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**Original Poems And Translations, By John Dryden, Esq;
Now First Collected and Publish'd together, In Two
Volumes**

Containing Poems on several Occasions

Dryden, John

London, 1743

The Medal. A Satire Against Seditious.

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THE
M E D A L.
A
S A T I R E
A G A I N S T
S E D I T I O N.

*Per Graiùm populos, mediæque per Elidis Urbem
ibat ovans, Divùmque sibi poscebat Honores.*



THE

M. D. A. J.

S. A. T. R. E.

E. D. I. V. O. M.

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E P I S T L E

TO THE

W H I G S.

FOR to whom can I dedicate this Poem, with so much justice, as to you? 'Tis the representation of your own Hero: 'Tis the Picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize so much in little. None of your Ornaments are wanting; neither the Landskip of the Tower, nor the Rising Sun; nor the *Anno Domini* of your new Sovereign's Coronation. This must needs be a grateful undertaking to your whole Party; especially to those who have not been so happy as to purchase the Original. I hear the *Graver* has made a good Market of it: All his Kings are bought up already; or the value of the remainder so inhanc'd, that many a poor *Po-lander*, who would be glad to worship the Image, is not able to go to the cost of him; but must be content to see him here. I must confess, I am no great Artift; but Sign-post-painting will serve the turn to remember a Friend by; especially when better is not to be had. Yet for your comfort the Lineaments are true: And though he sat not five times to me, as he did to B. yet I have consulted History; as the *Italian* Painters do, when they

they would draw a *Nero* or a *Caligula*; though they have not seen the Man, they can help their Imagination by a Statue of him, and find out the Colouring from *Suetonius* and *Tacitus*. Truth is, you might have spar'd one side of your Medal: The Head wou'd be seen to more advantage, if it were plac'd on a Spike of the Tower; a little nearer to the Sun; which would then break out to better purpose. You tell us, in your Preface to the *No Protestant Plot*, that you shall be forc'd hereafter to leave off your Modesty. I suppose you mean that little, which is left you: For it was worn to rags when you put out this Medal. Never was there practis'd such a piece of notorious Impudence in the face of an Establish'd Government. I believe, when he is dead, you will wear him in Thumb-Rings as the *Turks* did *Scanderbeg*; as if there were Virtue in his Bones to preserve you against Monarchy. Yet all this while you pretend not only zeal for the Publick Good, but a due Veneration for the Person of the King. But all Men, who can see an Inch before them, may easily detect those gross fallacies. That it is necessary for men in your Circumstances to pretend both, is granted you; for without them there could be no ground to raise a Faction. But I would ask you one civil question: What right has any man among you, or any Association of men (to come nearer to you) who, out of Parliament cannot be consider'd in a publick Capacity, to meet, as you daily do, in Factious Clubs, to vilify the Government in your Discourses, and to libel it in all your Writings? Who made you Judges in *Israel*? Or how is it consistent with your Zeal for the publick Welfare to promote Sedition? Does your Definition of Loyal, which is to serve the King according to the Laws, allow you the

Licence

Licence of traducing the Executive Power, with which you own he is invested? You complain, that his Majesty has lost the love and confidence of his People; and, by your very urging it, you endeavour, what in you lies, to make him lose them. All good Subjects abhor the thought of Arbitrary Power, whether it be in one or many: If you were the Patriots you would seem, you would not at this rate incense the Multitude to assume it; for no sober Man can fear it, either from the King's Disposition or his Practice; or even, where you would odiously lay it, from his Ministers. Give us leave to enjoy the Government, and the benefit of Laws, under which we were born, and which we desire to transmit to our Posterity. You are not the Trustees of the publick Liberty: And if you have not right to petition in a Crowd, much less have you to intermeddle in the management of Affairs, or to arraign what you do not like; which in effect is every thing that is done by the King and Council. Can you imagine, that any reasonable man will believe you respect the Person of his Majesty, when 'tis apparent that your seditious Pamphlets are stuffed with particular Reflections on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, 'tis easy to be evinc'd from a thousand Passages, which I only forbear to quote, because I desire they should die and be forgotten. I have perus'd many of your Papers; and to shew you that I have, the third part of your *No-protestant Plot* is much of it stolen from your dead Author's Pamphlet call'd the *Growth of Popery*; as manifestly as *Milton's Defence of the English People* is from *Buchanan, de re regni apud Scotos*; or your first Covenant, and new Association, from the holy League of the *French Guisards*. Any one, who reads *Davila*,

may

K

Vol. I.

