

1077. l. 22.  
1-2



F A C T I O N

D I S P L A Y ' D .

A

P O E M .

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*Sed non Authore Furoris  
Sublato cecidit rabies* ————— *Lucan.*

---

*Nec sit Poema sale facetiisque confertum,  
Sit potius Moratum, & Nervosum.*

*Scal.*

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Now first Correctly Published, with large  
Amendments, and the Addition of several  
Characters omitted in former Editions.

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L O N D O N :

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BISHOP  
A  
P O E M

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T H E  
B O O K S E L L E R  
T O T H E  
R E A D E R.

**T**H E S E two Poems (as they have been lately Revised and Corrected by the Author) accidentally coming into my Hands, I thought I could not do a better piece of Service, than to give the World an accurate Edition of them. They gained so great an Esteem, even when they were Printed from Incorrect Copies, that I cannot doubt this Edition will be extremely acceptable to all Judges of such Works. I do not presume to know any thing of the Politick part of them, or what particular Persons are Obliged or Disobliged, and therefore I hope I shall give no offence in Publishing them.

The Characters are already sufficiently known to the World, and this Edition will not make them much more so, but only make the Poems appear more Correct, and that Justice every Body must own ought to be done to them.

BOOKS  
TO  
READER

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# PREFACE.

**T** IS the Criticks Objection to Lucan, that his Poem is too Historical; but it must be said in his Defence, that tho' for that Reason he may perhaps delight less; yet he certainly Instructs more, which is the better End of Poetry. We have a more distinct Idea of the Characters of Cæsar, Pompey, Cato, and Brutus, in him, than we have of Augustus (under the Person of Æneas) in Virgil. We have Truth and Nakedness in one; Fiction and Embellishment in the other. The same Fault (I beg Pardon for the Allusion) will probably be found with this Paper of Verses: But I have this to say for my self, that tho' I may fall as far short of some of the Whig Writers in Poetry, as Lucan

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does of Virgil, yet I have outdone them as much in Sincerity. For I have not form'd an Imaginary Poetical Design, but Described a real one: Such a one as is now actually carrying on by a Cabal of restless and turbulent Men, even in the very place where I have laid the Scence.

If then what I have said be true, and the Sense of the honest Part of the Kingdom, the Reader cannot think any Liberty I have taken Reflecting or Scandalous; for Truth is never so, tho' it may be sometimes Unseasonable. But he must own that I have acquitted the Duty of a good Subject in endeavouring to lay open the Enemies of our Constitution. A Constitution whose Government is Projected upon a more refined Policy, and experienced Wisdom, than any in the World. Other Countries labour under the Bondage of Arbitrary Princes, or more Arbitrary Commonwealths. But here the Prerogative of the King and the Liberty of the Subject are a mutual Barrier to each other; and it is not the Fault  
of

# PREFACE.

of our Constitution, that we are not the Envy, as well as the Terror of our Neighbour Nations. But Faction is of the growth of our Soil; and what some Philosophers have affirmed of the Frame of the Universe, that it subsists by the constant Jarring of the Elements, and that there is a perpetual Warfare in Nature, may properly be said of the present State of England. For it is Compounded of so many obstinate Sectaries and inveterate Parties, that they are no more to be Reconciled than the differing Principles in Nature, and are like to carry on their Disputes too the End of the World.

Nothing contributes more to the Fomenting these Civil Embroilments, than a Set of Mercenary Writers, who, like Swiss-Soldiers, are always ready to fight on the side that pays best. And as none has labour'd more, so none is more Scandalous, than a certain Doctor, who after having Scribbled himself, and that simple Wretch his Son, into Preferment, has lately appear'd

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in his proper Colours, and unsaid what he formerly urg'd with so much vehemence and pretended Zeal for his Country's Good. Trimming was then an Abomination to him, and one would hardly have thought that Tom Double had been his own Character: But we now plainly see what his Aim was. This Cerberus resolved to continue Barking, till his Mouth was stopped with some Delicious Morsel, which has at last happily compos'd his Fury into Peace and Moderation. We are like to be well instructed indeed, when such Men as these pretend to give us Schemes of Morality and Government, when they undertake to direct our Principles, and guide our Consciences. Sure he has a very contemptible Opinion of Mankind, or a very great one of himself, to imagine, that because he was Read with Pleasure, when he fell in with the Peoples just Resentments of the Proceedings of a devouring Ministry; that he can therefore impose his own shuffling, inconsistent, unintelligible Politicks upon them. What was Reason and Justice then, will be so still in spight of all the poor Arguments

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ments he can bring to the contrary; and if he had the least degree of Modesty, he would either have pursued his former Notions, or have been silent.

But such a Cause could expect no better an Advocate, and those who imploy'd him to propose and recommend their Trimming-Measures (which always proceed from Cowardize, or Self-interest) have the Mortification to see him receiv'd with that Contempt he deserves from all Parties.

I wish the Promoters of this new Doctrine of Moderation have not already put it out of their Power to Crush the Faction, which they have hitherto so imprudently Cherished, and which at last (if I have not Display'd it in very false Colours) will certainly Tear and Destroy the Government.

Hence it is, that the Crown of England seldom sits easy on the Heads of our Princes, it being almost impossible for them to give Universal Satisfaction to their Subjects. The  
Scepter

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Scepter is too ponderous to be wielded by every Hand, and there is required more depth and penetration to Reign here, than in other Nations. But that King seems to Act upon the most rational Principles, and must be allowed to acquit himself with Honour and Justice, who as he attempts not to stretch the Prerogative into Tyranny, so he firmly adheres to all its just Rights and Priviledges; who maintains a good Correspondence with his Parliaments, especially such as give distinguishing Proofs of their Loyalty, in settling large Revenues, in raising quick and satisfactory Supplies, in supporting the Interest of his Kingdoms, and the cause of his Crown; who as the Head of the Established Church constantly Defends and Protects it, and tho' he may Tolerate Dissenters, yet will not indulge them in their scandalous Occasional Conformity; who can never be so wretchedly imposed upon, as wholly to neglect his Friends, and to advance the Enemies of his Person and Government; who never suffers his Royal bounty to be ingrossed by Sordid and Covetous Favourites; who employs and prefers Men of large Hearts and open Hands,



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*Hands, men that are above the thoughts of heaping up Riches, and intend only the Publick Good; who sees the Miscarriages of former Reigns and avoids them; who is Steady and Uniform in his Councils, and constant to his word; who, in short, would rather choose to hazard all, as our late glorious Martyr did, than to betray the Constitution.*

*If this be not the Character of a consummate Prince, it gives at least an Idea of one, that would Govern with fewer Faults than any in Europe now does, except only our most Excellent and Unparalleled QUEEN.*



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TO

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To the Concealed

A U T H O R

Of that Excellent

P O E M,

Faction Display'd.

**W**hen Dryden's Tuneful Celebrated Muse  
Did God-like David for her Subject Chuse,  
She soar'd above her known and common Height,  
To Heav'n she rais'd her Voice, to Heav'n she took  
her flight.

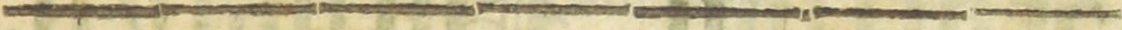
Such is your Muse's Subject, such her Tongue,  
Witness this Polish'd and Melodious Song:  
Where the same Majesty of Verse,  
The same just Stile, the same deep Sense appears.

No

No Jests nor Puns deform the studied Page,  
But all is Manly Thought and Noble Rage;  
But all along the mighty Genius shines,  
Informs and Animates the sacred Lines.  
Not Heav'nly Horace more correctly writ,  
Tho' to refine his Sense united met,  
The Critick's Judgment, and the Poet's Wit.



C. D.



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To the Unknown

A U T H O R

Of the Incomparable

P O E M,

Faction Display'd.

**O** Matchless Genius! Whose Exalted Lays  
Transcend my humble and unequal Praise.

Not fam'd Apelles Pencil could express

The Beauteous Heav'n of Cytherea's Face;

Nor any Art your Muse's Image draw,

Who what she is, like Light, herself can only show.

Let

*Let other Poets, in untuneful Verse,  
Or Delia's, or Lardella's Charms rehearse;  
Let Songs and Sonnets be their humble Choice,  
Let them conform their Subjects to their Voice.  
But your refin'd, your more extended Thought  
(With Judgment, Wit, Experience, Learning  
fraught)  
Pursues a Loftier Theam, a Nobler Height,  
And Fathoms all the Secrets of the State;  
Displays the Wily Arts of Human-Kind,  
How Faction sows the Blood, and gnaws upon  
the Mind.*

---

*Strong and Majestick does your Stile appear,  
Your Notions weighty, your Reflections clear.  
With nicest Art, you turn each Polish'd Line,  
To make your Darling Celsus in full Lustre shine.  
But oh! In what a moving Strain you Mourn  
O're the belov'd Marcellus sacred Urn,*

*Ming-*

Mingling the sweetest Joy with the severest Grief,  
Like the fam'd Spear, at once you Wound, at once  
Relieve.

