

IX. *(I wish for Rhime, & had the King)*
 So shall I court thy dearest Truth,
 When Beauty ceases to engage;
 So thinking on thy charming Youth,
 I'll love it o'er again in Age:
 So TIME it self our Raptures shall improve,
 While still We wake to Joy, and live to Love.

A N
 E P I S T L E

FLEETWOOD SHEPHERD, Esq;

Burleigh, May 14, 1689.

S I R,

AS once a Twelvemonth to the Priest,

Holy at ROME, here Antichrist,
 The SPANISH King presents a Jennet,
 To show his Love; — That's all that's in it:
 For if his Holiness wou'd thump
 His reverend Bum 'gainst Horse's Rump,
 He might b' equipt from his own Stable
 With one more White, and eke more Able.

Or as with Gondola's and Men, His
 Good Excellence the Duke of VENICE

(I wish,

(I wish, for Rhime, 't had been the King)
 Sails out, and gives the Gulph a Ring;
 Which Trick of State, He wisely maintains,
 Keeps Kindness up 'twixt old Acquaintance:
 For else, in honest Truth, the Sea
 Has much less need of Gold, than He,

Or, not to rove, and pump one's Fancy
 For Popish Similies beyond Sea;
 As Folks from Mud-wall'd Tenement
 Bring Landlords Pepper-Corn for Rent;
 Present a Turkey, or a Hen
 To Those might better spare Them Ten:
 Ev'n so, with all Submission, I
 (For first Men instance, then apply)
 Send You each Year a homely Letter,
 Who may return Me much a better.

Then take it, Sir, as it was writ,
 To pay Respect, and not show Wit:
 Nor look askew at what it saith;
 There's no Petition in it, — Faith.

Here some would scratch their Heads, and try
 What They shou'd write, and How, and Why;
 But I conceive, such Folks are quite in
 Mistakes, in Theory of Writing.
 If once for Principle 'tis laid,
 That Thought is Trouble to the Head;

(div 1)

I argue

I argue thus: The World agrees,
 That He writes well, who writes with Ease:
 Then He, by Sequel Logical,
 Writes best, who never thinks at all.
 Verse comes from Heav'n, like inward Light;
 Meer human Pains can ne'er come by't:
 The God, not we, the Poem makes;
 We only tell Folks what He speaks.
 Hence, when Anatomists discourse,
 How like Brutes Organs are to Ours;
 They grant, if higher Powers think fit,
 A Bear might soon be made a Wit;
 And that, for any thing in Nature,
 Pigs might squeak Love-Odes,
 Dogs bark Satyr.

MEMNON, tho' Stone, was counted vocal;
 But 'twas the God, mean while, that spoke all.
 ROME oft has heard a Crofs haranguing,
 With prompting Priest behind the Hanging:
 The Wooden Head resolv'd the Question;
 While You and PETRIS help'd the Jest on.
 Your crabbed Rogues, that read LUCRETIVS,
 Are against Gods, You know; and teach us,
 The God makes not the Poet; but
 The Thesis, *vice-versâ* put,
 Should Hebrew-wise be understood;
 And means, The Poet makes the God.

ÆGYPTIAN Gard'ners thus are said to
 Have fet the Leeks they after pray'd to;
 And ROMISH Bakers praise the Deity
 They chipp'd, while yet in its Paniety.

That when You Poets swear and cry,
 The God inspires; I rave, I die;
 If inward Wind does truly swell Ye,
 'T must be the Cholick in your Belly:
 That Writing is but just like Dice;
 And lucky Mains make People Wife:
 That jumbled Words, if Fortune throw 'em,
 Shall, well as DRYDEN, form a Poem;
 Or make a Speech, correct and witty,
 As you know who — at the Committee.

So Atoms dancing round the Center,
 They urge, made all Things at a Venture.

But granting Matters shou'd be spoke
 By Method, rather than by Luck;
 This may confine their younger Stiles,
 Whom DRYDEN pedagogues at WILL'S;
 But never cou'd be meant to tye
 Authentic Wits, like You and I;
 For as young Children, who are try'd in
 Go-Carts, to keep their Steps from sliding;
 When Members knit, and Legs grow stronger,
 Make use of such Machine no longer;

But leap *pro Libitu*, and scout
 On Horse call'd Hobby, or without:
 So when at School we first declaim,
 Old BUSBEY walks us in a Theme,
 Whose Props support our Infant Vein,
 And help the Rickets in the Brain:
 But when our Souls their Force dilate,
 And Thoughts grow up to Wit's Estate;
 In Verse or Prose, We write or chat,
 Not Six-Pence Matter upon what.

