

Mr. *TASTE*'s Tour

FROM THE

Island of Politeness,

TO THAT OF

DULNESS and SCANDAL, &c.

(Price One Shilling.)

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TO THAT OF

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----- Last, those who boast of mighty Mischiefs done,
Enslave their Country, or usurp a Throne;
Or who their Glory's dire Foundation laid,
On Sov'reigns ruin'd, or on Friends betray'd;
Calm thinking Villains, whom no Faith can fix,
Of crooked Counsels, and dark Politicks:
Of these a gloomy Tribe surround the Throne,
And beg to make th' immortal Treasons known.
The Trumpet roars, long flaky Flames expire,
With Sparks that seem'd to set the World on fire,
At the dread Sound pale Mortals stood aghast,
And startled Nature trembled with the Blast.

L O N D O N: .

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of London and Westminster. 1733.

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INTRODUCTION.

SUCH is the Petulency and Malice of the *real* GRUBS of this Age, whose *muddy Brains* are fertile in nothing but *Scandal* and *Reproach*, *Infamy* and *Falsehood*, that they imagine they are licensed to attack any *Gentleman of Credit and Reputation*, who has the happy Talent of pleasing the World with *Wit* and *Good Sense*: They are like the *Toad* in the *Fable*, who, envying the *Ox* on account of his large Growth, swell'd his own Body with the Venom it contain'd, till, exceeding the Bounds of Nature, it burs'd, and thereby hastened its own Death; and let those malicious Insects take Care that they do not share the same Fate.

Rumpatur quisquis rumpitur Invidia.

To mention every particular Pamphlet, wherein I am misrepresented, and vilely traduced, would take up more Time than I can spare; and to refute 'em would be the Labour of an Age. I shall therefore, at present, only vindicate myself, in relation to what is charged upon me in a Pamphlet, call'd **INGRATITUDE**; to which is prefix'd an impudent Picture.

INTRODUCTION.

THE heavy Allegation against me is, that I am guilty of *Ingratitude*; a Crime, I must confess, in its Nature vile and detestable. To maintain this, two Instances are produced; the first is concerning a Disgust that I took at the late Mr. *Addison*; I own it; but then give me Leave to put the Question, were we not reconciled after *this*? *This* is allow'd; but then I am charged again, with publishing a Satire on the aforesaid Gentleman, after his Death, though our Reconciliation had continued to the End of his Life. This, truly, I cannot deny; but in Alleviation thereof, I must say, That I did inadvertently deliver one Satire to be printed instead of another.

THE Second is, concerning a noble Peer, to whom I went to beg a Subscription, who was very liberal to me; this I freely own: But who can say, I am guilty of *Ingratitude*? Can they prove that I have mention'd his Name, or that the Character of Lord Timon was design'd for him? If People will draw wrong Conclusions from false Premises, who can help it? The Fault is theirs, and not mine.

WHAT is mention'd in the 8th and 9th Pages of *Ingratitude*, concerning Mr. *Congreve's* Assertion, as it affects me, gives me no Inquietude; I will neither own it, nor deny it; the Person is *defunct*, and if they can *subpœna* him from the Shades below, let 'em do it; I will then answer for myself; and this *Introduction* may satisfy every one, that I shall not trouble myself for the future, in vindicating my Character, whatever Aspersions shall be cast upon me.

Mr.

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PRODUCT of Earth, by genial Heat of Sun,
What Mischiefs, GOLD, have not by Thee
been done?

From thy *Rich Veins* what Streams of Goodness
flow,

Thou *dearest Friend*, and most *invet'rate Foe*!

You, *Proteus* like, in various Forms appear,

Now joy our Hearts, then strike a panic Fear:

B

Tho'

Tho' you, by Nature, are not *good*, or *ill*,
 At once you can *preserve*, at once can *kill*.
 The *needy* Rogue you tempt to meet his *Fate*,
 And make the wary *prosp'rous* Villain *Great*. 10
 You set the *Dunce*, the *Coward*, and the *Knave*,
 Above the *Wise*, the *Honest*, and the *Brave*.
 You make the *learn'd* *experienc'd* Head bow low
 To empty *Upstart* *Fools*, that *Nothing* know.

NOT Right, but Riches, give to some the Sway,
 And make the starving Multitude obey :
Riches alone does at such Distance place
 The *lab'ring* *Peasant* from his *Courtly* *Grace* :
Titles most pompous (tho' confer'd by Kings)
 Uncrown'd with solid *Wealth*, are empty *Things* 20
 Such *Royal* *Marks* no *Pauper's* *Wants* can screen,
 But make the *Wretch* more despicably mean :
 Badges of *Honour* haughty *Minds* may please,
 But wiser *Heads* scarce think 'em worth their *Fees*.
 'Tis true the *City* oft sends forth a *Tool*,
 Who barter's *Money* to be dub'd *Sir Fool* ;
 But what vain *Prodigal* would humour *Pride*,
 At such *Expence*, unless to please his *Bride* ?

And

And if the Knight grows poor, the stately Toy
 Becomes the Scorn of ev'ry 'Prentice Boy: 30
 For needy Honour, like a King subdu'd;
 Moves but Contempt and Laughter in the Croud.

