

I am the larger upon this Head, as the *Fatal Animosities* (as *K. William* * calls 'em) amongst Protestants, did so often disturb his Breast, and dislodge his Soul from the natural Seat of her Repose; which, tho' it shew'd him to be a *common Father to all his People*, (as all he fought was our *Unanimity*) yet at the same time, the great Disturbance our Divisions gave to his Royal Mind, was **Satyr** enough upon him, as it shew'd he was but a *Man*, and (after all his Victories Abroad) cou'd not Conquer his Passions at Home.

I cou'd enlarge, but shou'd I Discover those numberless Thoughts (that he wou'd divulge in Private) that darkned his Understanding, those fundry Fancies, and restless Desires, that pester'd and entangl'd his Resolutions, (and all about *Uniting* his Protestant Subjects) I shou'd swell this **Satyr** into a *Folio*. However, I've said enough to shew the Disorder his Soul was in, when any wou'd Lessen his Glory, by endeavouring to make him FATHER but to one Party: And (sure I am) such Hot-heads as these can be no Friends to the Present Government; for I'm bold to say, That the Moderate Men on all sides, are almost the self same Mind, about the *Surplice*, *Cross* in Baptism, *God-Fathers*, *Kneeling at the Sacrament*, and several other Contro-

* In his last Speech.

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verted Matters, we often contend Words, when we heartily think the same Thing. But the lesser the Difference is between us, the more it Blackens K. *William's* Displeasure at it, and shews, he had not got an absolute Conquest over himself. Yet (that my Satyr may do him Justice) I must DECLARE he got so near to a Self-Victory, as to give not only his Allowance, but his Smiles to any thing that was Good; and was *Arbitrary* in nothing, but in Fighting his Enemies, in Reconciling Religious Differences, and Restraining the commission of Evil.

But why K. *William's* Valour and Piety shou'd be thus Satyriz'd (may some say) without Impunity, is a Riddle; especially under a Government which owes its Life and Being to the Matchless *Courage* and Piety of this Illustrious Hero. Did he not (say his Friends) Deliver us from Popery and Slavery at his first Coming? Did he not Fight our Battles for Thirteen Years? And at his Death, (so much Lamented by all good Men) Did he not leave us in the entire possession of our Laws and Liberties, and the Crown secur'd in the Protestant Line for future Ages? But (continue these Men) if Satyr be the Reward of such Eminent Services, we must (with Tutch—n) say, Ungrateful England!

To this I Answer — I OWN King *William* came not, either for *Greatness*, or to gratifie *Ambition*; he had *Greatness* enough of his own, and a large Command, and he brought it with him; and valu'd more being *Optimus*, than *Maximus*, (which is the best way of joining those two Imperial Stiles) yet he had not so Master'd himself, but he had Ambitious and Aspiring Thoughts in all the Actions of his Life: But (to do him Justice) he only aim'd at making himself GREAT, by freeing Nations from Oppression, and Procuring to all Christians, the Liberty of Serving God according to the Dictates of their Consciences.

But, after all the Hard Things I have said of his late Majesty, I am forc'd to OWN, (except in the HEAT of Battle, or when he beheld our DIVISIONS in Religious Matters) I never saw him shaken with the violence and strongest Tempests of Anger; (and were it convenient) I cou'd mention Twenty Instances, wherein REVENGE, with all its Sweetness, was too Feeble and Effeminate, to Encounter with his Heroick and Masculine Spirit. 'Tis true, when he was Fighting our Enemies Abroad, or Subduing our Corruptions at Home, he was Fierce and Inexorable; but

in all other cases, he still commanded CHOLER and WRATH, to make a mild Appeal to Vindictive Justice; and even in her Rigorous Courts he had several Inlets for his Mercies and Graces. How far this Character concerns *K. William*, none can so well judge, as those that have taken a Prospect of the whole Scene of his Life; perhaps the *Parce* never drew a more even Thread; perhaps History describes not a more calm and resolute Spirit under all Attempts whatever. Those that have seen him lay by the awe of Crowns, and appear like *Common Clay* at the Head of an Engag'd Army in *Ireland*; and from thence to descend from his Guard, and a strong Ship, into a small Boat, tost under the hourly Expectation of a burying Wave, or an insulting Privateer; and after all this, shou'd see him again in his Closet, with the same unalter'd Brow, must conclude that He has made uncommon Approaches towards the Nature of that *Immou'd Being* that fixt and made sure his Crown.—So that to do him Justice, tho' he was *Cholerick* in Battle, and an avow'd Enemy to all *Bigotry*; yet he was Great, Valiant, and Good; he was Merciful and Just, and every thing else that Grace and Heroick Vertue cou'd make him.—And I must add,

(In Spight of my S A T Y R)

That the Thirteen Years of his Govern-
ment, exceeded the whole Reigns of all
his Predecessors, and can only be out-done
by Queen *A N N E*; Who has * declar'd,
and as we see, has made Religion to be the
principal Jewel of her Crown.

