THE

WORKS

OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN Earl of *Rocheſter*.

Conſiſting of

SATIRES, SONGS, TRANSLATIONS,

AND OTHER

Occaſional POEMS.

LONDON:
Printed for the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter*. 1718. Price 1 *s*.

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FINIS.

A SATIRE AGAINST MANKIND.

Drop Were I, who to my Cost already am,
One of those strange, prodigious Creatures *Man*,
A Spirit free, to chuse for my own Share,
What Sort of Flesh and Blood I pleas'd to wear,
I'd be a Dog, a Monkey, or a Bear;
Or any thing, but that vain Animal,
Who is so proud of being Rational.
The Senses are too gross; and he'll contrive
A sixth, to contradict the other five:
And before certain Instinct, will prefer
Reason, which fifty Times for one does err.
Reason, an *Ignis Fatuus* of the Mind,
Which leaves the Light of Nature, Sense, behind.
Pathless, and dang'rous, wand'ring Ways it takes,
Thro Error's fenny Boggs, and thorny Brakes:
Whilst the misguided Follower climbs with Pain
Mountains of Whimseys heapt in his own Brain;
Stumbling from Thought to Thought, falls headlong down
Into Doubt's boundless Sea, where like to drown,
Books bear him up a while, and make him try
To swim with Bladders of Philosophy:
In hopes still to o'ertake the skipping Light,
The Vapour dances in his dazzled Sight,
Till spent, it leaves him to eternal Night.
Then old Age and Experience, Hand in Hand,

Lead him to Death, and make him understand,
After a Search so painful, and so long,
That all his Life he has been in the wrong.
Huddled in Dirt the reas'ning Engine lies,
Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise:
Pride drew him in, as Cheats their Bubbles catch,
And made him venture to be made a Wretch:
His Wisdom did his Happiness destroy,
Aiming to know the World he should enjoy.
And Wit was his vain frivolous Pretence,
Of pleasing others at his own Expence.
For *Wits* are treated just like *Common-Whores*;
First they're enjoy'd, and then kick'd out of Doors.
The Pleasure past, a threat'ning Doubt remains,
That frights th' Enjoyer with succeeding Pains.
Women, and Men of Wit are dang'rous Tools,
And ever fatal to admiring Fools.
Pleasure allures, and when the Fops escape,
'Tis not that they're belov'd, but fortunate;
And therefore what they fear, at Heart they hate.
But now methinks some formal Band and Beard
Takes me to Task, Come on, Sir, I am prepar'd:
Then by your favour, any thing that's writ
Against this gibing, gingling Knack call'd Wit,
Likes me abundantly; but you'll take Care
Upon this Point not to be too severe:
Perhaps my Muse were fitter for this Part;
For I profess I can be very smart
On Wit, which I abhor with all my Heart.
I long to lash it in some sharp Essay,
But your grand Indiscretion bids me stay,
And turns my Tide of Ink another Way.
What Rage ferments in your degen'rate Mind,
To make you rail at Reason and Mankind?

Blest glorious Man, to whom alone kind Heav'n
An everlasting Soul hath freely giv'n;
Whom his great Maker took such Care to make,
That from himself he did the Image take;
And this fair Frame in shining Reason drest,
To dignify his Nature above Beast.
Reason, by whose aspiring Influence,
We take a Flight beyond Material Sense,
Dive into Mysteries, then soaring pierce
The flaming Limits of the Universe;
Search Heav'n and Hell, find out what's acted there,
And give the World true Grounds of Hope and Fear.

Hold, mighty Man, I cry; all this we know
From the pathetick Pen of *Ingelo*:
From *Patrick*'s Pilgrim, *Sibb*'s Soliloquies,
And 'tis this very Reason I despise;
This supernat'ral Gift, that makes a Mite
Think he's the Image of the Infinite;
Comparing his short Life, void of all Rest,
To the eternal and the ever-blest:
This busy, puzzling, Stirrer up of Doubt,
That frames deep Mysteries, then finds 'em out,
Filling with frantick Crouds of thinking Fools,
The rev'rend Bedlams, Colleges and Schools,
Born on whose Wings each heavy Sot can pierce
The Limits of the boundless Universe.
So charming Ointments make an old Witch fly,
And bear a crippl'd Carcase thro' the Sky.
'Tis this exalted Pow'r whose Bus'ness lies
In Nonsense and Impossibilities:
This made a whimsical Philosopher,
Before the spacious World his Tub prefer:
And we have many modern Coxcombs who

Retire to think, 'cause they have nought to do.
But Thoughts were giv'n for Action's Government;
Where Action ceases, Thought's impertinent.
Our Sphere of Action is Life's Happiness,
And he that thinks beyond, thinks like an Ass.
Thus whilst against false Reas'ning I inveigh,
I own right Reason, which I would obey;
That Reason which distinguishes by Sense,
And gives us Rules of Good and Ill from thence;
That bounds Desires with a reforming Will,
To keep them more in Vigour, not to kill:
Your Reason hinders, mine helps to enjoy,
Renewing Appetites yours would destroy.
My Reason is my Friend, yours is a Cheat,
Hunger calls out, my Reason bids my eat;
Perversly yours your Appetite do's mock;
This asks for Food, that answers what's't a Clock.

This plain Distinction, Sir, your Doubt secures;
'Tis not true Reason, I despise but yours.
Thus, I think Reason righted: But for Man,
I'll ne'er recant, defend him if you can.
For all his Pride, and his Philosophy,
'Tis evident Beasts are, in their Degree,
As wise at least, and better far than he.
Those Creatures are the wisest, who attain
By surest Means, the Ends at which they aim.
If therefore *Jowler* finds, and kills his Hare,
Better than *Meres* supplies Committee Chair;
Tho' one's a Statesman, t'other but a Hound;
Jowler in Justice will be wiser found.
You see how far Man's Wisdom here extends:
Look next if Human Nature makes amends;
Whose Principles are most generous and just,

And to whose Morals you wou'd sooner trust.
Be judge your self, I'll bring it to the Test,
Which is the basest Creature, Man, or Beast:
Birds feed on Birds, Beasts on each other prey,
But savage Man alone do's Man betray.
Prest by Necessity, *They* kill for Food;
Man undoes Man, to do himself no good.
With Teeth and Claws, by Nature arm'd, *They* hunt
Nature's Allowance, to supply their Want:
But Man with Smiles, Embraces, Friendships, Praise,
Inhumanly his Fellow's Life betrays;
With voluntary Pains works his Distress;
Not thro' Necessity, but Wantonness.
For Hunger, or for Love, *They* bite, or tear,
Whilst wretched Man is still in Arms for Fear;
For Fear he arms, and is of Arms afraid;
From Fear to Fear successively betray'd.
Base Fear, the Source whence his best Passions came,
His boasted Honour, and his dear-bought Fame:
The Lust of Pow'r, to which he's such a Slave,
And for the which alone he dares be brave:
To which his various Projects are design'd,
Which makes him gen'rous, affable, and kind:
For which he takes such Pains to be thought wise,
And scrues his Actions in a forc'd Disguise:
Leads a most tedious Life in Misery,
Under laborious, mean Hypocrisy.
Look to the Bottom of his vast Design,
Wherein Man's Wisdom, Pow'r, and Glory join;
The Good he acts, the Ill he do's endure,
'Tis all from Fear, to make himself secure.
Meerly for Safety, after Fame they thirst;
For all Men would be Cowards, if they durst:
And Honesty's against all common Sense,

Men must be Knaves; ’tis in their own Defence
Mankind’s dishonest: If they think it fair,
Amongst known Cheats, to play upon the Square,
You’ll be undone—
Nor can weak Truth your Reputation save;
The Knaves will all agree to call you Knave.
Wrong’d shall he live, insulted o’er, opprest,
Who dares be less a Villain than the rest.
Thus here you see what Human Nature craves,
Most Men are Cowards, all Men shou’d be Knaves.
The Difference lies, as far as I can see,
Not in the thing it self, but the Degree;
And all the Subject Matter of Debate,
Is only who’s a Knave of the first Rate.

Tunbridge-WELLS:
A
SATIRE.

