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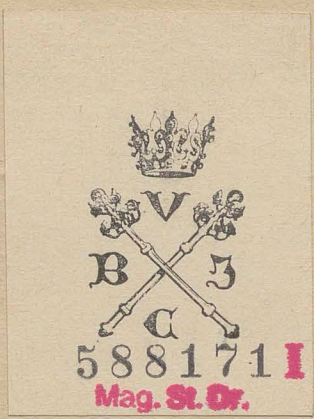
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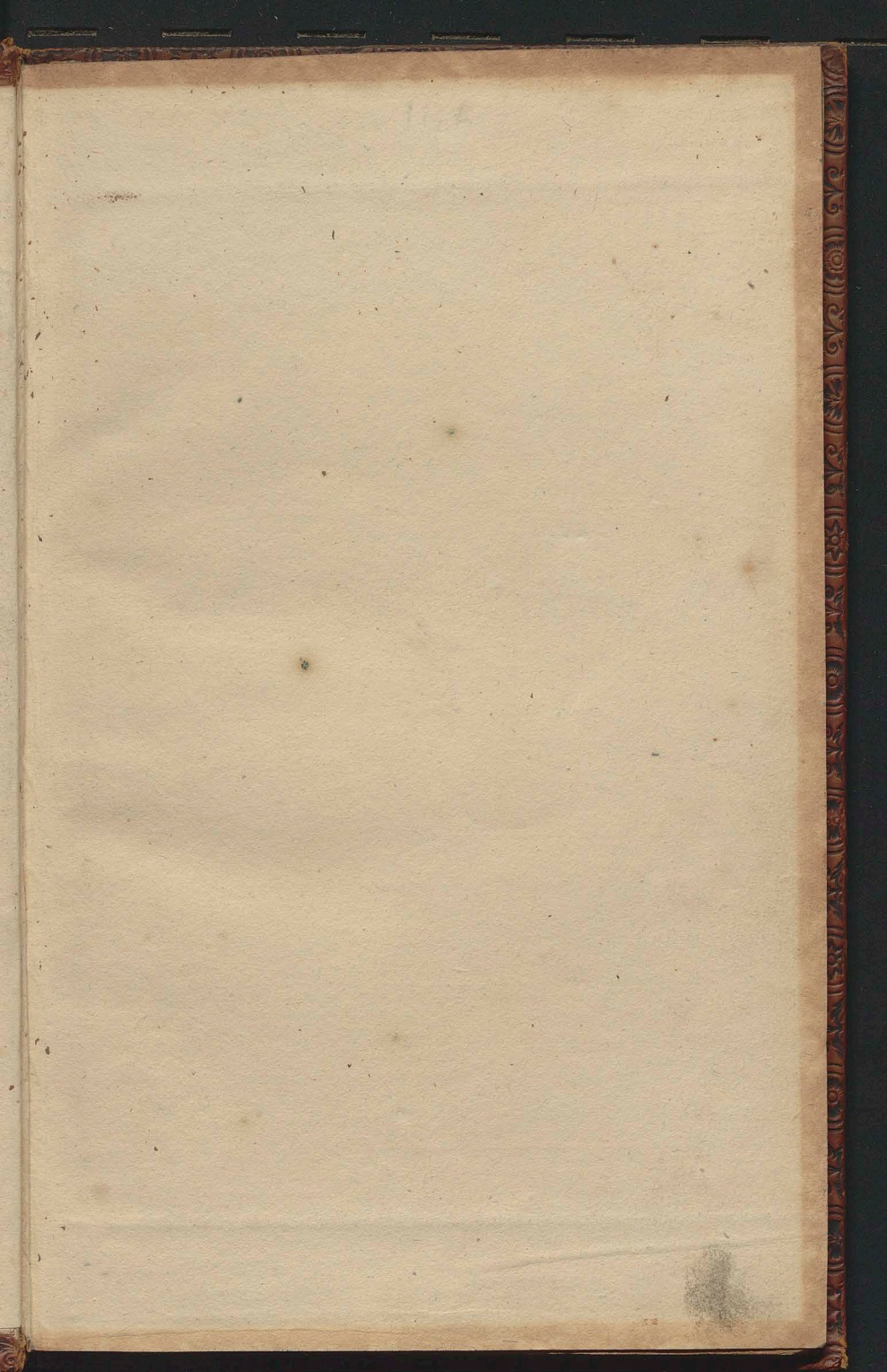


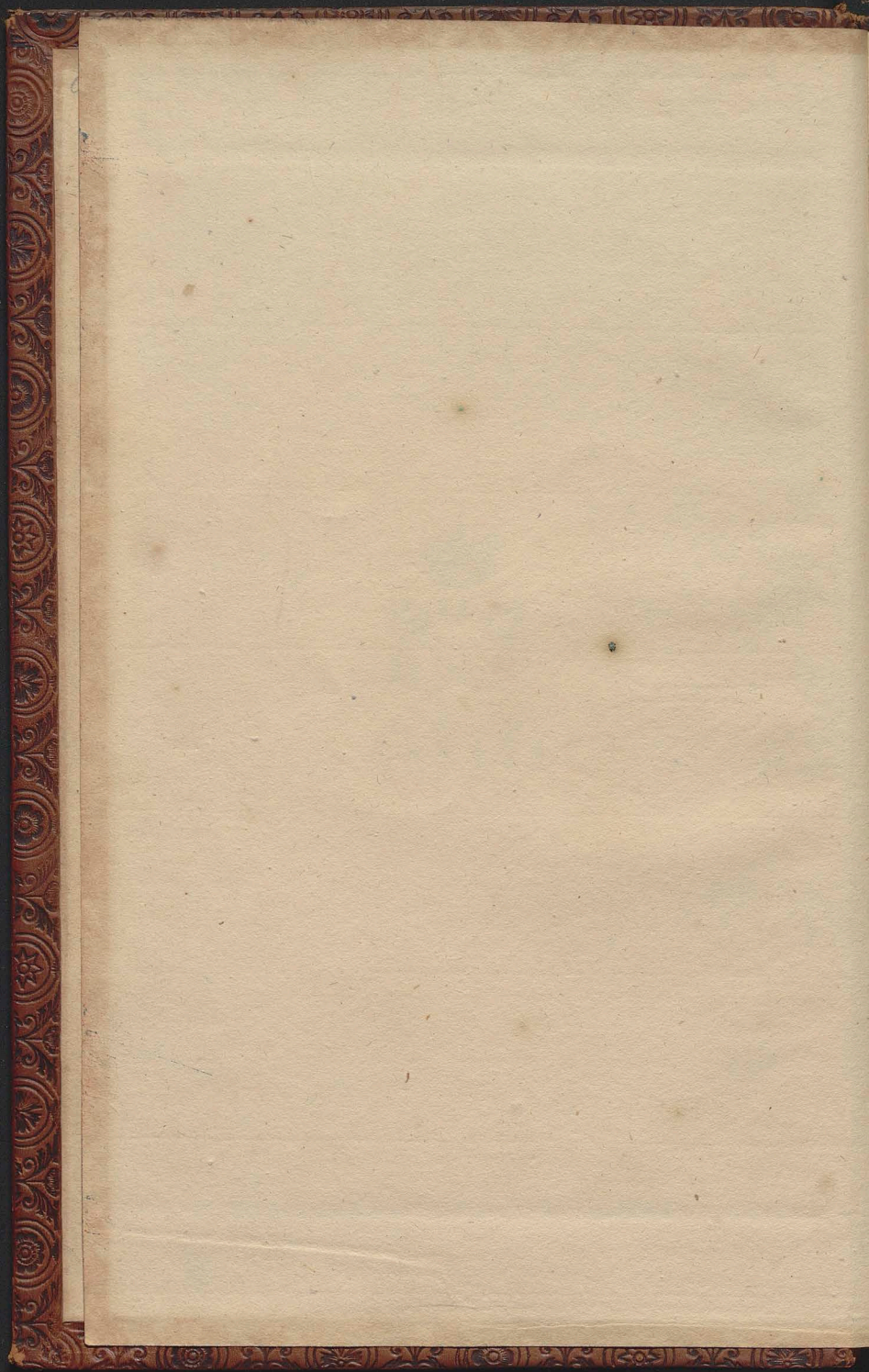
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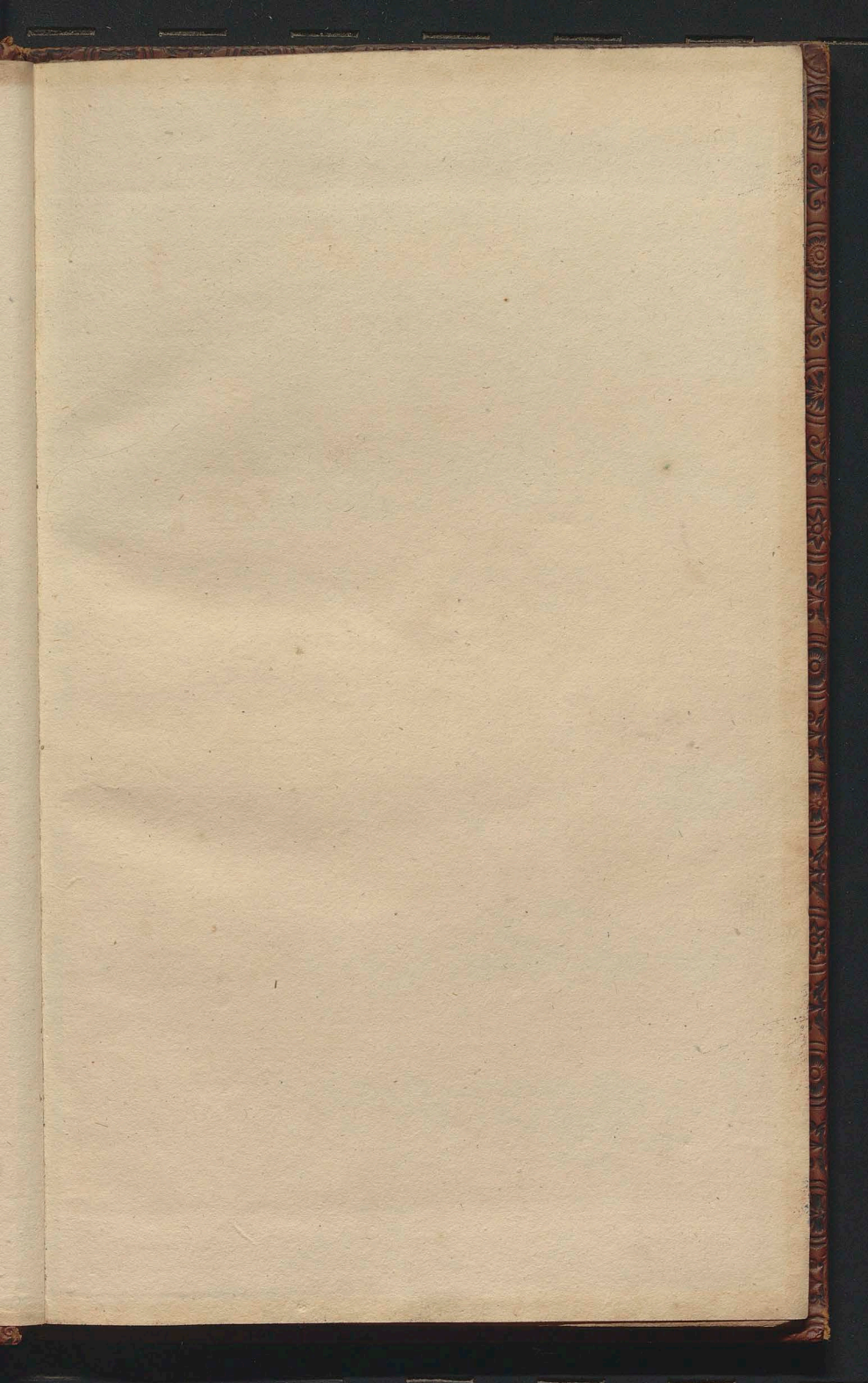
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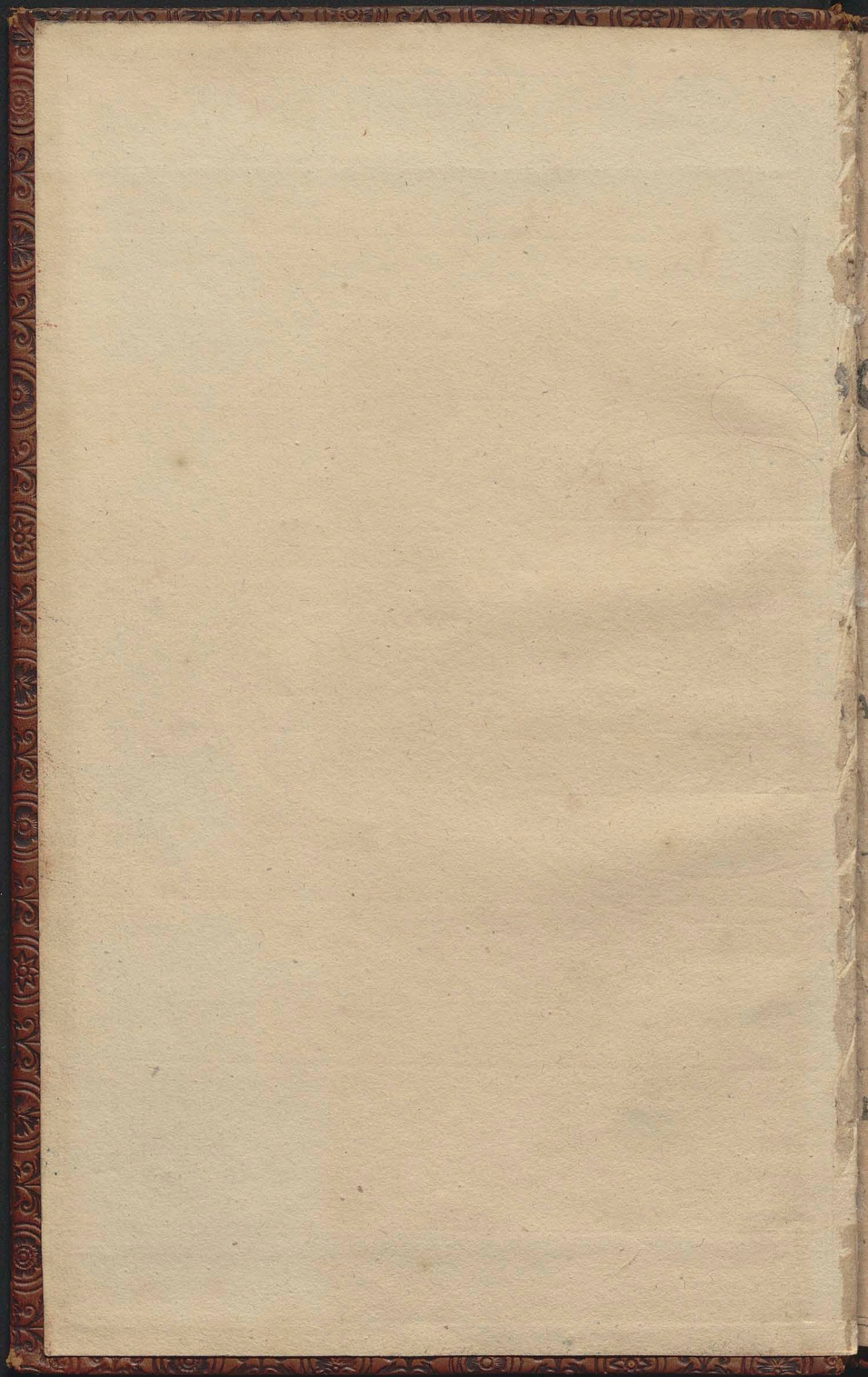


251









THE

Dyct of POLAND,

A

SATYR.

CONSIDER'D

Paragraph by Paragraph.

To which is added

A Key to the whole, with the Names of the *Author*, and the *Nobility* and *Gentry*, that are Scandalously Pointed at, in it.

*Rode Caper vitem, tamen hinc cum stabis ad Aras,
In tua quod fundi Cornua possit, erit, Ovid :*

LONDON,

Printed: And Sold by Ben. Bragg, at the Blue-
Ball in Ave Mary-Lane, in the Year, 1705.

Vice-Chancellor, who answered a Master of Arts, y^e Groom for his reasons
concerning a certain Scholar his Degree, y^e he Lov'd a Girl by y^e known
Response of Quis non? what man is without a kind will affection to y^e
Females. fol 4. Prose

In De for. berst on S. P. S. he plainly calls M^r. R. But he y^e write
on a Widdmans forehead: ought to have fool written on his brow
y^e rest of y^e Catalogue of Harde Names, w^{ch} are usually affix'd
to Distours. fol 19. berse

S^r Geo: Rooke destroyed y^e Shippes at La Hogue, he brose y^e
Boon at Londonderry, he behord hys hundred Shippes trading
to Turkey & Levant, y^e Putt off at Vigo, & taking of Gibraltar
vide in fol 23 in prose

By De for. Sionian Plott in his worke: fol p. y^e 2 fol 22
is by y^e In of Meant y^e Scotts Plot: in the case of y^e for so
was a deep plot, & indeed it was soe w^{ch} y^e 20 y^e 1
now heard of any one y^e our friend y^e Bottom of pit
in fol 11th et:

The 2. were promised to Elizabeth of Devon: only to make
y^e in of Bone file, y^e acme to y^e from y^e Act of Tolles
fol ye 34 Prose

The Tacklers had Coats of Arms from their Freedoms, &
therefore had not been soe good Eschomre to y^e Herald
Office: as y^e Kings of late years, who have had none
put upon their Coats, till ~~the year 1688~~ for they
had for y^e in fol y^e 30 in Prose

Bibi Jee

St. Dr. 1997 D 1496/19(44)

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THE PREFACE.

AS Poland lyes almost in the same Latitude with England, so the Character the Poet has here given of the Poles, seems so exactly to match what some ill-natur'd People have said of some in England, that he easily foresees this Censorious Age will be apt to mis-judge him, as if he had some Oblique Meaning, and that this was a Satyr levell'd at some People nearer Home than the Castle of Warsaw.

To foresee an Accident and not endeavour to be prepar'd against it, is a Piece of Policy peculiar to an Author that sets up To Reform the Errors of Petty Statismen three times a week to no Purpose; and it adds very much to a Malefactor's Conviction to be guilty of a Willful Crime. Wherefore He had better, either to have kept his Foresight to himself, or stifled his Poem before he had sent it abroad, to the Great Abuse of himself, and the Patriots he has taken the Freedom to Characterize. As for his Skill in Poetry, if it was no better than his Knowledge in Geography, He might have spar'd the Trouble of a Preface to the Reader, since there is so great a Difference between London and Warsaw in their Latitude, that the first is Lon. 18. 36. Lat. 51. 32. the last Lon. 42. 5. Lat. 52. 7.

The PREFACE.

But the Author humbly hopes all such *Innendo-Men* will consider, that as they can have no Reason to Think so, but *Similitude* of Characters, so no Conjectures of theirs ought to pre-judge his meaning, in which he demands to be left to himself, and expects to be understood in the following Poem as he *Speaks*, not as every prejudic'd Man may imagine he *meant*.

How any Man can humbly hope, that has the *Arrogance* to say, He can be charg'd with nothing but *similitude* of Characters, is beyond the Reach of my Understanding, and if he has not done by the Gentlemen whom he has *Injuriously* treated, as well as those whose Reputation is blasted with his *Commendation*, as if he had actually written down their *Christian and Sir Names* in Capital Letters, then I have no claim to any such Thing as *Common Apprehension*.

