

24
Mack-Faux
THE *N^o 15th*
MOCK-MORALIST
OR
Pierce the Traitor
UNMASK'D and HANG'D,
A
SATYRE
ON
A—N the RENEGADO.

Flectere si nequeo Superos Archeronta movebo, Virg. *Æn.*

Si fallere vis plebem finge Deum.

Printed in the Year 1705.

MOCK-FUN

THE

MOCK-MORALIST

OF

THE



UNIVERSITY

STATYRE

ON

THE RENEGADO

Fluctuat nec mergitur

Si fallere sit phobus

Printed in the Year 1705

ADVERTISEMENT.

I Did not at first intend to make any Reply to this pitiful babling Fellow, unless by a Footman with a good Cudgel, who since he does possess nothing that can in the least intitle him to the Character of a Gentleman, deserves no other Treatment; but having not long ago, got some further Account of the Ingredients and Qualifications that compose this fine Gentleman, I thought it a piece of Justice done to our Country, if I endeavour'd to undeceive some well-meaning People, who may be too much taken with the Glibness and Flippancy of his Tongue, a Faculty which is the Concomitant of a Frothy Brain, and the particular Character of a Dissembler.

I am not oblig'd, to take notice of his insolent and unmannerly way of speaking, he knows my Circumstances and Disadvantages well enough, therefore takes a Liberty to Hector at pleasure. I find he has been nearly touch'd by the little Saryr I made, and has expos'd a great deal of his ill Nature and very ill Sense; but the Fellow has been damnably put to it for want of Topicks, when he is fain to make use of an innocent harmless Frolick, which considering the time when it happen'd, deserves no Apology; but he had no other way to defend the *Renegado*. I want not abundance of Friends, to whom I owe greater Favours than a flattering Panegyrick, were I capable to make a very good one; but he has been at a sad Pinch indeed, when he mentions a thing I never so much as heard of before. I cannot be perswaded to have such an Opinion of my Verses as *Allan* would possess me with, when he allows me no less than the assistance of a whole Club of Men, of the best Sense in Town, with whom I have the Honour to converse very often. If Conversation could have done it, I had before this time Rhym'd him dead, but the assistance he talks of, had been too much for such a mean Effect: Conversation may indeed Improve a Genius, but does not make a Poet; And to justify this, I suppose, if *Allan* were put to *Italy* to converse with, and Learn of the most Famous of all the Masters of Musick there, he would return a greater Blockhead in that Science than he is yet in Poetry, because there is somewhat in *Allans Cranium*, and interwoven with his Constitution, which forbids any Harmony ever to enter there. But should any one of that Club he talks of, condescend to ingage him in Writing, he would pay sufficiently for his mistake.

I'll pardon his disallowing me as Poet, but were I as good a Poet as he is a base Critick, I think I might bid very fairly for the Lawrel. *Allan* plays the Critick like an ill Natur'd Monkey, who must needs imitate right or wrong, and from an unbred cursed and freakish Nature, commonly breaks and tears to pieces whatever it can lay hold on. This Baboon does just so, by the *Marriage Essay*, he tears it to pieces, and picks out single lines here and there, which have no connection of Sense, and are also false Printed. These I must only be the Author of, and the rest done by some body else: An excellent Inference, and worthy *Allans* illogical blunder Pate. By the same Conclusion Mr. *Dryden* would infer, that *Milton* is not the Author of *Paradise Lost*, because he says, he creeps along sometime, for above two hundred lines together, yet Mr. *Dryden* says not, that *Milton* did not make the excellent Lines, as well as these flat ones. But if the Corruption of a Poet be the Generation of a Critick, what then must *Allan* be, who is the Corruption of a Critick? As for the false Concord he mentions, it is a term I never heard apply'd before to Poetry, and a Bull only competent to the Loggerhead that writ it.

But he flinches from the Subject of Poetrie, and craves assistance to promote Morality. Does this Notorious Impudent Rascal intend to bubble the whole World at this rate, on whose head it is reported there is a Sum of Money ordered by the House of Commons, for an Encouragement and Reward to those who shall catch him; and who was fain to fly his Country with all the Hurry and Confusion that attend a hellish guilty Conscience, for fear of the Hurdle and Tyburn, who was a Broker, the Defiler of Employments, a profest Papist in the late King James's Reign, and for his Zeal preferred to the Worthy and Honourable Employment of an extinguisher of the War-lights in the Chappell. At last he turns Bankrupt, composes with, and cheats his Creditors, and hath a Crown the Poind.

