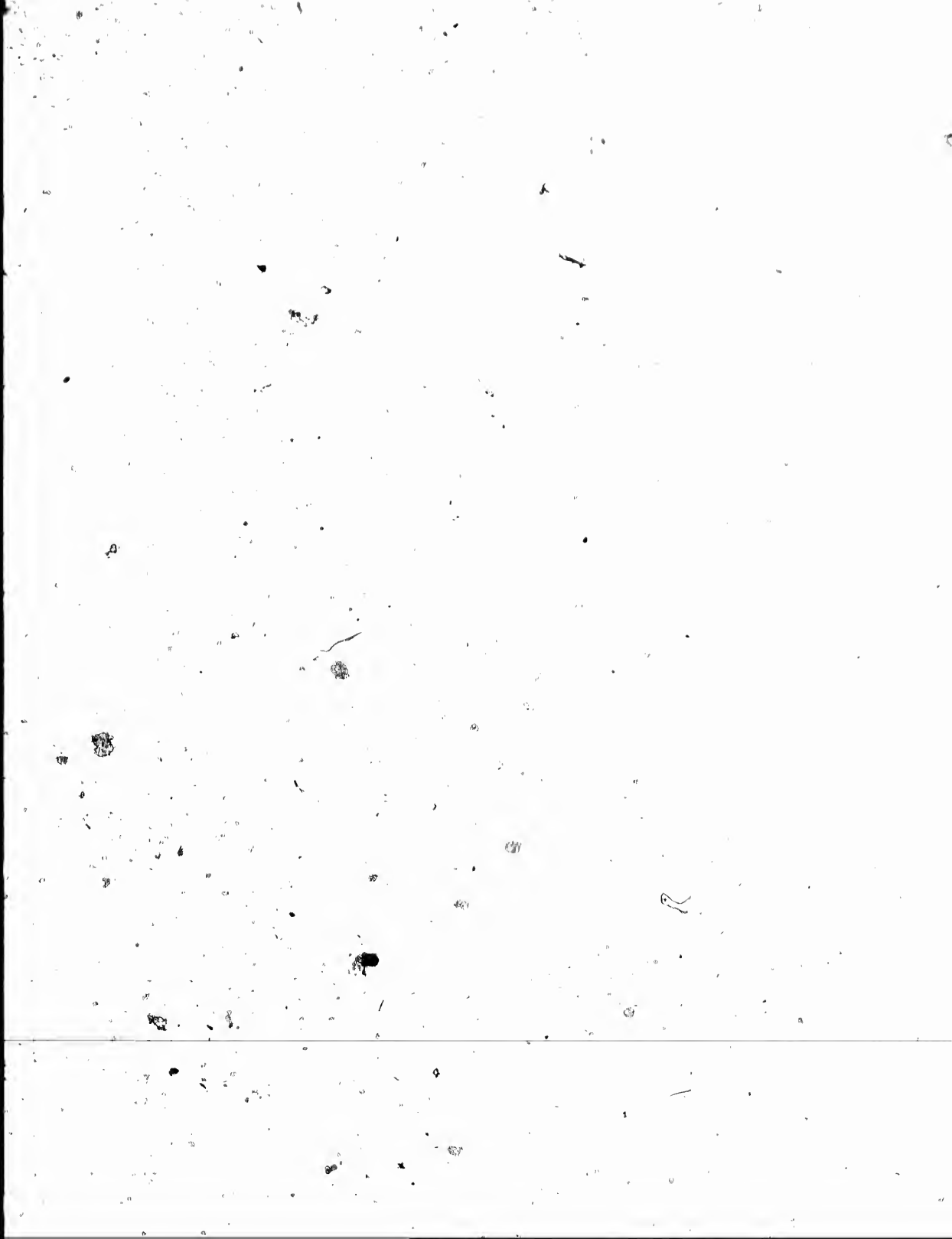




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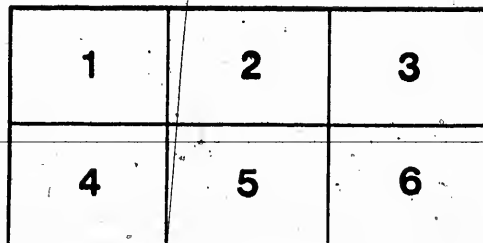
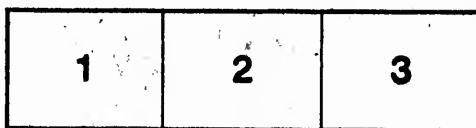
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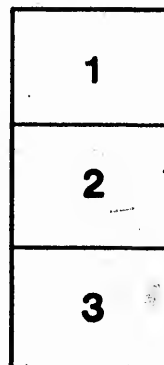
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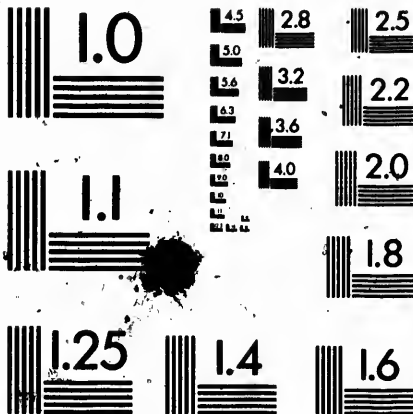
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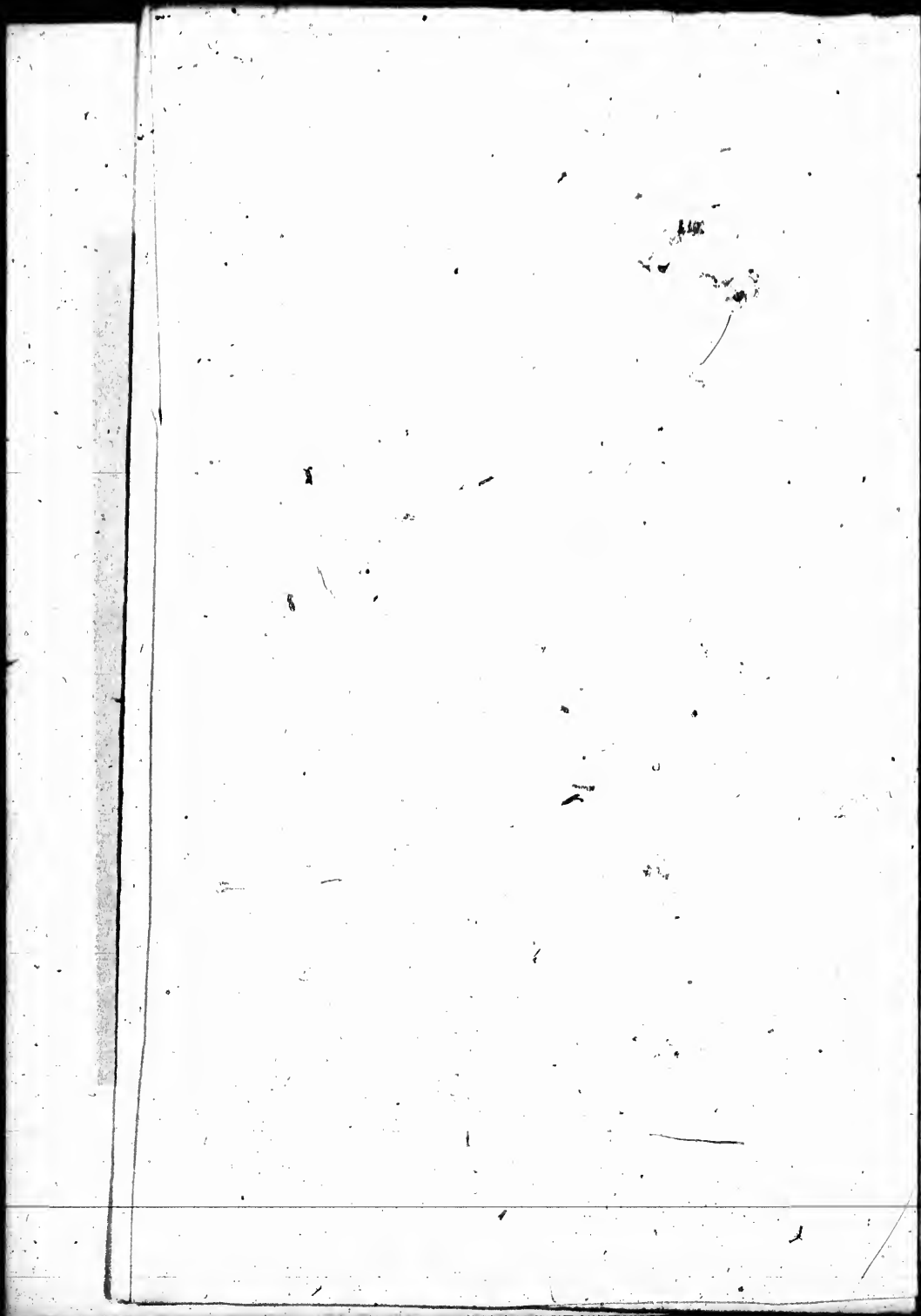
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TRUE BORN ENGLISHMAN

POETICAL SATYR.

By DANIEL DE FOE,

AUTHOR OF ROBINSON CRUSOE AND MANY OTHER ESTEEMED WORKS.

Reprinted from the old Edition.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

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THE

INTRODUCTION.



SPEAK Satyr, for there's none can tell like thee,
Whether 'tis folly, pride, or knavery,
That makes this discontented land appear
Less happy now in times of peace than war ;
Why civil feuds disturb the nation more
Than all our bloody wars have done before.
Fools out of favour grudge at knaves in place,
And men are always honest in disgrace :
The court preferments make men knaves in course,
But they that would be in them, would be worse.
'Tis not at foreigners that we repine,
Would foreigners' their perquisites resign :
The grand convention's plainly to be seen.
To get some men put out, and some put in.
For this our S - - n - - t - - rs, make long harangues,
And florid M - - b - - whet their polish'd tongues,
Statesmen are always sick of one disease.
And a good pension gives them present ease ;
That's the specific makes them all content
With any KING, and any Government.
Good patriots at court abuses rail
And all the nation's grievances bewail :
But when the sovereign's balsam's since apply'd,
The zealot never fails to change his side ;
And when he must the golden key resign,
The railing spirit comes about again.

INTRODUCTION.

Who shall this bubbled nation disabuse ;
While they, their own felicities refuse ?
Who at the wars have made such mighty pother !
And now are falling out with one another,
With needless fears the jealous nation fill,
And always have been say'd against their will ;