GOLD, tho' so pow'rful, yet thou'rt oft misus'd,
 By those that love the most, thou'rt most abus'd:
 The Miser, tho' he doats upon thy Charms,
 And with thy Looks his craving Fancy warms;
 Yet places o'er thee his *Vulcanian* Guard,
 So close he hugs thee, that he gripes too hard.
 Thus the fond Husband of a beauteous Wife,
 To keep secure the Comfort of his Life, 40
 Confines her close, or o'er her sets his Spies,
 Lest some shou'd rob him of his *Charming Prize*.

THO' Gold be oft adorn'd with Royal Face,
 Casting a watchful Eye towards *Heaven's Grace*,
 Yet now is ev'ry Ideot grown so wise,
 To know the Value in the Substance lies;
 And if the Touch-stone proves the Metal *base*,
 They prize not *Cæsar's* Image, or *God's Grace*.

FALSE flatt'ring Fav'rites, who on Princes wait,
 And by their Cringes make 'em seem more great, 50
 For *base bye Ends* their humble Fawnings pay,
Gold makes 'em bow, dissemble, and obey,
 And *Gold*, which makes 'em serve, will tempt 'em
 to betray.

So the poor worthless Cur, for nothing good,
 Fawns most, because he least deserves his Food;
 But when by some new Hand he's better fed,
 He leaves his Master, who the Mungril bred.

WEALTH is the Statesman's Lust, and Soul of
 Pow'r,
 The Teeth by which the *Rich* the *Poor* devour;
 The *Judge's* Favo'rite, and the *Client's* Friend, 60
 The *Jury's* Conscience, who the Cause must end;
 Bagg'd up in *Bribes*, around the Darling flies,
 She talks, persuades, she conquers, and she buys:
 On ev'ry Court clandestinely she calls,
 And for her Sake the Pleader sweats and bawls:
 No adverse Pauper can withstand her Might,
 The Cause she 'spouses most, is always *right*.

Thus

Thus *Justice*, who is blind to either side,
 Does now take Money for her partial Guide ;
 Who leads the Hood-wink'd Dame from Cour to
 Court, 70
 And makes the Pur-blind Fool a Publick Sport ;
 Who in this Age has lost her Christian Fame,
 And is so chang'd, she's nothing but a Name.

COUNCILS for *Gold* are many times betray'd,
 Statesmen by her kind Influence are sway'd ;
 Hearts, that shou'd secret as the Grave remain,
 Break thro' their Oaths, divulging all for *Gain*.
 Few Tongues so faithful that can Silence hold,
 When tempted, safely, to betray by *Gold* ;
 Grave S---rs, tho' ne'er so Rich or Great, 80
 Will still be nibbling at the shining Bait :
 Its pleasing Lustre dazzles human Eyes,
 And takes sometimes the Honest by Surprise ;
 Who by the glitt'ring Sight are overcome,
 And think of Nothing but the pow'ful Sum :
 Forget how vilely they abuse their Trust,
 And make the Ills, they are to do, seem just.

THE fighting Hero, says he chuses Wars,
 Whose Sword's his Voucher, and his Pride his Scars;
 Who dreads Dishonour more than sudden Fate, 90
 And is by Blood and Wounds made desperate;
 Who boasts of Towns and Battles he has won,
 And rattles of the mighty Deeds he's done,
 To serve his King and Country, and secure
 His dear Religion from invading Pow'r;
 If Truth be canvass'd, *Int'rest* leads the Van,
 And makes the Soldier such a valiant Man;
 Where he's best us'd, he thinks the Cause most
 right,

'Tis Pay, and Hopes of Plunder, makes him fight;
 And when the first of these Temptations fails, 100
 Tho' in Heaven's Cause, whole Legions turn their
 Tails,

Forget their Honour, which was once their Pride,
 And fly for Succour to the adverse Side.

So the proud Statesman, if he once has shown
 Some Signal Service to a thankless Throne,

Finding his Prince neglecting to requite,
In Haste turns *Rebel* to revenge the Slight.

WAR is the Sport of Kings and mighty Lords,
The Key that opens all the Nation's Hoards;
And they in Arms, who in the Project join, 110
Fight not for Country, but their Country's Coin.
'Tis Hopes of *Wealth* that warms the Heroes Veins,
In long cold Marches, and in wet Campaigns;
'Tis the rich Plunder, that's within the Town,
That makes th' Assailants go so bravely on,
And not Religion, that's but a Pretence
To make Heaven's Lambs part freely with their
Pence.

For they, who wade thro' bloody Fields, maintain,
They fight for Pay, and what more they can gain;
Else brauney Priests might draw Religion's
Sword, 120

And fight themselves the Battle of the Lord:
Or lazy Burghers leave their handsome Wives,
And, to secure their Wealth, expose their Lives.

Few are of Ease so prodigal and vain,
 To bear another's Burden, but for *Gain*;
 And were it not for *Pay*, few Soldiers wou'd be
 slain.

