

*A Cat may look on a Queen:*

OR, A

SATYR

ON HER

*Present MAJESTY.*

Attempted by

JOHN DUNTON,

Author of the Satyr on King *William.*

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The Second Edition.

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To which is added,

A Distinct Account of the several  
Jewels in the Crown of *England.*

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T O

Her Present M A J E S T Y,

Queen A N N E.

Great M A D A M,

**T**HE *late Addresses* from all Parts of the Kingdom, describing Your Majesty for one of the *Best of Queens*, has excited all the *Spight and Disloyalty* I dare own, to try if I cou'd find one *Blemish* in Your *Royal Person*, or *Government*.

It has been question'd and argu'd, Whether it were better to live under a *Tyrannick Government*, where every Suspicion is made a Crime,

A 2

every

## To the QUEEN.

every Crime Capital; or under an *Anarchy* (such as the *Tackers* lately endeavour'd to introduce) where every Man may do what he list; and it hath been long since over-rul'd, That it is much better to live under a *bad Government*, than none.

How far Your Majesty's Administration has deserv'd to be *Satyriz'd*, I have look'd into, ever since the *Pinacle-Gentlemen* fell to tacking the *Occasional-Bill* to the *Land-Tax*, the more artificially to embroil the Nation, and make Way for a *Sham-Prince*: And what Success I had in the Search, will appear by the following *Satyr*, which I here present to Your Royal Hand; for a *Cat* may look on a *Queen*. And if *Mrs. Puss* may be so honour'd, I presume my Sex may be admitted (at least) to an  
equal

## To the QUEEN.

equal Privilege with that purring  
and contemptible Animal.

I own (*Great Madam*) 'tis, on several Accounts, dangerous to look with *Satyrical Eyes* on a living Monarch; and I shou'd be afraid of this *matchless Boldness*, were I not assur'd, that all those *Rays of Mercy and Forgiveness*, &c. that are diffusedly scatter'd in Your Majesty's Subjects, are all concenter'd in Your Royal Breast. But tho' (as the *Dissenters* observe) ' *All the Goodness and Moderation we find in the Kingdom, has its Vigour and Life, if not its very Original in the Queen of England*; yet I can't help *Satyrizing* Your Royal Vertues, for my Talent lies in finding of Faults; and I scarce think 'twill be counted *Treason* to tell the World, *Your Majesty is no Angel*; or were Your  
Ma-

## To the QUEEN.

Majesty that *Glorious QUEEN*  
Your very Enemies (*as well as Your*  
*Friends*) declare you to be ; yet I  
shou'd thereby be still under the  
greater Necessity to *Satyrize Your*  
*Royal Person and Government ;* For  
who can (*Rightly*) behold the Beau-  
ties of the Sun in a fair Day? Men  
by gazing on that glorious Lumi-  
nary, *with too much Light, are blind ;*  
and therefore, if in this *Satyr* I  
han't done Justice to Your Crown  
and Dignity, 'twas because I cou'd  
not *view 'em (distinctly)* for their  
dazling Splendour. However, I  
have here ventur'd to *Look on Your*  
*Majesty's Person and Reign,* and  
nothing has 'scaped my *Satyr,* which  
wou'd bear the least Shadow (*or*  
*Reflection*) of Dishonour to the *Soul*  
*or Body* of Queen *ANNE.*



## To the QUEEN.

I suppose 'twill be a hard Matter to beat an *ill Opinion* of Your Majesty into the Minds of those Noble Patriots, who (lately) sav'd the Nation by *Anti-Tacking*; and by their Loyal Addresses, tell the World, Your Majesty has 'The True Art of Governing (which consists in acquiring Reverence and Love;) That You maintain the Church of England without persecuting the Dissenters, and by Your Pious Life, give us abundant Matter, to fill the Annals of a Glorious Reign,----- But all this (tho' Matter of Fact) does but further excite me to try what *Flaws* I can find in Your Majesty's Conduct; and, as my Design is a *general Satyr* on Your whole Life, I enquire of Persons that stand in the *Royal Presence*, and where the least Defect does appear, I turn all the Venom  
of

To the QUEEN.

of my Ink and Soul to expose it,---  
Or when (*in the following Satyr*)  
I've narrowly search'd into Your  
Majesty's Reign, and nothing is  
squeez'd out that can (*tho' but Co-  
lourably*) blacken Your Spotless  
Fame, I call for Eyes to penetrate  
into the *very Recesses of Your Royal  
Soul*; and if that be White and In-  
nocent too, I fall to tax even Your  
*Piety and Wisdom.*

This (*Great Madam*) is what I  
attempt in the following *Satyr*, and  
tho' 'tis a hard Matter to *walk  
evenly on the Borders, and very Ridge  
of a Subject*, whose next Step is  
*Treason* (or may be made so by an  
*Inuendo*) yet there's no Law will  
hang a Man for speaking the Truth;  
and if *John Tutchin* was pardon'd  
for daring to petition for the *Fa-  
vour* (as he exprest it) of being  
hang'd,

## To the QUEEN.

hang'd, I hope my *Loyal Intention* in this *Satyr* (as bold as it looks) will meet with the like Treatment. And I have yet the greater Hopes of Your Majesty's Pardon, as I am a *Clergyman's Son of the Church of England*, a *Church* Your Majesty has so remarkably favour'd, and are such a *Glorious Defender* of. However, we live in a Reign where *Truth does not pass for Treason*; and shou'd I write the most *bitter Invectives* against Your Majesty, if I assert nothing but *Truth*, Truth alone will protect me.

Thus (*Great Madam*) I have here ventur'd (for a Stroke or Two) to swim out of my Depth, to take a *View* of our Royal Pilot; but, if to propagate Loyalty (*save in this Satyr*) be to fear God, and

B

ho-



## To the QUEEN.

honour the Queen, I hope I shall be then safe, and within the Compass of Duty.

I shall (only) add, I have here set *Your Majesty's Reign, &c. in a New Light*, and found such (*Invisible*) Faults in Your Conduct, as no Man ever saw but my self. And if my *Satyr* has but Merit enough to obtain Your Pardon, 'tis all I can hope for: To deserve the Honour of a Smile from so *Illustrious* a Patron, wou'd be as much as cou'd be expected by a *Congreve* or *Addison*.

I might proceed to those *Royal Secrets*, which are here *Satyriz'd*, but I have presum'd too far already: Then (*Great Madam*) forgive the Boldness of this *Satyrist*,  
who,

*To the QUEEN.*

who, tho' he *Looks* on Your Majesty's Person, &c. (to see what Faults he can find in it): yet is he, with all *possible Loyalty,*

*Great Madam,*

*Your Majesty's*

*Most Dutiful, and*

*Most Obedient Subject,*

J. N.

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*A Cat may look on a Queen:*

O R, A

S A T Y R

O N H E R

*Present MAJESTY.*

**T**HERE is no Nation (or Person) how Great or Polite soever, but hath some *Original Failing*, which their Neighbours, either out of Caution or Emulation, censure. It is the *Victory of a wise Man* to correct, or at least belie the Censure of these Failings. Thereby one acquires the glorious Renown of being singular, and that *Exemption from a common Fault, is the more esteem'd*, that no Body expects it. 'Tis as natural for Men to Err, as to be. 'Tis only (a) *he that is without Sin, may first cast a Stone at the Woman taken in Adultery.* But tho' all Men (from the Prince to the Beggar) digress in all the Ways of their Lives

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(a) John 8. 7.