Who fifty millions sterling have disburs'd,
To be with peace and too much plenty curs'd ;
Who their old monarch eagerly undo,
And yet uneasily obey the new.
Search, Satyr ! search, a deep incision make,
The poison's strong the antidote's too weak ;
'Tis pointed truth must manage this dispute,
And downright English, Englishmen confute.
Whet thy just anger at the nation's pride,
And with keen phrase repel the vicious tide ;
To Englishmen their own beginnings show,
And ask them why they slight their neighbors so ?
Go back to elder times, and ages past,
And nations into long oblivion cast :
To old Britannia's youthful days retire,
And there for true-born Englishmen enquire :
Britannia reely will disown the name,
And hardly knows herself from whence they came.
Wonders that they of all men should pretend
To birth and blood, and for a name contend.
Go back to causes where our follies dwell,
And fetch the dark original from hell ;
Speak, Satyr ! for there's none like thee can tell.

THE
True-born Englishman.

PART I.

WHEREVER GOD erects a house of pray'r,
The Devil always builds a chapel there :
And 'twill be found upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.
For ever since he first debauch'd the mind,
He made a perfect conquest of mankind ;
With uniformity of service, he
Reigns with a general aristocracy.
No non-conforming sects disturb his reign,
For of his yoke there's very few complain ;
He knows the genius and the inclination,
And matches proper sins for every nation ;
He needs no standing-army government,
He always rules us by our own consent :
His laws are easy, and his gentle sway,
" Makes it exceeding pleasant to obey."
The list of his Vic'gerents and Commanders,
Out does your Cæsars or your Alexanders ;
They never fail of his infernal Aid
And he's as certain ne'er to be betray'd.
Thro' all the world they spread his vast command,
And death's eternal empire is maintain'd ;
They rule so politickly and so well,
As if they were L - - - J - - - s of hell,
Duly divided to debauch mankind,
And plant infernal diotates in his mind.
PRIDE, the first peer, and president of hell,
To his share Spain, the largest province, fell ;

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.

