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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 Hind And The Panther. A Poem.

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THE

H I N D

AND THE

PANTHER.

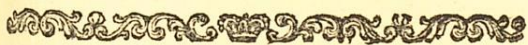
A

P O E M.

IN THREE PARTS.

— *Antiquam exquirite matrem.*
Et vera incessu patuit Dea. —

VIRG.



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TO THE
R E A D E R.

THE Nation is in too high a Ferment, for me to expect either fair War, or even so much as fair Quarter, from a Reader of the opposite Party. All Men are engag'd either on this side or that: and tho' Conscience is the common *Word*, which is given by both; yet if a Writer fall among Enemies, and cannot give the Marks of *Their* Conscience, he is knock'd down before the Reasons of his own are heard. A Preface, therefore, which is but a bespeaking of Favour, is altogether useles. What I desire the Reader should know concerning me, he will find in the Body of the Poem, if he have but the patience to peruse it. Only this Advertisement let him take beforehand, which relates to the Merits of the Cause. No general Characters of Parties (call 'em either Sects or Churches) can be so fully and exactly drawn, as to comprehend all the several Members of 'em; at least all such as are receiv'd under that Denomination. For example; there are some of the Church

M 3 by

by Law Establish'd, who envy not Liberty of Conscience to Dissenters; as being well satisfied that, according to their own Principles, they ought not to persecute them. Yet these, by reason of their fewness, I could not distinguish from the Numbers of the rest, with whom they are Embodied in one common Name. On the other side, there are many of our Sects, and more indeed than I could reasonably have hop'd, who have withdrawn themselves from the communion of the *Panther*, and embrac'd this Gracious Indulgence of his Majesty in point of Toleration. But neither to the one nor the other of these is this Satire any way intended: 'tis aim'd only at the refractory and disobedient on either side. For those, who are come over to the Royal Party, are consequently suppos'd to be out of Gunshot. Our Physicians have observ'd, that, in process of Time, some Diseases have abated of their Virulence, and have in a manner worn out their Malignity, so as to be no longer Mortal: And why may not I suppose the same concerning some of those, who have formerly been Enemies to Kingly Government, as well as Catholick Religion? I hope they have now another Notion of both, as having found, by comfortable Experience, that the Doctrine of Persecution is far from being an Article of our Faith.

'Tis not for any private Man to censure the Proceedings of a Foreign Prince: But, without suspicion of Flattery, I may praise our own, who has taken contrary Measures, and those more suitable to the Spirit of Christianity. Some of the Dissenters, in their Addresses to his Majesty, have said, *That he has restor'd God to his Empire over Conscience*. I confess, I dare not stretch the Figure to so great a boldness:

boldness: But I may safely say, that Conscience is the Royalty and Prerogative of every private Man. He is absolute in his own Breast, and accountable to no Earthly Power, for that which passes only betwixt God and him. Those, who are driven into the Fold, are, generally speaking, rather made Hypocrites, than Converts.

This Indulgence being granted to all the Sects, it ought in reason to be expected, that they should both receive it, and receive it thankfully. For, at this time of day, to refuse the Benefit, and adhere to those, whom they have esteem'd their Persecutors, what is it else, but publickly to own, that they suffer'd not before for Conscience sake, but only out of Pride and Obstinacy, to separate from a Church for those Impositions, which they now judge may be lawfully obeyed? After they have so long contended for their Classi- cal Ordination (not to speak of Rites and Ceremonies) will they at length submit to an Episcopal? If they can go so far out of Complaisance to their old Enemies, methinks, a little Reason should persuade 'em to take another step, and see whither that wou'd lead 'em.

Of the receiving this Toleration thankfully I shall say no more, than that they ought, and I doubt not they will consider from what hand they receiv'd it. 'Tis not from a *Cyrus*, a Heathen Prince, and a Foreigner, but from a Christian King, their Native Sovereign; who expects a Return in *Specie* from them, that the Kindness, which he has graciously shewn them, may be retaliated on those of his own Persuasion.

As for the Poem in general, I will only thus far satisfy the Reader: That it was neither impos'd on me, nor so much as the Subject given me by any Man. It was written during the last Winter, and the beginning.

ginning of this Spring ; though with long interruptions of ill Health, and other Hindrances. About a Fortnight before I had finish'd it, His Majesty's Declaration for Liberty of Conscience came abroad : Which if I had so soon expected, I might have spar'd my self the labour of writing many things which are contain'd in the third Part of it. But I was always in some hope, that the Church of *England* might have been persuaded to have taken off the *Penal Laws* and the *Test*, which was one Design of the Poem, when I propos'd to my self the writing of it.

'Tis evident that some part of it was only occasional, and not first intended : I mean that defence of my self, to which every honest Man is bound, when he is injuriously attack'd in Print : And I refer my self to the Judgment of those, who have read the *Answer to the Defence of the late King's Papers*, and that of the *Dutchess* (in which last I was concerned) how charitably I have been represented there. I am now inform'd both of the Author and Supervisors of this Pamphlet, and will reply, when I think he can affront me : For I am of *Socrates's* Opinion, that all Creatures cannot. In the mean time, let him consider, whether he deserv'd not a more severe reprehension, than I gave him formerly, for using little respect to the Memory of those, whom he pretended to answer ; And at his leisure, look out for some Original Treatise of Humility, written by any Protestant in *English* ; I believe I may say in any other Tongues for the magnified Piece of *Duncomb* on that Subject, which either he must mean, or none, and with which another of his Fellows has upbraided me, was Translated from the *Spanish* of *Rodriguez* ; tho' with the Omission of the 17th, the 24th, the 25th, and the last

last Chapter, which will be found in comparing of the Books.

He would have insinuated to the World, that her late Highness died not a Roman Catholick. He declares himself to be now satisfied to the contrary; in which he has given up the Cause: For matter of Fact was the Principal Debate betwixt us. In the mean time, he would dispute the Motives of her Change; how preposterously, let all Men judge, when he seem'd to deny the Subject of the Controversy, the Change it self. And because I would not take up this ridiculous Challenge, he tells the World I cannot argue: But he may as well infer, that a Catholick cannot fast, because he will not take up the Cudgels against Mrs. James, to confute the Protestant Religion.

I have but one word more to say concerning the Poem as such, and abstracting from the Matters, either Religious or Civil, which are handled in it. The *first part*, consisting most in general Characters and Narration, I have endeavour'd to raise, and give it the Majestick Turn of Heroick Poesy. The *second* being Matter of Dispute, and chiefly concerning Church Authority, I was oblig'd to make as plain and perspicuous as possibly I cou'd; yet not wholly neglecting the Numbers, though I had not frequent occasions for the Magnificence of Verse. The *third*, which has more of the Nature of Domestic Conversation, is, or ought to be, more free and familiar than the two former.

There are in it two *Episodes*, or *Fables*, which are interwoven with the main Design; so that they are properly Parts of it, though they are also distinct Stories of themselves. In both of these I have made use of the common Places of *Satire*, whether



true or false, which are urg'd by the Members of the one Church against the other : At which I hope no Reader of either Party will be scandaliz'd, because they are not of my Invention, but as old, to my knowledge, as the Times of *Boccace* and *Chaucer* on the one side, and as those of the Reformation on the other.

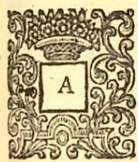


THE



T H E

HIND *and the* PANTHER.



Milk-white *Hind*, immortal and un-
chang'd,
Fed on the Lawns, and in the Forest
rang'd ;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no Danger, for she knew
no Sin.

Yet had she oft been chas'd with Horns and Hounds,
And *Scythian* shafts ; and many winged Wounds
Aim'd at her Heart ; was often forc'd to fly,
And doom'd to Death, though fated not to die.

Not so her young ; for their unequal Line
Was Hero's make, half Human, half Divine.
Their earthly Mold obnoxious was to Fate,
Th' immortal part assum'd immortal State.
Of these a slaughter'd Army lay in Blood,
Extended o'er the *Caledonian* Wood,
Their native walk ; whose vocal Blood arose,
And cry'd for Pardon on their perjurd Foes.

Their

Their Fate was fruitful, and the sanguine Seed,
 Endu'd with Souls, increas'd the sacred Breed.
 So Captive *Israel* multiply'd in Chains,
 A numerous Exile, and enjoy'd her Pains.
 With Grief and Gladness mixt, their Mother view'd
 Her martyr'd Offspring, and their Race renew'd ;
 Their Corps to perish, but their Kind to last,
 So much the deathless Plant the dying Fruit surpass'd.

Panting and Pensive now she rang'd alone,
 And wander'd in the Kingdoms, once her own.
 The common Hunt, tho' from their Rage restrain'd
 By Sov'reign Pow'r, her Company disdain'd ;
 Grin'd as they pass'd, and with a glaring Eye
 Gave gloomy Signs of secret Enmity.

'Tis true, she bounded by, and trip'd so light,
 They had not time to take a steady Sight.
 For Truth has such a Face and such a Mien,
 As, to be lov'd, needs only to be seen.

The bloody *Bear*, an *Independent* Beast,
 Unlick'd to form, in Groans her Hate express'd.
 Among the timorous kind the *Quaking Hare*
 Profess'd Neutrality, but would not swear.
 Next her the *Buffoon Ape*, as Atheists use,
 Mimick'd all Sects, and had his own to choose :
 Still when the *Lion* look'd, his Knees he bent,
 And pay'd at Church a Courtier's Compliment.
 The bristl'd *Baptist Boar*, impure as he,
 But whiten'd with the foam of Sanctity,
 With fat Pol'utions fill'd the sacred Place,
 And Mountains levell'd in his furious Race :
 So first Rebellion founded was in Grace.
 But, since the mighty Ravage, which he made
 In *German* Forests, had his Guilt betray'd,

With

With broken Tusks, and with a borrow'd Name,
 He shun'd the Vengeance, and conceal'd the Shame :
 So lurk'd in Sects unseen. With greater guile
 False *Reynard* fed on consecrated Spoil :
 The graceless Beast by *Athanasius* first
 Was chas'd from *Nice*, then by *Socinus* nurs'd :
 His impious Race their Blasphemy renew'd,
 And Nature's King thro' Nature's Opticks view'd.
 Revers'd they view'd him lessen'd to their Eye,
 Nor in an Infant could a God descry.
 New swarming Sects to this obliquely tend,
 Hence they began, and here they all will end.

What weight of antient Witnesses can prevail,
 If private Reason hold the publick Scale ?
 But, gracious God, how well dost thou provide
 For erring Judgments an unerring Guide ?
 Thy Throne is Darknes in th' abyss of Light,
 A blaze of Glory that forbids the fight.
 O teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd,
 And search no farther than thy self reveal'd ;
 But her alone for my Director take,
 Whom thou hast promis'd never to forsake !
 My thoughtless Youth was wing'd with vain Desires ;
 My Manhood, long mis led by wandring Fires, [gone,
 Follow'd false Lights ; and, when their Glimpse was
 My Pride struck out new Sparkles of her own.
 Such was I, such by Nature still I am ;
 Be thine the Glory, and be mine the Shame.
 Good Life be now my Task : My Doubts are done :
 What more could fright my Faith, than three in One ?
 Can I believe eternal God could lie
 Disguis'd in mortal Mold and Infancy ?
 That the great Maker of the World could die ?

And,

And, after that, trust my imperfect Sense,
Which calls in question his Omnipotence ?
Can I my Reason to my Faith compel ?
And shall my Sight, and Touch, and Taste rebel ?
Superior Faculties are set aside ;
Shall their subservient Organs be my Guide ?
Then let the Moon usurp the rule of Day,
And winking Tapers shew the Sun his way ;
For what my Senses can themselves perceive,
I need no Revelation to believe.

Can they, who say the Host should be descry'd
By Sense, define a Body glorify'd ?
Impassible, and penetrating Parts ?

Let them declare, by what mysterious Arts
He shot that Body through th' opposing might
Of Bolts and Bars impervious to the Light,
And stood before his Train confess'd in open sight.
For, since thus wond'rously he pass'd, 'tis plain,
One single Place two Bodies did contain.
And sure the same Omnipotence as well
Can make one Body in more places dwell.

Let Reason then at her own Quarry fly,
But how can Finite grasp Infinity ?

'Tis urg'd again, that Faith did first commence
By Miracles, which are Appeals to Sense,
And thence concluded, that our Sense must be
The Motive still of Credibility.

For latter Ages must on former wait,
And what began Belief must propagate.

But winnow well this Thought, and you shall find
'Tis light as Chaff that flies before the Wind.

Were all those Wonders wrought by Pow'r Divine,
As Means or Ends of some more deep Design ?

Most

Most sure as Means, whose End was this alone,
 To prove the Godhead of th' eternal Son.
 God thus asserted, Man is to believe
 Beyond what Sense and Reason can conceive,
 And for mysterious things of Faith rely
 On the Proponent, Heaven's Authority.
 If then our Faith we for our Guide admit,
 Vain is the farther search of human Wit,
 As when the Building gains a surer stay,
 We take th' unuseful Scaffolding away.
 Reason by Sense no more can understand;
 The Game is play'd into another Hand.
 Why choose we then like *Bilanders* to creep
 Along the Coast, and Land in view to keep,
 When safely we may launch into the Deep?
 In the same Vessel, which our Saviour bore,
 Himself the Pilot, let us leave the Shore,
 And with a better Guide a better World explore.
 Could he his Godhead veil with Flesh and Blood,
 And not veil these again to be our Food?
 His Grace in both is equal in extent,
 The first affords us Life, the second Nourishment.
 And if he can, why all this frantick Pain
 To construe what his clearest Words contain,
 And make a Riddle what he made so plain?
 To take up half on trust, and half to try,
 Name it not Faith, but bungling Bigotry.
 Both Knave and Fool the Merchant we may call,
 To pay great Sums, and to compound the small:
 For who wou'd break with Heav'n, and wou'd not
 break for all?
 Rest then, my Soul, from endless Anguish freed:
 Nor Sciences thy Guide, nor Sense thy Creed.

Faith

Faith is the best Ensurer of thy Blifs ;
 The Bank above must fail before the Venture misf.
 But Heav'n and Heav'n-born Faith are far from thee,
 Thou first Apostate to Divinity.
 Unkennell'd range in thy *Polonian* Plains ;
 A fiercer Foe th' insatiate *Wolf* remains.
 Too boastful *Britain*, please thy self no more,
 That Beasts of Prey are banish'd from thy Shore :
 The *Bear*, the *Boar*, and every savage name,
 Wild in effect, though in appearance tame,
 Lay waste thy Woods, destroy thy blissful Bow'r,
 And, muzzled though they seem, the Mutes devour.
 More haughty than the rest, the *Wolfish* race
 Appear with Belly gaunt, and famish'd Face :
 Never was so deform'd a Beast of Grace. }
 His ragged Tail betwixt his Legs he wears,
 Close clap'd for Shame ; but his rough Crest he rears, }
 And pricks up his predestinating Ears.
 His wild disorder'd Walk, his haggard Eyes,
 Did all the bestial Citizens surprize.
 Though fear'd and hated, yet he rul'd a-while,
 As Captain or Companion of the Spoil.
 Full many a Year his hateful Head had been
 For Tribute paid, nor since in *Cambria* seen :
 The last of all the Litter scap'd by chance,
 And from *Geneva* first infested *France*.
 Some Authors thus his Pedigree will trace,
 But others write him of an upstart Race ;
 Because of *Wickliff's* Brood no mark he brings,
 But his innate Antipathy to Kings.
 These last deduce him from th' *Helvetian* kind,
 Who near the *Leman-lake* his Consort lin'd :
 That fiery *Zuinglius* first th' Affection bred,
 And meagre *Calvin* blest the Nuptial Bed.

(a) In

(a) In *Israel* some believe him whelp'd long since,
 When the proud *Sanhedrim* oppress'd the Prince,
 Or, since he will be *Jew*, derive him high'r,
 When *Corah* with his Brethren did conspire
 From *Moses*' Hand the Sov'reign Sway to wrest,
 And *Aaron* of his Ephod to divest :

'Till opening Earth made way for all to pass,
 And cou'd not bear the Burden of a *Clasf*.

The *Fox* and he came shuffled in the Dark,

If ever they were stow'd in *Noah's* Ark :

Perhaps not made ; for all their barking Train

The Dog (a common Species) will contain.

And some wild Curs, who from their Masters ran,

Abhorring the Supremacy of Man,

In Woods and Caves the Rebel race began.

O happy Pair, how well have you increas'd !

What Ills in Church and State have you redress'd ?

With Teeth untry'd, and Rudiments of Claws,

Your first Essay was on your native Laws :

Those having torn with Ease, and trampled down,

Your Fangs you fasten'd on the mitred Crown,

And freed from God and Monarchy your Town.

What though your native Kennel still be small,

Bounded betwixt a Puddle and a Wall ;

Yet your victorious Colonies are sent

Where the North Ocean girds the Continent.

Quickned with fire below, your Monsters breed

In fenny *Holland*, and in fruitful *Tweed* :

And like the first the last affects to be

Drawn to the dregs of a Democracy.

As, where in Fields the fairy rounds are seen,

A rank four Herbage rises on the Green ;

(a) Vid. Pref. to Heyl. Hist. of Presb.