If any are so Weak to tell us, That *Smithfield* and *Cheapside*, cannot be meant of *Poland*, the Author presumes to ask such People, if ever they have been at *Warsaw*; and, if they have, and don't know that there is both a *Smithfield* and a *Cheapside*, as well as a *May-Fair*; and a *Beat-Garden*, he is sorry for their Heads, and desires them to step thither again to Reform their Memories.

Poland may have Places put to the same uses as *Smithfield* and *Cheapside*, and *Fairs* and *Beat-gardens* may be in Request there; but it is none of his business, to bring *English Transactions* upon the *Polish Theatre*. And any Man of *Compassion* has very great Reason to be sorry for his Head, who thinks to conceal what was Printed near *Bartholomew-Close*, under the sorry Artifice of an Impression from *Dantzick*.

But suppose there are not places call'd directly by those Names, if there are places apply'd to the same Uses, what has any Body to question the Allegories? A poor Author must never Write at all, if he is not at Liberty to chuse His *Metaphors*, and all the rest of the necessary *Figures of Speech* to help out his Expression.

He

The P R E F A C E.

He has forgot his Tryal at the Old-Baily for writing *The Shortest Way* with the Dissenters, or He would never insist upon an Author's Liberty to chuse what Metaphors He thinks fit; for, though He did not pay so dearly for his Beloved Ironies as he deserv'd, yet the Sentence then pass'd on Him by the Bench might have had such an effect upon his Temper, as not to make him uneasie, but when was breaking through the Bonds, he was engag'd in to the Government, in being tyed up to his Good Behaviour.

If 'tis alledg'd that there is too great an Affinity in the Story.— He Answers, If that be True, he is sorry for it: but at the same time he Hopes not, and the matter of Fact ought to be prov'd, before he stands Censur'd for Calumny.

Though the Character of the Persons his Satyr points at are False and Malicious, yet they bear so near a Resemblance to what is said of them by their Enemies of the Dissenting Party, that the Scandal is fix'd beyond an Excuse, and ought to be Animadverted upon with the utmost severity, unless the Gentlemen in Power close with the Libeller, and sling off all Deference and Respect for the Memories of their Predecessors.

'Tis very hard that a Man cannot Write of the Follies of other Nations, but People will be always comparing them with their own. One would ha' Thought the Author had Travell'd far enough to find out Histories and odd Passages to divert us; but if neither Chira, Poland, nor the Inhabitants of the Moon will protect Folks from being Hang'd, as the Frenchman said, for Tinking, go on, Gentlemen, and if the Cap fits any Body let 'em wear it. You are Welcome to say these Polish Grandees represent Englishmen, but look to it, ye Sons of Censure, that can Swear to a Man's Meaning, and know his Inside without the help of his Outside: For if the People your Profoundi-
ty

The P R E F A C E.

ty pretends to describe, are Affronted, the Action of Slander lyes against You, and not the Author. In the Writing 'tis a Poem, you, in the Reading, turn it into a Libel, and you merit the Punishment for the Metamorphosis.

An ingenuous Confession of the Author, who would be thought to take the Pains of Concealing himself. If neither China, Poland, nor the Inhabitants of the Moon will protect Folks from being Hang'd, &c. Your Humble Servant Mr. Daniel Foe! you might as well have given us your Name at Large, for every one knows who wrote the Consolidator; and as to your Meaning, they must be Men of profound Stupidity indeed, that cannot find it out by your Gaping, you are so Intelligible your self, amongst your want of understanding. So that the Scandal will be laid at your Door who made it a Libel, not at your Readers, who finds it as such.

Perhaps there is a sort of Affinity among the Vitious part of Mankind in all Countries and Climates; and the Author Doubts not he should have run the same Risque of Misconstruction, had he Wrote this at Paris as at London, that he should have been summon'd before the Court of Honour for Libelling the Princes of the Blood, the Sorbonne, or the Councillors of Parliament: 'tis very hard it should fit there, and here too.

Had such a Piece of Scurrility dar'd to show its Face at Paris, the Author of it would scarce have had his Heels at Liberty during Life, and if some People whom it concerns to make enquiry of this nature, would but perform those Duties which are owing to the Well-being of the Government, He may chance to meet with none of the Civilest Treatment in London for his Impudence; since no Term can be too opprobrious for a Person who thinks no Appellation Bitter enough against these Directors of the Publick Affairs, who act contrary to the Methods He would prescribe to them.

Since

The P R E F A C E.

Since then this is the Fate of Authors, and he must expect it, he Submits, but desires however, that these Unchristian Censurers will take this along with them, and so make a Vertue of their want of Charity. That where-ever the Similitude of Character pinches them too close, they would prevent the Severity of the Application, by Reforming the Likeness; the Satyr wou'd then have the desired Effect, viz. By drawing the Imaginary Picture of Outlandish Devels, really Transform our own.

The Fate of an Author that casts such a Reproach on the Church and Government Establish'd, ought not to terminate in a Scotch Casement; but He, that has offer'd up a Hymn to the Pillory, and made it clap its wooden Wings for Joy, at the Reception of its new Tenant, would not be much lamented if the Three Leg'd Tree, a Mile and a half out of Town, should pay Him the same Compliment: Since it is not his Reader's want of Charity, but his own, that renders him Criminal.

Nor do I apprehend the World will be less Solicitous about who is the Author of this: Some perhaps will guess one, some another; and the *Hawkers*, they tell me, will according to Custom, Cry it about the street in the famous Name of *Daniell de Foe*. And tho' they might as well Guess it was Wrote by the Man in the *Moon*, yet I am content, He, or any body else should go away with the Credit of it. 'Tis enough that I am out of the Reach of the *Polish* Resentments, and cannot be Prosecuted by the *Cardinal* Primate, most of the Persons here toucht at being his Friends, and all of them in his Interest; and as for the World they may do their Worst.

I am their Unconcerned Humble Servant,

Anglipoloski,

Of Luthuania.

When

The PREFACE.

When an Outrage is committed, it is but natural to be in Quest of the Person that caus'd it; and it will not be difficult, without the assistance of the Hawkers, who are more at his Service than his Handmaids the Nine Muses, to find that this Libel is not, without sufficient Grounds for so doing, charg'd with a Name those Prophanè Throats are incessantly piercing our Ears with. Which may prove his being out of the Reach of the Polish Resentments, to be a mere Chimera and false suggestion; for though the Ecclesiastical Authority may not take him to Task, He may be grinded to Powder by the Secular Arm, which he must own himself obnoxious to, notwithstanding his Borrow'd Name of Anglipoloski.

Bibl. Jagg.

THE

Anglipoloski

of London

THE
Dyct of Poland

A
SATYR, &c.

Ed. 1. 169.
IN Northern Climes where furious Tempests blow,
 And Men more furious raise worse Storms below,
 At Nature's Elbow, distant and remote,
Happy for Europe had she been forgot,
 The World's *Proboscis*, near the Globe's Extremes,
 For barb'rous Men renown'd, and barb'rous Names,
 There *Poland* lies, too much her Maker's Care,
 And shares the mod'rate Blessings of the Air,
 Just as far off from Heaven as we are here. }

Those must be Furious Men indeed that can out-Bluster *Boreas*, and how any thing can be at *Natures Elbow*, and yet *Distant* and *Remote* at the same time, requires the Nicest Determination. *Natures Backside* would have done as well every Jot, but it's a *Paw Word*, as the *Observer* tells his Countryman *Roger*, and must be flung aside for being *Uncourtly*. The *World's Proboscis* too is altogether *New*, and just minted, why not *Great Toe* as well, for he that gave the World a *Nose*, gave it likewise *Feet* to Stand upon, or it's Creation would be imperfect?

Under the Artick Circle of the Sky,
 Where Vertues Streams run Low, and Nature's High, }
 For Heat of Clime too far, of Blood too nigh :
 Temper'd for Plenty, plenteously supply'd
 With Men advanc'd in ev'ry Grace *but Pride*.

A mighty Nation throngs the groaning Land,
 Rude as the Climate, num'rous as the Sand:
 Uncommon monstrous *Virtues* they possess,
 Strange odd prepostrous *Polish* Qualities;
 Mysterious Contraries they reconcile,
 The *Pleasing Frown* and the *Destroying Smile*;
 Precisely gay, and most absurdly grave,
 Most *humbly high*, and *barbarously brave*;
Debauch'dly Civil, and *Prophanely Good*,
 And fill'd with *Gen'rous brave Ingratitude*;
 By *Bounty Disoblig'd*, by *Hatred won*,
 Bold in their Danger, Cowards when 'tis gone;
 To their own Ruin they're the only Tools,
 Wary of Knaves, and eas'ly chous'd by Fools;
Profoundly empty, yet *declar'dly wise*,
 And fond of blind *Impossibilities*;
Swell'd with Conceit, they boast of all they do,
 First praise themselves, than think that Praise their Due;
 So fond of flatt'ring Words, so vain in Pride,
 The World *Mock's* them, and they the World *Deride*:
 Value themselves upon their Nations Merit,
 In Spight of all the Vices they inherit;
 So wedded to the Country where they dwell,
 They think that's Heav'n, and all the World's a Hell.
 Their frozen *Vistula* they'd not forgo
 For fruitful *Danube*, or the flow'ry *Po*.
Rapid Boristhenes delights them more
 Than pearly Streams, or a *Peruvian Shore*:
 And *Russian Dwina* dwells upon their Song,
 Hurried by barb'rous Steeps and Hills, and pusht along.

He must be well Read in Natural Philosophy, that makes *Natures Streams* run higher Northwardly, and in the Coldest Climates, than in those that are many Degrees nearer to the Sun, as the Western Parts, &c. And since He has given Nature an *Elbow*, does very *Poetically*, as well as *Modestly*, in describing Her, *more Virginum*, to make Water by the means of that Instrument; for it is not to be imagin'd whence Her Streams Issue unless from thence. That *Pride* is a *Grace* is likewise Wonderfully Novel, and how they can want that *Grace* when in the same Paragraph they are *Swell'd with Conceit*; and be *vain in Pride* is a Riddle requires an *Oedi-*
pus

pus to explain it. Neither are the two last Lines the most sensible Mr. Foe has written in his Life, though they are very Musical to the Ear; for it's a Manifest Contradiction to make the *Dwina dwell upon their Song*, which is an Act of Stagnation, at the same Time, it is *Hurried, i. e. Precipitated and push'd along by Barbarous Steeps and Hills.*

The Land too happy would the People bless,
 Could they agree to know their Happiness;
 Nature with very liberal Hand supplies
 Her Situation-Insufficiencies:
 The temperate Influence revolves of Course,
 And Spite of Climate Nature works by Force.
 The bounteous Spring the Winters Wast repairs,
 And make the World grow young in spite of Years.
 The fruitful Earth uncommon Freedom shows,
 And foreign Wealth by foreign Commerce flows.

Now Dame Nature makes use of Her *Hand* as well as her *Elbow*, and gives amends for Her *Situation Insufficiencies*. But how so? The *Climate was Temper'd for Plenty*, in the Second Paragraph, and now its so far from it, that Nature is forc'd to Interpole, and Act as we do *Unnaturally*, by Forcing the Growth of Plants, &c. by *Hot Beds*. For my Part it never Enter'd into my Noddle how *Nature* could work by *Force*, till this Author gave it me in the *Affirmative*.

But Peopl'd with a hard'ned Thankless Race,
 Whose Crimes add Horror to the milder Place,
 The Bounties by indulgent Heav'n bestow'd
 Corrode the Mischief, and debauch the Blood.
 That Native Fierceness which in Christian Lands
 Makes Heroes, and their Poets Praise commands,
 Here is a Vice, which rankles up to *Fewd*,
 And nourishes the Gust of vile Ingratitude.
 Pride, Plenty's Hand-maid, deeply taints their Blood,
 And Seeds of Faction mix the Crimson Flood.
 Eternal Discords brood upon the Soil,
 And universal Strifes the State embroil.
 In every Family the Temper reigns,
 In every Action Seed of Gall remains.

The very Laws of Peace create Dispute,
 And makes them quarrel who shall execute.
 Their valu'd Constitutions are so lame,
 That Governing they Governments inflame.
 Wild Aristocracy torments the State,
 And People their own Miseries create.

To *Corrode a Mischiefe*, is in my Sense to lessen it, which is far from having any Analogy to *Debauching the Blood*, that is to encrease it; and then again to say, that Native Piereness which makes Heroes and Poets in Christian Countries, here tis a Vice, and Rankles up to Few'd is false Grammar, with Reverence to his Dictatorship, who sets up for the Difficult Resolver, and Impropriety Finder among the Class of Authors. Besides my Historians tell me, though they are not of *the Leyden Edition, and Printed cum Notis Variorum*, That Poland is a *Christian Country* which He seems not to allow here.

In vain has Heav'n its choicer Gifts bestow'd,
 And strives in vain to do a Willful Nation Good:
 Such is the Peoples Folly, such their Fate,
 As all Decrees of Peace anticipate.
 Immortal Jarrs in ev'ry Class appear,
 Conceiv'd in Strife, and Nurs'd to Civil War,

To make *Heaven strive in Vain*, looks also a little Impious, in an Author of this Gentleman's Pretences to Religion; and to let it be *Anticipated in its Decrees of Peace*, can fall under no other Appellation than that of Blasphemy.

Such, *Poland*, is thy People, such thy Name,
 Yet still thy Sons our Panegyricks claim,
 Because their partial Genius is inclin'd
 To think they merit more than all Mankind.

That is, such is thy People *Poland*, and such thy Name, *i. e.* *Poland*. And what of all this, where's the harm of *Poland's* being call'd *Poland*? A Spade's a Spade, and a Bandbox will be a Bandbox to the end of the Chapter, yet still they Love Praise, and who does not? As the Vice-Chancellor, who answer'd a Master of Arts, that gave in for his Reasons of denying a certain Scholar his Degree, that *He Lov'd a Girl*, by the known Response of *Quis non*? What Man is without a Natural Affection to a Pritty Females.

Imaginary Happiness will do
 For near as many Uses as the true :
 And if the *Poles* in their own Plagues delight,
 Wise Heaven's too just to let them thrive in Spight.

His Philosophy is none of the Best, whatever the Cadence of his Poetry is ; for that Imaginary Happiness can serve for near as many uses as True , neither *Aristotle* or *des Cartes* has yet laid down for an Axiom in Ethicks.

Great *Sobieski* had their Crown obtain'd,
 With steady Glory thirthen Years he Reign'd,
 And none, *but, who some Mischeif meant*, complain'd. }
 His Conqu'ring Sword made all Men think it fit,
 That he who sav'd the Land should Govern it.
 The Field of Battle he had first possess'd,
 By Sixty Thousand slaughter'd *Turks* confess'd.
 The fatten'd Frontiers felt the reeking Flood,
 And dy'd the Soil with *Asiatick* Blood.
 The weeping *Neister* half the Host receives,
 Hurries them down to darker *Euxine* Graves :
 And *Mahomet's* insulting Banners lay
 Beneath the Cross, his Valour's easie Prey.

Now he begins to fall into Particulars, and by Great *Sobieski* must be meant *K. W.*, who Reign'd over us Thirteen Years, and who Conquer'd *Ireland* in Person and by his Generals, after the Loss of Sixty Thousand *French* and *Irish* that sided with the Unfortunate King *James*.

With mild and gentle, but with steady Hand,
 He rather led than rul'd th' uneasie Land.
 Fill'd with Important Cares, he saw their Fate,
 And all the growing Mischiefs their own Feuds create;
 Which made him less repine, and less deplore
 To quit the Crown with such Concern he wore.

He rather Led than Rul'd. Very pritty truly, and Emphatically ! That is, He seem'd rather a Captain than a King. *Dux fuit non Rex* : As if Leading an Army was not to Rule it.

Tell us, ye Sons of Policy and Fraud,
 Whose vast Intrigues your selves alone applaud ;
 Who always plot too deep, and soar too high,
 And Damn the Nations Peace you know not why.
 What ail'd the *Poles*, with Peace and Plenty blest,
 To change for Years of Blood, their Days of Rest?
 Describe the Men of Avarice and Pride,
 With all Ambition's dark Disguise array'd ;
 How, for the Nation's Liberty, they Cant,
 Till those *they say abuse it* they supplant,
 And then the mock pretended Sham lay by,
 Pleas'd with the Profits of Authority.

He might have spar'd himself the Question of *what ail'd the Poles, &c.* when if he would but have look'd into the Partition Treaty which was Sign'd and brought about by a Minister of State He now professes so great a Regard for, he had been satisfied without an Enquiry ; and if he would fasten upon any one of the Country Party, for taking of Places, after they had rail'd at Men in Offices ; we can give him two of the C——side, &c. for one, without any more to do, by way of Exchange, If D——and H—— are sufficient to ballance Accounts with him.

Statesmen are Gamesters, Sharp and Trick's the Play,
 Kings are but Cullies, wheel'd in to Pay ;
 The Courtiers Foot-balls, kick'd from one to one,
 Are always Cheated, oftentimes Undone ;
 Besieg'd with Flatt'ry, false Report, and Lies,
 And sooth'd with Schemes of vast Absurdities.
 The jangling Statesmen clash in their Designs,
 Fraud fights with Fraud, and Craft to Craft inclines ;
 Stiffly engage, quarrel, accuse and hate,
 And strive *for leave* to help undo the Sate ;
 For all the strong Contention ends in this,
 Who shall *the Pow'r of doing Ill* possess :
 Envy and Strife are only rais'd so high,
 Because a Man's a greater Knave than I :
 But if I can his Place and Wealth succeed,
 He rails of Course, and I'm the Knave indeed.
 Places and Pensions are the *Polish* Spoil
 Will all sides please, and all sides reconcile.

*Tis natural to all the Sons of Men,
To Rail and Plot when out, be Quiet in.

If all the Strife and Contention for Offices and Places of Trust, be for obtaining the *Power of doing Ill*, then those in Authority must of Consequence *do Ill*. Which is but an odd Compliment to the Present Administration, and takes off very much from the Character he bestow's upon the *L—H—T—* and Mr. *S—*
z—y—H—y under the Names of *Casimir* and the *Dyets Marshall*. And if Kings are *Cully's*, *Foot-Balls*, and *Wheeled into Pay*, he has done *Augustus* no Manner of Service in giving him that Inglorious Title. And here I cannot agree with some People who will have *Augustus* to be the Type of *Q—A—* for an Author could not be so unmannerly as to Represent a Fortunate Prince's, and Immoveable in Her Principles by the Name of one who has not only Chang'd his Religion for a Crown, but has Ruin'd his Hereditary Dominions, being as it were under a State of Exile at this Juncture. But Authors are Inscrutable in their Reasons, and I leave him to explain himself on this Head, to such as he shall think fit to Impart the Secret to.

Long had Divided *Poland* felt the Smart
Of vast Intrigues and Politicians Art:
As many Men of Character and Blood,
So many Thieves about the Scepter stood;
As many Gifts th' Exhausted Prince could give,
So many Friends he only seem'd to have:
The craving Wretches hung about the Throne,
He gave them all the Nation's Wealth, and all his own.

That *There were Thieves about the Throne* in the Late Reign we'll not dispute; but he that has been so Free with the Names of such as have shar'd in the Direction of Publick Affairs in this, might have given us theirs, had they not been his particular Friends and Favoureits. I never heard the Prince he reflects upon, gave away all his Wealth to these *Craving Wretches*, if he had, there had been no Dispute between the King of *Prussia* and Prince of *Friez land*, about the Immenſe Riches he left behind Him.

Not all the Conquer'd Lands the *Turk* resign'd,
Not all the World, had he the World obtain'd,
Wou'd their insatiate Avarice suffice,
Supply their Hands, or satisfy their Eyes ;

Who

Who shall unhappy sinking *Poland* save,
 What Gifts can close the Hands that always crave,
 Unsatisfi'd as Death, and greedy as the Grave?
 At every just Refusal Discontent,
 And rave for want of *Bribes* at Government.

