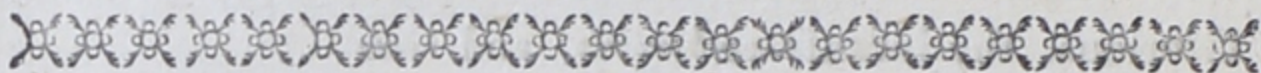


Of satire they impeach me, strain severe!
 Thou know'st my innocence: 'tis true indeed
 I sometimes scribble, but 'tis thou inspir'st:
 In proof accept, O goddess, this my verse.



On J. W. ranging PAMPHLETS.

By the Same.

WHAT ken mine eyes, enchanted? man of ease,
 In elbow chair, and under brow of thought
 Intense, on some great matter fixt, no doubt:
 What mean the *myrmidons* on either hand
 In paper-coats, and orderly array,
 Spread far and wide, on table, desk, and stool,
 Variety of troops, white, purple, pied,
 And grey, and blue's battalion trim; and who
 In marbled regimentals, some in vest
 Gay edg'd with gold; of various garb, and tongue,
 And clime; extended o'er the wooden plain.

Not force more numerous from her teeming loins
 Pours forth *Hungaria* to the *Danube's* bank
Croats and *Pandours*: nor the swarming war
 Of *Turk* and *Nadir*, nodding opposite
 With particolour'd turbans. Sing, O Muse,
 Their marshal'd numbers, and puissance. First,
 With fable shield, and arms opaque, advance

Divinity

Divinity polemic, sober rage,
 Yet deadly ! (and can rage in minds divine
 Inhabit !) councils, fynods, cloysters, schools,
 Cowl beats off cowl, and mitre mitre knocks.
 Presbyt'ry here with wither'd face askew,
 Vengeance demure ; and there devoutly fierce
Catholicos, in lawn sprinkled with blood.

Not far behind with her divided troops
 Comes Policy, with democratic shouts
 On one hand, on the other loud acclaim
 For pow'r hereditary, and right divine :
 I see the various portraiture display'd,
Brutus and *Nimrod*, libertines, and slaves,
 And crowns, and ^h breeches flutter in the air.

Who next with aspect sage and parchment way'd
 Voluminous come on ? I know their beards
 Historic, see the style acute, with which
 They fight old Time, maugre his desp'rate scythe,
 And as he cleaves the pyramid, apply
 Their puny prop. Hence annals, journals hence,
 And memoirs, doubtful truth, and certain lies,
 And tales, and all the magazines of war.

What Muse, O Poetry, can pass unsung
 Thy flowing banners, and gay tent, adorn'd
 With airy trophies ? or would leave thy name
 Uncatalogu'd, were it but *Nereus*-like

^h Alluding to the arms impress'd on the money of the Commonwealth of England.

To beautify the list. Not that thou want'st
Th' offensive dart, 'till *Satire's* quiver fails.

All these, and more came flocking ;—but await
The dread commander's voice, and dare no more
Start from their place, than did the *Theban* stone,
Ere yet *Amphion* sung.—From side to side
The sedentary chief, in studious mood,
And deep revolve, darts his experienc'd eye.
Forth from his presence hies his aid-de-camp,
A sturdy *Cambro-Briton*, to survey
The posture of the field ; from rank to rank
Posting succinct. He gives the word, which way
The squadrons to advance, where wheel their course.
“ Vanguard to right and left.” Forthwith the bands,
As at the found of trump, obedient move
In perfect phalanx. Each their station knows
And quarters, as the general's will ordains.

First to its place spontaneous Verse repairs,
Knowing the call, and practis'd to obey
His summons. Peaceful Controversy sheaths
Her claws, contracted to make room for *Scot*
And *Tom. Aquinas*, slumb'ring side by side ;
And *Bellarmino*, and *Luther*, heard no more
Than *Delphi's* shrine, or *Memnon's* statue dumb.
All, all, in order due and silence, look
A modern convocation. Hist'ry lies
By hist'ry,—*Hyde* and *Oldmixon* agree.

Which when the marshal, from his easy chair
Of callimanco, saw; knit his calm brows
Thoughtful, and thus th' assembled leaves bespoke.

Ye hierarchies, and commonweals, and thrones,
Folios, octavos, and ye minor pow'rs
Of paper, ere to winter-quarters sent,
Hear me, ye list'ning books. First I direct
Submission to your lord and faith entire.
Did I not list you, and enroll your names
On parchment? See the volume; look at me.
Did I not mark you (as the *Prussian* late
His subjects) badge of service when requir'd?
'Tis well,—and let me next, ye flimsy peers,
Love brother-like and union recommend:
Live peaceful, as by me together tied
In bands of strictest amity: shou'd then
Your master lend you to some neighb'ring state
Auxiliaries; remember ye preserve
Your first allegiance pure, and chearful home
Return, when summon'd by your natural prince.
Be humble, nor repine, tho' smear'd with ink
And dust inglorious; know your birth and end,
For rags ye were, and must to rags return.