

# ESSAYS

A NEW

In Defence of

# VERRSES,

With a SATYR

Upon the Enemies of

# POETRY.

What time was ever blest to that degree

As that fam'd golden Age of Poetry?

When th' Oaken Garland, and the Laurel Crown

Flourish'd, as equal Trophies of Renown.

B

When

Miscellany P O E M S.

2

When Great *Augustus* did the Scepter weild,  
And glittering Arts th' Imperial Crown did  
Poets and Heroes alike honour'd were,  
The one to do great deeds, the other to declare  
*Horace*, and *Ovid*, charm'd the Courtly throng  
Majestick *Maro* sung his lofty Song,  
And by the Worlds great Monarch \* was so grac  
The awful Bard he on his right Hand plac'd.  
Nay even the lesser Genius was not scorn'd,  
But each to his desert with praise adorn'd;  
From *Pindar's* height, to *Cinna's* low degree,  
Some Honor still was done to Poetry.  
The Nation cherish'd each Harmonious strain,  
And Tuneful Numbers charm'd each Infant Boy  
Whilst jocond Muses Danc'd about their Springs  
And *Cæsar's* glories did to *Cæsar* Sing.

\* *Suetonius* writes of *Augustus*, that he was not only an excessive  
nary lover of the ingenious Authors of that Age, but also an  
Poet himself: he once writ a bitter Satyr against a Poet, who  
return no answer, only saying, *Periculosum est in eum scribere*  
*potest proscribere.*

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How shall I sing

Momus his malice was a sham'd to use;  
 Nor durst discountenance a bashful Muse.  
 The sober Criticks were all Judges then,  
 And what they cavill'd at, could well maintain.  
 Instruction, and not Envy, fill'd their minds;  
 The Wits, and would be Wits, were diff'rent kinds.  
 Reason and Judgment founded their Disputes,  
 And *Orpheus* there was safe amongst the Brutes;  
 But here where Routs of *Bachanals* do throng,  
 Alas, What *Orpheus* can defend his Song!  
 In this lewd Age, each raw pert callow Chit,  
 Drunk with the fumes of undigested Wit;  
 As much by Wine inspir'd to play the Fool:  
 One that a month before was whipt at School  
 For grovelling Dulness, with inervate force  
 Shall dare to back the Muses soaring Horse.  
 So *Maggots bred by the Suns Genial Eye,*  
*I th' Morning Crawl, and before Evening Fly.*  
 How, Sacred Art, shall I thy fame disperse!  
 How shall I sing the dignity of Verse!

Miscellany P O E M S.

4 From whence the Sweetness of each Language  
springs,  
By which of Heavenly Gods, and Conquering  
Kings,  
Are writ, in mighty Numbers, mighty things,  
Extracted from the Flowers of every Tongue,  
The Artful Poet frames his pleasing Song.  
Like Bees, by Heaven inspir'd to influence  
The World, with Works unknown to vulgar Sense,  
And does from Powers Divine a gift receive,  
The Crowd may Emulate, but ne'er atcheive.  
'Tis this that does their sordid Spleens Alarm,  
Unskill'd in th' Magick, tho they feel the Charm  
Tho Tuneful Verse delights each clodded Brain  
Poet, and Science both, all Fools disdain.  
Fools ever hate an Art they can't attain.  
With black reproach they a fam'd Work defile,  
Despise the Vertue, and abhor the Stile,  
And Books adorn'd with Jems of Learning Spoil

Misc

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Ignorance, in A  
But in our time  
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Of any Nation  
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In vain is Stud  
Since every Art  
Where Verse ha  
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So have I seen a Brute tread down and tear

A Laurel, he could ne'er deserve to wear.

Thus is Instruction lost, for to what end

Is found Reproof to such as cannot mend.

Ignorance, in Ages past, a Curse has bin,

But in our time 'tis grown a wilful sin.

Now Fortune, not Desert, acquires Mens fame :

He that best knows to \*Crimp shall win the Game

Time-serving Parasites prefer'd shall be,

Of any Nation, Notion, or Degree,

But the Poetick Loyal Fool like me.

In vain is Study, useless is the School,

Since every Art's abus'd by every Fool.

Where Verse has not the power to Influence,

What method ever can reform the Sence ?

What would a *Cato*, or a *Virgil* be,

*Jobnson*, or *Shakespeare*, to the Mobile ?