2      *A Satyr upon Queen Anne.*

Lives (even Life it self is nothing else but Digression) yet some will say, *A Satyr on Queen Anne* will be too gross a Matter to slip down any Man's Reason, who had not before (*like a Tacking Protestant*) enlarg'd his Swallow with plain Contradictions. But my *Talent* (as I own to Her Majesty) *lies in finding of Faults*; and I an't afraid to assure the World, our Sovereign Lady is no Angel, but a *Woman*, a Monarch in Petticoats. 'Tis true, *'She is Great, 'Just, and Merciful,* and every thing else that *'Grace and Heroick Vertue can make her; and 'that all these Vertues are as bright and uni- 'versal as the Sun; but if Hypparchion (for 'which he was struck blind) cou'd find Motes 'in the Sun it self, I may hope to find as many 'Faults in Queen Anne's Reign, as he found 'in that spotless Luminary. Sure I am, Per- 'fection is too absolute for Her present Ma- 'jesty. I own, that the *Three Years of Her 'Government* has exceeded the whole Reigns 'of all Her Predecessors (I'll not except the 'Glorious *William*;) and that She'll ne'er be 'equall'd by any King that shall hereafter suc- 'ceed to the *English Throne*: But, were Her 'Majesty *Perfect*, yet it must be acknowledged, 'that *Kings and Queens must see and hear by the 'Eyes and Ears of other People; and that Error 'and Mistakes are the close Attendants of Majesty; 'and as Princes are often misled by those about 'em; so when they are dead* (for this is the 'first *Satyr* upon an *English Queen* that ever 'was writ in Her Life-time) even *Pages of the 'Back-Stairs* dare Satyrize Crowned Heads.*

The



‘ The Royal Diadem is not so solid and daz-  
 ‘ ling, but a fix’d and sharp Eye may *Look thro’*  
 ‘ it, and see its *Spots and Blemishes* in the  
 ‘ very Noon of its Glory. ’Tis true, the pur-  
 ‘ blind People (which can’t see into the Secrets  
 ‘ of Princes) are much amused and stricken  
 ‘ with the *little Glitterings of Honour*; they lift  
 ‘ up their Hands and Eyes, and are elevated;  
 ‘ they adore and worship the *Queen*, but they  
 ‘ know nothing what Turmoils and Difficul-  
 ‘ ties perplex Her. (a) *Royalty*, is a very great  
 ‘ Obligement, and a glorious Servitude; and he  
 ‘ that shall well consider all its Burthens, wou’d  
 ‘ not so much as stoop to take up a *Diadem* ly-  
 ‘ ing on the Ground. Her Majesty being sensible  
 ‘ of this, told the Lords in Her first Speech,  
 ‘ *That She was extreamly sensible of the great*  
 ‘ *Weight and Burthen the unspeakable Loss of the*  
 ‘ *King brought in particular upon Her Self, which*  
 ‘ (She is pleas’d to say) *nothing cou’d encourage Her*  
 ‘ *to undertake, but the great Concern She had for the*  
 ‘ *Preservation of our Religion, and the Laws and*  
 ‘ *Liberties of England.* — Thus far the Queen.  
 ‘ By which She seems to allow, that *Mistakes*  
 ‘ and *Errors* might probably attend the *Weight*  
 ‘ and *Burthen* of Empire; and, for that Reason,  
 ‘ nothing but *Love to Religion and Her Native*  
 ‘ *Country, cou’d encourage Her to fill the Throne.*  
 ‘ But, alas! the dim-lighted Vulgar do not see  
 ‘ the

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(a) See a Confirmation of this (and more to the same Effect) in my *Satyr upon King William*.

4      *A Satyr upon Queen Anne.*

the Thorns and Thistles that attend Crowns, for those *little Beams of Glory* which surround them. *Sydonius Appollinarius* relateth, That a certain Man, called *Maximus*, being arriv'd at the Height of Honour by unlawful and indirect Ways, much griev'd from the first Day, and breathing out a great Sigh, spake these Words, ' *Oh, Damocles, I esteem thee most happy to have been a King only the Space of a Dinner-time. It is now a whole Day that I have been so, and can no longer endure it.* And as old Fathers die to make Room for Posterity, so *Chance* quits (not only Kings and Queens) but even *States* themselves, that from *their Ruins* new ones may arise. 'Tis no *Treason* (tho' Satyr enough) to say, That neither Kings nor States stand long on the *high Tower of Glory*, but stealing (as we do) fall away; their sprightly Vigour (like a full blown Rose) droops and decays; they suddainly contract Distempers, grow diseased, and finally sink down into the Grave of their own Ruins. The *Babylonian* and the *Persian* Monarchies died of a Surfeit; then the *Macedonian* of seditious Quarrels, in the Humours striving to be predominant; *Greece* of a Meagrim; *Carthage* is first was caught with an unruly Fever, which at last degenerated to an Ague, and was seconded by Death. The *Purple* of Princes is well colour'd and splendid, but often-times it is lin'd with Nettles and Brambles. And as the *Splendor* of a Crown is subject to a Thousand Hazards, so the *Person* of a King (or *Queen*) is subject to many Errors; and for that Reason I shall here Satyrize Queen  
*Anne;*

*A Satyr on Queen Anne.*

5

*ANNE*, for tho I own Her Merit, yet I wou'd lessen it all I can, and shall tax even Her Vertue, where I find nothing else to Satyrize.

I own 'twou'd be thought a great *Presumption* (for a Person of my Low Station) but to attempt a *Panegyrick* on our Sovereign Lady, as her Subjects call her the *Best of Queens*; what then will they say of my daring to Write a *Satyr* on this Great Princess, and that too in her Life-time? But a *Cat may look on a Queen*, and having Satyriz'd her *Royal Brother*,\* I resolve to blacken her Present Majesty, so far as I can do it with Justice to *Truth*, and the Laws of the Land.

'Tis a known saying, *A Cat may look on a King*, and for the same Reason (bating the greater respect which is due to a Princess, as she is one of the Fair Sex) *A Man may look on a Queen*.

*The Cat which looks on a King* † does Satyrize the English Monarchs (from *William the Conqueror* to *James I.*) and I shall be as bold in finding faults in the Present *Queen*, and I am like enough to succeed in the Scrutiny; for it is the usual misfortune of every thing that hath been much talk'd of, always to come short of the Perfection that Men have Imagin'd to themselves; *Reality can never equal Imagination*, seeing it is as difficult to have all Perfections, as it is easie to entertain a Notion of them; since desire is the Husband of Imagination, it always *Conceives* much more of things than they are in Effect; how great soever Perfections may be, they never *match the Idea* we

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\* King *William the Third*. † There is a Book Entituled, *A Cat may look on a King*.



have of them: But whether this be the Case, with respect to the Fame and Vertues of Queen ANNE, must be left to the following Sheets to determine.

Before I come to a *Down-right Satyr* on Her Majesty's Person and Government, 'twill be necessary I tell the Reader, that hearing the *Bishop of Exeter* shou'd say, (a) *That the Queen was always, when in Her most private State, an Example of Goodness and Piety; and since Her Accession to the Throne had been an Illustrious Instance of it.* — *Bishop Fowler* (b) *That the Queen's Royal Grandfather (the blessed Martyr) cou'd not bear a greater affection to the Church of England than he does.* — *Dean Sherlock*, (c) *That 'tis in vain for any Prince to affect an universal Empire while Queen Anne sits upon the Throne* — *Dr. Brady*, (d) *That the Queen is one under whom we may hope to experience an amicable Composure of those differing Opinions, which however trivial and insignificant in themselves, yet serv'd to rend and divide us into Parties and Factions* — *Mr. Knaggs*, (e) *That there is so near a relation between the Queen and her People, that it is utterly impossible the People shou'd be happy, except the Queen be so too.* — *Mr. Bromesgrove* (f) *That our most Renowned*

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(a) In his Sermon preached before the Queen and both Houses of Parliament, at the Cathedral Church of St. Paul's, Novemb. 12. 1702 — (b) The Lord Bishop of Gloucester's Sermon on the General Thanksgiving — (c) The Dean of St. Paul's Thanksgiving Sermon Preach'd before the Queen, Sept. 7. 1704. — (d) In his Sermon on occasion of the Death of our late King — (e) Mr. Knagg's Sermon Preach'd in Knight's-bridge Chappel, Sept. 7. 1704, being the Thanksgiving-day. — (f) Mr. Bromesgrove's Sermon on the Day of Thanksgiving, September 7. 1704. —



Queen Anne; is the great Protectress of the Protestant Cause through all Europe—— Mr. Williams, (g) (a Dissenting Minister) That She's a Glorious Queen. — Mr. Goodwin, (h) That Her Majesty succeeded King William, not only in the Throne, but in the kindest Expressions of Care and Favour extended to all Her Subjects—— Mr. Piggot, (i) That the Queen was a Nursing Mother to all the Reformed Churches —— Mr. Robbinson, (k) (As if the Dissenters would outvie each other in praising Her Majesty) That we had got a Queen of unblemisht Vertue, and whose Heart was entirely English.— And Mr. Norris (l) tells the World, The Queen's Character does fall nothing short of the most Extraordinary Persons of Her Sex (and adds) That Her Important Life, ought to be a constant Petition in our Prayers.