So, springing where those Midnight Elves advance,
 Rebellion Prints the Footsteps of the Dance.
 Such are their Doctrines, such contempt they show
 To Heaven above, and to their Prince below,
 As none but Traitors and Blasphemers know.
 God, like the Tyrant of the Skies, is plac'd,
 And Kings, like Slaves, beneath the Crowd debas'd.
 So fulsom is their Food, that Flocks refuse
 To bite, and only Dogs for Physic use.
 As, where the Lightning runs along the Ground,
 No Husbandry can heal the blasting Wound;
 Nor bladed Grass, nor bearded Corn succeeds,
 But Scales of Scurf and Putrefaction breeds:
 Such Wars, such Waste, such fiery Tracks of Death
 Their Zeal has left, and such a teemless Earth.
 But, as the Poisons of the deadliest kind
 Are to their own unhappy Coasts confin'd;
 A* only *Indian* Shades of Sight deprive,
 And Magick Plants will but in *Colchos* thrive;
 So Presbyt'ry and Pestilential Zeal
 Can only flourish in a Commonweal.
 From *Celtick* Woods is chas'd the *wolfish* Crew;
 But ah! some Pity e'en to Brutes is due:
 Their native Walks, methinks, they might enjoy,
 Curb'd of their native Malice to destroy.
 Of all the Tyrannies on Human-kind,
 The worst is that which Persecutes the Mind,
 Let us but weigh at what Offence we strike,
 'Tis but because we cannot think alike.
 In punishing of this, we overthrow
 The Laws of Nations and of Nature too.
 Beasts are the Subjects of tyrannick Sway,
 Where still the stronger on the weaker prey.

Man only of a softer Mold is made,
 Not for his Fellow's Ruin, but their Aid :
 Created kind, beneficent and free,
 The noble Image of the Deity.

One Portion of informing Fire was giv'n
 To Brutes, th' inferior Family of Heav'n :
 The Smith divine, as with a careless Beat,
 Struck out the mute Creation at a Heat :
 But, when arriv'd at last to human Race,
 The Godhead took a deep consid'ring space ;
 And, to distinguish Man from all the rest,
 Unlock'd the sacred Treasures of his Breast ;
 And Mercy mixt with Reason did impart,
 One to his Head, the other to his Heart :
 Reason to Rule, but Mercy to forgive :
 The first is Law, the last Prerogative.

And like his Mind his outward Form appear'd,
 When, issuing naked, to the wondring Herd,
 He charm'd their Eyes ; and, for they lov'd, they fear'd :
 Not arm'd with Horns of arbitrary Might,
 Or Claws to seize their furry Spoils in Fight,
 Or with increase of Feet, t' o'ertake 'em in their flight :

Of easy Shape, and pliant ev'ry way ;
 Confessing still the softness of his Clay,
 And kind as Kings upon their Coronation Day :
 With open Hands, and with extended space
 Of Arms, to satisfy a large Embrace.

Thus kneaded up with Milk, the new-made Man
 His Kingdom o'er his Kindred World began :
 'Till Knowledge misapply'd, misunderstood,
 And pride of Empire sour'd his balmy Blood.
 Then, first rebelling, his own Stamp he coins ;
 The Murd'rer *Cain* was latent in his Loins :

And

And Blood began its first and loudest Cry,
 For diff'ring Worship of the Deity.
 Thus Persecution rose, and farther Space
 Produc'd the mighty Hunter of his Race.
 Not so the blessed *Pan* his Flock increas'd,
 Content to Fold 'em from the famish'd Beast :
 Mild were his Laws ; the Sheep and harmless Hind
 Were never of the persecuting Kind.
 Such Pity now the pious Pastor shows,
 Such Mercy from the *British* Lion flows,
 That both provide Protection from their Foes.
 Oh happy Regions, *Italy* and *Spain*,
 Which never did thole Monsters entertain !
 The *Wolf*, the *Bear*, the *Boar*, can there advance
 No native Claim of just Inheritance.
 And self-preserving Laws, severe in show,
 May guard their Fences from th' invading Foe.
 Where Birth has plac'd 'em, let 'em safely share
 The common benefit of vital Air.
 Themselves unharmed, let them live unarm'd ;
 Their Jaws disabled, and their Claws disarm'd :
 Here, only in nocturnal Howlings bold,
 They dare not seize the Hind, nor leap the Fold.
 More pow'rful, and as vigilant as they,
 The *Lion* awfully forbids the Prey.
 Their Rage repress'd, tho' pinch'd with Famine sore,
 They stand aloof, and tremble at his Roar :
 Much is their Hunger, but their Fear is more.
 These are the Chief : to number o'er the rest,
 And stand, like *Adam*, naming ev'ry Beast,
 Were weary Work ; nor will the Muse describe
 A slimy-born and sun-begotten Tribe ;
 Who, far from Steeples and their sacred Sound,
 In Fields their sullen Conventicles found.

These

These gross, half-animated, Lumps I leave ;
 Nor can I think what Thoughts they can conceive.
 But if they think at all, 'tis sure no high'r
 Than Matter, put in Motion, may aspire :
 Souls that can scarce ferment their Mass of Clay ;

So drossly, so divisible are They, }
 As would but serve pure Bodies for Allay :
 Such Souls as *Shards* produce, such beetle Things
 As only buz to Heav'n with Ev'ning Wings ;
 Strike in the Dark, offending but by Chance,
 Such are the blindfold Blows of Ignorance.

They know not Beings, and but hate a Name ;
 To them the *Hind* and *Panther* are the same.

The *Panther* sure the noblest, next the *Hind*,
 And fairest Creature of the spotted Kind ;

Oh, could her in-born Stains be wash'd away,

She were too good to be a Beast of Prey !

How can I praise, or blame, and not offend,

Or how divide the Frailty from the Friend ?

Her Faults and Virtues lie so mix'd, that she
 Nor wholly stands condemn'd, nor wholly free.

Then, like her injur'd *Lion*, let me speak ;

He cannot bend her, and he would not break.

Unkind already, and estrang'd in part,

The *Wolf* begins to share her wandring Heart.

Though unpolluted yet with actual Ill,

She half commits, who sins but in her Will.

As our dreaming *Platonists* report,

There could be Spirits of a middle sort,

Too black for Heaven, and yet too white for Hell,

Who just dropt half way down, nor lower fell ;

So pois'd, so gently she descends from high,

As seems a soft dismissal from the Sky.

Her

Her House not ancient, whatsoe'er Pretence
 Her Clergy Heralds make in her defence.
 A second Century not half-way run,
 Since the new Honours of her Blood begun.
 A *Lion* old, obscene, and furious made
 By Lust, compress'd her Mother in a Shade ;
 Then, by a left-hand Marriage, weds the Dame,
 Covering Adult'ry with a specious Name :
 So Schism begot ; and Sacrilege and she,
 A well match'd Pair, got graceless Heresy.
 God's and Kings Rebels have the same good Cause,
 To trample down Divine and Human Laws :
 Both wou'd be call'd Reformers, and their Hate
 Alike destructive both to Church and State :
 The Fruit proclaims the Plant ; a lawless Prince
 By Luxury reform'd Incontinence ;
 By Ruins, Charity ; by Riots, Abstinence.
 Confessions, Fasts, and Penance set aside ;
 Oh with what Ease we follow such a Guide,
 Where Souls are starv'd, and Senses gratify'd !
 Where Marriage Pleasures Midnight Pray'r supply,
 And Mattin Bells (a melancholy Cry)
 Are tun'd to merrier Notes, *increase* and *multiply*.
 Religion shews a rosy-colour'd Face ;
 Not hatter'd out with drudging Works of Grace :
 A down-hill Reformation rolls apace.
 What Flesh and Blood wou'd crowd the narrow Gate,
 Or, 'till they waste their pamper'd Paunches, wait ?
 All would be happy at the cheapest rate.
 Though our lean Faith these rigid Laws has given,
 The full fed *Musulman* goes fat to Heaven ;
 For his *Arabian* Prophet with delights
 Of sense allur'd his eastern Profelytes.

The jolly *Luther*, reading him, began
 T' interpret Scriptures by his *Alcoran* ;
 To grab the Thorns beneath our tender Feet,
 And make the Paths of *Paradise* more sweet :
 Bethought him of a Wife ere half way gone,
 (For 'twas uneasy travelling alone ;)
 And, in this Masquerade of Mirth and Love,
 Mistook the Blifs of Heaven for *Bacchanals* above.
 Sure he presum'd of Praise, who came to stock
 Th' etherial Pastures with so fair a Flock,
 Burnish'd, and bat'ning on their Food, to show
 The Diligence of careful Herds below.

Our *Panther*, though like these she chang'd her Head,
 Yet as the Mistress of a Monarch's Bed,
 Her Front erect with Majesty she bore,
 The Crozier wielded, and the Mitre wore.
 Her upper part of decent Discipline
 Shew'd Affectation of an ancient Line ;
 And Fathers, Councils, Church and Churches Head,
 Were on her reverend *Phylacteries* read.
 But what disgrac'd and disavow'd the rest,
 Was *Calvin's* Brand, that stigmatiz'd the Beast.
 Thus, like a Creature of a double kind,
 In her own Labyrinth she lives confin'd.
 To foreign Lands no sound of her is come,
 Humbly content to be despis'd at home.
 Such is her Faith, where good cannot be had,
 At least she leaves the refuse of the bad :
 Nice in her Choice of ill, though not of best,
 And least deform'd, because reform'd the least.
 In doubtful Points betwixt her diff'ring Friends,
 Where one for Substance, one for Sign contends,
 Their Contradicting Terms she strives to join ;
 Sign shall be Substance, Substance shall be Sign.

A

A real Presence all her Sons allow,
 And yet 'tis flat Idolatry to bow,
 Because the God-head's there they know not how.
 Her Novices are taught, that Bread and Wine
 Are but the visible and outward Sign,
 Receiv'd by those who in Communion join.
 But th' inward Grace, or the thing signify'd,
 His Blood and Body, who to save us dy'd ;
 The faithful this thing signify'd receive :
 What is't those faithful then partake or leave ?
 For what is signify'd and understood,
 Is, by her own Confession, Flesh and Blood.
 Then, by the same acknowledg'ment, we know
 They take the Sign, and take the Substance too.
 The literal Sense is hard to Flesh and Blood,
 But Nonfense never can be understood.

Her wild belief on every Wave is tost ;
 But sure no Church can better Morals boast.
 True to her King her Principles are found ;
 Oh that her Practice were but half so found !
 Stedfast in various turns of State she stood,
 And seal'd her vow'd Affection with her Blood :
 Nor will I meanly tax her Constancy,
 That Int'rest or Obligement made the tye.
 Bound to the Fate of murder'd Monarchy,
 (Before the sounding Ax so falls the Vine,
 Whose tender Branches round the Poplar twine)
 She chose her Ruin, and resign'd her Life,
 In death undaunted as an *Indian* Wife :
 A rare Example ! but some Souls we see
 Grow hard, and stiffen with Adversity :
 Yet these by Fortune's favours are undone ;
 Resolv'd into a baser Form they run,
 And bore the Wind, but cannot bear the Sun.

Let

Let this be Nature's frailty, or her Fate,
 Or * *Igrim's* Counsel, her new-chosen Mate;
 Still she's the fairest of the fallen Crew,
 No Mother more indulgent but the true.
 Fierce to her Foes, yet fears her force to try,
 Because she wants innate Authority;
 For how can she constrain them to obey,
 Who has her self cast off the lawful sway?
 Rebellion equals all, and those, who toil
 In common Theft, will share the common Spoil.
 Let her produce the Title and the Right
 Against her old Superiours first to fight;
 If the reform by Text, e'en that's as plain
 For her own Rebels to reform again.
 As long as words a diff'rent Sense will bear,
 And each may be his own Interpreter,
 Our airy Faith will no Foundation find:
 The Word's a Weathercock for every Wind:
 The *Bear*, the *Fox*, the *Wolf*, by turns prevail;
 The most in Pow'r supplies the present Gale.
 The wretched *Panther* cries aloud for Aid
 To Church and Councils, whom she first betray'd;
 No help from Fathers or Tradition's train:
 Those ancient Guides she taught us to disdain,
 And by that Scripture, which she once abus'd
 To Reformation, stands her self accus'd.
 What Bills for Breach of Laws can she prefer,
 Expounding which she owns her self may err;
 And, after all her winding ways are try'd,
 If Doubts arise, she slips her self aside,
 And leaves the private Conscience for the Guide.

* *The Wolf.*

If then that Conscience set th' Offender free,
 It bars her claim to Church Authority.
 How can she censure, or what Crime pretend,
 But Scripture may be construed to defend ?
 E'en those, whom for Rebellion she transmits
 To Civil Pow'r, her Doctrine first acquits ;
 Because no Disobedience can ensue,
 Where no Submission to a Judge is due ;
 Each judging for himself by her Consent,
 Whom thus absolv'd she sends to Punishment.
 Suppose the Magistrate revenge her Cause,
 'Tis only for transgressing human Laws.
 How answer'ing to its end a Church is made,
 Whose Pow'r is but to counsel and persuade ?
 O solid Rock, on which secure she stands !
 Eternal House not built with mortal Hands !
 O sure Defence against th' infernal Gate,
 A Patent during Pleasure of the State !
 Thus is the *Panther* neither lov'd nor fear'd,
 A meer Mock Queen of a divided Herd ;
 Whom soon by lawful Pow'r she might controul,
 Her self a part submitted to the whole.
 Then, as the Moon who first receives the light
 By which she makes our nether Regions bright,
 So might she shine, reflecting from afar
 The Rays she borrow'd from a better Star ;
 Big with the Beams, which from her Mother flow,
 And reigning o'er the rising Tides below :
 Now, mixing with a savage Crowd, she goes,
 And meanly flatters her invet'rate Foes,
 Rul'd while she rules, and losing ev'ry Hour
 Her wretched Remnants of precarious Pow'r.
 One Evening, while the cooler Shade she sought,
 Revolving many a melancholy Thought,

Alone

Alone she walk'd, and look'd around in vain,
 With rueful Visage, for her vanish'd Train :
 None of her Sylvan Subjects made their Court ;
 Levées and Couchées pass'd without resort.

So hardly can Usurpers manage well
 Those, whom they first instructed to Rebel,
 More liberty begets desire of more ;
 The hunger still increases with the store.

Without respect they brush'd along the Wood
 Each in his Clan, and, fill'd with loathsome Food,
 Ask'd no Permission to the Neighb'ring Flood. }

The *Panther*, full of inward discontent,
 Since they wou'd go, before 'em wisely went ;
 Supplying want of Pow'r by drinking first,
 As if she gave 'em leave to quench their thirst.

Among the rest, the *Hind*, with fearful Face,
 Beheld from far the common wat'ring Place,
 Nor durst approach ; 'till with an awful Roar
 The Sovereign *Lion* bad her fear no more.

Encourag'd thus she brought her younglings nigh,
 Watching the Motions of her Patron's Eye,
 And drank a sober Draught ; the rest amaz'd
 Stood mutely still, and on the Stranger gaz'd ;

Survey'd her Part by Part, and sought to find
 The ten-horn'd Monster in the harmless *Hind*,
 Such as the *Wolf* and *Panther* had design'd. }

They thought at first they dream'd ; for 'twas offence
 With them, to question certitude of Sense,

Their guide in Faith : But nearer when they drew,
 And had the faultless Object full in view, }

Lord, how they all admir'd her heav'nly hue !
 Some, who before her Fellowship disdain'd,
 Scarce, and but scarce, from in-born rage restrain'd,
 Now frisk'd about her, and old kindred feign'd. }

N z

Whether

Whether for Love or Int'rest, every Sect
 Of all the savage Nation shew'd respect.
 The Vice-roy *Panther* could not awe the Herd;
 The more the Company, the less they fear'd.
 The surly *Wolf* with secret envy burst,
 Yet cou'd not howl; the *Hind* had seen him first:
 But what he durst not speak, the *Panther* durst.

For when the Herd, suffic'd, did late repair
 To Ferney Heaths, and to their Forest Lare,
 She made a mannerly Excuse to stay,
 Proff'ring the *Hind* to wait her half the way:
 That, since the Sky was clear, an hour of talk
 Might help her to beguile the tedious Walk.
 With much Good-will the motion was embrac'd,
 To chat a while on their Adventures pass'd:
 Nor had the grateful *Hind* so soon forgot
 Her Friend and Fellow-suff'rer in the Plot.
 Yet wondring how of late she grew estrang'd,
 Her Forehead cloudy, and her Count'nance chang'd,
 She thought this Hour th' occasion would present
 To learn her secret Cause of Discontent,
 Which, well she hop'd, might be with ease redress'd,
 Considering her a well-bred civil Beast,
 And more a Gentlewoman than the rest.
 After some common Talk what rumours ran,
 The Lady of the spotted-muff began.

The SECOND PART.

DA ME, said the *Panther*, times are mended well,
 Since late among the *Philistines* you fell.
 The Toils were pitch'd, a spacious tract of Ground
 With expert Huntsmen was encompass'd round;

Th' Inclosure narrow'd; the sagacious Pow'r
 Of Hounds, and Death, drew nearer ev'ry Hour.
 'Tis true, the younger *Lion* scap'd the Snare,
 But all your Priestly Calves lay struggling there;
 As Sacrifices on their Altars laid;
 While you their careful Mother wisely fled,
 Not trusting Destiny to save your Head.
 For whate'er Promises you have apply'd
 To your unfailing Church, the surer side
 Is four fair Legs in danger to provide.
 And whate'er Tales of *Peter's* Chair you tell,
 Yet, saving Reverence of the Miracle,
 The better luck was yours to scape so well.

As I remember, said the sober *Hind*,
 Those Toils were for your own dear self design'd,
 As well as me; and with the self-same throw,
 To catch the Quarry and the Vermin too,
 (Forgive the stand'rous Tongues that call'd you so.)