Or how would *Juvenal* appear at Court,

That writing Truth had his Bones broken for't ?

\* A Cant amongst Gamesters, signifying a Cheat.

When times are so corrupt they cannot bear  
 Reproof, it is a sign Confusion's near:  
 And when harmonious Poetry design'd  
 To calm wild griefs, and still the stormy mind,  
 And by a soft and pleasing Elegance,  
 The sweets of Artful Rhetorick t'advance,  
 Is by the Town decry'd, it does declare  
 Folly, and not Philosophy Rules there.

Yet though good Writing be a gift sublime;  
 How do the Poetafters of the time;  
 Debauch the Science still with Dogrill Rhime.  
 Ne'er heeding what degrees of Nonsense swell;  
 The guilty Lines, if they but Jingle well.  
 'Tis Rhime the Readers reason must controul,  
 Rhime is the Sence, the Substance, and the Soul  
 In a whole Poem let no Wit be found,  
 If every Couplet end the with same sound.  
 Poets, that justly would their fame advance,  
 Should make Rhimes fall as if they came by chance

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 To hear a King  
 Or for his Cloa  
 A Lady too in  
 How oft she too  
 Such stuff the  
 Too silly, and

A Tuneful word the Verse more sweet to make,

And not as studied for the Meeters sake.

Such chiming still from solid dulness springs,

*Rhimers and Poets are vast diff'rent things.*

Verses with Rhime, are proper several ways,

In great Heroicks, Satyrs, and Essays,

But most ridiculous when tag'd in Plays.

First from the Siege of *Rhodes* that method sprung,

And there most fitly since the Verse was sung.

But your stiff *Herods*, or *Cambises* strains,

Your *Maximins*, or hot *Almanzors* veins,

Show rather than the Wit, the heat of Brains.

Since Nature bears chief Rule in Poetry,

Than this, what more unnatural can be

To hear a King, in Rhime express his Rage,

Or for his Cloak, in Verse to ask his Paged

A Lady too in sounding Numbers tell,

How oft she took a Glister, and how well.

Such stuff the Reader every day may meet,

Too silly, and too tedious to repeat.

Verse without Rhime delightful may appear,  
 Where Sence in equal Measures charms the Ear,  
 This first to use Seraphick *Milton* brought:  
 And great *Roscommon* since has better taught,  
 Who more Correct than any of our times,  
 Oft show'd, true Reason had no use of Rhimes;  
 Patron of Verse, thy soul on Earth did move,  
 In the same glory now it shines above.

Kindle in me, oh mighty *Bard*, thy fire,  
 And with thy powerful Art my Muse inspire.  
 So the wrong'd Sisters shall their griefs disperse,  
 And th' Age reform by my Satyrick Verse:  
 Whilst the wise few, do in this mirror see  
 The fordid enemies of Poetry.  
 First the Town Fop, in modern Stile, the Beasts  
 Inspir'd by learn'd *Pontack*, or wise *Grilleau*:  
 Dress'd like a Wax-Work-Baby in a Glafs,  
 That wasts the Morn consulting his odd Face,  
 Studies his Stockins with a penfive Head,  
 To know which best becomes, the Green or Red;

And Parches  
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And Patches cuts, sented with Amber-Greife,

To hide the Rubies in his pudled Phiz:

Is one that does to Poetry worst Spite,

By the pretences that he has to write,

Flush to *Wills* Coffee-House he comes each  
night.

Confirm'd those Wits are all charm'd with his parts,

As with his *Beau Visage* the Ladies Hearts.

To prove this, straight some Poem is inspected,

And by this Farrier barb'rously dissected:

The mirth goes round, the Paper they condemn,

Some at the Verses laugh, and more at him;

But that's not heeded by his grinning Crew,

Fools always laugh, when e'er their fellows do:

And when a Jest is put, each has a pride

To think whoever laughs 'tis on their side.

Thus 'tis not known which Verse is good or bad,

Because this Fop the Criticism made:

For all the Wise owe Poetry a grudge,

When such as he pretend to Write, or Judge.

