
Search 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 sought,
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 thousand’s 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.
Fleet-street 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.