
THE

MONSTER.

A

SATYR.

6^d
THE

MONSTER:

OR,

The World turn'd Topsy Turvy.

A

SATYR.

*Within this Book the Monster's to be seen,
The Price Six Pence apiece, -----*

----- God save the QUEEN.

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T H E
M O N S T E R.
A
S A T Y R.

S EARCH all the bright Creation, you won't find
So great, so rude a Monster as Mankind.

Debauch'd by Custom, and o'er-grown by Time,
Like Savage Beasts, they range thro' ev'ry Clime :
All things to them, their native Homage pay ;
But Men on Men, like hungry Tygers, prey,
And scorn their Sov'reign Maker to obey.

So the Arch-Rebel, *Lucifer*, of Old,
Heaven's bless'd Confines for Hell's Enlargement sold.

In Rule and Empire he his Pleasure fought,
 But the imagin'd Joy too dearly bought ;
 Fancy'd 'twas Heaven only to be free,
 And God-like Great to roar at Liberty ;
 O'er Earth and Seas with Kingly Pow'r to reign,
 And ravage all the vast Ætherial Plain.

This pleas'd the *Monster* ; this increas'd his Lust,
 And made Hell relish with a greater Gust.
 This pleas'd his greedy, foul, insatiate Mind,
 That he, like Heaven, could Lord it o'er Mankind.
 But see at last this fam'd, this boasted Liberty
 End in vile Chains of everlasting Slavery.

Cou'd Man, that Prodigy of Earth, be brought
 To Reason, or by Rule, right Reason taught ;
 No abstruse Secret wou'd it be to know,
 What 'tis we ought, or what we ought not do,
 Without Advice from *Tutchin* or *De Foe*.

Both Monsters are in Kind, but not Degree,
 And both alike are void of Modesty :

Both on their Country's vital Honours prey ;

Yet each to Ruin take a different Way.

This mov'd by Villany, and that by Pride,

Draw thousands of the giddy Mob aside ;

Then on their servile Necks in Triumph ride.

Like *Scorpio* this, that like a *Hydra* stands,

Lop off his Head, he has a thousand Hands :

Squadrons of pointed Tongues, brandish'd in Air,

Do round *Augusta's* Walls in Bands appear :

So fell these Monsters are, so direful fierce,

This kills in Prose, while that destroys in Verse.

But yet alas we have some thousands more;

That are as monstrous on another Score.

Flat-direct alone does not all Monsters show,

They're rife at Court, and in the Pulpit too.

I've seen a huge Church-Monster, monstrous proud;

With Hell and Furies fright the giddy Crowd,

'Tho' his Harangue was empty, as 'twas loud.

The vilest Kind at *Opera* may be seen,

Black meagre Monsters, eat up with the Spleen ;

So *Soub* his Brother *Stalck* wou'd devoyr,
 If his ill Nature was but back'd with Pow'r.

Sachin is a Champion for *Higb-Church*,
 But if he fights 'gainst Sov'reign Pow'r like *Bishop*,
 Like him, his *Pious*ship may be left i'th' Lurch.
 His passive Doctrine 'won't ascend the Throne,
 Or pull his hated *Moderation* down;
 For furious Zeal too oft has shoke the Crown.
 So *Lashy* adds fresh Fuel to the Fire,
 And burns with Rage, the Flame won't mount up higher :
 Fiery Materials he from far has brought,
 Destructive Darts in *Roman* Forges wrought.
 These are dispers'd around from Hand to Hand,
 Like baneful Weeds, to Poison all the Land.
Cassandra his foul black Designs can tell,
 Dark as they are, deep as the nether Hell:
 'From whence their pois'nous Influence they bring,
 'Destructive to the Kingdom, and the Queen.

I've seen a Monster Councillor of State,
 And twenty Monsters on the great One wait ;

I've seen a Monster Metamorphos'd ; *How?*
 You'll say, perhaps, but he's no Monster now,
*B-----*ly succeeds, and better fills the Place,
 To's Country's Shame, and to his own Disgrace ;
 For *Tacks* and *Bills consolidating* fam'd,
 And other things, too monst'rous to be nam'd.
 No Rival, no Competitor has he,
 But *Packington* in new State Policy.
Oxford may boast as much in her learn'd Sons,
 As *Cambridge* in her Quibbles, Jests, and Puns ;
 For neither have been able yet to know,
 What 'tis their Patriot Champions wou'd do,
 Unless they're making Laws *for they know who*.