Howe'er you take it now, the common Cry
 Then ran you down for your rank Loyalty.
 Besides, in Popery they thought you nurs'd,
 (As evil Tongues will ever speak the worst)
 Because some Forms, and Ceremonies some
 You kept, and stood in the main question dumb.
 Dumb you were born indeed; but thinking long
 The *Test* it seems at last has loos'd your Tongue.

And to explain what your Forefathers meant,
 By real Presence in the Sacrament,
 (After long fencing push'd against a Wall)
 Your *salvo* comes, that he's not there at all:
 There chang'd your Faith, and what may change
 may fall.

Who can believe, what varies every Day,
 Nor ever was, nor will be at a stay?

Tortures may force the Tongue Untruths to tell,
 And I ne'er own'd my self infallible,
 Reply'd the *Panther*: grant such Presence were,
 Yet in your Sense I never own'd it there.
 A real *Virtue* we by Faith receive,
 And that we in the Sacrament believe.
 Then said the *Hind*, as you the matter state,
 Not only *Jesuits* can Equivocate;
 For *real*, as you now the Word expound,
 From solid Substance dwindles to a Sound.
 Methinks an *Æsop's* Fable you repeat;
 You know who took the Shadow for the Meat:
 Your Church's Substance thus you change at will,
 And yet retain your former Figure still.
 I freely grant you spoke to save your Life;
 For then you lay beneath the Butcher's Knife.
 Long time you fought, redoubl'd Bat'ry bore,
 But, after all, against your self you swore;
 Your former self: for ev'ry Hour your Form
 Is chop'd and chang'd, like Winds before a Storm.
 Thus Fear and Int'rest will prevail with some;
 For all have not the Gift of Martyrdom.

The *Panther* grin'd at this, and thus reply'd:
 That Men may err was never yet deny'd.
 But, if that common Principle be true,
 The Cannon, Dame, is level'd full at you.
 But, shunning long Disputes, I fain wou'd see
 That wond'rous Wight Infallibility.
 Is he from Heav'n, this mighty Champion, come;
 Or lodg'd below in Subterranean *Rome*?
 First, seat him somewhere, and derive his Race,
 Or else conclude that Nothing has no Place.

Suppose (though I disown it) said the *Hind*,
 The certain Mansion were not yet assign'd:

The

The doubtful Residence no proof can bring
 Against the plain existence of the thing.
 Because *Philosophers* may disagree,
 If Sight b' emission or reception be,
 Shall it be thence inferr'd, I do not see?
 But you require an Answer positive,
 Which yet, when I demand, you dare not give;
 For Fallacies in Universals live.
 I then affirm that this unfailing Guide
 In Pope and general Councils must reside;
 Both lawful, both combin'd: what one decrees
 By numerous Votes, the other Ratifies:
 On this undoubted Sense the Church relies.
 'Tis true, some Doctors in a scantier space,
 I mean, in each apart, contract the Place.
 Some, who to greater length extend the Line,
 The Church's after-acceptation join.
 This last Circumference appears too wide;
 The Church diffus'd is by the Council ty'd;
 As Members, by their Representatives
 Oblig'd to Laws, which Prince and Senate gives,
 Thus some contract, and some enlarge the Space;
 In Pope and Council who denies the place,
 Assisted from above with God's unfailing Grace?
 Those Canons all the needful Points contain;
 Their Sense so obvious, and their Words so plain,
 That no Disputes about the doubtful Text
 Have hitherto the lab'ring World perplex'd.
 If any should in after-times appear, [clear:
 New Councils must be call'd, to make the meaning
 Because in them the Pow'r supreme resides;
 And all the Promises are to the Guides.
 This may be taught with sound and safe Defence:
 But mark how sandy is your own Pretence,

Who, setting Councils, Pope and Church aside,
 Are ev'ry Man his own presuming Guide.
 The sacred Books, you say, are full and plain,
 And ev'ry needful Point of Truth contain :
 All, who can read, Interpreters may be :
 Thus, though your several Churches disagree,
 Yet ev'ry Saint has to himself alone
 The secret of this Philosophick Stone.
 These Principles your jarring Sects unite,
 When diff'ring Doctors and Disciples fight.
 Though *Luther, Zuinglius, Calvin,* holy Chiefs,
 Have made a Battle Royal of Beliefs ;
 Or like wild Horses several ways have whirl'd
 The tortur'd Text about the Christian World ;
 Each *Jehu* lashing on with furious Force,
 That *Turk* or *Jew* cou'd not have us'd it worse ;
 No matter what Dissension Leaders make,
 Where ev'ry private Man may save a Stake :
 Rul'd by the Scripture and his own Advice,
 Each has a blind by-path to Paradise ;
 Where driving in a Circle slow or fast,
 Opposing Sects are sure to meet at last.
 A wond'rous Charity you have in store
 For all Reform'd to pass the narrow Door :
 So much, that *Mahomet* had scarcely more. }
 For he, kind Prophet, was for damning none ;
 But *Christ* and *Moses* were to save their own :
 Himself was to secure his chosen Race,
 Tho' reason good for *Turks* to take the Place,
 And he allow'd to be the better Man,
 In Virtue of his holier *Alcoran*.

True, said the *Pantber*, I shall ne'er deny
 My Brethren may be fav'd as well as I :

Tho'

Tho' *Huguenots* condemn our Ordination,
 Succession, Ministerial Vocation;
 And *Luther*, more mistaking what he read,
 Misjoins the sacred Body with the Bread:
 Yet, Lady, still remember I maintain,
 The Word in needful Points is only plain.

Needless, or needful, I not now contend,
 For still you have a Loop-hole for a Friend;
 (Rejoin'd the Matron): but the Rule you lay
 Has led whole Flocks, and leads them still astray,
 In weighty Points, and full Damnation's way. }
 For did not *Arius* first, *Socinus* now,
 The Son's eternal God-head disavow?
 And did not these by Gospel Texts alone
 Condemn our Doctrine, and maintain their own?
 Have not all Hereticks the same Pretence
 To plead the Scriptures in their own Defence?
 How did the *Nicene* Council then decide
 That strong Debate? was it by Scripture try'd?
 No, sure; to that the Rebel would not yield;
 Squadrons of Texts he Marshal'd in the Field:
 That was but Civil War, an equal set,
 Where Piles with Piles, and Eagles Eagles met.
 With Texts point-blank and plain he fac'd the Foe:
 And did not *Satan* tempt our Saviour so?
 The good old Bishops took a simpler way;
 Each ask'd but what he heard his Father say,
 Or how he was instructed in his Youth,
 And by Tradition's force upheld the Truth.

The *Pantber* smil'd at this; And when, said she,
 Were those first Councils disallow'd by me?
 Or where did I at sure Tradition strike,
 Provided still it were Apostolick?

Friend, said the *Hind*, you quit your former Ground,
Where all your Faith you did on Scripture found :
Now 'tis Tradition join'd with holy Writ ;
But thus your Memory betrays your Wit.

No, said the *Panther* ; for in that I view,
When your Tradition's forg'd, and when 'tis true.
I set 'em by the Rule, and, as they square,
Or deviate from undoubted Doctrine there,
This Oral Fiction, that old Faith declare.

(*Hind.*) The Council steer'd, it seems, a diff'rent Course ;
They try'd the Scripture by Tradition's force :
But you Tradition by the Scripture try ;
Pursu'd by Sects, from this to that you fly,
Nor dare on one Foundation to rely.

The Word is then depos'd, and in this View,
You rule the Scripture, not the Scripture you.
Thus said the Dame, and, smiling, thus pursu'd :
I see, Tradition then is disallow'd,
When not evinc'd by Scripture to be true,
And Scripture, as interpreted by you.
But here you tread upon unfaithful Ground ;
Unless you cou'd infallibly expound :
Which you reject as odious Popery,
And throw that Doctrine back with scorn on me.
Suppose we on things traditive divide,
And both appeal to Scripture to decide ;
By various Texts we both uphold our claim,
Nay, often, ground our Titles on the same :
After long labour lost, and time's expence,
Both grant the Words, and quarrel for the Sense.
Thus all Disputes for ever must depend ;
For no dumb rule can Controversies end.
Thus, when you said, Tradition must be try'd
By sacred Writ, whose sense your selves decide,

You

You said no more, but that your selves must be
 The judges of the Scripture Sense, not we.
 Against our Church-Tradition you declare,
 And yet your Clerks wou'd sit in *Moses'* Chair :
 At least 'tis prov'd against your Argument,
 The Rule is far from plain, where all dissent.

If not by Scriptures, how can we be sure
 (Reply'd the *Panther*) what Tradition's pure ?
 For you may palm upon us new for old :
 All, as they say, that glitters is not Gold.

How but by following her, reply'd the *Dame*,
 To whom deriv'd from Sire to Son they came ;
 Where ev'ry Age does on another move,
 And trusts no farther than the next above ;
 Where all the Rounds like *Jacob's* Ladder rise,
 The lowest hid in Earth, the topmost in the Skies.

Sternly the *Savage* did her Answer mark,
 Her glowing Eye-balls glitt'ring in the dark,
 And said but this : Since *Lucre* was your Trade,
 Succeeding times such dreadful Gaps have made,
 'Tis dangerous Climbing : To your Sons and you
 I leave the Ladder, and its Omen too.

(*Hind.*) The *Panther's* Breath was ever fam'd for sweet;
 But from the *Wolf* such wishes oft I meet :
 You learn'd this Language from the * blatant Beast,
 Or rather did not speak, but were possess'd.
 As for your Answer 'tis but barely urg'd :
 You must evince Tradition to be forg'd ;
 Produce plain Proofs ; unblemish'd Authors use
 As ancient as those Ages they accuse ;
 'Till when 'tis not sufficient to defame :
 An old Possession stands, 'till Elder quits the claim.

* A word used by *Spenser*.

Then

Then for our int'rest, which is nam'd alone
 To load with envy, we retort your own.
 For when Traditions in your Faces fly,
 Resolving not to yield, you must decry.
 As when the Cause goes hard, the guilty Man
 Excepts, and thins his Jury all he can;
 So when you stand of other Aid bereft,
 You to the twelve Apostles would be left.
 Your Friend the *Wolf* did with more craft provide
 To set those toys Traditions quite aside;
 And *Fathers* too, unless when, Reason spent,
 He cites 'em but sometimes for Ornament.
 But, Madam *Panther*, you, though more sincere,
 Are not so wise as your Adulterer:
 The private Spirit is a better Blind,
 Than all the dodging Tricks your Authors find.
 For they, who left the Scripture to the crowd,
 Each for his own peculiar Judge allow'd;
 The way to please 'em was to make 'em proud.
 Thus, with full Sails, they ran upon the Shelf;
 Who cou'd suspect a cozenage from himself?
 On his own Reason safer 'tis to stand,
 Than be deceiv'd and damn'd at second-hand.
 But you, who *Fathers* and Traditions take,
 And garble some, and some you quite forsake,
 Pretending Church Authority to fix,
 And yet some Grains of private Spirit mix,
 Are like a *Mule* made up of differing Seed,
 And that's the reason why you never breed;
 At least not propagate your kind abroad,
 For home Dissenters are by Statutes aw'd.
 And yet they grow upon you every Day,
 While you (to speak the best) are at a stay,
 For Sects, that are extremes, abhor a Middle way.

Like

Like tricks of State, to stop a raging Flood,
 Or mollify a Mad-brain'd Senate's Mood:
 Of all Expedients never one was good.
 Well may they argue (nor can you deny)
 If we must fix on Church Authority,
 Best on the best, the Fountain, not the Flood;
 That must be better still, if this be good.
 Shall she command, who has her self rebell'd ?

Is *Antichrist* by *Antichrist* expell'd ?

Did we a lawful Tyranny displace,
 To set aloft a Bastard of the Race ?

Why all these Wars to win the Book, if we
 Must not interpret for our selves, but she ?
 Either be wholly Slaves, or wholly Free.

For *purging* Fires Traditions must not fight;
 But they must prove Episcopacy's Right.
 Thus those led Horses are from service freed;
 You never mount 'em but in time of need.

Like Mercenaries, hir'd for home defence,
 They will not serve against their native Prince.

Against Domestick Foes of *Hierarchy*

These are drawn forth, to make Fanaticks fly;
 But, when they see their Countrymen at hand,
 Marching against 'em under Church-command,
 Straight they forsake their Colour, and disband.

Thus she, nor cou'd the *Panther* well enlarge
 With weak Defence against so strong a Charge;
 But said: For what did *Christ* his Word provide,
 If still his Church must want a living Guide?
 And if all saving Doctrines are not there,
 Or sacred Pen-men cou'd not make 'em clear,
 From after-ages we should hope in vain
 For truths, which Men inspir'd cou'd not explain.

Before

Before the Word was written, said the *Hind*,
 Our Saviour preach'd his Faith to human Kind :
 From his Apostles the first Age receiv'd
 Eternal truth, and what they taught believ'd.
 Thus by Tradition Faith was planted first ;
 Succeeding Flocks succeeding Pastors nurs'd.
 This was the way our wise Redeemer chose,
 (Who sure could all things for the best dispose)
 To fence his Fold from their encroaching Foes.
 He cou'd have writ himself, but well foresaw
 Th' event wou'd be like that of *Moses' Law* ;
 Some difference wou'd arise, some doubts remain,
 Like those, which yet the jarring *Jews* maintain.
 No written Laws can be so plain, so pure,
 But Wit may glose, and Malice may obscure ;
 Not those indited by his first Command,
 A Prophet grav'd the Text, an Angel held his Hand.
 Thus Faith was ere the written Word appear'd,
 And Men believ'd, not what they read, but heard.
 But since th' Apostles cou'd not be confin'd
 To these, or those, but severally design'd
 Their large Commission round the World to blow ;
 To spread their Faith, they spread their Labours too.
 Yet still their absent Flock their Pains did share ;
 They hearken'd still, for Love produces Care.
 And as mistakes arose, or discords fell,
 Or bold Seducers taught 'em to Rebel,
 As Charity grew cold, or Faction hot,
 Or long neglect their Lessons had forgot,
 For all their Wants they wisely did provide,
 And Preaching by Epistles was supply'd :
 So great Physicians cannot all attend,
 But some they visit, and to some they send.

Yet

Yet all those Letters were not writ to all ;
 Nor first intended but occasional,
 Their absent Sermons ; nor if they contain
 All needful Doctrines, are those Doctrines plain.
 Clearness by frequent Preaching must be wrought ;
 They writ but seldom, but they daily taught.
 And what one Saint has said of holy *Paul*,

He darkly-writ, is true apply'd to all.
 For this obscurity cou'd Heaven provide
 More prudently than by a living Guide,
 As doubts arose, the difference to decide ?

A Guide was therefore needful, therefore made ;
 And, if appointed, sure to be obey'd.

Thus, with due Reverence to th' Apostles writ,
 By which my Sons are taught, to which submit ;
 I think, those truths, their sacred Works contain,
 The Church alone can certainly explain ;
 That following Ages, leaning on the past,
 May rest upon the Primitive at last.

Nor wou'd I thence the Word no Rule infer,
 But none without the Church-interpreter.

Because, as I have urg'd before, 'tis mute,
 And is it self the subject of dispute.

But what th' Apostles their Successors taught,
 They to the next, from them to us is brought,
 Th' undoubted Sense which is in Scripture sought.
 From hence the Church is arm'd, when Errors rise,
 To stop their Entrance, and prevent surprize ;
 And, safe entrench'd within, her Foes without defies.
 By these all festring sores her Councils heal,
 Which time or has disclos'd, or shall reveal ;
 For Discord cannot end without a last appeal.
 Nor can a Council national decide,
 But with Subordination to her Guide :

(I wish the Cause were on that issue try'd.)

Much



Much less the Scripture ; for suppose debate
 Betwix Pretenders to a fair Estate,
 Bequeath'd by some Legator's last intent ;
 (Such is our dying Saviour's Testament :)
 The will is prov'd, is open'd, and is read ;
 The doubtful Heirs their diff'ring Titles plead :
 All vouch the Words their int'rest to maintain,
 And each pretends by those his Cause is plain.
 Shall then the Testament award the right ?
 No, that's the *Hungary* for which they fight ;
 The Field of Battle, subject of debate ;
 The thing contended for, the fair Estate.
 The Sense is intricate, 'tis only clear
 What Vowels and what Consonants are there.
 Therefore 'tis plain, its meaning must be try'd
 Before some Judge appointed to decide.

Suppose (the fair Apostate said) I grant,
 The faithful Flock some living Guide should want,
 Your Arguments an endless chace pursue :
 Produce this vaunted Leader to our View,
 This mighty *Moses* of the chosen Crew.

The Dame, who saw her fainting Foe retir'd,
 With force renew'd, to Victory aspir'd ;
 And, looking upward to her kindred Sky,
 As once our Saviour own'd his Deity,
 Pronounc'd his Words — *she whom ye seek am I.*
 Nor less amaz'd this Voice the *Panther* heard,
 Than were those *Jews* to hear a God declar'd.
 Then thus the Matron modestly renew'd :
 Let all your Prophets and their Sects be view'd,
 And see to which of 'em your selves think fit
 The Conduct of your Conscience to submit :
 Each Profelyte wou'd Vote his Doctor best,
 With absolute Exclusion to the rest :

Thus

Thus wou'd your *Polish* Diet disagree,
 And end as it began in Anarchy :
 Your self the fairest for Election stand,
 Because you seem Crown-Gen'ral of the Land :
 But soon against your superstitious Lawn
 Some Presbyterian Sabre would be drawn :
 In your establish'd Laws of Sov'reignty
 The rest some fundamental Flaw wou'd see,
 And call Rebellion Gospel liberty.
 To Church-decrees your Articles require
 Submission mollify'd, if not entire.
 Homage deny'd, to Censures you proceed :
 But when *Curtana* will not do the Deed,
 You lay that pointless Clergy weapon by,
 And to the Laws, your Sword of Justice, fly.
 Now this your Sects the more unkindly take
 (Those prying Varlets hit the blots you make)
 Because some ancient Friends of yours declare,
 Your only rule of Faith the Scriptures are,
 Interpreted by Men of Judgment sound,
 Which ev'ry Sect will for themselves expound ;
 Nor think less rev'rence to their Doctors due
 For sound Interpretation, than to you.
 If then, by able Heads, are understood
 Your Brother Prophets, who reform'd abroad ;
 Those able Heads expound a wiser way,
 That their own Sheep their Shepherd should obey.
 But if you mean your selves are only sound,
 That Doctrine turns the Reformation round,
 And all the rest are false Reformers found ;
 Because in sundry Points you stand alone,
 Not in Communion join'd with any one ;
 And therefore must be all the Church, or none.

