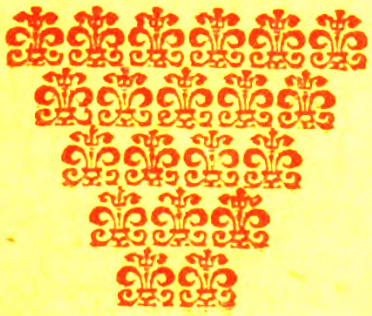
A HYMN TO THE PILLORY.



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A HYMN TO THE PILLORY.

HAIL *Hi'roglyphick* State *Machin*,
Contriv'd to puniſh Fancy in:
Men that are Men, in thee can feel no Pain,
And all thy *Inſignificants* Diſdain.
Contempt, that falſe New Word for ſhame,
Is without Crime an empty Name,
A Shadow to Amuſe Mankind,
But never frights the Wiſe or Well-fix'd Mind:
Vertue deſpiſes Human Scorn,
And Scandals Innocence adorn.

Exalted on thy *Stool of State*,
What Proſpect do I ſee of Sov'reign Fate;
How th' *Inſcrutables* of Providence,
Differ from our contracted Senſe;
Hereby the Errors of the Town,
The Fools look out and Knaves look on.

Perſons

Persons or Crimes find here the same
And Vice does Vertue oft Corre
The undistinguish'd Fury of the
Which Mob and Malice Mankin
No Byass can the Rable draw,
But *Dirt* throws *Dirt* without respect to

Sometimes the *Air of Scandal* to mainta
Villains look from thy Lofty Loops in
But who can judge of Crimes by Punish
Where Parties Rule, and L——s Subse
Justice with Change of Interest Learns to
And what was Merit once, is Murther n
Actions receive their Tincture from the T
And as they change are Vertues made or
Thou art the *State-Trap* of the Law
But neither can keep Knaves, nor Honest
These are too hard'nd in Offence,
And those upheld by Innocence.

How have thy opening Vacancys receiv'd,
In every Age the Criminals of State?
And how has Mankind been deceiv'd,
When they distinguish Crimes by Fa
Tell us, *Great Engine*, how to understand,
Or reconcile the Justice of the Land;
How *Bastwick*, *Pryn*, *Hunt*, *Hollingsby* and
Men of unspotted Honesty;
Men that had Learning, Wit and Sen
And more than most Men have had fin
Could equal Title to thee claim,
With *Oats* and *Fuller*, Men of later Fame:
Even the Learned *Selden* saw,
A Prospect of thee, thro' the Law:
He had thy *Lofty Pinnacles* in view,
But so much Honour never was thy due;
Had the Great *Selden* Triumph'd on thy Stage,
Selden the Honour of this Age;

No Man wou'd ever ſhun thee more,
Or grudge to ſtand where *Selden* ſtood before.

Thou art no ſhame to Truth and Honeſty,
Nor is the Character of ſuch defac'd by thee,
Who ſuffer by Oppreſſed Injury.
Shame, like the Exhalations of the Sun,
Falls back where firſt the motion was begun:
And they who for no Crime ſhall on thy Brows appear,
Bear leſs Reproach than they who plac'd 'em there.

But if Contempt is on thy Face entail'd,
Diſgrace it ſelf ſhall be aſham'd;
Scandal ſhall bluſh that it has not prevail'd,
To blaſt the Man it has defam'd.
Let all that merit equal Puniſhment,
Stand there with him, and we are all Content.

There would the Fam'd *S*——*ll* ſtand
With Trumpet of Sedition in his Hand,
Sounding the firſt *Cruſado* in the Land.
He from a Church of *England* Pulpit firſt
All his Diſſenting Brethren Curſt;
Doom'd them to Satan for a Prey,
And firſt found out *the ſhortest way*;
With him the Wiſe Vice-Chancellor o'th' Preſs,
Who tho' our Printers Licences deſy,
Willing to ſhow his forwardneſs,
Bleſs'd it with his Authority;
He gave the Churche's Sanction to the Work,
As *Popes* bleſs Colours for Troops which fight the *Turk*.
Doctors in ſcandal theſe are grown,
For *Red-hot Zeal* and Furious Learning known:
Profeſſors in Reproach and highly fit,
For *Juno*'s Academy, *Billingſgate*.
Thou like a True-born *Engliſh* Tool,
Haſt from their Compoſition ſtole,
And now art like to ſmart for being a Fool:

 And

And as of *English* Men, 'twas always meant;
They'r better to Improve than to Invent;
Upon their Model thou haſt made,
A Monſter makes the World afraid.
With them let all the States-men ſtand,
Who Guide us with unſteady hand:
Who Armies, Fleet, and Men betray;
And Ruin all *the ſhorteſt way*,
Let all thoſe Souldiers ſtand in ſight,
Who're Willing to be paid and not to fight.
Agents, and Colonels, who falſe Muſters bring,
To Cheat your Country firſt, and then your King:
Bring all your *Coward Captains* of the Fleet;
Lord! what a Crowd will there be when they meet?

They who let *Pointi* 'ſcape to *Breſt*,
With all the Gods of *Carthagena* Bleſt.
Thoſe who betray'd our *Turkey* Fleet;
Or Injur'd *Talmaſh* Sold at *Camaret*.
Who miſs'd the Squadron from *Thouloon*,
And always came too late or elſe too ſoon;
All theſe are Heroes whoſe great Actions Claim,
Immortal Honour to their Dying Fame;
And ought not to have been Denyed,
On thy great Counterſcarp, to have their Valour try'

Why have not theſe upon thy ſwelling Stage,
Taſted the keener Juſtice of the Age;
If 'tis becauſe their Crimes are too remote,
Whom leaden-footed Juſtice has forgot?
Let's view the modern Scenes of Fame,
If Men and Management are not the ſame;
When Fleets go out with Money, and with Me
Juſt time enough to venture home again?
Navyes prepar'd to guard th' inſulted Coaſt,
And Convoy's ſettl'd when Our Ships are loſt.
Some Heroes lately come from Sea,
If they were paid their Due, ſhould ſtand with thee;

P

Papers too ſhould their Deeds relate,
To prove the Juſtice of their Fate:
Their Deeds of War at *Port Saint Mary's* done,
And ſee the Trophy's by them, which they won:
Let *Or——d's* Declaration there appear,
He'd certainly be pleas'd to ſee 'em there.
Let ſome good Limner repreſent,
The raviſh'd Nuns, the plunder'd Town,
The *Engliſh* Honour how miſpent;
The ſhameful coming back, and little done.

The *Vigo* Men ſhould next appear,
To Triumph on thy Theater;
They, who on board the Great Galoons had been,
Who rob'd the *Spaniards* firſt, and then the Queen:
Set up their praiſes to their Valour due,
How Eighty Sail, had beaten Twenty two,
Two Troopers ſo, and one Dragoon,
Conquer'd a *Spaniſh* Boy, a Pampalone.
Yet let them *Or——d's* Conduct own,
Who beat them firſt on Shore, or little had been done:
What unknown ſpoils from thence are come,
How much was brought away, *How little home.*
If all the Thieves ſhould on thy Scaffold ſtand
Who rob'd their Maſters in Command:
The Multitude would ſoon ourdo,
The City Crouds of Lord Mayors ſhow.

Upon thy Penitential ſtools,
Some People ſhould be plac'd for Fools:
As ſome for Inſtance who while they look on;
See others plunder all, and they got none.
Next the Lieutenant General,
To get the Devil, loſt the De'il and all;
And he ſome little badge ſhould bear,
Who ought in juſtice to have hang'd 'em there:
This had his Honour more maintain'd,
Than all the Spoils at *Vigo* gain'd.