'Twas Harmony (as Learned Antients thought)  
The Nat'ral World to Form and Order brought ;  
And may your Heav'nly ever Tuneful Lays,  
Make all our Factions, our Divisions cease,  
Charm and Compose the Moral World to Peace.

H. B.

the Mind.

---

Strong and Majestic does your Style appear.

Your Notions mighty, your Reflections clear.

With wisest Art, you turn each Trivial Line

To such your Darling Cells as full I wish to find

But oh! In what a moving Strain you Move

---

On the beloved Maternal sacred Son

Ming-

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# FACTION

## DISPLAY'D.

SAY, Goddess Muse, for thy All-searching  
Eyes

Can Traytors trace thro' ev'ry dark Disguise,

Can penetrate Intriguing Statesmen's Hearts,

Their deepest Plots, and all their wily Arts.

Say, how a Fierce *Cabal*, Combin'd of late,

Imploy their anxious Thoughts t' embroil the  
State ;

What angry *Pow'r* inspires 'em to Complain

In *Anna's* Gentle and Propitious Reign.

B

*Faction;*

*Faction*, a restless and repining Fiend,  
 Curdles their Blood, and gnaws upon their Mind.  
 Off-spring of *Chaos*, Enemy to *Form*,  
 Who raging swells the World into a Storm.  
 She taught the Giants to attempt the Sky,  
 And *Jove's* avenging Thunder to defy.  
 She rais'd the Hand, that struck the Fatal Blow,  
 Which *Martyr'd Jove's* Vicegerent here below;  
 She still pursues him with relentless Hate,  
 Arraigns his Mem'ry, and Insults his Fate.  
 'Tis She, that wou'd, on ev'ry vain pretence,  
 Depose a True Hereditary Prince;  
 That would *Usurpers* for their Treason Crown,  
 Till Time and Vengeance drag them headlong  
 down, (Throne.  
 And *Exil'd Monarchs* Reassert their rightful  
 Just



Just is the Model of our *English* Frame,  
That might for ever Flourish still the same,  
But for this envious *Fiend*, who thus prepares  
To Sow the Seeds of long intestine Wars.  
Here is maintain'd a *mixt* Monarchic sway,  
Which Freeborn Nations willingly obey.  
For in the due Proportion of the State  
The Subject's happy as the Monarch Great.  
In equal Distance from Extremes we move,  
Nor Tyranny, nor Commonwealth approve.  
Nor Tyranny, that Savage Brutal Pow'r,  
Which not protects Mankind, but does devour.  
Nor Commonwealth, a Monster, *Hydra*-State,  
Whose *many Heads* attempt each others Fate,  
And load their *Body* with unweildy Weight.

Near the Imperial Palace's Remains,  
Where nothing now but Desolation Reigns;  
(Fatal Prefage of Monarchy's decline,  
And Extirpation of the Regal Line!)  
There stands an Antique Venerable Pile,  
Whose Lords were once the Glories of our Isle:  
But now it Mourns that Race of Heroe's Dead,  
And droops, and hangs its Melancholy Head.  
This Pile (howe'er for better Ends design'd,  
An Emblem of the Noble Founder's Mind)  
Is *Faction's* Refuge; where she keeps her Court,  
Where all her darling Votaries Resort.  
Here, when their *glorious N*— fell, they met  
On new Resolves and Measures to Debate.

Say then, my Muse, their secret Thoughts  
display,  
Expose their dark Designs to open Day.

This Grand *Cabal* was held at dead of Night,  
(For Ghosts and Furies always shun the Light)  
Despair, and Rage, and Sorrow kept 'em Dumb,  
Till *Moro* rose (the Master of the Dome.)

A Stamm'ring, Hot, Conceited, Laughing L—,  
Who prov'd his want of Sense in ev'ry word,  
When thus at length his Fetter'd Tongue broke  
loose;

I take it as an Honour that you've Chose  
For this Debate, your humble Servant's House. J  
The House henceforward shall Recorded stand,  
As the *Palladium* of the sinking Land;

And

And I to future Ages be renown'd,  
 The *Party's* Bullwark, and the Nation's Mound.  
 Now, *N—*, the immortal *N—*'s gone,  
 We justly his untimely Herse Bemoan.  
 O that I could restore his Life again!  
 My Manly Spirit spurns a Woman's Chain.  
 Full of such Nonsense lisp'ing on he went,  
 Till *Ario* interpos'd his Spleen to Vent.  
 A *Scotch*, Seditious, Unbelieving Priest,  
 The Brawny Chaplain of the *Calves-Head-Feast*;  
 Who first his Patron, then his Prince Betray'd,  
 And does that Church, he's Sworn to guard, In-  
 vade.  
 Warm with Rebellious Rage, he thus began;  
 To talk of calling Life agen is vain.

Peace

Peace to the *Glorious* Dead. We justly Mourn  
 His Ashes, ever Sacred be his Urn :  
 But here, my L——s, we are together met,  
 To vow to A——'s Sceptre endless Hate.  
 For since my hope of *W---ton* is expir'd,  
 With just Revenge and Indignation fir'd,  
 I'll boldly Write, and Preach her Title down,  
 My thund'ring Voice shall shake her in the  
 Throne ;  
 Do you the Sword, and I'll engage the Gown. j  
 A Pause ensu'd, till *Patriarcho's* Grace,  
 Was pleas'd to rear his Huge unweildy Mass ;  
 A Mass unacted with a *Reas'ning* Soul,  
 Else would he ne'er be made so vile a Tool ;  
 Would ne'er his Apostolick Charge profane,  
 And *Atheists*, and \* *Fanaticks* Cause maintain.

---

\* *The Maidston Lecture.*

At length, as from the Hollow of an Oak,  
The Bulky Primate Yawn'd, and Silence broke.

I much approve my Brother's Zealous Heat,  
Such is the Noble Ardour of the Great,  
On which Success and Praise will ever wait.

But I'm untaught in Politician's Schools,  
Unpractis'd in their Arts and studied Rules.

The Task be therefore yours, to Forge some Plot,  
And I'll be ready with my trusty Vote.

Tho' I were Mute, you must confess I've stood,  
Fixt as a Rock, amidst the beating Flood;

Witness a Conscience drench'd in *Fenwick's*  
Blood.

Witness St. *A—ph's*, and St. *D—d's* Cause,  
Where obstinately I transgress'd the Laws,

And

And did in either Case Injustice show,  
 Here fav'd a Friend, there Triumph'd o'er a  
 Foe.

Then Old *Mysterio* shook his Silver Hairs,  
 Loaded with Learning, Prophecy, and Years,  
 Whom Factious Zeal to fierce *Unchristian* Strife,  
 Had hurry'd in the last Extream of Life.

Strange Dotage! thus to sacrifice his Ease,  
 When Nature whispers Men to Crown their Days }  
 With sweet Retirement and Religious Peace! }

Fore-knowledge struggled in his heaving Breast,  
 E'er he in these dark Terms his Fears exprest.

The Stars rowl adverse, and malignant shine,  
 Some dire Portent! Some Comet I divine!

I plainly in the *Revelations* find,

That *A*—— to the *Beast* will be inclin'd.

C

Howe'er,

Howe'er, tho' She and all her Senate frown,  
 I'll wage eternal War with P——ton,  
 And venture Life and Fame to pull him down.  
 As he went on, his Tongue a trembling seiz'd,  
 And all his Pow'r of Utterance suppress'd.  
 So when the *Sybil* felt th' Inspiring God,  
 She raving lost her Voice, and speechless stood.

Unhappy Church, by such Ufurpers sway'd!  
 How is thy Native Purity decay'd?  
 How are thy Prelates chang'd from what they  
 were,  
 When *Laud* or *Sancroft* fill'd the Sacred Chair?

*Laud,*



Laud, tho' by some traduc'd, with Zeal adorn'd,  
 Whilst *Patriarcho* is despis'd and Scorn'd,  
 Shall be by me for ever Prais'd, for ever  
 Mourn'd.

*Sancroft's* unblemish'd Life, divinely Pure,  
 In its own heav'nly Innocence secure,  
 The Teeth of Time, the Blasts of Envy shall  
 endure.