Then,

Then, 'till you have agreed whose Judge is best,
 Against this forc'd Submission they protest :
 While *Sound* and *Sound* a diff'rent Sense explains,
 Both play at Hard-head 'till they break their Brains ;
 And from their Chairs each other's force defy,
 While unregarded Thunders vainly fly.
 I pass the rest, because your Church alone
 Of all Usurpers best cou'd fill the Throne.
 But neither you, nor any Sect beside,
 For this high Office can be qualify'd,
 With necessary Gifts requir'd in such a Guide.
 For that, which must direct the whole, must be
 Bound in one Bond of Faith and Unity :
 But all your sev'ral Churches disagree.
 The *Consubstantiating* Church and Priest
 Refuse Communion to the *Calvinist* :
 The *French* Reform'd from Preaching you restrain,
 Because you judge their Ordination vain ; [dain. }
 And so they judge of yours, but Donors must Or- }
 In short, in Doctrine, or in Discipline,
 Not one Reform'd can with another join :
 But all from each, as from Damnation, fly ;
 No Union they pretend, but in *Non-Popery* :
 Nor, should their Members in a Synod meet,
 Cou'd any Church presume to mount the Seat,
 Above the rest, their Discords to decide ;
 None wou'd obey, but each wou'd be the Guide :
 And Face to Face Diffensions wou'd increase ;
 For only distance now preserves the Peace.
 All in their turns Accusers, and Accus'd :
Babel was never half so much confus'd :
 What one can plead, the rest can plead as well ; }
 For amongst Equals lies no last appeal,
 And all confess themselves are fallible.

Now

Now since you grant some necessary Guide,

All who can err are justly laid aside :

Because a Trust so sacred to confer

Shews want of such a sure Interpreter ;

And how can he be needful who can err ?

Then granting that unerring Guide we want,

That such there is you stand oblig'd to grant :

Our Saviour else were wanting to supply

Our Needs, and obviate that Necessity.

It then remains, that Church can only be

The Guide, which owns unfailing Certainty ;

Or else you slip your Hold, and change your Side,

Relapsing from a necessary Guide.

But this annex'd Condition of the Crown,

Immunity from Errors, you disown ;

Here then you shrink, and lay your weak Pretensi-

For petty Royalties you raise debate ;

But this unfailing Universal State

You shun ; Nor dare succeed to such a glorious Weight ;

And for that Cause those Promises detest,

With which our Saviour did his Church invest ;

But strive t' evade, and fear to find 'em true,

As conscious they were never meant to you :

All which the Mother Church asserts her own,

And with unrival'd Claim ascends the Throne.

So when of old th' Almighty Father sate

In Council, to redeem our ruin'd State,

Millions of Millions, at a distance round,

Silent the sacred Consistory crown'd,

To hear what Mercy, mixt with Justice, cou'd pro-

To prompt, with eager Pity, to fulfil

The full extent of their Creator's Will.

But when the stern Conditions were declar'd,

A mournful Whisper thro' the Host was heard,

And

And the whole Hierarchy, with Heads hung down,
 Submissively declin'd the pond'rous proffer'd Crown.
 Then, not 'till then, th' eternal Son from high
 Rose in the strength of all the Deity ;
 Stood forth t' accept the Terms, and underwent
 A weight, which all the Frame of Heaven had bent,
 Nor he himself cou'd bear, but as Omnipotent. }
 Now, to remove the least remaining Doubt,
 That e'en the blear-ey'd Sects may find her out,
 Behold what heav'nly Rays adorn her Brows,
 What from his Wardrobe her Belov'd allows }
 To deck the Wedding day of his unspotted Spouse.
 Behold what marks of Majesty she brings ;
 Richer than ancient Heirs of Eastern Kings :
 Her right Hand holds the Sceptre and the Keys,
 To shew whom she commands, and who obeys :
 With these to bind, or set the Sinner free,
 With that t' assert Spiritual Royalty.
 * One in her self, not rent by Schism, but sound,
 Entire, one solid shining Diamond :
 Not Sparkles shatter'd into Sects like you :
 One is the Church, and must be to be true :
 One central Principle of Unity. }
 As undivided, so from Errors free,
 As one in Faith, so one in Sanctity.
 Thus she, and none but she, th' insulting Rage
 Of Hereticks oppos'd from Age to Age :
 Still when the Giant-brood invades her Throne,
 She stoops from Heaven, and meets 'em half way }
 down,
 And with paternal Thunder vindicates her Crown.

* Marks of the Catholic Church from the Nicene Creed.

But like *Egyptian* Sorcerers you stand,
 And vainly lift aloft your Magick Wand,
 To sweep away the Swarms of Vermin from the Land: }
 You cou'd like them, with like infernal Force,
 Produce the Plague, but not arrest the Course.
 But when the Boils and Blotches, with disgrace
 And publick Scandal, sat upon the Face,
 Themselves attack'd, the *Magi* strove no more, }
 They saw God's Finger, and their Fate deplore;
 Themselves they cou'd not cure of the dishonest Sore. }
 Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely spread,
 Like the fair Ocean from her Mother-Bed;
 From East to West triumphantly she Rides,
 All Shores are water'd by her wealthy Tides.
 The Gospel-sound, diffus'd from Pole to Pole,
 Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can roll,
 The self-same Doctrine of the sacred Page
 Convey'd to ev'ry Clime, in ev'ry Age.

Here let my Sorrow give my Satire place,
 To raise new Blushes on my *British* Race;
 Our sailing Ships like common-Sewers we use,
 And thro' our distant Colonies diffuse }
 The Draught of Dungeons, and the Stench of Stews. }
 Whom, when their home-bred Honesty is lost,
 We disemogue on some far *Indian* Coast:
 Thieves, Pandars, * Paillards, Sins of ev'ry sort;
 Those are the Manufactures we export;
 And these the *Missioners* our zeal has made:
 For, with my Country's Pardon be it said, }
 Religion is the least of all our Trade. }
 Yet some improve their Traffick more than we;
 For they on Gain, their only God, rely, }
 And set a publick price on Piety. }

* A French Word signifying lascivious Persons or Whoremasters.

Indu-



Industrious of the Needle and the Chart,
 They run full sail to their *Japonian* Mart;
 Prevention fear, and, prodigal of Fame,
 Sell all of Christian to the very Name;
 Nor leave enough of that, to hide their naked Shame. }

Thus, of three Marks, which in the Creed we view,
 Not one of all can be apply'd to you:
 Much less the fourth; in vain, alas! you seek
 Th' ambitious Title of Apostolick:
 God-like descent! 'tis well your Blood can be
 Prov'd noble, in the third or fourth degree:
 For all of ancient that you had before,
 (I mean what is not borrow'd from our Store)
 Was Error fulminated o'er and o'er; }
 Old Heresies condemn'd in Ages past,
 By care and time recover'd from the blast.

'Tis said with ease, but never can be prov'd,
 The Church her old Foundations has remov'd,
 And built new Doctrines on unstable Sands:
 Judge that, ye Winds and Rains; you prov'd her, yet
 she stands.

Those ancient Doctrines charg'd on her for new,
 Shew, when, and how, and from what Hands they grew.
 We claim no Pow'r, when Heresies grow bold,
 To Coin new Faith, but still declare the old.
 How else cou'd that obscene Disease be purg'd,
 When controverted Texts are vainly urg'd?
 To prove Tradition new, there's somewhat more
 Requir'd, than saying, 'twas not us'd before.
 Those monumental Arms are never stirr'd,
 'Till Schism or Heresy call down *Goliath's* Sword.

Thus, what you call Corruptions, are, in truth,
 The first Plantations of the Gospel's youth;

Old

Old standard Faith : But cast your Eyes again,
 And view those Errors which new Sects maintain,
 Or which of old disturb'd the Church's peaceful
 Reign ;

And we can point each Period of the time,
 When they began, and who begot the Crime;
 Can calculate how long th' Eclipse endur'd,
 Who interpos'd, what Digits were obscur'd :
 Of all which are already pass'd away,
 We know the rise, the progress, and decay.

Despair at our Foundations then to strike,
 'Till you can prove your Faith Apostolick ;
 A limpid Stream drawn from the native Source ;
 Succession lawful in a lineal Course.

Prove any Church, oppos'd to this our Head,
 So one, so pure, so unconfindly spread,
 Under one Chief of the spiritual State,
 The Members all combin'd, and all subordinate.
 Shew such a seamless Coat, from Schism so free,
 In no Communion join'd with Heresy.

If such a one you find, let Truth prevail :
 'Till when your Weights will in the Balance fail :
 A Church unprincipled kicks up the Scale.

But if you cannot think (nor sure you can
 Suppose in God what were unjust in Man)
 That he, the Fountain of eternal Grace,
 Should suffer Falshood, for so long a space,
 To banish Truth, and to usurp her place :
 That sev'n successive Ages should be lost,
 And preach Damnation at their proper Cost ;

That all your erring Ancestors should die,
 Drown'd in th' Abyss of deep Idolatry :
 If Piety forbid such Thoughts to rise,
 Awake, and open your unwilling Eyes :

God

God hath left nothing for each Age undone,
 From this to that wherein he sent his Son: [done.]
 Then think but well of him, and half your Work is
 See how his Church, adorn'd with ev'ry Grace,
 With open Arms, a kind forgiving Face,
 Stands ready to prevent her long-lost Son's embrace.
 Not more did *Joseph* o'er his Brethren weep,
 Nor less himself cou'd from discovery keep,
 When in the crowd of Suppliants they were seen,
 And in their Crew his best-beloved *Benjamin*.
 That pious *Joseph* in the Church behold,
 To feed your Famine, and refuse your Gold; *
 The *Joseph* you exil'd, the *Joseph* whom you sold.

Thus, while with heav'nly Charity she spoke,
 A streaming Blaze the silent Shadows broke;
 Shot from the Skies; A chearful azure Light:
 The Birds obscene to Forests wing'd their flight,
 And gaping Graves receiv'd the wand'ring guilty
 Spright.

Such were the pleasing Triumphs of the Sky,
 For *James* his late Nocturnal Victory;
 The Pledge of his Almighty Patron's Love,
 The Fire-works which his Angels made above.
 † I saw my self the lambent easy Light
 Gild the brown Horror, and dispel the Night:
 The Messenger with speed the Tidings bore;
 News, which three lab'ring Nations did restore;
 But Heav'n's own *Nuntius* was arriv'd before.

By this, the *Hind* had reach'd her lonely Cell,
 And Vapours rose, and Dews unwholfom fell.

* The Renunciation of the Benedictines to the Abby Lands.

† *Poeta loquitur.*

When

When she, by frequent Observation Wife,
 As one who long on Heav'n had fix'd her Eyes,
 Discern'd a change of Weather in the Skies.
 The Western Borders were with Crimson spread,
 The Moon descending look'd all flaming red;
 She thought good Manners bound her to invite
 The Stranger Dame to be her Guest that Night.
 'Tis true, coarse Diet, and a short Repast,
 (She said) were weak Inducements to the taste
 Of one so nicely bred, and so unus'd to fast:
 But what plain fare her Cottage cou'd afford,
 A hearty welcome at a homely board,
 Was freely hers; and, to supply the rest,
 An honest Meaning, and an open Breast:
 Last, with Content of Mind, the poor Man's Wealth,
 A grace cup to their common Patron's Health.
 This she desir'd her to accept, and stay,
 For fear she might be wilder'd in her way,
 Because she wanted an unerring Guide,
 And then the Dew-drops on her silken Hide
 Her tender Constitution did declare,
 Too Lady-like a long fatigue to bear,
 And rough Inclemencies of raw nocturnal Air.
 But most she fear'd that, travelling so late,
 Some evil-minded Beasts might lie in wait,
 And without witness wreak their hidden hate.

The Panther, though she lent a list'ning Ear,
 Had more of Lion in her than to fear:
 Yet wisely weighing, since she had to deal
 With many Foes, their numbers might prevail,
 Return'd her all the thanks she cou'd afford;
 And took her friendly Hostess at her word:
 Who ent'ring first her lowly Roof, a Shed
 With hoary Moss, and winding Ivy spread,
 Honest enough to hide an humble Hermit's head,



Thus graciously bespoke her welcome Guest :
 So might these Walls, with your fair Presence blest,
 Become your dwelling-place of everlasting rest ;
 Not for a Night, or quick revolving Year,
 Welcome an owner, not a sojourner.

This peaceful Seat my Poverty secures ;
 War seldom enters but where Wealth allures :
 Nor yet despise it ; for this poor abode
 Has oft receiv'd, and yet receives a God ;
 A God Victorious of a Stygian race
 Here laid his sacred Limbs, and sanctified the place.
 This mean retreat did mighty *Pan* contain ;
 Be emulous of him, and pomp disdain,
 And dare not to debase your Soul to Gain.

The silent Stranger stood amaz'd to see
 Contempt of Wealth, and wilful Poverty :
 And, though ill Habits are not soon controul'd,
 A while suspended her desire of Gold.
 But civilly drew in her sharpen'd Paws,
 Not violating hospitable Laws,
 And pacify'd her Tail, and lick'd her frothy Jaws.

The *Hind* did first her Country Cates provide ;
 Then couch'd her self securely by her side.

The THIRD PART.

MUCH Malice mingled with a little Wit,
 Perhaps, may censure this mysterious Writ :
 Because the Muse has peopled *Caledon* [known,
 With *Panthers*, *Bears*, and *Wolves*, and Beasts un- }
 As if we were not stock'd with Monsters of our own.
 Let *Aesop* answer, who has set to view
 Such kinds as *Greece* and *Phrygia* never knew ;
 And Mother *Hubbard*, in her homely drefs,
 Has sharply blam'd a *British Lioness*;

That

That *Queen*, whose Feast the factious Rabble keep,
Expos'd obscenely naked and asleep.

Led by those great Examples, may not I
The wanted Organs of their Words supply?
If Men transact like Brutes, 'tis equal then
For Brutes to claim the privilege of Men.

Others our *Hind* of folly will indite,
To entertain a dang'rous Guest by Night.
Let those remember, that she cannot die
'Till rolling Time is lost in round Eternity;
Nor need she fear the *Panther*, though untam'd,
Because the *Lion's* peace was now proclaim'd:
The wary Savage wou'd not give offence,
To forfeit the Protection of her *Prince*;
But watch'd the time her Vengeance to compleat,
When all her furry Sons in frequent Senate met.
Mean-while she quench'd her fury at the Flood,
And with a Lenten fallad cool'd her Blood.
Their Commons, though but coarse, were nothing scant,
Nor did their Minds an equal Banquet want.

For now the *Hind*, whose noble Nature strove
T' express her plain simplicity of Love,
Did all the honours of her House so well,
No sharp Debates disturb'd the friendly Meal.
She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extreme,
To common Dangers past, a sadly-pleasing Theme;
Remembring ev'ry Storm which tofs'd the State,
When both were Objects of the publick hate,
And dropt a Tear betwixt, for her own Childrens fate.

Nor fail'd she then a full review to make
Of what the *Panther* suffer'd for her sake:
Her lost Esteem, her Truth, her Loyal Care,
Her Faith unshaken to an exil'd Heir,
Her Strength t'endure, her Courage to defy;
Her choice of honourable Infamy.

On these, prolixly thankful, she enlarg'd ;
 Then with acknowledgments her self she charg'd ;
 For Friendship, of it self an holy tie,
 Is made more sacred by adversity.

Now should they part, malicious Tongues wou'd say,
 They met like chance Companions on the way,
 Whom mutual Fear of Robbers had possess'd ;
 While danger lasted, kindness was profess'd ;
 But, that once o'er, the short-liv'd Union ends :
 The Road divides, and there divide the Friends.

The *Panther* nodded when her Speech was done,
 And thank'd her coldly in a hollow Tone :
 But said, her Gratitude had gone too far
 For common Offices of Christian Care.

If to the lawful Heir she had been true,
 She paid but *Cæsar* what was *Cæsar's* due.
 I might, she added, with like praise describe
 Your suff'ring Sons, and so return your Bribe :
 But Incense from my Hands is poorly priz'd ;
 For Gifts are scorn'd where Givers are despis'd.
 I serv'd a Turn, and then was cast away ;
 You, like the gawdy Fly, your Wings display,
 And sip the Sweets, and bask in your Great *Patron's* Day.

