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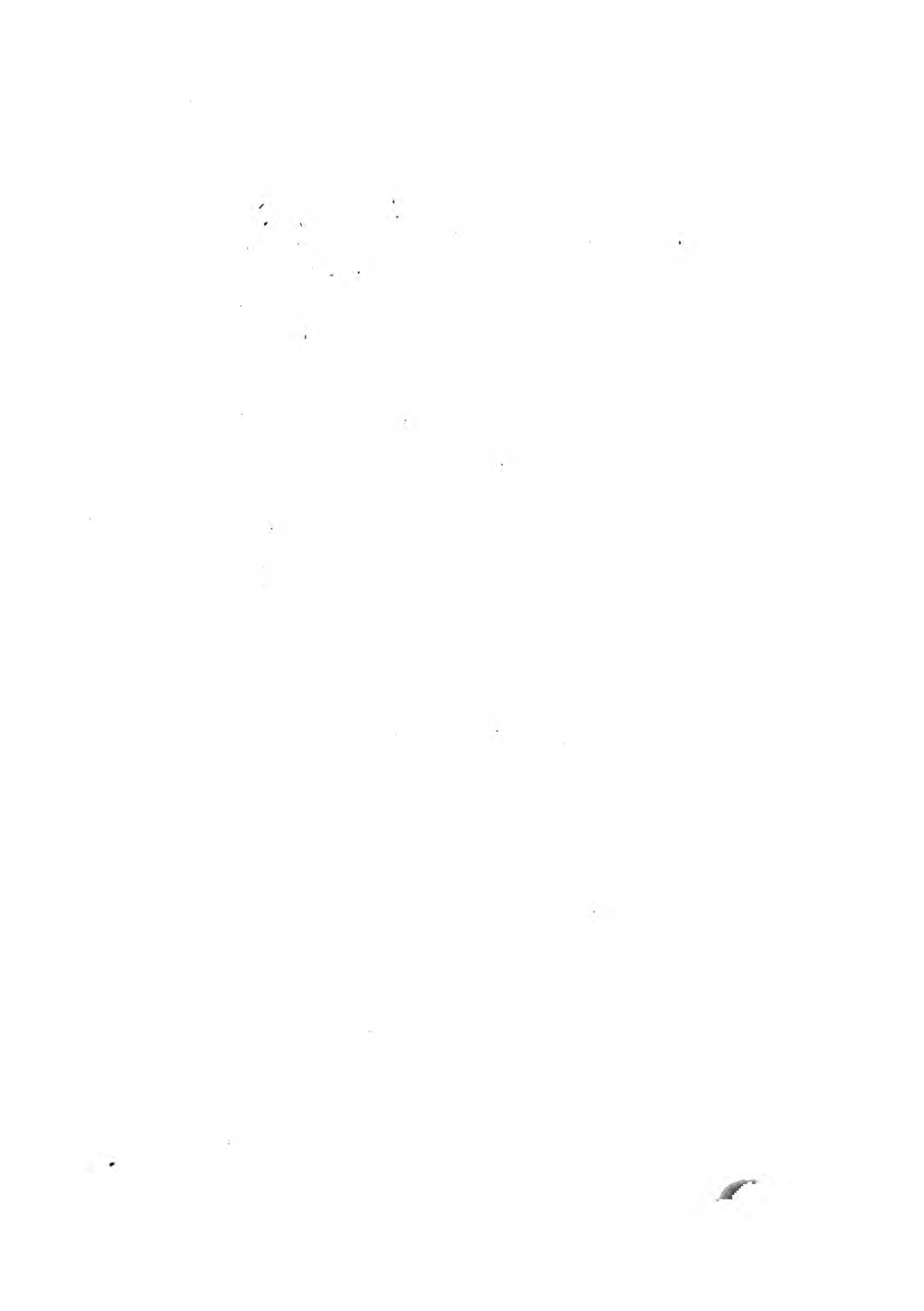