At Five this Morn, when *Phœbus* rais'd his Head
From *Thetis* Lap, I rais'd my self from Bed;
And mounting Steed, I trotted to the Waters,
The Rendezvous of Fools, Buffoons, and Praters,
Cuckolds, Whores, Citizens, their Wives and Daughters.
My squeamish Stomach I with Wine had brib'd,
To undertake the Dose that was prescrib'd;
But turning Head, a sudden cursed Crew,
That innocent Provision overthrew,
And without drinking, made me purge and spew;
From Coach and Six, a Thing unwieldy roll'd,
Whom Lumber-Cart more decently would hold,
As wise as Calf it look'd, as big as Bully,
But handled, prov'd a meer Sir *Nich'las Cully*:
A bawling Fop, a *Nat'ral Nokes*, and yet
He dar'd to censure, to be thought a Wit.
To make him more ridiculous in Spite,
Nature contriv'd the Fool should be a Knight.
How wise is Nature when she does dispense
A large Estate to cover Want of Sense.
The Man's a Fool, 'tis true, but that's no Matter,
For he's a mighty Wit with those that flatter,
But a poor Blockhead is a wretched Creature.
Grant the unlucky Stars, this o'ergrown Boy
To purchase some aspiring pretty Toy,
That may his Want of Sense and Wit supply,
As Buxom Crab-fish doth his Lechery.

Tho' he alone was dismal Sight enough,
His Train contributed to set him off;
All of his Shape, all of the self-same Stuff:
No Spleen or Malice could on them be thrown,
Nature had done the Bus'ness of Lampoon,
And in their Looks their Characters were shewn.
Endeavouring this irksome Sight to baulk,
And a more irksom Noise, their silly Talk;
I silently slunk down to'th Lower Walk.
But often when one would *Charybdis* shun,
Down upon *Scylla* 'tis our Fate to run:
For there it was my cursed Luck to find
As great a Fop, tho' of another kind;
A tall, stiff Fool, that walk'd in *Spanish* Guise,
The Buckram Poppet never stirrd his Eyes,
But grave as Owl he look'd, as Woodcock wise.
He scorns the empty Talk of this made Age,
And speaks all Proverb, Sentence, and Adage:
Can with as much Solemnity buy Eggs,
As a Cabal can talk of their Intrigues:
Master of Ceremonies, yet can't dispense
With the Formality of Talking Sense.
From whence unto the Upper Walk I came,
Where a new Scene of Foppery began;
A Tribe of Curates, Priests, Canonical Elves,
Fit Company for none besides themselves,
Were got together; each his Distemper told,
Scurvy, Stone, Strangury; some were so bold,
To charge the Spleen to be their Misery,
And on that wise Disease lay Infamy:
But none had Modesty enough t'explain
His Want of Learning, Honesty, or Brain,
The general Diseases of that Train.
These call themselves Ambassadors of Heaven,

And sawcily pretend Commissions given:
But should an *Indian* King, whose small Command
Seldom extends beyond ten Miles of Land,
Send forth such wretched Fools on an Embassage.
He'd find but small Effects of such a Message.
List'ning, I found the Cob of all this Rabble,
Pert *Bayes* with his Importance comfortable;
He being rais'd to an Archdeaconry,
By trampling on Religion, Liberty,
Was grown so great, and look'd too fat and jolly
To be disturb'd with Care and Melancholly,
Tho' *Marvel* had enough expos'd his Folly.
He drank to carry off some old Remains
His lazy dull Distemper left in's Brains;
Let him drink on; but 'tis not a whole Flood
Can give sufficient Sweetness to his Blood,
To make his Nature, or his Manners good.
Importance drank too, *tho' she had been no Sinner,*
To wash away some Dregs he had spew'd in her.
Next after these, a fulsom *Irish* Crew
Of silly *Macks* were offer'd to my View;
The things did talk, but hearing what they said,
I hid my self the Kindness to evade.
Nature had plac'd these Wretches beneath Scorn,
They can't be call'd so vile as they are born.
Amidst the Crowd, next I my self convey'd,
For now there comes, White-Wash and Paint being laid,
Mother and Daughter, Mistress and the Maid,
And Squire with Wig and Pantaloons display'd.
But ne'er could Conventicle, Play, or Fair,
For a true Medly with this Herd compare,
Here Lords, Knights, Squires, Ladies, and Countesses,
Chandlers, and barren Women, Sempstresses,
Were mix'd together; nor did they agree

More in their Humours, than their Quality.
Here waiting for Gallant young Damsel stood
Leaning on Cane, and muffl'd up in Hood.
The Wou'd-be-wit, whose Bus'ness was to woe,
With Hat remov'd, and solemn Scrape of Shoe,
Advances bowing, then gentilely shrugs,
And ruffl'd Fore-top into Order tugs;
And thus accosts her: *Madam, methinks the Weather*
Is grown much more serene, since you came hither:
You influence the Heav'ns; but shou'd the Sun
Withdraw himself, to see his Rays outdone
By your bright Eyes, they could supply the Morn,
And make a Day, before the Day be born.
With Mouth screw'd up, conceited winking Eyes,
And Breast thrust forward, *Lard Sir*, she replies,
It is your Goodness, and not my Deserts,
Which makes you shew this Learning, Wit, and Parts.
He puzzled, bites his Nails, both to display
The sparkling Ring, and think what next to say,
And thus breaks forth afresh; *Madam, Egad,*
Your Luck at Cards, last Night, was very bad;
At Cribbidge Fifty Nine, and the next Shew,
To make the Game, and yet to want these Two.
G—D—me, Madam, I'm the Son of a Whore,
If, in my Life, I saw the like before.
To Pedlar's Stall he drags her, and her Breast
With Hearts, and such like foolish Toys he drest,
And then, more smartly to expound the Riddle
Of all his Prattle, gives her a *Scotch* Fiddle.
Tir'd with this dismal Stuff, away I ran,
Where were two Wives, with Girl just fit for Man,
Short-breath'd, and palled Lips, and Visage wan.
Some Court'sies past, and the old Compliment
Of being glad to see each other, spent,

With Hand in Hand they lovingly did walk,
And one began thus to renew the Talk:
I pray, Good Madam, if it mayn't be thought
Rudeness in me, what Cause has hither brought
Your Ladyship? She soon replying, smil'd,
We've got a good Estate, but have no Child;
And I'm inform'd, these Wells will make a barren
Woman as fruitful as a Coney-Warren.
The first return'd, *For this Cause I am come,*
For I can have no Quietness at Home;
My Husband grumbles, tho' we have got one,
This poor young Girl, and mutters for a Son:
And this is griev'd with Head-ach, Pangs, and Throws,
Is full Sixteen, and never yet had Those.
She soon reply'd, *Get her a Husband, Madam;*
I marry'd about that Age, and ne'er had had 'em
Was just like her, Steel Waters let alone,
A Back of Steel will better bring Them down.
And Ten to one, but they themselves will try
The same Means to increase the Family.
Poor silly Fribble! who by Subtilty,
Of Midwife, truest Friend to Lechery,
Perswaded art to be at Pains and Charge,
To give thy Wife Occasion to enlarge
Thy silly Head: For here walks *Cuff* and *Kick*,
With Brawny Back, and Legs, and potent P——,
Who more substantially can cure thy Wife,
And on her half-dead Womb bestow new Life;
From these the Waters got their Reputation
Of good Assistants unto Propagation.
Some warlike Men were now got into th' Throng,
With Hair ty'd back, singing a bawdy Song;
Not much afraid, I got a nearer View,
And 'twas my Chance to know the dreadful Crew;

They were Cadets, that seldom can appear,
Damn'd to the Stint of Thirty Pounds a Year;
With Hawk on Fist, and Grey-Hound led in Hand,
The Dog and Foot-Boys sometimes to command,
And now having trimm'd a Cast of spavin'd Horse,
With Three Half-Pence for Guineas in their Purse,
Two rusty Pistols, Scarf about their Arse,
Coat lin'd with Red, they here presume to swell,
This goes for Captain, that for Collonel.
So the Bear-Garden Ape, on his Steed mounted,
No longer is a Jackanapes accounted;
And is, by virtue of his Trump'ry, then
Call'd by the Name of the young Gentleman:
Bless me! thought I, what thing is Man, that thus
In all his Shapes is so ridiculous?
Our selves with Noise of Reason we do please,
In vain Humanity is our worst Disease;
Thrice happy Beasts are, who because they be
Of Reason void, are so of Foppery.
Faith, I was so asham'd, that with Remorse,
I us'd the Insolence to mount my Horse;
For he doing only Things fit for his Nature,
Did seem to me by much the wiser Creature.

HORACE's *Nempe incomposito dixi pede*, &c. IMITATED.

