
*Observator.*
Tell me, *Review*, what hast thou late survey’d,
Besides th’old Failures of the *British* Trade?
A Trade so sunk, that I my self can swear
My *Observators* prove a vendless Ware:
I starve my Hawkers since my Theme’s grown dull;
And they, as all my Readers, curse my Skull.
My Brains, indeed, are strangely out of sorts,
Since the Great Doctor preach’d *High-Church* Efforts.

*Review.*
I use more Words provoking than *Review*
Helps me to Sense of, such likewise do You.
Do you premise the common sort of Folk
That nothing’s coming but the *Gallick* Yoke;
That Pow’r on Earth is nat’rally in Them;
That Kings and Queens are *Horses in a Team*;
Or that the Devil and the Pope will come,
And tear us all to pieces here at home;
That Wooden-Shoes will hurt thy Roger’s Feet,
Or that Episcopacy’s all a Cheat:
While I in gentler Words thus sooth the Town,
You’ve seen *Succession on Succession* grown,
*And saw one time State-Laws Event of None;*
*How People can’t be happy to foresee*
What will their future Good and Blessing be,
But that ’tis better something Foreign come;
’Twill far exceed such stale Delights at home:
And whether I mean young *J---s* or ancient *Will---*
Shall to the Town remain a Question still.

*Observator.*
My Roger told me, when we last conferred,
That all our Lyes are blown, our Legions marr’d;
That Men of Sense behold our dark Designs,
And Loyal Mob against our Faction joins.
We stirr’d too deep in the Fanatick Mire,
Too soon we blow’d the kindling Coals of Fire;
Our Politicks too openly were spread,
For Folks in every Line Rebellion read.
A *Salvo* now wou’d be of Glorious Use;
Something we must, the Nation to amuse:
If I the *Oaken Towel* now lay by,
And say we’ve drank our fam’d *October* dry,
’Tis now so stale, the World will call it Lye.
What then must we—
Review.
Let me, since 'tis resolv’d our Friends at Court
Must be forbid to have their wont’ retort,
No more to sooth with fawning Aspects there,
Incessant Praises to their Mem’ry rear.
'Tis Charity at least to praise the Bad;
What I assert shall never be gainsaid:
For tho’ some Noble P---s Ignobl’d be,
Their Character’s my Theme, it is not They;
A pure excusive Cunning which I use
In my Defence, the Commons to amuse.
This will my former Topicks still uphold,
I write all Moderation, yet am bold:
A Trick so sly, preserving of my Fame,
My Writings can’t be odious like my Name.
Tutchin thus us’d when he began to write,
Ne’er told what Devil for him did indite,
But hatch’d his Country’s Good all under Spight.

Observator.
'Tis true I’ve nurs’d the Brood, which finely grew,
Sly in the Shade, as rankest Hemlocks do,
And by degrees they spread into the Sun,
Had all the Beds Canonical o’er-run;
Till the Great Doctor from his Slumber rose,
Took Paul’s Great Sword, with Apostolick Blows,
Hew’d ’em in pieces, bruis’d their growing Heads,
This the Sword lops, and that the Word forbids,
And mangl’d Schism now lies down and bleeds:
Our Faction gasps, and trembling Heresie
Cries loud for Help, but help’d she cannot be.
Our ancient Son Hypocrisie’s cut down,
False Brethren all run mad about the Town.
Alas! how vain we strive to skreen the worst!
Confusion dumbs when tender Conscience’s forc’d.
Our formal Cry of Persecution now
We must revive, or what can Faction do?
What can her Sons and Daughters build upon?
All Het’rodoxal Schemes are dead and gone.

Review.
Let me sum up how oft th’ Attempt was made,
Who first began our Topicks to invade,
Who made the City Youth believe that Kings
Were the great Fount’ where Ruling Power springs,
And not the Peoples Property and Right,
Such as our Faction prompts us to indite.
Old Heraclitus ridicul’d the Theme,
Till serious Jury, which from Faction came,
With partial Verdict padlock’d up his Lips,
Lest City Youth shou’d all pursue his steps.
Rehearsal next arose with brandish’d Zeal,
To try if he our Topicks cou’d expell;
His piercing Arguments, too plain and true,
From some of us Consent and Yielding drew.
Then, to uphold ’gainst Reason’s mighty Force,
More Ridicule I us’d, and less Discourse:
A weak Defence; it gave the Giant scope;
He sent me Hemp, I quickly made my Rope;
And being hung, the Faction, still my Friends,
Brand him with Pop’ry, so I got my Ends.
They found out Ways and Means to dumb the Man,
And I in triumph writ t’applaud the same.
But now the Heroe of the Church’s Cause
Has search’d her Wounds, has found in State the Flaws,
Has rooted out the old Seditious Brood,
Disguis’d so long in the sweet Name of Good.
I see no Reparation can be made,
To help the weak Foundation we have laid:
The Superstructure never can be rais’d,
Since now the first Foundation is displac’d;
No Commonwealth can grow where Scriptures thrive,
Nor Monarchy be void while Bishops live.
Yet let’s consider---