may trace your Practices all along. There were the same pretences for Reformation, and Loyalty, the same Aspersions of the King, and the same grounds of a Rebellion. I know not whether you will take the Historian's Word, who says, it was reported, that *Poltrou* a *Huguenot* murder'd *Francis* Duke of *Guise*, by the Instigations of *Theodore Beza*: Or that it was a *Huguenot* Minister, otherwise called a *Presbyterian* (for our Church abhors so devilish a Tenet) who first writ a Treatise of the lawfulness of deposing and murdering Kings, of a different Persuasion in Religion. But I am able to prove from the Doctrine of *Calvin*, and Principles of *Buchanan*, that they set the People above the Magistrate; which, if I mistake not, is your own Fundamental; and which carries your Loyalty no farther than your Liking. When a Vote of the House of Commons goes on your side, you are as ready to observe it, as if it were pass'd into a Law: But when you are pinch'd with any former, and yet unrepealed, *Act of Parliament*, you declare that in some Cases you will not be obliged by it. The Passage is in the same third Part of the *No-protestant Plot*; and is too plain to be denied. The late Copy of your intended Association you neither wholly justify nor condemn; But, as the Papists, when they are unoppos'd, fly out into all the Pageantries of Worship, but, in times of War, when they are hard press'd by Arguments, lie close intrench'd behind the *Council of Trent*; so, now, when your Affairs are in a low Condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal Combination; but whensoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintain'd and justify'd to purpose. For indeed there is nothing to defend it but the Sword: 'Tis

the proper time to say any thing, when men have all things in their power.

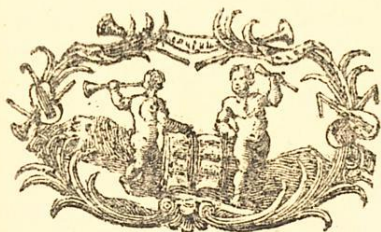
In the mean time, you wou'd fain be nibbling at a Parallel betwixt this Association, and that in the time of *Queen Elizabeth*. But there is this small difference betwixt them, that the ends of the one are directly opposite to the other: One with the Queen's approbation and conjunction, as head of it; the other without either the consent or knowledge of the King, against whose Authority it is manifestly design'd. Therefore you do well to have recourse to your last Evasion, that it was contriv'd by your Enemies, and shuffled into the Papers that were seiz'd; which yet you see the Nation is not so easy to believe, as your own Jury. But the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in *Newgate*, who wou'd acquit a Malefactor.

I have one only favour to desire of you at parting; that, when you think of answering this *Poem*, you wou'd employ the same Pens against it, who have combated with so much success against *Abraham* and *Achitophel*: For then you may assure yourselves of a clear Victory, without the least Reply. Rail at me abundantly; and, not to break a Custom, do it without wit: By this method you will gain a considerable point, which is, wholly to wave the answer of my Arguments. Never own the bottom of your Principles, for fear they should be Treason. Fall severely on the miscarriages of Government; for if Scandal be not allow'd, you are no free-born Subjects. If God has not bless'd you with the Talent of Rhiming, make use of my poor Stock and welcome; let your Verses run upon my feet: And

for the utmost Refuge of notorious Blockheads, reduc'd to the last extremity of sense, turn my own lines upon me, and, in utter despair of your own Satire, make me satirize my self. Some of you have been driven to this Bay already : but above all the rest commend me to the Non-conformist Parson, who writ the *Whip and Key*. I am afraid it is not read so much as the Piece deserves, because the Bookseller is every week crying *Help* at the end of his *Gazette*, to get it off. You see I am charitable enough to do him a kindness, that it may be publish'd as well as printed ; and that so much skill in *Hebrew* Derivations may not lie for Waste-paper in the Shop. Yet I half suspect he went no farther for his Learning, than the Index of *Hebrew* Names and Etymologies, which is printed at the end of some *English* Bibles. If *Achitophel* signify the Brother of a Fool, the Author of that Poem will pass with his Readers for the next of kin. And, perhaps, 'tis the Relation that makes the kindness. Whatever the Verses are, buy 'em up, I beseech you, out of pity ; for I hear the Conventicle is shut up, and the Brother of *Achitophel* out of service.