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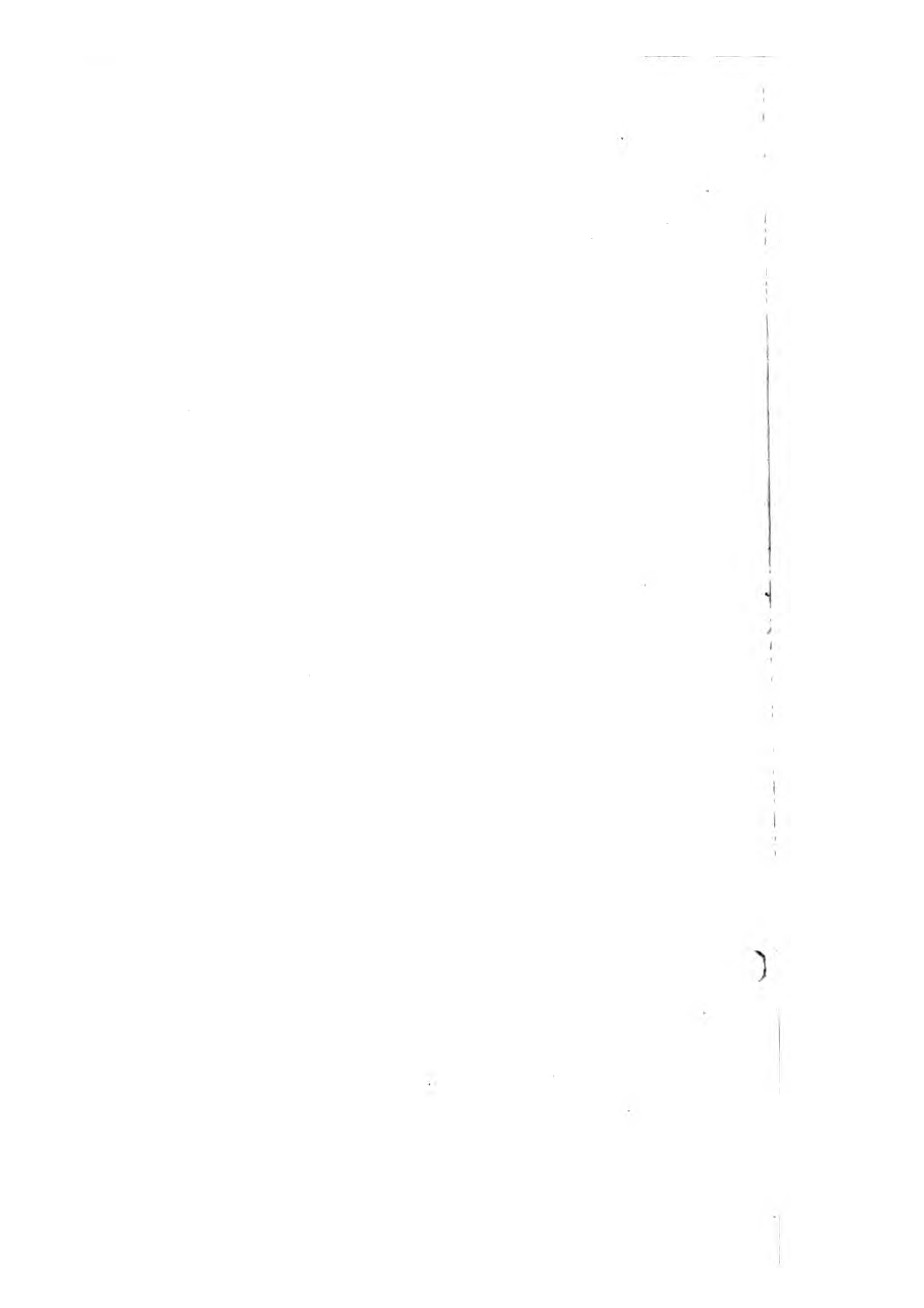
St. from Dulau.