This Glorious Character (given both by Churchmen and Dissenters) fill'd me with flaming Desires to see that Royal Person whom the Clergy so greatly admired; and 'twas not long before I had my Curiosity gratify'd, for (Reader) the better to enable me to write *A Satyr on Queen Anne*, I went on purpose to Look (or rather gaze) on Her Majesty as she went to St. Paul's to return Thanks to Almighty God for the Glorious Victories obtained last Year over the French and Bavarian Army at Hocksted, &c. Had Robin Stevens seen me this Day, with what eager and stedfast Eyes I beheld the

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(g) In his Thanksgiving Sermon for the Success of Her Majesty's Forces, Preach'd at Hand-Alley, Novemb. 12. 1702.—

(h) In his Sermon Preach'd on the Death of King William the Third.—

(i) In his Sermon entituled, The natural Frailty of Princes——

(k) In his Sermon on the Death of William the Third.—

(l) In his Sermon on the Funeral of the late King.

Queen as She past by the Stationers Company, he might ha' Sworn, to use John Tutchin's words,  
\* *That I come to Look against the Government.*

I had the Honour to see the Queen on this great Occasion, attended with Persons, 'as Great as Eng-  
'land, perhaps as the World can show; for I here be-  
'held the Queen, attended with all her Nobles, Ac-  
'knowledging the greatness of God's Goodness to us in  
'those Victories, and offering the best Returns they cou'd  
'make for it.

I now fell to such a strict perusal of Her Majesty's Face (*For a Cat may look on a Queen*) as if I wou'd Draw it, or had the Ambition to Look into her Royal Heart: And the more I Looked, the more I Admir'd; it was with me (with respect to *Viewing* the Queen) as 'tis in *Viewing* a Rich Diamond, which when we think we have *Viewed* it all, some new Ray is darted, that still keeps up our Wonder, &c. Her Attendance and Equipage was Dazling and Glorious; and we might say of Her Majesty, as the Queen of *Sbeba* said of Solomon's Court, *That the half was not told us* †. Her Retinue and Jewels exceeded the Fame which we heard of 'em; but Her *PIETY* out shin'd the rest of Her Ornaments: For *Queen Anne* has declar'd, and we see has made Religion to be the principal Jewel of Her Crown.—The Thanksgiving Day, (in which I *Beheld* the Queen) was an Illustrious Instance of this Truth: Her very Presence and Looks put Vice out of Countenance, and her *Flaming Devotion* || was a Glimpse of Heaven.

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\* In his *Observator*, Numb. 77. † 1 Kings 10. 7. || At St. Paul's Cathedral.

*A Satyr on Queen Anne.* 9

But tho' I own *Queen Anne* to be the most *Pious* and *Glorious* Monarch that ever sat on the *English* Throne; yet still She is *but a Woman*: (tho' the best of Women) *And if a Cat may Look on a King; a Man (sure) may Look on a Queen.*

*To tell the Truth, is the most Noble Office of Loyalty*: Then however *Mad* the World may think me (for writing against her Majesty) yet I here declare (and if that be *Treason*, I must hang for it) if I find *one Blot or Flaw* in Her whole Reign, I will make it Publick. Nay, rather than not *Satyrize Queen Anne*, Her very *Perfections*, (by exceeding the measure of Human *Vertues*) shall be called *Vices*.

*For common Vertues may Mens Fame advance,  
But an Immoderate Glory turns Romance. —*

D. Foe.

So that the Reader is here to expect a *General Satyr* on Her Majesty's Life and Reign.

For Method sake, I will first *Look* on the Imperfections of her *Body*——— And next *View* those of her *Mind*.

And here, that our *Satyr* may be Impartial, I shall first *Look* on those Royal Charms that Adorn her *Body*; and then see what *Defects* I can find in 'em.

I can freely confess, that if *Personal Accomplishments* cou'd merit a Crown, *Queen Anne* might with Justice have challeng'd the *Royal Diadem*, even in an Island to which all other Countries *yield the Prize of Beauty*. *A Black Lady* (when Advanced to the *Royal Dignity*) is more *Perfect* than  
other



*other Women.* Not but I shall find enough to expose in the *Black* (or *Royal*) *Complexion*, but (to avoid *Partiality*.) I must first own what *Charms* we see in her Majesty's Person: 'Tis here *Nature* did summon every *Grace* to meet in the *Composure* of her *Royal Body*: Her *Beauty* is truly mix'd, whose *Red* and *White*, *Nature's* own sweet and cunning *Hand* laid on; frank *Nature*, rather *Curious* than in haste, hath Compos'd Her with great *Exactness*, *All Her Face and Body* is cast in the *Mould* of *Royalty*. The *Prize* of *Complexion* and *Wit*, was disputed only till She was seen; but now all *Pretenders* have withdrawn their *Claims*, there is no *Competition*, but for the *Second Place*; wherever She goes, *there are no Eyes* for *other Ladies*: She *Onely* is present, and the rest of her *Sex* are but the *unregarded* parts that fill her *Triumph*. If I did not believe her a *Woman*, I wou'd call her an *Angel*; She has *Vertue* and *Moderation* stamp't upon her very *Features*. Nay, says *Truth* and *Honesty*, 'tis  
 'soon as I came into her Majesty's Presence, I saw the  
 'Image of my own blessed Original in her Face; there  
 'are some secret Lines in her Countenance that signify  
 'meer Truth and Honesty; and whoever has the Eyes  
 'of Truth and Honesty to Look for them, may discern  
 'em.——But to descend to Particulars.

There is something *Extraordinary* in her *Eyes*, they sparkle with *Majesty*, and *Mildness*, at the same time, and shoot with such *Piercing Rays*, that all the *Features* of her Face shine the brighter by their *Lustre* —— Her *Lily Neck* seconds the *Charms* of her *Vesage* —— And her *Shape* is accompany'd with a *Gesture* so *Graceful* and *Majestick*, that every Part helps to make the *Composure*  
 Admirable.——



Admirable—— All Men will own this, that *View* her *Majesty's Picture* in *Guild-Hall*, Drawn by the Famous *Closterman*, who Paints so much to the Life, that her *Real Person* may be said to be where you see her *Effigies*—— But to leave her *Majesty's Picture* (with all due respect) to return to her *Living Person*.

I shall further own, that besides her Charms as a *Black Woman*, her Person dazzles us yet more as She is a *Queen*; 'twou'd be no Flattery to say, that (as she is a *Sovereign Lady*) there is Majesty in her very Face, and such *Royal Goodness*, as makes every Feature shine with a treble Lustre—— *Black* (or what but inclines to it) was ever esteem'd *Lovely* in common Persons; what then must it be in a *Queen*, where there is both *Vertue and Majesty* to Innoble the Colour—— *Cowley* cou'd say——

*And if she's Black, what Lover, loves not Night?*

*Charles the Second*, (tho' no great Charmer, had he been a Subject) was call'd, *A Handsome Black Man*; and they wou'd usually add, *He had Majesty in his very Face*.

Our *Royal Anne*, not only Conquers with her *Gracious Speeches* (as well as the *Sword*) but Commands all our Hearts, as her *Hair and Complexion* has the first place in the Rank of *Beauty*. Neither do I flatter in this Description, for *Opinion is the rate of things*.—— And I never thought any Woman Handsome, but what was just of her *Majesty's Colour*—— I don't know how the Ladies of a *Red Complexion* will like this; but I am able to prove there is no *Beauty* but what is found in a  
*Black*

*Black Woman*—— Nay, there's such matchless Charms in Hair that resembles *Fet* (or is dark *Brown*) that the Lady hat has it may pass for a Beauty, let her Person be what it will.—— If I am mistaken, I ask pardon of the *Fair Ladies*: And if in a *Discourse of Beauty* (so large an Empire) I shou'd wander, it will become their Goodness to set me right.—— However, till Madam *Laureat*, (I mean the *Fair* and Ingenious *Astel*) has proved the contrary, i'll praise no Colour but what resembles the *Night*; and as 'tis Queen *Anne's* Complexion, 'tis a sort of Loyalty now to admire (or perhaps to Look on) a *Black Woman*.

Thus (Reader) you see how Impartial I have been to those *Outward Charms* that Adorn her Majesty's Person (and I'll be as just in my *Satyr* upon 'em.)

But (Reader) perhaps you'll say, If her Majesty's *Body* be thus *Lovely, &c.* (which is but the *Mold of her Royal Mind*) what must her Soul be?

