have done, recall,

“The first point were, not to have don't at all;

“But since 'tis done, the second to be gain'd

“Is now to have, what I have sought, attain'd:

“For he, though I should now my wishes quit,

“Can never my unchaste attempts forget:

“Should I desist, 'twill be believ'd that I

“By slightly asking, taught him to deny;

“Or that I tempted him with wily fraud,

“And snares for his unwary Honour laid:

“Or, what I sent (and the belief were just)

“Were not th' efforts of Love, but shameful
Lust.

“In fine, I now dare any thing that's ill;

“I've writ, I have sollicit, my will

“Has been debauch'd; and shou'd I thus give
out,

“I cannot chaste, and innocent be thought:

“Much there is wanting still to be fulfill'd,

“Much to my wish, but little to my guilt.

She spoke; but such is her unsettled mind,
 It shifts from thought to thought, like veering
 wind,
 Now to this point, and now to that inclin'd:
 What she could wish had unattempted been:
 She strait is eager to attempt agen:
 What she repents, she acts; and now lets loose
 The reins to Love, nor any bounds allows,
 Repulse upon repulse unmov'd she bears,
 And still sues on, while she her suit despairs.

A S A

A
SATYR

*Upon a W O M A N, who by her Falshood and
 Scorn was the Death of his Friend.*

NO she shall ne're escape, if Gods there
 be,

Unless they perjur'd grow, and false
 as she;

Though no strange judgment yet the murd'ers
 feize

To punish her, and quit the partial Skies:

Though no revenging light'ning yet has flasht

From thence, that might her criminal beauties
 blast:

Though they in their old lustre still prevail,

By no disease, nor guilt it self made pale.

Guilt, which should blackest *Moors* themselves but
 own,

Would make through all their night new blushes
 dawn:

Though that kind soul, who now augments the
 blest,

Thither too soon by her unkindness chas'd:

(Where may it be her small'st, and lightest doom,
 (For that's not half my curse) never to come)

Though he, when prompted by the high'st de-
 spair,

Ne're mention'd her without an Hymn, or
 Prayer,

And could by all her scorn be forc'd no more

Than Martyrs to revile what they adore.

Who, had he curst her with his dying breath;

Had done but just, and Heaven had forgave:

Though ill-made Law no Sentence has ordain'd

For her, no Statute has her Guilt arraign'd:

(For Hangmen, Women's scorn, and Doctor's
 skill,

All by a licenc'd way of murder kill.)

Though she from justice of all these go free,
 And boast perhaps in her success, and cry,
 'Twas but a little harmless perjury:
 Yet think she not, she still secure shall prove,
 Or that none dare avenge an injur'd love:
 I rise in judgment, am to be to her
 Both Witness, Judg, and Executioner:
 Arm'd with dire Satyr, and resentful spite,
 I come to haunt her with the ghosts of Wit.
 My ink unbid starts out, and flies on her,
 Like blood upon some touching murderer:
 And shou'd that fail, rather than want, I wou'd
 Like Hags, to curse her, write in my own blood.
 Ye spightful pow'rs (if any there can be,
 That boast a worse, and keener spight than I)
 Assist with malice, and your mighty aid
 My sworn Revenge, and help me Rhime her
 dead:
 Grant I may fix such brands of Infamy,
 So plain, so deeply grav'd on her, that she,

Her Skill, Patches, nor Paint, all joyn'd can hide,
 And which shall lasting as her Soul abide:
 Grant my rank hate may such strong poison cast,
 That every breath may taint, and rot, and blast,
 Till one large gangreen quit o'respread her fame
 With foul contagion; till her odious name,
 Spit at, and curst by every mouth like mine,
 Be terror to her self, and all her line.

Vile'st of that viler Sex, who damn'd us all!
 Ordain'd to cause, and plague us, for our fall!
W O M A N! nay worse! for she can nought be said,
 But Mummy by some Dev'l inhabited:
 Not made in Heaven's Mint, but base coin'd,
 She wears an human image stamp't on fiend;
 And whoso Marriage would with her contract,
 Is Witch by Law, and that a meer compact:
 Her Soul (if any Soul in her there be)
 By Hell was breath'd into her in a lye,
 And its whole stock of falshood there was lent,
 As if hereafter to be true it meant:

Bawd Nature taught her Jilting, when she made,
 And by her make, design'd her for the trade:
 Hence 'twas she daub'd her with a painted Face,
 That she at once might better cheat, and please:
 All those gay charming looks, that court the eye,
 Are but an ambush to hid treachery;
 Mischief adorn'd with pomp, and smooth disguise,
 A painted skin stuff'd full of guile and lyes,
 Within a gawdy Case, a nasty Soul,
 Like T—— of quality in a gilt Close-stool:
 Such on a Cloud those flatt'ring colours are,
 Which only serve to dress a Tempest fair.
 So men upon this Earth's fair surface dwell,
 Within are Fiends, and at the center Hell:
 Court-promises, the Leagues, which States-men
 make
 With more convenience, and more ease to break,
 The Faith, a Jesuit in Allegiance swears,
 Or a Town-jilt to keeping Coxcombs bears,
 Are firm, and certain all, compar'd with hers:

Early in falshood, at her Font she lied,
 And should ev'n then for perjury been tried:
 Her Conscience stretch'd, and open as the Stews,
 But laughs at Oaths, and plays with solemn
 Vows,
 And at her mouth swallows down perjur'd
 breath,
 More glib than bits of lechery beneath:
 Less serious known, when she doth most protest,
 Than thoughts of arrantest Buffoons in jest:
 More cheap, than the vile mercenariest Squire,
 That plies for Half-crown Fees at *Westminster*,
 And trades in staple Oaths, and Swears to hire:
 Less guilt than hers, less breach of Oath, and
 Word
 Has stood aloft, and look'd through Penance-
 board;
 And he that trusts her in a Death-bed-Prayer,
 Has Faith to merit, and save any thing, but her.
 But since her Guilt description does out-go;
 I'll try if it out-strip my Curses too;

Curses, which may they equal my just hate,
 My wish, and her desert, be each so great,
 Each heard like Pray'rs, and Heaven make 'em
 fate.

First, for her Beauties, which the mischief
 brought,

May she affected, they be borrow'd thought,
 By her own hand, not that of Nature wrought:

Her Credit, Honour, Portion, Health, and those
 Prove light, and frail, as her broke Faith, and Vows:

Some base unnam'd Disease, her Carcass foul,

And make her Body ugly, as her Soul.

Cankers, and Ulcers eat her, till she be

Shun'd like Infection, loath'd like Infamy.

Strength quite expir'd, may she alone retain

The snuff of life, may that unquench'd remain,

As in the damn'd, to keep her fresh for pain:

Hot Lust light on her, and the plague of Pride

On that, this ever scorn'd, as that denied:

Ach, anguish, horror, grief, dishonour, shame

Pursue at once her body, soul, and fame:

If e're the Devil-love must enter her

(For nothing sure but Fiends can enter there)

May she a just and true tormenter find,

And that like an ill-conscience rack her mind;

Be some diseas'd, and ugly wretch her fate,

She doom'd to love of one, whom all else hate.

May he hate her, and may her destiny

Be to despair, and yet love on, and die;

Or to invent some wittier punishment,

May he, to plague her, out of spite consent;

May the old fumbler, though disabled quite,

Have strength to give her Claps, but no de-
light:

May he of her unjustly jealous be

For one that's worse, and uglier far than he:

May's impotence balk, and torment her lust,

Yet scarcely her to dreams, or wishes trust:

Forc'd to be chaste, may she suspected be,

Share none o'th' pleasure, all the infamy.

In fine, that I all curses may compleat
(For I've but curs'd in jest, and raillied yet)
Whate're the Sex deserves, or feels, or fears,
May all those plagues be hers, and only hers;
Whate're great Favourites turn'd out of doors,
Scorn'd Lovers, bilk'd and disappointed Whores,
Or losing Gamesters vent, what Curses e're
Are spoke by finners raving in despair:
All those fall on her, as they're all her due,
Till spite can't think, nor Heav'n inflict anew:
May then (for once I will be kind, and pray)
No madnes take her use of Sense away;
But may she in full strength of reason be,
To feel, and understand her misery;
Plagu'd so, till she think damning a release,
And humbly pray to go to Hell for ease:
Yet may not all these suff'rings here attone
Her sin, and may she still go sinning on,

Tick up in Perjury, and run o'th' score,

Till on her Soul she can get trust no more:

Then may she stupid, and repentless die,

And Heav'n it self forgive no more than I,

But so be damn'd of meer necessity.

F I N I S.
