THE

GRUMBLING HIVE:

OR,

KNAVES *turn'd Honeſt.*

A Spacious Hive well ſtockt with Bees,
That liv'd in Luxury and Eaſe;
And yet as fam'd for Laws and Arms;
As yielding large and early Swarms;
Was counted the great Nurſery
Of Sciences and Induſtry.
No Bees had better Government,
More Fickleneſs, or leſs Content:
They were not Slaves to Tyranny,
Nor rul'd by wild *Democracy*;

But Kings, that could not wrong, becauſe
Their Power was circumſcrib'd by Laws.

THESE Inſects liv'd like Men, and all
Our Actions they perform'd in ſmall:
They did whatever's done in Town,
And what belongs to Sword or Gown:
Tho' th' Artful Works, by nimble Slight
Of minute Limbs, 'ſcap'd Human Sight;
Yet we've no Engines, Labourers,
Ships, Caſtles, Arms, Artificers,
Craft, Science, Shop, or Inſtrument,
But they had an Equivalent:
Which, ſince their Language is unknown,
Muſt be call'd, as we do our own.
As grant, that among other Things,
They wanted Dice, yet they had Kings;
And thoſe had Guards; from whence we may
Juſtly conclude, they had ſome Play;
Unleſs a Regiment be ſhewn
Of Soldiers, that make uſe of none.

VAST Numbers throng'd the fruitful Hive;
Yet thoſe vaſt Numbers made 'em thrive;
Millions endeavouring to ſupply
Each other's Luſt and Vanity;
Whilſt other Millions were employ'd,
To ſee their Handy-works deſtroy'd;
They furniſh'd half the Univerſe;
Yet had more Work than Labourers.
Some with vaſt Stocks, and little Pains,
Jump'd into Buſineſs of great Gains;
And ſome were damn'd to Sythes and Spades,
And all thoſe hard laborious Trades;
Where willing Wretches daily ſweat,
And wear out Strength and Limbs to eat:
(A.) Whilſt others follow'd Myſteries,
To which few Folks bind 'Prentices;
That want no Stock, but that of Braſs,
And may ſet up without a Croſs;
As Sharpers, Paraſites, Pimps, Players,
Pick-pockets, Coiners, Quacks, South-ſayers,

And all thoſe, that in Enmity,
With downright Working, cunningly
Convert to their own Uſe the Labour
Of their good-natur'd heedleſs Neighbour.
(B.) Theſe were call'd Knaves, but bar the Name,
The grave Induſtrious were the ſame:
All Trades and Places knew ſome Cheat,
No Calling was without Deceit.

The Lawyers, of whoſe Art the Baſis
Was raiſing Feuds and ſplitting Caſes,
Oppoſed all Regiſters, that Cheats
Might make more Work with dipt Eſtates;
As wer't unlawful, that one's own,
Without a Law-Suit, ſhould be known.
They kept off Hearings willfully,
To finger the refreſhing Fee;
And to defend a wicked Cauſe,
Examin'd and ſurvey'd the Laws,
As Burglars Shops and Houſes do,
To find out where they'd beſt break through.

PHYSICIANS valu'd Fame and Wealth
Above the drooping Patient's Health,
Or their own Skill: The greateſt Part
Study'd, inſtead of Rules of Art,
Grave penſive Looks and dull Behaviour,
To gain th'Apothecary's Favour;
The Praiſe of Mid-wives, Prieſts, and all
That ſerv'd at Birth or Funeral.
To bear with th'ever-talking Tribe,
And hear my Lady's Aunt preſcribe;
With formal Smile, and kind How d'ye,
To fawn on all the Family;
And, which of all the greateſt Curſe is,
T' endure th' Impertinence of Nurſes.

AMONG the many Prieſts of *Jove*,
Hir'd to draw Bleſſings from Above,
Some few were Learn'd and Eloquent,
But thouſands Hot and Ignorant;
Yet all paſs'd Muſter that could hide
Their Sloth, Luſt, Avarice and Pride;

For which they were as fam'd as Taylors
For Cabbage, or for Brandy Sailors:
Some, meagre-look'd, and meanly clad,
Would myſtically pray for Bread,
Meaning by that an ample Store,
Yet lit'rally receiv'd no more;
And, whilſt theſe holy Drudges ſtarv'd,
The lazy Ones, for which they ſerv'd,
Indulg'd their Eaſe, with all the Graces
Of Health and Plenty in their Faces.

(C.) THE Soldiers, that were forc'd to fight,
If they ſurviv'd, got Honour by't;
Tho' ſome, that ſhunn'd the bloody Fray,
Had Limbs ſhot off, that ran away:
Some Valiant Gen'rals fought the Foe;
Others took Bribes to let them go:
Some ventur'd always where 'twas warm,
Loſt now a Leg, and then an Arm;
Till quite diſabled, and put by,
They liv'd on half their Salary;

Whilſt

Whilſt others never came in Play,
And ſtaid at Home for double Pay.