Observator.
We yet have left a Golden Idol here,
Which most Men worship; some for Love, some Fear;
Millions did make it, Millions to undo,
Which Roger’s Countrey-men contribute to.
He’s been an Age a growing God to us;
Some have much Blessing by’t, and some a Curse.
Our Faction have great Interest in’s Love,
Which may in time our happy Refuge prove:
For tho’ by Arguments we’re tramp’d on,
This Idol can for all Mishaps atone.
What tho’ we can’t our Principles enforce,
To make Succession suit my L—d M—r’s Horse?
Or make the People fancy they are Kings,
Equal with any that are call’d such Things?
Or that their Pow’r’s an old inherent Right,
Accountable to none, how they came by’t?
That Kings are made by Them, and when they please
May them unmakre for every one’s own Ease?
What tho’ we can’t diswade our Youth from Church
Without the Oaken Towel or the Birch?
Or prove her Common-Prayer’s Popery,
Or that her Ceremonies such-like be?
Or that her Priests Impostors are, and damn’d,
For taking Tythes against an old Command?
Or that Episcopacy’s impostick,
And is no part of the Church Catholick?
Suppose we can’t do all those things we wou’d,
Let’s not to others, but ourselves do good:
Our Idol here, if manag’d Factious-wise,
Can rule her Rulers, and their Pow’r despise.
When once this Idol to Great Eugene spoke,
He stretch’d his Arm, and shook the Gallick Yoke.
Such Pow’r and Force her Wealthy Voice affords,
Can rail out Kings, and sooth in Factious L——ds;
Can raise a Major-set to help us on
At next Election, or w’are all undone.
To this effect I’ve writ to all our Friends;
The Project’s bless’d, but doubt the Consequence.

Review.
When with Ænigma’s once I plagu’d the Town,
To know what to my self was quite unknown,
Rewards of my Reviews for Knowledge went,
I purchas’d Understanding with my Cant.
Thy Golden Idol like Ænigma seems,
And all thy Fancy on’t like idle Dreams.
If Noble B——t, C——d, or Dun——b, rise
T’oppose thy Project, strait thy Idol dies;
His Monstrous Paunch disgorges when they call,
Tho’ Vulgar Notions are ’tis Faction’s all:
A cunning Bugbear to engage a Mob
On Faction’s side -
’Twas a long time a hopeful Thing design’d,
For Wealth breeds Tumult when with Faction join’d:
’Tis the great Argument we all adore,
For it can make all Kings last Reasons roar.
How subtle those in Declarations seen,
Raising the Nation’s Wealth for Them and King!
A glorious Project, to amuse the Realm
That all it gave was for the King at Helm;
While He, poor Prince! striving against the Stream,
Besought his Subjects, did Returns proclaim:
But cunning Faction’s Probity was such,
For all its Wealth return’d but State-Reproach.
Such We, whene’r Deceit will be our Guide,
Whene’r like Them we in the Saddle ride,
With pious Speech we’ll exercise our Pride;
Cry loud for Justice, to avoid suspicion,
And grant the greater Rogue the great ’st Commission.
Myself, tho’ now poor mis’rable Review,
May come to head a Squadron, if not Two;
And Thou, tho’ now in Observations dull,
May’st be in time to come an Admiral:
For, tho’ we write in feigned things that we
Are Champions of the English Liberty,  
Howe’er untrue, or oddly we pretend,  
Our Property, new-modell’d, to defend,  
And seem the Pow’r of Kings down toward send,  
Our Faction pleas’d will have us in their view;  
Errors long held, defended are as true;  
They’ll make our Canting Lyes to be approv’d,  
All Stumbling-blocks and all Obstructions mov’d.

Observator.  
In vain you wish, from time to time prolong  
The heavy, heavy Burthen of our Song:  
How can thy Stratagems Promotion meet?  
You Head an Army? I Command a Fleet?  
Don Quixot might his foolish Sancho please  
With distant Fame to be attain’d with Ease.  
My Patience hurries from me like a Cloud,  
Driven by Storm above the bending Shroud;  
My Courage waves, my Faculties are mad,  
To find You hope when all Designs prove bad.  
How can a Factious Cause bring forth Content,  
How be maintain’d, without High Members in’t?  
How can great Int’rest rise by such Designs,  
When C--rt as well as Kingdom ’gainst us joins?  
Hard is our Task, when High-Church L--ds are in,  
We must to work to write ’em out agen;  
For if High-Church again at C--rt’s preferred,  
Our Hopes at next Election all are marr’d.  
Nay, Roger says (and sometimes he tells true)  
The Nation all throughout hate Me and You;  
Says, Every Child, in every Town he comes,  
Can on the Doctor raise Encomiums;  
Can point out those who voted Crimes on Him,  
Write Satyrs on them, and the Men Contemn:  
So far unlikely are we to prevail!  
I know not why we shou’d not now turn Tail,  
Un-sing our Defamations and our Lyes,  
Withstand Disgrace, shake off our old Disguise;  
Aloud discover what can’t be conceal’d,  
Under New Titles will be as reveal’d.