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THE
MOHOCKS:
A
POEM,
IN
MILTONIC VERSE:

Address'd to the SPECTATOR.

—Genus intractabile.

For they are of that noble Trade
That *Demi-gods* and *Heroes* made,
Slaughter, and knocking o' the Head,
The Trade to which they all are bred.

Hud. Canto II.

L O N D O N :
Printed in the Year M D C C X I I . Price 2 Pence.

Just Publish'd,
The *Favourite*: A S I M I L E .
AN EPIGRAM on the *Spectator*. Price 1 d. each.

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THE
MOHOCKS:
A
POEM.

HEROES, and dreadful Arms, and bloody
Fields,
FLANDRIAN or LATIAN, oft have deck'd
the Song
Of Poets much with Wine, and Muse possess'd.

I Scenes untrod before of Civil Strife
Internal draw; the Subject wild and new,
Pleas'd me revolving long, beginning late.

YE Haunts of *Drury*, consecrate of old
 To *British* VENUS, tell (for ye have known)
 The MOHOCKS Acts, unparallel'd by Tales
 Of antique THESEUS, or of PELEUS Son;
 Him swift-footed at Charge, or quick Retreat,
 Sings HOMER fabling; But see! *Britain* vaunts
 Her Sons for stronger Arms, and fleetier Legs
 Renown'd; fierce in Assault the circling Band
 Invir'n the gloomy Guards of Night tho' arm'd
 With formidable Length of Poles, that cast
 Pale Moon-light Shadows, dreadful to behold.
 And now unaided by the Trumpet's Clang,
 Shouting like ancient Chieftains, on they rush
 Impetuous, Gleams of clashing Swords around
 Reflected shine, bright as ANDROGEUS Helm
 Amid the *Trojan* Bands, when urg'd by Fate
 Old ILIUM nodded from her Tow'ry Height.
 The Foe wood-bearing dauntless waves his Beam,

Ill fare the Wight who meets the whirling Blow.
 Astown'd he falls, if DULLNESS has not skreen'd
 Her Son in treble-plated Skull secure.
 Yet soon as Morn returning Senses brings,
 And vapid BACCHUS flies the chiller Veins,
 Oft shall he tofs in Bed, and tossing plain
 Of batter'd Sides, or view his Shoulders stain'd
 With livid Spots, and murmuring out Revenge,
 In empty Curse devote th' inflicting Hand.
 But see! the Battle turns, and pointed Steel
 To rougher Wood submits; O! Chance of War
 Uncertain, where to Numbers Virtue yields.
 Fly fast, ye MOHOCKS, now, unus'd to Flight:
 The Rear attack'd, in vain ye breathless turn,
 Off'ring Composure mild, and Terms of Peace.
 For now the CONSTABLE, tremendous Name
 To nightly Rovers, seizes fast his Prey;
 Deaf to Entreaty, he, or Charms of Gold,

(The

(The best mute Rhetoric) to Caitiff vile
 Sends thee disarm'd ; He joyful views thy Face,
 Then largely deals the humming Ale around,
 Exhorting thee to cheer thy drooping-Soul.

Ah me! what Wretch in Durance sad immur'd,
 Viewing his Jaylor, can of Comfort taste,
 Or wet his Lips, tho' thirsty? Rage and Grief
 And ruminating Care his Soul divide ;

Or if by Sleep oppress'd, he Phantoms views
 Of airy LICTORS, and informing Tongues,
 And to stern Justice pleads his weak Defence.

But yet, ye MONOCKS, tho' by hapless Fate
 Now captive, in my Verse your growing Fame
 Shall stand untouch'd, and down by Time convey'd
 To late Posterity, with Joy be read.

YE Great Reformers, whose exalted Souls
 Despise stiff formal Rules, and Knots of Law,
 Tedious and intricate, ye cut the Folds,

And

And end, like PHILIP'S Son, the vain Dispute.

TO you we owe the VINTNERS humble Look,
And modest Brow, whilom he frontless stood,
Vending sophisticated Juice, and urg'd,
With Imprecations to the Gates of Hell,
His Soul oft plighted for the tattle's Draught.

HOW do the willing Slaves of BACCHUS Tribe
Attend your Call, and tremble at your Nod !
With twice six Glasses in his loaded Hand,
Entring he bows obsequious ; then retires
(Swift Courier !) to fair CHLOE'S well-known Dome,
Hast'ning the Nymph, in all her Charms array'd.

AT your Command the *Charioteering* Crew,
Before untam'd, grow tractable, and wait
'Till CYNTHIA'S Beams retiring wake the Morn,
Nor lodge their Steeds, 'till PHOEBUS harness his.

THO' Friends to VENUS, and the God of Love
Dire Foes to BROTHELS, and the Vicious Fires
That

That more than warm CLARINDA, and afford
 Fit Work for Medicafter's poison'd Dose.
 How oft have Dames who feed on hireling Lust
 Fatt'ning by Beauties Spoils, your Rage bemoan'd!
 When shiver'd Doors, and clatt'ring Glafs aloud,
 Declar'd your Justice; guilty PHILLIS too
 Has walk'd dismantled in a wintry Air,
 Just Penance! to atone her former Heat.

YE partial Judges, who the MOHOCKS damn,
 Reverse your Sentence now; not *Bridewell's* self,
 Tho' the correcting Beadle's Lash enforce
 Her hard Morality, and Toil scarce gain
 Mean Sufenance for hunger-famish'd Souls
 Can with the MOHOCKS Reformation vie.

F I N I S.