THEIR Kings were ſerv'd, but Knaviſhly
Cheated by their own Miniſtry;
Many, that for their Welfare ſlaved,
Robbing the very Crown they ſaved:
Penſions were ſmall, and they liv'd high,
Yet boaſted of their Honeſty.
Calling, whene'er they ſtrain'd their Right,
The ſlipp'ry Trick a Perquiſite;
And when Folks underſtood their Cant,
They chang'd that for Emolument;
Unwilling to be ſhort or plain,
In any thing concerning Gain;
(*D.*) For there was not a Bee but would
Get more, I won't ſay, than he ſhould;
But than he dar'd to let them know,
(*E.*) That pay'd for't; as your Gameſters do,
That, tho' at fair Play, ne'er will own
Before the Loſers what they've won.

BUT who can all their Frauds repeat?
The very Stuff, which in the Street
They ſold for Dirt t' enrich the Ground,
Was often by the Buyers found
Sophiſticated with a quarter
Of good-for-nothing Stones and Mortar;
Tho' *Flail* had little Cauſe to mutter,
Who ſold the other Salt for Butter.

JUSTICE her ſelf, fam'd for fair Dealing,
By Blindneſs had not loſt her Feeling;
Her Left Hand, which the Scales ſhould hold,
Had often dropt 'em, brib'd with Gold;
And, tho' ſhe ſeem'd Impartial,
Where Puniſhment was corporal,
Pretended to a reg'lar Courſe,
In Murther, and all Crimes of Force;
Tho' ſome, firſt pillory'd for Cheating,
Were hang'd in Hemp of their own beating;
Yet, it was thought, the Sword ſhe bore
Check'd but the Deſp'rate and the Poor;

That,

That, urg'd by meer Neceſſity,
Were ty'd up to the wretched Tree
For Crimes, which not deſerv'd that Fate,
But to ſecure the Rich and Great.

THUS every Part was full of Vice,
Yet the whole Maſs a Paradiſe;
Flatter'd in Peace, and fear'd in Wars,
They were th' Eſteem of Foreigners,
And laviſh of their Wealth and Lives,
The Ballance of all other Hives.
Such were the Bleſſings of that State;
Their Crimes conſpir'd to make them Great:
(*F.*) And Virtue, who from Politicks
Had learn'd a Thouſand Cunning Tricks,
Was, by their happy Influence,
Made Friends with Vice: And ever ſince,
(*G.*) The worſt of all the Multitude
Did ſomething for the Common Good.

THIS

THIS was the State's-Craft, that maintain'd
The Whole, of which each Part complain'd:
This, as in Muſick Harmony
Made Jarrings in the main agree;
(*H.*) Parties direſtly oppoſite,
Aſſiſt each other, as 'twere for Spight;
And Temp'rance with Sobriety,
Serve Drunkenneſs and Gluttony.

(*I.*) THE Root of Evil, Avarice,
That damn'd ill-natur'd baneful Vice,
Was Slave to Prodigality,
(*K.*) That noble Sin; (*L.*) whilſt Luxury
Employ'd a Million of the Poor,
(*M.*) And odious Pride a Million more:
(*N.*) Envy it ſelf, and Vanity,
Were Miniſters of Induſtry;
Their darling Folly, Fickleneſs,
In Dyet, Furniture and Dreſs,
That ſtrange ridic'lous Vice, was made
The very Wheel that turn'd the Trade.

Their

Their Laws and Cloaths were equally
Objects of Mutability;
For, what was well done for a time,
In half a Year became a Crime;
Yet whilſt they alter'd thus their Laws,
Still finding and correcting Flaws,
They mended by Inconſtancy
Faults, which no Prudence could foreſee.

THUS Vice nurs'd Ingenuity,
Which joyn'd with Time and Induſtry,
Had carry'd Life's Conveniencies,
(*O.*) It's real Pleaſures, Comforts, Eaſe,
(*P.*) To ſuch a Height, the very Poor
Liv'd better than the Rich before,
And nothing could be added more.

HOW Vain is Mortal Happineſs!
Had they but known the Bounds of Bliſs;
And that Perfection here below
Is more than Gods can well beſtow;

The

The Grumbling Brutes had been content
With Miniſters and Government.
But they, at every ill Succeſs,
Like Creatures loſt without Redreſs,
Curs'd Politicians, Armies, Fleets;
Whilſt every one cry'd, *Damn the Cheats,*
And would, tho' conſcious of his own,
In others barb'rouſly bear none.