Then Clap thy wooden Wings for
And greet the Men of Great Empl
The Authors of the Nations discontent,
And Scandal of a Christian Governmen
Jobbers, and *Brokers* of the City Stocks
With forty Thousand Tallies at their B
Who make our Banks and Companies ob
Or sink 'em all *the shortest way*.
The Intrinsick Value of our Stocks
Is stated in our Calculating Books;
Th' Imaginary Prizes rise and fall,
As they Command who toss the B
Let 'em upon thy lofty Turrets st
With *Bear-skins* on the back, *Debentur*
And write in Capital upon the Po
That here they should remain,
Till this *Ænigma* they explain,
How stocks should Fall, when Sales s
And rise again when Ships are

Great Monster of the Law, Exa
Appear no more in Masquerade,
In Homely Phrase Express thy Disconte
And move it in th' Approaching Parlia
Tell 'em how Papers were instead
With Int'rest eight *per Cent.* and Disco
Of *Irish* Transport Debt unpaid,
Bills false Endors'd, and long Accounts
And tell them all the Nation hopes to f
They'll send the Guilty down to
Rather than those who write their Histo
Then bring those Justices upon thy Ben
Who vilely break the Laws they shoul
And upon Equity Intrench,
By Punishing the Crimes they will not
Let every vicious Magistrate,
Upon thy sumptuous Chariot of the St

There let 'em all in Triumph ride,
Their Purple and their Scarlet laid aſide.
Let no ſuch *Bride-well* Juſtices Protect,
As firſt debauch the Whores which they Correct:
Such who with Oaths and Drunk'neſs ſit,
And Puniſh far leſs Crimes than they Commit:
Theſe certainly deſerve to ſtand,
With Trophies of Authority in Each Hand.
Upon *thy Pulpit*, ſee the Drunken Prieſt,
Who turns the Goſpel to a daily Jeſt;
Let the Fraternity Degrade him there,
Leſt they like him appear:
There let him, his *Memento Mori* Preach,
And by Example, not by Doctrine, Teach.
Next bring the Lewder Clergy there,
Who Preach thoſe Sins down, which *they can't forbear*;
Thoſe *Sons of God* who every day *Go in*,
Both to *the Daughters* and *the Wifes* of Men;
There Let 'em ſtand to be the Nation's Jeſt,
And ſave the Reputation of the reſt.

A——ll who for the Goſpel left the Law,
And deep within the Cleft of Darkneſs ſaw;
Let him be an Example made,
Who durſt the Parſons Province ſo Invade;
To his new Eccleſiaſtick Rules,
We owe the Knowledge that we all are Fools:
Old *Charon* ſhall no more dark Souls convey,
A——ll has found the ſhorteſt way:
Vain is your funeral Pomp and Bells,
Your Grave-ſtones, Monuments and Knells;
Vain are the Trophyes of the Grave,
A——ll ſhall all that Foppery ſave;
And to the Clergy's great Reproach,
Shall change the *Hearſe* into a *Fiery Coach*:
What Man the Learned Riddle can receive,
Which none can Anſwer, and yet none Believe;

Let

Let

Let him Recorded, on the Lift remain,
Till he ſhall Heav'n by his own Rules o
If a Poor Author has Embrac'd thy
Only becauſe he has not underſtood,
They Puniſh Mankind but by halve
Till they ſtand there,
Who againſt their own Principles a
And cannot underſtand themſel
Thoſe *Nimſhites*, who with furious Zeal c
And build up *Rome* to pull down *Babylon*
The real Author of *the ſhorteſt way*,
Who for Deſtruction, not Converſion pra
There let thoſe Sons of Strife remain
Till this Church Riddle they Explai
How at Diſſenters they can raiſe a Storm,
But would not have them all Confor
For there their certain Ruin would come i
And Moderation, which they hate, begin
Next bring ſome Lawyers to *thy Bar*
By *Inuendo* they might all ſtand there;
There let them Expiate that Guilt,
And pay for all that Blood their Tongues
Theſe are the Mountebanks of State
Who *by the ſlight of Tongues* can Crimes c
And dreſs up Trifles in the *Robes of Fate.*
The *Maſtives* of a Government,
To *worry* and run down the Innocent;
There Sat a Man of Mighty Fame,
Whoſe Actions ſpeak him plainer than his N
In vain he ſtruggl'd, he harangu'd in vain,
To bring in *Whipping Sentences* again:
And to debauch a Milder Government;
With *Abdicated kinds of Puniſhment.*
No wonder he ſhould Law deſpiſe,
Who *Jeſus Chriſt* himſelf denies;
His Actions only now direct,
That we when he is made a Judge, e

Let *L——ll* next to his Disgrace,
With *Whitney's Horses* staring in his Face;
There let his Cup of Pennance be kept full,
Till he's less Noisy, Insolent and Dull.