Well, Sir, 'tis granted, I said *Dryden*'s Rhimes
Were stoll'n, unequal, nay, dull many Times:
What foolish Patron is there found of his
So blindly partial to deny me this?
But that his Plays embroider'd up and down
With Wit and Learning, justly please the Town,
In the same Paper I as freely own.
Yet having this allow'd, the heavy Mass
That stuffs up his loose Volumes, must not pass:
For by that Rule, I might as well admit
Crown's tedious Sense for Poetry and Wit.
'Tis therefore not enough, when your false Sense
Hits the false Judgment of an Audience
Of clapping Fools assembling, a vast Crowd,
Till the throng'd Play-House crack with the dull Load;
Tho' ev'n that Talent merits, in some sort,
That can divert the Rabble and the Court;
Which blund'ring *Settle* never could attain,
And puzz'ling *Otway* labours at in vain:
But within due Proportion circumscribe
Whate'er you write, that with a flowing Tide
The Stile may rise, yet in its Rise forbear
With useless Words t'oppress the weary'd Ear.
Here be your Language lofty, there more light,
Your Rhet'rick with your Poetry unite:
For Elegance sake, sometimes allay the Force
Of Epithets, 'twill soften the Discourse

A Jest in Scorn points out, and hits the Thing
More home, than the morosest Satyr's Sting.
Shakespear and *Johnson* did in this excel,
And might herein be imitated well;
Whom refin'd *Etherege* copies not at all,
But is himself a meer Original;
Nor that slow Drudge in swift Pindarick Strains,
Flatman, who *Cowley* imitates with Pains,
And rides a jaded Muse, whipt, with loose Reins.
When *Lee* makes temp'rate *Scipio* fret and rave,
And *Hannibal* a whining am'rous Slave,
I laugh, and wish the hot-brain'd Fustian Fool
In *Busby*'s Hands, to be well lash'd at School.
Of all our modern Wits, none seem to me
Once to have touch'd upon true *Comedy*,
But hasty *Shadwell*, and slow *Wycherley*.
Shadwell's unfinish'd Works do yet impart
Great Proofs of Force of Nature, none of Art;
With just bold Stokes he dashes here and there,
Shewing great Mastery with little Care;
Scorning to varnish his good Touches o'er,
To make the Fools and Women praise him more:
But *Wycherley* earns hard whate'er he gains;
He wants no Judgment, and he spares no Pains:
He frequently excells, and at the least,
Makes fewer Faults than any of the rest.
Waller, by Nature for the Bays design'd,
With Force, and Fire, and Fancy, unconfin'd,
In Panegyrick do's excel Mankind:
He best can turn, enforce, and soften things,
To praise great Conquerors, and flatter Kings.
For pointed Satyr I would *Buckhurst* choose,
The best Good Man with the worst-natur'd Muse.

For Songs and Verses mannerly obscene,
That can stir Nature up by Springs unseen,
And, without forcing Blushes, warm the Queen;
Sedley has that prevailing, gentle Art,
That can with a resistless Pow'r impart
The loosest Wishes to the chastest Heart;
Raise such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire
Betwixt declining Virtue and Desire,
Till the poor vanquish'd Maid dissolves away
In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.
Dryden in vain try'd this nice Way of Wit,
For he to be a tearing Blade thought fit;
But when he would be sharp, he still was blunt,
To frisk and frolick Fancy he'd cry ——
Wou'd give the Ladies a dry bawdy Bob;
And thus he got the Name of Poet Squab:
But to be just, 'twill to his Praise be found,
His Excellences more than Faults abound;
Nor dare I from his sacred Temples tear
The Laurel, which he best deserves to wear;
But do's not *Dryden* find ev'n *Johnson* dull?
Beaumont and *Fletcher* incorrect and full
Of *Lewd Lines*, as he calls 'em? *Shakespear*'s Stile
Stiff and affected? To his own the while,
Allowing all the Justice that his Pride
So arrogantly had to these deny'd?
And may not I have Leave impartially
To search and censure *Dryden*'s Works, and try
If those gross Faults his choice Pen doth commit,
Proceed from Want of Judgment, or of Wit?
Or if his lumpish Fancy do's refuse
Spirit and Grace to his loose slattern Muse?
Five Hundred Verses ev'ry Morning writ
Prove him no more a Poet than a Wit:

Such scribb'ling Authors have been seen before,
Mustapha, the *Island Princess*, Forty more,
Were things, perhaps, compos'd in Half an Hour.
To write, what may securely stand the Test
Of being well read over, thrice at least;
Compare each Phrase, examine ev'ry Line,
Weigh ev'ry Word, and ev'ry Thought refine;
Scorn all Applause the vile Rout can bestow,
And be content to please those few who know.
Canst thou be such a vain mistaken Thing,
To wish thy Works might make a Play-house ring
With the unthinking Laughter and poor Praise
Of Fops and Ladies factious for thy Plays?
Then send a cunning Friend to learn thy Doom
From the shrewd Judges in the Drawing Room.
I've no Ambition on that idle Score,
But say with *Betty Morris* heretofore,
When a Court Lady call'd her *Buckhurst*'s Whore:
I please one Man of Wit, am proud on't too,
Let all the Coxcombs dance to Bed to you.
Should I be troubled when the purblind Knight,
Who squints more in his Judgment, than his Sight,
Picks silly Faults, and censures what I write?
Or when the poor-fed Poets of the Town,
For Scraps and Coach-room cry my Verses down?
I loath the Rabble; 'tis enough for me;
If *Sedley*, *Shadwell*, *Sheppard*, *Wycherley*,
Godolphin, *Butler*, *Buckhurst*, *Buckingham*,
And some few more, whom I omit to name,
Approve my Sense, I count their Censure Fame.

A SATIRE AGAINST MARRIAGE.

Husband, thou dull unpitied Miscreant,
Wedded to Noise, to Misery and Want:
Sold an eternal Vassal for thy Life,
Oblig'd to cherish, and to hate thy Wife:
Drudge on till Fifty at thy own Expence,
Breathe out thy Life in one Impertinence:
Repeat thy loath'd Embraces every Night,
Prompted to act by Duty, not Delight:
Christen thy froward Bantling once a Year,
And carefully thy spurious Issue rear:
Go once a Week to see the Brat at Nurse,
And let the young Impostor drain thy Purse:
Hedge-Sparrow-like, what Cuckows have begot,
Do thou maintain, incorrigible Sot.
O! I could curse the Pimp, (who could do less?)
He's beneath Pity, and beyond Redress.
Pox on him, let him go, what can I say?
Anathema's on him are thrown away:
The Wretch is marry'd and hath known the worst;
And his great Blessing is, he can't be curst.
Marriage! O Hell and Furies! name it not;
Hence, ye holy Cheats, a Plot, a Plot!
Marriage! 'Tis but a licens'd Way to sin;
A Noose to catch religious Woodcocks in:
Or the Nick-Name of Love's malicious Fiend,

Begot in Hell to persecute Mankind:
'Tis the Destroyer of our Peace and Health,
Mispender of our Time, our Strength and Wealth;
The Enemy of Valour, Wit, Mirth, all
That we can virtuous, good, or pleasant call:
By Day 'tis nothing but an endless Noise,
By Night the Eccho of forgotten Joys:
Abroad the Sport and Wonder of the Crowd,
At Home the hourly Breach of what they vow'd:
In Youth it's *Opium* to our lustful Rage,
Which sleeps awhile, but wakes again in Age:
It heaps on all Men much, but useless Care;
For with more Trouble they less happy are.
Ye Gods! that Man, by his own Slavish Law,
Should on himself such Inconvenience draw.
If he would wiser Nature's Laws obey,
Those chalk him out a far more pleasant Way,
When lusty Youth and fragrant Wine conspire
To fan the Blood into a gen'rous Fire.
We must not think the Gallant will endure
The puissant Issue of his Calenture,
Nor always in his single Pleasures burn,
Tho' Nature's Handmaid sometimes serves the Turn:
No: He must have a sprightly, youthful Wench,
In equal Floods of Love his Flames to quench:
One that will hold him in her clasping Arms,
And in that Circle all his Spirits charms;
That with new Motion and unpractis'd Art,
Can raise his Soul, and reinsnare his Heart.
Hence spring the Noble, Fortunate, and Great,
Always begot in Passion and in Heat:
But the dull Offspring of the Marriage-Bed,
What is it! but a human Piece of Lead;
A sottish Lump ingender'd of all Ills;

Begot like Cats against their Fathers Wills.
If it be bastardis'd, 'tis doubly spoil'd,
The Mother's Fear's entail'd upon the Child.
Thus whether illegitimate, or not,
Cowards and Fools in Wedlock are begot.
Let no enabled Soul himself debase
By lawful Means to bastardise his Race;
But if he must pay Nature's Debt in Kind,
To check his eager Passion, let him find
Some willing Female out, who, tho' she be
The very Dregs and Scum of Infamy:
Tho' she be Linsey-Woolsey, Bawd, and Whore,
Close-stool to *Venus*, Nature's Common-Shore,
Impudent, Foolish, Bawdy, and Disease,
The Sunday Crack of Suburb-Prentices;
What then! She's better than a Wife by half;
And if thour't still unmarried, thou art safe.
With Whores thou canst but venture; what thou'st lost,
May be redeem'd again with Care and Cost;
But a damn'd Wife, by inevitable Fate,
Destroys Soul, Body, Credit, and Estate.