One, that had got a Princely Store,
By cheating Maſter, King and Poor,
Dar'd cry aloud, *The Land muſt ſink*
For all its Fraud; And whom d'ye th'nk
The Sermonizing Raſcal chid?
A Glover that ſold Lamb for Kid.

The leaſt Thing was not done amiſs,
Or croſs'd the Publick Buſineſs;
But all the Rogues cry'd brazenly,
Good Gods, Had we but Honeſty!

Merc'ry

Merc'ry ſmil'd at th' Impudence,
And others call'd it want of Senſe,
Always to rail at what they lov'd:
But *Jove* with Indignation mov'd,
At laſt in Anger ſwore, *He'd rid*
The bawling Hive of Fraud; and did.
The very Moment it departs,
And Honeſty fills all their Hearts;
There ſhews 'em, like th' Inſtructive Tree,
Thoſe Crimes which they're aſham'd to ſee;
Which now in Silence they confeſs,
By bluſhing at their Uglineſs:
Like Children, that would hide their Faults,
And by their Colour own their Thoughts;
Imag'ning, when they're look'd upon,
That others ſee what they have done.

BUT, Oh ye Gods! What Conſternation,
How vaſt and ſudden was th' Alteration!
In half an Hour, the Nation round,
Meat fell a Penny in the Pound.

The Mask Hypocriſy's flung down,
From the great Stateſman to the Clown:
And ſome in borrow'd Looks well known,
Appear'd like Strangers in their own.
The Bar was ſilent from that Day;
For now the willing Debtors pay,
Ev'n what's by Creditors forgot;
Who quitted them that had it not.
Thoſe, that were in the Wrong, ſtood mute,
And dropt the patch'd vexatious Suit:
On which, ſince nothing leſs can thrive,
Than Lawyers in an honeſt Hive,
All, except thoſe that got enough,
With Inkhorns by their ſides troop'd off.

JUSTICE hang'd ſome, ſet others free;
And after Goal delivery,
Her Preſence being no more requir'd,
With all her Train and Pomp retir'd.
Firſt march'd ſome Smiths with Locks and
Fetters, and Doors with Iron Plates; [Grates,

Next

Next Goalers, Turnkeys and Aſſiſtants:
Before the Goddeſs, at ſome diſtance,
Her chief and faithful Miniſter,
'Squire CATCH, the Law's great Finiſher,
Bore not th' imaginary Sword,
But his own Tools, an Ax and Cord:
Then on a Cloud the Hood-wink'd Fair,
JUSTICE her ſelf was puſh'd by Air:
About her Chariot, and behind,
Were Serjeants, Bums of every kind,
Tip-ſtaffs, and all thoſe Officers,
That ſqueeze a Living out of Tears.

THO' Phyſick liv'd, whilſt Folks were ill,
None would preſcribe, but Bees of skill,
Which through the Hive diſpers'd ſo wide,
That none of them had need to ride;
Wav'd vain Diſputes, and ſtrove to free
The Patients of their Miſery;
Left Drugs in cheating Countries grown,
And us'd the Product of their own;

Knowing

Knowing the Gods ſent no Diſeaſe
To Nations without Remedies.

THEIR Clergy rouz'd from Lazineſs,
Laid not their Charge on Journey-Bees;
But ſerv'd themſelves, exempt from Vice,
The Gods with Pray'r and Sacrifice;
All thoſe, that were unfit, or knew
Their Service might be ſpar'd, withdrew:
Nor was there Buſineſs for ſo many,
(If th' Honeſt ſtand in need of any,)
Few only with the High-Prieſt ſtaid,
To whom the reſt Obedience paid:
Himſelf employ'd in holy Cares;
Reſign'd to others State-Affairs.
He chas'd no Starv'ling from his Door,
Nor pinch'd the Wages of the Poor;
But at his Houſe the Hungry's fed,
The Hireling finds unmeaſur'd Bread,
The needy Trav'ler Board and Bed.

AMONG the King's great Miniſters,
And all th' inferior Officers
The Change was great; (Q.) for frugally
They now liv'd on their Salary:
That a poor Bee ſhould ten times come
To ask his Due, a trifling Sum,
And by ſome well-hir'd Clerk be made
To give a Crown, or ne'er be paid,
Would now be call'd a downright Cheat,
Tho' formerly a Perquiſite.
All Places manag'd firſt by Three,
Who watch'd each other's Knavery,
And often for a Fellow-feeling,
Promoted one another's ſtealing,
Are happily ſupply'd by One,
By which ſome thouſands more are gone.