Review.  
You know when Tutchin Ch---ll vilify’d,  
With sliest Circumstances modify’d;  
Made seem as He our Army wou’d betray,  
And fill’d the Town with such damn’d Lyes as they,  
Till Mob believ’d, and each Judicious Head  
Grew doubtful of his Conduct as they read;  
Such Root it took, still help’d with Roger’s Cant,  
It scarcely Credit any where did want,
Till down from Bleinheim unexpected came
The louder Voice of Victory and Fame,
Join’d to express the Merits of his Name;
Then Tutchin, tempted by his changeling Muse,
Wrote counter to Himself to make Excuse;
He fawn’d and flatter’d next in high Extremes,
They outran Him, or He outran His Themes;
Became of Men of Sense the Scorn and Scoff:
Such We, if e’er our Figments we leave off.
Wide Liberty, when join’d with Impudence,
Vail’d with a tender Consciences pretence,
Fits a Man out for ev’ry kind of Work,
To imitate a Christian, or a Turk;
T’abuse his Neighbour, or to cozen him,
With Faces fair, and all Deceit within.
Such Man may safe to Conventicle go,
As fair to Church, and yet be Churches Foe.
A Masquerade the Jesuits confess
They owe to our abhorred Contrivances;
Old Popery with them we seem to hate,
Yet by pretended Conscience we are That.
Religion lurks in ev’ry kind of thing;
'Tis Metamorphos’d in the Voice, No King!
Sometimes Rebellion raises it on high,
Sometimes again it stoops to Monarchy;
One while we call it Craft and Priests Design,
Sometimes all Holy, Righteous and Divine:
In short, it serves for managing our Cause,
Sometimes against, and sometimes for the Laws;
In all Elections it for ever sways;
It Preaches Cunning louder than it Prays;
It gets Majorities on Conscience side,
And does our Faction from High-Church divide;
We call her Whore, as ’tis the way of Whores
To cry Whore first, lest we discover ours.

Observator.
All this is true: But now you see all Towns
Incorporate within the British Bounds,
Loudly Address, and to the Q----n declare
They see our Falshood, and against us are;
Therefore we must reform; for Shame and Guilt
Surround the Faction, such ne’er Faction felt!
The Dons that us support, must all consent,
Cry Kings aloud, but whisper Parliament;
Must ope’ their Purses to enforce the Cause,
Slily contrive to circumvent the Laws;
For what we want in Merit is supply’d
By Cant, and wheedl’d Members Moneyfy’d.
New Words in New Desigs are mighty Aids,
They’re much affected by the Factious Blades.
Religion next, I’ll call another thing;
Arch-Rogue a Bishop, ’nointed one, a King;
Each Office where we have no Trust at all,
Their Officers Nicknames and Cheats I’ll call;
Set the whole Town in Fears and Jealousies;
When things are govern’d quiet’st, ’twill surprize,
And tho’ Folks Eyes are open, bid ’em ope’ their Eyes.

Review.
Much Ignorance our better way’s to plead,
’Twill cheat mens Sense, their Ears ’twill captive lead.
We’d better stand the censuring Voice of Sense,
Till Passion moderates, and Grudge repents.
The only way blind-sides of Foes to find,
Is to seem dull, and ignorantly kind;
Wheedle for Knowledge to the Men we hate,
At least to those we have design to cheat;
Praise their fine Sense, admire all they do
As wondrous, out of reach of Me or You;
Receive their Documents, converted seem,
Know well their Minds, keep Falshood close within;
While they a Conquest o’er us think they gain,
Backbite and Slander Two for One has slain.
So that in Ambush we may lie, yet seen
With open Countenance like honest Men.
Hypocrisie kept close, like Fire, spreads
Through secret Vents into a Thousand Heads;
Unquenchably it through the Faction runs,
Sears up the Consciences of all her Sons;
Which done, to work we go and lead them on,
With wonted Canto to Rebellion.
Till then farewell. Remember my Advice,
And Faction Thou as well as Me shall prize.

Observator.
One Word for Finis-sake, and I have done;
The great Cabal, the mighty Work’s begun:
Both Blood and Fury now decline our Cause,
Both stagnate, both recoil and bilk the Laws.
Fury, that us’d to push with great Designs,
Her Arms are ty’d, she forcibly resigns;
The Factious Blood’s pent up in narrow Bounds,
And Church and State disclose our secret Wounds:
All things in Passive State must stand and be
(They say) from hence to all Eternity.