When for th' *Establish'd Faith* they should con-  
 tend,

Meekness and Christian Charity pretend;  
 But with a blind Enthusiastick Rage,  
 For *Schism* and *Toleratation* they engage;

With strange Delight and Vehemence espouse  
*Occasional Conformists* shameful Cause;  
 Oppress thy Friends, and Vindicate thy Foes.

Thy Guardian Laws to weaken they Combine,  
 And tamely thy Essential Rights resign.  
 Thy Antient Truths with \* Modern Glosses blend,  
 Destroying the Religion they would mend.

But Muse proceed, nor dwell on Thoughts too  
 long,  
 That would In flame thy Satyrizing Song.  
*Clodio* with kindling Emulation heard  
 What this Triumvirate of Priests declar'd.  
*Clodio*, the Chief of all the Rebel-Race,  
 Uncheck'd by Fear, unhumbled by Disgrace;  
 Whose Working, Turbulent, Fanatick Mind  
 No Tendernefs can move, no Ties can bind.

To

---

\* *B—r's* Exposition of the Articles.

To gain a Rake he'll Drink, and Whore, and  
Rant;

T'engage a Puritan will Pray and Cant.

So Satan can in diff'ring Forms appear,

Or Radiant Light, or Gloomy Darknes wear.

Thrice he Blasphem'd, and thrice he frantick  
Swore

By ev'ry Terrible Infernal Pow'r;

Then wav'd his Staff, and said:

Tho N——'s Death has all our Measures broke,

Yet never will we bend to A——'s Yoke.

The glorious *Revolution* was in vain,

If Monarchy once more its Rights regain.

Let all be Chaos, and Confusion all,

E'er that damn'd Form of Government prevail.

Oh

Oh had he liv'd to Perfect his Design,  
We soon had rooted out the *hated Line!*  
Howe'er, since Fate has that great Change de-  
creed,  
We may on his unfinish'd *Scheme* proceed.  
We may 'gainst Pow'r repos'd in One inveigh,  
And call all Monarchy Tyrannick Sway.  
We may the Praises of the *Dutch* advance ;  
Rail at the Arbitrary Rule of *France* ;  
Extol the Commonwealth in *Adria's* Flood,  
Which for ten rowling Centuries has stood ;  
Argue how th' *Roman* and *Athenian* State  
Were only when Republicks truly Great ;  
Assert in *Passive Jacobites* despight,  
Rebellion is a Freeborn Peoples right ;

Disperse a thousand well invented Tales  
Of Foreign Gold, the Pope, and Prince of  
*Wales.*

'Tis easy the Unreas'ning Mob to guide,  
For they are always on the Factious side.

This labour'd here, 'twill be our next Resort,  
To Manage and Cajole *Sophia's* Court.

*Toland* alone for such a work is fit,  
In all the Arts of Villany Compleat.

Besides no Region round shall want a Spy,  
That boldly shall the Ministry decry ;

Shall Praise the past, the present Reign Con-  
demn,

And all their measures, all their Councils blame ;  
Shall never fail Objections still to raise,  
And turn their greatest Honour to Disgrace.

Like

Like the Supreme directing Hand of *Jove*;  
 We'll Act unseen, and all around us Move.  
 So *Catiline* the Fate of *Rome* design'd,  
 And when h' had form'd the Scheme within his  
     Mind,  
 In such a warm Harangue his Friends address,  
 And open'd all the Secret of his Breast.  
 This hit *Sigillo's* Thoughts, and made him cool,  
 Tho' just before he scarcely could Controul  
 The stormy Passion swelling in his Soul;  
 His restless Soul, that rends his sickly Frame,  
 Worn with a poys'nous and corroding Flame.  
 An unjust J——e, and blemish of the M——,  
 Witness the *Bankers* long depending Case.

A shallow Statesman, tho' of mighty Fame,  
 For who can e'er that Curst *Particion* Name,  
 But to his foul Disgrace, and to his Shame?  
 Nay spight of all his loud and vain Defence,  
 He shew'd a want of Honesty or Sense,  
 In passing ev'ry Plund'ring Courtier's *Grants*.  
 He is (for Satyr dares the Truth declare)  
 Deist, Republican, Adulterer.  
 Thus his lov'd *Clodio*, for his Speech he prais'd,  
 And Joy and Wonder in the Hearers rais'd.  
 There spoke the Guardian Genius of our Cause,  
 Whose ev'ry word deserves Divine Applause.  
 Not e'en \* *Cethego's* self could form a Plot,  
 More nicely Spun, more exquisitely Wrought.

---

\* The Person here Represented, was living at the time of this Cabal.

Tho' he to his immortal envied Fame,  
The Glory of the *Revolution* Claim.

'Twas his profound unfathomable Wit,  
Did *James* and all his *Jesuit-train* defeat.

He knew Reveal'd Religion was a Jest,  
Impos'd upon the World by some designing  
Priest.

Nor therefore fear'd, but to their Idols Bow'd,  
Prevaricating with his King, his God.

A *Proteus*, ever Acting in Disguise;

A finish'd Statesman, Intricately Wise;

A second *Machiavel*, who soar'd above

The little Tyes of Gratitude and Love;

Whose harden'd Conscience never felt Re-  
morse,

Reflection is the Puny Sinner's Curse.

But



But why should I *Cethego's* Praise pursue,  
When all his Virtues, *Clodio*, shine in you.  
*Narcisso* next, Magnificently Gay,  
Smil'd his Assent, but not a word would say.  
He fear'd to strain his Voice by talking loud,  
Nor was his Quail-pipe made for such a Crowd.  
A batter'd Beau, yet Youthful in Decay,  
Who Dresses Whores and Games his Time away.  
Fond of Sedition, but indulging Vice  
With all that Wealth, profusely spent, supplies.  
And yet this Debauchee pretends to claim  
An Injur'd Patriot's Meritorious Name.  
Then squeal'd *Orlando*, but his furious Heat,  
Shew'd him for cool mature Debates unfit,  
Nor will we here the Blust'ring Speech repeat.

A bully L---, whose wild mad Looks proclaim  
 His Bosom warm'd with more than Heroe's  
 Flame.

Fighting and Railing are his Chief Delight,  
 Promiscuously opposing Wrong and Right.  
 Whate'er he does is always in Extreame,  
 Sometimes the *Whig*, sometimes the *Tory* dame.  
 His various Temper and impetuous Mind,  
 To every Party is by Starts inclin'd.  
 He never was, nor e'er will be content  
 With any Prince, with any Government.  
*Pexurio* lov'd the Cause, but silent sat,  
 Nor listen'd to their close intense Debate.  
 For on his Wealth ran all his Thoughts and Care,  
 Inblest with *thirty thousand Pound a Year*.

Scriv'ners,

Scriv'ners Attorneys Bankers are his Train,  
The Miser's Equipage, the Orphans Bane.

A narrow Soul amidst the boundless Store,  
Who shuns the Wretch, that dares be Just and  
Poor;

Who Charity and Virtue but esteems  
As the Priests Cant, and empty moral Names.

But Factious Zeal sometimes Dilates his Breast,  
Nor will the Niggard grudge a flowing Feast,  
To Mould the Stern Freeholders to his Hand,  
Awe their Elections, and their Votes Com-  
mand.

But where's the end of this immod'rate Toil?  
To make a Puny Girl a Golden Spoil.  
Last rose *Bathillo*, deck'd with borrow'd Bays,  
Renown'd for others Projects, others Lays.

A gay, Pragmatical, pretending Tool,  
Opiniatively Wise, and pertly Dull.

A Demy-Statesman, Talkative and Loud,  
Hot without Courage, without Merit Proud;  
A Leader fit for the unthinking Crowd.

With dapper Gesture, but with haughty  
Look,

His lewd Associates vainly he bespoke.

Do you perform the Politician's Part,

I'll bring th' Assistance of the Muses Art.

The Poet Tribe are all <sup>at</sup> my Devoir,

And write as I Command, as I inspire.

C—g—ve for me *Pastora's* Death did Mourn,

And her white Name with Sable Verse adorn.

R— too is mine, and of the *Whiggish* Train,  
 'Twas he that Sung immortal *Tamerlane*,  
 Tho' now he dwindles to and humbler Strain.

I help'd to Polish *G—th's* rough, awkward  
 Lays,

Taught him in Tuneful Lines to Sound our  
 Party's Praise.

*W—sb* Votes with us, who, tho' he never  
 writ,

Yet passes for a Critick and a Wit.

*Van's* Bawdy, Plotless Plays were once our  
 Boast,

But now the Poet's in the Builder lost.