The *Turk* that is *K. J.* who *Abdicated*——What a Respectful Title does he give Her Majesty's Royal Father? and *justice their Avarice*, is a Peculiarity of Phrase I never heard of before. But this I have to say for him, when he turns Plagiary, he makes bold with his own Works, as thinking nothing that belongs to others worthy of being taken from them, but their Reputations; Witness *Unsatisfi'd as Death, and Greedy as the Grave*, which are apply'd to the *Saints* Favourite Sir *R——Cl——ton* in his Satyr call'd the Reformation.

The valiant *Sobieski* had bestow'd
Moldavian Lands he conquer'd by his Sword.
 He thought it just *that Province* to bestow
 On those whose Valour helpt to make it so;
 But all the wiser Men, who had no Share,
 Against the Justice of the Gift declare,
 Oblige the yielding Hero to recant,
 And re-bestow the hasty envy'd Grant.

By *Moldavia* is meant *Ireland*; and if the Members of Parliament, whom he owns to be the *Wiser*, pass'd an Act for resuming the Grants of the forfeited Estates in that Kingdom, then he must allow himself to be false in his Character, when he speaks of them in another Style sometime after. And if the Grant was allow'd to be Hasty, they are not to be blam'd who considerately press'd His Late Majesty to *Re-bestow* it on the Publick.

But tell us, now, ye Men of *Polish* Wit,
 How the *Moldavian* feels the formal Cheat;
 Let *A——leski* reimburse the Bribes,
 Ravisht to wrong, instate the *Polish* Tribes.
 Let all the sham Conveyances appear,
 The Phantoms Sales, and Fancy'd Purchaser.
 Let some true Satyr all the Grievance lash
 Lands without Title, Buyers without Cash.

Under the weighty Fraud *Moldavia* bleeds,
 And private Cheat the publick Cheat succeeds ;
 Retrieving Laws by vast Designs Push'd on,
 Cover Great *Sobieski's* Errors by their own.

Here he takes Matters upon Trust, by giving Credit to a few
Irish Petitions. For the Parliament, if he means the Proceedings of
 the Trustees for the Forfeited Estates, since *A——leski, i. e. Mr.*
Annesly was one in that Commission, have pass'd a Vote in their
 Favour, which is a sufficient Argument, that they did not Part
 with the Lands they were Impow'd to sell to the Buyer, without
 Cash.

With all these Frauds and Feuds and Millions more,
 Which rack'd the injur'd *Poles*, and kept them poor,
 Wise *Sobieski*, with strong Cares oppress'd,
 Dismiss'd the Throne and chose to be at Rest ;
 Embroil'd he left them, whom embroil'd he found,
 And great *Augustus*, with his Pow'r's Enthron'd.

Dismiss'd the Throne, may be an elegancy with him, but cannot
 with a Judicious Reader, who will Conclude Death Dismiss'd *K.*
W. from the Throne ; neither is it a very great Compliment to a
 King's Memory, whom he would play the *Panegyrist* upon, to affirm
 that he left us Embroil'd ; since the World is not without People
 who make very Odd Reflections upon his *Last Will and Testament*.

In vain the new Crown'd Monarch strives to please,
 Or Cure th' Hereditary vile Disease.
 In vain Confed'rates, with the Nations Friends,
 In vain their Laws and Freedom he defends.
 The Parties joyn, in Grand Cabals they meet
 The Monarch's healing Projects to defeat ;
 Grasp at his Gifts, and share the high Reward,
 But not his Honour or Commands regard.
 Not Sacred Oaths can their Allegiance bind,
 Farther than by their Int'rest they're inclin'd,
 Prompted by Avarice and deep Revenge,
 With Fawning Face, and awkward Zeal they Cringe ;
 But all that can no Royal Bounty share,
 Their factious Thoughts and strong Disgusts declare,

No Bounds their feign'd Alleg'ance can secure,
ToDay they'll Swear, to *Morrow* they'll *Abjure*.

Never did any Prince come to the Crown with a more general Satisfaction of the Party, he points at, than Her Majesty: and the very Persons he is so Lavish of his Inveſtives, againſt were thoſe who rejoyc'd at the Turn of Affairs both in Church and State. As to their Endeavours to defeat the *Monarch's Healing Project*, they were ſuch as advis'd it to be carry'd on; and for *Swearing to Day and Abjuring to Morrow*, that Flies in the Face of the Pretenders to Moderation, equally with theirs who ſeem really diſpos'd for it.

The Monarch willing to diſſolve the Feud,
That ſpread too faſt in their infected Blood,
Summons the General Dyet to appear,
The Nations and his own Demands to hear.

The Parliament was then ſitting when Queen *Anne* Succeeded to the Throne; ſo that ſhe could not be ſaid to call them together, having met before to conſider of the Arduous Affairs of the Kingdom.

Satyr look back, Survey the Glorious Roll,
The Life of *Polish* Power, the Nations Soul,
Poland's Collection, all the Peoples Breath,
The Monarch's Safety and the Tyrant's Death.
The Ancient Lords of the *JAGELLAN* Line,
Here in their repreſenting Glory ſhine,
With Loyal Hearts, and ſtrong Induſtrious Hands,
Ready to hear *Augustus* great Commands.
The ancient *Polish* Greatneſs to reſtore,
Aſſiſt with Council, and ſupport with Power.

To ſay that the *Antient Lords of the Jagellan Line* (whoſe Titles were Hereditary doubtleſs) *Shine in their Reſpreſenting Glory*, ſeems ſomewhat like an Abſurdity; for our Accounts hitherto tell us, the Houſe of Peers Conſtitute two Eſtates of Parliament, and the People of *England*, that is the Inferior Eſtate, are Reſpreſented by the Commons. *The Monarch's Safety, and the TYRANT'S DEATH*, ſquints likewiſe at their Old Practice of Decollation, which the Party he is Advocate for, has no ſmall Veneration for the Memory of, at their Cruel Feſtivals on the Anniverſary of Her Majesty's Royal Grand-Fathers Martyrdom.

What

What tho' among th' Illustrious Troop there's found,
 Some less Polite than some, and some unsounds.
 The Devil among *the sacred Twelve* appear'd,
 But Devils *once known* are no more to be fear'd ;
The General Votes to Loyalty encline,
 And Mischief sinks beneath her own Design.
 Satyr, if there's a *Pole* among the Tribes,
 Less true than Truth it self, 'tis him thy Verse describes.

The Devil under no Capacity is to be fear'd, but *God* whom the Scripture Exhorts us to the *Fear* of ; and if he was to describe all that were *less True* than *Truth it self*, I question whether, if the whole Kingdom were to be Number'd, notwithstanding his boasted Perspicuity, he could find one ; For *God* is *Truth it self*, and only the Divine Being worthy of that Attribute.

Here great *Taguski* first in Order came
 Of bright unspotted, tho' suspected Fame.
 Youth had supply'd his Head with Parent Wit,
 In Judgment solid, and in Sense compleat ;
 The Muses him with early Garlands Crown'd,
 Sublime in Verse, and in his Phrase profound ;
 Polite in Language, in his Satyr strong,
 Yet kills with all the Softness of a Song :
 To steady Justice all his Thoughts incline,
 Faithful in Council, Able in Design ;
 Rais'd by due Merit to the highest Trust,
 The *Captious Senare* own'd that Merit just.
 What cannot high Exalted Vertue do ?
 He shows this strange unusual wonder true,
 The Monarch's Fav'rite, and the Peoples too ;
 His Enemies to his just Praise submit,
 Fly from his Satyr, and adore his Wit ;
 In vain they form Impolitick Designs,
 Envy lies bury'd in her Deepest Mines.
 For both Sides own this Character's his Due,
 Always to *Poland* and *Augustus* true.

By the Character of *Taguski*, though it infinitely fall's short of him, we may perceive some Lineaments belonging to the L—
 H—, whom he seems here to endeavour to describe,
 and

and bears no more Proportion to his Gigantick Merit, than a Mouse does to a Mountain. *Parent Wit*, is what also his *L—p* owes him no Thanks for, and *suspected Fame* is what he might have omitted, as well as *Phrase profound*; for I look upon *Profundity* to be an Epithet for the Judgment not the *Word*, which it is here apply'd to. Besides he might have consider'd when he was delineating so Great a Judge in Poetry, not to call upon Satyr to describe him while he was endeavouring a Panegyrick upon his Undeniable Accomplishments. What he means by calling his *L—p* the *Monarch's Favourite* is unknown to me, and he would do the Inquisitive Part of the World a Kindness if he would explain himself upon that Head.

Their *Ruski* with his early Trophies stood
 Won from the *Swedes* upon the *Baltrick Flood*.
 When *Conti* strove to snatch the Polish Crown,
 And all the *Gen'rous Poles* his Conduct own.

The Nation is very much Endebted to the Lord *O—d*, then Admiral *Russel*, for his Defeat of *Torvill*; and there is not one among the Party whom he hints at for being Ungenerous, but pays him their Acknowledgment for that Days Service.

Rigatski next, our just Applause Commands, *Summers*
 The *Polish Peace* on his wise Conduct stands;
 High Chancellor in *Sobieski's* Reign;
 And all true Poles would have him so again.
 In Law upright, and prudent in the State,
 In Council deep, in Execution great;
 But by the Faction of the *Swedes* oppress'd,
 And to make way for Fools and Knaves, dismiss'd.

Rigatski, by whom the Lord *S—* is Personated; (*King William*) having invested him with Large Demains at *Rigate* in *Surrey*, has the Character of a very Great Man, though I can't clove with him in his ill Manners to the Present Possessor of the great Seal, as to wish him to be Lord High Chancellor again; or say that He made way for a Fool or a Knave, since his immediate Successor, chosen by *King William*, is deservedly Famous for being the very Reverse of that Invidious Apellation.

Amongst the *Polish Prelates* there appear'd
Cujavia, lov'd for Piety, for Prudence fear'd;

Careless of Faction, or of Party-hate,
 He firmly fixt to *Sobieski's* Fate ;
 Follow'd his Fortune, and his Favour shar'd,
And had the Miter for his just Reward.
 What tho' the *Metropolitan* declin'd,
 And more for *Conti's* Monarchy design'd ;
Cujavia, all the *Primates* Place supply'd ;
 And *Poland*, her intended Prince enjoy'd ;
Culm, and *Posnania*, Ecclesiastick Peers,
 And *Patcherouski*, old in Zeal as Years ;
 With Thirteen Sacred *Polish* Miters who
 Are *Polish* Lords, and *Polish* Prelates too,
 Where all to *Poland* and *Augustus* true.

Doct. Bursiah

In *Cujavia* we may Read the B—p of S— Character who
 Preach'd the Inauguration Sermon at the Coronation of their Late
 Majesties King *William* and Queen *Mary*, and by *Culm*, *Posnania*,
Patcherousky and Thirteen Mitres more, are meant some very Good
 E———l Peers, who were against the Bill to prevent *Occasional*
Conformity, and consequently True to *Poland* and *Augustus*. Which
 Consequence I shall no otherwise Animadvert upon, than that it is
 Injurious to *Augustus* his Character, as if he was against the Bill,
 when he had given such Assurances from the Throne in Favour of
 the Church Establish'd.

These wore the *Polish* Lawrels to the last,
 And fixt the *Polish* Liberties so fast,
 That Fate it self cou'd not the Band destroy,
 But what they once possess, they still enjoy.
 These were the *Columns* which so long sustain'd
 The *Load of State* when *Sobieski* Reign'd,
 Who all the *Lines of Government* restor'd,
 And held the *Scepter* while *he drew the Sword*.
 When he encamp't on the *Moldavian* Plains,
 And freed the *Poles* from *Mahomet's* *Servile Chains*,
 The *Turkish* Banners to his *Sword* submit,
Abroad his Valour and at *home their Wit* ;
 They fought with *Equal* Enemies at home,
 And *Equal* Trophies to their Conduct come ;
 The Conquer'd Difficulties of the State
 Make all Men own their Conduct to be Great ;

And

And they that seek to blame their Management,
 And charge on them what they could not prevent,
 Should tell us in what Age it shall be known
No Faults attend the State, no Knaves the Crown.

That Bishops are Pillars of the Church, and Consequently Columns, no Man will dispute with him; but that they held the Scepter while he drew the Sword, I cannot agree with him, since it will very much derogate from the Honour of the Lords Justices, among whom the Temporal Lords preceding, for whom he expresses such Regard, made a very great Figure.

Ungrateful *Poland*, never will be blest
 Till *Sobieski's* Management's confest;
 Till some of his forgotten Rules restor'd
 Such Statesmen wield the Scepter, *such the Sword*,
 Till some such Heads in *Polish* Council sit,
 And some such Hero shall for *Poland* fight.

England has been blest'd with more Victories since Her Majesty's Accession to the Throne, than what fell to Her Share for a Century before, which is a long Computation of Years compar'd to Thirteen; and our Councillors Heads have done enough at Home, as well as our Heroes Hands Abroad, to Eclypse the Glory of any Hands or Heads whatsoever, King *William's* not excepted.

Finski, an upright *Lithuanian* Peer,
 Sets up for sinking *Poland's* Prime Visier;
 For Application and Impertinence
 No Man has half so much with half his Sense;
 With Formal Step, and high *Majestick* Grin,
 Is *Polander* without, and *Swede* within.
 Envy and awkward Spleen sit on his Face,
 In Speech precise, but always thinks apace;
 In Earnest Nonsense does his Hours divide,
 Always to little Purpose, much employ'd.
 Strong in Opinion, in his Judgment Weak,
 And thinks himself exceeding politic.
 The Musick of his Tongue is his Disease,
 Conceives absurdly what he speaks with Ease.
 The Discord of his Faculties is plain,
 He talks with Pleasure, what he thinks with Pain;

And

And there 'tis own'd he shows some Policy
 To make his fluent Tongue his Brain supply.
 So Men are pleas'd with Shadows, so from hence
 The World mistakes his jingling Tongue for Sense. H. W.
 A busie trifling Statesman, *Proud and Dull,*
 A thinking, plodding, *wise substantial Fool;*
 In all vast *Poland's* far extended Round,
 No Man was known so *emptily profound.*
 Polite in Words, a stiff and formal Tongue,
And speaks to little purpose very long.

The Noble Peer that falls under his Censure here, is as much above his Detraction, as the despicable Wretch that flings Dirt at him is beneath his Notice. He never Employ'd his Momentous Hours about other Things than the Advantage of the Prince whose Service he was in, and as for *sinking* any one, it was never in his Thoughts, if a Person aim'd at, Acted Contrary to the Well-being of the Government. By *Poland's Prime Visier*, is meant the *L—H—T—* who owes him no Thanks for giving him an *Infidels Title*, which I never heard belong'd to *Poland* before. But as the Character of the Great Man, whom he vilifies to the lowest Degree is False, so are the Terms he makes use of, to bring his Deligns about by.

To him *Augustus* gave the *Polish Seal*,
 And made him *Grieffier* to the Common-weal.
 They that cou'd not his License first obtain,
 Might not go out of *Poland* or come in ;
 The Publick Safety was the just Pretence
 To keep the *Sweeds* from true Intelligence ;
 But the more Genuine Reason *was the Pence.* }
 For in his time the *Sweeds* themselves obtain'd
 His Blanks to pass their Spies to *Polish Land.*

Grieffier of Poland, is likewise a Title in no wise belonging to the Court he applys it to; and the Publick has been so well satisfied about the pretended Proofs of the Wretch *Fuller's* Affidavity of his Lordships giving Passes to the *French* Discontented Natives of *England*, that it looks Ridiculous in one that lays any Claim to sense, to incline towards the very thought of it.

The slow unsteady Mannager appears
 Too hot for Peace, too cold for *Polish Wars* ;

While

While charm'd with Foreign *Margueretta's* Song,
 His sleeping Orders he delays too long.
 Whole Fleets attend the *Minstrels* softer Notes,
 By her the Statesman *steers*, the Member *votes*.
 Well might the *Syren* be Compar'd to him
 That *doz'd* old *Nature* with his Touch Sublime.
 The lofty Cedars danc'd *his softer Airs*,
 And *lofty Stupid Statesmen* bow to hers.

Mr. *Foe* sure is acquainted with the Hermet in the Fable, that Blows Hot and Cold with the same Breath, or else how could he make his *Slow Manager* (which By the By is not to be Hot) too *Hot for Peace*, and too *Cold for War*. The Wisest of Men will have their Intervals of Diversion, and it looks as well in one Statesman, nay better, since the Fabrick of the Universe is Govern'd by Harmony, to pass away his less Important Hours with *Musick*, than for another to spend whole Weeks with Horse Racing at New-Market. Besides, let him consider who was Secretary of State, when the Ships at *Vigo* were Taken and Destroy'd, the Town's in *Flanders* Surrendred, and the March to the *Danube* concerted, and he must Condemn himself for Blaming his L——p's dispatch of the Publick Business.

Of all the *Polish* grave Nobility,
 None acts *so low* that e'er was born *so high*;
 So fond of Liberty, he ne'er endur'd
 The Name of Slave, no not to his own Word.

This Paragraph, is the Product of a Complaint that this Incendiary vents in all Companies, about his L——p's not keeping his Word with him, when in Newgate; At the same time, that he is Conscious to himself, he perform'd not the Conditions for which the Promise was made of his *coming to do no Damage*.

Augustus saw, and soon mislik'd the Man,
 And found him to the *Swedish* Cause incline;
 With easy Skill he read his well-known Fate,
 A useless, unregarded Tool of State.
 What tho' the *Polish* Dyet was possesst,
 And blindly in his Favour *once* Address'd;
 The publick Banter all the Kingdom knew,
 It mov'd their *Mirth* and *Indignation* too:

The general fixt Dislike *Augustus* saw,
Laid by the haughty Thing, and left him to the Law.
The *Quacking, Mountbanking Tool of State,*
That neither could be *little*, or be *great,*
Retir'd to give us time to let him know,
No Knave's above being told that *He is so.*

If the Parliament of *England* Address'd the Throne in his Lord-
ships Favour, they did nothing but what was consistent with the
Reputation of that *August* Assembly, and which ought to be al-
low'd for the pure effect of his Merit, as well as *Taguski's*, who
had likewise the same Honour done him, though not for the *same*
Service. As for, no Knave is *above being told. HE IS SO,* I
agree with him, but the Consequence may tell him before he is
much Older, that an Honest Man is, such as the Noblemen, whose
Characters he makes to Free with.

Lawrensky next, of *Prussia's* Royal Breed,
To *Ladislaus* by Marriages allyed;
Tho' Int'rested in *Sobiesky's* Line,
Yet to the *Sweedes* he always did incline:
He kept the *Polish* Cash in Days of yore,
When Kings grew Rich, and made the People Poor,
And fain would now our *Polish* Treasures teach
To make their Monarchs Poor, the People Rich.

Under *Lawrensky*, none that is acquainted with *Names* or *Things*,
but may know that *Lawrence E.---* of *R---*ter is Couch'd. A
Gentleman too near related to Her Majesty, to be us'd after
such a manner, and whole Conduct as *L---H---T---* has
not been Excell'd by any Successor whatever, without any Re-
flection upon the Present Management of the Ex---quer.

If Stories known of Old, should be reviv'd,
Of Leaves torn out, and horrid Facts conniv'd;
Of Crimes too Black for Satyr to reveal,
Which Kings ha' Dy'd, on purpose to Conceal;
Were but the black Record again Review'd,
When the false Peer his Master's Fate persued,
His Picture would too low for Satyr lye,
And sink the Wretch beneath Authority;
Whether the *French*, the *Sax*, or *Polish* race,
He ever Fawn'd, and lookt with *Janus* Face.