'Tis not how well an Author says;
 But 'tis how much, that gathers Praise:
 T O N S O N, who is himself a Wit,
 Counts Writers Merits by the Sheet.
 Thus each should down with all he thinks,
 As Boys eat Bread, to fill up Chinks.

Kind Sir, I shou'd be glad to see You;
 I hope Y'are well; so God be wi' You;
 Was all I thought at first to write:
 But Things, since then, are alter'd quite;
 Fancies flow in, and Muse flies high:
 So God knows when my Clack will Mye:
 I must, Sir, prattle on, as afore;
 And beg your Pardon yet this half Hour.

So at pure Barn of loud NON-CON,
 Where with my Granam I have gone,

When

When **L O B B** had sifted all his Text,
 And I well hop'd the Pudding next;
Now to apply, has plagu'd me more,
 Than all his Villain Cant before.

For your Religion, first, of Her
 Your Friends do fav'ry Things aver:
 They say, She's honest, as your Claret,
 Not fowr'd with Cant, nor stum'd with Merit:
 Your Chamber is the sole Retreat
 Of Chaplains ev'ry **SUNDAY** Night:

Of Grace, no doubt, a certain Sign,
 When Lay-Man herds with Man Divine:
 For if their Fame be justly great,
 Who wou'd no Popish Nuncio treat;
 That His is greater, We must grant,
 Who will treat Nuncio's Protestant.
 One single Positive weighs more,
 You know, than Negatives a Store!

In Politicks, I hear, You're stanch,
 Directly bent against the **FRENCH**;
 Deny to have your free-born Toe
 Dragoon'd into a Wooden Shoe:
 Are in no Plots; but fairly drive at
 The Publick Welfare, in your Private:
 And will, for **ENGLAND'S** Glory, try
 Turks, Jews, and Jesuits to defy,
 And keep your Places till You die.

For me, whom wandring Fortune threw
 From what I lov'd, the Town and You;
 Let me just tell You how my Time is
 Past in a Country-Life.—*Imprimis,*
 As soon as PHOEBUS' Rays inspect us,
 First, Sir, I read, and then I Breakfast;
 So on, 'till foresaid God does set,
 I sometimes Study, sometimes Eat.
 Thus, of your Heroes and brave Boys,
 With whom old HOMER makes such Noise,
 The greatest Actions I can find,
 Are, that they did their Work, and Din'd.

The Books of which I'm chiefly fond,
 Are such, as You have whilom con'd;
 That treat of CHINA'S Civil Law,
 And Subjects Rights in GOLCONDA;
 Of Highway-Elephants at CEYLAN,
 That rob in Clans, like Men o'th' HIGHLAND;
 Of Apes that storm, or keep a Town,
 As well almost, as Count LAUZUN;
 Of Unicorns and Alligators,
 Elks, Mermaids, Mummies, Witches, Satyrs,
 And twenty other stranger Matters;
 Which, tho' they're Things I've no Concern in,
 Make all our Grooms admire my Learning.

Criticks I read on other Men,
 And Hypers upon Them again;

F

From

From whose Remarks I give Opinion
On twenty Books, yet ne'er look in One.

Then all your Wits, that fear and sham,
Down from DON QUIXOTE to TOM TRAM;
From whom I Jest and Puns purloin,
And silyly put 'em off for Mine:
Fond to be thought a Country Wit:
The rest, — when Fate and You think fit.

Sometimes I climb my Mare, and kick her
To bottl'd Ale, and neighbouring Vicar;
Sometimes at STAMFORD take a Quart,
'Squire SHEPHARD'S Health, — With all my Heart.

Thus, without much Delight, or Grief,
I fool away an idle Life;
'Till SHADWELL from the Town retires,
(Choak'd up with Fame and Sea-coal Fires,)
To bless the Wood with peaceful Lyric;
Then hey for Praise and Panegyric;
Justice restor'd, and Nations freed,
And Wreaths round WILLIAM'S glorious Head.