On *A—son* we safely may depend,

A Pension never fails to gain a Friend.

Thro'

Thro' *Alpine-hills* he shall my Name resound,  
 And make his Patron known in *Classck Ground*.  
 These pay the Tribute to my Merit due,  
 Call me their *Horace*, and *Mecænas* too.  
 Princes but sit unfettled on their Thrones,  
 Unless supported by *Apollo's* Sons.  
*Augustus* had the *Mantuan*, and *Venusian* Muse,  
 And happier N—— had his M——gues.  
 But A——, that Ill fated Tory Queen,  
 Shall feel the Vengeance of the Poet's Pen:

*Triton*, who like the vast *Leviathan*,  
 Long wallow'd in the Treasures of the Main,  
 Was all Attention, and suspended hung,  
 For ev'ry Rebel heart has not a Tongue,

Besides,

Besides, there stood a Num'rous Train of P—,  
Below the Notice of Recording Verse.  
Beaus, Biters, Pathicks, B——rs and Cits,  
Toasters, Kit-Kats, Divines, Buffoons and Wits  
Compos'd the Medly Crew; but I forbear  
To give 'em any Place, or Mention here.  
For since the Muse should Blush to paint their  
Crimes,  
Let Decency restrain th' Invective Rhimes.

When thus their Chiefs had spoke, thro' all  
the *Throng*  
Repeated Peals of Acclamations rung.  
Not Antient *Demagogues*, with more Applause,  
Asserted, and Espous'd the Rabble's Cause.

E

Now

Now the Assembly to adjourn prepar'd,  
 When *Bibliopolo* from behind appear'd,  
 As well describ'd by th' old Satyrick Bard ;  
*With leering Looks, Bullfac'd, and Freckled fair,*  
*With two left Legs, and Judas-colour'd Hair,*  
*With Frowzy Pores, that taint the ambient Air.*

Sweating and Puffing for awhile he stood,  
 And then broke forth in this Insulting Mood.

I am the Touchstone of all Modern Wit,  
 Without my Stamp in vain your Poets write.  
 Those only purchase everliving Fame,  
 That in my *Miscellany* plant their Name.

Nor therefore think that I can bring no Aid,  
 I'll print your Pamphlets, and your Rumours  
 spread.



I am the Founder of your lov'd *Kit-Kat*,  
A Club, that gave Direction to the State.  
'Twas there we first instructed all our Youth,  
To talk Prophane, and Laugh at Sacred Truth.  
We taught them how to Toast, and Rhime, and  
*Bite,*  
To Sleep away the Day, and Drink away the  
Night.  
Some this Fantastick Speech approv'd, some  
Sneer'd,  
The wight grew Cholerick, and disappear'd.

Mean time the Fury smil'd, who all this while  
Sat hov'ring on the Summet of the Pile.  
A secret and exulting Joy she finds,  
To see her Influence brooding on their Minds;

And the bare prospect of such Glorious Ills  
Her thoughts with rapt'rous Speculation fills.

Then She——

With what delight do I my Sons behold,

So resolutely Brave, so fiercely Bold.

Sure nothing can resist their boundless Course,

Nothing subdue their well united Force.

*Volpone*, who will solely now Command

The Publick Purse, and T——f——e of the Land,

Wants Constancy and Courage to oppose

A Band of such exasperated Foes.

For how should he, that moves by Craft and

Fear,

Or ever greatly think, or ever greatly dare?

What did he e'er in all his Life perform,

But shrunk at the approach of ev'ry Storm;

But

But when the tott'ring Church his aid requir'd,  
 With *Moderation-Principles* Inspir'd,  
 Forfook his Friends, and decently Retir'd?

Nor has he any real just Pretence  
 To that vast Depth of Politicks and Sense.  
 For where's the Depth, when Publick Credit's  
 high,

To manage an o'erflowing T—f—y?  
 Or where the Sense to know the Tricks of Game,  
 Since *Sims*, *Sir James*, and *Holloway* may  
 Claim

A Knowlege as profound as his, as loud a Fame?  
 I fear the Man, who dares the Truth assert,  
 Who never plays the Double-dealing Part;  
 The Patriot's Soul disdains the Trimmer's Art.

Such

Such *Celsus* is, but I foresee his Fate  
 To be supplanted by *Sempronia's* Hate.  
 (*Sempronia* of a Lewd *procuring* Race,  
 The Senate's Grievance, and the Court's Dis-  
 grace.)

'Tis well he cannot long his Ground maintain,  
 For Hell wou'd then employ her Fiend in vain.  
 He never knew to Prostitute the State,  
 Never by being Guilty to be Great.  
 Nor yet when publick Storms came rowling on,  
 Did he or Danger or his Duty shun.  
*Rome's* subtle Priests with Sophistry essay'd,  
 With Wealth and Honour in the Ballance lay'd,  
 To shock his Faith; but nothing could controul  
 The firm Resolves of an unbyass'd Soul.

De-

Descended of a Sire, whose *Loyal Pen*  
 So well describes *Rebellion's* bloody Scene,  
 Nor *Livy* nor *Thucydides* can Vie  
 With his Superior Sense, and Majesty.  
 (A History might teach succeeding Kings,  
 Whence the long Train of all their Sorrow  
 Springs,  
 What draws their Subjects Love, what moves  
 their Hate,  
 Who would support their Crowns, who work  
 their Fate.  
 But such instructive Knowledge never finds  
 Reception in *Misguided Princes* Minds.)  
 Ally'd in Blood and Friendship to the Throne,  
 He nobly makes his Country's Cause his own;

Whilst

Whilst others keep their int'rest still in view,  
And meaner Spirits meaner ends pursue.

So the fixt Stars harmoniously comply

With the *first Publick Motion* of the Sky,

Whilst wand'ring Planets oppositely move,

Within the narrow Orbs of *private* Love.

She stopp'd——for now her Anger 'gan to rise,

Flush'd in her Cheeks, and sparkled in her Eyes.

And well it might a Fury's Passion raise,

That she was forc'd the Worth, she hates, to  
Praise.

The Dawn dispers'd the Crowd, she took her

Flight

To the low Regions of Eternal Night.

O *England* how revolving is thy State?

How few thy Blessings? How severe thy Fate?

O destin'd Nation, to be thus betray'd

By those, whose Duty 'tis to serve and aid!

A griping vile degen'rate viper Brood,

That tear thy Vitals, and exhaust thy Blood.

A varying Kind, that no fixt Rule pursue,

But often form their Principles anew;

Unknowing where to lodge supreme Com-  
mand,

Or in the King, or Peers, or Peoples Hand.

One while the People's Sov'raignty they own,

To vex and load a Peaceful Monarch's Crown;

Who to his Subjects, when at length *Restor'd*,

Without distinction was their common Lord.

What Party else to *David's* happy Throne,  
 Would have preferr'd a giddy *Absalon*?  
 But when a King is moulded to their Mind,  
 Then they to him would have all fway confin'd;  
 Nor in their own despotick boundless Reign,  
 Of Injur'd Rights, and *Property* complain:  
 Nay with a *Standing Force* thy Sons wou'd awe,  
 The Subjects Slavery, the Tyrant's Law.  
 But if nor King nor Commons will comply  
 With their detested Acts of Villany.  
 They strive the P---rs declining Pow'r to raise,  
 And get *Impeachments* Voted into Praise.  
 Blest Patriots these, who Liberty employ,  
 T' elude thy Laws, and Liberty destroy!

Where is the Noble *Roman* Spirit fled,  
 Which once inspir'd thy antient Patriots dead?

Who



Who were above all private Ends, and joy'd  
When bravely for the publick Weal they dy'd:  
Who spread, like Branching Oaks, their Arms  
around,  
To shelter and Protect the Parent Ground ;  
Tho' Storms of Thunder rattled o'er their Head,  
Yet all was safe beneath their Guardian Shade.  
Or sure Historians on our Faith impose,  
And never such a Race of Men arose ;  
Or Nodding Nature to a Period draws ;  
Or Providence, incens'd by Guilty Times,  
With-holds his Grace , and dooms us to our  
Crimes.

}

Pardon (for Harmony will bring Relief,  
Will sooth thy anxious Cares, and charm thy  
Grief)

F 2

If

If my Condoling Mournful Muse presume  
 To visit thy *Marcellus* Sacred Tomb.  
 For his Hereditary Gifts alone  
 Could have *Retriev'd* thy Fame, and carried  
 down

The Glorious Scene of Triumphs *Anna* has  
 begun.