When *Sobieski* did the Throne obtain,
 He Grudg'd the Crown, tho' his own *Race* should Reign:
 But when in *Vice-Roy's* Dignity went Halves,
 He stoop'd to Rule *Moldavian* *Western* Slaves.

The Tearing the Leaves is such a Forgery as has been more than once Exploded and Confuted in the late Reign, when his Enemies, such as Gap'd after his Lord Lieutenantship of *Ireland*, publish'd their Sham Vindication, and for that Cause requires no other Answer, than that those who think it Meritorious to revile a N——m, will not stick to Traduce a R——r.

Now he Repines the Management supreme
 Is not, as he contriv'd, resign'd to him:
 For this his *Vice-Roy's* Office he laid down,
 Again to Govern, and Abuse the Crown;
 But wiser Councils laid him gently by,
 And left him to bewail his lost Authority.

His Character is of a much different Complexion, for he did not fling up his Lieutenantcy of *Ireland* for the sake of the Prime Ministry, but for his Ease, since the *Irish* are an Inflexible People, and not to be Govern'd Easily but by such as are their own Natives. And he was so far from being dissatisfied with the Measures taken by those near Her Majesty, that no other Motive but the Satisfaction in the Administration, induc'd him to retire.

Now he Cabals, the Parties to Unite,
 And strives to bring us all to Peace in Spite;
 Courts ev'ry Side to his absurd Design,
 And thinks to make the *Swedes* and *Cossacks* joyn;
 My Soul, his fly, pretended Peace abhor,
 The Brooding *Union's* Big with *Civil War*;
 Rouze ev'ry Loyal Pole to Self-Defence,
 Give them for *Arms*, their *Eyes*, for *Swords* their *Sense*, }
 For all Men see the empty Sham Pretence.

Mr. *Review* has Preach'd up Peace and Union to some purpose, if at last he turns Renegade from his own Principles, and makes it his Business to Ridicule such as are for a Treaty between the two Contending Parties. Give 'em for *Arms* their *Eyes*, lays he, for *Swords* their *Sense*, as if *Swords* were not *Arms*; why did he not

not insert for *Guns* their *Eyes*, since *Arms* and *Swords* are the very same sort of *Weapons*.

Old *Seymsky* was of this intriguing Band,
 A *Palack* born, on *Neiper's* Golden Strand ;
 Antient in Crimes, bred up to Fraud and Feud,
 His Int'rest at his Master's Cost persu'd ;
 A mighty Stock of ill-got Wealth enjoy'd,
 When *Polish* Troops our *Polish* Lands destroy'd ;
 When his dear Countries Liberties lay low,
 He Fight in all the Troubles made them so :
 When *Poland's* Kings the *Polish* Peers oppress'd,
 And Property was made the Monarch's *Jest*,
 In those dear Days he kept the *Royal Cash*,
 And forg'd those Cheats he since *pretends* to Lash.
 Now he sets up to save the Nation's Pelf,
 And wou'd have no man Cheat us but himself ;
 Detects ill Practices with *eager Vote*,
 And rails at Bribes with *mercenary Throat* :
 That he should be Ungrateful and Unjust,
 Despise the Grace, as he betray'd the Trust ;
 Be Proud, be Peevish, Insolent, and Base,
 Nature has painted that upon his Face,
 Envy sits rampant on his tott'ring Head,
 And *R-*'s wrote there so plain that every man may read.

In *Seymsky*, the Reader must agree with me, that he points at Sir *Edward S—r*, but all to no purpose. *Reverberat Idus*, the Shot rebounds upon himself, and the *Detractor* falls a *sacrifice* to his own Calumny. At the Sitting of the Parliament, 'tis ten to one, but this *Seymski* makes *Foeski* Eat his Words, he has shewn many a Better Man a pleasanter Trick, and the *Polish* Scribe will not be the First, whom he has brought upon his Knees for Breach of Priviledge. For he that Writes *R—* upon a Wiseman's Forehead, ought to have *Fool* Written on his own, besides the rest of the Catalogue of Hard Names which are usually affix'd to Pillories.

And now the conscious Criminal appears,
 Affects to *Cant* of *Poland's* suff'ring Years,
 Reproaches little Villains with their Crimes,
 And rakes among the Evils of the Times.

Where Mismanagements are, there they should be taken notice of; for little Evils as well as Great, though he's of too Intrepid a Temper to spare them, ought to be animadverted upon.

That he should *Poland's* Liberties maintain,
 Who can the wondrous *Riddle* now explain?
 Or, who *Believe* the *Fact*, that *Knows the Man*?
 Some think, *indeed*, it shou'd be understood
 A *Penitence* for *Violence* and *Blood*,
 To Expiate his Share in *former Reigns*,
 The *Sink*, if not the *Guilt* of which remains.
 If that be *True*, that he should make pretence,
 To *Censure* others for a past Offence,
 Savours of most *prodigious Impudence*;
 While he that ought to Blush at former *Times*,
 Boldly *Condemns* contemporary *Crimes*.

A General Charge without mentioning Particulars, can never Affect any Gentlemans Reputation; especially one of his Figure and Family, and his hints of *expiating* for *Violence* and *Blood*, will never make any Impression upon any one that has had the least Notice of what publick Service he had done, and continues to do, for the good of his Native Country, which he may be Styl'd the Ornament as well as Defence of.

Immortal *Brass* sits on his testy Brows,
 Hard'ned with Bribes, with Frauds, and broken Vows;
 Infernal Feuds flame in his guilty Eyes;
 He starts at Peace with Anger and Surprise:
 Weakn'd in Wickedness; in Wishes strong,
 A bribe-receiving Hand, and clamouring Tongue;
 False to Himself, his Monarch, and his Friends,
 But to the lowest Step of Pride descends;
 Abject, and Mean, when Fortune's Storms appear,
 Proud and Intollerable when 'tis Fair;
 Noisy in Speech, in Manner Insolent,
 And awkwardly submits to Government,

If *Immortal Brass* sits on his Brows, how comes he to be *Abject* and *mean* when Storms appear? When a Man turns Abject, his Impudence commonly leaves him and dyes with his being dispirited, or I am wrong inform'd from Experience in the like Cases.

Often

Often the *Polish* Monarchs have essay'd,
 So much they of his Mischiefs were afraid,
 To win the Bully off with gentle Words,
 And place him in the Class of *Polish* Lords;
 But he that lov'd the Villanies of Life,
 And chew'd the Air he breath'd to Sounds of Strife,
 That liv'd upon those Particles of Fire
 Which nourish Feud, and prompt the vile Desire,
 Chose all the glittering Offers to despise,
 Too *vain* to be made Great, too *proud* to Rise.

If Vanity consists in a Foolish Pursuit after Titles and Applause, how can any one be too vain to be made Great? And if Pride is the effect of an Ambitious Temper, that aim's at an Increase of Prerogative and Power, can it be otherwise than Impossible, that the Gentleman here design'd can be *too proud* to Rise? I have heard of Chewing of Tobacco indeed, but never heard of Chewing the Air to sounds of Strife, which is a Note beyond *Ela*.

Augustus try'd him with uncommon Grace,
 Gave him his Household Staff, and Household Place;
 His Robe of Peer attempted to put on,
 But he put by that Feather to his Son;
 Accepts the high Command without the Name,
 Because he covets *Mischief* more than *Fame*.
 The Party-Zealot never could resign
 His dear Speech-making, old, contentious Sin,
 Resolv'd the Head of *Faction* to supply,
 And as he *Liv'd* unblest, uneasy *Dye*.

He was too proud to be made Great before, but here *He accepts the High Command*. Ay but, says our Author without the Name of a P—— as if Greatness did not consist more in Extensive Command than Length of Title. To *Covet Mischief more than Fame*, is none of the most regular Expressions that have dropt from Mr. *Foe*: since Mischief is Fame in one sense, and a Man may as well be Famous that is Transmitted to Posterity for doing ill things as Good.

Augustus saw the Sullen Wretch go on,
 Neither by Art or Bounty to be won,

His Malice he despis'd, his Pride contemn'd,
 And to his juster Fate the Wretch condemn'd;
 Left him his empty Follies to pursue,
 And his unvalued Favours with his *Staff* withdrew.

The White Staff was not taken from him, but he resign'd it; and as Her Majesty Tax'd him with nothing disrespectful to Her *August* Character, the Poet would have look'd like a Man of more Veracity had he done the same.

Th' unsteady Statesman's *Temper yet untry'd*,
 Left him at once, in spite of all his Pride;
 Not all his swelling Pride would give Relief,
 But sank his Spirit underneath his Grief:
 The cowardly, self-condemn'd, abandon'd Wretch,
 Saw his ambitious Ends beyond his reach;
 With strong Reluctance all his Honours quits,
 And with his Places now resigns his Wits.
 So Pride unbounded, with no Power suffic'd,
 Wants Courage but to see it self Despisd.

How could he quit his Honours with Reluctance, when the very *Gazette* tells us he voluntary resign'd them? Or how could his *Temper* be said to be yet *Untry'd*, on Account of his Places, when he had the Experiment made upon him more than once in the surrender of more profitable Employ's? But Contradiction is what the Party gain their Ends by, and so he's at Liberty to use them.

When Men are rais'd by Fate above their Sense,
 Nature must sink them in *her own defence*,
 Humane Society would else Decay,
 And *Mad-men* quite demolish Liberty:
 For when the bloated Monster's once pull'd down,
 The *Soul deserts*, the Bubble's broke and gone;
 Abjectly Wretched, and with Shame surpris'd,
 He *meanly begs* what he before *despis'd*;
 The high Extreme inverts in his Distress,
 Dejected to a despicable, vile Excess.
 So *Bulkies* are but *Cowards* in disguise,
 Whom few Men Value, all Men should Despise.

If he was not rais'd by Fate above his Sense, in being Speaker of the House of Commons, Treasurer of the Navy, &c. Places of greater Importance by far, than the Comptroler's of the Household 'twas a little out of the way to make him lose it for what, was little Better than a Feather, to a Gentleman of his Years and frequent Indispositions. And to make Nature do it *in her own defence*, requires such Explanatory Notes from him, as he is not at leisure to give us, being so taken up in Reading *Horace, cum Notis Variorum*.

Rokosky next fills up the spacious Rolls,
The mighty *Captain Bassa* of the Poles ;
In foreign Expeditions he's employ'd,
And many *Polish* Millions has destroy'd ;
Abortive Projects flow in his loose Brain,
He loves to make a tedious Voyage in vain.

He will make the *Polanders* Infidels do what we can, notwithstanding he has been told over and over, that *Poland* is a Christian Country. But its *Sir George R——k* whom he fasten's his Talons on now, and he that has done more Good than all our Admirals at Sea for more than Twenty Years last past, must be a *Captain Bassa*, and Mark'd out under an Odious Distinction.

Abandon'd *Poland*, how art thou Betray'd !
Sold for that very Money thou hast paid !
The greedy Monsters that receive thy Pay,
Trifle thy Blood, and Time, and Strength away.
Rokosky Covetous, and Insolent,
On *Poland's* weightiest Errands has been sent ;
Small Prophecy might those Events foretell,
Where he Commanded, that cou'd Fight so well.

Was the Destroying the Ships at *La Hogue*, the Breaking the Boom at *Londonderry*, the Deliverance of Two Hundred Ships Trading to *Turkey*, the *Levant*, &c. the Glorious Success at *Vigo*, the Taking of *Gibraltar*, which the *Spaniards* have Spent so much Blood and Treasure about, in Endeavouring to regain it, the Naval Victory over the whole Power of *France* and *Spain*, of so little Force as to render him liable with being Tax'd with Trifling our Blood Time and Strength away ? If so, what Apellation will our Future *Miscarriages* fall under, when it shall be Visible how we suffer for want of his Conduct, in the Marine Affairs ?

his

His Voyages never have been made in vain,
 He took such care of *coming Home again*:
 No Man cou'd ever give him a *Defeat*,
 And none can *match him at a safe Retreat*.
 The carefull'st Officer the *Poles* could choose,
 For when they *bid him fly*, he'll ne'er *refuse*:
 A *Negative Soldier*, always in the *Right*,
 Was never *Beaten*, and would *seldom Fight*:
Poland will ne'er her antient *Glory* show
 While *Knaves* and *Cowards* fight her *Battles* so.

To preserve a Fleet, sometimes is equal to a Victory, and Prince *Vaudemont* got more Honour in the last War, by making a *Glorious Retreat*, than *Luxemburgh* did by defeating the *Confederate Army* at *Landen*. If he's a *Negative Soldier* that has Fought the *Admiral of France* and his *Two Seconds* with one *Single Ship*, without being worried, what a *Champion* of a Man must he be that's an *Affirmative*?

Rokosky now supports the *Polish Crown*,
 And Fights the Quarrels of his *Masters Throne*,
 But Fights by *Proxy* when he Fights his *Own*.

Mr. Colepepper is not at all *Oblig'd* to you for reviving the *Story* of the *Dispute* between Him and *Sir George*, which tends so very much to his *Disreputation*, and reminds *People* of the *Merry Passages* the *Rehearsal* mentions of that *Friend* and *Acquaintance* of yours *Fighting Duels*. Should any Man serve me so, he should no more have the use of my *Chambers* at the *Temple*.

Poland, how past *Retrieve* must be thy *Fate*,
 When *Cowards* Guide thy *Arms*, and *Knaves* thy *State*,
 Can They the *Braver Swedish Squadrons* meet,
 That stoop to *Bully* those they dare not *Fight*?
Courage and *Crime* can never dwell so near;
 For where there's *Guilt*, there always will be *Fear*.

29 If *Fear* is always where their's *Guilt*, then some *Body* is very *Improper* to make a *Champion* for a *Party*; and if telling a *Man* to his *Teeth* in the *Open Field* of *Election*, as *Sir G. Cole* ——— did *Cole* ———, that he wrote what he *Tax'd* him with, and would make it *Good*, be *Bullying*, I dare persuade my self an *Affertor* of such a *Contradiction* will not be able to *Define* what *Fighting* is.

PART II.

IN *Polish* Dyet now they all appear,
 In *Polish* Dyet all Men free from Fear,
 May all their most malicious Thoughts declare. }
Augustus calls them to the place Supreme,
 There first they Swear to *Poland*, then to Him,
 That they will *both* Support, and *both* Defend,
 And *All* profess what very *Few* intend.
 There from the *Throne*, He tells them of the *State*,
 What things occur, and prompts their *calm Debate* ;
 Tells them his steady Thoughts due Peace to give,
 And ancient *Polish* Honour to retrieve ;
 How he by *Law* came there, by *Law* would Reign,
 And all their *Polish* Liberties maintain :
 But lets them know, he finds to his surprize,
 Some *Poles* are *ev'n* for *this*, his Enemies.

Freedom of Speech is allowed in the *English* Parliaments, but under certain Restrictions ; for some Members have spoke so much there, as to be call'd to the Bar, and afterwards sent to the *Tower* for talking too freely. As for Swearing first to *Poland*, then to Him, would Mr. *Foe* give himself the Trouble of perusing the Oaths the Members of Parliament take, he would not have occasion to be told he is in an Error on that Account, since they swear to be true to their *Queen* and *Country*, not *COUNTRY* and *QUEEN*.

Informs them of a deep *Livonian* Plot,
 And prompts them all to search it farther out.
 Tells them the real Danger of the State,
 And asks them to prevent their Monarch's Fate, }
 But presses them to *Peace* and *Calm Debate*.

By the *Livonian* Plot, is meant the *Scotch* Plot, which was so very deep indeed, that I never heard of any one yet that found the Bottom of it. }

It's all *in vain*, for *Faction* had possess'd
 Some Members, all the *Dyets* to molest;
 In *vain* the fullen Deputies Debate,
 In *vain* they weakly prop the sinking State;
 In *vain* to Oaths and Loyalty pretend,
 They *Sell* that Prince whom faintly they *Defend*.

The Commons were as hearty in pursuit of such as were thought criminal at that Juncture, as their Lordships, though they did not appoint a Committee to meet at *N-----d* House, and were so very far from faintly defending her Majesty, that never a heartier and more earnest Address came from a People to a Prince on that Account. What remains, is to ask the Sense of the last Line, and how it is a Consequence, that *they must sell that Prince whom they defend faintly*.

Satyr, with gentle Strokes the *Mischiefs* touch,
 How little some Men said, how some too much:
 How some, in hopes to pull the *Cossacks* down,
 Slight the *Livonian* Plot, expose the Crown,
 Cavil, Contrive, make *Speeches*, and Debate,
 And Jest too much with *Poland's* dang'rous State.
 Prepost'rous *Laws*, absurd in their Design,
 And, made on purpose to be broke, bring in;
 Divide, in order to Consolidate,
 And Tack Destruction to the wounded State.
 Secure the *Polish* Free-men in a Goal,
 For fear the *Nation's* Liberties should fail.
 The *Polish* dear-bought Priviledge destroy,
 That *Dyets* Tyranny they might enjoy.
 Support the *Polish* Dignity and Crown,
 By pulling all her just Defences down,
 And save the tott'ring Kingdom from her Fate,
 By decently embroiling Church and State,

He should have given us the Names of those *Laws* which he calls *preposterous* and *absurd*, as his Reader might have known his Meaning. I have heard indeed of *bringing in a Bill*, but never of a *Law* that was brought; for nothing can be call'd a *Law* till it has had the Royal Assent. As for *securing the Polish Free-men in a Goal*, those Free-men, as he terms them, were guilty of an express Breach
 of

of Privilege, in which the Honour of Parliament was so far concern'd, that they had lessen'd their Authority, but for their Commitment.

Mackreski first, the *Dyet's* Pamphleteer,
 Stood up; ---all *Poland* waited on his Chair,
 For all Men look'd some wond'rous thing to hear. }
 So once the *Teeming Hill in Travail* groan'd,
 Th' expecting World the mighty Wonder own'd;
Young Mountains, Twins at least, they lookt should come,
 When *One poor Mousè* clos'd the vast lab'ring Womb.

Mackworth

By *Mackreski*, we are to understand Sir *Humphry*, who has written so very much and well for the Honour of the House of Commons, and so learnedly vindicated their Priviledges, that were this Author Master of any Gratitude, he would rather pay his Acknowledgments to so worthy a Representative, than make such unmanly Comments on what he himself, and all the Commons of *England*, are so nearly concern'd in.

The empty Orator in Florid Speech,
 Told them, that he was just as *Wise as Rich*;
 To's Printed Books for his Design referr'd,
 Tho' that he e'er *Design'd*, no Mortal ever heard:
 He talk't indeed sometimes of *Church and State*,
 Of *Piety*, and of the Lord knows what;
 But no Man yet his vast Intentions found,
 Deep as his *Mines*, and like his *Brains unsound*.
 'Twas full a *Polish* Hour the Member spoke,
 But all the *Dyet* all he said mistook:
 Some said he talk'd of this, and some of *that*;
 Just so he jumbl'd *Providence* and *Fate*:
 In both, the same Intention he pursu'd,
 Neither to *Understand*, or to be *Understood*.
 Thus he Harangu'd them *Thirteen* times and more,
 And still he left them *where they were before*.
 He talk'd of *Crowns*, of *Property*, and *Law*,
 And means to make them *keep themselves in Awe*;
 Of *persecuting Peace*, and *quiet Fars*,
 Nations in *Nubibus* beyond the Stars.

Of *mod'rate Feuds*, and calm *distemper'd States*,
 And mov'd to *Bleed us*, to avoid *Debates*.
 Propos'd by *Poverty* our *Wants* to cure,
 Starving our *Tradesmen* to employ the *Poor* :
 And backt his mighty Project with a *Speech*,
 Would spoil the Nation's *Trade* to make them *Rich* ;
 In weighty Conference propt a tott'ring Cause
 To set our *Priviledge* above our *Laws* :
 But as some *Learned Speeches* us'd to fail,
 Because they'd too much *Head*, and had no *Tail* ;
 So this was *Hift* about, because they said,
 'Twas all made up of *Tail*, and had no *Head*.
Mackreski thus his *Learned Breath* bestow'd,
 And as it did no *Harm*, it did no *Good* ;
 And yet his *Speech* had this unlookt-for *Charm*,
 That as it did no *Good*, it did no *Harm*.