A
LETTER
FROM
Artemisa in the Town,
TO
CLOE in the Country.

Cloe, by your Command, in Verse I write:
Shortly you'll bid me ride astride, and fight:
Such Talents better with our Sex agree,
Than lofty Flights of dangerous Poetry.
Among the Men, I mean the Men of Wit,
(At least, they past for such before they writ)
How many bold Advent'rers for the Bays,
Proudly designing large Returns of Praise;
Who durst that stormy, pathless World explore,
Were soon dash'd back, and wreck'd on the dull Shore,
Broke of that little Stock they had before.
How wou'd a Woman's tott'ring Bark be tost,
Where stoutest Ships, (the Men of Wit) are lost?
When I reflect on this, I streight grow wise,
And my own self I gravely thus advise.

Dear *Artemisa*! Poetry's a Snare:
Bedlam has many Mansions; have a Care:
Your Muse diverts you, makes the Reader sad:
You think your self inspir'd, he thinks you mad:
Consider too, 'twill be discreetly done,
To make your self the Fiddle of the Town:
To find th' ill-humour'd Pleasure at their Need;

Curst when you fail, and scorn'd when you succeed.
Thus, like an arrant Woman, as I am,
No sooner well convinc'd Writing's a Shame,
That *Whore* is scarce a more reproachful Name
Than Poetess—
Like Men that marry, or like Maids that woo,
because 'tis th' very worst thing they can do:
Pleas'd with the Contradiction, and the Sin,
Methinks I stand on Thorns till I begin.

Y'expect to hear, at least, what Love has past
In this lewd Town, since you and I saw last;
What Change has happen'd of Intrigues, and whether
The old ones last, and who and who's together.
But how, my dearest *Cloe*, shou'd I set
My Pen to write, what I wou'd fain forget?
Or name that lost thing Love without a Tear,
Since so debauch'd by ill-bred Customs here?
Love, the most gen'rous Passion of the Mind;
The softest Refuge Innocence can find;
The safe Director of unguided Youth;
Fraught with kind Wishes, and secur'd by Truth:
That Cordial-drop Heav'n in our Cup has thrown,
To make the nauseous Draught of Life go down:
On which one only Blessing God might raise,
In Lands of Atheists, Subsidies of Praise:
For none did e'er so dull and stupid prove,
But felt a God, and bless'd his Pow'r in Love:
This only Joy, for which poor we are made,
Is grown, like Play, to be an arrant Trade:
The Rooks creep in, and it has got of late,
As many little Cheats and Tricks as that.
But, what yet more a Woman's Heart wou'd vex,
'Tis chiefly carry'd on by our own Sex.

Our silly Sex, who, born like Monarchs, free,
Turn Gypsies for a meaner Liberty;
And hate Restraint, tho' but from Infamy:
They call whatever is not common nice,
And, deaf to Nature's Rule, or Love's Advice,
Forsake the Pleasure to pursue the Vice.
To an exact Perfection they have brought
The Action Love; the Passion is forgot.
'Tis below Wit, they tell you, to admire;
And ev'n without approving, they desire.
Their private Wish obeys the publick Voice,
'Twixt Good and Bad, Whimsey decides, not Choice.
Fashions grow up for Taste, at Forms they strike;
They know not what they wou'd have, nor what they like.
Bovy's a Beauty, if some few agree
To call him so, the rest to that Degree
Affected are, that with their Ears they see.

Where I was visiting the other Night,
Comes a fine Lady with her humble Knight,
Who had prevail'd with her, thro' her own Skill,
As his Request, tho' much against his Will,
To come to *London*—
As the Coach stopt, I heard her Voice, more loud
Than a great bellied Woman's in a Crowd;
Telling the Knight that her Affairs require
He, for some Hours, obsequiously retire.
I think she was asham'd he shou'd be seen,
Hard Fate of Husbands! the Gallant has been,
Tho' a diseas'd, ill-favour'd Fool, brought in.
Dispatch, says she, the Business you pretend,
Your beastly Visit to your drunken Friend.
A Bottle ever makes you look so fine;
Methinks I long to smell you stink of Wine.

Your Country-drinking Breath's enough to kill:
Sour Ale corrected with a Lemon-Pill.
Prithee, farewel: We'll meet again anon.
The necessary Thing bows, and is gone.
She flies up Stairs, and all the Haste does show
That fifty antick Postures will allow,
And then burst out—Dear Madam, am not I
The strangest, alter'd Creature: Let me die
I find my self ridiculously grown,
Embarrast with my being out of Town
Rude and untaught like any *Indian* Queen;
My Country Nakedness is plainly seen.
How is Love govern'd? Love that rules the State;
And pray who are the Men most worn of late?
When I was marry'd, Fools were a-la-mode;
The Men of Wit were held then incommode.
Slow of Belief, and fickle in Desire,
Who, e'er they'll be persuaded, must enquire;
As if they came to spy, and not to admire.
With searching Wisdom, fatal to their Ease,
They still find out why, what may, shou'd not please:
Nay, take themselves for injur'd, when we dare
Make 'em think better of us than we are:
And, if we hide our Frailties from their Sights,
Call us deceitful Jilts, and Hypocrites:
They little guess, who at our Arts are griev'd,
The perfect Joy of being well deceiv'd.
Inquisitive, as jealous Cuckolds, grow;
Rather than not be knowing, they will know,
What being known, creates their certain Woe.
Women should these, of all Mankind, avoid;
For Wonder, by clear Knowledge, is destroy'd.

Woman, who is an arrant Bird of Night,
Bold in the dusk, before a Fool's dull sight,
Must fly, when Reason brings the glaring Light.
But the kind easie Fool, apt to admire
Himself, trusts us, his Follies all conspire
To flatter his, and favour our Desire.
Vain of his proper Merit, he, with ease,
Believes we love him best, who best can please:
On him our gross, dull, common Flatteries pass;
Ever most happy when most made an Ass:
Heavy to apprehend; tho' all Mankind
Perceive us false, the Fop, himself, is blind.
Who, doating on himself,—
Thinks every one that sees him of his Mind.
These are true Womens Men—here, forc'd to cease
Thro' want of Breath, not will, to hold her Peace;
She to the Window runs, where she had spy'd
Her much-esteem'd, dear Friend, the Monkey ty'd:
With forty Smiles, as many antick Bows,
As if't had been the Lady of the House
The dirty, chatt'ring Monster she embrac'd;
And made it this fine tender Speech at last.

Kiss me, thou curious Miniature of Man;
How odd thou art, how pretty, how japan:
Oh! I could live and die with thee: Then on,
For half an Hour, in Complements she ran.
I took this Time to think what Nature meant,
When this mixt Thing into the World she sent,
So very wise, yet so impertinent.
One that knows ev'ry Thing that God thought fit
Shou'd be an Ass thro' Choice, not want of Wit.
Whose Foppery, without the help of Sense,
Cou'd ne'er have rose to such an Excellence.

Nature's as lame in making a true Fop
As a Philosopher, the very Top
And Dignity of Folly we attain
By studious Search, and Labour of the Brain:
By Observation, Counsel, and deep Thought:
God never made a Coxcomb worth a Groat.
We owe that Name to Industry and Arts;
An eminent Fool must be a Fool of Parts.
And such a one was she; who had turn'd o'er
As many Books as Men; lov'd much, read more:
Had discerning Wit; to her was known
Every one's Fault, or Merit, but her own.
All the good Qualities that ever blest
A Woman so distinguish'd from the rest,
Except Discretion only, she possest.
But now *Mon Cher*, dear Pug, she crys, adieu,
And the Discourse broke off, does thus renew:
You smile to see me, who the World perchance,
Mistakes to have some Wit, so far advance
The Interest of Fools, that I approve
Their Merit more than Men of Wit in Love.
But in our Sex too many Proofs there are
Of such whom Wits undo and Fools repair.
This, in my Time, was so observ'd a Rule,
Hardly a Wench in Town but had her Fool.
The meanest, common Slut, who long was grown
The Jest and Scorn of ev'ry Pit-Buffoon;
Had yet left Charms enough to have subdu'd
Some Fop or other; fond to be thought lewd.
Foster could make an *Irish* Lord a *Nokes*;
And *Betty Morris* had her City Cokes.
A Woman's ne'er so ruin'd but she can
Be still reveng'd on her Undoer, Man:
How lost soe'er, she'll find some Lover more,