O may thy Angel guard her Royal Mind,  
 That *Fav'rites* nor Seduce, nor *Trimmers* Blind.  
 For 'tis on Her thy Church and State depend,  
 With Her will Flourish, and with Her will end.  
 But my shock'd Thoughts the sad Idea shun,  
 (The sad Idea gives Eternal Moan)  
 When She shall late, but Ah! too soon comply  
 With Nature, to adorn her Kindred Sky.

For

For who can then pretend to wear her Crown?  
Who represent the Mother, but the Son?  
Oh had the Pow'r that governs humane Fate,  
His Years extended to a longer Date,  
To what Transcendence had his Genius sprung,  
Which was so Ripe, so Perfect, yet so Young!  
But when fresh blooming Youth seem'd to pro-  
claim

The lasting Structure of his Beauteous Frame,  
When Health and Vigour with a kind Prefage,  
Promis'd the Hoary Happiness of Age;

---

Then with a Momentary swift Decay,  
Thy Pride, thy darling Hope was snatch'd away.  
So, by the Course of the revolving Spheres,  
Whene'er a new discover'd Star appears;

Astro

Astronomers with Pleasure and Amaze

Upon the Infant Luminary gaze ;

They find their Heav'n enlarg'd, and wait from  
thence

Some Blest, some more than common Influence:

But suddenly alas ! the fleeting Light

Retiring leaves their Hopes involv'd in endless  
Night.



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**FINIS.**

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# Moderation

*DISPLAY'D.*

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Moderation

DISPLAID.

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MODERATION

DISPLAY'D.

*Since preceding*

A

*1077. C. 22.*  
*2*

POEM.

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*Neq; tempore in ullo  
Esse queat duplici natura, & corpore bino  
Ex alienigenis membris compacta potestas.*

Lucret. Lib. 5.

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By the same Author.

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Amendments, and the Addition of several  
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MODERATION

DISPLAYS

A

POEM



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# PREFACE.

**A**T a Time when we are celebrating the Successes of our Arms Abroad, and the Wisdom of our Councils at Home; when there seems to be no room left for Complaints, - and the Nation is only prepared to receive Panegyrick; I am sensible a Piece of this kind will be severely censur'd. For those that are taken up with the present Appearances of Things, who are by much the greatest part of the World, will be apt to say it is Unreasonable at least, if not False and Malicious. But, I hope, others who are not content with such superficial Views, (and to such only I wou'd write) will see the Reason and Truth of what

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I have said, and own that it could not be more Seasonably utter'd than at this very Juncture, when we are lull'd with too much Security, and by that means may give Opportunity to a New Set of Men to ruine both Church and State with their New Politicks. But, if this Poem came out with all the Advantages imaginable, I am not yet grown so errant an Author, as to think, because the First Part met with a favourable Reception, that I am now therefore privileg'd to dictate to the Reader's Judgment, and to ascribe to my own Merit what was only owing to his Candour, or perhaps Partiality. Be that the Business of Dedicating Poets. I have no Ambition of gaining the Reputation of one. 'Tis the last thing I should desire.

My aim is of another sort, and I am abundantly rewarded, if I have been able to contribute any thing to the Publick Service, by detecting the Principles and  
and

# P R E F A C E.

and Practices of this New Party, who have assum'd to themselves a very specious Name and Character, and would be thought the only Patriots of their Country. But false Friends are the most dangerous Enemies, and they are yet much more so, when they are invested with Power, and the Ministration of Affairs wholly put into their Hands.

'Tis to be wish'd there were no Occasion for Invectives of this kind, that Great Men did always execute their Trusts, and perform their Duty, and were only the Objects of our Esteem and Admiration. But when the Case is quite otherwise, when they become Treacherous, and betray the Authority delegated to them; 'tis fit they should hear of their Faults, and the People be undeceiv'd, who are grossly impos'd upon by the servile Flatteries of Hireling Writers. A Generation of Animals, that always infest the Doors of Men in  
A 3 . Power;

# P R E F A C E.

Power; and tho' one wou'd think their Trash cou'd never pass upon the Moderate, the Grave, and the Wise, yet they are sometimes thought worthy of Pensions, and Places of 1200 l. a Year.

It is indeed the just Prerogative of the Throne to be approach'd with Humility and Petitions, even where the Subjects have Grievances to represent. But I know of no such Homage due to its Officers. Nor can I yet be convinced, that it is an arrogant Presumption in private Persons (as some wou'd have it) to examine and censure the Actions of Publick Ministers: who (say they) being nearest the Helm, are consequently best able to judge of what ought, and ought not to be done; whereas Men in a remote Sphere, and at a distance, cannot possibly enter into the Councils of State, and must therefore determine rashly and without Knowledge. This is a Doctrine necessary to be preach'd up in Despotick and Arbitrary Governments,  
where

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where all is transacted in the Cabinet, where the Will and Choice of the Prince gives a Sanction to his Creatures, and cannot be controverted without Treason. But in a mixt and limited Monarchy, where the deepest Resorts of Policy and Turns of Government are in some measure known to Men of Rank and Condition, and where a Right of Impeachment is lodged in the House of Commons, it can never be maintained; for that it would destroy this Fundamental Right, and render the Accusation of Great Officers, tho' guilty of never so fatal and pernicious Scotch Counsels, Impracticable. But I wou'd not here be suppos'd to countenance that scandalous Principle of Appealing to the Mob. I leave such Maxims to the Relations and Friends of a certain Lawyer, (since Knighted for other good Services) who at the Observator's Tryal had the Impudence (as the Attorney-General very justly called it) to say, that the Crown was in the disposal of the People

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People. Nor wou'd I be understood in the least to detract from the Prerogative, which no Man living has in higher Veneration than myself. For I think it never violated but by a profligate abandon'd Nation, and I wish, for the Honour of the English Name, our Annals had recorded no Instances of that kind. But every Age constantly produces some Promoters of Sedition and publick Discontent; or at least such as are mean-spirited enough to sooth a prevailing Party in their low and base Opinions of Monarchy: and I cannot with any Patience read a Sermon lately Printed, called The Subjects Duty, where the Preacher (tho' a celebrated Divine of our Church, whose Principles are entirely Monarchical) has freely asserted several Hobbish Notions, and told us, that Democracy is of equal esteem with Monarchy, that Succession is a Jest, that all Forms of

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of Government are in their own Nature mutable, and may be altered, or quite rescinded, as the Power in being shall think fit. Which is a virulent Insinuation, destructive of the Establishment under which he lives; and 'tis pity he enjoys the Benefit and Protection of it. But the Satisfaction is, his Discourse is penned in too heavy and unartful a manner to gain many Profelytes.

But as to our Statesmens present Scheme of Moderation. I must confess I cannot imagine how they would explain it, or what Moderation is according to their Practices. 'Tis like the Philosophers *Materia Subtilis*, something that cannot be defined; a Principle meerly negative and unintelligible. For the Logicians have stated no Medium, that I know of, between Truth and Falshood, nor the Moralists any between  
Virtue

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*Virtue and Vice.* I am sure we have already felt the grievous Effects of it in many things, and especially in the unhappy Division between the Two Houses. For I will venture to affirm, that if other Measures had been taken, some Incendiaries durst never have presumed to invade the Privileges of the House of Commons, and to asperse those worthy Members of it, whose chief Study and Care (to their immortal Honour be it said) seems to have been the Defence of the Prerogative; whilst their Opponents were endeavouring to advance their own Usurping Judicature above it, to direct the Crown in the Disposition of all Offices, and to circumscribe even its Executive Power; which when once done, there is an end of Monarchical Government in England; and we may call our Princes by what Illustrious Names and Titles we please, but they will  
insen-



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insensibly dwindle into meer Dukes of Venice. A Reflection ought to awaken those that are nearest concerned. But I will not here presume to enter into an Argument, which would require a large and elaborate Volume. I hope some abler Pen will undertake it, and with a just Freedom expose several late extraordinary Proceedings to the World.