Now Footmen, you know, have the generosity to make a Purse, for a Member of their Society, who has had his Livery pull'd over his Ears : And even Protestant Socks are bought up among you, out of veneration to the name. A Dissenter in Poetry from Sense and *English* will make as good a Protestant Rhimer, as a Dissenter from the Church of *England* a Protestant Parson. Besides, if you encourage a young Beginner, who knows but he may elevate his style a little, above the vulgar Epithets of *preppane and saucy Jack*, and *Atheistical Scribbler*, with which he

he treats me, when the fit of Enthusiasm is strong upon him? by which well-manner'd and charitable Expressions, I was certain of his Sect, before I knew his Name. What wou'd you have more of a man? He has damn'd me in your Cause from *Genesis* to the *Revelations*; and has half the Texts of both the *Testaments* against me, if you will be so civil to your selves as to take him for your Interpreter, and not to take them for *Irish* Witnesses. After all, perhaps, you will tell me, that you retain'd him only for the opening of your Cause, and that your main Lawyer is yet behind. Now if it so happen he meet with no more Reply than his Predecessors, you may either conclude, that I trust to the goodness of my Cause, or fear my Adversary, or disdain him, or what you please; for the short on't is, 'tis indifferent to your humble Servant, whatever your Party says or thinks of him.



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THE
M E D A L.

A SATIRE against SEDITION.

OF all our Antick Sights, and Pageantry,
Which *English* Idiots run in crowds to see,
The *Polish Medal* bears the prize alone :
A Monster, more the Favourite of the Town,
Than either Fairs or Theatres have shown.
Never did Art so well with Nature strive ;
Nor ever Idol seem'd so much alive :
So like the Man ; so golden to the sight,
So base within, so counterfeit and light.
One side is fill'd with Title and with Face ;
And, lest the King should want a regal Place,
On the Reverse, a Tow'r the Town surveys ;
O'er which our mounting Sun his Beams displays.
The Word, pronounc'd aloud by Shrieval Voice,
Letamur, which, in *Polish*, is *rejoice*.
The Day, Month, Year, to the great Act are join'd ;
And a new Canting Holiday design'd.
Five Days he sat, for every cast and look ;
Four more than God to finish *Adam* took.
But who can tell what Essence Angels are,
Or how long Heav'n was making *Lucifer* ?
O, cou'd the Style that copy'd every grace,
And plough'd such Furrows for an Eunuch Face,
Cou'd it have form'd his ever-changing Will,
The various Piece had tir'd the Graver's Skill !



A Martial Hero first, with early Care,
 Blown, like a Pigmy by the Winds, to War :
 A beardless Chief ; a Rebel, ere a Man :
 (So young his Hatred to his Prince began.)
 Next this, (How wildly will Ambition steer !)
 A Vermin, wriggling in th' Usurper's Ear ;
 Bart'ring his venal Wit for sums of Gold,
 He cast himself into the Saint-like Mould ;
 Groan'd, sigh'd, and pray'd, while Godliness was Gain ;
 The loudest Bagpipe of the squeaking Train.
 But, as 'tis hard to cheat a Juggler's Eyes,
 His open Lewdness he cou'd ne'er disguise.
 There split the Saint : For Hypocritick Zeal
 Allows no Sins but those it can conceal.
 Whoring to Scandal gives too large a scope :
 Saints must not trade ; but they may interlope.
 Th' ungodly Principle was all the same :
 But a gross Cheat betrays his Partner's Game.
 Besides, their pace was formal, grave and slack :
 His nimble Wit out-ran the heavy Pack.
 Yet still he found his Fortune at a stay ;
 Whole droves of Blockheads choking up the way :
 They took, but not rewarded, his Advice ;
 Villain and Wit exact a double price.
 Pow'r was his Aim : but, thrown from that pretence,
 The Wretch turn'd Loyal in his own Defence,
 And Malice reconcil'd him to his Prince. }
 Him, in the Anguish of his Soul, he serv'd ;
 Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd.
 Behold him now exalted into Trust ;
 His Counsel's oft convenient, seldom just.
 E'en in the most sincere Advice he gave,
 He had a grudging still to be a Knave.
 The Frauds he learnt in his Fanatick Years,
 Made him uneasy in his lawful Gears :