A more abandon'd Fool than she a Whore.
That wretched Thing *Corinna*, who has run
Thro' all th' several Ways of being undone:
Cozen'd at first by Love, and living then
By turning the too dear-bought Cheat on Men:
Gay were the Hours, and wing'd with Joy they flew,
When first the Town her early Beauties knew:
Courted, admir'd, and lov'd, with Presents fed;
Youth in her Looks, and Pleasure in her Bed:
'Till Fate, or her ill Angel, thought it fit
To make her doat upon a Man of Wit:
Who found 'twas dull to love above a Day;
Made his ill-natur'd Jest, and went away.
Now scorn'd of all, forsaken and oppress'd,
She's a *Memento Mori* to the rest:
Diseas'd, decay'd, to take up half a Crown
Must mortgage her long Scarf, and Manto Gown;
Poor Creature, who unheard of, as a Fly,
In some dark Hole must all the Winter lie:
And Want and Dirt endure a whole half Year,
That for one Month she tawdry may appear.
In *Easter* Term she gets her a new Gown;
When my young Master's Worship comes to Town:
From Pedagogue and Mother just set free;
The Heir and Hopes of a great Family:
Who with strong Beer and Beef the Country rules;
And ever since the Conquest have been Fools:
And now with careful Prospect to maintain
This Character, lest crossing of the Strain
Shou'd mend the Booby-breed; his Friends provide
A Cousin of his own to be his Bride:
And thus set out—
With an Estate, no Wit, and a young Wife:
The sole Comforts of a Coxcomb's Life:

Dunghil and Pease forsook, he comes to Town,
Turns Spark, learns to be lewd, and is undone:
Nothing suits worse with Vice than want of Sense:
Fools are still wicked at their own Expence.
This o'er-grown School-Boy lost *Corinna* wins;
At the first dash to make an Ass begins:
Pretends to like a Man that has not known
The Vanities or Vices of the Town:
Fresh in his Youth, and faithful in his Love,
Eager of Joys which he does seldom prove:
Healthful and strong, he does no Pains endure,
But what the Fair One he adores can cure.
Grateful for Favours does the Sex esteem,
And libels none for being kind to him.
Then of the Lewdness of the Town complains,
Rails at the Wits and Atheists, and maintains
'Tis better than good Sense, than Pow'r or Wealth,
To have a Blood untainted, Youth and Health.
The unbred Puppy who had never seen
A Creature look so gay, or talk so fine;
Believes, then falls in Love, and then in Debt:
Mortgages all, ev'n to the ancient Seat,
To buy his Mistress a new House for Life:
To give her Plate and Jewels robs his Wife.
And when to th' Heighth of Fondness he is grown,
'Tis Time to poison him, and all's her own.
Thus meeting in her common Arms his Fate,
He leaves her Bastard-Heir to his Estate:
And as the Race of such an Owl deserves,
His own dull lawful Progeny he starves.
Nature (that never made a Thing in vain,
But does each Insect to some End ordain)
Wisely provokes kind-keeping Fools, no doubt,
To patch up Vices Men of Wit wear out.

Thus she ran on two Hours, some Grains of Sense
Still mixt with Follies of Impertinence.
But now 'tis Time I shou'd some Pity show
To *Cloe*, since I cannot chuse but know,
Readers must reap what dullest Writers sow.
By the next Post I will such Stories tell,
As, join'd to these, shall to a Volume swell;
As true as Heaven, more infamous than Hell:
But you are tir'd, and so am I.

Farewel.

An EPISTOLARY ESSAY From *M.G.* to *O.B.* Upon their mutual POEMS.

Dear Friend,

I hear this Town does so abound
With saucy Censurers, that Faults are found
With what of late we (in poetick Rage)
Bestowing threw away on the dull Age.
But (howsoe'er Envy their Spleens may raise,
To rob my Brows of the deserved Bays)
Their Thanks at least I merit; since thro' me
They are Partakers of your Poetry:
And this is all I'll say in my Defence,
T'obtain one Line of your well-worded Sence,
I'll be content t'have writ the *British* Prince.
I'm none of those who think themselves inspir'd
Nor write with the vain Hope to be admir'd;
But from a Rule I have (upon long Trial)
T'avoid with Care all sort of Self-denial.
Which way soe'er Desire and Fancy lead,
(Contemning Fame) that Path I boldly tread;
And if exposing what I take for Wit,
To my dear self a Pleasure I beget,
No Matter tho' the cens'ring Criticks fret.
These whom my Muse displeases are at Strife,
With equal Spleen against my Course of Life,
The least Delight of which I'll not forego,
For all the flatt'ring Praise Man can bestow.

If I design'd to please, the Way were then
To mend my Manners, rather than my Pen:
The first's unnatural, therefore unfit;
And for the second, I despair of it,
Since Grace is not so hard to get as Wit.
Perhaps ill Verses ought to be confin'd
In meer good Breeding, like unsav'ry Wind,
Were reading forc'd, I shou'd be apt to think,
Men might no more write scurvily than stink:
But 'tis your Choice, whether you'll read, or no.
If likewise of your Smelling it were so,
I'd fart just as I write, for my own Ease,
Nor shou'd you be concern'd unless you please.
I'll own that you write better than I do,
But I have as much need to write as you.
What tho' the Excrements of my dull Brain,
Flows in a harsh and an insipid Strain;
While your rich Head eases it self of Wit,
Must none but Civet Cats have leave to shit?
In all I write, shou'd Sense, and Wit, and Rhime
Fail me at once, yet something so sublime,
Shall stamp my Poem, that the World may see,
It cou'd have been produc'd by none but me.
And that's my End; for Man can wish no more
Than so to write, as none e'er writ before.
Yet why am I no Poet of the Times?
I have Allusions, Similes, and Rhimes,
And Wit; or else 'tis hard that I alone,
Of the whole Race of Mankind shou'd have none.
Unequally the partial Hand of Heav'n,
Has all but this one only Blessing giv'n.
The World appears like a great Family,
Whose Lord, oppress'd with Pride and Poverty,
(That to a few great Bounty he may show)

Is fain to starve the num'rous Train below:
Just so seems Providence, as poor and vain,
Keeping more Creatures than it can maintain:
Here 'tis profuse, and there it meanly saves,
And for one Prince it makes ten thousand Slaves.
In Wit, alone, 't has been Magnificent,
Of which so just a Share to each is sent,
That the most avaricious are content.
For none e'er thought (the due Division's such)
His own too little, or his Friends too much.
Yet most Men shew, or find, great want of Wit,
Writing themselves, or judging what is writ.
But I who am of sprightly Vigour full,
Look on Mankind, as envious, and dull.
Born to my self, I like my self alone;
And must conclude my Judgment good, or none:
For cou'd my Sense be naught, how shou'd I know
Whether another Man's were good or no,
Thus I resolve of my own Poetry,
That 'tis the best; and there's a Fame for me.
If then I'm happy, what does it advance
Whether to Merit due, or Arrogance?
Oh! but the World will take Offence hereby:
Why then the World shall suffer for't, not I.
Did e'er this saucy World and I agree,
To let it have its beastly Will on me?
Why shou'd my prostituted Sense be drawn,
To ev'ry Rule their musty Customs spawn?
But Men may censure you, 'tis two to one
Whene'er they censure they'll be in the wrong.
There's not a thing on Earth, that I can name,
So foolish, and so false, as common Fame:
It calls the Courtier Knave; the plain Man rude;
Haughty the Grave; and the Delightful lewd;

Impertinent the Brisk; morose the Sad;
Mean the Familiar; the Reserv'd one mad.
Poor helpless Woman, is not favour'd more,
She's a sly Hypocrite, or publick Whore.
Then who the Dev'l wou'd give this to be free
From th' innocent Reproach of Infamy.
These Things consider'd, make me, in despite
Of idle Rumour, keep at home and write.

THE
Maim'd Debauchee.

I.

As some brave Admiral in former War
  Depriv'd of Force, but prest with Courage still,
Two rival Fleets appearing from afar,
  Crawls to the Top of an adjacent Hill.

II.

From whence (with Thoughts full of Concern) he views
  The wise, and daring Conduct, of the Fight:
And each bold Action to his Mind renews,
  His present Glory, and his past Delight.

III.

From his fierce Eyes flashes of Rage he throws,
  As from black Clouds when Lightning breaks away,
Transported thinks himself amidst his Foes,
  And absent yet enjoys the bloody Day.

IV.

So when my Days of Impotence approach,
  And I'm by Love and Wine's unlucky Chance,
Driv'n from the pleasing Billows of Debauch,
  On the dull Shore of lazy Temperance.

V.

My Pains at last some Respite shall afford,
While I behold the Battels you maintain;
When Fleets of Glasses sail around the Board,
From whose Broad-sides Vollies of Wit shall rain.

VI.

Nor shall the Sight of honourable Scars,
Which my too forward Valour did procure,
Frighten new-listed Soldiers from the Wars,
Past Joys have more than paid what I endure.

VII.

Shou'd some brave Youth (worth being drunk) prove nice,
And from his fair Inviter meanly shrink,
'Twould please the Ghost of my departed Vice,
If at my Counsel he repent and drink.