But this New Policy is not more pernicious and tending to the Destruction of the Government, than it is absurd and ridiculous in itself. For how can Men of common Understanding pretend to look two ways at once, to blow hot and cold, and fancy that every body does not see through the pitiful Disguise and Artifice? They call themselves true Sons of the Church, and yet make no Scruple of opposing a Bill, which (they own) is essential

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essential to its Preservation. Because it is offered at an unseasonable Time, and in a violent and unparliamentary Method. As if any time could be more seasonable, than the Reign we now enjoy, and it was not as necessary to make wholesome Laws, as to engage in a just and honourable War: For in vain we conquer at Bleinheim, if our Constitution be neglected at Westminster. Or as if any Method can be said to be violent and unparliamentary, which has been frequently practised in obtaining some of our best Statutes. I suppose no Man will presume to urge it as an Argument against the Force and Validity of them. But it is the Misfortune of the English Nation to be imposed upon by Words: And I doubt not but the Name of a Tacker will be represented at the next Elections (by the Whig and Moderate Emissaries) as more odious

# PREFACE.

ous than that of an Atheist. They would be thought great Favourers of the Tory Party (as the Language now is), when upon all occasions they take care to discountenance them, and encourage only the profest Enemies of Church and State, under a shallow Pretence, that they are a numerous and formidable Body, and ought therefore to be preferred (as we see they daily are) to Places of the greatest Honour and Profit, that they may not grow mutinous, and complain of Persecution; which methinks should rather be a strong Argument for using all possible means to suppress such unruly seditious Spirits. Nay, so tender are they of their Dissenting Brethren, that I am told it has lately been delivered as Law by a Great Man in W——r Hall, that a notorious perjured Vagabond, with two Wives at once, being possess'd of a separate  
rate

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rate Congregation, tho' without any Licence or legal Qualification to Preach to them, shall for that Reason only be exempt from the late Act for Lifting Vagrants. This favourable Opinion has encouraged one of their Hackney Pillory'd Scriblers to Dedicate an impudent and scandalous Libel to the Queen, in the Name of the whole Body of Dissenters, wherein her Majesty is treated with a Familiarity and Insolence peculiar to that Party, and the Church traduced in most opprobrious and Billingsgate Language.

I heartily pity some young Gentlemen, who were unwarily drawn in. For they now find themselves impos'd upon, their Fortunes not much advanced, and their Reputations sacrificed. There is no need of a Prophetick Spirit to foresee, that their Crafty Leader himself will in a very

# P R E F A C E.

ry short time be supplanted by his  
New Allies; and if he falls unpi-  
tied by his Old Friends, he must  
consider, 'tis but the just Reward  
of his prevaricating deceitful Practi-  
ces.



---

Mode-

---

of the preceding chapter  
consider, in the first place  
ried by his Old Friends, he will  
New Allies; and if he falls upon  
by short time be supplied by his

Micha

---



---

# Moderation



## DISPLAY'D.

**A** Gain, my Muse---Nor fear the steepy Flight,  
 Pursue the Fury thro' the Realms of Night;  
 Explore the Depth of Hell, the secret Cause,  
 Whence the New Scheme of *Moderation* rose.

B

Now

Now Faction re-assum'd her Native Throne,  
 Which prostrate Fiends with awful Homage own,  
 A Crown of Eating Flame her Temples bound,  
 Darting a Blew Malignant Radiance round.

An Iron Scepter in her Hand she bore,  
 Emblem of Vengeance and destructive Pow'r.  
 A bloody Canopy hung o'er her Head,  
 Where the *Four* falling *Empires* are pourtray'd.  
 Monarchs Depos'd beneath her Foot-stool lie,  
 And all around is Hell and Anarchy.

Whilst thus she tow'ring sat, the Subject Train  
 With Shouts proclaim'd the Triumphs of her  
 Reign.

Then they the Chaos sung, and Nature's Jars,  
 How the first Atoms urg'd their *Medley* Wars,

How



How Civil Discord and Intestine Rage  
Have boil'd in ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Age.  
They sung Divided *Albion's* hapless State,  
Her Clashing Senate's Feuds, her lab'ring Church's  
Fate :

And, as her coming Ruin they exprest,  
A sullen Rapture swell'd in ev'ry Breast.  
For such the Bent of their Distorted Will,  
Only to know Delight in Thoughts of Ill.  
But on a sudden, Lo! descending flew,  
A Meagre Ghost, which soon the Fury knew,  
*Cetbego* newly Dead, her Darling Pride,  
Whose Firm Unwav'ring Faith she long had  
try'd,  
Long in her Secret Councils had retain'd,  
By which her Empire o'er our Isle she gain'd.

No sooner was arriv'd the Welcome Guest,  
 But him in soothing Terms, she thus address:  
 Hail best Belov'd of all my Sons, Receive  
 What Praise, what Joy these Gloomy Realms  
 can give ;

For 'tis to thy Successful Arts I owe  
 My Reign above, my Triumph here below.  
 This said, th' Unbodied Shade obsequious kneel'd,  
 Struck with Amazement, and with Rapture  
 fill'd.

O Mighty Queen! Permit me to Adore  
 Thy Awful Shrine, thy all Informing Pow'r,  
 Whose nearer Influence my Breast Inspires  
 With Glorious Rage and Mischievous Desires.  
 'Twas in Thy Cause I sunk a mouldring Frame,  
 Unequal to the Hardy Task of Fame.

But

But still my Mind releas'd from Mortal pains,  
Her innate Faculty of Ill retains.

More he had said, but the surrounding Throng,  
Impatient of delay, pursu'd their Noisy Song.

Mean time the Fiend revolving in her  
Thought

The mighty Change *Cethego's* Death had  
wrought,

Resolv'd at length to Summon to her Aid

Each plotting Dæmon, each Seditious Shade.

She gave the Signal, and a Dreadful Sound

Shook the Infernal Dreary Mansions round.

Then thus she eas'd her anxious Soul.——

O dearest Friend! O faithful Ministers!

Ye mutual Partners of my Joys and Cares!

New

New Ways, new Means my restless Thoughts  
 imploy,

How *Albion* to reduce, her Peace destroy.

Long have I labour'd, but alas ! In vain,

For now Succeeds the Heav'nly *Anna's* Reign ;

Who watchful Guards a Stubborn Peoples Good,

By Fears not stagger'd, nor by Force subdu'd.

Such are the Gifts of her Capacious Mind,

Where Justice Mercy Piety are joyn'd.

As Motion Light and Heat, combin'd in one,

Make up the Glorious Effence of the Sun.

But still the Mortal is, nor will I cease,

Till my Revenge be Crown'd with wish'd

Success.

First then, suppose we shou'd divest the Throne

Of Friends, whose Souls are Kindred to her own.

*Celsus*

*Celsus* Disgrac'd, *Hortensio* next appears,  
 Whose Vigilance still Baffles all my Cares;  
 To whom by Right of Ancestry belong  
 A Loyal Heart, and a persuasive Tongue.  
 Now Plots are form'd, and publick Tempests  
 rowl,  
 He boasts a strange unshaken Strength of  
 Soul.  
 Fearless against her Foes the Church sustains,  
 Alike their Friendship and their Hate disdains,  
 Disdains their Clamour and Seditious Noise,  
 Secure in the Applauding Senate's Voice.  
 Of Noble Stem, in whose *Collat'ral* Lines  
 Virtue with equal Force and Lustre shines.  
 When *Suada* pleads, Success attends the Cause,  
*Suada* the Glory of the *British* Laws.

Not the Fam'd Orators of Old were heard  
 With more attentive Awe, more deep Regard,  
 When Thronging round them, their Charm'd  
 Audience hung,

On the attracting Musick of their Tongue,  
 Nor Hell to *Lelio* can her Praise refuse,  
 Whose Worth deserves his own recording Muse;  
 Who in *Sophia's* Court, with just Applause,  
 Maintain'd his Sov'reign's Rights, his Country's  
 Cause.

For 'tis in him, with Anguish that I find  
 All the Endowments of a Gen'rous Mind,  
 Whate'er is Great and Brave, whate'er Refin'd.  
 For 'tis in him Fame doubly does Commend  
 An Active Patriot, and a Faithful Friend.

Then

Then from this near Attendance be remov'd  
*Urbano*, tho' by All Admir'd and Lov'd ;  
 Tho' his sweet Temper and obliging Port,  
 Become his Office, and Adorn the Court.  
 He seems by Nature form'd Mankind to please,  
 So Free, so Unconstrain'd is his Address,  
 Improv'd by ev'ry Virtue, ev'ry Grace.

*Senato* too, who Bravely does deride  
*Sempronia's* little Arts, and Female Pride ;  
 Whose Lofty Look, and whose Majestick Mien  
 Confess the tow'ring God-like Soul within.  
 A Speaker of unparallel'd Renown,  
 Long in the Senate, long in Council known.  
 Ally'd to *Celsus* by the Noblest Claim,  
 By the same Principles, by Worth the same.

Old as he is, still Firm his Heart remains,  
And dauntless his declining Frame sustains.

So, pois'd on its own Base, the *Center* bears  
The Nodding Fabrick of the Universe.

*Nereo* shall cease t' extend his *Anna's* Reign,  
High as the Stars, unbounded as the Main.