The Pagan World he blindly leads astray,
 And personally rules with arbitrary sway.
 The mask thrown off, plain Devil his title stands,
 And what elsewhere he tempts, he there commands,
 There with full gust th' ambition of his mind,
 Governs, as he, of old, in heaven design'd,
 Worship'd as God, his Panim altars smoke,
 Embroid'd with blood of those that him invoke.

The rest by deputies, he rules as well,
 And plants the distant colonies of Hell.
 By them his secret power he maintains,
 And binds the world in his infernal chains.

By Zeal the Irish, and the Rush by Folly,
 Fury the Dane, the Swede by Melancholy;
 By stupid ignorance the Muscovite,
 The Chinese by a child of hell call'd Wit;
 Wealth makes the Persian too effeminate,
 And poverty the Tartars desperate.
 The Turks and Moors by Mah'met he subdues,
 And GOD has giv'n him leave to rule the Jews:
 Rage rules the Portuguese, and fraud the Scotch,
 Revenge the Pole, and avarice the Dutch.

Satyr! be kind and draw a silent veil,
 Thy native England's vices to conceal;
 Or, if that task's impossible to do,
 At least be just, and shew her virtues too,
 Too great the first, alas! the last too few.
 England unknown as yet unpeopled lay,
 Happy had she remain'd so to this day,
 And not to ev'ry nation been a prey.
 Her open harbours, and her fertile plains,
 The merchants glory those, and these the swain's;
 To ev'ry barbarous nation have betray'd her.
 Who conquer her as oft as they invade her,
 So beauty guarded, but by innocence,
 That ruins her, which should be her defence:
INGRATITUDE, a Devil of black renown,
 Possess'd her very early for his own;

An ugly, surly, sullen, selfish spirit,
 Who Satan's worst perfections does inherit ;
 Second to him in malice and in force,
 All devil without, and all within him worse.

He made her first born race to be so rude,
 And suffer'd her to be so oft subdu'd ;
 By several crowds of wand'ring Thieves o'er-run,
 Often unpeopl'd, as oft undone ;
 While ev'ry nation that her powers reduc'd,
 Their languages and manners introduc'd ;
 From whose mix'd relics our compound breed,
 By " spurious generation does succeed ;"
 Making a race uncertain and uneven,
 Deriv'd from all the nations under heav'n.

The Romans first with Julius Cæsar came,
 Including all the nations of that name ;
 Gauls, Greeks and Lombards, and by computation,
 Auxiliaries, or slaves of ev'ry nation :
 With Hengist, Saxons ; Danes with Sueno came,
 In search of plunder, not in search of fame ;
 Scots, Picts, and Irish from th' Hibernian shore,
 And conqu'ring William brought the Normans o'er.

All these the bar'rous Offspring left behind ;
 The dregs of armies, they of all mankind ;
 Blended with Britons, who before were here,
 Of whom the Welsh ha' blest the character,

From this amphibious ill-born mob began,
 That vain ill notor'd thing, an Englishman ;
 The customs, surnames, languages and manners,
 Of all these nations " are their own explainers,"
 Whose relics live so lasting and so strong,
 They ha' left a Shibboleth upon our tongue,
 By which with easy search you may distinguish,
 Your Roman, Saxon, Danish, Norman, English.

The great invading Norman let us know
 What Conquerors in after times might do ;
 To ev'ry Musqueteer he brought to town,
 He gave the lands that never were his own.

•WM. CONQUEROR.

THE TRUE-BORN ENGLISHMAN.

When first the English Crown he did obtain,
He did not send his Dutchmen home again;
No re-assumptions in his reign were known,
D'avenant might there be let his books alone,
No Parliament his army could abandon,
He rais'd no money for he paid in land;
He gave his legions their eternal station,
And made them all freeholders of the nation:
He canton'd out the country to his men,
And ev'ry soldier was a denizen,
The Rascals thus enrich'd, he call'd them Lords:
To please their upstart pride with new-made words,
And doomsday book his tyranny records.

And here begins the ancient pedigree,
That so exalts our poor Nobility;
'Tis that from some French Trooper they derive,
Who with the Norman bastard did arrive,
The trophies of the families appear,
Some shew the sword, the bow and some the spear,
Which their great ancestor, forsooth, did wear.

These in the herald's register remain,
Their noble mean extraction to explain,
But who the hero was, no man can tell,
Whether a drummer or a colonel:
The silent record blushes to reveal
Their undescended, dark original.

But grant the best, how came the change to pass,
A true born Englishman of Norman race?
A Turkish horse can shew more history,
To shew his well-descended family.
Conquest, as by the moderns 'tis express'd,
May give a title to the lands possess'd;
But that the longest sword should be so civil
To make a Frenchman English—that's the devil.

These are the heroes that despise the Dutch,
And rail at new-come foreigners so much,
Forgetting that themselves are all deriv'd
From the most scoundrel race that ever liv'd.

"A horrid crowd of rambling thieves and drones,"
 Who ransack'd kingdoms and dispeopled towns,
 The pict and painted Briton, treach'rous Scot,
 By hunger, theft and rapin hither brought,
 Norwegian pirates, buccaneering Danes,
 Whose "Red hair'd offspring every where remains ;"
 Who join'd with Norman French, compound the breed,
 From whence your True-born Englishmen proceed.

And lest by length of time it be pretended,
 The climate may that Modern Breed ha' mended,
 Wise Providence to keep us where we are,
 Mixes us daily with exceeding care ;
 We have been Europe's sink, the jakes where she
 Voids all her offal out-cast progeny.
 From our fifth Henry's time the strolling bands
 Of banish'd fugitives from neighb'ring lands
 Have here a certain sanctuary found,
 Th' eternal refuge of the vagabond.
 Where but in half a common age of time,
 Bor'wing new blood and manners from the clime,
 Proudly they learn all mankind to condemn,
 And all their race are True-born Englishmen.

Dutch, Walloons, Flemmings, Irishmen and Scots,
 Vandois, and Valtolins and Hugonots,
 In good Queen Bess's charitable reign,
 Supply'd us with three hundred thousand men.
 Religion (GOD we thank thee) sent them hither,
 Priests, Protestants, the devil and altogether,
 Of all professions, and of ev'ry trade,
 All that were persecuted or afraid ;
 Whether for debt or other crimes they fled,
 David at Hackelah was still their head.