VIII.

Or shou'd some cold complexion'd Sot forbid,
With his dull Morals, our Nights brisk Alarms,
I'll fire his Blood by telling what I did,
When I was strong, and able to bear Arms.

IX.

I'll tell of Whores attack'd their Lords at home,
Bawds Quarters beaten up, and Fortress won;
Windows demolish'd, Watches overcome,
And handsome Ills by my Contrivance done.

X.

With Tales like these I will such Heat inspire.
As to important Mischief shall incline;
I'll make him long some ancient Church to fire,
And fear no Lewdness they're call'd to by Wine.

XI.

Thus Statesman-like I'll saucily impose,
And safe from Danger valianly advise;
Shelter'd in Impotence urge you to Blows,
And being good for nothing else be wise.

Upon *NOTHING*.

I.

Nothing! thou elder Brother ev'n to Shade,
Thou hadst a Being e'er the World was made,
And (well fix'd) art alone, of ending not afraid.

II.

E'er Time and Place were, Time and Place were not,
When primitive *Nothing* something straight begot,
Then all proceeded from the great united—What.

III.

Something the gen'ral Attribute of all,
Sever'd from thee, it's sole Original,
Into thy boundless self must undistinguish'd fall.

IV.

Yet something did thy mighty Pow'r command,
And from thy fruitful Emptiness's Hand,
Snatch'd Men, Beasts, Birds, Fire, Air, and Land.

V.

Matter, the wicked'st Off-spring of thy Race,
By Form assisted, flew from thy Embrace,
And rebel Light obscur'd thy rev'rend dusky Face.

VI.

With Form and Matter, Time, and Place did join,
Body, thy Foe, with thee did Leagues combine
To spoil thy peaceful Realm, and ruin all thy Line.

VII.

But turn-coat Time assists the Foe in vain,
And, brib'd by thee, assists thy short-liv'd Reign.
And to thy hungry Womb drives back thy Slaves again.

VIII.

Tho' Mysteries are barr'd from Laick Eyes,
And the Divine alone, with Warrant, pries
Into thy Bosom, where the Truth in private lies.

IX.

Yet this of thee the Wise may freely say,
Thou from the Virtuous nothing tak'st away,
And to be part with thee the Wicked wisely pray.

X.

Great Negative, how vainly wou'd the Wise
Enquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise?
Didst thou not stand to point their dull Philosophies.

XI.

Is, or *is not*, the two great Ends of Fate,
And, true or false, the Subject of Debate,
That perfect, or destroy, the vast Designs of Fate.

XII.

When they have rack'd the Politician's Breast,
Within thy Bosom most securely rest,
And, when reduc'd to thee, are least unsafe and best.

XIII.

But, *Nothing*, why does *Something* still permit,
That sacred Monarchs should at Council sit,
With Persons highly thought at best for nothing fit.

XIV.

Whilst weighty *Something* modestly abstains,
From Princes Coffers, and from Statesmens Brains,
And nothing there like stately *Nothing* reigns.

XV.

Nothing, who dwell'st with Fools in grave Disguise,
For whom they rev'rend Shapes and Forms devise,
Lawn Sleeves, and Furs, and Gowns, when they like thee look wise.

XVI.

French Truth, *Dutch* Prowess, *British* Policy,
Hibernian Learning, *Scotch* Civility,
Spaniards Dispatch, *Danes* Wit, are mainly seen in thee.

XVII.

The Great Man's Gratitude to his best Friend,
King's Promises, Whores Vows tow'rds thee they bend,
Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

The ADVICE.

All Things submit themselves to your Command,
Fair *Cælia*, when it does not Love withstand:
The Pow'r it borrows from your Eyes alone;
All but the God must yield to, who has none.
Were he not blind, such are the Charms you have,
He'd quit his Godhead to become your Slave:
Be proud to act a mortal Hero's Part,
And throw himself for Fame on his own Dart.
But Fate has otherwise dispos'd of Things,
In different Bands subjected Slaves and Kings:
Fetter'd in Forms of Royal State are they,
While we enjoy the Freedom to obey.
That Fate like you resistless does ordain,
To Love, that over Beauty he shall reign.
By Harmony the Universe does move,
And what is Harmony but mutual Love?
Who would resist an Empire so divine,
Which universal Nature does enjoin?
See gentle Brooks, how quietly they glide,
Kissing the rugged Banks on either Side.
While in their Crystal Streams at once they show,
And with them feed the Flow'rs which they bestow:
Tho' rudely throng'd by a too near Embrace,
In gentle Murmurs they keep on their Pace
To the lov'd Sea; for Streams have their Desires;
Cool as they are, they feel Love's powerful Fires;
And with such Passion, that if any Force
Stop or molest them in their amorous Course;
They swell, break down with Rage, and ravage o'er

The Banks they kiss'd, and Flow'rs they fed before.
Submit then, *Cælia*, e'er you be reduc'd;
For Rebels, vanquish'd once, are vilely us'd.
Beauty's no more but the dead Soil, which Love
Manures, and does by wise Commerce improve:
Sailing by Sighs, thro' Seas of Tears, he sends
Courtships from foreign Hearts, for your own Ends:
Cherish the Trade, for as with *Indians* we
Get Gold and Jewels for our Trumpery:
So to each other for their useless Toys,
Lovers afford whole Magazines of Joys.
But if you're fond of Baubles, be, and starve,
Your Guegaw Reputation still preserve:
Live upon Modesty and empty Fame,
Foregoing Sense for a fantastick Name.

The DISCOVERY.

Cælia, that faithful Servant you disown,
Would in Obedience keep his Love his own:
But bright Ideas, such as you inspire,
We can no more conceal, than not admire.
My Heart at home in my own Breast did dwell,
Like humble Hermit in a peaceful Cell.
Unknown and undisturb'd it rested there,
Stranger alike to Hope and to Despair.
Now Love with a tumultuous Train invades
The sacred Quiet of those hollow'd Shades.
His fatal Flames shine out to ev'ry Eye,
Like blazing Comets in a Winter Sky.
How can my Passion merit your Offence,
That challenges so little Recompence?
For I am one, born only to admire;
Too humble e'er to hope, scarce to desire.
A Thing whose Bliss depends upon your Will,
Who wou'd be proud you'd deign to use him ill.
Then give me leave to glory in my Chain,
My fruitless Sighs, and my unpitied Pain.
Let me but ever Love, and ever be
Th' Example of your Pow'r and Cruelty.
Since so much Scorn does in your Breast reside,
Be more indulgent to its Mother Pride.
Kill all you strike, and trample on their Graves;
But own the Fates of your neglected Slaves:
When in the Croud yours undistinguish'd lies,
You give away the Triumph of your Eyes.
Perhaps (obtaining this) you'll think I find

More Mercy than your Anger has design'd:
But Love has carefully design'd for me,
The last Perfection of Misery.
For to my State the Hopes of Common Peace,
Which ev'ry Wretch enjoys in Death, must cease:
My worst of Fates attend me in my Grave,
Since, dying, I must be no more your Slave.

THE NINTH ELEGY, In the Second Book of *Ovid*'s Amours, translated. *To LOVE*.

O Love! how cold and slow to take my part?
Thou idle Wanderer about my Heart:
Why, thy old faithful Soldier, wilt thou see
Oppress'd in thy own Tents? They murther me.
Thy Flames consume, thy Arrows pierce thy Friends:
Rather on Foes pursue more noble Ends.
Achilles Sword would certainly bestow
A Cure, as certain as it gave the Blow.
Hunters, who follow flying Game, give o'er
When the Prey's caught, Hopes still lead on before.
We thine own Slaves feel thy tyrannick Blows,
Whilst thy tame Hand's unmov'd against thy Foes.
On Men disarm'd, how can you gallant prove?
And I was long ago disarm'd by Love.
Millions of dull Men live, and scornful Maids:
We'll own Love valiant when he these invades.
Rome from each Corner of the wide World snatch'd
A Laurel, or't had been to this Day thatch'd.
But the old Soldier has his resting Place;
And the good batter'd Horse is turn'd to Grass:
The harrass'd Whore, who liv'd a Wretch to please,
Has leave to be a Bawd, and take her Ease.
For me then, who have truly spent my Blood
(Love) in thy Service; and so boldly stood

In *Cælia*'s Trenches; were't not wisely done,
E'en to retire, and live in Peace at home?
No—might I gain a Godhead to disclaim
My glorious Title to my endless Flame:
Divinity with Scorn I wou'd forswear
Such sweet, dear, tempting Devils *Women* are.
Whene'er those Flames grow faint, I quickly find
A fierce, black Storm pour down upon my Mind:
Headlong I'm hurl'd like Horsemen, who, in vain,
Their (Fury-flaming) Coursers would restrain.
As Ships, just when the Harbour they attain,
Are snatch'd by sudden Blasts to Sea again:
So Love's fantastick Storms reduce my Heart
Half rescu'd, and the God resumes his Dart.
Strike here, this undefended Bosom wound,
And for so brave a Conquest be renown'd.
Shafts fly so fast to me from ev'ry Part,
You'll scarce discern the Quiver from my Heart.
What Wretch can bear a live-long Night's dull Rest?
Fool—is not Sleep the Image of pale Death?
There's time for Rest, when Fate hath stopt your Breath.
Me may my soft deluding Dear deceive;
I'm happy in my Hopes while I believe.
Now let her flatter, then as fondly chide:
Often may I enjoy; oft be deny'd.
With doubtful Steps the God of War does move
By the Example, in ambiguous Love.
Blown to and fro like Down from thy own Wing;
Who knows when Joy or Anguish thou wilt bring:
Yet at thy Mother's and thy Slave's Request,
Fix an eternal Empire in my Breast:
And let th' inconstant, charming, Sex,
Whose wilful Scorn does Lovers vex,
Submit their Hearts before thy Throne:

The Vassal World is then thy own.