When all these Heroes have past once thy Stage,
And thou hast been the Satyr of the Age;
Wait then a while for all those Sons of Fame,
Whom present Pow'r has made too great a name:
Fenc'd from thy hands, they keep our Verse in Awe,
Too great for Satyr, and too great for Law.
As they their Commands lay down,
They all shall pay their Homage to thy Cloudy Throne:
And till within thy reach they be,
Exalt them in Effigie.

The Martyr of the by-past Reign,
For whom new Oaths have been prepar'd in vain;
She——k's Disciple first by him trepan'd,
He for a K——and they for F——s should stand.
Tho' some affirm he ought to be Excus'd,
Since to this Day he had refus'd;
And this was all the Frailty of his Life,
He Damn'd his Conscience, to oblige his Wife.
But spare that Priest, whose tottering Conscience knew
That if he took but one, he'd Perjure two:
Bluntly resolv'd he wou'd not break 'em both,
And Swore by G——d he'd never take the Oath;
Hang him, he can't be fit for thee,
For his unusual Honesty,

Thou *Speaking Trumpet* of Mens Fame,
Enter in every Court thy Claim;
Demand 'em all, for they are all thy own,
Who swear to Three Kings, but are true to none.
Turn-Coats of all sides are thy due,
And he who once is false, is never true:

To

To oT

To Day can Swear, to Morrow can Abjure;
For Treachery's a Crime no Man can Cure:
Such without ſcruple, for the time to come,
May Swear to all the Kings in Chriſtendom;
But he's a Mad Man will rely
Upon their loſt Fidelity.

They that in vaſt Employments rob the State,
See them in *thy Embraces* meet their Fate;
Let not the Millions they by Fraud obtain,
Protect 'em from the Scandal, or the Pain:
They who from Mean Beginnings grow
To vaſt Eſtates, but God knows how;
Who carry untold Sums away,
From little Places, with but little Pay:
Who Coſtly Palaces Erect,
The Thieves that built them to protect;
The *Gardens*, *Grotto's*, *Fountains Walks*, and *Grot*
Where Vice Triumphs in Pride, and Lawleſs Loves
Where mighty Luxury and Drunk'neſs Reign'd,
Profuſely Spend what they Prophanely Gain'd:
Tell 'em there's *Mene Tekel's* on the Wall,
Tell 'em the *Nations Money* paid for all:
Advance by double Front and ſhow,
And let us both the Crimes and Perſons know:
Place them aloft upon thy Throne,
Who ſlight the Nation's Buſineſs for their own;
Neglect their Poſts, in ſpight of Double Pay,
And run us all in Debt *the ſhorteſt way.*

Great Pageant, Change thy Dirty Scene,
For on thy Steps ſome Ladies may be ſeen;
When Beauty ſtoops upon thy Stage to ſhow
She laughs at all the Humble Fools below.
Set *Sapho* there, whoſe Husband paid for Clothes
Two Hundred Pound a Week in *Furbulo's*:
There in her Silks and Scarlets let her ſhine,
She's Beauteous all without, all Whore within.

Next let Gay *URANIA* Ride,
Her Coach and Six attending by her ſide:
Long has ſhe waited, but in vain,
The City Homage to obtain:
The Sumptuous Harlot long'd to Inſult the *Chair*,
And Triumph o'er our City Beauties there.
Here let her Haughty Thoughts be Gratifi'd,
In Triumph let her Ride;
Let *DIADORA* next appear,
And all that want to know her, ſee her there.
What tho' ſhe's not *a True-Born Engliſh Who——re?*
French Harlots have been here before;
Let not the Pomp nor Grandeur of her State
Prevent the Juſtice of her Fate,
But let her an Example now be made
To Foreign *Wh——s* who ſpoil the *Engliſh* Trade.
Claim 'em, thou *Herald of Reproach*,
Who with uncommon Lewdneſs will Debauch;
Let *C——*upon thy Borders ſpend his Life,
'Till he Recants the Bargain with his Wife:
And till this Riddle both Explain,
How neither can themſelves Contain;
How Nature can on both ſides run ſo high,
As neither ſide can neither ſide ſupply:
And ſo in Charity agree,
He keeps two Brace of Whores, two Stallions ſhe.