To this, I answer,——I can't deny, but if *Sublime Goodness* deserves the *Supream Command*, (*Queen Anne is so far above Satyr*) She seems destin'd for the *Empire of the World*—— But the *Best* of her Charms, is, that all those *Vanities* which others are most taken up in, are much below her= She never does any thing as a *Diversion* only—— Her very *Dress* is most *Ornamental*; but (yet so *Plain* as) it does not require *half a Life* to the putting it on, as most *Women* use.—— The *Thoughts* of her *Mind*, I might liken to *Angels*—— Her *pure Understanding* (so far as it respects the *Church*) unto those *Intellectual Creatures*, which are present

sent with God. — And her *Discourse* is never upon trivial Vanities — And her. — But no more of her *Vertues* here (*for they are what I must blacken anon*) 'tis her *Royal Person* I'm now to *Satyrize*; and therefore I shall next proceed (*for I'll be as Impartial to the Beauties, as I will to the Defects of her Body*) to these other Perfections in her Majesty's Person that deserve Praise.

And here I must own, that as the *Outward Charms* of her Body were so *singular and marvellous* that my Pen cou'd not tell 'em half; so I shou'd find as *many things* to admire, might I presume so far as to *Look* on her *Inward Parts*.

These, &c. are the *Personal Graces* of Queen Anne; but *something* I shall find in 'em that render these *Charms displeasing*.

Hence see the Misfortune of being a *Woman*, for these *Corporal Perfections*, by being found in her Majesty, have lost there Lustre all of a sudden, and are what I am going to *Satyrize*.

And here, that I may lessen Queen Anne's *Personal Charms*, in the best method I can I shall first look on her *Body*. — And next her *Beauty*. —

*As to her Body*, ('tis no *Treason* to tell the World) 'twill bear a *Satyr from Head to Foot*. There is no Perfection without an *If*, or a *But*, there are very few *Princes* ' (tho' like *Queen Anne* ' they had a *Title* to their *Crowns* in *Nature*, and ' *Superiour Merit*, before they wore it) that want



‘ Faults either in Body, or manners: But there are a great many who are proud of the faults, which it wou’d be easie for them to amend. I confess this no ways concerns the *Person* of *Queen Anne*, for (as *Bishop Fowler* observes) (a) *She is like our late Gracious Queen Mary, in Hearty Zeal, for the Reformation of her People’s manners.*—But tho’ her Majesty places the Glory of her Reign in defending our Religion; and suppressing Vice, yet her *Royal Person* deserves our *Satyr*, for *Humanum est Errare*; and therefore as *Woman*, she cannot be faultless; *St. Peter* (b) calls her *the weaker Vessel*, and perhaps this was the Reason the *French Tyrant* contemptuously said: *It was but a Woman had declared War against him*; ’tis true the worst I can say of her Person, is this, that she is a *Woman*; for had she been a *Man*, (she so out-shines all the *Monarchs* that reign’d before, her) I shou’d ha’ thought her a *Seraphim*.

But perhaps ’twill be said, *You came of a Woman, and have doted on two Wives; then how can you satyrize Woman, or speak against what you admire?*

To this I answer.—I own the Love of Women is rivited in our Nature, and our Blood must grow cold, and be congealed by Death, before this Flame can be extinguished; nay, many times it is more frequent, (’tho’ of a short Duration) in our latest Hours, than in our Prime, as

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(a) In his *Sermon on the general Thanksgiving*.—(b) 1 *Pet.* 3. 7.



when the Oil which feeds a Lamp is almost spent the *startled Flame* begins to rouse it self and burn afresh.— But tho' I respect a Woman, 'tis only as she is Kind, and Good, *and not as she is a Woman*; for Woman, barely considered as Woman, shou'd have my Satyr, were she *Queen of the Universe* —

*Woman!* Look! There is *Satyr in the bare Name*, and (which shou'd make us dread to *View* her) there is *Natural Witchcraft* in her Eyes and Person; then let's fly the Sex in general; there's Pitch and Bird-lime in their Lips and Fingers, *an Itch of Amorousness of Skin all over*: A Man may as soon hug a Flame without burning, as not be fir'd if he embraces Petticoats. *Democrates* put his Eyes out to avoid the *sight* of 'em. In *Spain* the Jewish Women are not allow'd to enter the Synagogue, but they *sit in a Gallery* without; for they hold they have not so *Divine* a Soul as Men, and that they are of a lower Creation, made only for *Sensual Pleasure and Propagation*. I en't so averse to Women, as not to see 'em; but this is certain, the *Body* of every Woman (*from the Queen to the Country Joan*) is full of Danger, and there is not any can resist their Charms without the *Particular Grace of God*; *Strength* little availeth, *Sampson* sunk to the Ground; *Valour* therein is short, *David* found it; even *Piety* it self is not free from the Battery of a Handsome Woman; so that the *bare Name* of Woman, (*tho' she were a Queen*) deserves a Satyrical Look.

*Woman!* I can say nothing of her very *Innocence* that is Black enough; for the first Woman that ever liv'd, was (*even in Paradise*) a *Traitor-*

els to her Husband, a Murtherefs to her Race, made a *Bridge* for Satan to pass into the World, and needs wou'd lodge him in her Heart, whom God had confin'd to the Pit of Hell.— *Poor Adam* (even in Innocence) fell into Swooning Fits, as already feeling the *cross thwarting Passions* he shou'd receive from Woman.

In a word, The *Body* of every Woman is a Labyrinth (or a perfect Satyr upon Man's Intellect) for we can Measure the height of any Star, Point out the Dimensions of the Earth, Examine the depth of the Sea; but, Where's the Man (or Angel) can Discover half the Imperfections of the best Woman. Our Sovereign Lady (tho' her Soul is as Wise and Holy as ever was found in a Queen) has many *Infirmities*, as she is a *Woman*. Then what must we think of the rest of her Sex, who only can deserve our Praise so far as they view and imitate *Queen Anne*?

But methinks I hear some Lady reply, *That I am a Woman, cannot take off from Vertuous Deeds; there's no Sex in the Mind: St. Peter bids Husbands dwell with their Wives, as being Heirs together of the Grace of Life, (a) Souls have no Sexes.— And St. Paul (b) says, There is neither Male nor Female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus.— Prudence and Moderation, which are the two Principal Instruments of Policy and Government, appertain to both Sexes. There was in that Woman Deborah, wherewith to Inform Three Great Men; and this tripple Spirit which was given at once, and in gross, might have satisfied for the Government of Three Reigns, if it had been bestowed severally.— The Image of the Creator*

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(a) 1 Pet. 3. 7. (b) Gal. 3. 28.

*shines as clearly in Women as Men. And (continues this Lady) I believe there are as many Female Saints in Heaven as Male.*

To this, I answer—— I en't so prejudic'd against Women (*as our present Sovereign is one of the Female Sex*) as to think this Lady *Wholly* mistaken in what she asserts: For 'tis certain *St. John* himself wou'd ne'er have written to a *Woman* with the *same Pen of an Eagle* wherewith he had written to the Angels and Churches of *Asia*, if he had not believ'd that a *Letter written to a Woman* might be as *Canonical and Profitable*, as Letters directed to *Angels and Churches*.—— But still I assert, that the *Body of a Woman (Quatinus Woman)* is a just Subject for Satyr: For tho' Souls of the *first Magnitude* (*as is seen in her present Majesty*) may be found in Bodies of the *Second Sex*; yet when we see the smallest Defect in a Beautiful Woman, we say it's pity, because one *Cloud* is enough to eclipse all the *Sun*. 'Tis true, the *Imperfections* in her Majesty's Person are *shining Graces* if compar'd with the *greatest Beauty* in other Women; but yet there's Defects enough in her *Womanhood* to justify this *Satyr*. For her very *Sex* (as *Woman*) supposes her *Frail and Inconstant*; and tho' *SEMPER EADEM* be the *Queen's Motto*; yet she is the only *Woman* 'has deserved that Character, since *Queen Elizabeth*. These *Defects in Women* (tho' ne'er so small and invisible) are *Blemishes* at which *Envy* levels. It wou'd be a notable Piece of Skill to change them into *Perfections*, as *Julius Cæsar* did, who being *Bald*, cover'd that Defect under the shadow of his *Laurels*.——

Thus



Thus have I fairly *Viewed* the *Imperfections* in her Majesty's Person (barely as she is a Woman) but here is still a *Rub* in the way of our *Satyr*: For say the Admirers of Queen Anne, You *Satyrize* what is not, or at best you can but half *Satyrize* our *She-Monarch*; for she is *Woman* but in *Body* alone: She provides against *Ill Accidents* with an *Heroick Valour*, as if she had nothing of *Female* in her but the *Form*: And as odd as this *Notion* looks (continue these Men) 'tis easily prov'd: For *Woman* at first was *Created* *Man's* equal, only the difference was in the *Sex*, Otherwise they both were *Man*.—

Yes, Gentlemen! But that shews she's *Woman* still, and that I take to be *Satyr* enough.