This heard, the *Matron* was not slow to find
 What sort of Malady had seiz'd her Mind :
 Disdain, with gnawing Envy, fell Despight,
 And canker'd Malice, stood in open fight :
 Ambition, Int'rest, Pride without controul,
 And Jealousy, the Jaundice of the Soul ;
 Revenge, the bloody Minister of Ill,
 With all the lean Tormenters of the Will.
 'Twas easy now to guess from whence arose
 Her new-made Union with her ancient Foes,
 Her forc'd Civilities, her faint Embrace,
 Affect'd Kindness with an alter'd Face :

Yet

Yet durst she not too deeply probe the Wound,
As hoping still the nobler Parts were found :
But strove with Anodynes t' assuage the Smart,
And mildly thus her Med'cine did impart.

Complaints of Lovers help to ease their Pain ;
It shows a Rest of Kindness to complain ;
A Friendship loth to quit its former Hold ;
And conscious Merit may be justly bold.
But much more just your Jealousy would shew,
If others Good were Injury to you :
Witness, ye Heav'ns, how I rejoice to see
Rewarded Worth, and rising Loyalty.
Your Warrior Offspring that upheld the Crown,
The scarlet Honour of your peaceful Gown,
Are the most pleasing Objects I can find,
Charms to my Sight, and Cordials to my Mind :
When Virtue spooms before a prosperous Gale,
My heaving Wishes help to fill the Sail ;
And if my Pray'rs for all the Brave were heard,
Cæsar should still have such, and such should still reward.

The labour'd Earth your Pains have sow'd and till'd ;
'Tis just you reap the Product of the Field :
Your's be the Harvest, 'tis the Beggars gain
To glean the Fallings of the loaded Wain.
Such scatter'd Ears as are not worth your Care,
Your Charity for Alms may safely spare,
For Alms are but the Vehicles of Pray'r. }
My daily Bread is litt'rally implor'd ;
I have no Barns nor Granaries to hoard.
If *Cæsar* to his own his Hand extends, }
Say, which of yours his Charity offends : [Friends. }
You know he largely gives to more than are his }
Are you defrauded when he feeds the Poor ?
Our Mite decreases nothing of your Store.

I am but few, and by your Fare you see
 My crying Sins are not of Luxury.
 Some juster Motive sure your Mind withdraws,
 And makes you break our Friendship's Holy Laws;
 For barefac'd Envy is too base a Cause.

Shew more Occasion for your Discontent;
 Your Love, the *Wolf*, wou'd help you to invent:
 Some *German Quarrel*, or, as Times go now,
 Some *French*, where Force is uppermost, will do.
 When at the Fountain's Head, as Merit ought
 To claim the Place, you take a swilling Draught,
 How easy 'tis an envious Eye to throw,
 And tax the Sheep for troubling Streams below;
 Or call her (when no farther Cause you find)
 An Enemy profess'd of all your Kind.

But then, perhaps, the wicked World wou'd think,
 The *Wolf* design'd to eat, as well as drink.

This last Allusion gaul'd the *Panther* more,
 Because indeed it rubb'd upon the Sore.
 Yet seem'd she not to winch, tho' shrew'dly pain'd:
 But thus her passive Character maintain'd.

I never grudg'd, whate'er my Foes report,
 Your flaunting Fortune in the *Lion's Court*.
 You have your Day, or you are much bely'd,
 But I am always on the suffering Side:
 You know my Doctrine, and I need not say
 I will not, but I cannot disobey.

On this firm Principle I ever stood;
 He of my Sons who fails to make it good,
 By one rebellious Act renounces to my Blood.

Ah, said the *Hind*, how many Sons have you,
 Who call you Mother, whom you never knew!
 But most of them, who that Relation plead,
 Are such ungracious Youths as wish you dead.

They

They gape at rich Revenues which you hold,
 And fain would nibble at your Grandame Gold ;
 Enquire into your Years, and laugh to find
 Your crazy Temper shews you much declin'd.
 Were you not dim, and doted, you might see
 A Pack of Cheats that claim a Pedigree,
 No more of Kin to you, than you to me.

Do you not know, that, for a little Coin,
Heralds can foist a Name into the Line :
 They ask you Blessing but for what you have,
 But once possess'd of what with Care you save,
 The wanton Boys wou'd piss upon your Grave.

Your Sons of Latitude that court your Grace,
 Tho' most resembling you in Form and Face,
 Are far the worst of your pretended Race.

And, but I blush your Honesty to blot,
 Pray God you prove 'em lawfully begot :
 For, in some *Papists* Libels I have read,
 The *Wolf* has been too busy in your Bed ;
 At least her hinder Parts, the Belly-piece,
 The Paunch, and all that *Scorpio* claims, are his.
 Their Malice too a sore Suspicion brings ;
 For tho' they dare not bark, they snarl at Kings :
 Nor blame 'em for intruding in your Line ;
 Fat Bishopricks are still of Right Divine.

Think you, your new *French* Profelytes are come
 To starve abroad, because they starv'd at home ?

Your Benefices twinkl'd from afar ;
 They found the new *Messiah* by the Star :
 Those *Swisses* fight on any Side for Pay,
 And 'tis the Living that conforms, not they.
 Mark with what Management their Tribes divide ;
 Some stick to you, and some to t'other Side,
 That many Churches may for many Mouths provide.

More vacant Pulpits wou'd more Converts make ;
 All wou'd have Latitude enough to take :
 The rest unbenefic'd your Sects maintain ;
 For Ordinations without Cures are vain,
 And Chamber Practice is a silent Gain. }
 Your Sons of Breadth at Home are much like these ;
 Their soft and yielding Metals run with ease :
 They melt, and take the Figure of the Mould ;
 But harden, and preserve it best in Gold.

Your *Delphick* Sword, the *Panther* then reply'd,
 Is double-edg'd, and cuts on either Side.
 Some Sons of mine, who bear upon their Shield
 Three Steeples Argent in a Sable Field,
 Have sharply tax'd your Converts, who un-fed
 Have follow'd you for Miracles of Bread ;
 Such who themselves of no Religion are,
 Allur'd with Gain, for any will declare.
 Bare Lies with bold Assertions they can face ;
 But dint of Argument is out of Place.
 The grim Logician puts 'em in a Fright ;
 'Tis easier far to flourish than to fight.
 Thus our eighth *Henry's* Marriage they defame ;
 They say, the Schism of Beds began the Game, }
 Divorcing from the *Church* to wed the Dame :
 Tho' largely prov'd, and by himself profess'd,
 That Conscience, Conscience wou'd not let him rest :
 I mean, not 'till possess'd of her he lov'd,
 And old, uncharming, *Catharine* was remov'd.
 For sundry Years before he did complain,
 And told his Ghostly Confessor his Pain.
 With the same Impudence, without a Ground,
 They say, that look the Reformation round, }
 No *Treatise of Humility* is found. }
 But if none were, the Gospel does not want ;
 Our *Saviour* preach'd it, and I hope you grant,
 The Sermon on the Mount was *Protestant*. }

No doubt, reply'd the *Hind*, as sure as all
 The Writings of Saint *Peter* and Saint *Paul* :
 On that Decision let it stand or fall.
 Now for my Converts, who, you say, unfed
 Have follow'd me for Miracles of Bread ;
 Judge not by hear-say, but observe at least,
 If, since their Change, their Loaves have been increas'd.
 The *Lion* buys no Converts ; if he did,
 Beasts wou'd be sold as fast as he cou'd bid.
 Tax those of Int'rest, who conform for Gain,
 Or stay the Market of another Reign :
 Your broad-way Sons wou'd never be too nice
 To close with *Calvin*, if he paid their Price ;
 But, rais'd three Steeples high'r, wou'd change their Note,
 And quit the Cassock for the Canting-Coat.
 Now, if you damn this Censure, as too bold,
 Judge by your selves, and think not others sold.

Mean-time my Sons accus'd, by Fame's Report,
 Pay small Attendance at the *Lion's* Court,
 Nor rise with early Crowds, nor flatter late ;
 For silently they beg who daily wait.
 Preferment is bestow'd that comes unfought ;
 Attendance is a Bribe, and then 'tis bought.
 How they shou'd speed, their Fortune is untry'd ;
 For not to ask, is not to be deny'd.
 For what they have, their God and King they bless,
 And hope they shou'd not murmur, had they less.
 But, if reduc'd Subsistence to implore,
 In common Prudence they wou'd pass your Door.
 Unpity'd *Hudibras*, your Champion Friend,
 Has shewn how far your Charities extend.
 This lasting Verse shall on his Tomb be read,
 He sham'd you living, and upbraids you dead.

With odious *Atheist* Names you load your Foes ;
 Your lib'ral *Clergy* why did I expose ?
 It never fails in Charities like those.

In Climes where true Religion is profess'd,
 That Imputation were no laughing Jest.
 But *Imprimatur*, with a Chaplain's Name,
 Is here sufficient Licence to defame.
 What Wonder is't that black Detraction thrives;
 The Homicide of Names is less than Lives;
 And yet the perjurd Murderer survives. }

This said, she paus'd a little, and suppress'd
 The boiling Indignation of her Breast.
 She knew the Virtue of her Blade, nor wou'd
 Pollute her Satire with ignoble Blood:
 Her panting Foe she saw before her Eye,
 And back she drew the shining Weapon dry.
 So when the gen'rous *Lion* has in Sight
 His equal Match, he rouses for the Fight;
 But when his Foe lies prostrate on the Plain,
 He sheaths his Paws, uncurls his angry Mane,
 And, pleas'd with bloodless Honours of the Day,
 Walks over, and disdains th' inglorious Prey.
 So *James*, if great with less we may compare,
 Arrests his rowling Thunder-bolts in Air;
 And grants ungrateful Friends a lengthen'd Space,
 T' implore the Remnants of long-suff'ring Grace.

This breathing-time the *Matron* took; and then
 Resum'd the Thread of her Discourse again.
 Be Vengeance wholly left to Pow'rs Divine,
 And let Heav'n judge betwixt your Sons and mine:
 If Joys hereafter must be purchas'd here
 With Loss of all that Mortals hold so dear,
 Then welcome Infamy and publick Shame,
 And, last, a long Farewel to worldly Fame.
 'Tis said with ease, but, oh, how hardly try'd
 By haughty Souls, to human Honour ty'd!
 O sharp Convulsive Pangs of agonizing Pride! }

Down

Down then thou Rebel, never more to rise,
 And what thou didst, and dost so dearly prize,
 That Fame, that darling Fame, make that thy Sacrifice. }

'Tis nothing thou hast giv'n, then add thy Tears
 For a long Race of unrepenting Years :

'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou hast to give ;

Then add those *may-be* Years thou hast to live :

Yet nothing still ; then poor, and naked come ;

Thy Father will receive his Unthrift home, [Sum. }

And thy blest Saviour's Blood discharge the mighty }

Thus (she pursu'd) I discipline a Son,
 Whose uncheck'd Fury to Revenge wou'd run :

He champs the Bit, impatient of his Loss,

And starts aside, and flounders at the Cross.

Instruct him better, gracious God, to know,

As thine is Vengeance, so Forgiveness too:

That, suff'ring from ill Tongues, he bears no more
 Than what his Sov'reign bears, and what his Saviour bore.

It now remains for you to School your Child,

And ask why God's Anointed he revil'd ;

A King and Princess dead ! did *Simei* worse ?

The Curser's Punishment should fright the Curse :

Your Son was warn'd, and wisely gave it o'er,

But he, who counsell'd him, has paid the Score :

The heavy Malice cou'd no higher tend,

But woe to him on whom the Weights descend.

So to permitted Ills the *Dæmon* flies ;

His Rage is aim'd at him who rules the Skies :

Constrain'd to quit his Cause, no Succour found,

The Foe discharges ev'ry Tire around,

In Clouds of Smoke abandoning the Fight ;

But his own thund'ring Peals proclaim his Flight.

In *Henry's* Change his Charge as ill succeeds ;

To that long Story little Answer needs :

Confront but *Henry's* Words with *Henry's* Deeds. }

Were

Were space allow'd, with ease it might be prov'd,
 What Springs his blessed Reformation mov'd.
 The dire Effects appear'd in open Sight,
 Which, from the Cause, he calls a distant Flight,
 And yet no larger Leap than from the Sun to Light.

Now last your Sons a double *Pæan* found,
 A *Treatise of Humility* is found.

'Tis found, but better it had ne'er been sought,
 Than thus in Protestant Procession brought.

The fam'd Original through *Spain* is known,
Rodriguez work, my celebrated Son,

Which yours, by ill-translating, made his own;
 Conceal'd its Author, and usurp'd the Name,

The basest and ignoblest Theft of Fame.

My Altars kindl'd first that living Coal;

Restore, or practise better what you stole:

That Virtue cou'd this humble Verse inspire,

'Tis all the Restitution I require.

Glad was the *Panther* that the Charge was clos'd,
 And none of all her fav'rite Sons expos'd.

For Laws of Arms permit each injur'd Man,
 To make himself a Saver where he can.

Perhaps the plunder'd Merchant cannot tell

The Names of Pirates in whose Hands he fell;

But at the Den of Thieves he justly flies,

And ev'ry *Algerine* is lawful Prize.

No private Person in the Foe's Estate

Can plead Exemption from the publick Fate.

Yet Christian Laws allow not such Redress;

Then let the Greater supersede the Less.

But let th' Abettors of the *Panther's* Crime

Learn to make fairer Wars another time.

Some Characters may sure be found to write

Among her Sons; for 'tis no common Sight,

A spotted Dam, and all her Offspring white.

The

The *Savage*, though she saw her Plea controul'd,
 Yet wou'd not wholly seem to quit her Hold,
 But offer'd fairly to compound the Strife,
 And judge Conversion by the Convert's Life.
 'Tis true, she said, I think it somewhat strange,
 So few shou'd follow profitable Change:
 For present Joys are more to Flesh and Blood,
 Than a dull Prospect of a distant good.
 'Twas well alluded by a Son of mine,
 (I hope to quote him is not to purloin)
 Two Magnets, Heav'n and Earth, allure to Bliss ;
 The larger Loadstone that, the nearer this :
 The weak Attraction of the greater fails ;
 We nod a-while, but neighbourhood prevails :
 But when the greater proves the nearer too,
 I wonder more your Converts come so slow.
 Methinks in those, who firm with me remain,
 It shows a nobler Principle than Gain.

Your Inf'rence wou'd be strong (the *Hind* reply'd)
 If yours were in Effect the suff'ring Side :
 Your Clergy's Sons their own in Peace possess,
 Nor are their Prospects in Reversion less.
 My Profelytes are struck with awful dread ;
 Your bloody Comet-Laws hang blazing o'er their Head ;
 The Respite they enjoy but only lent,
 The best they have to hope, protracted Punishment.
 Be judge your self, if Int'rest may prevail,
 Which Motives, yours or mine, will turn the Scale.
 While Pride and Pomp allure, and plenteous Ease,
 That is, 'till Man's predominant Passions cease,
 Admire no longer at my slow increase. }
 By Education most have been mis-led ;
 So they believe, because they so were bred.
 The Priest continues what the Nurse began,
 And thus the Child imposes on the Man.

The



The rest I nam'd before, nor need repeat :
 But Int'rest is the most prevailing Cheat,
 The sly Seducer both of Age and Youth ;
 They study that, and think they study Truth.
 When Int'rest fortifies an Argument,
 Weak Reason serves to gain the Will's Assent ;
 For Souls, already warp'd, receive an easy Bent.
 Add long Prescription of establish'd Laws,
 And Picque of Honour to maintain a Cause,
 And shame of Change, and fear of future Ill,
 And Zeal, the blind Conductor of the Will ;
 And, chief among the still-mistaking Crowd,
 The Fame of Teachers obstinate and proud,
 And, more than all, the private Judge allow'd ;
 Disdain of Fathers, which the Dance began,
 And last, uncertain whose the narrower Span,
 The Clown unread, and half-read Gentleman :

To this the *Panther*, with a scornful Smile :
 Yet still you travel with unwearied Toil,
 And range around the Realm without controul,
 Among my Sons, for Profelytes to prowl,
 And here and there you snap some silly Soul.
 You hinted Fears of future Change in State ;
 Pray Heaven you did not Prophefy your Fate.
 Perhaps, you think your time of triumph near,
 But may mistake the Season of the Year ;
 The *Swallow's* Fortune gives you cause to fear.

For Charity (reply'd the Matron) tell
 What sad Mischance those pretty Birds besel.
 Nay, no Mischance, (the Savage Dame reply'd)
 But want of Wit in their unerring Guide,
 And eager Haste, and gaudy Hopes, and giddy Pride.
 Yet, wishing timely Warning may prevail,
 Make you the Moral, and I'll tell the Tale.

The *Swallow*, privileg'd above the rest
 Of all the Birds, as Man's familiar Guest,

Par-

Pursues the Sun, in Summer, brisk and bold,
 But wisely shuns the persecuting Cold:
 Is well to Chancels and to Chimnies known,
 Though 'tis not thought she feeds on Smoke alone.
 From hence she has been held of Heav'nly Line,
 Endu'd with Particles of Soul Divine.

This merry Chorister had long possess'd
 Her Summer Seat, and feather'd well her Nest:
 'Till frowning Skies began to change their Chear,
 And Time turn'd up the wrong Side of the Year;
 The shedding Trees began the Ground to strow
 With yellow Leaves, and bitter Blasts to blow.

Sad Auguries of Winter thence she drew,
 Which by Instinct, or Prophecy, she knew:
 When Prudence warn'd her to remove betimes,
 And seek a better Heav'n, and warmer Climes.

Her Sons were summon'd on a Steeple's height,
 And, call'd in common Council, vote a Flight;
 The Day was nam'd, the next that shou'd be fair:
 All to the gen'ral Rendezvous repair,
 They try their flutt'ring Wings, and trust themselves
 in Air.

But whether upward to the Moon they go,
 Or dream the Winter out in Caves below,
 Or hawk at flies elsewhere, concerns us not to know.