The upper *House* has Monsters in great store,
 Who for the Church or Common-Wealth can roar :
 But some for Places, Pensions, 'cause they're Poor,
 Tho' many bawl upon another Score.
F----- is a Monster that has two large Heads,
 And Spawns as fast as a wild Rabbet Breeds.

Subtle, Tenacious, Wise, and Bold ; besides,
 He is defended Back and Breast with *Hides* ;
 But what is strange to tell, tho' not so rare,
Arch-Monsters look most Sanctify'd here,
 And like dull, grave *Arch-Bishops*, do appear.
 But under the long *Robe* we easily see
 The Devil's cloven-footed Villany.
 For he's an *Ass*, that cannot soon discern
 The Devil from a Saint, a Monster from a Man.

What swarms of Monsters crowd the Lawyers Bar,
 Who of huge Size, and large Dimensions are,
 That wou'd devour a Nation you wou'd Swear.
 They gape and yawn, and roar aloud for Fees,
 As on the *Beeches* foam the angry Seas :
 So *Fennings* does with Noise perplex the Laws,
 And plagues the Court, but never pleads the Cause.
 Yet for his Nonsense, is as largely paid
 As if he did, and understood the Trade,
 Or cou'd, like *Couper*, with soft Rhetorick plead.

But

But Causes are not try'd as won't of Old,
 When Justice was not to be Bought and Sold,
 As Oaths and Perjuries are now for Gold :
 For Honesty and Law was valu'd more,
 Than Bawling, as 'twas us'd by *Sloan* and *Sho-ye*.

Monsters in Physick are in ev'ry Town,
 But here they are so thick and num'rous grown,
 They've quite Ecclips'd that monst'rous Fool, *Husloan*.

The wealthy Merchant, who explores for Gain,
 Far distant Lands, and the more dang'rous Main ;
 Who from rich *Affrick* Monsters us'd to bring,
 Now sees his own dear Country here produce,
 Monsters who've made themselves unfit for Use ;
 Who thro' the Streets, like rav'nous *Harpies*, range,
 And stalk with Heads uplifted to the *Change*.
 Shaking their Horns, like some o'er fatten'd Deer,
 As rais'd above their Fellows, they appear.
 Fleec'd with the Gain from *India* they command,
 Upon the Ruin of their Native Land :

While they encrease their Wealth and ill-got Store,
 Their Country pines, and must at last grow poor:
 Thousands must perish to maintain their Pride,
 As Oceans flow in to support a Tide.

These are *Men-eating* Monsters, who devour
 A hundred little Fry of Fools each Hour.

'Tis seldom that they Eat, and never Dine
 But swill their Guts with Human Gore for Wine,
 Then Home they roll their Carcases like Swine.

But Country Bubbles think it a great pity

There are no Monsters seen but in the City :

Alas, how they're deceiv'd ! for when in Town,

They see no Monster like a Country Clown.

Survey the Villages, and search the Fields,

Look all around, whate'er the Country yields,

And shew me ought but Monsters if you can ?

For they're all Brutes by Nature left, -----

There's no such thing among them as a Man :

No Human Creatures now inhabit there,

But Beasts that live both void of Sense and Care,

That

That both deny and scorn right Reason's Rules,
 As fit for nought, but Children or for Fools.
 Humanity's long since kick'd out o'th' Door,
 And Honesty dwells only 'mongst the Poor,
 Because the Rich won't let 'em run o'th' Score.

The first Rate Monster 'mongst this brutish Herd,
 That's seldom lov'd, but very often fear'd,
 Is he to whom the Beasts their Worship pay,
 And oft'ner bow to, than their God obey.
 Some senseless, stupid, dull, insipid Ass,
 Who by his Braying, more disturbs, than keeps the Peace;
 And to distribute Justice, is as fit,
 As Asses are to judge of Sense or Wit.

This is the Monarch-Monster of his Kind,
 Who proud as Hell's Chief Justice you will find,
 And to as much Compassion is inclin'd.
 Bribes make his Worship plead for Liberty,
 Capons, and Geese, and Turkeys, are a Fee,
 At any time will set the Pris'ner free.

What silly Rogues are those who hazard Necks,

When Lives are bought and sold in *Middlesex*.

No Nation e'er made Life so cheap as we,

For only poor Men Die, that cannot Fee.