But, say her Majesty's Friends, Suppose she were *All Woman* (both in *Body* and *Soul* too) yet still we can't see how you can *Satyrize* *Woman* (barely as *Woman*) if you consider that such *Miracles* are wrought under the *Government* of *Women* as have not been done under that of *Men*— The *Regency* of *Blanch* was more *Fortunate* to *France* than all the *Lives* of its *slotful Kings*.— And *Isabella* the *Infanta* of *Spain*, has shewn to what height the *Understanding* of *Women* may advance in the *Science* of *Well-governing*. Neither has our own *Nation* wanted *Learned* as well as *Good Women*, such were the *Lady Jane Gray*; and *Elizabeth* *Queen* of *England* stands to this *Day* the *Glory* of her *Sex*.— But none of the fore-mention'd ever shone with brighter *Bearns* than our late *Queen Mary*, who had all the *Graces* of a *Christian*, and all the *Royal Vertues* of a *Queen*. And (continue her Majesty's Friends) is not our present *Sovereign* adorn'd with  
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the same Transcendent Vertues? For has she not given her Subjects an 100000 l. out of her own Revenue, and taken particular Care of the poorer Clergy (then how ungrateful are those amongst 'em that Voie for Tackers) by giving to 'em the First-fruits.—Look on our Gracious Queen in her Royal Person and Conduct, and you'll find her Heart is entirely English; she was made purposely for our Crown and Scepter, and her very Looks and Countenance wou'd command our Allegiance. In a word, Queen Anne is a Nursing Mother to all her Subjects, and Governs 'em with so much Spirit and Tenderness, that she resembles Angels who move the Heavens, not using in themselves the least Agitation; So that we may well say, this Divine Woman was selected out by God to set a Golden Face on the English Monarchy.

And therefore when we View a Woman endued with these Royal Qualities, and who (like Queen Anne) makes her Life the Example of her Laws, it cannot be said that Women (tho' they are but Women) are less Perfect than Men, without denying our own Experience, or the accusing with Contempt the Choice which God made of Woman for the Ruling that Nation which he himself had sanctify'd.

Besides (continue these Female Advocates) Women are more Charming in their Face, of a sweeter Voice, and more Spiritual in their Inward Beauty than Men, and (which further adds to their Perfection) Women alone, without Men, are able to produce Human Nature; and this is confess'd both by Turks and Mahometans, and we read of Isles where Women conceive by the blast of the Wind. So that Woman (barely considered as Woman) is made of better Stuff than Man; for if we look into Genesis, we shall

shall find that Woman was the last work in the Creation, and so the most perfect and absolute; as we see when Artificers make an excellent Peice, they keep Polishing till the last, as being the Perfection and Crown of it.

Thus (continue her Majesties Friends) have we fairly proved there no is Creature so Perfect, no Wonder so to be admired as a Woman. And (as these Men further asser:) God hath heaped all these Graces on the Fair Sex, to the end that every Creature might stand amazed at 'em, Love, and Obey 'em; as we see by experience 'That incorporeal Spirits doat upon Women with most ardent Affections.

Then (conclude our Loyalists) if Women are such Angels as here describ'd, how dare you Satyrize Queen Anne, (who has conjoin'd in her Royal Person whatever is Excellent in all her Subjects, without the Vices of any of 'em) had she nothing but Woman (bare Woman) to command our Looks and Obedience?

To this I Answer, I own there is Divine and Noble Perfections in some Women; and that Women (if such as our present Queen) are fitter to Govern than Men: And for that Reason our English Parliament Enacted a Woman the Supreme Head both at Home and Abroad: And we are all so well pleased with Female Government, that 'tis only Women that now are prayed for in our Churches and Chappels, viz. Her present Majesty, Queen Dowager, and the Princess Sophia. I also acknowledge that Queen Anne is a Woman Great without Pride, Religious without Superstition: And (in two words) is that Glorious Queen her Friends describe her to be.

But——

BUT— (and where's a Woman without a BUT in her Commendation?) All this can't change her Sex into Man, so that were Her Majesty Woman but in Body alone, (or had she nothing of Female but the Form) yet we are still forc'd to call Her *WOMAN*; (or the weaker Vessel) and as such, is subject to a *Thousand Failings*: I confess, I han't yet discover'd 'em: for, *Queen Anne* (as if she were a *WOMAN* of a new or different Make from the rest of her Sex) has not yet made one false (or *WOMANISH*) Step in her whole Reign. But still (as she is a *WOMAN*) I may venture to say, she is not above Satyr.

Indeed the Loyalists tell us the Devil himself cou'd never tempt her to an Ill thing; and I find they are able to prove it; nay, if they call in their *JURE DIVINO*,\* perhaps, they may make it out that she can't err, as she's *Queen of England*. But, tho' Princes are *Demi-Gods*, yet if we rake in their Ashes, we shall find them Men. Sure I am, no King (or *Queen*) is so great, or holy, but may err. I own, for a *Queen* to have her *WOMAN-HOOD* satyriz'd, seems unnatural, in a *Man* that admires the Sex, and was once tempted to think 'em Angels; yet it must be own'd, that a *Woman* (by being a *QUEEN*) makes her Failings the more publick: For, a black Spot is quickly seen in a Beautiful Face; and the Sun is more

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\* Or, *Passiv: Obedience.*



gaz'd at in one Hour, when eclipsed, than in seven Years when she shines brightly. But, were *Queen Anne* any thing else but a *Woman*, I shou'd think her perfect: But the Best of *Women* (for such the *Loyalists* call Her) are but *Women at best*; and therefore, the satyrizing Her Majesty's Person (that I might shew how *Imperfect* her Sex is) I hope will do good Service to the *English Nation*, since the best way to avoid Error, is to know it.

Thus, (Reader) you see, the Business of this *Satyr* is, to find out Truth, and to speak it; and I hope I have said enough against Her Majesty's Person, barely consider'd as *Woman*.

I am next to satyrize the Body of *Queen Anne*, as 'tis the Prison of her Soul; and as such, I shall prove it a *Frail Mansion of Mortality*. I have said my worst against Her, as she is a *Woman*, and I shall here forget her *Royal Blood*, and treat Her as *Common Clay*; I mean, as a Person, as liable to Death and Diseases as the poorest Subject in all Her Dominions.

And here I shall make it appear, That the *Queens Royal Body* is no better than *Domitium Anima*, or a House of moving Clay: (the *Earthen Lodging of the Soul*) And as a Torch gives a sweeter Light and better Smell, according to the Matter it is made of, so does Her *Royal Soul* perform all Her Actions, better or worse, as Her Organs are disposed; or as Wine favors of the Cask where-  
in it is kept, so Her Majesty's Soul receives a  
Tincture



Tincture from the *Living Clay*, through which it works. Her *Royal Person* is but a *borrow'd Garment*, to make Her Spirits, for a Time, to appear upon this low and troublesome Stage of Life : 'Tis, in its Prime and Vigour, but a *Piece of Active Earth* ; and when Her Soul leaves it, will be no better than a Lump of *Royal Corruption* :

*How then can Man, at Heavens Tribunal try'd,\*  
Stand unappall'd, be PURE, or justify'd ;  
From all Terrene Remains purg'd and refin'd ;  
MAN, who's descended of disloyal Kind ;  
Earth-born and Mortal ? Lo ! In Jehovah's Eye,  
The Brightest Beauty takes a tarnish'd Dye.  
The SUN's a Shade, the Starry Circlets Stains,  
And what e're else seems great and glorious, Wanes.  
What then is ANNE, how fading is Her Birth ?  
A Royal Mortal, sprung from Parent Earth.*

Neither has *Queen Anne* any Lease of this *Frail Mansion* ; for Her very Breath is a Tenant at will to Her Maker, and whenever he sends his grim Messenger, *Death*, he will not approach Her on his *bended Knee*, but will struggle with Her till the last Sands in Her Life are run, and there is no turning the *Vital Glass*.

But, as if all this were not Satyr enough, (*on the Queen's Body*) I am able to prove, that

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\* I own my self indebted for this Poem, to an ingenious Manuscript (entituled *A Paraphrase upon Job, in Verse*) which lately came to my Hands, and wou'd greatly oblige the Age, cou'd the Author be perswaded to print it.