Southwards, you may be sure, they bent their Flight,
 And harbour'd in a hollow Rock at Night:
 Next Morn they rose, and set up ev'ry Sail;
 The Wind was fair, but blew a *Mackrel* Gale:
 The sickly Young sat shiv'ring on the Shore,
 Abhor'd Salt-water, never seen before,
 And pray'd their tender Mothers to delay
 The Passage, and expect a fairer Day.

With these the *Martin* readily concurr'd,
 A Church-begot, and Church-believing Bird;

Of



Of little Body, but of lofty Mind,
 Round-belly'd, for a Dignity design'd,
 And much a Dunce, as *Martins* are by Kind.
 Yet often quoted Canon-Laws, and *Code*,
 And Fathers which he never understood :
 But little Learning needs in noble Blood.
 For, sooth to say, the *Swallow* brought him in,
 Her Household Chaplain, and her next of Kin :
 In Superstition silly to Excess,
 And casting Schemes, by Planetary Guess :
 In fine, short-wing'd, unfit himself to fly,
 His Fear foretold foul Weather in the Sky.

Besides, a *Raven* from a wither'd Oak,
 Left of their Lodging, was observ'd to croak.
 That Omen lik'd him not ; so his Advice
 Was present Safety, bought at any Price ;
 A seeming pious Care, that cover'd Cowardise.
 To strengthen this, he told a boding Dream,
 Of rising Waters, and a troubled Stream,
 Sure Signs of Anguish, Dangers and Distress,
 With something more, not lawful to express :
 By which he sily seem'd to intimate
 Some secret Revelation of their Fate.
 For he concluded, once upon a time,
 He found a Leaf inscrib'd with sacred Rhime,
 Whose antique Characters did well denote
 The *Sibyl's* Hand of the *Cumæan* Grot :
 The mad Diviners had plainly writ,
 A time should come (but many Ages yet)
 In which, sinister Destinies ordain,
 A *Dame* shou'd drown with all her feather'd Train,
 And Seas from thence be call'd the *Chelidonian* Main.
 At this, some shook for fear, the more devout
 Arose, and bless'd themselves from Head to Foot.

'Tis true, some Stagers of the wiser Sort
 Made all these idle Wonderments their Sport : They

They said, their only Danger was Delay,
 And he, who heard what ev'ry Fool cou'd say,
 Wou'd never fix his Thought, but trim his Time away.
 The Passage yet was good; the Wind, 'tis true,
 Was somewhat high, but that was nothing new,
 No more than usual *Equinoxes* blew.
 The Sun (already from the Scales declin'd)
 Gave little Hopes of better Days behind,
 But change from bad to worse of Weather and of Wind.
 Nor need they fear the Dampness of the Sky
 Should flag their Wings, and hinder them to fly,
 'Twas only Water thrown on Sails too dry.
 But, least of all, *Philosophy* presumes
 Of Truth in Dreams, from melancholy Fumes :
 Perhaps the *Martin*, hous'd in holy Ground,
 Might think of Ghosts that walk their midnight round,
 'Till grosser Atoms, tumbling in the Stream
 Of Fancy, madly met, and clubb'd into a Dream :
 As little Weight his vain Prefages bear,
 Of ill Effect to such alone who fear :
 Most Prophecies are of a Piece with these,
 Each *Nostradamus* can foretel with ease :
 Not naming Persons and confounding Times,
 One casual Truth supports a thousand lying Rhimes.
 Th' Advice was true; but Fear had seiz'd the most,
 And all good Counsel is on Cowards lost.
 The Question crudely put, to shun Delay,
 'Twas carry'd by the *major* Part to stay.
 His Point thus gain'd, Sir *Martin* dated thence
 His Power, and from a Priest became a Prince.
 He order'd all things with a busy Care,
 And Cells, and Refectories did prepare,
 And large Provisions laid of Winter Fare :
 But now and then let fall a Word or two
 Of hope, that Heaven some Miracle might show,
 And, for their Sakes, the Sun shou'd backward go;

Against the Laws of Nature upward climb,
 And, mounted on the *Ram*, renew the Prime:
 For which two Proofs in sacred Story lay,
 Of *Abax*' Dial, and of *Josua*'s Day.
 In Expectation of such Times as these,
 A Chapel hous'd 'em, truly call'd of ease:
 For *Martin* much Devotion did not ask;
 They pray'd sometimes, and that was all their Task.

It happen'd (as beyond the Reach of Wit
 Blind Prophecies may have a lucky Hit)
 That this accomplish'd, or at least in part,
 Gave great Repute to their new *Merlin*'s Art.
 Some **Swifts*, the Giants of the *Swallow* Kind,
 Large-limb'd, stout-hearted, but of stupid Mind,
 (For *Swifts*, or for *Gibeonites* design'd,) }
 These Lubbers, peeping through a broken Pane,
 To suck fresh Air, survey'd the neighbouring Plain;
 And saw (but scarcely could believe their Eyes)
 New Blossoms flourish, and new Flow'rs arise;
 As God had been abroad, and, walking there,
 Had left his Foot-steps, and reform'd the Year:
 The Sunny Hills from far were seen to glow }
 With glitt'ring Beams, and in the Meads below [flow. }
 The burnish'd Brooks appear'd with liquid Gold to }
 At last they heard the foolish *Cuckow* sing,
 Whose Note proclaim'd the Holy-day of Spring.

No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,
 And possess their Patrimonial Sky.
 The *Priest* before 'em did his Wings display;
 And, that good Omens might attend their way, }
 As luck wou'd have it, 'twas *St. Martin*'s Day.
 Who but the *Swallow* now triumphs alone?
 The Canopy of Heaven is all her own:

Otherwise call'd Martlets.

Her

Her youthful Offspring to their Haunts repair,
 And glide along in Glades, and skim in Air,
 And dip for Insects in the purling Springs,
 And swoop on Rivers to refresh their Wings.
 Their Mothers think a fair Provision made,
 That ev'ry Son can live upon his Trade :

And, now the careful Charge is off their Hands,
 Look out for Husbands, and new Nuptial Bands :

The youthful Widow longs to be supply'd ;

But first the Lover is by Lawyers ty'd

To settle Jointure-Chimnies on the Bride.

So thick they couple, in so short a Space,

That *Martin's* Marriage-Off'rings rise apace.

Their ancient Houses running to decay,

Are furbish'd up, and cemented with Clay ;

They teem already ; store of Eggs are laid,

And brooding Mothers call *Lucina's* Aid.

Fame spreads the News, and foreign Fowls appear

In Flocks to greet the new returning Year,

To bless the Founder, and partake the Cheer.

And now 'twas time (so fast their Numbers rise)

To plant abroad, and people Colonies.

The Youth drawn forth, as *Martin* had desir'd,

(For so their cruel Destiny requir'd)

Were sent far off on an ill-fated Day ;

The rest wou'd needs conduct 'em on their way,

And *Martin* went, because he fear'd alone to stay.

So long they flew with inconsiderate Haste,

That now their Afternoon began to waste ;

And, what was ominous, that very Morn

The Sun was enter'd into *Capricorn* ;

Which, by their bad Astronomers Account,

That Week the Virgin Balance shou'd remount.

An Infant Moon eclips'd him in his way,

And hid the small Remainders of his Day.

The

308 POEMS on several Occasions:

The Crowd, amaz'd, pursu'd no certain Mark;
 But Birds met Birds, and justled in the Dark:
 Few mind the Publick in a Panick Fright;
 And Fear increas'd the Horror of the Night.

Night came, but unattended with Repose;
 Alone she came, no Sleep their Eyes to close:
 Alone, and black she came; no friendly Stars arose.

What shou'd they do, beset with Dangers round,
 No neighb'ring Dorp, no Lodging to be found,
 But bleakly Plains, and bare unhospitable Ground.

The latter Brood, who just began to fly,
 Sick-feather'd, and unpractis'd in the Sky,
 For Succour to their helpless Mother call;
 She spread her Wings; some few beneath 'em crawl;
 She spread 'em wider yet, but cou'd not cover all.

T' augment their Woes, the Winds began to move
 Debate in Air, for empty Fields above,
 'Till *Boreas* got the Skies, and pour'd amain
 His rattling Hail-stones mix'd with Snow and Rain.

The joyless Morning late arose, and found
 A dreadful Defolation reign around,
 Some bury'd in the Snow, some frozen to the Ground.
 The rest were struggling still with Death, and lay
 The *Crows* and *Ravens* Rights, an undefended Prey:
 Excepting *Martin's* Race; for they and he
 Had gain'd the Shelter of a hollow Tree:

But soon discover'd by a sturdy Clown,
 He headed all the Rabble of a Town,
 And finish'd 'em with Bats, or poll'd 'em down:
Martin himself was caught alive, and try'd
 For treas'nous Crimes, because the Laws provide
 No *Martin* there in Winter shall abide.

High on an Oak, which never Leaf shall bear,
 He breath'd his last, expos'd to open Air;

And

And there his Corps, unblest'd, is hanging still,
To show the Change of Winds with his prophetick Bill.

The Patience of the *Hind* did almost fail ;
For well she mark'd the Malice of the Tale ;
Which ribbald Art their Church to *Luther* owes ;
In Malice it began, by Malice grows ;
He sow'd the *Serpent's* Teeth, an Iron-harvest rose.
But most, in *Martin's* Character and Fate,
She saw her slander'd Sons, the *Panther's* Hate,
The People's Rage, the persecuting State :
Then said, I take th' Advice in friendly Part ;
You clear your Conscience, or at least your Heart :
Perhaps you fail'd in your foreseeing Skill,
For *Swallows* are unlucky Birds to kill :
As for my Sons, the Family is blest'd,
Whose ev'ry Child is equal to the rest :
No Church reform'd can boast a blameless Line ;
Such *Martins* build in yours, and more than mine :
Or else an old Fanatick Author lies,
Who summ'd their Scandals up by Centuries.
But, through your Parable, I plainly see
The bloody Laws, the Crowd's Barbarity ;
The Sun-shine that offends the purblind Sight :
Had some their Wishes, it wou'd soon be Night.
Mistake me not ; the Charge concerns not you :
Your Sons are Malecontents, but yet are true,
As far as Non-resistance makes 'em so ;
But that's a Word of neutral Sense you know,
A passive Term, which no Relief will bring,
But trims betwixt a Rebel and a King.

Rest well assur'd, the *Pardelis* reply'd,
My Sons wou'd all support the Regal Side, [try'd.]
Tho' Heaven forbid the Cause by Battle shou'd be }
The Matron answer'd with a loud *Amen*,
And thus pursu'd her Argument again.

If

If as you say, and as I hope no less,
 Your Sons will practise what your selves profess,
 What angry Pow'r prevents our present Peace?
 The *Lion*, studious of our common Good,
 Desires (and Kings Desires are ill withstood)
 To join our Nations in a lasting Love;
 The Bars betwixt are easy to remove;
 For sanguinary Laws were never made above.
 If you condemn that Prince of Tyranny,
 Whose Mandate forc'd your *Gallick* Friends to fly,
 Make not a worse Example of your own;
 Or cease to rail at causeless Rigour shown,
 And let the guiltless Person throw the Stone.
 His blunted Sword your suff'ring Brotherhood
 Have seldom felt; he stops it short of Blood:
 But you have ground the persecuting Knife,
 And set it to a Razor Edge on Life.
 Curs'd be the Wit, which Cruelty refines,
 Or to his Father's Rod the *Scorpion's* joins; [Loins.]
 Your Finger is more gross than the great Monarch's
 But you, perhaps, remove that bloody Note,
 And stick it on the first Reformers Coat.
 Oh let their Crime in long Oblivion sleep:
 'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to keep.
 Unjust, or just, is all the Question now;
 'Tis plain, that not Repealing you Allow.
 To name the Test wou'd put you in a Rage;
 You charge not that on any former Age,
 But smile to think how innocent you stand,
 Arm'd by a Weapon put into your Hand.
 Yet still remember, that you wield a Sword
 Forg'd by your Foes against your Sov'reign Lord;
 Design'd to hew th' Imperial Cedar down,
 Defraud Succession, and dis-heir the Crown.

T' ab:

T' abhor the Makers, and their Laws approve,
Is to hate Traytors, and the Treason love.
What means it else, which now your Children say,
We made it not, nor will we take away ?

Suppose some great Oppressor had, by Slight
Of Law, disseis'd your Brother of his Right,
Your common Sire surrendring in a Fright ;
Would you to that unrighteous Title stand,
Left by the Villain's Will to Heir the Land ?
More just was *Judas*, who his Saviour sold ;
The sacrilegious Bribe he could not hold,
Nor hang in Peace, before he render'd back the Gold.

What more could you have done, than now you do,
Had *Oates* and *Bedlow*, and their Plot been true ?

Some specious Reasons for those Wrongs were found ;
Their dire Magicians threw their Mists around,
And wise Men walk'd as on enchanted Ground.

But now when time has made th' Imposture plain,
(Late tho' he follow'd Truth, and limping held her
Train)

What new Delusion charms your cheated Eyes again ?
The painted Harlot might a while bewitch,
But why the Hag uncas'd, and all obscene with Itch ?

The first Reformers were a modest Race ;
Our Peers possess'd in Peace their native Place ;
And when rebellious Arms o'erturn'd the State,
They suffer'd only in the common Fate :

But now the Sov'reign mounts the regal Chair,
And mitr'd Seats are full, yet *David's* Bench is bare.
Your answer is, they were not dispossest ;

They need but rub their Mettle on the Test
To prove their Ore : 'Twere well if Gold alone
Were touch'd and try'd on your discerning Stone ;

But that unfaithful Test unfound will pass
The Dross of Atheists, and Sectarian Bras :

As

As if th' Experiment were made to hold
 For base Production, and reject the Gold.
 Thus Men ungodded may to places rise,
 And Sects may be prefer'd without Disguise:
 No danger to the Church or State from these;
 The Papist only has his Writ of ease.

No gainful Office gives him the Pretence
 To grind the Subject, or defraud the Prince.
 Wrong Conscience, or no Conscience, may deserve
 To thrive, but ours alone is privileg'd to starve.

Still thank your selves, you cry; your noble Race
 We banish not, but they forsake the place;
 Our Doors are open: True, but ere they come,
 You to's your 'censing Test, and fume the Room;
 As if 'twere *Toby's* Rival to expel,
 And fright the Fiend who could not bear the smell.

To this the *Pantber* sharply had reply'd;
 But, having gain'd a Verdict on her side,
 She wisely gave the Loser leave to chide;
 Well satisfy'd to have the But and Peace,
 And for the Plaintiff's Cause she car'd the less,
 Because she su'd in *forma Pauperis*;
 Yet thought it decent something should be said;
 For secret Guilt by Silence is betray'd:
 So neither granted all, nor much deny'd,
 But answer'd with a yawning kind of Pride.

Methinks such Terms of proffer'd peace you bring,
 As once *Aeneas* to th' *Italian* King:
 By long Possession all the Land is mine;
 You Strangers come with your intruding Line,
 To share my Sceptre, which you call to join.
 You plead like him an ancient Pedigree,
 And claim a peaceful Seat by Fate's Decree.
 In ready Pomp your Sacrificer stands,
 T' unite the *Trojan* and the *Latin* Bands,

And

And, that the League more firmly may be ty'd,
 Demand the fair *Lavinia* for your Bride.
 Thus plausibly you veil th' intended Wrong,
 But still you bring your exil'd Gods along;
 And will endeavour, in succeeding space,
 Those household Puppets on our Hearths to place.
 Perhaps some barb'rous Laws have been prefer'd;
 I spake against the *Test*, but was not heard;
 These to rescind, and Peerage to restore,
 My gracious Sov'reign wou'd my Vote implore:
 I owe him much, but owe my Conscience more. }
 Conscience is then your Plea, reply'd the Dame,
 Which well inform'd will ever be the same.
 But yours is much of the *Camelion* hue,
 To change the Die with every distant View.
 When first the *Lion* sat with awful Sway,
 Your Conscience taught your Duty to obey:
 He might have had your Statutes and your Test;
 No Conscience but of Subjects was profess'd.
 He found your Temper, and no farther try'd,
 But on that broken Reed, your Church, rely'd.
 In vain the Sects assay'd their utmost Art,
 With offer'd Treasure to espouse their Part; [Heart. }
 Their Treasures were a Bribe too mean to move his
 But when by long Experience you had prov'd,
 How far he cou'd forgive, how well he lov'd;
 A Goodness that excell'd his godlike Race,
 And only short of Heav'n's unbounded Grace;
 A Flood of Mercy that o'erflow'd our Isle,
 Calm in the rise, and fruitful as the *Nile*;
 Forgetting whence your *Egypt* was supply'd,
 You thought your Sov'reign bound to send the Tide:
 Nor upward look'd on that immortal Spring,
 But vainly deem'd, he durst not be a King:

V O L. I.

P

Then



Then Conscience, unrestrain'd by Fear, began
 To stretch her Limits, and extend the Span ;
 Did his Indulgence as her Gift dispose,
 And make a wise Alliance with her Foes.
 Can Conscience own th' associating Name,
 And raise no Blushes to conceal her Shame ?
 For sure she has been thought a bashful Dame.
 But if the Cause by Battle should be try'd,
 You grant she must espouse the regal side :
 O *Proteus* Conscience, never to be ty'd !
 What *Phæbus* from the *Tripod* shall disclose,
 Which are, in last resort, your Friends or Foes ?
Homer, who learn'd the Language of the Sky,
 'The seeming *Gordian* Knot wou'd soon unty ;
 Immortal Powers the term of *Conscience* know,
 But *Interest* is her Name with Men below.