Woman's HONOUR.
A SONG.

I.

Love bid me hope, and I obey'd;
Phillis continu'd still unkind:
Then you may e'en despair, he said,
In vain I strive to change her Mind.

II.

Honour's got in, and keeps her Heart;
Durst he but venture once abroad,
In my own Right I'd take your part,
And shew my self a mightier *God*.

III.

This huffing *Honour* domineers
In Breasts, where he alone has place:
But if true gen'rous *Love* appears,
The Hector dares not shew his Face.

IV.

Let me still languish, and complain,
Be most inhumanly deny'd:
I have some Pleasure in my Pain,
She can have none with all her Pride.

V.

I fall a Sacrifice to *Love*,
She lives a Wretch for *Honour*'s sake;
Whose Tyrant does most cruel prove,
The Difference is not hard to make.

VI.

Consider *Real Honour* then,
You'll find *Hers* cannot be the same,
'Tis noble Confidence in Men,
In Women mean mistrustful Shame.

Grecian KINDNESS. A SONG.

I.

The utmost Grace the *Greeks* could shew,
When to the *Trojans* they grew kind,
Was with their Arms to let 'em go,
And leave their lingring Wives behind.
They beat the Men, and burnt the Town,
Then all the Baggage was their own.

II.

There the kind Deity of Wine
Kiss'd the soft wanton God of Love;
This clapt his Wings, that press'd his Vine,
And their best Pow'rs united move.
While each brave *Greek* embrac'd his Punk,
Lull'd her asleep, and then grew drunk.

The MISTRESS.
A SONG.

I.

An Age in her Embraces past,
Would seem a Winter's Day;
Where Life and Light with envious haste,
Are torn and snatch'd away.

II.

But, oh! how slowly Minutes roul,
When absent from her Eyes;
That fed my Love, which is my Soul,
It languishes and dies.

III.

For then no more a Soul but Shade,
It mournfully does move;
And haunts my Breast, by Absence made
The living Tomb of Love.

IV.

You wiser Men despise me not;
Whose Love-sick Fancy raves,
On Shades of Souls, and Heav'n knows what;
Short Ages live in Graves.

V.

Whene'er those wounding Eyes, so full
Of Sweetness, you did see;
Had you not been profoundly dull,
You had gone mad like me.

VI.

Nor censure us, you who perceive
My best belov'd and me,
Sigh and lament, complain and grieve,
You think we disagree.

VII.

Alas! 'tis sacred Jealousie,
Love rais'd to an Extream;
The only Proof 'twixt them and me,
We love, and do not dream.

VIII.

Fantastick Fancies fondly move;
And in frail Joys believe:
Taking false Pleasure for true Love;
But Pain can ne'er deceive.

IX.

Kind jealous Doubts, tormenting Fears,
And anxious Cares, when past;
Prove our Hearts Treasure fix'd and dear,
And make us blest at last.

A SONG.

I.

Absent from thee I languish still;
  Then ask me not, When I return?
The straying Fool 'twill plainly kill,
  To wish all Day, all Night to mourn.

II.

Dear, from thine Arms then let me fly,
  That my fantastick Mind may prove,
The Torments it deserves to try,
  That tears my fix, Heart from my Love.

III.

When wearied with a World of Woe,
  To thy safe Bosom I retire,
Where Love and Peace and Truth does flow,
  May I contented there expire.

IV.

Left once more wandring from that Heav'n,
  I fall on some base Heart unblest;
Faithless to thee, false, unforgiven,
  And lose my everlasting Rest.

To *CORINNA*.
A SONG.

I.

What cruel Pains *Corinna* takes,
To force that harmless Frown:
When not one Charm her Face forsakes,
Love cannot lose his own.

II.

So sweet a Face, so soft a Heart,
Such Eyes so very kind,
Betray, alas! the silly Art
Virtue had ill design'd.

III.

Poor feeble Tyrant! who in vain
Would proudly take upon her,
Against kind Nature to maintain
Affected Rules of Honour.

IV.

The Scorn she bears so helpless proves,
When I plead Passion to her,
That much she fears, (but more she loves,)
Her Vassal should undo her.

A young Lady to her ancient Lover. A SONG.

I.

Ancient Person, for whom I
All the flatt'ring Youth defie;
Long be it e're thou grow old,
Aking, shaking, crasie, cold.
But still continue as thou art,
Ancient Person of my Heart.

II.

On thy withered Lips and dry,
Which like barren Furrows lie;
Brooding Kisses I will pour,
Shall thy youthful Heart restore.
Such Kind Show'rs in Autumn fall,
And a second Spring recal:
Nor from thee will ever part,
Ancient Person of my Heart.

III.

Thy nobler Part, which but to name,
In our Sex wou'd be counted Shame,
By Ages frozen grasp possess'd
From their Ice shall be releas'd:
And, sooth'd by my reviving Hand,
In former Warmth and Vigour stand.
All a Lover's Wish can reach,

For thy Joy my Love shall teach:
And for thy Pleasure shall improve
All that Art can add to Love,
Yet still I love thee without Art,
Ancient Person of my Heart.

To a LADY: IN A LETTER. A SONG.

I.

Such perfect Bliss, fair *Chloris*, we
In our Enjoyment prove:
'Tis pity restless Jealousie
Should mingle with our Love.

II.

Let us, since Wit has taught us how,
Raise Pleasure to the top:
You rival Bottle must allow,
I'll suffer rival Fop.

III.

Think not in this that I design
A Treason 'gainst Love's Charms,
When following the God of Wine,
I leave my *Chloris* Arms.

IV.

Since you have that, for all your Haste,
At which I'll ne'er repine,
Its Pleasure can repeat as fast,
As I the Joys of Wine.

V.

There's not a brisk insipid Spark,
That flutters in the Town:
But with your wanton Eyes you mark
Him out to be your own.

VI.

Nor do you think it worth your Care,
How empty, and how dull,
The Head of your Admirers are,
So that their Veins be full.

VII.

All this you freely may confess,
Yet we ne'er disagree:
For did you love your Pleasure less,
You were no Match for me.

The FALL.
A SONG.

I.

How blest was the Created State
  Of Man and Woman e're they fell,
Compar'd to our unhappy Fate,
  We need not fear another Hell!

II.

Naked, beneath cool Shades, they lay,
  Enjoyment waited on Desire:
Each Member did their Wills obey,
  Nor could a Wish set Pleasure higher.

III.

But we, poor Slaves, to Hope and Fear,
  Are never of our Joys secure;
They lessen still, as they draw near,
  And none but dull Delights endure.

IV.

Then, *Chloris*, while I Duty pay,
  The nobler Tribute of my Heart,
Be not you so severe to say,
  You love me for a frailer Part.

LOVE and *LIFE*.
A SONG.

I.

All my past Life is mine no more,
The flying Hours are gone:
Like transitory Dreams giv'n o'er,
Whose Images are kept in store,
By Memory alone.

II.

The Time that is to come is not;
How can it then be mine?
The present Moment's all my Lot;
And that, as fast as it is got,
Phillis, is only thine.

III.

Then talk not of Inconstancy,
False Hearts, and broken Vows;
If I, by Miracle, can be
This live-long Minute true to thee,
'Tis all that Heav'n allows.

A SONG.

I.

While on those lovely Looks I gaze,
To see a Wretch pursuing;
In Raptures of a blest Amaze,
His pleasing happy Ruin;
'Tis not for pity that I move;
His Fate is to aspiring,
Whose Heart, broke with a Load of Love,
Dies wishing and admiring.

II.