If the Poet that *Lampoons* him, were but half so *wise and rich*,
 he would have no Reason to expose himself in his *Saturday's Review*,
July 7. by complaining of *sleeping Debates in Trade of seventeen Years*
standing being reviv'd ; and the very Management and Produce of
 those *Mines* he is so angry at the Depth of, is such an Argument of
 his *Designing*, that he shews his own want of Brains, by saying,
No Man ever heard that he design'd. If the *Dyct* mistook what he
 said, why did they close with his Projection, and pass his Bill for
 the Relief of the *Poor* ? But the Poet mistakes him, and therefore
 all must. As for the rest of the Jargon of Scandal upon this *Gentle-*
man, it's all of a piece, and his *Quibbling* about his *Speeches* being
 made up of all *Tail*, and no *Head*, and his *Convertible Terms*, (which
 he is so famous for in his *Little Master Review*) no *Good* and no
Harm, they are beneath *Sir Humphry's Notice*, and our *Obser-*
vation.

Pacski, a *Polish* Deputy, stood next,
 And all the *Polish* Senators perplext ;
 His *Zeal* was for the Church so *fiery red*,
 His *Breath* at Distance struck the *Cossacks* Dead ;
Plosko's, the *Polish* Bishop, he o'erthrew,
 And made *Augustus* forc'd *Resentment* shew :
 The *Rev'rend Almoner* at once displace,
 And aged *Vertue* bow'd to rampant *Vice*.

Hark how the Party-Hero Silence broke,
And mad with Zeal, and mad with Envy spoke.

N. Jo: Scarborough Barr^t

By *Pacski*, we may read Sir *J—n P—n*, a Gentleman whose Hereditary Zeal for the establish'd Church and Government, is what renders him obnoxious to the Censures of those that would share in the Revenues of the Church, while they are Enemies to its Worship. If he did make Complaints to Parliament against his *Diocesan*, every Gentleman has the Liberty so to do, when aggriev'd; and it has been more than once resolv'd in *St. Stephen's Chappel*, That no Peer has any thing to do with Elections for Members to serve in Parliament.

“ *Ye Poles, (says he) regard the tot'ring State,*
 “ *And think with me, of our Fore-Fathers Fate;*
 “ *The Rebel Cossacks all their Force o'erthrew,*
 “ *I'd rather see the Swedes do so for you.*
 “ *But let us all the Cossacks first expel,*
 “ *And Tack their Ruin to the Tribute-Bill:*
 “ *The Poles may then in Peace and Union thrive,*
 “ *And Ecclesiastick Tyranny revive;*
 “ *Augustus may our Quiet recommend,*
 “ *But while these live, what Peace can he pretend;*
 “ *And if Augustus favours their Defence,*
 “ *To his Dethorning 'tis a just Pretence;*
 “ *I Hate a Cossack, tho' he were my Prince.*

The Rebel *Cossacks*, viz. the Round-heads, in *Oliver's* Time, and what they did, ought to be fresh in our Memory, that we may prevent the like Barbarities from them again. But how Tacking the Occasional Bill as a Clause to the Land-Tax, could be Tacking their Ruin to the Tribute Bill, is beyond my Power to Divine, since there was no Property invaded, but the Church only secur'd by an Act of Parliament in her behalf.

He spoke, and Fury choak'd his rising Spleen,
And Passion kept more dang'rous Language in.
For now he Mourns his just Designs are crost,
Complains that *Speech* that Place he talk'd for, lost;
Declares he meant no Mischief to the Crown,
Aim'd at no gen'ral Int'rest but his Own;

For

For that he spoke, and thought he should no doubt,
Talk himself in, and talk the Cossacks out :
 But all his Province their Resentment show,
 All his *Consolidating Nonsense* know,
 Their future *Trusts* to *Packski* they refuse,
 So perish all that *Poland's Trusts* abuse.

Sir *John* is of another Temper, than to talk for a Place, and of too large an Estate to make his Conscience truckle to his Interest, as some that have gone over from the Church-party have. Neither is it Fact, that all his Province disclaim his Proceedings; they shew their just Resentment indeed for his Affection to his Queen and Country, for they have resented it so as to chuse him again for one of the Knights of the Shire, which is an Argument, that Mr. *Foe* shot his Bolt too soon, when he said, *Their future Trusts to Pacski they refuse.*

When froward *Toweroski* took his place,
 Zeal on his Tongue, and Fury in his Face.
 " *Ye rev'rend Poles, (says he) let Heav'n forbid*
 " *That Words should Poland's Liberties decide;*
 " *Our War's remote, but these are Foes indeed;*
 " *I'd rather Beat the Cossacks, than the Swede.*
 " *Augustus talks to Us, I hope in vain*
 " *Of Peace, while Factionous Cossacks shall remain,*
 " *The Spawn of Rebels of Tartarian Race,*
 " *Who ask no Favour, and deserve no Grace;*
 " *If first Augustus will destroy the Breed,*
 " *Then Peace at Home may probably succeed;*
 " *But while this Vip'rous Brood the Poles betray,*
 " *I'd not Augustus, tho' himself were here, Obey.*

Borle
to y. e.
Kingdon
 The Noble Gentleman that is personated here, Mr. *B*—, Brother to the *E*— of *A*—, is of another Disposition than what is froward; and his Sweetness of Temper is as remarkable as his Loyalty to the present Government, which he would not forfeit his Obedience to for any Cause whatsoever. Though he has but too much Reason to think our Peace will never succeed at home, till such as are averse to it, and say, *Peace, Peace*, when there is no *Peace*, (I mean the Dissenters) are remov'd from having any share in the Administration.

He said, and more than half the *Dyet* bow'd,
 And with consenting Silence 'twas allow'd
 A Law should pass the *Cossacks* to suppress,
 The only way to *Poland's* Happiness.
 Mean while th' Assembly sep'ately repair'd
 To Church, and there the famous *Burski* heard, *Doct. Burski*
 Now *Stanski*, then *Maroski*, and a third, *Doct. Stanhope Doct. Mosch*
 That always dealt in *Tropes* and *Similies* absurd;
 These furious Priests the fatal Stroke excite,
 Tell them of Kings that spar'd th' *Amalekite*;
 The Grave Divines, in Pulpit Rhet'rick known,
 Talk'd of the *Dyet's* Wit to show their own,
 Banter'd a *Text* or two, and talk'd some *Greek*,
 And so went Home to *Drink* out all the *Week*.
 Dooms the poor *Cossacks* from the sacred *Text*,
 And rav'd in Zeal till he the Cause perplext.

It was but reasonable that a Law should be brought in to prevent
 the Growth of Hypocrisy, and Endeavours be used to save Repro-
 bates against their Wills, if they would not be instrumental to their
 own Salvation themselves; and if all the Clergy in *England* had
 been so deservedly famous as *Dr. Birch*, some People would have
 been nearer to that happy State, than they now are.

Priests, like the Female Sex, when they Engage,
 There's always something Bloody in their Rage.
 He told the *Dyet* they must *Fight* and *Pray*,
 And pull the *Cossacks* down the *Shortest* Way;
 And in his Zeal, so far his *Text* forgot,
 He Perjur'd his *Augustus* on the Spot;
 Unchurch'd the Nation, Curst the *Polish* Tribes,
 And for their Cure, the *Cossacks* Blood prescribes.

If *Dr. Stanhope*, in his Sermon upon the 30th of *January* at *St. Margaret's* Church, apply'd the sparing the *Amalekite* to the Subject
 of that Day, it was applicable enough; for the Remissness of King
Charles the second in not taking off all the Regicides, has been the
 chief Cause of our home-bred civil Dissentions ever since: And if
 he talk'd *Greek*, it's more than the Learned *Mr. Foe* can do, the
 want of which Tongue, makes him exasperated against all that
 use it.

Satyr,

Satyr, thy just Regret with Force restrain,
 With *Temper Write*, altho' thou *Think'st* with *Pain*.
 When once the Pulpit-Plague Infects the Land,
 And *Sermon-Readers* get the upper-hand,
 The Nation's ruin'd, all the Town's undone,
 And Tongue-pad Evils, thro' the Vitals run;
 Reason submits its captivated Head,
 And *raging Nonsense* governs in its stead.
 In vain our banish'd Liberties we seek,
 Wise-men are bound to hear, when *Coxcombs* speak;
 Reason pays Homage to Impertinence,
 And *Noise* obtains the Victory from *Sense*;
 The *Clamouring Priest*, Dogmatick, Proud and *Dull*,
 Assumes Dictating Right, and *calls his Master Fool*.

How he could Unchurch the Nation by preaching in Defence of the National Church, I cannot imagine; neither is it in my Power to know he could perjure *Augustus*; for Persons guilty of a Breach of an Oath, in my humble Opinion, must perjure themselves. As for his Reflection upon the Priest-hood in general, he acts contrary to their Precepts, and consequently is not to be expected to speak well of them; and if he himself *thinks with Pain*, then some body does so as well as *my Lord of N———m*; a great Condescension truly for our Author to accept of the Character he has bestow'd upon that worthy P——r. Well, but he has Reason to think with Pain; the Church of England Clergy are *Sermon-Readers*, they don't *Preach* and *Pray* extempore, like Dissenters, because they *think* before they *speak*; which Premeditation of theirs makes *Reason submit*, and *raging Nonsense* govern in its stead. Most exquisite Logick!

But if the Pulpit now began to Fire,
 The Press, the Pulpits Eccho, push it higher.
 Bold *Sacharevski*, in a *Polish Rage*,
 Would all the *Poles* in Civil Blood engage;
 Prints his exasperated fiery Zeal,
 And *Damns the Crown*, for fear o' th' *Common Weal*.

By *Sacharevski*, it will not be amiss to read Mr. *Sacheverel*, Fellow of *Magdalen Colledge*, a Gentleman whose Accomplishments and Zeal render him as well an Honour to the Church and University, as an Ornament to the Colledge he belongs to; and as Loyal to the Queen, as he is faithful to his Country.

And

And two Extreams, one Mischief may prevent.
 This Fury made the *Polish* Lords relent,
 And Senators, their first Resolves repent. }

How can Moderation be censur'd for an Extream? for that's a Vertue that is inseparable from the Church of *England*; and if some L——s and Gentlemen were not so hearty as was expected for the Church's Service, it must be attributed to the Weakness of their own Resolves, not any thing that was defective in her Worship.

The Dyet reassum'd, *Cavenski* broke
 The Healing Party's Silence first, and spoke:
 The hasty Priest (says he) I understood,
 The Gown too often dips the Sleeves in Blood:
 Th' unheard of Insolence amaz'd my Soul,
 And Horror seizes every Christian Pole;
 I am a Northern Deputy 'tis known,
 Where numerous *Cossacks* dwell in every Town;
 The peaceful, and industrious People show
 No Reason why they should be treated so;
 What is't to us, what their Fore-Fathers were,
 The *Polish* Crown's too fast for us to fear;
 Besides, Rebellions differ but in Name,
 In future Ages Ours may be the same;
 If e'er the Old *Fagellan* Race should Reign,
 And Damn our Revolutions; 'tis in vain
 To talk of Titles, where the Swords devour;
 They'r always Rebels, who have lost their Power.

With all Deference to my L——d M——s of H——n's excellent Qualities and healing Discourse. Though his L——p is to be commended for standing up for so numerous a People as *Yorkshire*, who is so happy in the Choice of so excellent a Champion, Mr. *Foe* has made him make but an indifferent Speech, which is somewhat unmannerly for a Gentleman of his great Quality. For I cannot make Sense of,

The hasty Priest (says he) I understood,

The Gown too often dips the Sleeves in Blood.

Besides, he introduces his L——p, speaking as if the Revolution was a Rebellion, and insinuates by way of Comparison, as if it was equally criminal with that in *Forty one*.

The *Cossacks* now incorporate, and ty'd
 By Laws, by Interest, and by Blood ally'd,
 Are native *Poles*, in *Poland's* Interest bound:
 To tack them now, would *Poland's* Peace confound:
 They'r rich and brave, and always have withstood
 Th' invading *Tartars* with their Wealth and Blood;
 And have undoubted Title to pretend
 To enjoy that Land, they helpt us to defend:
 Besides, by Laws, their Liberties remain,
 Those Laws, *Augustus* promis'd to maintain;
 This Priest would make those Promises in vain. }
 I think their Liberties their Due t' enjoy,
 That they may help us now, the *Suedes* destroy;
 With him the old Nobility concur'd,
 And Damn'd the Bill as Cruel and Absur'd.

Who doubts the Dissenters Right and Title to their Estate? Heaven's forbid they should be wrong'd in the minutest Particle, either as to their Temporal or Spiritual Concerns. The Church-party neither has, or ever had any Thoughts that tended towards their not enjoying the Land since the late Revolution. Neither did the Queen promise to establish them, only maintain them in the Benefits that accrue to them from the *Act of Toleration*.

The zealous Deputies resist in vain,
 And Envy prompts them to their strong Disdain;
 With mighty Struggle, and avow'd Regret,
 They only seem t' adjourn the warm Debate,
 Resolv'd in future Dyets to pursue
 The *Cossacks* Ruin, and the *Nation's* too.

If the Church of *England* can never be sufficiently secur'd till the Bill passes, 'twould be in pardonable for them wholly to drop the Debate; wherefore 'tis but their Duty to adjourn it to a more convenient Opportunity.

Augustus, how unhappy is thy Fate?
 How hardly do'st thou hold the tott'ring State?
 In vain of Peace thou do'st the *Poles* persuade,
 Deep as Infernal Darkness, their Designs are laid.

Never

Never was Queen happier than her present Majesty, and never was Prince's more the D-light of the Church of *England*, who pays her the Hearts of her Sons, by way of Acknowledgments of her Duty, while the Offerings of the Dissenters have more of Appearance than real Sincerity.

Let them no more thy Sovereign Peace abuse,
Subjects can ne'er the Prince's Grace refuse;
But 'tis a certain Signal to the Throne,
They aim at no less Purchase, than his Crown.
But still *Augustus*, his just Wrath forbears,
And Honours load the Wretches whom he fears;
Fain he would all their due Allegiance buy,
Does all his soft engaging Favours try;
To all the Charms of Kindness he's inclin'd,
With Grace would win a *Turk's* more constant Mind.

How can the Patriots that stand up in Defence of the Church, aim at her Majesty's Crown? Have not they more to lose than the Dissenters? Are not they possess'd of the best Estates of the Land? And would not a *French* Power be more destructive of their civil Rights and Immunities, than those of a Sect of Men who have no Right to any *Establishment*, and who have more than once, witness their Brethren in *Scotland*, clos'd in with *Rome* and *France*, in Opposition to a Worship they are declar'd Enemies of.

Dispos'd to Pardon, all their Follies past,
And win them to their Country's Good at last.
Heaps undeserv'd his Favours on their Heads,
With gentle Hand to their own Duty leads:
Shews them the way to save the bleeding State,
And trust them with his Own, and *Poland's* Fate.

What is hinted here, exactly *Tallies* with her Majesty's Usage of the Dissenters since her happy Accession to the Throne; but it has always been the Practice of the Party, to throw Dirt first, and to fence off a Reproach, by fixing it upon those from whence they expect it.

'Till Treason, blacken'd with Ingratitude,
Had all their Sense and Modesty subdu'd;
Ripen'd by Royal Mercy for Reproof,
The patient Prince had been provok'd enough.

Whom the Aspersions in this Paragraph belong to, may be soon discover'd, by the Whigs insolent Usage of Her Majesty and Ministry, 'till the last Session of Parliament, when a Change was made in the Administration and as for Treason blacken'd with Ingratitude, they know best how to form *New Conspiracies*, that have been so dextrous in managing *Old*.

In vain he's of *Livonian* Plots afraid,
 And *Swedes* preparing *Poland* to invade;
 Intestine Feud the *Polish* Rakes pursue,
 Their King instead of *Cossacks* to undo;
 Neglect the publick Danger to the last,
 And make the Nation's real Fears, their Jest;
 Willing to leave us open to Surprise,
Poland can have no greater Enemies.

As for the Plot here hinted at, we may expect Discoveries of the Authors of it, from the Parliament of *Scotland* as soon as they shall sit; 'till then, perhaps, it may be out of his Power to know where to fix it: For it's an unquestionable Truth, That he that hides a thing, is the best able to find it again.

Tococksi first, a forward Southern *Pole*,
 A Pollish'd *Carcass*, and a *Burnish'd* Soul;
 We cannot say he did the Silence break,
 For he did always *little else but speak*.
 How vain a thing's the empty Sound of Words
 Abstracted from the Meaning it affords.
 Long Speeches from his *heated Spleen* proceed,
 And Nature makes him talk, to ease his Head;
 The *Hypocondriack* Vapours upward fly,
 And form some Words of State and Policy;
 Bear with the States-man, 'twas his *Flux of Gall*,
 For all Men know he never meant at all.

The Big By *Tococksi*, we are to understand Mr. *T---ke*, a Gentleman deservedly the Envy of all ill Men, because he is the Glory of the Good; and who may truly be said to be *polish'd*, and of shining Abilities, if any Gentleman in *England* deserves that Character: So that what is insinuated of him, is the very Reverse of his Demeanour; and he is so far from not thinking at all, that the Politeness, and Efficacy of what he speaks, intimates as much as if he thought always.

He dooms the *Cossacks* to *Tartarian* Shades,
 Their Civil and Religious Rights invades.
Demand no Reason, Satyr, that's supply'd
 With *Passion, Parties, Prejudice, and Pride*;
 But if his wiser Arguments you'd know,
 He heard 'twas Just, old *Seymski* told him so;
 That Learned Oracle supports the Cause,
 And Noisy Zeal supplies the want of Laws.

Can a Dissenter be said to be doom'd to *Tartarian* Shades, when it is endeavour'd that he may be rescued from sinking downwards, thro' the great Weight of Hypocrisy? And is it not the highest Injustice to say, Mr. *T---ke* inclines this Way, or that Way. as Sir *Ed. S---* directs him, when Sir *Ed---* himself would think it no Disparagement to advise with him?

The hot young Beau affects the *Marshal's Chair*,
 And hopes in time to rule *the Dyet* there;
 Now he's the Party-Leader of the Day,
 Resolv'd to teach the *Cossacks* how to pray,
 Or from the *Polish* Church to drive 'em all away. }

To teach any one to pray after the true *Form of Worship*, is to deserve the Thanks of those that are instructed; and tho' he does not affect *the Chair*, I question whether there is one among his Enemies has an equal Title to it.

A Troop of *Tackers* at his Elbow stand,
 Ready to move at his usurp'd Command;
 Who all the Image of their Captain bear,
 And in their Name may read their Character.
 The Word *in Polish*, signifies a *Fool*,
 A Man without a Meaning, call'd a Tool,
 A weighty Block-head with an empty Scull. }

When the *Tackers* in *K. Charles* the Second's Time, were for racking away all the Prerogatives of the Crown, the Name of them was not *Fool* then, but *Knave*: 'Twas their own dear Invention, and always put in Practice by the Commonwealth Party. But for the Church to assume only the Liberty of trying the Experiment once, and that for the Preservation of the Monarchy, there it must immediately fall under the Name of Folly, because successless.