Her very Life is but a *Vital Death*. The Poet being asked what he did? Answer'd very well, *Paukatim morior*, I die by little and little. So that Her Majesty's Body subsists, as 'twere, by a kind of *Succession of Decays*; and consequently, Her Royal Person requires Restoration, every Moment, of what it loseth. If you ask me how I prove this? I answer, Her *Royal Body* does transpire, breathe out, and waste away, through invisible Pores, by Exercise, Motion, or Sleep, to make room still for a new Supply of Nourishment; so that the *Queens Body* (which sufficiently shews how frail it is) may be said to be *daily repaired by new Sustenance*, which begets new Blood, and consequently, new Spirits, new Humours; and (*I had not satyriz'd too much*) if I had said *New Flesh*; the old by continual *Decays*, and insensible Transpiration, evaporating still out of Her, and giving way to *Fresh*; so that I much question whether (*by Reason of these perpetual Reparations and Accretions*) the Body of *Queen Anne* may be said to be the same *numerical Body*, in Her *Middle Age*, which she had in Her *Childhood*: And that which is yet a far greater Wonder, Her Majesty's *SOUL* does in some Sense *satyrize* Her very *BODY*, for Her Body is to Her *SOUL* as the shadow of the Earth in the Eclipse of the Moon. See you not how this *Bright Star* (which illuminates our Lights) seemeth to be unwillingly captived in the Dark, but sparkleth to get aloft, and free its self from Earthly Impressions, so Her

*Pious*

*Pious Soul* does not only live indeed, whilst most of Her Subjects live only in SHEW, but readily untwineth its self from the Body well knowing it hath a Brighter Crown in; the Kingdom of Heaven.

But, perhaps, some may say, *This is a Satyr and no Satyr*, for han't we of late seen the *Death of Charles the Second, James the Second, Mary the Second, and William the Third*? And every one knows that *Kings and Queens* die. Then, how can that be a BLOT upon 'em, that is the Lot of every Man? *It is appointed unto Men once to die.* (a)

To this I answer — I own, the Thoughts of *Death* is no Terror to *Queen Anne*, who (like her Royal Sister) has learnt from her Youth, (b) “*That Repentance is not to be put off to a Death-bed* — But yet 'tis a Satyr on *Kings and Queens*, to say they are dying as fast as their Subjects, for it humbles 'em in the Height of their Glóry. *Lewis II. of France*, thought the *Reproach of dying* so very satyri-*cal*, that when he was sick, *He forbade any Man to speak of Death in his Court*. And the *Albans*, that dwelt by the *Mount Caucasus*, took it for a mortal Crime, once to name those that were departed — So that 'tis plain there is *Satyr in Death it self*, and that makes me assert that *Her Majesty's Bear* is as mortal as other *Lady's*, for 'tis subject to

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(a) Heb. 9. 27.

(b) See Arch-bishop Tennison's Sermon, preached at the Funeral of Queen Mary.



*thres Hundred Diseases* ; ( for so many are incident to the Bodies of Women, ) and I hear the GOUT has been so bold already, as to lay Siege to her Royal Person ; or did she enjoy a PERPETUAL HEALTH, ( which I never knew in a *King or Queen* ) yet Age at length wou'd SNOW on her Head, and even WITHER Her into the Grave. All those Great Monarchs, who sought an *Immortality* in their Victories and Triumphs, have mist that, and found *Death* at last ; the Enjoyment of their Crowns and Splendours being bury'd in the same Tomb with their Bodies.

So that *Kings and Queens* ( which shews what *Parasites their Adorers are* ) are but *Common Clay* in the Hands of Death ; neither can their Favourites ( or LIFE-GUARD ) ward off Death for a Moment ; for within the *Hollow Crown* that rounds the *Mortal Temples* of a King, *Death keeps his Court*, and there the Antick sits scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pomp : Or, shou'd the ROYAL MORTAL 'scape *Feavors, Gout, Old Age, Poyson and Daggers, &c.* Yet, rather than Princes shou'd be *Immortal,*

*Comes Death at last, and with a little Pin  
Bores through his Castle Walls, and farewell King.*

*Alexander* being much taken with the witty Answers of *Diogenes*, bid him ask what he wou'd, and he should have it. *The Philosopher demanded the least Proportion of Immortality.*



*talioy.* That's not in my Gift, says *Alexander*. No, quoth *Diogenes*? "Then why doth  
 "Alexander take such Pains to conquer the World,  
 "when he cannot assure himself of one Moment  
 "to enjoy it?— Such is the Condition of all  
 Things here below, (whether it be Empire,  
 Riches, Honours, &c.) there is no more hold  
 to be had of them than Saul had of Samuel's  
 Mantle: They do but, like the Rain-bow, shew  
 themselves in all their dainty Colours, and then  
 vanish away. The Consideration of this, made  
 Sir Walter Raleigh close up his *History of the*  
*World* in these Words. "Oh eloquent, just  
 "and mighty Death, thou hast drawn together  
 "all the far stretched Greatness, all the Pride,  
 "Cruelty and Ambition of Man, and covered  
 "it over with these two narrow Words

HIC JACET.

So that were *Queen Anne* never so great  
 and glorious, this *Satyr* is bound to tell Her,  
 her Grandeur and Riches will vanish away,  
 Her Royal Majesty will abandon her, Her  
 Greatness will give her the last Adieu; and  
 this MORTAL FALL (which I pray against)  
 will equal Her in Body to all that were be-  
 low her before; or if her Admirers doubt  
 this, let 'em VIEW the Skulls of those Em-  
 perors and Kings that are now in their Tombs;  
 their bald Scalps have now no other Crown  
 than the Circle of Horror which environs  
 them; their disincarnated Hands hold now no  
 other Scepter but a Pile of Worms, and all  
 the Glories of their Courts now lie in the Dust.

Go to the dull Church-yard, and see  
 Those Hillocks of Mortality;  
 Where proudest Man is only found  
 By a small Swelling of the Ground;  
 Dig but a Foot or two, to make  
 A cold Bed for thy dead Friends sake,  
 'Tis odds but in that scantling Room,  
 Thou rob'st some GREAT-MAN of his Tomb.  
 —Flatman.

I own, 'tis a *Course Satyr* on a Sovereign Lady, to say "She is living Dust, animated Clay, and going apace to Corruption: But, tho' great Respect is due to a Crowned Head, yet I hope 'tis no *Treason* to say *Queen Anne* is a Mortal Woman. I confess, wou'd the Crown make the Person that wears it immortal, I shou'd not wonder there is such contending for Empire: But, alas! The Highest Place is most obnoxious to Variation. *The Sun is never so near a Declension as in the vertical Meridian.* *Julius Caesar*, that he may be wofully miserable, his Chair of State shall be his Death-bed. *Crassus*, for all his Bags, shall be slain, and scarce obtain a Shroud to cover his Nakedness.

It is a memorable Example that we have of *William the Conqueror's* Successor, who being unhappily kill'd, as he was hunting in *New Forrest*, all his Nobles and Courtiers forsook him, only some few that remain'd, laid his Body in a *Collier's Cart*, which being drawn with a silly lean Beast, through a very foul and filthy Way, the Cart broke, and there lay

lay the Spectacle of *Worldly Glory* pitifully, Goar'd and Bemir'd : Now if this were the Portion of so *mighty* a Prince, who immediately before, so *Glorious* a Troop attended; what then must others of *meaner Rank* expect and look for, but only with *Death's closing up of their Eyes*, to have all their Friends excluded, and no sooner gone, but to be as suddenly forgotten. Hence it is, that *Oblivion and Neglect* are the Two Handmaids of *Death*, and her Kingdom, where she principally tyrannizeth, is the Land of *Forgetfulness* : What better Fate had *Darius*, and *Alexander*, ( Heads of the Third Monarchy ) for see how they knock'd one against another, yet their very Names, as well as their Battels, are quite forgotten ; and how little do they now possess of those many Kingdoms they once Conquered ? And where is the *Great Caesar* ? or the *Proud Pompey* ? Can they now march in *Battel Array*, or in their warlike Triumphs thunder about their Tombs ?