The just S-----I can't exactly tell

The Numbers he, for Want, has sent to Hell.

For it's thought he ne'er design'd 'em to go there,

Because he left them nought to pay their Fare.

Worse Monsters still than these the Country breeds,

That spread the fertile Land with pois'nous Weeds.

Pimps, Panders, Pettifoggers to the Laws,

Men that are Bawds to ev'ry Villain's Cause.

That prostitute themselves to ev'ry Vice,

Thro' hateful Pride, or fordid Avarice.

These swarm like *Wasps* and *Hornets*, in a Band,

And Eat up all the Honey of the Land.

Industrious *Bees* labour in vain to live,

While they support such Drones within the Hive.

Who first devour whate'er their Plenty yields,

Then plunder all the Product of the Fields.

Famine

Famine and War to these are gentle Things,
 This Death alone, and that Destruction brings.
 But these curs'd Monsters, to regale their Lust,
 To nought but living Mis'ry, have a Gust:
 Tasteless of Pity, of Compassion void;
 Weep not like *Crocodiles*, but laugh when they're ^{(destroy'd.}

Wou'd you have Mischief to Perfection brought,
 You'll find it pregnant in a *Kersey* Coat.
 A home-spun *Suit* hides many a Villain's Heart;
 In that plain *Garb* he best can play his Part,
 And cover all the secret black Designs,
 By which the Courtier's Art he countermines:
 Else ~~Musgrave~~ ne'er cou'd have conceal'd his Pride,
 And all his crafty dark Intrigues beside,
 With which his *Machiavillain* Soul was Dy'd.
 How a rough Diamond does deceive the Eye;
 We can no Lustre on the out-side spy.
 The Secret lies within, for the out-part,
 Of polishing that, is the Workman's Art.

So ~~Seymour~~ ~~now~~ would for a Patriot pass,
 With *English Honesty* writ in his Face ;
 But if you cou'd uncover the Scarf Skin,
 You'd see the vilest Monster-Pride within ;
 You'd see, couch'd like an Ass, under Pretence
 Of native Vertue, simple Innocence,
 A Rav'nous *Wolf* set for the Sheeps-Defence.
Mask with formal Speeches may deceive,
 And that he's a *Club* Champion-make the World believe ;
 But for a *British* Lyon-ne'er will pass,
 His Ears will still discover him an Ass.
 No close designing Actions can shine more,
 Than his, amidst his *Cambrian* Silver Oar.
 How many Heads and Hands this Monster has,
 Is only seen in the State Looking-glass,
 Where you occasionally, might see 'em pass,
 One hundred thirty four their Number was.
 All Monsters of *Gygantick* Shape and Size,
 With Hands, *Briareus* like, and *Argius* Eyes.

Stern were their Looks, more furious when they spoke,
As they'd destroy a Nation at a Stroke.

One spacious Room, this numerous Herd contains,
With monstrous Heads, but of small size their Brains:
Most terrible their Aspects are, to see
Within the Pale of their own Property.

They roar like *Roman Bulls*, and are as bold,
And yet as gentle too, if fed with Gold.

But then they are so sharp, Eat such a Deal,
To cram their Guts, wou'd starve a Common-Weal.

But we have many Monsters yet in store,
All are not fat ones, some are monst'rous poor:
For Roguery will hang at ev'ry Door.

The Country *Grasier*, *Farmer*, and the *Hind*,
Are all as monst'rous Villains in their Kind:
The *Grasier* knows not how *Bank-stock* to buy;
But in's own way as well can *Forge* and *Lie*,
The *Farmer* cheats not like the *Merchant* on the *Change*,
But will deceive you in your Country *Grange*:

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Tho'

He that once trusts him, will be surely bit,
 For tho' his own's but small, he'll teach you Wit.
 Doubtless the *Hind* is Honest, you wou'd swear,
 Yet he will Theive and Steal for Bread and Beer;
 Sleep in a Barn, or Loitre all Day long;
 But for his Master's Cause swear, *Right* or *Wrong*:
 He thinks not much on Mischief in his Head,
 Or do Designs disturb his Rest in Bed:
 But like the fiercest Brute, will practice Ill,
 And then pretend 'twas done against his Will.
 No barb'rous Monster has more Guilt than he,
 And none deceive with such Simplicity.