Nor

Nor let enquiring Heads decline the Name,
Tackers and *Tookites* always are the same;
 The Emblematick Title's eas'ly known,
 Their *Coat of Arms* stands up in *Warsaw* Town;
 Rampant the *Ass*, enrob'd in *Lions Skin*,
 To make the *Bully* keep the *Block-head* in;
 Quarter'd at large it lyes, *Perte-Pey-Pale*,
 The *Ass's Ears* against the *Lyon's Tail*.

He might have spar'd himself making the *Tackers* a *Coat of Arms*; for it's well known they had them from their Predecessors, and have not been so good Customers to the Herald's Office, as the Whigs of late Years, who have had none to put upon their Coaches 'till they paid for them.

The Family from *Tartary* descends,
 And all the *Furioso's* are their *Friends*;
 Before the *Swedish* Conquest they came in,
 And some are lately run away again.
 Their num'rous Offspring fills our *Polish* Rolls,
 So close ally'd to all our Native *Poles*,
 " We hardly know from whence they came, or when,
 " And yet they boast they're *True-born Polish-men*.
 These are the Men would pull the *Cossacks* down,
 And after them, *Augustus* and his Crown.
 But *Poland's* Genius Laught in hissing *Air*,
 And Guilt made all the *Rakes* disclose their Fear.
 The *BILL's* thrown out, but still they push their Cause,
 In future *Dyets* hope for future *Laws*;
 Rail at the *Cossacks*, false *Constructions* draw,
 And *Bully* those they cannot *Kill by Law*.

If they hardly know from whence they came, or when, how comes he to lay it down for granted, that they are descended from *Tartary*? But I forget he is quoting himself, and the *True-born English-man* must be brought in, though introduc'd by the Head and Shoulders.

Bromski with *Polish* Air, but *Swedish* Skill,
 Boasts that he was the *Father of the Bill*:

In Foreign Parts he Travell'd much in vain,
 Just made a *Book*, and so came *Home* again:
 Tells us he saw a *Bridge* at *Rocheſter*,
 And when he was at *Chatham*, HE WAS THERE;
 So when progressively to *France* he's come,
 He gravely ſays, he *knew* he wa'n't at *Home*.
 Tells us he ſaw at *Oyſe* a ſad Diſtaſter,
 The *Bridge* broke down, becauſe't could ſtand no faſter.
 And at *Chantilly*, th' Prince of *Conde's* Town,
 A *Caſtle* ſtood, before they pull'd it down.
Montreuil's fortify'd, but is not ſtrong;
Paris lyes round, and yet is two Miles long;
 And of the *Buildings*, this wiſe *Truth* he tells,
 They're generally of *Stone*, OR SOMETHING ELSE.
 Some *Lands* lye high, ſome lower ſtill, and lower,
 And where the *People* are not *Rich*, THEY'RE POOR.
 The *Learned Author* then proceeds to tell
 How near the *Alps* he clamber'd up a *Hill*
 With many a weary *Step*, and many a *Stride*,
 And ſo came down again, on t'other ſide.
 Tells us at *Rome* he ſaw a ſwinging *Church*,
 And reads a *Learned Lecture* on the *Porch*:
 Inform'd the *World* in *Print* where he had been,
 But bought the *Books* himſelf, for fear they ſhould be ſeen.

His traducing Mr. *Br—ly* for his *Book*, is no Argument of the ^{good} Goodneſs of his own; beſides, his contemptible Treatment of it will render that Gentleman more valuable, becauſe his Enemy is ſo illiterate, as not to be able to diſtinguiſh between what's a *Learned Lecture*, or not: And it's enough for him not to have blacken'd him as to other Concerns; for had he been guilty of any thing like a *Crime*, he would have been ſure of being told of it.

This worthy Author, warm with *Polish* Zeal,
 Strives all the *Coffacks* Freedom to repeal;
 Corrects the *Bill*, and to remove our Doubt,
 The *Perſecution Preamble* left out,
 A Mark of *Honeſty*, to let us know,
 They ſcorn'd to hide what they reſolv'd to do:

Sure

Sure of the Game, the Mark was so laid by,
And blinder *Cossacks* saw their Destiny.

The Preamble was not left out, because it favour'd of *Persecution*, but because the Dissenters, and their Friends in Parliament, exclaim'd against it as such.

Thus fir'd with Party Zeal, he read the Bill,
And ask'd the Dyet how they lik'd *his Stile* :
With many a Learned Speech, and formal Face,
For *Italy* had taught him *the Grimace*,
Th' exasperated Fop his Plot declares,
And to the Dyet makes *revengeful Prayers* :
At *Cossacks* Ruin, makes the Grand Essay,
And tacks the Church's Fall *the Shortest Way*.

Formality of Face, is all the Sobriety the Generality of the adverse Party are famous for ; and if the Person that calumniates him had but any thing like his Learning and Breeding, he would have made it his Choice to have paid him his Acknowledgments for his Services to his Country, not a Return of base Ingratitude for such inestimable Goodness.

Meerski, an ancient Mercenary Pole,
With vitious Body, and a harden'd Soul,
Grown Old in *Crimes*, as he was Lame in *Sense*,
But not at all decay'd in Impudence ;
His long since baffl'd Conscience told his Fate,
He owns he's Damn'd, and there's an end of that :
But for the *Cossacks* Bill he rav'd so loud,
And so inflam'd his old fermented Blood,
That some advis'd him to go home to *Bed*,
Open a Vein or two, and shave *his Head*,
Not knowing he had long ago been Mad. }

By his Description, he should know Sir *Thomas M---rs* no better than Mr. *Br---ly* : But *Madness* is like the *Yellow Jaundice* ; and those that are possess'd with it, think every one they see of the *same Complexion* ; otherwise he would never say, this *worthy Knight* was under that Predicament.

The *Old Buffoon*, Debauch'd in early time,
Boasts of his Vice, and Hugs himself in Crime:
Lewdness has Forty Years forsok the Beast,
And left his Vicious Body to its Age and Rest;
But tho' the Active part of Vice is Dead,
The Rampant Devil's Regnant in his Head,
Hurries the Leud Distemper'd Wretch along,
With Vile Blasphemous Voice, and Baudy Tongue.

If Leudness has forsok his Breast forty Years,
then how can the Rampant Devil hurry the Leud
Distemper'd Wretch along still? for it is impos-
sible for a Man not to be *Wicked*, and *Wicked*
at the same time.

Well might an *Antient Polish Bard* Decree
Fowler the Hound, a Wiser Beast than he:
Meersky has always been the *Dyets Jest*,
Laughs loudest at himself, to Please the rest;
Betwixt th' Extrems of Banter and of Rage,
He made himself the Fool, the *House the Stage*,
The *Polish Merry Andrew*, shifting Shapes
Till he's the very *Block-Head* which he *Apes*.

I would not be thought to compare Mr. *Dryden*
who is the *Antient Polish Bard* here meant to Mr.
Foe, on Account of his Poetical Performance; but
for *Ill-Nature*, the latter has such an Excess of it
that he may be properly said to lose by the Cha-
racter; though Mr. *Dryden* had his share too,
and fell foul upon Sir *Thomas* on Account of a
Personal Pique, which always carries more Ma-
lice than Truth in it.

Wardsky, a Deputy of Northern Race,
Weak in his Head, but very strong in Face;

Assurance many Blessings may contain,
 And often times *supplys the want of Brain*;
 A *Junior Tookite* forward in the Cause,
 To Damn the *Cossacks* by unheard of Laws;
 A Scolding Clamouring Member, Vain and Loud,
 Noisy in Words, and *not a little Proud*
 His *Polish* fury ran before his Sence,
 Mighty in Wit, vast in Impertinence;
 The Hissing Dyet Laught; the Beau wen on,
 Mutter'd a Curse or Two, and *so sat down*!

How can Mr. *W*—rd be *mighty in Wit*, and
vast in Impertinence, at the same time, unless Mr.
Foe takes *Wit* and *Impertinence* for convertible
 Terms, as he did the Elements of *Air* and *Water*
 in one of his Reviews:

Satyr, make room for Men of *Polish* Wit;
 Whose Zeal as well as Learning's too Polite;
 A *Polish Tookite* of Collegiate Fame,
 Hight *Anneslesky*, that's his *Polish* Name.)

Satyr may make Room for Mr. *Annesly* Member
 of *Parliament* for the University of *Cambridge* as
 long as it pleases for it, though I do not wonder
 a Person should have no good opinion for *Col-
 ledges*, that has never been in any other than that
 of *Newgate*.

He Learnt ill Tongues in *Cambria's Famous Hall*,
 And *very Apely* represents them all;
 Down with the *Cossacks* is his Darling Word,
 The *Bully Tongue* supplies the *Tamer Sword*;
 He Damns the *Cossacks* with Exalted Vote,
 And Horrid Language fills his raving Throat;

Not

Nor does it Check the Man's degenerate Seorn,
 To think that he *himself's a Cossack Born*;
 Rather than not surpris the Growing Evil,
 He freely Votes *his Fathers to the Devil*.

The Earl of *Anglesea*, Lord Privy-Seal to King *Charles II.* whom this Paragraph highly injures in calling him a *Cossack*, was advanc'd for his Loyalty and Zeal for the Church Establish'd; and being the Father of this Worthy Gentleman made such Provision for his Son's Education, as is in no wise consonant to the *Dissenters Communion*. For though they have their separate Universities at *Utrecht, Leyden, &c.* they are averse to the two Universities here, where Religion and Loyalty are Taught and Practis'd. Which is an Argument that he did not Design to have his Son bred up otherwise than in those Principles which he so gloriously adhere's to. And how a Man can Vote his Fathers to the Devil, by coming up to his Father's Direction, I must profess my self Incapable of Explaining.

Never did University pretend,
 To *Polish* Dyet such a Wretch to send;
 'Tis own'd they did not Chuse him for his Sence,
 But he got in by *Dint of Impudence*;
 A finish'd Coxcomb, with Assuming Wit,
 In all but *Sense and Manners* he's Compleat,
 So furnisht with the Language of the Town,
 He made *our Dunghil Rhetorick*, all his own;
 All his endeavours to support the State,
 He Expresses in the *Stile of Billingsgate*;

Of Modesty and Manners very Shy,
And blest with every Gift but Honesty,

If he has neither *Sense* nor *Manners*, how comes he to be *Bless'd with every Gift but Honesty*? For as I take it, *Sense* and *Manners* are Gifts, and he can't have them, and not have them at the same time.

Gransky was newly made a *Polish* Lord,
Tho' most Men thought 'twas hasty and absurd,
His Honour thus, before his Wealth should rise,
But that his *other Stock*, that want supplies.

anvill

By *Gransky*, the Poet designs we shall read the *L—G—ll*, though he gives us no Lineaments of him in his pretended Character. That he was made a Lord was the Queen's Act and Deed, and to call his Creation *Absurd*, is to make her Majesty Guilty of that *Absurdity*.

One farther Mischief his advancement brought,
Our Polish Mob have made the Grievance out;
May-Fair and *Hockly*, suffer such a Blow,
'Twill all the *Bears* and *Back-Sword Men* Undo;
All things give way to Fate's eternal Doom,
The shouting Croud ha' lost their Captain *Tom*.
See how the *Stage of Dirty Honour* fails,
And *Warsaw* her *Street Colonel* Bemoans;
No more the *Gladiator* now appears,
Patron to all the *Whores*, and all the *Bears*,
The *Polish Smithfield* Butchers storm and rage,
And fable Weeds adorn the drooping Stage;

Prize-

Prize-fighting Triumphs pass no more *Cheap side,*
 Nor *female Champions* in their *Armour ride,*
 The *Sword* and *Dagger-Heroes* are undone,
Gransky their darling *Patron,* *Gransky's* gone ;
Augustus thus at one unhappy *Word,*
 Lost the wild *Gentry* first to gain the *Lord.*

When once a Gentleman comes to be the Envy of a Party, and an overmatch for them in Politics as well as Popularity and the People's Affection, they make it their endeavour to render him Little, lest his Merits should raise him too high for their reach. This worthy Patriot's Services by Sea and Land attest for him that his Thoughts are above Prize fighting and such Vulgar Exercises, and though he may have Diverted himself as well as others, by seeing the Rarities of Art and Nature, it's no more than the greatest Councillor in the Cabinet descends to, sometimes.

Yet *Gransky* once the People's Humour Cross,
 He would be for the *Bill,* what'er it cost ;
 Tho' all the *Poles* their high Dislike express,
 And so the *Bill* and *Lord* made up the Jest.
Gransky was always Zealous for the State,
 But when the *Swedes* endangered *Poland's* Fate,
 He gravely Vow'd and Swore he'd ne'er Associate. }

More Noblemen and Gentlemen than He who refus'd the *Association* at first have taken it since, and to be singly in the Right, is more Honourable than to have Thousands embark with him in a Cause that is wrong.

Not

Not Vows nor Oaths, can *Polish* Members bind,
 When latent Prospects prepossess the Mind;
 For when he had the *Mareschal's Chair* in View,
 Thro' *Forty Oaths* that blessing he'd Pursue.
Satyr, The Ambitious Wretch Commiserate,
 Insult no more a Man of adverse Fate;
 The Sullen Member's *Chagrin* and *Perplext*,
 With high extreams of *Pride*, and *Envy Vext*,
 Because from Speaking Office he must Fall,
 For two long Years, he'd hardly speak at all.

None that knows him will say, that he is not
 Master of *Abilities* to fill the *Speakers Chair*, and
 had the Person that censures him for *hardly speak-*
ing at all these two long Years, manag'd his Pen as
 the Noble P—r is said to manage his Tongue, he
 would have no occasion next Session of Parliam^tent
 to take the Country Air, when the Winter draws
 other People to the City.

Augustus always, all Men's Good Intends,
 To make the Man of Mischief some Amends,
 He sent him down among his *Western Friends*.
 The *Tinners Petty Dyet* he Prepares,
Bear-Garden there, in *Miniature* Appears;
 The *Mobb-Assembly* hea'd his Discontent,
 For *Rabble* always was his Element.

A Sign that he knows the Constitution of the
Stannaries, to say it is a *Bear-Garden*, and *Mob-*
Assembly, when most of the best Gentlemen of
 the West gave their Appearance there. I hope
 he has chang'd his mind since his Lordship's
 Removal from being Lord Warden, or it will be
 an Affront to Mr. *Godolphin* who succeeds him.

In

In High Mock Majesty, and awkward State,
 He *Apes the Prince*, and thinks himself as great :
 The Black Assembly, in the Sulph'rous Shades,
 Where Mining Hand the Glitt'ring Oar Invades,
 " *With all the Elder evils of the Mines,*
 " *He calls in Convocations like Divines,*
 " *Mobb'd them a Speech*, within their Smoaky Den,
 " *Said much of Nothing*, and came Home again.

The Speech which he calls a *Mobb-Speech* may be seen in the *Gazette*, and to say much of nothing, is rather an Argument of his Dexterity in Discourse than against it. As for his *calling the Elder Devils of the Mines like Divines* to the Convocation-House, that carries such an odious Reflection upon the Church of *England* Clergy in General, that I thought to be censur'd by the Civil-Magistrate.

Bankski, a New Contemporary Lord,
 An Orator at *Poland's Chancery Board*,
 Furnish'd with *Ciceronian* Eloquence,
 And mighty *Flights* of Language, none of *Sence*;
Speech-making was his due Paternal Fame,
 And made his Voice a *Pun* upon his Name;
 A Tongue-Pad Family, of Wheedling Race,
 And talks of *nothing* with a Wondrous Grace.

By *Banksy* we are to understand, the *L——d Gu——sey* who Married Sir *John Banks's* Daughter, whom he owns to be furnish'd with *Ciceronian* Eloquence, at the same time as he will allow him to have no *Sence*. An Instance of the *Satyrists's* great Knowledge in *Cicero*, whose Oratory

tory consisted not only in the *Cadence* of his Words, but the *Sense* of them. As for his Voice being a Pun upon his Name, (*viz.*) that there is Musick in it, and his Name is *Finch*, that is so sorry a Conundrum that *OWEN SWAN* would kick his Vinegar drawer out of Doors for it.

Augustus mov'd him, as 'twas understood,
That he might do no Harm who did no Good:
The *Cossacks* at his Honour much Rejoyce,
For right or wrong, they always lost his Voice;
And *Finky's* glad of his assistance here,
To Check sometimes the too much talking *Peer*,
By Force, to stop the forward weak Effort,
Lest he should make the Dyet too much Sport;
How oft in Pity has he Pinn'd him down,
Whisper'd his Fathers Credit, and his own;
Told him his Grandfire's old, substantial Rule;
That silence never can describe a Fool.

The Queen mov'd him from the Commons to
the Peers, from a true Sense of his Worth, and
the Nation is more indebted to his Assistance than
his Brother who needs it not, and is Second to
no one Patriot whatsoever in every Acquisition,
whether Natural or Artificial, that can make a
Compleat *States-man*.

Unhappy *Finski*, had he been but Wife,
And took his Younger Brother's grave Advice,
Whartski, *Mohunski*, and a Hundred more,
Had been as Sober as they were before;
The Dyet's Gravity had ne'er been broke,
For no Man Laugh'd but just when Finski spoke.

For a Man to be laugh'd at, and disrespectfully treated by some People, redounds to his Credit since we are equally to consider the Persons that *Laugh* with those that are *Laugh'd* at, and the Character of the one is to be esteem'd or despis'd, according to the Character of the other.

Bucksy, a stalking, sharpening, *Polish Peer*,
 A Whoreing, Gameing, Swearing *Chicaner* ;
 How just is Fate in his well-known *Disease*,
 To make him *Love* the *Whore* he cannot *Pleas* ;
 Strange Power of Vice, whose Fury will prevail,
 Possess the *Head* where it has left the *Tail*,
 Nature grown Antick and Impertinent.
 Let's *this* be Leud, and *that* be Impotent,
 Had there been *Money* moving with the *Bill*,
 Both sides knew how to purchase his *good will* ;
 His *Vote's* so sure, it never can be lost,
 'Tis always to be had by *Who bids most* ?
Warsaw Remembers him of Old for *that*,
 Tho' other Members suffer'd for the *Cheat*.
 When City Brothers, *Orphans Funds* pursue,
 And Lost their *Bill* and lost their *Money* too.
 His lofty *Pallace* now affronts the *Park*,
 Lightsome the *Tenement*, th' *Incumbent Dark* ;
 The Emblematic Sides Describe *his Grace*,
 This *Double Front*, and that a *Double Face*.
Sibi Molestus, on the *Coyns* appear,
 Tho' most Men think his *Lordship* need not fear,
 No Man can envy him, *his Heaven here*,
Latantur Larcs Guilds the spacious *Frize*,
 For Household Gods Dwell there of every *Size* ;
 'Twas ne're for these he Built the spacious *Dome*,
 For all his *Graces* Gods would lye in *far less Room*.

The Motto's of *Sibi Molestus* and *Latantur Larcs*, so well describe the great Man here hinted at, that there is no need of explaining it : Wherefore, I shall only animadvert upon his Poetical Forehead, that could have the Impudence to say so much, when there is so little reason of saying any thing of

this Nature; and point out a Person so plain, in affronting of whom, not only the whole Nobility is concern'd, but the Queen Her self, who is the Fountain of all Honour, and is Interest'd in keeping its chrystal Streams pure and undefiled from such horrid Contaminations.