At best as little honest as he cou'd :
 And, like white Witches, mischievously Good.
 To his first Byass, longingly, he leans ;
 And rather wou'd be great by wicked Means.
 Thus, fram'd for ill, he loos'd our Triple hold ;
 (Advice unsafe, precipitous, and bold,)
 From hence those tears ; that *Ilium* of our woe :
 Who helps a pow'rful Friend, fore-arms a Foe.
 What wonder if the Waves prevail so far,
 When he cut down the Banks that made the Bar ?
 Seas follow but their Nature to invade ;
 But he by Art our native Strength betray'd.
 So *Sampson* to his Foe his force confest,
 And, to be shorn, lay slumb'ring on her Breast.
 But, when this fatal Counsel, found too late,
 Expos'd its Author to the publick Hate ;
 When his just Sov'reign, by no impious way,
 Cou'd be seduc'd to arbitrary Sway ;
 Forsaken of that hope, he shifts the Sail ;
 Drives down the Current with a pop'lar gale ;
 And shews the Fiend confess'd, without a Veil.
 He preaches to the Crowd, that Power is lent,
 But not convey'd to Kingly Government ;
 That Claims successive bear no binding force ;
 That Coronation Oaths are things of course ;
 Maintains, the Multitude can never err ;
 And sets the People in the Papal Chair.
 The reason's obvious ; *Int'rest never lyes* :
 The most have still their Int'rest in their Eyes ;
 The Pow'r is always theirs, and Pow'r is ever wise.
 Almighty Crowd ! thou shorten'st all dispute ;
 Pow'r is thy Essence, Wit thy Attribute :
 Nor Faith nor Reason make thee at a stay,
 Thou leap'st o'er all eternal Truths, in thy *Pindarick*
[way.
Athens,

Athens, no doubt, did righteously decide,
 When *Phocion* and when *Socrates* were try'd :
 As righteously they did those dooms repent ;
 Still they were wise, whatever way they went.
 Crowds err not, tho' to both Extremes they run ;
 To kill the Father, and recal the Son.
 Some think the Fools were most, as times went then ;
 But now the World's o'erstock'd with prudent Men,
 The common Cry is e'en Religion's Test ;
 The *Turk's* is, at *Constantinople*, best ;
 Idols in *India*, Popery at *Rome* ;
 And our own Worship only true at home :
 And true, but for the time ; 'tis hard to know
 How long we please it shall continue so.
 This side to-day, and that to-morrow burns ;
 So all are God-a'mighties in their Turns.
 A tempting Doctrine, plausible and new :
 What Fools our Fathers were, if this be true !
 Who, to destroy the Seeds of Civil War,
 Inherent Right in Monarchs did declare :
 And, that a lawful Pow'r might never cease,
 Secur'd Succession, to secure our Peace.
 Thus Property and Sov'reign Sway, at last,
 In equal Balances were justly cast.
 But this new *Jebu* spurs the hot-mouth'd Horse ;
 Instructs the Beast to know his native Force ;
 To take the Bit between his Teeth, and fly
 To the next headlong Steep of Anarchy.
 Too happy *England*, if our good we knew ;
 Wou'd we possess the Freedom we pursue !
 The lavish Government can give no more :
 Yet we repine ; and plenty makes us poor.
 God try'd us once ; our Rebel-Fathers fought ;
 He glutted 'em with all the Pow'r they fought ;

'Till,

Till, master'd by their own usurping Brave,
 The free-born Subject sunk into a Slave.
 We lothe our Manna, and we long for Quails;
 Ah what is Man when his own wish prevails!
 How rash, how swift to plunge himself in ill;
 Proud of his Pow'r, and boundless in his Will!
 That Kings can do no wrong we must believe:
 None can they do, and must they all receive?
 Help Heaven! or sadly we shall see an hour,
 When neither wrong nor right are in their Pow'r!
 Already they have lost their best Defence,
 The Benefit of Laws, which they dispense;
 No justice to their righteous Cause allow'd;
 But baffled by an Arbitrary Crowd;
 And Medals grav'd, their Conquest to record,
 The Stamp and Coin of their adopted Lord
 The Man, who laugh'd but once, to see an Ass
 Mumbling to make the cross-grain'd Thistles pass,
 Might laugh again, to see a Jury chaw
 The prickles of unpalatable Law.
 The Witnesses, that, Leech-like, liv'd on blood,
 Sacking for them were med'cinally good:
 But, when they fasten'd on their fester'd Sore,
 Then Justice and Religion they forswore;
 Their Maiden Oaths debauch'd into a Whore.
 Thus Men are rais'd by Factions, and decry'd;
 And Rogue and Saint distinguish'd by their Side.
 They rack e'en Scripture to confess their Cause;
 And plead a Call to preach, in spite of Laws.
 But that's no news to the poor injur'd Page;
 It has been us'd as ill in every Age;
 And is constrain'd, with Patience, all to take:
 For what Defence can *Greek* and *Hebrew* make?