But his *Legions Address* against the House of Commons (next to the blowing them up) is such a sublimite and daring piece of Villany, as is scarce to be paralleled in this Age, and is agreeable only to a Villain, so desperate in his Hopes and Fortunes as *Allan* seems to be: And when I consider, how this impudent Rogue has Libelled the worthy Members of that House, I can compare him to none, but that Emiffary of Hell *Guido Faux*, whose blackest design was crushed, by the special providence and appointment of Heaven.

Yet this Turncoat cheating Bankrupt, calls for assistance to promote Morality, that is, to Promote Treason and Sedition, and play the publick and private incendiary, and Banter both Heaven and Mankind: At this rate the Devil himself may turn Moralift, and does so very often, when it serves his purposes.

This Rogue gives an instance in his Preface of his base flinching Temper; he most unmanly libels the Episcopal Party without any Provocation, but when it serves his turn to quote a passage out of Doctor *Tillotson*, he gives him all his Title like the greatest High Priest of 'em all; if a Man of such practices be a fit Propagator of Morality, let the World judge.

I have not said all this in Vindication of my own failings, either real or imputed; what he Taxes me with, I do renounce and abhor, and hope to give the World sufficient instances of it; he needs not brag of a Party to Patronize him; for few will believe that any good Man will own a Fellow of his Character after they are Advertised of him, and have got a sufficient History of his Deportment in his own Country: The Pen of such a Rogue, is the most unlikely method of any, to reclaim a Man out of the Road, it is indeed the ready way to make Men believe there is no such thing as Religion, when a Rengado for such Notorious Crimes shall take up Cudgels against Vice; but I wish that Partie he brags of, would be pleased to make use of other Lenitives, and consequently more successfull Methods for the reclaiming any that are out of the road; and if they think me so, I shall be glad to be instructed by any Good, Sober and Hearty Christian of that Party, whether Churchmen or Laick, whose Actions can justifie such a Character, but no Man who has the least regard to his Credit, would be run down by such a Fellow as *Pierce*, who is known to be a Knave of that degree in his own Country, that few or none there does speak well of him, and it is much to be suspected, he puts on a mask of Religion to cover base designs.

(5)
MACK FAUX, &c.

P R O L O G U E.

L Ampoon'd and Hiss'd, and Damn'd the Thousandth time
Tho' Brains and Stars forbid the Sot must Rhime:
Then let me this vile Poëtafter drub,
And send the Knave a Halter for his Crub:
Such Satyre at the Villain let me dart,
That every Line may stab him to the Heart.

S Hall nothing then thy boundless Tongue restrain,
Thou through-pac'd Traytor, and true Son of Cain?
So like thy Master *Lucifer* thou'rt grown,
Thou lovest Mischief, for its sake alone:
Discord's thy Musick, Treason thy Delight,
For whose damn'd sake alone thou vow'st to write:
In these thou hast a mighty Lechrie,
As by thy *Legion* Paper we may see:
Curs'd *Tysiphon* has thy base Soul possess'd,
And all her Snakes ly gnawing on thy Breast,
And when thou does but smile, it still portends
Like blazing Comets, Mischief to thy Friends.
No wonder then, possessest with such a Fiend,
If of thy hellish Malice there's no End.
Hell mark'd thee for a Traytor from the Womb,
When thou was't cut, the Mid-wife told thy Doom:
This Boy, said she, has an inverted Face,
Will all his Kin and Country too Disgrace;
And if of Boy's I can ought presage,
He'll be repute the *Faux* of this our Age;
Then Hell Espous'd him as its Agent here,
And dub'd him *Legion* chief of its Empire:
Thousands of Imps around the *Urchin* crawl'd,
And squeak'd in Consort when it catterwail'd,