The *Death* of these Famous Monarchs might convince our Kings and Queens, that tho' they are called *Gods*, (a) they must die like *Men* : For though they may 'scape a violent Death (a Fate very common to Kings) yet I may venture to say, from the first laying of the Mud Walls in their Conception, they have mouldred away, and the whole Course of their Life, is but an *Active Death*. — Nay, there's *Queen Anne* her self, (whose Royal Ventures one wou'd think should make her Immortal)

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(a) *Psal.* 82. 6, 7.



even Forms her Words with the Breath of her Nostrils, and has the less *time to live for every Word she speaks* ; So that 'tis plain, our *Sovereign Lady* has no more to boast of (*with respect to the Duration of her Body,*) then the meanest Subject she has : For I have prov'd at large that her *Royal Body* is but a *Frail Mansion of Mortality, &c.* and moulders away apace ; and when she is Dead, (*which is a Satyr on her Health and Strength*) the poorest Beggar that's allow'd a Grave, is as Rich as the Queen of England ; (for en't I as Rich in my Coffin, as a *Dead Monarch*?)

*The Braggs of Life are but a Nine Days Wonder,  
And after Death the Fumes that spring  
From Private Bodies, make as big a Thunder,  
As those which rise from a huge King.  
Only the Chronicle is lost ; and yet,  
Better by Worms be all once spent,  
Than to have Hellish Moths still gnaw and fret  
Thy Name in Books, which may not rent.  
(A great Descent is Noble ; yet high Birth,  
Must know that her first Ancestor was Earth.)*

I must own, my putting my self &c. on the Level with *Dead Princes*, will be thought an *unmannerly Satyr on Crown'd Heads*, but as I'm related to them in *Royal Adam*, (the general *Father of Mankind*) I am quite of another Opinion ; for tho' Kings be no Equals for Private Men, as they be Kings, Yet (*as they are Men*) they be ; especially as they are *Mortal Men*, and must die like others. And therefore I hold it no Presumption to say,



*I am as frail and mortal as the greatest King or Queen in the World.*

I confess this is a bold *Satyr* on such Princes who think they are made of *Finer Dust* than the rest of the *World*: But seeing no *Man*, since her *Majesties* *Reign*, *has been hang'd for speaking the Truth*, I'll dare to say it again, *I am as frail and mortal as the greatest King or Queen in the World*; and though this is a proud *Reflection* on such *Worms*, (a) (*for so David calls himself, though a great King*) as look on themselves (and their *Big Titles*) through a *Multiplying-Glass*; yet I find the best and greatest of *Men* have held an *Equality of Dead Persons*; and for that Reason have made a *serious Preparation for Death*, the constant *Study of their whole Life*.

*Abraham*, see how he beginneth to possess the *World*, by no *Land-pasture*, or *Noble Lordship*, the first thing is a *Grave*.—*Genebald*, Bishop of *Lundunam*, lay in a *Bed* made like a *Coffin*, for *Seven Years* together, to remind him of *Death*.—The first *Household-stuff* that ever *Seleucus* brought into *Baby'on*, was a *Sepulchre-Stone*, a *Stone* to lay upon him when he was dead, that he kept in his *Garden*.—The *Brachmans* were so much given to think of their latter end, that they had *their Graves* always open before their *Gates*, that both going out, and coming in, they might be mindful of their *Death*.—

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(a) *Psal.* 22. 6.

And 'tis said of *the Women of the Isle of Man*, that the first *Web* they make, is their *Winding-sheet*, wherewith at their going abroad they usually gird themselves, to shew that they are mindful of their *Mortality*.

But we need not look into Ancient Times for Persons, that (*in their greatest Health*) have provided for their own Deaths, when our present Age abounds with so many Instances of this nature.——Mr. *Baxter* so bent his Thoughts on his *Everlasting Rest*, that he took his Pen and drew up his own *Funeral Sermon*, (or some helps to sweeten the rest of his Life and his Death) and calls it *his Dying Thoughts*.—Mr. *Stephens* of *Lothbury*, kept his Coffin by him several Years.——Mrs. *Parry* of *Monmouth* did the same.——And so did Mrs. *Collins*, till her Husband was buryed in it.——There is a Gentleman now living in *Dublin*, that marks all his Plate with a *Death's-Head*. Mr. *Thorp*, being in Debt, writ a Poem on himself, which he calls a *Living Elegy*.——And so did *Foe* (when he was bury'd) in *Newgate*.——*Dunton* writ an Essay on his own Funeral.—And the *Author* of these Sheets has lately purchas'd a *Grave*, and in this *Satyr*, (without her Majesty's Pardon) he is following his *Hearse* to it.

But perhaps the *Criticks* will think I dwell too much upon this Subject, but *the mortality of Kings and Queens, &c.* is a just Subject for *Satyr*, and as it teaches us *several Divine Lessons*, I hope I may be excus'd if I gaze long in viewing her Majesty, and such other *Persons* that are *Dying* as fast as she.

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The Hand of a *Dead Man* stroking the Part, cures the *Tympany*; and certainly the consideration of *Death* is a fit *Satyr* to cure the swelling *Pride* in the greatest *Monarch*, &c. — *An Emperor of Germany* coming by chance on a *Sunday* into a *Church*, found there a *Misshapen Priest*, in so much as *the Emperour* scorn'd and contemn'd him; but when he heard him read these *Words* in the *Service*, *For it is he that made us, not we our Selves*, the *Emperor* check'd his own proud *Thoughts*, and made enquiry into the *Quality* and *Condition* of the *Man*; and finding him upon *Examination*, to be most *Learned* and *Devout*, he made him *Archbishop of Cologn*.

*Mr. Franklyn* (also) had once the *Courage* to tell *King Charles the Second*, (a) 'That no  
' *Whoremonger*, nor *Unclean Person*, hath any  
' *Inheritance in the Kingdom of Christ*. (b) *That*  
' *he was Mortal* as well as his *Subjects*; and  
' *therefore if he did not set them a good Exam-*  
' *ple, he would have a dreadful Account to give*  
' *when he came to die*. — For this *Pious Bold-*  
' *ness* *King Charles* gave him repeated *Thanks*,  
and promis'd him greater *Favours*.

But our *Present Queen* has so well practi-  
fied her *whole Duty*, she has no need to be  
told of *Death*; and therefore (like the *German-*  
*Priest*, &c.) I cannot expect any *Temporal*  
*Reward*, for telling her *Majesty*, she is (tho'

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(a) *In a Private Conference held with him.*

(b) *Eph. 5. 5.*



*a Glorious Queen*) no Greater than a *Mortal Woman*. 'Tis true, her Divine Soul is beautify'd by God himself, with the Title of his *own Image and Similitude*. But as to her *Body*, (for 'tis that I am *looking upon*) I find it to be no other than *a Picce of Royal Clay*, which *Nature has kneaded into solid Flesh*, (I own *Queen Anne* was born to (a *Crown*, and deserv'd it before she enjoy'd it,) and by that *she is sifted from common Bran*, but still *she is but a Mortal Woman*, (or at best but a *Mortal Angel*.) Or if she's *Finer* (which levels her *Frailty* with common *Dust*) she's more brittle *Ware* than other *Mortals*. So that you see *Reader*, (*as Queen Anne is above Praise*) so I scorn to flatter to advance my *Fortunes*, for I look on the *Queen* as a *Mortal Woman*, and such I have prov'd her to be.—But I won't enlarge, for I have been so blunt upon this *Subject*, that (instead of *Rewards*) if her *Majesty* condescends so far as to pardon the *Author* of this *Satyr*, 'tis the greatest *Favour*, I dare expect; yet when I consider that *no Present*, of what *Value* soever, can be suitable to one of her *Pious Character*, it gives me encouragement to hope this *Memento Mori*, (or *Satyr on her Majesties Person*) may not be less acceptable to her humble and mortify'd *Thoughts*, than a *Pitcher* of *Water* was to the *Great Monarch of the World* from the *Hands* of a mean *Soldier*.

*Great Alexander* caused his *Page* every *Morning*, as it were to awake him with a *Passing-bell*, sounding these *Words* 'Remember  
' Sir



‘*Sir, that you are a Man,*—and ’tis some Reward that I have the Honour to say to the Queen (a) of England,—Remember, Madam, you are a Woman—That you are a Subject to Death, the King of Terrors.—That of all the great extension of your Territories, there shall not remain one Foot of Ground, So jealous are the Worms of your Glory.—That your Scepter and Crown, are such feeble marks of Greatness, that Fortune sports with them, Time consumes them, and the Wind shall sweep away their Dust.