I shou'd next proceed to Discover (and
satyrize) what his Friends call his *Humi-*
lity, Mildness, Fidelity, Conjugal Love,
Moderation, Wisdom, Industry, Generosity,
Justice, Complaisance, Friendship, Sincerity,
Magnificence, Liberality, and fine Speeches,
etc. But for want of room, I must reserve
these Heads for a *Second and Third Part*
of my *Satyr*, which will Compleat the
Secret History of his Life and Reign.

Thus have I Finish'd my First *Satyr*
on King *William*; which, tho' it charges
him with many Faults, yet it makes him
the Best of Men; and for that reason,
he will be ready to say, *This is a Satyr,*
and no *Satyr.*

See the Sermon Preach'd before the Queen
and Both Houses of Parliament, Nov. 12
1702. By Jonathan, Lord Bishop of Exe-
ter. M 2 If

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If my Readers will be such *Williamites*, I can't help it; for if I han't found any Real Faults in his late Majesty, I have labour'd to do it, by a narrow Search into his *Closet, Bed Chamber, and Cabinet-Council, &c.* But if after all my Endeavours to Expose *K. William*, his very Secrets were Pure and Holy, my SATYR is not the less a SATYR on that account; for if King *William* had Liv'd worfe, the World shou'd have known it. But I fear length of Days wou'd rather have Brightned his Character than have given new Matter for SATYR For,

*As his Life went out, his Heaven came in;
And all was Bright without, and Clear within.* (in

So that (tho' neither his Birth nor Person, yet) his whole Reign was ENTIRELY ENGLISH: And as 'twas a perfect Mixture of Church Zeal, * and Presbyterian Honesty he wou'd still have been gaining of New Laurels.

But *K. William* is Dead, and this SATYR may serve for his Funeral Elegy! But how can I say he is Dead, when his Matchless Conduct and Valour is all Reviv'd in the Illustrious ORMOND, and the Valiant MARBOROUGH; who being Train'd up in

* See the Poem call'd, The Retrievement

Art of War, are become Great and Consummate GENERALS; and have taught the French at *Vigo*, *Landau*, and other Places, † *What it is to Storm Towns with Swords, not to Take them with Money in Hand.*

But tho' *K. William* be a Pattern for other Generals, yet in considering this Royal Soldier as he was a *Man*, (without any regard to his Vertues) I have found enough (in his Conduct and Valour) to justify the Title of this Book.

But, quo the *Jacobites*, (I mean those Men, who, had they Power, have shew'd they want not the Will to Destroy us) 'We did not intend to be Banter'd; but we expected a SATYR on *K. William*, that shou'd really Expose the Secrets of his *Life and Reign*

Why, Gentlemen, such a SATYR you have here; but if it don't make *K. William* so Black as you did expect, 'twas none of my fault, but wholly the Fault of his late Majesty, who never Spoke or Acted that Thing in his whole Life, that deserv'd to be worse Expos'd, than what you find in this SATYR upon his *Life and Reign*.

† See the Thanksgiving Sermon, mention'd in p. 81.

Or if all this won't justifie the Title of this Book, and make it pass for a SATYR on *K. William*, 'tis but learning the Art of *Forgetfulness*; for that (tho' he was Invited hither to Deliver us from *Popery* and *Slavery*) will change his Vertues into a Design to Subvert the Church, and that (whatever this Book may be) will be SATYR enough upon him.

To Conclude — Rather than this Book shan't be thought a SATYR on *K. William*, his very Perfections (by exceeding the measure of Humane Vertues) shall be call'd Vices: And for this reason (*A True-Born Satyrift* tells us)

*Posterity, when Histories relate
His Vertuous Deeds, will ask, What
Giant's that?*

*For Common Vertues may Mens Fame
Advance,*

*But an Immoderate Glory turns Re-
mance:*

*So WILLIAM's Life, Encreas'd by dou-
bling Fame,*

*Will drown his Actions to preserve his
Name.*

*The Annals of his Conduct to Revise,
As Legends of Impossibilities,*

'Twill all a Life of Miracle appear,

Too Great for him to do, or them to bear.

F I N I S.