The offspring of this miscellaneous crowd,
 Had not their new plantations long enjoy'd,
 But they grew Englishmen and rais'd their votes,
 At foreign shoals of interloping Scots
 The * Royal branch from Pictland did succeed,
 With troops of Scots and scabs from North by Tweed

The seven first years of his pacifick reign,
 Made him and half his nation Englishmen;
 Scots from the Northern frozen banks of Tay,
 With packs and plads came whiggling all away;
 With pride and hungry hopes compleatly arm'd,
 Thick as the locusts which in Egypt swarm'd,
 With native truth, diseases and no money,
 Plunder'd our Canaan of the milk and honey:
 Here they grew quickly Lords and Gentlemen,
 And all their race are True born Englishmen.

The civil wars, the common purgative,
 Which always us'd to make the nation thrive,
 Made way for all their strolling congregation,
 Which throng'd in pious C - - - s's restauration,
 The Royal refugees our breed restores,
 With foreign Courtiers and with foreign Whores,
 And carefully re-peopled us again,
 Throughout his lazy long lascivious reign,
 With such a blest and True-born English Fry,
 As much illustrates our Nobility.
 A gratitude which will so black appear;
 As future ages must abhor to hear;
 When they look back on all that crimson flood,
 Which stream'd in Lindsey's and Carnarvan's blood,
 Bold Stafford, Cambridge, Capel, Lucas, Lisle,
 Who crown'd in death his father's funeral pile,
 The loss of whom, in order to supply
 With True-born English new Nobility.

Six bastard Dukes survive his luscious reign,
 The labours of Italian C - - - n.
 French P - - - h rabby S - - - t and Cambrian
 Besides the numerous brightly and virgin throng,
 Whose female glories shade them from my song.

This offspring, if one age they multiply,
 May half the house with English peers supply.
 There with true English pride they may contemn
 S - - - g and P - - - d made new Noblemen.

French Cooks, Scotch Pedlars, and Italian Whores
 Were all made L - - - ds or L - - - ds Progenitors;

Beggars and Bastards by this new creation
 Much multiply'd the P——ge of the nation;
 Who will be all, "e'er one short age be o'er;
 As true born L——ds as those we had before.

Then to recruit the commons he prepares,
 And heal the latent breaches of the wars:
 The pious purpose better to advance.
 H' invites the banish'd Protestants of France;
 Hither for God's sake and their own they fled,
 Some for religion came, and some for bread:
 Two hundred thousand pair of wooden shoes,
 Who (God be thank'd) had nothing left to lose,
 To heav'n's great praise, did for religion fly,
 To make us starve our poor in charity
 In ev'ry port they plant their fruitful train,
 To get a race of True-born Englishmen;
 Whose children will, when riper years they see,
 Be as ill natur'd and as proud as we;
 Call themselves English, Foreigners despise,
 Be surly like us all, and just as wise.

Thus from a mixture of all kinds began
 The heterogeneous thing, an Englishman;
 In eager rapes and furious lust begot
 Betwixt a painted Briton and a Scot;
 Whose gend'ring offspring quickly learnt to hew,
 And yoke their heifers to the Roman plough,
 From whence a mongrel half-bred race there came,
 With neither name nor nation, speech or same;
 In whose hot veins new mixtures quickly ran;
 Infus'd betwixt a Saxon and a Dane.

While their rank daughters, to their parents just
 Receiv'd all nations with promiscuous lust.
 This nauseous brood directly did contain
 The well-extracted blood of Englishmen.

Which medly, canton'd in a heptarchy,
 A rhapsody of nations to supply,
 Among themselves maintain'd eternal wars,
 And still the ladies "lov'd the conquerors."

The Western Angles all the rest subdu'd ;
 A bloody nation, barbarous and rude :
 Who by the tenure of the sword possess
 One part of Britain, and subdu'd the rest,
 And as great things denominate the small,
 " The conqu'ring part gave title to the whole ;
 The Scot, Pict, Briton, Roman, Dane submit,
 And with the English-Saxon all unite :
 And these the mixture " have so close pursu'd,
 " The very name and memory is subdu'd,"
 No Roman now, no Briton does remain,
 Wales strove to separate, but strove in vain ;
 The silent nations undistinguish'd fall,
 And Englishman's the common name for all.
 Fate jumbled them together, God knows how,
 " Whate'er they were, they're true-born English now."

The wonder which remains is at our pride,
 To value that which all wise men deride,
 For Englishmen to boast of Generation,
 Cancels their knowledge, and lampoons the nation.
 A True-born Englishman's a Contradiction,
 In speech and irony, in fact a Fiction ;
 A banter made to be a test of fools,
 Which those that use it justly ridicules ;
 " A metaphor, invented to express "
 A man a-kin to all the universe.

For as the Scots (as learned men ha' said)
 Throughout the " world their wand'ring seed ha' spread,
 So open handed England 'tis believ'd,
 Has all the gleanings of the world receiv'd.

Some think of England 'twas our Saviour meant,
 The Gospel should to all the World be sent :
 Since which the blessed sound did hither reach,
 They to all nations may be said to preach,
 'Tis well that virtue gives nobility,
 Else God knows where we had our gentry ;
 Since scarce one family is left alive,
 Which does not from some foreigner derive.

Of sixty thousand English gentlemen,
Whose deeds and arms in registers remain,
We challenge all our Heralds to declare
Ten families which English Saxons are.

France justly boasts the noble ancient line
Of Bourbon, Monmorency, and Lorain :
The Germans too their house of Austria show,
And Holland their invincible Nassau :
Lines which in Heraldry were ancient grown,
Before the name of Englishman was known.
Ev'n Scotland too her elder glory shows,
Her Gordons, Hamiltons, and her Monroes,
Douglas's, Mackays, and Graham's, names well known
Long before ancient England knew her own.

But England, even to the last degree,
Borrows or makes her own nobility,
And yet she boldly boasts of pedigree ;
Repines that foreigners are put upon her,
And talks of her antiquity and honour ;
Her S - - - ls, S - - - ls, C - - - ls, D - - - M - - - rs,
M - - - ns and M - - - nes, D - - - s and V - - - rs,
Not one have English names, yet all are English peers.