His

His praise is fatal still, and if he Reads,  
 The Martyr'd Poem still the worse succeeds,  
 So Rats, that build in Country Barns their Nest,  
 Part of the Corn devour, and spoil the rest,  
 Such Fops as this the Poet's fame expose;  
 This still is one of their invet'rate Foes:  
 His managing the state of Verse so ill,  
 On the whole Science brings a scandal still.  
 In vain, alas, toils the aspiring Drudge:  
 'Tis only Wit, that Wit can Write, or Judge.  
 A Jewel rated at a price so high,  
 That few have stock of Brains enough to buy,  
 Yet all aim at the Jem to make 'em fine;  
 Nay, rather than they'll not be thought to shine  
 Deck'd with dull Pebbles, not true Warts of Roes  
 Th' appear like Mrs. H——ton in a Box.  
 Tho Wit, within it self, a Beauty be,  
 'Tis still more charming dress'd in Poetry:  
 A Robe, which is by Heavens peculiar care,  
 Design'd for very, very few to wear.

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For as an awkward, ill bred, Country Clown,  
 From his dull Parents newly come to Town:  
 Though his Court Taylor racks his Brain to dress  
 The Booby, and set off his silly Face,  
 Yet all find out the brutish soul within,  
 The Ass is seen for all the Lions skin.

So th' noise Bully that oft plagues the Pit,  
 Tho dress'd in the cast Robes of antick Wit,  
 The braying *Mamus* is not hid from view,  
 For the dull Ears will still be peeping through.

The next ill Tribe that Poetry disgrace,  
 Is, to their shame, amongst the Female race:

A wanton sort of Town Coquets there are,  
 That Poets hate, because they Poets fear.  
 Wholesom Reproof, like Age, still comes too soon,  
 And worse than the Small-Pox, is a Lampon.

For tell but *Lais* there's a Satyr writ,  
 Struck with a conscious guilt she leaves *Basset*.  
 Tears each *Alpieu*, hates even dear *Sonica*,  
 And against Poets does with rage inveigh.

Rogues,

Rogues, to expose her faults to all the Town,  
 And make th' intreigue with the dear Coachman  
 known.  
 What though to wanton Plays she'll railing come  
 Yet Act each night far lewder Scenes at home;  
 What though her fame is known so well abroad,  
 The Court and Town can prove her Whore  
 Bawd?

Yet if she Prim and swear she's very Chast,  
 Shall homely Satyr dare to spoil the jest?  
 When she has bosom Friends, to prove untrue  
 Each Amorous slip, though done in open view.  
 For whether she's a Devil, or a Saint,  
 As Woman-kind, she can no Party want.

*Vertue on single Innocence depends,*

*But favourite Vice is stor'd with many Friends.*

Howe'r of these, a numerous Tribe there are  
 We have (thank Heaven) some for desert as rare  
 Though *Lais* does the Poets Art abuse,  
 Divine *Asteria* dignifies a Muse.

Souls most I  
 Verse that in  
 Of charmin  
 And as she,  
 An Angels  
 In Beauties  
 Excelling a  
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 The horny S  
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 The Monster

Souls most Divine, inspiring Verse approve,  
 Verse that improves the Saints in Songs above,  
 Of charming Honor, and more charming Love.

And as she, sweetest of that lovely kind,

An Angels Body, with an Angels mind,

In Beauties Synod takes the formost place,

Excelling all in Feature, as in Grace :

So does her Wit each fond admirer warm,

And with her killing Eyes has equal Charm.

In her dear Breast, the Arts will flourish still,

There lies no Malice, nor there wants no Skill ;

Her Divine Soul enjoys a blest Repose,

And, except gentle Love, no Passion knows :

Nor that, but in so awful a degree,

'Twere fitter stild a Heavenly Charity.

In vain her Vertue, Envy seeks to stain :

The horny Satyr lifts his Scourge in vain.

Instead of finding Vice he might reprove,

The Monster kneels, and sighs, and falls in Love.

Like

Miscellany P O E M S.

14

Like her, each Soul embellish'd with desert,  
That Sacred Learning loves, applauds this Art,  
But besides these I have expos'd to view,  
There are a third, dull, doting, canting Crew,  
'Tis that Noble Sciences so little heed,  
Their Clodpate Off-spring scarce are bred to Read,  
Hence 'tis that by the curse of vacant Brains,  
So many whimsies in the Nation reigns:  
Hence Pipe and Tabor, Hum and Buz, are priz'd  
And each inspiring Muse as much despis'd.  
With little Band, and piqued Beard, new prun'd,  
Their Brains unfettled, and their Souls untund:  
They fordidly the generous Art decry,  
And from Tub Pulpits knock down Poetry.  
The Swordman, yet unmark'd with honor'd Scars  
Routs Poets too, with Criticisms of War:  
I mean the Spark that Whores, Drinks, Gamble  
and Swears,

Whose Valour more in Scarf, than Man appears!