Happy

Happy, who can this talking Trumpet seize ;
 They make it speak what-ever Sense they please.
 'Twas fram'd, at first, our Oracle t' enquire ;
 But, since our Sects in Prophecy grow higher, [inspire. }
 The Text inspires not them ; but they the Text in- }
 London, thou great *Emporium* of our Isle,
 O thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful *Nile*,
 How shall I praise or curse to thy desert !
 Or separate thy fount, from thy corrupted Part !
 I call'd thee *Nile* ; the Parallel will stand :
 Thy tides of Wealth overflow the fatten'd Land ;
 Yet monsters from thy large increase we find,
 Engender'd on the Slime thou leav'st behind.
 Sedition has not wholly seiz'd on thee ;
 Thy nobler Parts are from infection free.
 Of *Israel's* Tribes thou hast a numerous Band ;
 But still the *Canaanite* is in the Land.
 Thy military Chiefs are brave and true ;
 Nor are thy disinchant'd Burghers few.
 The Head is loyal which thy Heart commands ;
 But what's a Head with two such gouty Hands ?
 The wise and wealthy love the surest way,
 And are content to thrive and to obey.
 But Wisdom is to Sloth too great a Slave ;
 None are so busy as the Fool and Knave.
 Those let me curse ; what vengeance will they urge,
 Whose Ordures neither Plague nor Fire can purge ;
 Nor sharp Experience can to Duty bring,
 Nor angry Heav'n, nor a forgiving King !
 In Gospel Phrase their Chapmen they betray :
 Their Shops are Dens, the Buyer is their Prey.
 The Knack of Trades is, living on the Spoil ;
 They boast, e'en when each other they beguile.

Customs

Customs to steal is such a trivial Thing,
 That 'tis their Charter, to defraud their King.
 All Hands unite of every jarring Sect ;
 They cheat the Country first, and then infect.
 They, for God's Cause, their Monarchs dare dethrone ;
 And they'll be sure to make his Cause their own.
 Whether the plotting Jesuit laid the Plan
 Of murd'ring Kings, or the *French* Puritan,
 Our Sacrilegious Sects their Guides out-go,
 And Kings and Kingly Pow'r wou'd murder too.
 What means their trait'rous Combination less,
 Too plain t' evade, too shameful to confess ?
 But Treason is not own'd when 'tis detcry'd ;
 Successful Crimes alone are justify'd.

The Men, who no Conspiracy wou'd find,
 Who doubts but, had it taken, they had join'd ;
 Join'd in a mutual Cov'nant of Defence,
 At first without, at last against their Prince.
 If Sov'reign Right by Sov'reign Pow'r they scan,
 The same bold Maxim holds in God and Man :
 God were not safe, his Thunder cou'd they shun ;
 He shou'd be forc'd to Crown another Son.
 Thus, when the Heir was from the Vineyard thrown,
 The rich Possession was the Murd'ers own.
 In vain to sophistry they have recourse :
 By proving theirs no Plot, they prove 'tis worse ;
 Unmask'd Rebellion, and audacious Force. }
 Which, though not actual, yet all Eyes may see
 Tis working, in th' immediate Pow'r to be :
 For, from pretended Grievances they rise,
 First to dislike, and after to despise :
 Then, *Cyclop*-like, in human flesh to deal ;
 Chop up a Minister, at every Meal :