Your H - - - ns, P - - - lions, and L - - - liers,
Pass now for True-born English Knights and squires,
And make good Senate-Members or Lord Mayors.
Wealth, however got, in England makes
Lords of mechanicks, gentlemen of rakes.
Antiquity and birth are needles here,
'Tis impudence and money makes a P - - - r.

Innumerable city-knights we know
From blue-coat-hospitals and Bridewell flow :
Draymen and porters fill the city chair,
And foot-boys " Majesterial purple wear."
Fate has but very small distinction set
Betwixt the counter and the coronet.
Tarpaulin L - - - ds, pages of high renown,
Rise up by poor men's valour, not their own.
Great families of yesterday we show,
And lords, whose parents were, "the Lord knows who."

THE
True-born Englishman.

PART II.

THE breed's describ'd : Now, Satyr, if you can,
Their temper shew, for manners make a man.
Fierce as the Briton, as the Roman brave,
And less inclin'd to conquer than to save ;
Eager to fight, and lavish of their blood,
And equally of fear and forecast void ;
The Pict has made them sour, the Dane morose,
False from the Scot, and from the Norman worse
What honesty they have, the Saxon gave 'em.
And that now they grow old, begins to leave 'em.
The climate makes them terrible and bold,
And English beef their courage does uphold :
No danger can their daring spirits pall,
Always provided that their belly's full.

In close intrigues their faculty's but weak,
" For gen'rally what e'er they know they speak ;
And often their own counsels undermine,
By their infirmity, and not design :
From whence the Learned say, it does proceed,
That " English treasons never can succeed."
For they're so open hearted you may know
Their own most secret thoughts and others too.
The lab'ring poor, in spite of double pay,
Are saucy, mutinous and beggarly ;

ord knows who."

So lavish of "their money and their time,"
 That want of forecast is the nation's crime.
 Good drunken company is their delight,
 And what they get by day they spend by night.
 Dull thinking seldom does their heads engage,
 But drink their youth away and hurry on old age.
 Empty of all good husbandry and sense,
 And void of manners most, when void of peace.
 "Their strong aversion to behaviour's" such,
 They always talk too little or too much :
 So dull, they never take the pains to think,
 And seldom are good natur'd but in drink.

In English Ale their dear enjoyment lies,
 For which they'll starve themselves and families.
 An Englishman will fairly drink as much
 As will maintain two families of Dutch :
 Subjecting all their labour to the pots ;
 The greatest, " artists are the greatest Sots."

The country poor do by example live,
 " The Gentry lead them, and the Clergy drive."
 What may we not from such examples hope !
 The " Landlord is their God : the Priest their Pope."
 A drunken Clergy, and a swearing Bench,
 Have giv'n the reformation such a drench,
 As wise men think there is some cause to doubt,
 Will purge religion and good manners out.

Nor do the poor alone their liquor prize,"
 The sages join in this great sacrifice.
 The learned men who study Aristotle,
 Correct him with an explanation bottle ;
 Praise Epicurus rather than Lyander,
 And Aristippus more than Alexander,
 The doctors too their Galen here resign,
 And gen'rally " prescribe specifick Wine :"
 The graduate's study's grown an easy task,
 While for the usual they toss the flask :
 The Surgeon's art grows plainer every hour ;
 And wine's the balm which into wounds they pour.

Poets long since Parnassus have forsaken,
 And say the ancient bards were all mistaken :
 Apollo's lately abdicate and fled,
 And good king Bacchus governs in his stead ;
 He does the " Chaps of the head refine,"
 And atom thoughts jump into word by wine :
 The inspiration's of a finer nature,
 As wine must needs excel Parnassus Water.
 Statesmen their weighty politicks refine.
 As soldiers raise their courages by wine.
 Cæcilia gives her choristers their choice,
 And lets them all drink wine, to clear their voice.

Some think the Clergy first found out the way,
 And wine's the only spir't by which they pray :
 But others less prophane than so agree,
 It clears the lungs, and helps the memory :
 And therefore all of them divinely think,
 Instead of study, 'tis as well to drink.

And here I would be very glad to know,
 Whether our Asgilites may drink or no :
 Th' enlightning fumes of wine would certainly
 Assist them much when they begin to fly :
 Or if a fiery chariot should appear,
 Inflamm'd by wine, they'd ha' the less to fear.

Ev'n the Gods themselves, as mortals say :
 Were they on earth, would be as drunk as they :
 Nectar would be no more celestial drink ;
 They'd all take wine to teach them how to think :
 But English drunkards gods and men outdo,
 Drink their estates away, and senses too.
 Colon's in debt, and if his Friends should fail
 To help him out, must die at last in goal :
 His wealthy uncle sent an hundred pables,
 To pay his trifle off, and rid him out of troubles.
 But Colon, like a True born Englishman,
 Drank all the money out in bright champagne ;
 And Colon does in custody remain.

Drunk'ness has been the darling of the realm,
 E'er since a drunken pilot had the helm.
 In their religion they are so uneven,
 That each man goes his own by-way to heaven:
 Tenacious of mistakes to that degree,
 That ev'ry man pursues it sep'rateely,
 And fancies none to find the way but he,
 So shy of one another they are grown,
 As if they strove to get to heav'n alone:
 Rigid and zealous positive and grave,
 And ev'ry grace but charity they have:
 This makes them so ill natur'd and uncivil.
 That all men think an Englishman the Devil.
 Surly to strangers, froward to their friend;
 Submit to love with a reluctant mind;
 Resolv'd to be ungrateful and unkind.
 If by necessity reduc'd to ask,
 The giver has the difficultest task;
 For what's bestow'd, they awkwardly receive,
 And always take less freely than they give:
 The obligation is their highest grief;
 And never love where they accept relief.
 So sullen in their sorrows, that 'tis known,
 They'll rather die than their afflictions own:
 And if reliev'd it is too often true,
 That they'll abuse their benefactors too:
 For in distress their mighty stomach's such,
 They hate to see themselves oblig'd too much.
 Seldom contented, often in the wrong:
 Hard to be pleas'd at all, and never long.
 If your mistakes their ill opinion gain,
 No merit can their favour re-obtain:
 And if they're not vindictive in their fury,
 'Tis their inconstant temper does secure ye:
 Their brain so cool, their passion seldom burns,
 For all's condens'd before the flame returns;
 The fermentation of so weak a matter,
 The humid damps the fume, and runs it all to water.