Conscience or Int'rest be't, or both in one,
 (The *Panther* answer'd in a surly Tone)
 The first commands me to maintain the Crown,
 The last forbids to throw my Barriers down.
 Our penal Laws no Sons of yours admit,
 Our *Test* excludes your Tribe from Benefit.
 These are my Banks your Ocean to withstand,
 Which proudly rising overlooks the Land ;
 And once let in, with unresisted Sway,
 Wou'd sweep the Pastors and their Flocks away.
 Think not my Judgment leads me to comply
 With Laws unjust, but hard Necessity :
 Imperious Need, which cannot be withstood,
 Makes Ill authentick, for a greater Good.
 Possess your Soul with Patience, and attend :
 A more auspicious Planet may ascend ;
 Good Fortune may present some happier time,
 With means to cancel my unwilling Crime ;

(Unwilling,

(Unwilling, witness all ye Powers above)
 To mend my Errors, and redeem your Love :
 That little Space you safely may allow ;
 Your all-dispensing Power protects you now.

Hold, said the *Hind*, 'tis needless to explain ;
 You wou'd postpone me to another Reign ;
 'Till when you are content to be unjust :

Your part is to possess, and mine to trust.
 A fair Exchange propos'd of future Chance,
 For present Profit and Inheritance.

Few Words will serve to finish our dispute ;
 Who will not now repeal, wou'd persecute.

To ripen green Revenge your hopes attend,
 Wishing that happier Planet wou'd ascend.

For shame let Conscience be your Plea no more :

To will hereafter, proves she might before ;

But she's a Bawd to Gain, and holds the Door.

Your Care about your Banks infers a fear
 Of threatenng Floods, and Inundations near ;
 If so, a just Reprise would only be

Of what the Land usurp'd upon the Sea ;

And all your Jealousies but serve to show,

Your Ground is, like your Neighbour-Nation, low.

T' intrench in what you grant unrighteous Laws,

Is to distrust the Justice of your Cause ;

And argues that the true Religion lies

In those weak Adversaries you despise.

Tyrannick force is that which least you fear ;

The sound is frightful in a Christian's Ear :

Avert it, Heav'n ; nor let that Plague be sent

To us from the dispeopled Continent.

But Piety commands me to refrain ;

Those Pray'rs are needless in this Monarch's Reign.



Behold! how he protects your Friends opprest'd,
 Receives the Banish'd, succours the Distress'd :
 Behold, for you may read an honest open Breast.
 He stands in Day-light, and disdains to hide
 An Act, to which by Honour he is ty'd,
 A Generous, laudable, and kingly Pride.
 Your Test he would repeal, his Peers restore ;
 This when he says he means, he means no more.

Well, said the *Panther*, I believe him just,
 And yet—

And yet, 'tis but because you must ;
 You would be trusted, but you would not trust.
 The *Hind* thus briefly ; and disdain'd t' enlarge
 On Pow'r of Kings, and their Superior Charge,
 As Heav'n's Trustees before the People's choice :
 Tho' sure the *Panther* did not much rejoice
 To hear those *Eccchos* giv'n of her once loyal Voice.

The *Matron* woo'd her kindness to the last,
 But cou'd not win ; her Hour of Grace was past.
 Whom, thus persisting, when she cou'd not bring
 To leave the *Wolf*, and to believe her King,
 She gave her up, and fairly wish'd her Joy
 Of her late Treaty with her new Ally :
 Which well she hop'd wou'd more successful prove,
 Than was the *Pigeon's*, and the *Buzzard's* Love.
 The *Panther* ask'd, what Concord there cou'd be
 Betwixt two Kinds whose Natures disagree ?
 The *Dame* reply'd : 'Tis sung in ev'ry Street,
 The common chat of Gossips when they meet :
 But, since unheard by you, 'tis worth your while
 To take a wholsom Tale, tho' told in homely Style.

A plain good Man, whose Name is understood,
 (So few deserve the name of Plain and Good)
 Of three fair lineal Lordships stood possess'd,
 And liv'd, as Reason was, upon the best.

Inur'd

Inur'd to Hardships from his early Youth,
 Much had he done, and suffer'd for his Truth :
 At Land, and Sea, in many a doubtful Fight,
 Was never known a more advent'rous Knight,
 Who oftner drew his Sword, and always for the right. }

As Fortune wou'd (his Fortune came, tho' late)
 He took Possession of his just Estate :
 Nor rack'd his Tenants with increase of Rent ;
 Nor liv'd too sparing, nor too largely spent ;
 But overlook'd his Hinds; their Pay was just,
 And ready, for he scorn'd to go on Trust :
 Slow to resolve, but in performance quick ;
 So true, that he was aukward at a Trick.

For little Souls on little Shifts rely,
 And Cowards Arts of mean Expedients try ; }

The noble Mind will dare do any thing but lye.
 False Friends, his deadliest Foes, could find no way
 But shows of honest Bluntness, to betray :
 That unsuspected plainness he believ'd ;
 He look'd into himself, and was deceiv'd.
 Some lucky Planet sure attends his Birth,
 Or Heav'n wou'd make a Miracle on Earth ;
 For prosp'rous Honesty is seldom seen
 To bear so dead a Weight, and yet to win.
 It looks as Fate with Nature's Law would strive,
 To shew Plain-dealing once an Age may thrive ;
 And, when so tough a frame she could not bend,
 Exceeded her Commission to befriend.

This grateful Man, as Heav'n increas'd his Store,
 Gave God again, and daily fed his Poor.
 His House with all Convenience was purvey'd ;
 The rest he found, but rais'd the Fabrick where he pray'd ;
 And in that sacred Place his beauteous Wife
 Employ'd her happiest Hours of holy Life.



Nor did their Alms extend to those alone,
 Whom common Faith more strictly made their own;
 A sort of *Doves* were hous'd too near their Hall,
 Who cross the Proverb, and abound with Gall.
 Tho' some, 'tis true, are passively inclin'd,
 The greater part degenerate from their Kind;
 Voracious Birds, that hotly bill and breed,
 And largely drink, because on Salt they feed.
 Small Gain from them their Bounteous Owner draws;
 Yet, bound by Promise, he supports their Cause,
 As Corporations privileg'd by Laws. }

That House, which harbour to their Kind affords,
 Was built, long since, God knows, for better Birds;
 But flutt'ring there they nestle near the Throne,
 And lodge in Habitations not their own, }
 By their high Crops, and corny Gizzards known.
 Like *Harpies* they could scent a plenteous Board;
 Then to be sure they never fail'd their Lord:
 The rest was Form, and bare Attendance paid;
 They drunk, and eat, and grudgingly obey'd.
 The more they fed, they raven'd still for more;
 They drain'd from *Dan*, and left *Beerseba* poor.
 All this they had by Law, and none repin'd;
 The pref'rence was but due to *Levi's* Kind:
 But when some Lay-Preferment fell by chance,
 The Gourmands made it their Inheritance.
 When once possess'd, they never quit their Claim;
 For then 'tis sanctify'd to Heav'n's high Name;
 And, Hallow'd thus, they cannot give Consent,
 The Gift should be prophan'd by worldly Management.
 Their Flesh was never to the Table serv'd;
 Tho' 'tis not thence infer'd the Birds were starv'd;
 But that their Master did not like the Food,
 As rank, and breeding melancholy Blood.

Nor

Nor did it with his gracious Nature suit,
 E'en tho' they were not Doves, to persecute:
 Yet he refus'd (nor could they take Offence)
 Their Glutton Kind should teach him Abstinence.
 Nor consecrated Grain their Wheat he thought,
 Which new from treading in their Bills they brought:
 But left his Hinds each in his private Pow'r,
 That those, who like the Bran, might leave the Flow'r.
 He for himself, and not for others, chose,
 Nor would he be impos'd on, nor impose;
 But in their Faces his Devotion paid,
 And Sacrifice with solemn Rites was made,
 And sacred Incense on his Altars laid. }
 Besides these jolly Birds, whose Corps impure
 Repaid their Commons with their Salt-Manure;
 Another Farm he had behind his House,
 Not overstock'd, but barely for his Use:
 Wherein his poor Domestick Poultry fed,
 And from his pious Hands receiv'd their Bread.
 Our pamper'd Pigeons, with malignant Eyes,
 Beheld these Inmates, and their Nurseries:
 Tho' hard their Fare, at Ev'ning, and at Morn,
 A Cruise of Water, and an Ear of Corn;
 Yet still they grudg'd that Modicum, and thought
 A Sheaf in ev'ry single Grain was brought.
 Fain wou'd they filch that little Food away,
 While unrestrain'd those happy Gluttons prey.
 And much they griev'd to see so nigh their Hall,
 The Bird that warn'd St *Peter* of his Fall;
 That he should raise his mitred Crest on high,
 And clap his Wings, and call his Family
 To sacred Rites; and vex th' Etherial Powers
 With midnight Mattins, at uncivil Hours:
 Nay more, his quiet Neighbours should molest,
 Just in the sweetness of their Morning Rest.



Beast of a Bird, supinely when he might
 Lie snug and sleep, to rise before the light !
 What if his dull Forefathers us'd that cry,
 Cou'd he not let a bad Example die ?
 The World was fall'n into an easier way ;
 This Age knew better, than to Fast and Pray.
 Good Sense in sacred Worship wou'd appear
 So to begin, as they might end the Year.
 Such seats in former times had wrought the falls
 Of crowing Chanticleers in cloyster'd Walls.
 Expell'd for this, and for their Lands, they fled ;
 And Sister Partlet with her hooded head }
 Was hooted hence, because she would not pray a-bed. }
 'The way to win the restiff World to God,
 Was to lay by the disciplining Rod,
 Unnatural Fasts, and foreign Forms of Pray'r :
 Religion frights us with a Mien severe.
 'Tis Prudence to reform her into Ease,
 And put her in undress to make her please :
 A lively Faith will bear aloft the Mind,
 And leave the Luggage of good Works behind,
 Such Doctrines in the Pigeon-house were taught :
 You need not ask how wond'roufully they wrought ;
 But sure the common Cry was all for these,
 Whose Life and Precepts both encourag'd Ease.
 Yet fearing those alluring Baits might fail,
 And holy Deeds o'er all their Arts prevail ;
 (For Vice, tho' frontless, and of harden'd Face,
 Is daunted at the sight of awful Grace)
 An hideous Figure of their Foes they drew, [true ; }
 Nor Lines, nor Looks, nor Shades, nor Colours }
 And this Grottesque design expos'd to publick View. }
 One would have thought it some *Egyptian* Piece, }
 With Garden-Gods, and barkin' Deities, }
 More thick than *Ptolemy* has stuck the Skies. }

All

All so perverse a Draught, so far unlike,
 It was no Libel where it meant to strike.
 Yet still the daubing pleas'd, and Great and Small
 To view the Monster crowded Pigeon-hall.
 There Chanticleer was drawn upon his Knees
 Adoring Shrines, and Stocks of fainted Trees;
 And by him, a mis shapen, ugly, Race;
 The Curse of God was seen on every Face:
 No *Holland* Emblem could that Malice mend,
 But still the worse the Look, the fitter for a Fiend.

The Master of the Farm, displeas'd to find
 So much of Rancour in so mild a Kind,
 Enquir'd into the Cause, and came to know,
 The Passive Church had struck the foremost blow;
 With groundless Fears, and Jealousies possess'd,
 As if this troublesome intruding Guest
 Would drive the Birds of *Venus* from their Nest. }
 A Deed his inborn Equity abhor'd; [Word.
 But int'rest will not trust, tho' God should plight his

A Law, the Source of many future harms,
 Had banish'd all the Poultry from the Farms;
 With loss of Life, if any should be found
 To crow or peck on this forbidden Ground.
 That bloody Statute chiefly was design'd
 For *Chanticleer* the white, of Clergy kind;
 But after-malice did not long forget
 The Lay that wore the Robe, and Coronet.
 For them, for their Inferiors and Allies,
 Their Foes a deadly *Shibboleth* devise:
 By which unrighteously it was decreed,
 That none to Trust, or Profit should succeed, }
 Who would not swallow first a poisonous wicked Weed:
 Or that, to which old *Socrates* was curs'd,
 Or Henbane Juice to swell 'em till they burst.



The Patron (as in reason) thought it hard
 To see this Inquisition in his Yard,
 By which the Sovereign was of Subjects use debarr'd.
 All gentle means he try'd, which might withdraw
 Th' Effects of so unnatural a Law :

But still the Dove-house obstinately stood
 Deaf to their own, and to their Neighbours good ;
 And, which was worse, (if any worse could be)
 Repented of their boasted Loyalty :

Now made the Champions of a cruel Cause,
 And drunk with Fumes of Popular Applause;
 For those whom God to ruin has design'd,
 He fits for Fate, and first destroys their Mind.

New Doubts indeed they daily strove to raise,
 Suggested Dangers, interpos'd Delays ;

And Emisary Pigeons had in store,
 Such as the *Meccan* Prophet us'd of yore,
 To whisper Counsels in their Patron's Ear ;
 And veil'd their false Advice with zealous Fear.

The Master smil'd to see 'em work in vain,
 To wear him out, and make an idle Reign :
 He saw, but suffer'd their Protractive Arts,
 And strove by mildness to reduce their Hearts :
 But they abus'd that Grace to make Allies,
 And fondly clos'd with former Enemies ;
 For Fools are doubly Fools, endeavoring to be wise.

After a grave Consult what course were best,
 One, more mature in folly than the rest,
 Stood up, and told 'em, with his Head aside,
 That desp'rate Cures must be to desp'rate Ills apply'd :
 And therefore, since their main impending Fear
 Was from th' increasing Race of *Chanticleer*,
 Some Potent Bird of Prey they ought to find,
 A Foe profess'd to him, and all his kind :

Some

Some haggard *Hawk*, who had her Eyyr nigh,
 Well pounc'd to fasten, and well wing'd to fly;
 One they might trust, their common Wrongs to wreak:
 The *Musquet*, and the *Coystrel* were too weak,
 Too fierce the *Falcon*; but, above the rest,
 The noble *Buzzard* ever pleas'd me best;
 Of small Renown, 'tis true; for, not to lye,
 We call him but a *Hawk* by courtesy.

I know he hates the Pigeon-House and Farm,
 And more, in time of War, has done us harm:
 But all his Hate on trivial Points depends;
 Give up our Forms, and we shall soon be Friends:
 For *Pigeons* Flesh he seems not much to care;
 Cram'd *Chickens* are a more delicious Fare.
 On this high Potentate, without delay,
 I wish you would confer the Sov'reign sway:
 Petition him t' accept the Government,
 And let a splendid Embassy be sent.

This pithy Speech prevail'd, and all agreed,
 Old Enmities forgot, the *Buzzard* should succeed.

Their welcome Suit was granted soon as heard,
 His Lodgings furnish'd, and a Train prepar'd,
 With *B's* upon their Breast, appointed for his Guard. }
 He came, and Crown'd with great Solemnity,
 God save King *Buzzard*, was the gen'ral Cry.

A Portly Prince, and goodly to the fight,
 He seem'd a Son of *Anach* for his height:
 Like those whom Stature did to Crowns prefer:
 Black-brow'd, and bluff, like *Homer's Jupiter*:
 Broad-back'd, and brawny-built for Love's delight;
 A Prophet form'd to make a Female Profelyte.
 A Theologue more by need, than genial bent;
 By Breeding sharp, by Nature confident.
 Int'rest in all his Actions was discern'd;
 More learn'd than Honest, more a Wit than learn'd:

Or



Or forc'd by Fear, or by his Profit led,
 Or both conjoin'd, his Native Clime he fled :
 But brought the Virtues of his Heav'n along ;
 A fair Behaviour, and a fluent Tongue.
 And yet with all his Arts he could not thrive ;
 The most unlucky Parasite alive.
 Loud Praises to prepare his Paths he sent,
 And then himself pursu'd his Compliment ;
 But, by reverse of Fortune chac'd away,
 His Gifts no longer than their Author stay :
 He shakes the Dust against th' ungrateful Race,
 And leaves the stench of Ordures in the Place.
 Oft has he flatter'd, and blasphem'd the same ;
 For, in his Rage, he spares no Sov'reign's Name :
 The Hero, and the Tyrant change their Style
 By the same measure that they frown or smile.
 When well receiv'd by hospitable Foes,
 The kindness he returns, is to expose :
 For Courtesies, tho' undeserv'd and great,
 No gratitude in Felon-minds beget ;
 As tribute to his Wit, the Churl receives the treat.
 His praise of Foes is venomously nice ;
 So touch'd, it turns a Virtue to a Vice :
A Greek, and bountiful, forewarns us twice.
 Seven Sacraments he wisely does disown,
 Because he knows Confession stands for one ;
 Where Sins to sacred Silence are convey'd,
 And not for Fear, or Love, to be betray'd :
 But he, uncall'd, his Patron to controul,
 Divulg'd the secret Whispers of his Soul ;
 Stood forth th' accusing Satan of his Crimes,
 And offer'd to the *Moloch* of the Times.
 Prompt to assail, and careless of defence,
 Invulnerable in his Impudence,

He

He dares the World; and, eager of a Name,
 He thrusts about, and juttles into fame.
 Frontless, and Satire-proof, he scow'rs the Streets,
 And runs an *Indian-muck* at all he meets.
 So fond of loud Report, that not to miss
 Of being known (his last and utmost bliss)
 He rather would be known for what he is.