One whose h  
Inclin'd to W  
A Scholar, a  
'Tis the next  
His Honor a  
Ah, Duncce,  
And see how  
See there a R  
With Science  
Wife \* Anton  
Great Julius,  
Thought it a  
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\* Marcus Aure  
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tial testifies of his  
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One whose hot Brain, believes, that if he be  
 Inclind to Wit, Religion, Modesty,  
 A Scholar, and a friend to Poetry;  
 'Tis the next way, his Credit to abuse,  
 His Honor and Commission both to lose.  
 Ah, Duncce, look back on glorious ancient times,  
 And see how Arts the Martial Soul sublimes.  
 See there a Race of Conquering Emperors,  
 With Sciences improve their idle hours:  
 Wise \* Antoninus, † Nerva, Adrian,  
 Great Julius, and Ador'd Vespasian,  
 Thought it a luster to their dignity,  
 T' advance, and be well skill'd in Poetry.  
 How brutish then must be that grovelling Race,  
 That to bright knowledge ne'er erect their Face,  
 But with the down-look'd Herd unminded  
 Graze.

\* *Marcus Aurelius Antoninus*, was Surnamed *Philosophus*, not only for his knowledge, but also practice of Philosophy; and was observed to have often in his Mouth that speech of Plato, *Tunc florent Republica quando Philosophus Regit, vel Rex Philosophatur.*

† This Emperor was also very Eloquent, and a good Poet, as Martial testifies of him, *vid. his Epigram of him, lib. i i. Epig. 6.*

*Quanta quies placidi tanta est facundia Nerva.*

And

And how secure are Arts, and Sciences,  
 Though darted at by such weak foes as these.  
 What though the name of Poet, in the vogue  
 O'th' Mobile, is full as bad as Rogue,  
 As wretched, and as scandalous to them,  
 As if he were for some vile Theft Condemn'd.  
 Desert should smile, rather than take offence,  
 They act according to their Dole of Sence.  
 Wit will be still a Jem, though slighted by a Clown  
 As Roses will be sweet, tho' Asses tread 'em down  
 Or if, which is their greatest infamy,  
 A Poet's general state is Poverty.  
 As those that slight the World, t'inrich the Mind  
 From thence small favour can expect to find:  
 Suppose no Sun shines on him from the Court,  
 His Labours to reward, or Life support;  
 Suppose he is deceiv'd in some redress,  
 As if he's honest, ten to one he is;  
 Philosophy does his ill Stars controul,  
 And far above the vulgar seats his Soul.

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Besides, *Mecænas* will be still alive,  
 And bountious *Cesar* every Age survive.  
 Some *Albem—le*, or *Dor—tt*, will be found,  
*Ess—x*, or *Car—le*, with true merit Crown'd,  
 By grateful Poets deathless Verse renown'd:  
 That o'r the bladder'd Crowd will make 'em swim,  
 And lift their sinking Heads above the stream.  
 Hail, therefore, Patrons of the Muses all,  
 Low at your Feet the Nine do humbly fall.  
 You that their Works with generous pleasure see,  
 And shine upon the Flowers of Poetry,  
 Encourage Satyr, that exposes Crimes,  
 And Version praise for Wit, and not for Rhimes:  
 To you, with them, I dedicate my part,  
 A weak defender of a Noble Art:  
 Glad of applause from Judges, but not griev'd  
 If by the Crowd my Lines are not receiv'd.  
 Heaven does Mankind to different Wits condemn;  
 The Vulgar hate me, and I pity them:

But when I with a Man of Judgment meet,  
 Or with a virtuous Lady, that has Wit,  
 My Breaſt entire, between 'em both they part,  
 He has my faithful Service, ſhe my Heart.  
 For blaſted be my Muſe, when it ſhall dare  
 To wrong a worthy Friend, or hurt the Fair.

Q

H

Out-ſhining  
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 Too fierce  
 She veil'd  
 Thus taught