So tho' the inclination may be strong,
 They're pleas'd by fits, and never angry long.
 Then if good nature shows some slender proof,
 They never think they have reward enough ;
 But like our surly quakers of the town,
 Expect your manners, but return you none.

Friendship, th' abstracted union of the mind,
 Which all men seek, but very few can find ;
 Of all the nations in the universe,
 None talk on't more, or understand it less :
 For if it does their property annoy,
 Their property their friendship will destroy.

As you discourse them, you shall hear them tell,
 All things in which they think they do excel ;
 No panegyrick need their praise record ;
 An Englishman ne'er wants his own good word.
 His long discourses gen'rally appear,

Prolong'd with his own wond'rous character :
 But to illustrate first his own good name,
 He never fails his neighbour to defame :
 And yet he really designs no wrong ;
 His malice goes no farther than his tongue ;
 But pleas'd to tattle, he delights to rail,
 To satisfy the lech'ry of a tale :

His own dear praises close the ample speech ;
 Tells you how wise he is, that is how rich :
 For wealth is wisdom ; he that's rich is wise ;
 And all men learned poverty despise.

His generosity comes next, and then
 Concludes that he's a True-born Englishman ;
 And they, 'tis known, are generous and free.
 Forgetting and forgiving injury :
 Which may be true, thus rightly understood,
 Forgiving ill turns, and forgetting good.

Chearful in labour, when they've undertook it ;
 But out of humour when they're out of pocket ;
 But if their belly and their pocket's full,
 They may be phlegmatick, but never dull.

And if a bottle does their brains refine,
It makes their wit as sparkling as their wine.

As for the general vices which we find
They're guilty of, in common with mankind,
Satyr, forbear, and silently endure,
We must conceal the crimes we cannot cure :
Nor shall my verse the brighter sex defame,
For English beauty will preserve her name.
Beyond dispute agreeable and fair ;
And modest as other nations are :
For where the vice prevails, the great temptation
Is want of money more than inclination.

In general this only is allow'd,
They're something noisy, and a little proud.

An Englishman is gentlest in command ;
Obedience is a stranger in the land :
Hardly subjected to the magistrate,
(For Englishmen do all subjection hate)

"Humblest when rich, but peevish when they're poor,
"And think what ever they have, they merit more."

The meanest English plowman studies law,
And keeps thereby the magistrates in awe ;
Will boldly tell them what they ought to do,
And sometimes punish their omission too.

"Their liberty and property's so dear,
"They scorn their laws or governors to fear
So bugbear'd with the name of slavery,
They can't submit to their own liberty.

Restraint from ill is freedom to the wise ;
But Englishmen do all restraint despise.
Slaves to the liquor, drudges to the pole ;
The

Their statesmen, and their statesmen sots.
That count such dangerous things,

That it is custom to affront their kings :

So jealous of the power their kings possess,

"They suffer neither power nor kings to rest."

The bad with force they eagerly subdue;
 The good with constant clamours they pursue;
 And did king Charles reign, they'd murmur too.
 A discontented nation, and by far,
 "Harder to rule in times of peace than war;"
 Easily brought together by the cure;
 And full of senseless jealousies and fears:
 Apt to revolt, and willing to rebel;
 "And never are contented when they're well;"
 No government could ever please them long,
 Could tie their hands, or rectify their tongue,
 In this to ancient Israel well compar'd,
 Eternal murmurs are among them heard.
 It was but lately that they were oppress'd,
 Their rights invaded, and their laws suppress'd,
 "When nicely tender of their liberty,"
 Lord! what a "noise they made of slavery."
 In daily tumult shew'd their discontent,
 Lampoon'd their king and mock'd his government.
 And if in arms they did not first appear,
 'Twas want of force, and not for want of fear:
 In humbler tone than English us'd to do,
 At foreign hands, for foreign aid they sue.
 William, the great successor of Nassau,
 "Their prayers heard, and their oppression saw;"
 He saw and sav'd them; GOD and him they prais'd,
 To This their thanks, to That their trophies rais'd.
 But glutted with their own felicities,
 They soon their new deliverer despise:
 Say all their prayers back, their joy disown,
 Unsing their thanks, and pull their trophies down;
 "Their harps of praise" are on the willows hung;
 For Englishmen are ne'er contented long.
 The Rev'rend Clergy too! and who'd be thought,
 That they who had such non-resistance taught,
 "Should e'er to arms against their prince be brought!"
 Who up to heav'n did regal power advance;
 Subjecting English laws to modes of France;

Twisting religion so with loyalty,
 As one could never live, and t'other die,
 And yet no sooner did their prince design,
 Their gables and perquisites to undermine,
 But all their passive doctrines laid aside ;
 " The Clergy their own principles deny'd ;"
 Unpreach'd their non-resisting cant, and pray'd
 To heaven for help, and to the Dutch for aid.
 The church chm'd all her doctrines back again ;
 And pulpet champions did the cause maintain,
 Flew in the face of all their former zeal,
 And non-resistance did at once repel.
 The rabbies say, it would be too prolix,
 To tie religion up to politicks ;
 The church's safety is *Suprema Lex*,
 And so, by a new figure of their own,
 Their former doctrines all at once disown.
 As laws, *post facto*, in the parliament,
 In urgent cases have obtain'd assent ;
 But are as dang'rous precedents laid by,
 Made lawful only of necessity.
 The Rev rend Fathers then in arms appear,
 And men of GOD, became the men of war.
 The nation, fir'd by them, to arms apply,
 Assault their antichristian monarchy ;
 To their due channel all our laws restore,
 And made things what they should ha' been before :
 But when they came to fill the vacant throne,
 And the pale priests look back on what they'd done,
 How English liberty began to thrive,
 And Church of England loyalty out-live :
 How all their persecuting days were done,
 And their deliv'rer plac'd upon the throne ;
 The priest (as priests are wont to do) turn'd tail ;
 They're Englishmen, and nature will prevail,
 Now they deplore the ruins they ha' made,
 And murmur for the master they betray'd :
 Excuse those crimes they could not make him mend,
 And suffer for the cause they can't defend :

Pretend they'd not ha' carri'd things so high,
 And Proto Martyrs made for Popery ;
 Had the prince done as they design'd the thing,
 Ha' set the Clergy up to rule the king ;
 Taken a donative for coming hither,
 And so ha' left their king and them together ;
 We had, say they, been now a happy nation,
 No doubt we'd seen a blessed reformation.
 For wise men say, 'tis as dang'rous a thing,
 A ruling priesthood, as a priest-ridden king.
 And of all plagues, with which mankind are curst,
 " Ecclesiastick tyranny's the worst."