Perhaps

Perhaps not wholly to melt down the King ;
 But clip his regal Rights within the Ring.
 From thence, t'assume the Pow'r of Peace and War ;
 And ease him by degrees of publick Care.
 Yet, to consult his Dignity and Fame,
 He should have leave to exercise the Name ; [Game }
 And hold the Cárds, while Commons play'd the }
 For what can Pow'r give more than Food and Drink,
 To live at ease, and not be bound to think ?
 These are the cooler Methods of their Crime :
 But their hot Zealots think 'tis loss of time ;
 On utmost Bounds of Loyalty they stand,
 And grin and whet like a *Croatian* Band,
 That waits impatient for the last Command. }
 Thus Out-laws open Villany maintain ;
 They steal not, but in Squadrons scowr the Plain ;
 And, if their Pow'r the Passengers subdue,
 The Most have Right, the Wrong is in the Few.
 Such impious Axioms foolishly they show ;
 For, in some Soils, Republicks will not grow :
 Our Temp'rate Isle will no Extremes sustain,
 Of Pop'lar Sway, or Arbitrary Reign ;
 But slides between them both into the best ;
 Secure in Freedom, in a Monarch blest :
 And though the Climate, vex'd with various Winds,
 Works, through our yielding Bodies, on our Minds,
 The wholsom Tempest purges what it breeds,
 To recommend the Calmness that succeeds.

But thou, the Pander of the People's Hearts,
 O crooked Soul, and Serpentine in Arts !
 Whose blandishments a Loyal Land have whor'd,
 And broke the Bonds she plight'd to her Lord ;

What

What Curses on thy blasted Name will fall !
 Which Age to Age their Legacy shall call ; [all. }
 For all must curse the Woes, that must descend on }
 Religion thou hast none : thy Mercury
 Has pass'd through every Sect, or theirs through thee.
 But what thou giv'st, that Venom still remains ;
 And the pox'd Nation feels thee in their Brains.
 What else inspires the Tongue, and swells the Breasts
 Of all thy bellowing Renegado Priests,
 That preach up thee for God ; dispense thy Laws,
 And with thy Stum ferment their fainting Cause ;
 Fresh Fumes of Madness raise ; and toil and sweat
 To make the formidable Cripple great ?
 Yet, shou'd thy Crimes succeed, shou'd lawless Pow'r
 Compass those Ends thy greedy Hopes devour,
 Thy canting Friends thy mortal Foes wou'd be :
 Thy God and theirs will never long agree.
 For thine (if thou hast any) must be one
 That lets the World and Human-kind alone :
 A jolly God, that passes Hours too well
 To promise Heav'n, or threaten us with Hell ;
 That unconcern'd can at Rebellion sit,
 And wink at Crimes he did himself commit.
 A Tyrant theirs ; the Heav'n their Priesthood paints
 A Conventicle of gloomy sullen Saints ;
 A Heav'n, like *Bedlam*, slovenly and sad ;
 Fore-doom'd for Souls, with false Religion mad.
 Without a Vision Poets can fore-show
 What all but Fools, by common Sense, may know :
 If true Succession from our Isle should fail,
 And Crowds profane with impious Arms prevail ;
 Not thou, nor those thy Factious Arts engage,
 Shall reap that Harvest of rebellious Rage,
 With which thou flatter'st thy decrepit Age. }
 The

The swelling Poison of the sev'ral Sects,
 Which, wanting Vent, the Nation's Health infects,
 Shall burst its Bag; and fighting out their way,
 The various Venoms on each other prey.
 The *Presbyter*, puffed up with spiritual pride,
 Shall on the Necks of the lewd Nobles ride;
 His Brethren damn, the civil Pow'r defy;
 And parcel out Republick Prelacy.
 But short shall be his Reign; his rigid Yoke
 And Tyrant Pow'r will puny Sects provoke;
 And Frogs and Toads, and all the Tadpole Train,
 Will croak to Heav'n for help, from this devouring
 Crane.

The cut-throat Sword and clamorous Gown shall jar,
 In sharing their Ill gotten Spoils of War:
 Chiefs shall be grudg'd the part which they pretend;
 Lords envy Lords, and Friends with every Friend
 About their impious Merit shall contend.

The surly Commons shall respect deny,
 And justle Peerage out with Property.
 Their Gen'ral either shall his Trust betray,
 And force the Crowd to Arbitrary Sway;
 Or they, suspecting his ambitious Aim,
 In hate of Kings, shall cast anew the Frame;
 And thrust out *Collatine* that bore their Name.

Thus inborn Broils the Factions wou'd engage,
 Or Wars of exil'd Heirs, or foreign Rage;
 'Till halting Vengeance overtook our Age;
 And our wild labours, wearied into Rest,
 Reclin'd us on a rightful Monarch's Breast.

————— *Pudet hæc opprobria vobis
 Et dici potuisse, & non potuisse refelli.*