

The subtil prince thought fittest to bestow
 On these the golden mines of Mexico,
 With all the silver mountains of Peru;
 Wealth, which wou'd in wise hands the world undo;
 Because he knew their genius was such,
 Too lazy and too haughty to be rich.
 So proud a people, so above their fate,
 That if reduc'd to beg, they'll beg in state;
 Lavish of money to be count'd brave,
 And proudly starve, because they scorn to save;
 "Never was nation in the world before
 "So very rich, and yet so very poor."

LUST chose the Torrid Zone of Italy,
 Where blood ferments in rapes and sodomy;
 Where swelling veins o'erflow with livid streams,
 With heat impregnant with Vesuvian flames;
 Whose flowing sulphur forms infernal lakes,
 And human body of the soil partakes;
 "Their nature ever burns with hot desires,
 "Fann'd with luxuriant air and subterranean fires,"
 Here undisturb'd in floods of scalding lust,
 Th' infernal king reigns with infernal gust.

DRUNK'NESS, the darling favourite of Hell,
 Chose Germany to rule, and rules so well,
 No subjects more obsequiously obey,
 None please so well, or are so pleas'd as they;
 The cunning artist manages so well,
 He lets them bow to Heaven, and drink to Hell.
 If but to wine and him they homage pay,
 He cares not to what deity they pray;
 What God they worship most, or in what way;
 Whether by Luther, Calvin, or by Rome
 They sail for Heav'n, by wine he steers them home.
 Ungovern'd passion settled first in France;
 Where mankind lives in haste, and thrives by chance,
 A dancing nation, fickle and untrue,
 Have oft undone themselves and others too;
 From the Infernal dictates to obey,
 And in Hell's favour none more great than they.