If all our former grievances were feign'd,
 King James has been abus'd and we trapann'd ;
 Bugbear'd with popery, and Power despotick,
 Tyrannick government, and leagues exotick,
 The revolution's a phanatick plot,
 W ——— a tyrant, S ——— a sot.

A factious people and a poison'd nation,
 Unjustly forc'd King James's abdication.

But if he did the subjects rights invade,
 Then he was punish'd only, not betray'd ;
 And punishing of kings is no such crime,
 But Englishmen ha' done it many a time.

When kings the sword of justice first lay down,
 They are no kings, tho' they possess the crown.
 Titles are shadows, crowns are empty things,
 The good of subjects is the end of kings ;
 To guide in war, and to protect in peace ;

' When tyrants once commence, the kings do cease ;
 ' For arbitrary Power's so strange a thing,
 ' It makes the tyrant, and unmakes the king.'

If kings by " Foreign Priests and armies reign,
 And lawless powers against their oaths maintain ;
 Then subjects must ha' reason to complain,
 If oaths must bind us, when our kings do ill,
 To call in foreign aid is to rebel.

By force to circumscribe our lawful prince,
 Is wilful treason in the largest sense.
 And they who once rebel, most certainly
 Their GOD, and king, and former oaths defy,
 If we allow no male-administration
 Could cancel the allegiance of the nation:
 Let all our learned sons of Levi try,
 This eccles'astic riddle to untie.
 How they could make a step to call the prince,
 And yet pretend to oaths and innocence.
 By the first address "they made beyond the seas,
 "They're perjur'd in the most intense degree;"
 And without scruple for the "time to come,"
 May swear to all the kings in Christendom.
 And truly did our kings consider all,
 "They'd never let the Clergy swear at all;"
 Their polittick "allegiance they'd refuse;"
 For whores and priests will never want excuse.
 But if the mutual contract was dissolv'd,
 The doubt's explain'd, the difficulty solv'd;
 That kings, when they descend to tyranny,
 Rescind the bond, and leave the subjects free.
 The government's ungirt when justice dies:
 And constitutions are non-entities.
 The nation's all a mob, there's no such thing,
 As lords or commons, parliament or king.
 A great promiscuous crowd the Hydra lies,
 'Till laws revive, and mutual contract ties:
 A chaos free to chuse for their own share.
 What case of Government they please to wear:
 If to a king they do the reins commit,
 All men are bound in conscience to submit:
 But then that king must, by his oath, assent
 To postulate's of the Government;
 Which if he breaks he cuts off the entail,
 And power retreats to its original.
 This doctrine has the sanction of assent;
 From nature's universal parliament.

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The voice of nations and the courts of kings,
Allow that laws superior are to kings,
None but delinquents would have justice done :
Knaves rail at laws, as soldiers rail at peace.
For justice is the end of government,
As reason is the test of argument.

No man was ever yet so void of sense,
As to debate the right of self-defence :
A principle so grafted in the mind,
With nature born, and does like nature bind.
Twisted with reason, and with nature too,
As neither one nor t'other can undo.
Nor can this right be less than national ;
Reason which governs one, should govern all,
What e'er the dialect of courts may tell ;
He that his right demands can use of steel.
Which right, if 'tis by governor's deny'd,
May be procur'd by force of foreign aid ;
For tyranny's a nation's term of grief,
As folk's cry Fire, to hasten in relief ;
And when the hated word is heard about,
All men should come to help the people out.

Thus England groan'd ; Britannia's voice was heard ;
And great Nassau to rescue her appear'd :
Call'd by the universal voice of fate,
GOD and the people's legal magistrate.

Ye Powers in regard ! almighty Jove look down !
And view thy mur'd monarch on the throne !
On their ungrateful heads due vengeance take,
Who sought his aid, and then his part forsake.
Witness, ye powers ! it was our call alone,
Which now our pride makes us assum'd to own :
Britannia's troubles fetch'd him from afar,
To court the dreadful casualties of war,
But where requital never can be made,
Acknowledgment's a tribute seldom paid.

He dwell in bright Maria's circling arms,
Defended by the magick of her charms,
From foreign Fears, and from Domestic Harms.

Ambition found no fuel in her fire,
He had what GOD could give, or man desires.
Till pity rous'd him from his easy repose
His life to unseen hazards to expose.
Till pity mov'd him in our cause to appear;
Pity that word which now we hate to hear:
But English gratitude is always such
To hate the hand, which does oblige too much.

Britannia's cries gave birth to his intent,
And hardly gain'd his unforeseen assent:
His boding thoughts had told him he should find
The people fickle, selfish and unkind:
Which thought did to his royal heart appear
More dreadful than the dangers of the war.
For nothing grates a gen'rous mind so soon
As base returns for mighty service done.

Satyr, be silent; awfully prepare
Britannia's song and William's praise to hear:
Stand by, and let her cheerfully rehearse
Her grateful vows in her immortal verse.
Loud fame's eternal trumpet let her sound;
Listen ye distant poles, and endless round;
Blow the strong blast the welcome news convey,
As far as sound can reach, or spirit fly.
To neigh'ring worlds (if such there be) relate
Our hero's fame for their's to imitate:
To distant worlds of spir'its let her rehearse;
For spir'its without the help of voice converse.
May angels hear the gladsome news on high,
Mix'd with their everlasting symphony:
And hell itself stand in suspense to know,
Whether it be the fatal blast, or no.

B R I T A N N I A .

THE same of virtue, 'tis for which I sound,
And heroes with immortal honours crown'd,
Fame built on solid virtue, neither flies
Than morning light can spread the eastern skies,
The gath'ring air returns the doubling sound,
And loud repeating thunders force it round ;
Echo's return from caverns of the deep ;
Old Chaos dreams on't in eternal sleep.

Time hands it forward to its latest urn,
From whence it never never shall return.
Nothing is heard so far, or lasts so long ;
'Tis heard by ev'ry ear, and spoke by ev'ry tongue.