MONEY, it is by thy prevailing Aid
 Callow-chin'd Boys are Noble Captains made;
 Much fitter to attend a Lady's Train,
 Than strut before a *Company* of Men, 130
 Whose braver Hearts despise the tender Chit,
 To whom they're hardly destin'd to submit;
 Whilst Men well skill'd in Arms, who long have serv'd,
 Want those Advancements they so well deserv'd:
 And unregarded at a Distance stand,
 Cringing to those o'er whom they shou'd command;
 Thus *Gold* in Armies often rules the Roast,
 And lifts the *Coward* to the *Brave Man's* Post.

FOR *Gold* contending Factions toil and sweat,
 And *Pro* and *Con* so painfully debate: 140
 For *This* the Crafty quarrel with the Throne,
 And to the *Publick Good* prefer *Their Own*;

Each steers and labours for the Golden Coast,
 The main Dispute is, who shall gain the most,
 'Tis *Int'rest* makes each Party disagree,
 They clash, they jangle, and contend for thee ;
 All Sides would raise their Fortunes in the State,
 The Weak behold the rising Pow'r with Hate,
 And ev'ry Goose grows mad, to see the Fox so
 great.

THESE in low Spheres, impatient to aspire, 150
 Watch all their Motions, who are posted higher ;
 Seek to detect the Faults of those above,
 And labour to procure a new Remove ;
 Not that the Public Welfare is their Aim,
 But that themselves may play the winning Game.

So *Bowling* Rooks can with no Patience rest,
 To their Adversary's *Cast* lie best,
 But knock him from his Place by throwing home,
 And win the End, by lodging in his Room.

THE smaller Fry, who can no Merit plead, 160
 But follow those, whom they desire shou'd lead,
 Their Minds with *Envy* poison'd by the rest,
 Calumniate those in higher Stations blest;
 And when 'twill serve the Int'rest they adore,
 They shew their Teeth, tho' destitute of Pow'r.
 They stand like Mungrils barking at the Moon,
 In hopes to bring the lofty Being down;
 But they, like *Finders* to the *Grey-bounds* fare,
 They beat the Bush, but th' others catch the Hare,
 Yet hopes of Pow'r deludes 'em to be Tools, 170
 And makes industrious Knaves of busy Fools,
 Who covet Places only for the Wealth,
 And think to gain by *Bribery* and *Stealth*;
 They from their own base Principles accuse
 Just Men of Ills, themselves desire to Use.

So sharpening Gamesters, who can cog the Dice,
 Expert in each foul politic Device,
 Suspect what others fairly win at Play,
 And think they use the same clandestine Way.

MARRIAGE, that shou'd a Sanction give to
 Love, 180
 That State which many try, but few approve,
 By *Gold* is now so mercenary made,
 Like Priests, both Sexes use it as a Trade.
 We ask not how discreet, how young, how fair,
 How chaste young Women, but how rich they are?
 As worthless Toys, Beauty's bright Charms we
 slight,
 Dear-bought Experience proves Love's soft Delight,
 Blesses but some dark Moments of the Night.
Riches, those welcome Jewels with a Bride,
 Beauty out-shine, and ev'ry Grace beside; 190
 Most Men agree, the Fortune, not the Wife,
 Is all the *Advantage* Wedlock adds to Life.
Great Men themselves their *Honour* bow to *Gold*,
 And join their noble Blood t' ignoble Mould:
 The *Grasier's Heiress*, with her Father's Hoard,
 Is now a *welcome Lady* to a *Lord*:
 The Daughter of a *Cit*, grown rich by Trade,
 May match at *Court*, and be a *Dutchess* made:
Honour's a *Trifle*, *Virtue* but a *Dream*,
Riches alone, procure the *World's Esteem*.

The gallant Youth the Hump-back'd Lady takes,
 And for her *Gold* a flatt'ring Husband makes ;
 Fawn on his female *Chaos* like a Slave,
 And hugs the *Lump*, he wishes in the Grave ;
 What she desires, he liberally grants,
 Relieves her *Lust*, and she supplies his *Wants*.
 The charming *Maid*, as fortuneless as he,
 Does gladly join with *Rich Deformity*,
 Prostrates her *Charms* to some *Baboon* she hates,
 And hugs the *Clog* her *Soul* abominates: 210
 Bears all the *jealous Taunts* he cannot hide,
 To be a *rich, decrepid Miser's* Bride.
Beauties too oft comply for *filthy Gain*,
 They marry *Elves*, and cross the *lovely Strain* ;
 Producing what the World abhors to see,
 A *crooked, half-got, peevish Progeny*.

MONEY first tempted *Judas* to betray,
 'Tis the *false Guide* that leads *Mankind* astray ;
 It makes Men warmly labour to deceive
 Others with what themselves do not believe. 220
 Where they *Dependance*, or an *Int'rest* have,
 With *honest Characters* they cloak the *Knave* ;
 And without Cause, to serve their Purpose, stain
 The Reputation of deserving Men:

One Man they flatter, t'other they abuse,
The *Guiltless* blame, the *Guilty* they excuse:
They from all *Truth* and *Honesty* dissent,
To make their own Advantage crown th' Event;
Hide their own Knowledge, to deceive the Blind,
When mercenary Gain corrupts the Mind. 230

F I N I S.