Stern *Lucifer* amid't the Imps appear'd,
 In human Form, and thus to speak was heard,
 Said he, this goodly, hopeful Boy shall be
 My second *Faux*, and dare as much as he:
 Hell be thy Guide, may ne're thy Plots misgive,
 And if they fail, my Power shall still retrieve.
 Then on the Titt, he breath'd a Curse, and chang'd
 His Shape, and headlong to the Center plung'd:
 Since when in Mischief, as in years he's grown,
 Hell's fittest Stock to graft a *Faux* upon.
 What wou'd thou give, *Mack Faux*, cou'd thou but see
 The Commons bound, and gag'd before thy Eye,
 And nothing else remain'd for thee to do,
 But kill a Knight, or squire at every Blow,
 Like some Rapacious Harpie, Feirce and Bold,
 Thoud'st drink their Blood as *Cataline* of Old.
 What wou'd'st thou give, cou'd thou but now Survey
 Their mangled Quarters flying throw the Sky,
 All by thy treacherous daring hand blown up
 Thy Wishes then were at the very top?
 What shou'd be done, says *Peirce*, with such vile Knaves,
 Rogues to their Countrey, Villans, Traytors, Slaves,
 Who Arbitrary Power do still advance;
 But strait prepare, and blow 'em up at once?
 Methinks I see the Rogue, with Match in Hand,
 With all th' infernal Powers at his Command,
 Push'd on by Hell, the Villan fires the Train,
 Then turns his Lanthorn, and retires again.
 The dreadful Bounce gone off with joyful Looks,
 Huzza, a noble Fire-work, cries *Mack Faux*!

Avert just Heaven, the hellish Rogues design,
 And may he be the last of all his Line,
 May some kind swindging Thunder-Bolt from Heaven,
 Be through the Traitor's very Center driven,
 To scatter all his Hellish Aids and Props,
 And with the Traitor's Life, cut off his Hopes.

Then

Then if thou'rt wise, break off thy League with Hell,
 Recant thy Words or this ; and more thou'llt feel :
 When thou a 'Gazing-stock to all the World,
 Shall be on Cart, from Goal to Tyburn hurl'd.
 But *Satyr* here must needs take thee to task,
 Because it's known, thou art a Rogue in Mask :
 But whatso'er may be thy Parts or Gilt,
 VVe needs must say, Let *Pierce* alone for Shifts.
 Then would you know how lately Turncoat *Pierce*
 Got Shirts and Cloaths to hide his Brawny Arse,
 Because they heard, he kept the Calves-Head-feast,
 And of King *Charles* Murther, made a Jest,
 Some drunken canting *Cummings* of the Town,
 Had contributed each for *Pierce* a Crown ;
 Some gave a Guinea, tho that Coin be rare ;
 Yet so they filch'd, as Cuckold best could spare.
 They made him strut like forty Swaggering Bullies,
 Cloath'd with the Spoils of their poor Horn'd Cullies.
Pierce feigns Religion, personates a VVhig ;
 And on that score he Hectors, and looks big :
 But these too credulous Men, who love thee best,
 VVill find thee out to be a Knave at last,
 VVhen they're assur'd, how in the Days of Yore,
 Thou *Papist* was, and did these Men abhor :
 And did the *Jews*, as they prevail but here,
 'Spite of thy Guts, thou wouldst e'en Pork foreswear ;
 Yet rather than thy Darling Food foregoe,
 Thou 'dst quit the Creed, and both the Test'ments too ;
 Thou canst believe whatever serves thy Turn ;
Belzeebub's firm, and Trusty-Brocker sworn.
 For thy case hard'ned Conscience, *Newgate-Proof*
 Can serve Hell's deepest Projects well enough.
 Thou at the *Port*, for Conscience ne'er wou'dst lurk ;
 But there thou 'dst prove a good substantial *Turk*,

VVou'dst

Woud'ſt be a Maſter all their tales believe,
 The *Alcoran* for Orthodox receive;
 Large is thy Conſcience, boundleſs is thy Creed,
 Thy Faith is ſtrong, and Catholick indeed,
 But weak thy Lines, dull and inſipid grown,
 Thou borrows none, they're ſurely all thine own
 Doſt thou think that *Maſter* can be ſuch a one,
 A tempting ſenſeleſs heap of ſound and ſon
 Theſe are two lines that all the World may know,
 None could have made but ſuch a Son as thou,
 Go whip the blund'ring Puppy back to Schools,
 And teach him common Senſe, and Grammar rules,
 But if hereafter thou'ſt ſtill ſtand to prate,
 And in ſuch groveling doggerel obſtinate,
 For thy reward, if I can ought ſay,
 Thou ſhalt be call'd the Fleck-ho of the Ile,
 And thy dull Rhimes about thy neck be hang'd,
 Till thou by all the Wits be ſoundly bang'd
 That ſuch a ſort of Poet thou ſhalt be,
 That Nature never moulded thee a Poet;
 In vain thou calls for books to mend thy ſtrains,
 Thou wants no Books, Alas thou wants but Brains
 Then play the Critick no more I adviſe,
 For know thy baſe Reflections I deſpiſe,
 But if my Learned Friends approve my verſe,
 Let blund'ring *Pierce*, the Turn-coat, kiſs mine Ear

E T I N I S

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