My hero, with the sails of honour furl'd ;
Rises like the great genius of the world :
By fate and fame wisely prepar'd to be
The soul of war, and life of victory ;
He spreads the wings of virtue on the throne,
And ev'ry wind of glory fans them on :
Immortal trophies dwell upon his brow,
Fresh as the garlands he has won but now.

By different steps the high ascent he gains,
And differently that high ascent maintains.
Princes for pride, and lust of rule make war,
And struggle for the name of conqueror :
Some fight for fame, and some for victory ;
He fights to save, and conquers to set free.

I seek no phrase his title to conceal,
 And hide with words, what actions must reveal.
 No parallel from Hebrew stories take,
 Of godlike kings my similes to make:
 No borrow'd names conceal my living theme,
 But names and things directly I proclaim.

'Tis honest merit does his glory raise;
 Whom that exalts, let no man fear to praise:
 Of such a subject no man need be shy;
 Virtue's above the reach of flattery.
 He needs no character, nor his own fame,
 Nor any flattering titles, but his name.

William, the name that a spoke by ev'ry tongue,
 William's the darling subject of my song.
 Listen, ye virgins, to the charming sounds
 And in eternal dances band a round.

"Your early offerings to this altar bring;
 Make him at once a lover and a king.

May he submit to none, but to your arms,
 Nor ever be sold, but by your charms;
 May your love, though not for him be all sublime,
 And ev'ry tender vow be made for him.

May he be first in ev'ry morning thought;
 And hear'n ne'er hear a pray'r, where he's left out.

May ev'ry omen, ev'ry boding dream,
 Be fortunate in mentioning his name:
 May this one charm, infernal powers affright,
 And guard you from the terrors of the night:

May ev'ry cheerful glass as it goes down,
 To William's health be cordials to your own.

Let ev'ry song be chorus'd with his name,
 And much pay her tribute to his fame:

Let ev'ry poet tune his artful verse,
 And in immortal strains his deeds rehearse:
 And may Apollo never more inspire
 The disobedient bard with his seraphick fire.

May army sons their grateful homage pay,
 His praises sing, and for his safety pray.

Satyr, return to our unthankful Isle,
 Secur'd by Beaton's regard, and William's toil
 To both ungrateful, and to both untrue;
 Rebels to GOD, and to good nature too.

If e'er this nation be distress'd again,
 To whomsoever they cry, "they'll dry in vain,"
 To hear'n they cannot have the face to look:
 Or if they should it would but hear'n provoke:
 To hope for help from man, 'twould be too much,
 Mankind would always tell 'em of the Dutch;
 How they came here our freedom to maintain,
 Were paid and ow'd, and hurried home again.
 How by their aid we first dissolved our fears,
 And then our help requir'd for foreigners.
 'Tis not our English temper to do better,
 For Englishmen think every man their debtor.

'Tis worth observing that we ne'er complain'd
 Of foreigners, nor of the wealth they gain'd,
 'Till all their services were at an end,
 Wise men affirm it is the English way,
 Never to grumble till they come to pay;
 And then they always think (their temper's such)
 The work too little, and the pay too much.

As frighted patients, when they want a cure,
 Bid any price, and any pain endure;
 But when the Doctor's remedies appear,
 The cure's too easy, and the price too dear.

Great Portland ne'er was banters'd when he strove
 For us his master's kindest thoughts to move:
 We ne'er lampoon'd his conduct when employ'd
 King James's secret councils to divide;
 Then we careen'd him as the only man,
 Which could the doubtful oracle explain:
 The only Hushat able to repel
 The dark designs of our Achitophel!
 Compar'd his master's courage to his sense:
 The ablest statesman and the bravest prince.

His wise conduct we deplored much,
And held him not the worse for being Dutch.
Nor was he valu'd more than he deserv'd,
Freely he serv'd, faithfully he serv'd,
In all King William's dangers he has shar'd,
The revolution first, and then the Boy'n;
In both his counsels and his conduct shine.

His martial valour, Flanders will confess,
And France regrets his managing the peace,
Faithful to England's interest, and her king,
"The greatest reason of our murmuring."

Ten years in English service he appear'd,
And gain'd his master's and the world's regard:
But 'tis not England's custom to reward.

The wars are over; England needs him not;
Now he's a Dutchman, and the Lord knows what.

Schomberg, the ablest soldier of his age,
With great Nassau did in our cause engage:
Both join'd for England's rescue and defence;
The greatest captain and the greatest prince.
With what applause his stories did we tell?
Stories which Europe's volumes largely swell.
We counted him an army in our aid;
Where he commanded, no man was afraid.

His actions with a constant conquest shine,
From Villa Vittoria to the Rhine;
France, Flanders, Germany his fame confess;
And all the world was fond of him but us.
Our turn first serv'd; we gradu'd him the command,
Witness the grateful temper of the land!

We blame the King . . . that he relies too much
On Strangers, Germans, Hugonots, and Dutch;
And seldom does his great affairs of state,
To English counsellors communicate.

The fact might very well be answer'd thus;
He has so often been betray'd by us:
He must have been a madman to rely
On English G . . . as fidelity.

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Yet, laying other arguments aside,
This thought must mortify our English pride,
That foreigners have faithfully obey'd him,
And none but Englishmen have betray'd him.
They have our ships and merchants bought and sold,
And barter'd English blood for foreign gold.

First to the French they sold our Turkish slaves,
And injur'd Talmash next at Camaret;
The king himself is shelter'd from their enmity,
Not by his merit but the crown he wears.
Experience tells us, 'tis the English way
Their benefactors always to betray.

THE CONCLUSION.

THEN let us boast of ancestors no more,
Or deeds of heroes done in days of yore,
In latent records of the ages past,
Behind the rear of time, in long oblivion plac'd,
For if our virtues must in lines descend,
The merit with our families would end;
And intermixtures would most fatal grow;
And vice would be hereditary too:
The tainted blood would of necessity,
Involuntary wickedness convey.

Vice, like ill-nature for an age or two,
May seem a generation to pursue;
But virtue seldom does regard the breed;
Fools do the wise, and wise men fools succeed.

What is't to us what ancestors we had?
If good, what better? or what worse, if bad?
Examples are for imitation set,
Yet all men follow virtue with regret.

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is all a cheat,
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FINIS