'Tis He, whose Valour the *Batavian* Wars  
Inur'd to Glory from his greener Years.

'Tis He *Le Hogue's* opposing Ord'nance bore,  
Nor fear'd the Lightning's Flash, nor Thunder's  
Roar.

'Tis He (with *Scipio* darling of their Isle)  
From vanquish'd *Vigo* forc'd the *Indian* spoil.

'Tis he the *Streights* Defence so lately Storm'd,  
A Town by Nature Fortified and Arm'd.

'Tis



'Tis He, unequal far in Force, o'ercame  
A Fleet secure of Conquest and of Fame,  
A Fleet by vast expence for Fight prepar'd,  
At once the *Spaniards* Terror and their Guard.

'Tis he my Pois'nous baleful Breath has Born,  
But with a gen'rous and Heroick Scorn.  
For Fiends must still this just monition have,  
Envy's the Coward's homage to the Brave.

Nor *Bajazet* shall Rule in favour long,  
Tho' he so sweetly *Gloriana* Sung.

A Son of *Phabus*, whose Seraphick lays  
Were only equal to her Heav'nly Praise.

But He not claims the Muses art alone,  
Whose Nobler Gifts in ev'ry Sphear have shone.

A Soul he boasts with Native Grandeur born,  
That my *Volpone's* Schemes rejects with Scorn:

Form'd of a brighter and diviner Mould,  
 Can ne'er by humbler Reason be controul'd;  
 Can ne'er in *Dark involv'd Designments* join,  
 But bravely with the Court will all its Pow'r  
 resign.

Here as their various Virtues she confest,  
 Rancour innate and Vengeance shook her Breast.  
 She paus'd---At length her further Mind exprest.

Be these, and such as these, discharg'd from  
 Court,

The *Better Genii* that the Crown support:

Then in their stead let *Mod'rate* Statesmen Reign,  
 Practice their new pretended Golden Mean.

A Notion undefin'd in Virtues Schools,

Unrecommended by her sacred Rules.

A Modern Coward Principle, design'd  
 To stifle Justice, and unnerve the Mind.  
 A Trick by Knaves contriv'd, impos'd on Fools,  
 But Scorn'd by Patriot and Exalted Souls.  
 For *Mod'rate* Statesmen, like *Camelions*, wear  
 A diff'rent Form in ev'ry diff'rent Air.  
 They stick at nothing to Secure their Ends,  
 Carefs their Enemies, betray their Friends.  
 Their Medley Temper, their Amphibious Mind  
 Is fraught with Principles of ev'ry kind;  
 Nor ever can from Stain and Error free,  
 Assert its Native Truth, and Energy.  
 As the four Elements so blended were  
 In their first Chaos, so united there,  
 That since they ne'er could fully be disjoyn'd,  
 Each retains something of each other's Kind;  
 Nor

Nor this is wholly Air, nor that pure Flame,  
But still in both some Atoms are the same.

Let *Jano*, second of this Trimming Band,  
Next to *Volpone* deck'd with Honours stand.  
Like him for *black Ingratitude* Renown'd,  
Like him with all the Gifts of Cunning crown'd.  
None better can the Jarring Senate guide,  
Or lure the *Flying Camp* to either side,  
Of an Invet'rate Old Fanatick Race,  
Of Canting Parents, sprung this Child of Grace.  
In Show a *Tory*, but a *Whig* in Heart,  
For Saints may safely act the Sinner's part.  
Once he was ours, and will be ours again,  
For Art to stifle Nature strives in vain,

For

For ev'ry thing, when from its *Center* born,  
Still thither tends, still thither will return.  
So from it's Orb a Comet glaring Flies,  
With un auspicious Beams thro' distant Skies;  
But soon *Revolting* to it's Native Sphear,  
Owns the attractive Force and *Vortex* there.  
Let him with these Accomplishments supply  
*Hortensio's* steady Faith, and Loyalty.  
*Bruchus*, for he has Wealth to buy a Place,  
Shall wear *Urbano's* Key, his Post disgrace.  
A worthy Son, in whom collected shine  
The Follies of his Mad and Ideot Line.  
Lord of the woful Countenance, whose Skin  
Seems fear'd without, and putrify'd within.  
A Dapper Animal, whose Pigmy Size  
Provokes the Ladies Scorn, and mocks their Eyes.

But

But Balls and Musick are his greatest Care,  
 So willing is the Wretch to please the Fair.  
 'Tis strange, that Men, what Nature has deny'd,  
 Should make their only Aim, their only Pride.  
 Let *Britono*, who from the Parent Moon  
 Derives his *Welch* Descent directly down,  
 Succeed *Senato* in his High Command,  
 And bear the Staff of Honour in his Hand.  
 A flutt'ring empty Fop, that ev'ry Night,  
 Sits Laughing loud, and Jesting in the Pit,  
 Whilst a surrounding Crowd of Whores and  
 Bawds,  
 His sprightly Converse, and his Wit applauds:  
 An Atlas proper to sustain the Weight  
 Of an Incumber'd and declining State.

*Thersites,*

*Thersites*, an Apostate Brother, long  
For Railing fam'd, and Virulence of Tongue ;  
Who lately held in scandalous Disgrace  
The fawning Courtier, and the Slave in Place.  
Who vilify'd, for every slight Offence,  
With equal Gall the Statesman and the Prince :  
Now, soften'd by Advancement, can controul  
The wonted Rage and Fury of his Soul :  
An Advocate for *Moderation* grows,  
Would heal their Breaches, and their Jars com-  
pose ;  
Forgets that he the Guilty Court disclaim'd,  
And loudly praises what he once defam'd.  
So Northern Mastiffs, in a warmer Sun,  
Their Fierceness loose, and gentler Natures  
own.

*Causidico*, whom fear of Want made Bold,

Barters his boasted Honesty for Gold.

*Tacks* and *Impeachments* once he urg'd as Law,

To curb the Throne, the Ministry to awe :

Witness *Sigillo* and the *Irish Grants* ;

But cease we now, he cries, those old Com-  
plaints.

Let us restrain our too impetuous Zeal,

Nor ever *tack* a persecuting *Bill*.

Let us henceforth *offending Statesmen* screen ;

Let Justice sleep in *Anna's* gentle Reign.

So is the Patriot chang'd from what he was ;

So solid a Conviction is a Place.

Not rais'd for this by *Abdon's* bounteous Hand,

*Abdon*, whose Virtues ev'ry Praise demand,

*Abdon,*



*Abdon*, who with his Post his Truth maintains,  
Whose steady Soul a wav'ring Renegade disdains.

*Thracio*, who arrogantly vaunted Young,

The Politicians Art, and Poet's Song,

Shall now the Fame his Friends bestow'd, destroy,

Shall be the Tories Scorn as once their Joy.

An errant *Judas*, of the *Motley* Train,

Perfidious, Noisy, Impudent, and Vain.

An Agent fit to propagate my Ends,

Who basely for a *Place* will quit his Friends.

For let but *Scriba*, that Rich Worthless Fool,

Fantastically Formal, Gayly Dull;

Let him unwillingly resign his Post,

*Thracio* and all his fine Harangues are lost.

Let these, as useful Tools a while possess

The Court Preferments, and indulge their Ease.

But they shall fly, like Mists, before the Sun,  
 When my Designs to full Perfection grown,  
 Exert their Pow'r, and make the World my own.

*Camillo*, tho' triumphant in the Field,  
 Seduc'd by *Grants*, shall to this Party yield.  
 A Chief, to form whose mighty Mind, conspire  
 The *Roman* Conduct, and the *Grecian* Fire.  
*Germania's* Stator, and *Britannia's* Joy,  
 Whose Fame does the whole Western World im-  
 ploy.  
 By whom (so Heav'n and *Anna* have decreed)  
 Tyrants are humbled, enslav'd Nations freed.  
 But still not all his Valour can withstand  
 The Witchcraft of *Sempronia's* Golden Hand.

In

In her he shall my boundless Empire own,  
 And lay his purchas'd Palms and Lawrels down.

When thus the Fury had her Scheme Display'd,  
 Assenting Hell a low Obeifance paid.

*Moloch*, Protector of the *Papal Chair*,  
 Author of Massacres and Christian War,  
 Was now Convinc'd that Sanguinary Laws  
 Could ne'er the *Reformation's* Growth oppose,  
 Could ne'er in *Albion's* Church advance his  
 Cause.

He therefore, urg'd with his old constant Hate,  
 By *Mod'rate* Means consents to work her Fate.  
 Hopes by *Dissenting Agents* to regain  
 What *Zealous Missionaries* fought in vain.