What need of *Satyr* to Reform the Town?
Or Laws to keep our Vices down?
Let 'em *to Thee* due Homage pay,
This will Reform us all *the Shortest Way.*
Let 'em *to thee* bring all the Knaves and Fools,
Vertue will guide the reſt by Rules;
They'll need no Treacherous Friends, no breach of Faith,
No Hir'd Evidence with their Infecting Breath;
No Servants Maſters to Betray,
Or Knight o'th' Poſt, who Swear for Pay;

No

No injur'd Author'l on thy Steps appear,
Nor ſuch as *wou'd be Rogues*, but ſuch *as are*.
The firſt Intent of Laws
Was to Correct th' Effect, and check the Cauſe;
And all the Ends of Puniſhment,
Were only Future Miſchiefs to prevent.

But Juſtice is Inverted when
Thoſe Engines of the Law,
Inſtead of pinching Vicious Men,
Keep Honeſt ones in awe;
Thy Buſineſs is, as all Men know,
To Puniſh Villains, not to make Men ſo.
When ever then thou art prepar'd,
To prompt that Vice thou ſhould'ſt Reward,
And by the Terrors of thy Griſly Face,
Make Men turn Rogues to ſhun Diſgrace;
The End of thy Creation is deſtroy'd,
Juſtice expires of Courſe, and Law's made void.

What are thy Terrors? that for fear of thee,
Mankind ſhould dare to ſink their Honeſty;
He's Bold to Impudence, that dare turn Knave,
The Scandal of thy Company to ſave:
He that will Crimes he never knew confeſs,
Does more than if he knew thoſe Crimes tranſgreſs;
And he that fears thee more than to be baſe,
May want a Heart, but does not want a Face.

Thou like the Devil doſt appear
Blacker than really thou art by far:
A wild Chimerick Notion of Reproach,
Too little for a Crime, for none too much:
Let none th' Indignity reſent,
For Crime is all the ſhame of Puniſhment.
Thou Bug-bear of the Law ſtand up and ſpeak,
Thy long Miſconſtru'd Silence break,

Tell us who 'tis upon thy Ridge ſtands there,
So full of Fault, and yet ſo void of Fear;
And from the Paper in his Hat,
Let all Mankind be told for what:

Tell them it was becauſe he was too bold,
And told thoſe Truths, which ſhou'd not ha' been told.
Extol the Juſtice of the Land,
Who Puniſh what they will not underſtand,
Tell them he ſtands Exalted there,
For ſpeaking what we wou'd not hear;
And yet he might ha' been ſecure,
Had he ſaid leſs, or wou'd he ha' ſaid more.
Tell them that this is his Reward,
And worſe is yet for him prepar'd,
Becauſe his Fooliſh Vertue was ſo nice,
As not to ſell his Friends, according to his Friends Advice;

And thus he's an Example made,
To make Men of their Honeſty afraid,
That for the time to come they may,
More willingly their Friends betray;
Tell 'em the Men that plac'd him here,
Are Friends unto the Times,
But at a loſs to find his Guile,
They can't commit his Crimes.

FINIS.

A Catalogue of Poems, &c. Printed and Sold by H. Hills *in* Black-Fryars, *near the* Water-side; *where several more may be had that are not here Inserted.*

A Congratulatory Poem on Prince *George* of *Denmark*, &c. on the Success at Sea.
Marlborough Still Conquers.
The Flight of the Pretender.
Honesty in Distress, a Tragedy.
The Kit-Cats a Poem, *&c.*
Wine, a Poem, *&c.*
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