Guinsky, a *Tartar* of *Circassian* Race,
 What e're he wants in Head, makes up in Face;
 In spite of Title, will be call'd a *Pole*,
 A *Russian* Phys, and a *Tartarian* Soul;
 In Prudence Light, and in his Follies Grave,
 For Nature makes the Fool suppress the Knave,
 A *Cossack* Bred, but grew a *Coxcomb* Young;
 His Wits Decreasing, as his Pride grew strong;
 The short Instruction had prepar'd his Mind,
 But as his Vice Encreas'd, his Sence Declin'd;
 Ambition now, his antient Thoughts Employes,
 And all the little Grace he had Destroys
 With empty Notions; Occupie's his Head,
 In *Seymski's* *Western* Empire to succeed;
 Affects the antient Tyrant's vilest Part,
 To tawn with Spleen, and to Insult with Art:
 In *Poland's* *Western* Capital he Reigns,
 Banters himself at most excessive Pains;
 Seeks the *Recorders* Chair, and fain he wou'd,
 Dispense those Laws he never undertood
 A *Hackney* Deputy for every Town,
 But soonest Chosen where he least was known:
 Full Thirty Years he did the House Molest,
 The Dyets Banter, and the Kingdoms Jest:
 In strong assuming Nonsense still goes on,
 Railing at Places, but forgets his own:
 A Patent Broker Jobs a great Imploy,
 That he may th' Money, *not the Post* Enjoy;
 For *Bear-Skin* Places, Chaffers with the State,
 Secures the Cash, and leaves the rest to Fate;

Enrieth

Enricht with Fraud, in Trick, and Cheat grown Old,
 And Places Bought on purpose to be Sold,
 Yet to Compleat himself the Nation's Jest,
 He Damn'd the very Bribes that he Posselt:
 By his own Vote, Disgorges ill got Fees,
 And so by Law Corrects his own Disease:
 Thus he became the Dyets daily Sport,
 A Knave in *Council*, and a Boor at *Court*:
 Learn'd without Letters, Vain without *Conceit*,
 Empty of Manners, Over-grown in Wit:
 Of High Tyrannick Notions Preposselt,
 The fitter to be Monarch of the *West*,
 When *Seymski's* froward Spirit's gone to Rest.

Great Wits will be guilty of Mistakes sometimes, I perceive; for the Person misrepresented here is one of his own *Kidney*; and he may sooner find Sir *R---G---n* at *Hannover*, than affecting the *Recorder's Chair* at *Exeter*: And if he is guilty of any thing here taxed with, he belongs to the *Poet's* own *Party*; and muchgood may He do them, for Sir *E---S---* has a greater Value for the Monarchy, than to have a *Republican* for his Disciple, unless it be to Convert him.

Powski, a noisy *Polish* advocate,
 Grown Rich by Law, and busy in the State;
 Gravely he speaks in *Polish* Bombast Stile,
 And thinks the Dyets Pleas'd, because they Smile;
 Thav' *Finski* could have laid him down the Rule,
 A Wise Man's Smile's, a Banter to a Fool;
 But *Powski* furnish'd with *Opinion Wit*,
 None but uncommon Follies can Commit;
 In thought Profound, and in Contivance vast,
 Speaks best to every Question when 'tis past.

Every one that has heard of Sir *Thomas Powis*, has been acquainted with other Qualities than what he is here censur'd for; and that he is so far from speaking in Bombast Style, that the Happiness of his Periods terminates in the most intelligible Expressions that can be made use of. As to his speaking

always

always to a *Question when 'tis pass'd*; the Author would do well to explain himself, for I never heard of any that spoke to a *Question* before it was pass'd.

Some *Rakish Poles*, with these at once Concurr'd,
 Who Peace and *Cossacks* both alike abhor'd;
 Buify in Vice, but careless of the State,
 Thoughtless of Party-Peace, or *Poland's* Fate;
 Of these, mad *Crakeroski* was the first,
 Of all the *Polish* Deputies the worst;
 Mean to a Proverb, and below Lampoon,
 Was Born too late, and may be H—too soon,
 The former Dyets thrust him out of Doors,
 And let him loose to Laws, and *Polish* Whores;
 Tho' 'twas Confest, the bribe was not the Crime,
 But 'twas the R—e that Told on't ruin'd him.

This *Gent.* is the better to be spoken of, because set down for a *Madman* in his ridiculous *Metre*; and if he is below *Lampoon*, why does the Poet take such pains to expose Him? But perhaps Mr. Author does not think himself below *Lampoon*, and therefore does it on purpose to *Lampoon* himself.

Cookski, A *City Knight*, got out of Jayl,
 Stock-jobb'd the *State*, to make the *Bill* prevail:
 The *Dantzick* Merchant's Mercenary Tool,
 A Knave in Trade, and in the *State* a F——l,
 Once he to *Warsaw's* Cattle did withdraw,
 Secur'd against his Creditors by Law.
 The Dyet did his Crimes indeed pursue,
 But fate Concur'd the Jayl, that was his due,
 Was Punishment, and was Protection too:
 Vilely he Spent, what basely he had Won,
 By Bribes Enricht, and by that Wealth Undone.

As for Sir *Thomas C—l*, every one knows what he was sent to the *Tower* for; and the Character of Mercenary, so very ill becomes him, that no one has been more fam'd for Generosity;

ty; witness his *Sheriffalty*, which fell very little short of Sir *Charles Duncomb's*. How the *Tower* could be his *Punishment* and *Protection* at the same time, is very difficult to be explain'd; though had he censur'd Sir *Thomas*, for being so mean spirited as to refuse the *Mayoralty* of *London*, because Sir *John Parsons* had lop'd off the most considerable Branches of its *Revenue*, I would have agreed; for he is so far from being un-*notre*, as the *Verse* insinuates, that he is very wealthy, and by that means the more inexcusable.

These are the Men, that Govern *Poland's* Fate,
 And pull her down, to make her very great;
 With a vast Crou'd that serve their Prince in Vain
 With buisy Heads, but very Empty Brain,
 With hasty Vote promote the *Cosacks* Fate
 And to preserve the Church, undo the State,
 Consolidating *Hero's* who supply
 Their want of Sence, with want of Honesty;

To pull a House down to rebuild it Nobler, is common enough in Architecture; but that they endeavour'd to destroy the Government Established, to make it Great and Flourishing, is a Falshood a Man of any Sincerity would not be in the least guilty of. For what was done by the Church-Party was in pursuance of former Acts of Parliament, in particular, that of Uniformity, to strengthen what had been pass'd by King, Lords and Commons; and render Her present Majesty's Reign as Glorious, for the Preservation of the Church from her secret and declar'd Enemies, as She has been for that of Europe.

But still *Augustus* in the Center stands,
 And Guides the dangerous Reins with steady Hand,
 Supported by his People's Cheartul aid,
 No more at false *Livonians* he's Dismay'd,
 Or of the fierce Invading *Suedes* affraid:
 The Dyet Rises, and the King intends,
 To Purge his Household, and reform his Friends:
 Dismisses from his Preferece and his Pay,
 The Guilty *Poles*, who hardly dust their Sentence stay,
 But

But fled before the High Command came down,
And left him still possess'd of his long envy Crown'd.

The very *cheerful Aid* here spoken of was advanc'd and forwarded by the very Patriots whom he treats after such a Rascally manner; and the time may come, when Her Majesty may be more sensible than he would have Her, of the Removal of such Gentlemen from Her Presence and Favour, who have made it their whole Business to deserve Her Gracious Approbation. For it's impossible, that a Queen descended from the Family of the *Stuarts* can discountenance Men of Probity, Affection and Loyalty, to Her Person and Government.

So *Seymski* first dismiss th'awakned Court,
To Western *Poles* Conveys the swift report,
Tells them in what Disgust he came away,
Because h'had been too great a R——ke to stay;
That all his late Proclaim'd Disgrace had been
Because he wanted Manners to his Qu——n,
The Case was hard, since it was always known,
He scorn'd his Birth, and Vow'd to die a Clown;
A Boor of Quality to whom it chanc'd,
That for his Anti-merit was Advanc'd.

If Sir *E. S---* was advanc'd for his *Antimerit*, what a fort of a L---y must some-body be that promoted him to that Dignity? For nothing can be plainer, than that if I give a Man a Place because of his Opposition to *Goodness*, I must be an ill Person my self. A scandalous Inuendo, which the Writer ought to be called to an account for. But to answer this Paragraph in his own way, take this noble Gentleman's Character, from a very worthy Gentleman, and yet a *Tacker*, in his Poem, call'd, *Moderation display'd*; where the *Fiend*, speaking of the late Change at Court, says, after my Lord of *L-sy* Removal had been spoken of:

Senato too who bravely does deride
Sempronia's Little Arts, and Female Pride.
Whose Lofly look and whose Majestick Mien
Confess the Tow'ring Godlike Soul within.

A Speaker of unparalell'd Renown
 Long in the Senate long in Council known,
 Ally'd to * Celsus by the Noblest Claim,
 By the same Principles of Worth the same,
 Old as he is, still firm his Heart remains,
 And dauntless his declining Frame Sustains.
 So pois'd on its own Base, the Center bears.
 The Nodding Fabrick of the Universe.

* E. of Rochester,

Finski prevented the Approaching Fates,
 And wisely his own Fall Anticipates :
 The Courtier with the States-man he resign'd
 Guilt taught him so much of his Prince's Mind.

The Earl of A—— then is acknowledg'd to do one Wise
 Thing at last, sure the Poet forgets himself, or He would
 never have been Guilty of such a Condescension: But his
 Guilt taught him his Prince's Mind, he foresaw her Majesty's In-
 tentions, and upon that account was before hand with the Queen
 and resign'd the Seals before they were taken from him. Very well
 but how came Mr. Foe to know the Queen's Mind, for I ne-
 ver heard he belong'd to the Cabinet before. But Railery a-
 part, hear what the Devil himself says likewise of this
 Noble Peer in the afore said Moderation display'd.

Villiaski follow'd, Conscious of his Crimes,
 Loth to account for Sobieski's Times ;
 Augustus Sobieski's rule pursues,
 This Can't Employ the Wretch cou'd that abuse,
 Equal their Right, He that could that betray,
 It can't be fairly thought, should this obey.

What the E—— of I—— did in Relation to K——
 W—— after his Death, was Honourable and the Duty of
 his Post, and he was so very far from abusing or betraying
 his Master, that he had been false to his Mistress had he not
 secur'd that Prince's Closet. Take his Character likewise
 from the same Valuable Poem.

Then

Then from this near attendance be Remov'd
 Urbano though by all admir'd, and Lov'd,
 Though his Sweet Temper and obliging Port,
 Become his Office, and adorn the Court.
 He seems by Nature form'd Mankind to please,
 So free, so unconstrain'd is his Address
 Improv'd by ev'ry Virtue, ev'ry Grace.

Celsus disgrac'd Hortensio next appears,
 Whose Vigilance still baffles all my Care?,
 To whom by Right of Ancestry belong
 A Loyal Heart and a Persuasive Tongue
 Now Plots are form'd and publick Tempests rowl,
 He boast's a strange unshaken Strength of Soul:
 Fearless against Her Foes the Church sustains
 Alike their Friendship and their Hate disdains,
 Disdains their Clamour and Seditious Noise,
 Secure in the Applauding Senates Voice.
 Of Noble Stem, in whose Collat'ral Lines
 Virtue with equal Force and Lustre Shines.

Too happy Poland, if thy Sons but knew,
 How their own just Deliverance to pursue
 Let the Degenerate Palatines Combine,
 Their Prince and Liberties to Undermine,
 Call in the Swedes, Consult, Confederate,
 With the Insatiate En'mies of the State:
 'Tis all in vain, Heaven points the Sacred Way,
 To them that dare Augustus still obey.
 Let them but in his juster Cause Unite,
 'Tis Justice and the Law make Cowards fight.
 They that Advance to Liberty's Defence,
 Find double Vigour in their Innocence.
 Invading Swedes will never once prevail,
 Till Poland's Peace at home begins to fail.

The way to make *Poland* unhappy, is to follow the Poets prescriptions, and perswade all Men to be in Love with his *Sham-Moderation*; and to *advance to Liberty's Defence* in his Scheme of Politicks, is for us to turn *Levellers*, and bring the Establish'd Constitution to such a Pass that we may all equal in Power, and share the Direction of Affairs alike, without any thing like a Kingly Government, which this pretended Peace at Home may bring us to at last, without the Interposition of such Patriots whom he calls *Degenerate Palatines*.

Long may *Augustus* wear the *Polish Crown*,
And *Poland* his Triumphant Glories own:
His Council steady, and his States-men Just,
When these are happy once, *The Monarch must*.

I joyn with him in the Prayer, though we are of two
Minds concerning the *Justice* of the Statesmen: For the World
Just falls under a Different Acceptation with Men of different Principles.

If there's a States-man honest and upright,
Whom neither Knaves can bribe, nor Fools Invite,
Who with unbyass'd hands can hold the Reins,
And seeks to save his Countries lost Remains,
That loves the People and obeys the Crown,
And seeks the Nations safety, not his own:
Unhappy Poland! find the *Hero* out,
Court him, Let Great Augustus Court him to't.
Let no State Niceties prevent his Choice,
All Poland calls him with united Voice.

Heav'n send Her Majesty such Persons about Her Royal Person. *Amen*, says the Church of *England* from the bottom of her Heart, who looks upon the Queen as Her *Nursing Mother*, as well as *Daughter*; while the Dissenters speak after this way for Form sake only, and from the Teeth outwards, since *Knavery* and *Dishonesty* is the support of their Cause.

'Tis done, the Polish Genius has prevail'd,
 And Heaven has this new Blessing just intail'd.
 Not all the Swede's Invading Troops shall awe,
 The Loyal Poles their Duty to withdraw;
 Confederate Lords with their disloyal Train,
 Shall always make the vile Attempt in vain.
 While Heaven directs Augustus to apply,
 To Men of Council, Men of Honesty,
 'T's a Certain Sign there is Deliverance nigh.

We pretend not to so much as to insinuate, that her Majesty having suspected Persons about her, such as take Bribes, &c. contrary to Her Declaration at her Accession to the Throne, but that notwithstanding we are very happy in the Present Ministry, we might likewise have been so if those that are removed from it had continued in it.

How happy is Augustus in his Choice,
 That makes the Swedes repine, the Poles rejoice:
 See how the secret black Cabals abate,
 And quit their Councils to avoid their Fate.
 The Male-content's Discern their vile Mistake,
 And old degenerate Principles forsake.
 See how for early Pardon now they sue,
 And their Allegiance openly renew.

What has Satyr to do in Viewing the Man that deserves your Panegyricks. Prethee Daniel leave off this way of Writing, or you'll bring in Satyr so often, that your Writings will be a Satyr upon your self at last.

The Happy Monarch sees the Cloud disperse,
 And distant Peace shall gild the Universe;
 The Poles their Loyalty begin to show,
 But Satyr, view the Men that made it so.

If the Gentlemen pointed at in this paragraph held any secret Caballs, they were for the good of Church and State and

and they are so far from forsaking *their own Principles* that taught them the Continuance of their Duty without any such thing as the Renewing their Allegiance, that they are inseparable from them as Heat is from fire, or sensation from the Soul.

A Prince's Choice of Ministry and State,
Determines both his Wisdom and his Fate.
Wise Councils may a weaker Prince Restore,
But none has these, but what were wise before.

We agree with him, that the Fate of Prince and People depends upon the Choice of a Ministry, and that Wise Councils may support a *Weak Prince*, but must deny the Consequence, that none but a wise Prince can have a Wise Ministry, since he has own'd in this very Paragraph, that a weak one may be restor'd by one that is Wise.

Grave *Casimir* revolving and sedate,
The Dyet's Marshal plac'd in *Finsky's* Seat,
This Guides the Treasure, That directs the State. }

By *Casimir* he seems to hint at the L— H—
T— who he says plac'd Mr. S— H—y in the E—
of N—m's Place, when we cannot but know those Offices of Trust, such as a Sec— of S— are wholly and solely in the Gift of the Crown.

Augustus has found out the *happy Two*,
That his abstracted Int'rest can pursue;
Employ their abler heads t'assist his Crown,
Regard *His Interest* and neglect their own:
With Equal Zeal, in *Poland's* Safety joyn,
May all that love Augustus thus Combine.

That they are a *Happy Two* must be taken for granted since they are not only in the Prince's Favour and Peoples too, but we are not to inter from, but to say they neglect their *own Interest*

carest out of *Regard* to the *Queen's* is an impardonable Absurdity, because the Interest of *Queen* and *People* are Inseparable.

No Secret crime their Personal vertue stains,
 No *Swedish* *Poyson'd* *Blood* Infects their Veins :
 Strangers to Avarice, they're well describ'd
 With *Hearts* untainted, and with *Hands* unbrib'd.

This is a Compliment they themselves will not allow of, for *Sin* is a Crime ; and there is no Man, not the Arch-B----p himself, without it ; which is enough to infer from thence, that all Mankind in general are guilty of some secret Crime or other.

The *Polish* Greatness is their true design,
 How long has *Poland* Mourn'd for two such Men !
 That count the Nation's Happiness their own,
 Retrieve our Credit, and support our Throne,
 Our *Bankrupt* Funds, and *mortgag'd* *Cash* restore,
 And make us *Rich* by *That* which made us *Poor*.
 The Nation's Joy in their Advancement's seen,
 And growing Triumphs Crown the peaceful Reign !

The want of Money makes all Men *Poor* ; and if they can make us *Rich* by that *Want* which made us *Poor*, then all Contradictions whatsoever my be resolv'd by this Arcanum.

Long may *Augustus* their just Cares enjoy,
 Till their true *Measures* all his *Fears* destroy,
 Till all *Liponian* Plots in *Embrio's* lye,
 Abortive *Treasons* in *Conception* dye ;
 Traytors surrender to unerring Law,
 And *Swedish* *Troops* from *Polish* *Lands* withdraw.
 A Universal Satisfaction shines,
 And coming Peace appears in their Designs.
 A flowing *Cash* will due *Success* secure ;
 'Tis this alone must end the *Swedish* *War*,

For things are altered, Fighting's grown absurd,
 'Tis now the Purse that Conquers, not the Sword.
 And he that can the Polish Wealth Advance,
 Strikes at the Root of Swedeland, and of France.

There is no Happiness, that the Church of England wishes Her Majesty not Mistress of, who makes it Her continual Prayers, that not so much as the Talk of a Plot, Scotch or English, may be heard in Her Auspicious Reign; and that Money is the Nerves of War has been a received Truth, since Fighting is become Mercenary, no Man of any rational Faculties will so much as question.

This Casimir has done, and This alone,
 Has chang'd so much of late the smiling Sence;
 These are the Agents of the Polish Peace,
 To these we freely own our Happiness;
 Firmly the willing Poles to these adhere,
 Love 'em with Joy, and Trust 'em without Fear.
 Fixtly the gen'ral Interest they pursue,
 With faithful Vigour publick Business do,
 For This Belov'd by Pole and Cossack too.

We grant him, that the Noble Parts represented by the borrow'd Name of Casimir, has done more than could be expected in a Treasury, that had been exhausted by Deprecations in the late Reign; and while either of two worthy Patriots continue in their Posts, without giving us any Cause of Fear and Distrust, that they ought to be belov'd by Poles and Cossacks too.

The Conclusion.

OF all the needful Helps to Sov'reign Rule,
 The Usefullst Thing in Poland is a Fool;
 Among the Ustensils of Government,
 No Tool, like Him, supplies the grand Intent:
 When he's in close Cabal, and Council set,
 To turn the monstrous Wind-Mill of the State,

The

The huge, unweildy, tott'ring Fabrick stands,
 Too Solid for his Head, too Heavy for his Hands;
 The Force Reverts, and with the swift Recoil,
 Assuming Statesmen perish in the Broil.
 So, Mischief like, the high returning Tide,
 Brings sure Destruction on it's Author's Head;
 As *Engineers*, that ill support their Mind;
 Sink in the Ruine of their own Design.

If the *usefulest Thing* in Poland is a Fool, then a wise Man is
 a Fool, for wise Persons at the Helm of Government are the
usefulest Things we can hope for.