He

He finds how soon by *Toleration's* Aid  
 Her Pow'r is weaken'd, and her Rights betray'd.  
 Nor doubts *Occasional Conformity*  
 Will by degrees her Essence quite destroy.  
 Then *Satan*, Prince of the *Fanatick* Train,  
 Who form'd the Conduct of their *Glorious* Reign,  
 Approv'd the Scheme, not hoping to Restore  
 His Subjects to their late unbounded Pow'r.  
 For well he knew, their Avarice and Pride  
 Had wean'd the Bankrupt Nation from their  
 side.

But these *Auspicious Moderation* Times,  
 By not Detecting, Sanctify their Crimes,  
 By Baffling Justice, and eluding Law,  
 Make Vice insult, and Sin Triumphant grow.

Nay

Nay such th' Effects of *Moderation* are,  
 The Guilty to Reward, as well as Spare.  
 Hence Foes to Prelacy are Clad in Lawn,  
 Hence Rebels are the Fav'rites of the Throne.  
 What could they more desire, than thus to pass  
 The blest Remainder of their happy Days,  
 Fatted with Plunder, and dissolv'd in ease?  
 Nor *Belial*, th' *Atheist's* Patron, could Complain,  
 For *Moderation* would enlarge his Reign,  
 Where all unpunish'd Talk and Live Profane.  
 Where Irreligion Providence denies,  
 Nor dreads the Laws of Earth, nor Thunder of  
 the Skies.  
*Mammon*, the *Trader*, and the *Courtier's* God,  
 No sooner heard the Project but allow'd ;

For

For hence his Vot'ries uncontroul'd might live,  
 And endless Frauds commit, and endless Bribes  
 receive.

But most *Cethego* the Design approves,  
 Who Dead and Living in *Meanders* moves.  
 He knew how he deluded hapless *James*,  
 By the same wily Arts, and subtle Schemes.  
 Proposes then, that he alone be sent,  
 To execute the Fury's New Intent.

When he had ended, thus she soon replies,  
 Blest be the Shade, that can so well advise,  
 On thee thy Goddess smiles, on thee relies.  
 Fly, nimbly to thy Native Soil repair,  
 Urge and Inforce the well-form'd Council there.

Occasion favours, the *Cabal* is met  
At thy own Mansion, thy belov'd Retreat,  
The Muses Darling Theam, the Graces Seat. }  
There *Clodio's* and *Sigillo's* anxious Thoughts,  
Are brooding o'er *Imaginary Plots* :  
Whilst *Bibliopolo* with his awkward Jests  
Deserves his Dinner, and diverts the Guests.  
*Bathillo*, in his own unborrow'd Strains,  
Young *Sacharissa's* Angel Form profanes :  
Whilst her dull Husband, senseless of her Charms,  
Lies lumpish in her soft encircling Arms.  
For he to Wisdom makes a Grave Pretence,  
But wants alas! His Fathers Depth of Sense.  
Howere, supplying all Defects of Wit,  
He shews a true Fanatick Zeal and Heat.

E

She

She spoke—the Spectre in a Moment Gains  
*Altropia's* Balmy Air, and Flowry Plains.

At his approach the Dome's Foundation shook,

When 'midst their Revels rushing in he broke.

Involv'd in Wreaths of Smoak awhile he stood,

Seeming at distance an unshapen Cloud.

But soon, the Cloud ascending to the Skies,

He manifest advanc'd before their Eyes.

Horror and Guilt shook ev'ry Conscious Breast,

But *Bibliopolo* most his Fears exprest,

Fainting he tumbled—Pass we o'er the rest.

*Clodio* alone fixt and unmov'd appear'd,

And what the Phantom said undaunted heard.

Forbear, my Friends, your Hot pursuits restrain,

Behold your lov'd *Cethego* once again.

From



From *Faction's* dark unbottom'd Cell I come,  
Fraught with *Britannia's* Fate and final Doom.  
For, Meditating Vengeance in her Mind,  
At length a Finish'd Plan she has design'd.  
Nor doubts by *Mod'rate* Methods to obtain,  
What she by rougher Arts has fought in vain,  
That *Whigs* should Triumph in a *Tory* Reign.

Thus he began, and then proceeds to tell  
What *Faction* had before reveal'd in Hell.

The wellcome Narrative touch'd *Clodio's* Heart,  
Who did in Words like these his Joy impart.  
Since thy *Divided State* permits, be thou  
As once a Friend, a Guardian Genius now.

Give

Give us to execute this Grand Design,

Thine be the Conduct, and the Glory thine.

Nor can we doubt Success; ——— *Sempronius*

Smiles,

And Hell and Faction aid the Woman's Wiles.

Pleas'd with this Answer, the Retiring Ghost

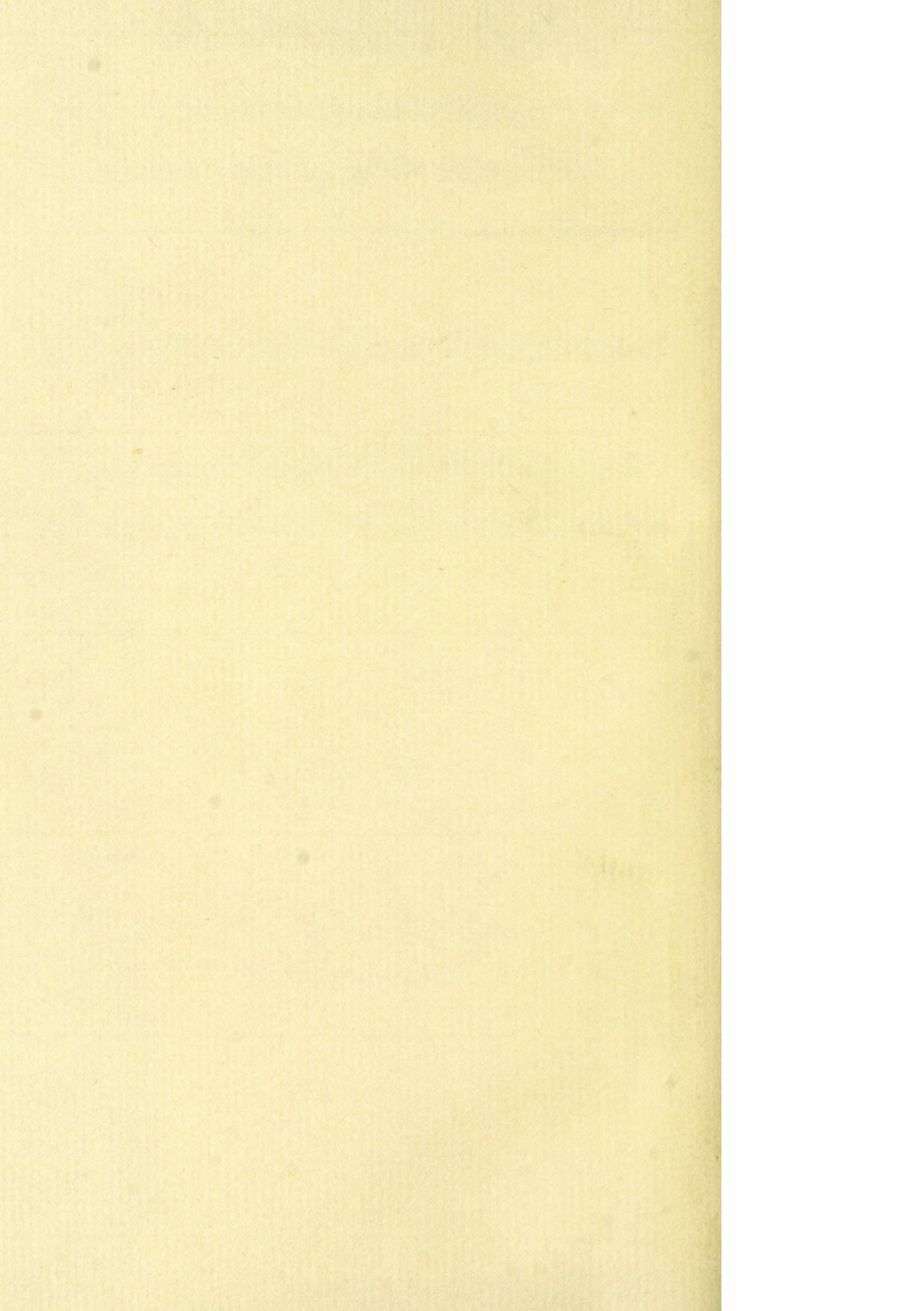
Condens'd the ambient Air, and in a Cloud was

lost.

FINIS.







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