

**SOME POLITICAL SATIRES
OF THE SEVENTEENTH
CENTURY. VOL. I, II**

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Some Political Satires of the Seventeenth Century. Vol. I, II by Edmond Goldsmid

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EDMOND GOLDSMID

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OF THE SEVENTEENTH
CENTURY. VOL. I, II**



POLITICAL SATIRES.



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SOME
POLITICAL SATIRES
OF THE
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Selected from the Writings of the
EARL OF ROCHESTER, SIR JOHN DENHAM,
AND
ANDREW MARVEL.

BY
EDMUND GOLDSMID, F.R.H.S.
F.S.A. (Scot.)

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CONTENTS.

BY THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

	PAGE
THE HISTORY OF INSIPIDS : A LAMPOON	7
ROCHESTER'S FAREWEL	14
ON THE YOUNG STATESMAN	21
PORTSMOUTH'S LOOKING-GLASS	22
THE DISPUTE	25
TUNBRIDGE WELLS	26
PINDARICK	33

BY SIR JOHN DENHAM.

TO THE KING	37
TO THE SAME	38
DIRECTIONS TO A PAINTER	39
FRESH DIRECTIONS TO A PAINTER	44
APPENDIX	59

POLITICAL SATIRES

OF

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER.



THE HISTORY OF INSIPIDS: A LAMPOON, 1676.

C^Hast, pious, prudent, C—— the Second,
The Miracle of thy Restoration,
May like to that of Quails be reckon'd
Rain'd on the *Israelitish* Nation ;
The wish'd for Blessing from Heav'n sent,
Became their Curse and Punishment.

The Vertues in thee, C—— inherent,
Altho thy Count'nance be an odd-piece,
Prove thee as true a God's Vicegerent
As e'er was *Harry* with a Codpiece :
For Chastity and pious Deeds,
His Grandsire *Harry*, C—— exceeds.

Our *Romish* Bondage-breaker *Harry*,
Espoused half a dozen Wives ;
C—— only one resolv'd to marry,
And other Mens he never ——
Yet hath he Sons and Daughters more,
Than e'er had *Harry* by threescore.

Never was such a Faith's Defender,
 He like a politick Prince and Pious,
 Gives liberty to Conscience tender,
 And doth to no Religion tye us.
Turks, Christians, Jews, Papists, he'll please us,
 With *Moses, Mahomet, or J—s.*

In all Affairs of Church or State,
 He very Zealous is, and able,
 Devout at Prayers, and sits up late
 At the Cabal and Council-Table ;
 His very Dog at Council-Board,
 Sits grave and wise as any Lord.

Let *C—* his Policy no man flout,
 The wisest Kings have all some Folly ;
 Nor let his Piety any doubt ;
C— like a Sovereign wise and holy,
 Makes young Men Judges of the Bench,
 And Bishops those that love a Wench.

His Father's Foes he doth reward,
 Preserving those that cut off's Head ;
 Old Cavaliers the Crown's best Guard,
 He let's them starve for want of Bread.
 Never was any King endow'd
 With so much Grace and Gratitude.

Blood that wears Treason in his Face,
 Villain compleat, in Parson's Gown,

How much is he at Court in Grace
For stealing *Ormond* and the Crown ?
Since Loyalty does no man good,
Let's steal the King and out-do *Blood*.

A Parliament of Knaves and Sots,
Members by name, you must not mention,
He keeps in Pay, and buys their Votes ;
Here with a Place, there with a Pension.
When to give Money he can't cologue 'um,
He doth with Scorn prorogue, prorogue 'um.

But they long since, by too much giving,
Undid, betray'd and sold the Nation ;
Making their Memberships a Living,
Better than e'er was Sequestration.
God give thee *C*— a Resolution,
To damn the Knaves by Dissolution.

Fame is not grounded on Success,
Tho' Victories were *Cesar's* Glory ;
Lost Battels make not *Pompey* less,
But left them stiled great in Story.
Malicious Fate doth oft devise
To beat the Brave, and Fool the Wise.

Charles in the first *Dutch* War stood fair
To have been Sovereign of the Deep ;
When *Opdam* blew up in the Air,
Had not his Highness gone to sleep,