Poland, how strangely has thy Land been Blest,
 By Fools Redeem'd, when e'er by Knaves Oppress'd;
 The Graver Blockheads of thy tott'ring State,
 Protect thy Fame, and help to make thee Great.
 For when they might thy Government o'erthrow,
 The harmlests *Things themselves* alone undo.
 The untrain'd Politicians court their Fate,
 If *Knaves* were never *Fools*, they'd soon blow up the
 (State.)

That's very strange indeed, to be *redeem'd by Fools*, and al-
 most as much as to say, when we were at the brink of Ruin, by a
 parcel of *Knaves* who shar'd the Administration in King *James's*
 Reign, the Fools interpos'd in our Behalf, and brought about
 the late R--vol--n.

Here Men the *Dignity of Folly* gain,
 And never live without their Wits in vain;
 The empty *Head*, and noisy *Tongue* appear,
 A Step to Fame, and Dubs a *Polish Peer*.
Coxcombs of hug uncommon Size we find,
 And *Fools* beyond the Rate of Human Kind,
 No Nation can such *happy Blackheads* show,
Fools of Design, and *Fools of Learning* too;

With

With necessary *Dulness* so supply'd,
 Their want of *Brains* has all their *Vice* destroy'd:
 So gravely *silly*, so Refin'dly *dull*,
 So Clear the *Head*, and yet so Thick the *Skull*;
 So damn'd to *Forms*, and so Ty'd up to *Rules*,
Poland shall vye with all the World for *Fools*.
 In Council *Hasty*, in Performance *Slow*,
 No Nation such a Breed of *Fools* can show:
 Purse-proud and Fanciful they boast of *Sense*;
 A certain Sign 'tis but a vain pretence,
 Loss of *Discretion's* their chief Happiness,
 No Men that want their *Brains*, can want them less:

So that *Folly's* a Dignity, and *Dubs* a *Polish Peer*, which is a
 sort of Petty-Treason, because it's the Queen alone who *Dubs*
 a Commoner a Peer, and insinuates as if Her Sacred Majesty was
 Guilty of Short-sightedness in the Distribution of Her Royal Fa-
 vours, and could not distinguish a Wise Man from a Fool. *Re-
 trahus aut Vapules mi Poetula.*

These are the Manufactures of the Land,
 The Props on which our *Polish Freedoms* Stand;
 That many a *Polish Province* represent,
 And joyn'd with *Knaves* make up a *Polish Parliament*,
 That help to puzzle Causes in the *House*,
 And *Hunt* a Question, as a *Fox* a *Goose*!
 Strange Miracles they often-times perform,
 And *Calm* the *Dyer*, when 'tis in a *Storm*.
Meersky and Grand Exper'ment often made,
 Has made them *Laugh* and *Rage*, be *Pleas'd* and *Mad*.
 Nature made *Fools* a *Dernier high Resort*,
 To *temper* men of *Sense*, and make them *Sport*:
 Like *David's Harp* they can the Nation *Doze*,
 And drive the *Devil* from the *Crazy House*.

To compare a Fool to *David's Harp* is a little Prophane, as it
 is to liken *Sir Tho. M---* to *David*, who was a Man after God's
 own Heart, and hunting a Question like a *Fox* a *Goose*, is such an
 Attribute

Attribute of a *Fool*; as I never heard of Before, since a *Fox* is look'd upon to be the most Cunning Creature among the whole Four Legged Race.

Satyr, forbear to Search the Wound too far,
 Lest *Poland's* latent Errors should appear.
 'Tis Enough, the Nation knows the Curst Design,
 Has broke the Project, and has *Markt the Men*.
Augustus sees, Heav'n has his Soul informed,
 The *Fools* are all laid by, the *Knaves* disarm'd;
Wisdom and *Temper* settles *Poland's* Fate,
 And *Moderation* Guides the Helm of State,
Tis this makes Poland Safe, this makes Augustus Great. }

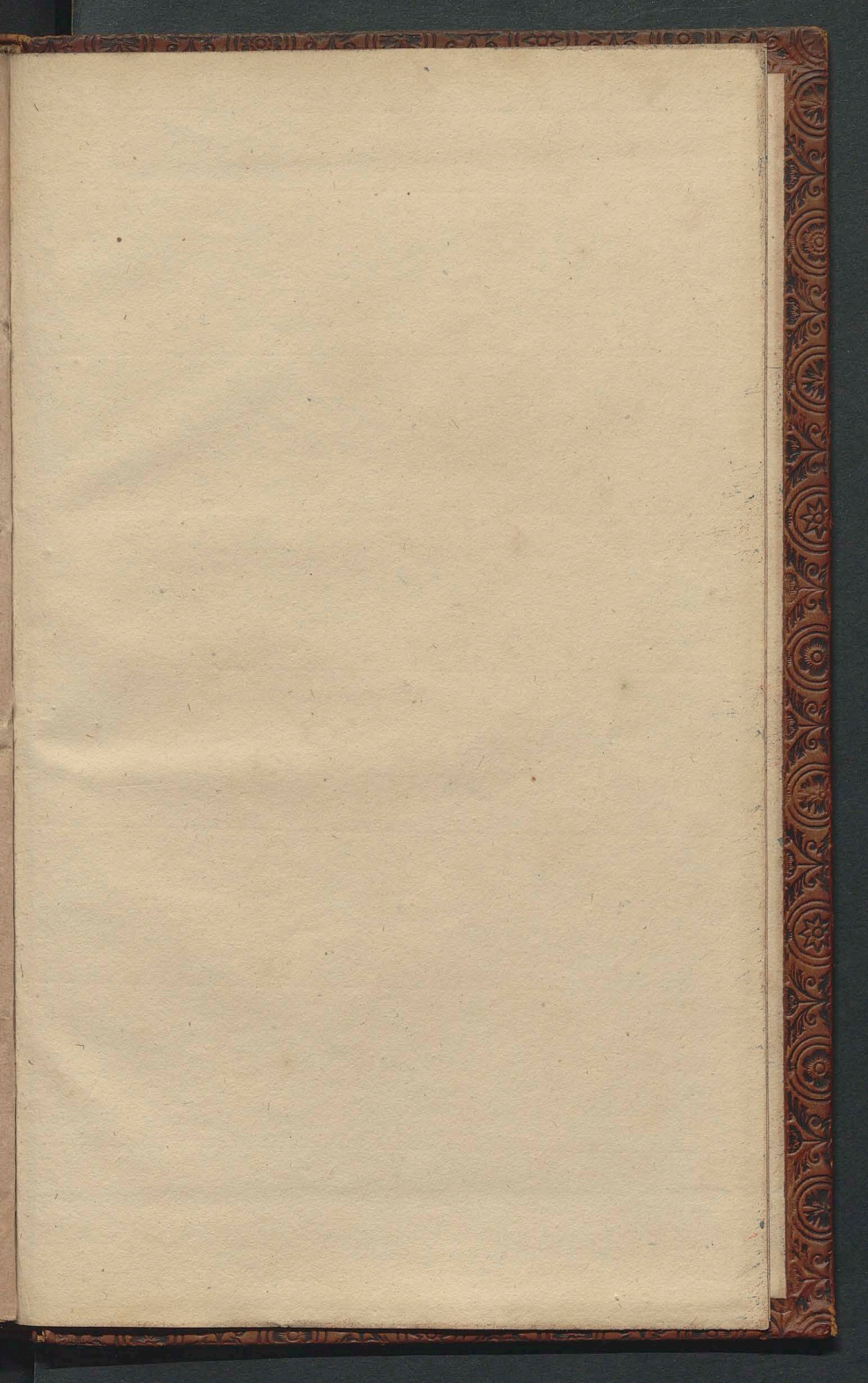
Now He has made His *Satyr* say all the Malicious Things He could Invent of Her Majesty's best Subjects, He very Mercifully calls upon *Satyr* to Forbear, just like a Certain Great General at the *Boyne* who sent orders to give *Quarter*, after all his *Enemies* had been put to the Sword. If it be true that all the *Fools* and *Knaves* are laid by and disarm'd, then the *Tackers* are neither *Fools* nor *Knaves* as He has Intimated, since there are above 90 chosen for Parliament Men out of the 134. And *England* Thou art the Happiest spot in the whole Universe, and so God Bless the Queen's most Excellent Majesty.

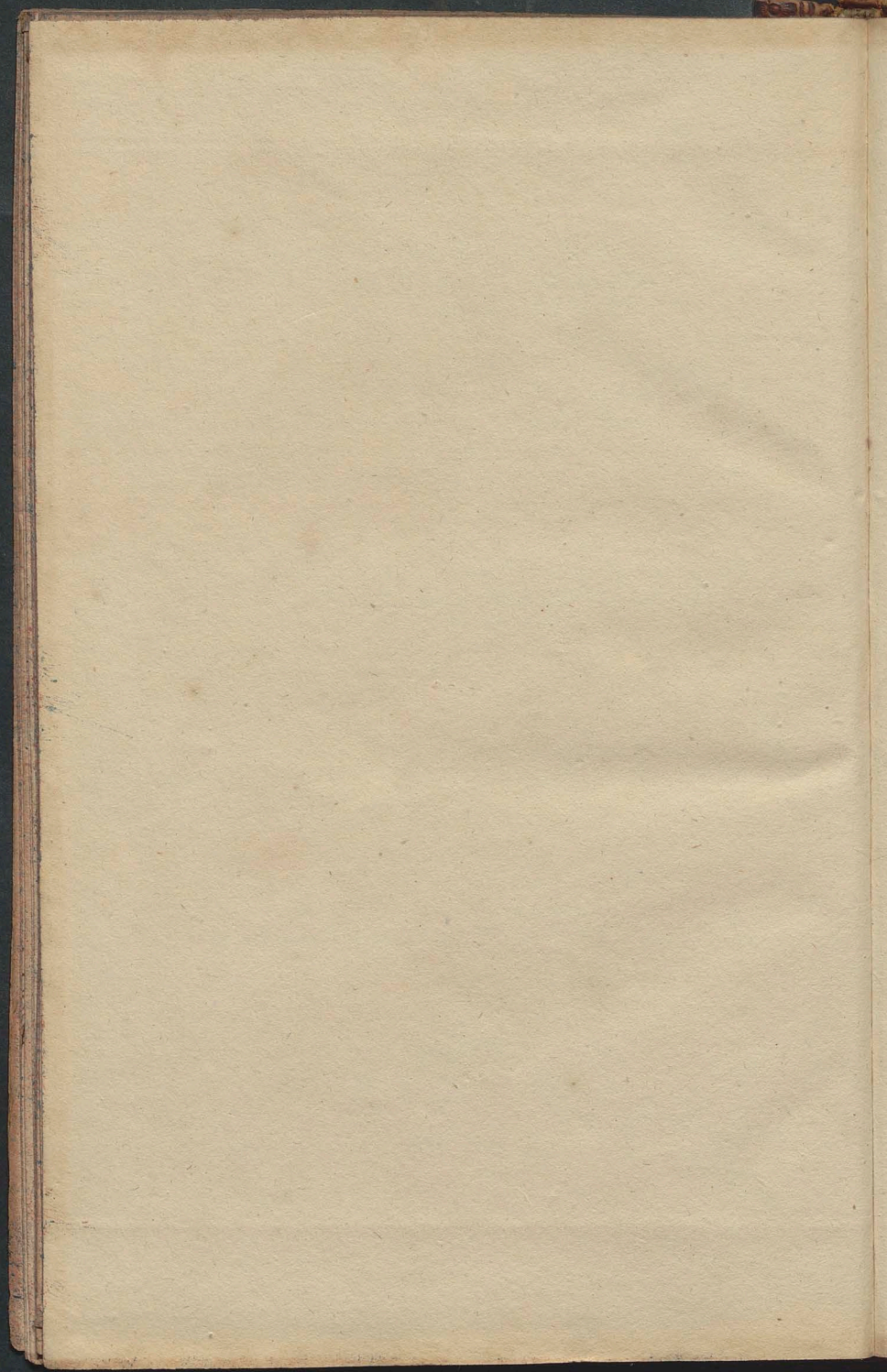
Oh may thy Angel guard Her Royal Mind,
 That Favourites not educe, nor Trimmers blind;
 For 'tis on Her thy Church and State depend,
 With Her will flourish, and with Her will end.

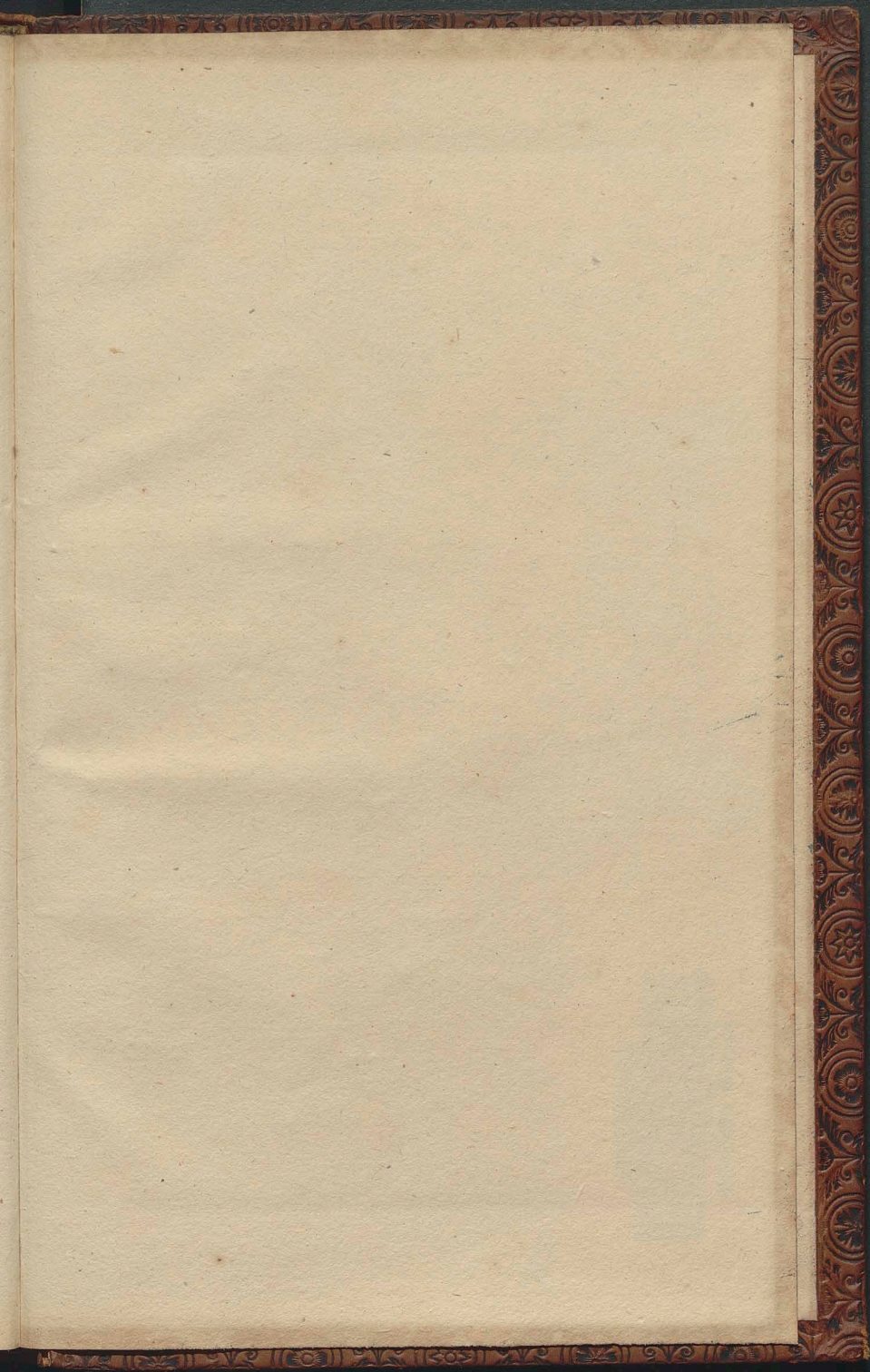


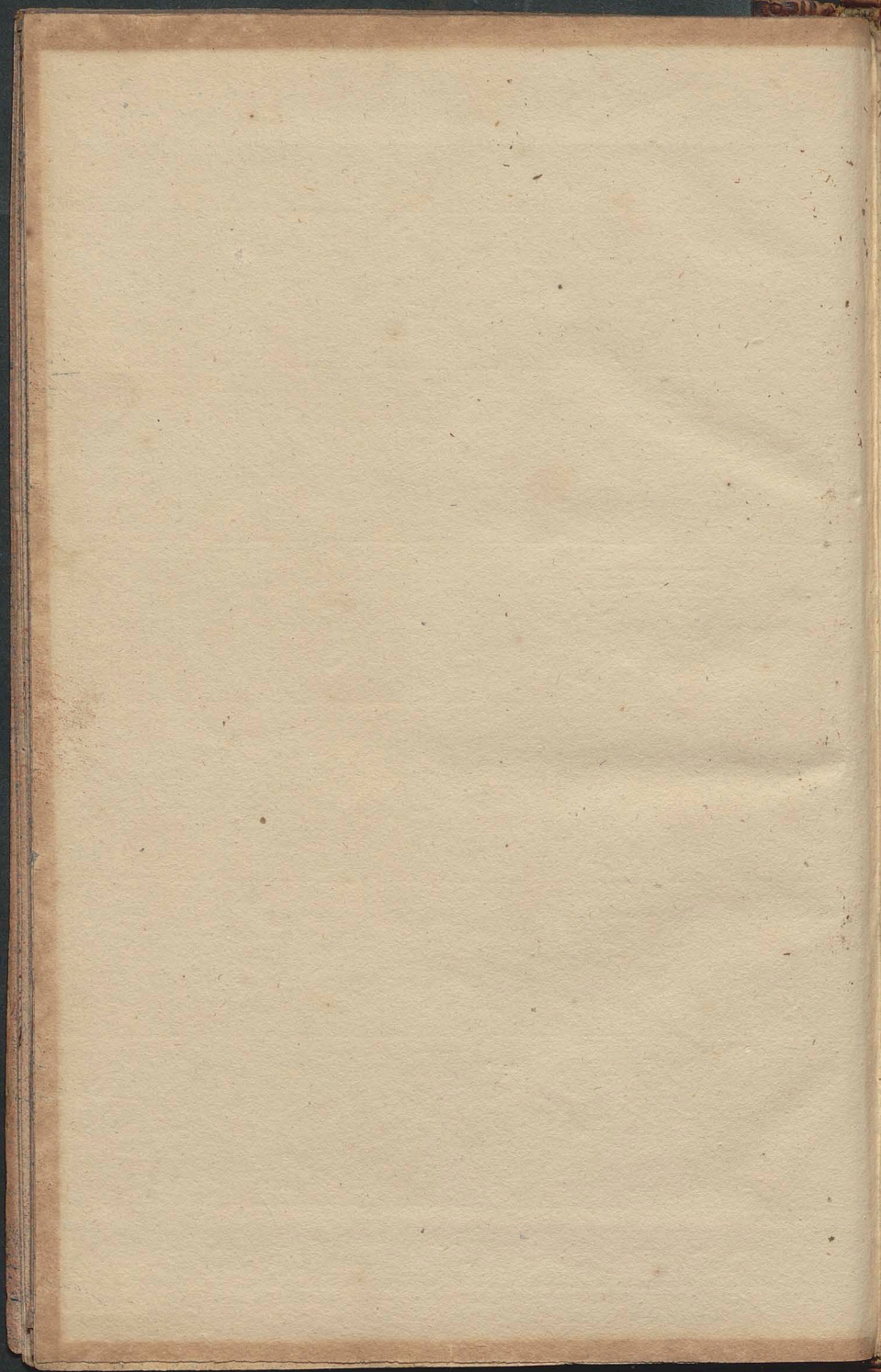
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