Now Reader, that thou mayest make a *Pious Improvement* of this Satyr on her Majesties Frailty, wherever thou walkest, fancy to thy self, thou hearest thine own *Passing-bell*, Ringing; and likewise let thy Conscience and thy Misery each in his Turn, serve thee as a *Page every morning*, to put thee in mind thou art a Man.—I mean a Portraict animated with *Death*, rather than with *Life*, since thou canst do nothing but *Dye*.—But in this *continual Dying*, amidst the Throng of *Evils and Pains*, which are enjoyned to thy Condition; consider also, that thou art created to possess an *Eternity* both of *Life* and *Happiness*; for if thou wilt, *Paradise* shall be thine, tho’ *Hell* gape to devour thee.—Therefore now up and be *dying*.—

In this *Life* many things make a distance between Men and Women, as the *Greatness of Birth*, the *abundance of Honours*, &c. but *Death*

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(a) In this Satyr.

(as this Satyr abundantly proves) makes all even.—Survey Mens Graves, and tell me then who is Beautiful, and who Deform'd, all there have *Hollow Eyes, Flat Noses, and Gastly Looks, &c.* Tell me who is Noble and who is Base? *The Worms claim Kindred of all.* And if this will not satisfy, take a Sieve, and sift their Dust, and tell me which is which.

*Lucian*, hath a Fable, the Moral is a notable Satyr on Dead Princes: *Menippus*, meeting with *Mercury* in the *Elisium Fields*, wou'd needs know of him, which, amongst all the Ghosts, was *Philip the Great King of Macedon*?—*Mercury* answers, *He is Philippi that hath the Hairless Scalp.*—*Menippus* replies, Why they have all bald Heads.—*Mercury*. Then he with the flat Nose.—*Menippus*, they have all flat Noses.—*Mercury*, Then he with the hollow Eyes.—*Menippus*, They all have hollow Eyes, all have naked Ribs, disjoynted Members, all are Carcasses. Why then, says *Mercury* to *Menippus*, In Death there is no difference between the King and the Beggar. And it is true, *Mors sceptris lignibus aequat.* Men upon Earth, as in the Game of Chess, supply different Places, one is a King, the other a Queen, another a Bishop, another a Pawn; but when the Game is done, and they are shuffled into One Bag, (into the Grave) they are all alike. And to this purpose, How remarkable is the Answer of *Diogenes* to *Alexander*, What art thou musing on, *Cynnick*, says this Monarch to him one Day, having found him in a Chornal yard; I amuse my self here (answers he) in search of thy Fa-

Father *Philip's* Bones, among this great Number which thou feest; but my Labour is in vain, *One differs not from another, Death makes us equal with Kings*; and in the Grave, the Spade may challenge Equality with the Scepter: *A Winding Sheet, Coffin, and Grave*, is all that the Greatest possess when they leave the World. *Philip King of Macedon*, walking by the Sea-side, got a Fall, and after he was risen, perceiving the Impression of his Body upon the Sand. — *Good God! said he, what a small parcel of Earth will contain us, who aspire to the possession of the whole World.* — And when *Alexander* (his Son) dyed; one of his Friends beholding his Body, cryed out, *Behold now; Four Yards of Ground is enough for him, whom the Spacious Earth cou'd not comprehend before.* So that a Grave and Six Foot of Ground, is all the greatest Monarch can call his own. *William the Third* (our *Glorious* Deliverer from Popery and Slavery) has now no more to possess, than just his Length and Breadth in the Earth.

Thus miserable, and wretched is Man, (the greatest of Men) in their last exit. — *Adrian* enter'd his Empire by the Port of his Tomb; (and to satyrize his Royal Body) he celebrates his own Funeral, and is led in Triumph to his Sepulchre. *Maximilian* the Emperor, did the same, and wou'd often follow his Coffin to the Grave in a solemn manner, &c.

Having Satyriz'd her Majesty's Royal Body.

1. Barely considered as Woman.
2. As She is, (tho' Queen of Great Britain, &c.) a Subject to the King of Terrors.



I shall next *Look* (where I least expect to see any *Faults*) on her Majesty's *Royal Beauty*.

And here, tho' I own'd (a) (*as a Black Woman*) *She exceeds all the rest of her Sex*, yet that I may be as *Impartial* to her *Imperfections* as I was to her *Beauty*; I'll now *View* all the *Faults* I can find in it.

I said before, *That I never thought any Woman Handsome, but what was just of her Majesties Colour, &c.*

Yet I hope to find *Defects* enough in her Majesty's *Face*, to justify a *Satyr* upon it: 'Tis true, her Majesty's *Colour* has the *first Place* in the *Rank of Beauty*, and her *Features* dazzle us yet more, as *She's Queen of England*. But what *Perfection* is in all this? For even *Beauty* it self is no other,—*But a charming Grace of Lively Colours, flowing from a Face that is ever fading.*

*Beauty's a lovely Tulip to the Eye,  
Yet loveliest Flowers we see do soonest die.  
And 'tis but as we make it; since there are,  
Which hold flat Noses, and great Lips most fair.  
At best alas! who makes the fairest Show,  
Is but a Dust-heap, silver'd o'er with Snow.  
But to be Proud of Cloaths, is such a thing!  
When every Beast doth Contribution bring:  
The Sheep her Fleece, the Civet-Cat her Scent,  
One Worm to weave another's Excrement.*

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(a) In this Satyr.



This *Devil, Beauty*, is compounded strangely. It is a *subtil Point*, and hard to know whether it has in it more active *Tempting*, or more of *Passive Tempted*; so soon it forces, and so soon it yields. 'I own 'tis dis-  
 'ingenuous to rob *Vertue* of the *Advant-*  
 'tages it receives from *Beauty*, which makes it  
 'appear like *Diamonds*, enchac'd in *Gold*, and  
 'gives it a greater *Lustre*: *Reason* it self will ap-  
 'pear more *Eloquent* in the *Mouth* of a *Pretty*  
 'Lady, than in that of the most *Florid Orator*;  
 'and there are no *Figures* in all the *System* of *Rhe-*  
 'torick, so moving and forcible, as the peculiar  
 'Graces of that *Sex*.—Nay, a *Learned Di-*  
 'vine, carries this *Point* so high, as to say,  
 'The *Atheist* that disbelieves a *Heaven*, may look  
 'in a *Lady's Face*, and see a great deal of it  
 'there. But I must tell his *Reverence*, there's a  
 But even in *Beauty* it self, and might I here  
 give *Reins* to my *Satyr*, I should run o'er all the  
*Mischief* I find in *Beauty*.—But I'll stop here;  
 for if we look in a *Lady's Face* (*The Seat of*  
*Beauty*) we shall find they are grown so tempt-  
 ing, that *Adders* lie sunning in their *Smiles*; nay,  
 even *Basilisks* drink their *Poyson* from their  
*Eyes*.—

Yes! for the *Plague* of *Humane Race*,  
 These *Devils* have an *Angel's Face*.  
 Such *Youth*, such *Sweetness* in their *Look*,  
 Who can be *Man*, and not be *Took*!

Or, were there no *Temptation* in a *Pretty*  
*Face*, (or, had all *Women* as absolute *Com-*  
 G 2 mand

mand o'er their Passions, as *Queen Anne*) yet *Beauty in its greatest Perfection, is but the May-game of Time and Sickness*; and, which detracts from her Majesty's Features, *the Beauty of the greatest Princess is but Skin-deep*. And when we remember that upon the fairest Face is placed one of the worst Sinks of the Body, the *Nose*, we may use it not only as a *Mortification to the Pride of Beauty*, but as an *Alloy to the fairest out-side of Condition*, which any King or Queen, &c. can possess.

I have read of a young *Hermit*, who being passionately in love with a young Lady, cou'd not by all the *Rules of Religion and Mortification*, suppress the Trouble of that Fancy, till at last being told that she was *Dead*, and had been *buried about 14 Days*, he went secretly to her Vault, and with the Skirt of his Mantle, wiped the Moisture from the Carcass, and still at the return of the Temptation, laid it before him, saying, *Behold, this is the Beauty of the Woman thou didst so much desire*; and thus by (*Satyrizing his mortal Angel*) the Lover found his Cure: Neither had his *Mistress* been less frightful, had she been a Queen; for even *Royal Beauty it self is but Time's fading Flower*, which, as 'tis most delicate, it's as Volatile as Charming. It's like the Colours which *Phidias* drew, which seem'd most admirable to the View, but did suddenly vanish; If it has *Being* enough to be said to vanish: For,

*What Beauty is, can never be assign'd;*  
*'Tis in no Face, but in the Lover's Mind.*

'Tis