But if this Murder you'd forego,
Your Slave from Death removing;
Let me your Art of Charming know,
Or learn you mine of loving.
But whether Life, or Death, betide,
In Love it's equal Measure,
The Victor lives with empty Pride;
The Vanquish'd die with Pleasure.

A SONG.

I.

Love a Woman! you're an Ass,
'Tis a most insipid Passion;
To chuse out for your Happiness,
The silliest Part of God's Creation.

II.

Let the Porter, and the Groom,
Things design'd for dirty Slaves;
Drudge in fair *Aurelia*'s Womb,
To get Supplies for Age and Graves.

III.

Farewel, Woman, I intend,
Henceforth, ev'ry Night to sit
With my lewd well-natur'd Friend,
Drinking to engender Wit.

A SONG.

I.

To this moment a Rebel, I throw down my Arms,
Great *Love*, at first Sight of *Olinda*'s bright Charms:
Made proud, and secure by such Forces as these,
You may now play the Tyrant as soon as you please.

II.

When Innocence, Beauty, and Wit do conspire,
To betray, and engage, and inflame my Desire,
Why should I decline what I cannot avoid,
And let pleasing Hope by base Fear be destroy'd?

III.

Her Innocence cannot contrive to undo me,
Her Beauty's inclin'd, or why shou'd it pursue me?
And Wit has to Pleasure been ever a Friend,
Then what room for Despair since Delight is *Love*'s End.

IV.

There can be no danger in Sweetness and Youth,
Where Love is secur'd by Good-nature and Truth:
On her Beauty I'll gaze, and of Pleasure complain;
While every kind Look adds a Link to my Chain.

V.

'Tis more to maintain, than it was to surprize,

But her Wit leads in Triumph the Slave of her Eyes:
I beheld, with the Loss of my Freedom before,
But hearing, for ever must serve and adore.

VI.

Too bright is my Goddess, her Temple too weak:
Retire, Divine Image! I feel my Heart break.
Help, *Love*, I dissolve in a Rapture of Charms;
At the thought of those Joys I shou'd meet in her Arms.

Upon his leaving his *MISTRESS*.

I.

'Tis not that I am weary grown
Of being yours, and yours alone:
But with what Face can I incline,
To damn you to be only mine?
You, whom some kinder Pow'r did fashion,
By Merit, and by Inclination,
The Joy at least of a whole Nation.

II.

Let meaner Spirits of your Sex,
With humble Aims their Thoughts perplex:
And boast, if, by their Arts they can
Contrive to make *one* happy Man.
While, mov'd by an impartial Sense,
Favours, like Nature you dispense,
With universal Influence.

III.

See the kind Seed-receiving Earth,
To ev'ry Grain affords a Birth:
On her no Show'rs unwelcom fall,
Her willing Womb retains 'em all.
And shall my *Cælia* be confin'd?
No, live up to thy mighty Mind;
And be the Mistress of Mankind.

Upon drinking in a BOWL.

I.

Vulcan contrive me such a Cup
As *Nestor* us'd of old:
Shew all thy Skill to trim it up;
Damask it round with Gold.

II.

Make it so large that, fill'd with Sack
Up to the swelling Brim,
Vast Toasts on the delicious Lake,
Like Ships at Sea, may swim.

III.

Engrave not Battel on his Cheek;
With War I've nought to do:
I'm none of those that took *Mastrick*,
Nor *Yarmouth* Leaguer knew.

IV.

Let it no Name of Planets tell,
Fixt Stars, or Constellations:
For I am no Sir *Sindrophel*,
Nor none of his Relations.

V.

But carve thereon a spreading Vine;
Then add two lovely Boys;
Their Limbs in amorious Folds intwine,
The Type of future Joys.

VI.

Cupid and *Bacchus* my Saints are;
May Drink and Love still reign:
With Wine I wash away my Cares,
And then to Love again.

A SONG.

I.

As *Chloris* full of harmless Thoughts
Beneath a Willow lay,
Kind Love a youthful Shepherd brought,
To pass the Time away.

II.

She blusht to be encounter'd so,
And chid the amorous Swain:
But as she strove to rise and go,
He pull'd her down again.

III.

A sudden Passion seized her Heart,
In spight of her Disdain;
She found a Pulse in ev'ry Part,
And Love in ev'ry Vein.

IV.

Ah, Youth! (said she) what Charms are these,
That conquer and surprize?
Ah! let me—for unless you please,
I have no Power to rise.

V.

She fainting spoke, and trembling lay,

For fear he should comply
Her lovely Eyes her Heart betray,
And give her Tongue the Lye.

VI.

Thus she whom Princes had deny'd,
With all their Pomp and Train;
Was, in the lucky Minute, try'd,
And yielded to a Swain.

A SONG.

I.

Give me leave to rail at you,
I ask nothing but my due;
To call you false, and then to say
You shall not keep my Heart a Day:
But, alas! against my Will,
I must be your Captive still.
Ah! be kinder then; for I
Cannot change, and would not die.

II.

Kindness has resistless Charms,
All besides but weakly move;
Fiercest Anger it disarms,
And clips the Wings of flying Love.
Beauty does the Heart invade,
Kindness only can persuade;
It gilds the Lover's servile Chain,
And makes the Slaves grow pleas'd again.

The *ANSWER*.

I.

Nothing adds to your fond Fire
  More than Scorn, and cold Disdain:
I, to cherish your Desire,
  Kindness us'd, but 'twas in vain.

II.

You insisted on your Slave,
  Humble Love you soon refus'd:
Hope not then a Pow'r to have,
  Which ingloriously you us'd.

III.

Think not, *Thirsis*, I will e're,
  By my Love my Empire lose:
You grow constant through Dispair,
  Love return'd you wou'd abuse.

IV.

Though you still possess my Heart,
  Scorn and Rigour I must feign:
Ah! forgive that only Art,
  Love has left your Love to gain.

V.

You that could my Heart subdue,

To new Conquests ne’er pretend:
Let the Example make me true,
And of a conquer’d Foe a Friend.

VI.

Then, if e’er I should complain
Of your Empire, or my Chain,
Summon all the powerful Charms,
And kill the Rebel in your Arms.

A SONG.

I.

Fair *Chloris* in a Pig-Sty lay,
  Her tender Herd lay by her:
She slept, in murmuring Gruntlings they,
Complaining of the scorching Day,
  Her Slumbers thus inspire.

II.

She dreamt, while she with careful Pains,
  Her snowy Arms employ'd,
In Ivory Pails to fill out Grains,
One of her Love-convicted Swains,
  Thus hastning to her cry'd:

III.

Fly, Nymph, oh! fly, e're 'tis too late,
  A dear-lov'd Life to save:
Rescue your Bosom Pig from Fate,
Who now expires, hung in the Gate
  That leads to yonder Cave.

IV.

My self had try'd to set him free,
  Rather than brought the News:
But I am so abhorr'd by thee,
That ev'n thy Darling's Life from me,
  I know thou wou'dst refuse.

V.

Struck with the News, as quick she flies
  As Blushes to her Face:
Not the bright Lightning from the Skies,
Nor Love, shot from her brighter Eyes,
  Move half so swift a pace.

VI.

This Plot, it seems, the lustful Slave
  Had laid against her Honour:
Which not one God took care to save,
For he persues her to the Cave,
  And throws himself upon her.

VII.

Now pierced is her Virgin Zone,
  She feels the Foe within it;
She hears a broken amorous Groan,
The panting Lover's fainting Moan,
  Just in the happy Minute.

VIII.

Frighted she wakes, and waking sighs,
  Nature thus kindly eas'd,
In Dreams rais'd by her murm'ring Pigs,
And her own Th—b between her L—gs,
  She's innocently pleas'd.

CONSTANCY.
A SONG.

I.

I cannot change, as others do,
Though you unjustly scorn:
Since that poor Swain that sighs for you,
For you alone was born.
No, *Phillis*, no, your Heart to move
A surer way I'll try:
And to revenge my slighted Love,
Will still love on, will still love on, and die.

II.

When, kill'd with Grief, *Amintas* lies;
And you to mind shall call,
The Sighs that now unpitied rise,
The Tears that vainly fall.
That welcome Hour that ends this Smart,
Will then begin your Pain;
For such a faithful tender Heart
Can never break, can never break in vain.

A SONG.

I.

My dear Mistress has a Heart
Soft as those kind Looks she gave me,
When with Love's resistless Art,
And her Eyes, she did enslave me.
But her Constancy's so weak,
She's so wild, and apt to wander;
That my jealous Heart wou'd break,
Should we live one Day asunder.

II.

Melting Joys about her move,
Killing Pleasures, wounding Blisses;
She can dress her Eyes in Love,
And her Lips can arm with Kisses.
Angels listen when she speaks,
She's my Delight, all Mankind wonder:
But my jealous Heart would break,
Should we live one Day asunder.

FINIS.

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