But to the Town, let us return again,
 Where Monsters are as plentiful as Men:
 Where Fops in monst'rous Wigs, like *Hedg-Hogs* strut,
 You can discover nothing but the Snout,
 Besmer'd fantastickly with *Spanish* Smut.
 And thus with Powder daw'b from Top to Toe,
 You'll see that monst'rous thing now call'd a *Beau*;

Fat and well-liking the cramb'd Chick appears,
But a fresh Blast of Air to nothing tears.
This tott'ring Fabrick, this meer Man-Machine,
That is as empty as a Drum within ;
An airy Form, a Skeleton of Glafs,
Or Speaking-Trump, thro' which the Voice doth pass,
At best, a poor, insipid, usefess Tool,
The Womens Cully, and the Surgeons Fool,
Train'd up in Vice, and nurs'd with Diet-Drink,
He sucks in Wit, before he learns to think ;
And sure he may pretend a Wit to be,
When he's been thrice sublim'd with *Mercury*.
This is a Monster of uncommon Growth,
Nice in the Raising, yet of little Worth :
Born for no other Use, nor aims at any End,
Or to his Country or himself's a Friend,
But as the *Porpoise* usefess swims the Deep,
So he on Land does nought but Eat, and Drink, and Sleep.

Besides these Fops, other strange Monsters are,
In Bobs, and Bands, and filthy cur-tail'd Hair ;
Fright-

Frightful their Forms, their Faces so precise,
They never laugh, they're Animals too Wise;
But gape and yawn, and always grin and leer,
Like a cloak'd Monkey in an Elbow Chair,
And then they stretch their Mouths from Ear to Ear.
Of all the Shews 'twixt th' City and the Court,
These Monsters make the most diverting Sport:
They never Drink, yet seldom but they're Drunk,
And rarely *Wine*, but always keep a Punk.
To Laws averſe, they cry up Liberty,
Because they wou'd have Woman-kind be free:
They live not like *Camelions* on the Air,
But Beef and Bacon, and the fattest Chear.

More Monsters still in ev'ry Crow'd we meet,
That stroul like Herds of Brutes a long the Street:
So in full-bottom'd Wigs stiff *M-----s* pass,
Who look as formal as *Jo. Haynes's* Ass:
Stately they step, and shake their white Yard Wand,
As if my Lord Mayor's Horse was at Command.

They'll

They'll Game, and Drink, and Whore with any Lord,
 Turn Bankrupts strait, and then clap on a Sword:
 These are so cominon; and so inonist'rous grown,
 They're seen at ev'ry Coffee-House in Town,
 Struting like Beggars rev'ling in a Barn,
 When they have rob'd some Neighbour of his Corn:
 So you may meet with *Goldsmiths, Lacemen, Drapers,*
 Scouring the Roads with Pistols, and with Rapers.

Next you may see *Barbers and Taylors*, rather
 Than Work, struting in Cap and Feather;
 With Pike and Musket, Sword and *Bandeliers*,
 As in *Tar Doublets*, march your *Wappineers*.

Strange Monsters they appear, some in the Faces,
 In bandy Legs, crook'd Backs, and awkward Graces,
 In hobling, wadling, unbecoming Paces.

These huff and puff, look big as any Cit,
 For they may boast of Courage, tho' not Wit.
 That, their *Indentures* bind 'em to avoid,
 For Trade and Wit were never yet ally'd:

Tho' some perhaps wou'd undertake to shew it,
 That once a broken *Hosier* made a Poet :
 I'll grant it may be, for the Woollen Trade,
 Doctors, as well as Poets too, have made :
 Else how came *W—d* Metamorphos'd so,
 First from a Woollen-Draper to a Beau,
 Then to a *Doctor, Vertuoso* ?

But these are Monsters of another Kind,
 Quite different from any else we find :
 So light and subtil, and so thin they are,
 They feed on nought, but what is wond'rous rare,
 As nice and fine as Elemental Air.
 They see when dark the best, like *Owls* and *Cats*,
 And always are, like them, at hunt for Mice and Rats :
 Yet they as useles are as Lap-dogs grown,
 And ought to be Whipt out of ev'ry Town :
 'Tis their Desert, but a much greater Pity,
 Such Monsters shou'd be harbour'd in the City ;

But they are grown so full in ev'ry Hall,
 They dare out none, lest they shou'd turn out all.

The EPILOGUE.

THE Shew of Monster's done, to you, my Friends,
 The monst'rous Poet, this his Welcome sends,
 And so the Poet, and the Poem Ends.

FINIS.

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