Such was, and is the Captain of the Test,
 Tho' half his Virtues are not here express'd;
 The Modesty of Fame conceals the rest.
 The spleenful *Pigeons* never could create
 A Prince more proper to revenge their hate:
 Indeed, more proper to revenge, than save;
 A King, whom in his Wrath th' Almighty gave:
 For all the Grace the Landlord had allow'd,
 But made the *Buzzard* and the *Pigeons* proud;
 Gave time to fix their Friends, and to seduce the crowd.
 They long their Fellow-Subjects to intral,
 Their Patron's Promise into question call,
 And vainly think he meant to make 'em Lords of all.

False Fears their Leaders fail'd not to suggest,
 As if the *Doves* were to be dispossef'd;
 Nor Sighs, nor Groans, nor gogling Eyes did want;
 For now the *Pigeons* too had learn'd to Cant.
 The House of Pray'r is stock'd with large increase;
 Nor Doors, nor Windows can contain the Prefs:
 For Birds of ev'ry Feather fill th' Abode;
 E'en Atheists out of envy own a God:
 And reeking from the Stews Adult'ers come,
 Like *Goths* and *Vandals* to demolish *Rome*.
 That Conscience, which to all their Crimes was mute,
 Now calls aloud, and cries to Perfecute:
 No rigour of the Laws to be releas'd,
 And much the less, because it was their Lord's request:
 They

They thought it great their Sovereign to controul,
And nam'd their Pride, Nobility of Soul.

'Tis true, the *Pigeons*, and their Prince Elect,
Were short of Pow'r, their purpose to effect :
But with their Quills did all the hurt they cou'd,
And cuff'd the tender *Chickens* from their Food :
And much the *Buzzard* in their Cause did stir,
Tho' naming not the Patron, to infer
With all respect, He was a gross Idolater.

But when th' Imperial Owner did espy,
That thus they turn'd his Grace to Villany,
Not suff'ring Wrath to discompose his Mind,
He strove a Temper for th' Extremes to find,
So to be just, as he might still be kind ;
Then, all maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a Doom
Of sacred Strength for every Age to come.
By this the Doves their Wealth and State possess,
No Rights infring'd, but Licence to oppress :
Such Pow'r have they as Factious Lawyers long
To Crowns ascrib'd, that Kings can do no Wrong.
But since his own Domestick Birds have try'd
The dire Effects of their destructive Pride,
He deems that Proof a Measure to the rest,
Concluding well within his Kingly Breast,
His Fowls of Nature too unjustly were oppress.
He therefore makes all Birds of ev'ry Sect
Free of his Farm, with promise to respect
Their several Kinds alike, and equally protect.
His Gracious Edict the same Franchise yields
To all the wild increase of Woods and Fields,
And who in Rocks aloof, and who in Steeples builds :
To *Crows* the like impartial Grace affords,
And *Choughs* and *Daws*, and such Republick Birds :
Secur'd with ample Privilege to feed,
Each has his District, and his Bounds decreed :

Combin'd

Combin'd in common Int'rest with his own,
But not to pass the Pigeons *Rubicon*.

Here ends the Reign of his pretended Dove ;
All Prophecies accomplish'd from above,
For *Sibilob* comes the Sceptre to remove.
Reduc'd from her Imperial high Abode,
Like *Dionysius* to a private Rod,

The Passive Church, that with pretended Grace
Did her distinctive Mark in Duty place,
Now touch'd, Reviles her Maker to his Face.

What after happen'd is not hard to guess :
The small Beginnings had a large Increase,
And Arts and Wealth succeed, the secret Spoils of Peace.

'Tis said, the Doves repented, tho' too late,
Become the Smiths of their own foolish Fate :
Nor did their Owner hasten their ill Hour ;
But, sunk in Credit, they decreas'd in Pow'r :
Like Snows in warmth that mildly pass away,
Dissolving in the Silence of Decay.

The *Buzzard*, not content with equal place,
Invites the feather'd *Nimrods* of his Race ;
To hide the thinness of their Flock from Sight,
And all together make a seeming goodly Flight :
But each have sep'rate Int'rests of their own ;
Two *Czars* are one too many for a Throne.
Nor can th' Usurper long abstain from Food ;
Already he has tasted Pigeons Blood :
And may be tempted to his former Fare,
When this indulgent Lord shall late to Heav'n repair.
Bare bending times, and moulting Months may come,
When, lagging late, they cannot reach their home ;
Or Rent in Schism (for so their Fate decrees)
Like the tumultuous College of the Bees,

They

They fight their Quarrel, by themselves oppress ;
The Tyrant smiles below, and waits the falling Feast.

Thus did the gentle *Hind* her Fable end,
Nor would the *Panther* blame it, nor commend ;
But, with affected Yawnings at the close,
Seem'd to require her natural Repose :
For now the streaky Light began to peep ;
And setting Stars admonish'd both to sleep.
The Dame withdrew, and, wishing to her Guest
The peace of Heav'n, betook her self to rest.
Ten thousand Angels on her Slumbers wait,
With glorious Visions of her future State.

An ESSAY upon SATIRE.

By *Mr. Dryden, and the Earl of Mulgrave.*

HOW dull, and how insensible a Beast
Is Man, who yet would Lord it o'er the rest ?
Philosophers and Poets vainly strove
In every Age the lumpish Mass to move :
But those were Pedants, when compar'd with these,
Who know, not only to instruct, but please.
Poets alone found the delightful way,
Mysterious Morals gently to convey
In charming Numbers ; so that, as Men grew
Pleas'd with their Poems, they grew wiser too.
Satire has always shone among the rest,
And is the boldest way, if not the best,
To tell Men freely of their foulest Faults,
To laugh at their vain Deeds, and vainer Thoughts,
In *Satire* too the Wise took different ways,
To each deserving its peculiar praise.

Some

Some did all Folly with just sharpness blame,
 Whilst others laugh'd and scorn'd them into shame.
 But, of these two, the last succeeded best,
 As Men aim rightest when they shoot in jest.
 Yet, if we may presume to blame our Guides,
 And censure those, who censure all besides ;
 In other things they justly are prefer'd ;
 In this alone methinks the Ancients err'd :
 Against the grossest Follies they declaim ;
 Hard they pursue, but hunt ignoble Game.
 Nothing is easier than such blots to hit,
 And 'tis the Talent of each vulgar Wit :
 Besides, 'tis labour lost ; for who would preach
 Morals to *Armstrong*, or dull *Aston* teach ?
 'Tis being devout at Play, wife at a Ball,
 Or bringing Wit and Friendship to *Whiteball*.
 But with sharp Eyes those nicer Faults to find,
 Which lie obscurely in the wisest Mind ;
 That little speck, which all the rest does spoil,
 To wash off that would be a noble toil ;
 Beyond the loose-writ Libels of this Age,
 Or the forc'd Scenes of our declining Stage ;
 Above all Censure too, each little Wit
 Will be so glad to see the greater hit ;
 Who judging better, though concern'd the most,
 Of such Correction will have cause to boast.
 In such a Satire all would seek a share,
 And every Fool will fancy he is there.
 Old Story-tellers too must pine and die,
 To see their antiquated Wit laid by ;
 Like her, who mis'd her Name in a Lampon,
 And grieved to find her self decay'd so soon.
 No common Coxcomb must be mention'd here ;
 Not the dull train of dancing Sparks appear ;

Nor



Nor fluttering Officers, who never fight ;
 Of such a wretched Rabble who would write ?
 Much less half Wits : that's more against our Rules ;
 For they are Fops, the other are but Fools.
 Who would not be as silly as *Dunbar* ?
 As dull as *Monmouth*, rather than *Sir Carr* ?
 The cunning Courtier should be slighted too,
 Who with dull Knavery makes so much ado ;
 Till the shrewd Fool, by thriving too too fast,
 Like *Æsop's* Fox, becomes a Prey at last.
 Nor shall the Royal Mistresses be nam'd,
 Too ugly, or too easy to be blam'd ;
 With whom each rhiming Fool keeps such a pother,
 They are as common that way as the other :
 Yet sauntering *Cb*——s between his beastly Brace,
 Meets with dissembling still in either place,
 Affected Humour, or a painted Face. }
 In Loyal Libels we have often told him,
 How one has jilted him, the other sold him :
 How that affects to laugh, how this to weep ;
 But who can rail so long as he can sleep ?
 Was ever Prince by two at once mis-led,
 False, foolish, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred ?
Earely and *Ayles-ry*, with all that race
 Of busy Blockheads, shall have here no place ;
 At Council set as foils on *D*——'s score,
 To make that great false Jewel shine the more ;
 Who all that while was thought exceeding wise,
 Only for taking pains and telling lies.
 But there's no meddling with such nauseous Men ;
 Their very Names have tired my lazy Pen :
 'Tis time to quit their Company, and choose
 Some fitter subject for a sharper Muse.

First,

First, let's behold the merriest Man alive
 Against his careles Genius vainly strive ;
 Quit his dear Ease, some deep designt to lay,
 'Gainst a set time, and then forget the day :
 Yet he will laugh at his best Friends, and be
 Just as good Company as *Nokes* and *Lee*.
 But when he aims at Reason or at Rule,
 He turns himself the best to ridicule.
 Let him at business ne'er so earnest fit,
 Shew him but Mirth, and bait that Mirth with Wit ;
 That shadow of a Jest shall be enjoy'd,
 Though he left all Mankind to be destroy'd.
 So Cat transform'd fat gravely and demure,
 Till Mouse appear'd, and thought himself secure ;
 But soon the Lady had him in her Eye,
 And from her Friend did just as odly fly.
 Reaching above our Nature does no good ;
 We must fall back to our old flesh and blood.
 As by our little *Machiavel* we find
 (That nimblest Creature of the busy kind)
 His Limbs are crippled, and his Body shakes ;
 Yet his hard Mind, which all this bustle makes,
 No pity of its poor Companion takes. }
 What Gravity can hold from laughing out,
 To see him drag his feeble Legs about,
 Like Hounds ill-coupled ? Jowler lugs him still
 Through Hedges, Ditches, and through all that's ill.
 'Twere Crime in any Man but him alone,
 To use a Body so, though 'tis one's own :
 Yet this false Comfort never gives him o'er,
 That, whilst he creeps, his vigorous thoughts can soar :
 Alas ! that soaring, to those few that know,
 Is but a busy groveling here below.

So Men in Rapture think they mount the Sky,
 Whilst on the Ground th' intranced Wretches lie :
 So modern Fops have fancied they could fly.
 As the new Earl, with Parts deserving praise,
 And wit enough to laugh at his own ways ;
 Yet loses all soft Days and sensual Nights,
 Kind Nature checks, and kinder Fortune flights ;
 Striving against his quiet all he can,
 For the fine Notion of a busy Man.
 And what is that, at best, but one, whose Mind,
 Is made to tire himself and all Mankind ?
 For *Ireland* he would go ; faith, let him reign ;
 For if some odd fantastick Lord would fain
 Carry in Trunks, and all my drudgery do,
 I'll not only pay him, but admire him too.
 But is there any other Beast that lives,
 Who his own harm so wittily contrives ?
 Will any Dog that has his Teeth and Stones,
 Refin'dly leave his Bitches and his Bones,
 To turn a Wheel ? and bark to be employ'd,
 While *Venus* is by rival Dogs enjoy'd ?
 Yet this fond Man, to get a Statesman's Name,
 Forfeits his Friends, his Freedom, and his Fame.
 Though, *Satire* nicely writ, no humour stings
 But those who merit praise in other things ;
 Yet we must needs this one Exception make,
 And break our Rules for folly *Tropos* sake ;
 Who was too much despis'd to be accus'd,
 And therefore scarce deserves to be abus'd ;
 Rais'd only by his mercenary Tongue,
 For railing smoothly, and for reasoning wrong.
 As Boys, on Holy-days let loose to play,
 Lay waggish Traps for Girls that pass that way ;

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Then shout to see in dirt and deep distress
 Some silly Cit in her flower'd foolish Dress :
 So have I mighty satisfaction found,
 To see his tinsel reason on the Ground :
 To see the florid Fool despis'd (and know it)
 By some who scarce have words enough to show it ;
 (For Sense fits silent, and condemns for weaker
 The finer, nay, sometimes the wittiest Speaker)
 But 'tis prodigious so much Eloquence
 Should be acquired by such little Sense ;
 For Words and Wit did anciently agree,
 And *Tully* was no Fool, though this Man be :
 At Bar abusive, on the Bench unable,
 Knave on the Woolfack, Fop at Council-Table.
 These are the Grievances of such Fools as wou'd
 Be rather wise than honest, great than good.

Some other kind of Wits must be made known,
 Whose harmless Errors hurt themselves alone ;
 Excess of Luxury they think can please,
 And Laziness call loving of their Ease :
 To live dissolv'd in pleasures still they feign,
 Though their whole Life's but intermitting pain :
 So much of Surfeits, Head-aches, Claps are seen,
 We scarce perceive the little time between :
 Well-meaning Men who make this gross mistake,
 And Pleasure lose only for Pleasure's sake ;
 Each Pleasure has its price, and when we pay
 Too much of Pain, we squander Life away.

Thus *D—et*, purring like a thoughtful Cat,
 Married, but wiser Pufs ne'er thought of that :
 And first he worried her with railing rhyme,
 Like *Pembroke's* Mastives at his kindest time ;
 Then for one Night fold all his slavish Life,
 A teeming Widow, but a barren Wife ;

Swell'd

Swell'd by Contact of such a fulsom Toad,
 He lugg'd about the matrimonial Load ;
 Till Fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
 Has ill restor'd him to his Liberty ;
 Which he would use in his old sneaking way,
 Drinking all Night, and dozing all the Day ;
 Dull as *Ned Howard*, whom his brisker Times
 Had fam'd for dulness in malicious Rhimes.

Mul—we had much ado to scape the snare,
 Though learn'd in all those Arts that cheat the Fair :
 For after all his vulgar Marriage-mocks,
 With Beauty dazzled Numps was in the Stocks ;
 Deluded Parents dry'd their weeping Eyes,
 To see him catch his Tartar for his Prize :
 Th' impatient Town waited the wish'd-for change,
 And Cuckolds smil'd in hopes of sweet revenge ;
 Till *Petworth* Plot made us with sorrow see,
 As his Estate, his Person too was free :
 Him no soft Thoughts, no Gratitude could move ;
 To Gold he fled from Beauty and from Love ;
 Yet failing there he keeps his Freedom still,
 Forc'd to live happily against his Will :
 'Tis not his Fault, if too much Wealth and Pow'r
 Break not his boasted Quiet every Hour.

And little *Sid.* for Simile renown'd,
 Pleasure has always fought but never found :
 Though all his Thoughts on Wine and Women fall,
 His are so bad, sure he ne'er thinks at all.
 The Flesh he lives upon is rank and strong,
 His Meat and Mistresses are kept too long.
 But sure we all mistake this pious Man,
 Who mortifies his Person all he can :
 What we uncharitably take for Sin,
 Are only Rules of this odd *Capuchin* ;

For

For never Hermit, under grave pretence,
 Has liv'd more contrary to common Sense;
 And 'tis a Miracle, we may suppose,
 No nastiness offends his skilful Nose;
 Which from all Stink can with peculiar Art
 Extract Perfume, and Essence from a F—t:
 Expecting Supper is his great delight;
 He toils all Day but to be Drunk at Night:
 Then o'er his Cups this Night-bird chirping fits,
 Till he takes *Hewet* and *Jack Hall* for Wits.
Rob—r I despise for want of Wit,
 Though thought to have a Tail and Cloven Feet;
 For while he Mischief means to all Mankind,
 Himself alone the ill Effects does find:
 And so like Witches justly suffers Shame,
 Whose harmless Malice is so much the same.
 False are his Words, affected is his Wit;
 So often he does aim, so seldom hit;
 To every Face he cringes while he speaks,
 But when the Back is turn'd the Head he breaks:
 Mean in each Action, lewd in every Limb,
 Manners themselves are mischievous in him:
 A Proof that Chance alone makes every Creature,
 A very *Killig—w* without good Nature.
 For what a *Bessus* has he always liv'd,
 And his own *Kickings* notably contriv'd?
 For (there's the Folly that's still mixt with fear)
 Cowards more Blows than any Hero bear;
 Of fighting Sparks some may their Pleasures say,
 But 'tis a bolder thing to run away:
 The World may well forgive him all his ill,
 For every Fault does prove his Penance still:
 Falsly he falls into some dangerous Noose,
 And then as meanly labours to get loose;

A Life



A Life so infamous is better quitting,
 Spent in base Injury and low submitting.
 I'd like to have left out his Poetry;
 Forgot by all almost as well as me.
 Sometimes he has some Humour, never Wit;
 And if it rarely, very rarely, hit,
 'Tis under so much nasty rubbish laid,
 To find it out's the Cinder-woman's Trade;
 Who, for the wretched Remnants of a Fire,
 Must toil all Day in Ashes and in Mire:
 So lewdly dull his idle Works appear,
 The wretched Texts deserve no Comments here;
 Where one poor Thought, sometimes, left all alone,
 For a whole Page of Dulness must atone.

How vain a thing is Man, and how unwise
 E'en he, who would himself the most despise!
 I, who so wise and humble seem to be,
 Now my own Vanity and Pride can't see.
 While the World's Nonsense is so sharply shewn,
 We pull down others but to raise our own;
 That we may Angels seem, we paint them Elves,
 And are but Satires to set up our selves.
 I, who have all this while been finding Fault,
 E'en with my Master, who first Satire taught;
 And did by that describe the Task so hard,
 It seems stupendous and above reward;
 Now labour with unequal force to climb
 That lofty Hill, unreach'd by former time:
 'Tis just that I should to the Bottom fall,
 Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

The End of the FIRST VOLUME.