(*R.*) No Honour now could be content,
To live and owe for what was ſpent;
Liv'ries in Brokers Shops are hung,
They part with Coaches for a Song;

Sell ſtately Horſes by whole Sets;
And Country-Houſes, to pay Debts.

VAIN Coſt is ſhunn'd as much as Fraud;
They have no Forces kept Abroad;
Laugh at th' Eſteem of Foreigners,
And empty Glory got by Wars;
They fight, but for their Country's ſake,
When Right or Liberty's at Stake.

NOW mind the glorious Hive, and ſee
How Honeſty and Trade agree.
The Shew is gone, it thins apace;
And looks with quite another Face.
For 'twas not only that They went,
By whom vaſt Sums were Yearly ſpent;
But Multitudes that liv'd on them,
Were daily forc'd to do the ſame.
In vain to other Trades they'd fly;
All were o'er-ſtock'd accordingly.

THE Price of Land and Houſes falls;
Mirac'lous Palaces, whoſe Walls,
Like thoſe of *Thebes*, were rais'd by Play,
Are to be let; whilſt the once gay,
Well-ſeated Houſhold Gods would be
More pleas'd to expire in Flames, than ſee
The mean Inſcription on the Door
Smile at the lofty ones they bore.
The building Trade is quite deſtroy'd;
Artificers are not employ'd;
(*S.*) No Limner for his Art is fam'd,
Stone-cutters, Carvers are not nam'd.

THOSE, that remain'd, grown temp'rate, ſtrive,
Not how to ſpend, but how to live,
And, when they paid their Tavern Score,
Reſolv'd to enter it no more:
No Vintner's Jilt in all the Hive
Could wear now Cloth of Gold, and thrive;
Nor *Torcol* ſuch vaſt Sums advance,
For *Burgundy* and *Ortelans*;

The Courtier's gone, that with his Miſs
Supp'd at his Houſe on *Chriſtmas* Peas;
Spending as much in two Hours ſtay,
As keeps a Troop of Horſe a Day.

THE haughty *Chloe*, to live Great,
Had made her *(T.)* Husband rob the State:
But now ſhe ſells her Furniture,
Which th' *Indies* had been ranſack'd for;
Contracts th' expenſive Bill of Fare,
And wears her ſtrong Suit a whole Year:
The ſlight and fickle Age is paſt;
And Cloaths, as well as Faſhions, laſt.
Weavers, that join'd rich Silk with Plate,
And all the Trades ſubordinate,
Are gone. Still Peace and Plenty reign,
And every Thing is cheap, tho' plain:
Kind Nature, free from Gard'ners Force,
Allows all Fruits in her own Courſe;
But Rarities cannot be had,
Where Pains to get 'em are not paid.

As Pride and Luxury decreaſe,
So by degrees they leave the Seas.
Not Merchants now, but Companies
Remove whole Manufacturies.
All Arts and Crafts neglected lie;
(V.) Content, the Bane of Induſtry,
Makes 'em admire their homely Store,
And neither ſeek nor covet more.

So few in the vaſt Hive remain,
The hundredth Part they can't maintain
Againſt th' Inſults of numerous Foes;
Whom yet they valiantly oppoſe:
'Till ſome well-fenc'd Retreat is found,
And here they die, or ſtand their Ground,
No Hireling in their Army's known;
But bravely fighting for their own,
Their Courage and Integrity
At laſt were crown'd with Victory.
They triumph'd not without their Coſt,
For many Thouſand Bees were loſt.

Hard'ned with Toils and Exerciſe,
They counted Eaſe it ſelf a Vice;
Which ſo improv'd their Temperance;
That, to avoid Extravagance,
They flew into a hollow Tree,
Bleſt with Content and Honeſty.

THE

THE

MORAL.

THEN leave Complaints: Fools only ſtrive
(X.) To make a Great an Honeſt Hive.
(Y.) T' enjoy the World's Conveniencies,
Be fam'd in War, yet live in Eaſe,
Without great Vices, is a vain
EUTOPIA *ſeated in the Brain.*
Fraud, Luxury and Pride muſt live,
Whilſt we the Benefits receive;
Hunger's a dreadful Plague, no doubt,
Yet who digeſts or thrives without?
Do we not owe the Growth of Wine
To the dry ſhabby crooked Vine?
Which, whilſt its ſhoots neglected ſtood,
Choak'd other Plants, and ran to Wood;
But bleſt us with its noble Fruit,
As ſoon as it was ty'd and cut:

The MORAL.

So Vice is beneficial found,
When it's by Juſtice lopt and bound;
Nay, where the People would be great,
As neceſſary to the State,
As Hunger is to make 'em eat.
Bare Virtue can't make Nations live
In Splendor; they, that would revive
A Golden Age, muſt be as free,
For Acorns, as for Honeſty.

FINIS.