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THE
Foundling Hospital

FOR

W I T.

INTENDED

For the Reception and Preservation of
such Brats of WIT and HUMOUR,
whose Parents chuse to Drop them.

CONTAINING

All the SATIRES, ODES, BALLADS, EPIGRAMS, &c.
that have been wrote since the Change of the
Ministry, many of which have never before been
Printed.

Number I. To be continued Occasionally.

————— *Poetica surgit*
Tempestas. ————— JUVENAL.



L O N D O N:

Printed for G. LION near Ludgate. 1743.





T H E
R O Y A L C H A R T E R
O F

Apollo and the Muses,

F O R

Establishing an HOSPITAL for the
Reception and Preservation of such
Brats of WIT and HUMOUR whose
Parents chuse to drop them.

*Apollo, God of Wit, Father of Light, King
of Parnassus, and all the Territories thereunto
belonging; to all to whom these Presents shall
come, Greeting.*



W H E R E A S our Trusty and Well-be-
loved Subject *Samuel Silence* Gentleman,
in Behalf of great Numbers of *Mental
Infants* daily exposed to Destruction,
has by his Petition, humbly represented
unto us, that many Persons of WIT and HUMOUR
of both Sexes, being sensible of the frequent Mur-
ders committed on these beautiful Infants by the in-
human Custom of exposing them to perish and starve
in the common News Papers, or to be bury'd and
suffocated

suffocated in Dunghills of Traff in the Monthly Magazines, have, by Instruments in Writing, declared their Intentions to contribute liberally towards the erecting and supporting an Hospital for the Reception and Preservation of such exposed and deserted Productions, as soon as We should be graciously pleased to grant our Letters Patent for that good Purpose.

We, taking the Premises into our Royal Consideration, and being desirous to promote so good and laudable an Establishment, are graciously pleased to gratify the Petitioner in his Request.

Know ye therefore, that We, of our especial Grace, certain Knowledge, and mere Motion, have willed, ordained, constituted, and appointed; and by these Presents do will, ordain, constitute, and appoint our aforesaid trusty and well-beloved Subject *Samuel Silence* Esq; his Heirs, Executors, Administrators, and Assigns, to be the sole Director, Proprietor, and Governour of this our *Hospital*, intituled and known by the Name of **THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL FOR WIT.**

And our Will and Pleasure is, that the said *Samuel Silence* shall on or before the 25th Day of *March*, in the Year 1743, publish the first Number of this our Pamphlet, intituled, the *Foundling Hospital for Wit*, and so shall continue from Time to Time, once in 3 or 4 Months, or oftener, as new Materials shall come in, and he shall see Occasion, to publish a Number of the said Pamphlet at the Price of One Shilling.

And

An for the Encouragement of all such well-disposed Persons as are willing to become Contributors to this laudable Design, by purchasing this our Pamphlet, **be it further Enacted**, that it shall be printed with a neat Letter, on a handsome Paper, and in the Size of this our first Pamphlet.

We will moreover, that our said trusty and well-beloved *Samuel Silence* Esq; shall have full and sole Power to refuse whatever Brats he shall think proper, particularly such as shall be judged infected with any dangerous Distemper, as also all mishapen, weak, or sickly Productions, neither such as are untoward, wicked, and licentious: forasmuch as the Admission of such might tend to the Disgrace of our *Hospital*, and change what was intended as a Nursery for spritely and beautiful Infants, into an Infirmary for Invalids.

Provoided always, and **be it further enacted**, by the Authority aforesaid, that the said *Samuel Silence* shall preserve an inviolable Secrecy, as his Name betokeneth, not only with regard to the Names and Places of Abode of the Parents of such Offspring as he chuseth to admit, but also of those whom he refuseth: Nay, it shall not be lawful for him on any Pretence whatsoever, so much as to enquire after them.

We will moreover, for the Sake of such modest Parents as would dispose of their Issue privately, that Letters directed for *Samuel Silence* Esq; to be left at *Brown's Coffee-House* in *Spring-Gardens*, shall be carefully delivered, and all proper Care taken of their Contents Gratis. And if it requires immediate
Publica-

Publication, it shall be done with the utmost Expedition.

And as this noble Foundation is intended for the general Benefit of all our loving Subjects, **Our Will and Pleasure is**, that the Offspring of all Parties shall be received and cherish'd let who will beits Father, and no Cause shall be deem'd sufficient to exclude it, except, as aforesaid, that of Sickness or Deformity.

And finally we will, for the universal Encouragement of all our loving Subjects, in the delightful Occupation of begetting Children, that whether their Offspring shall speak in the musical and sublime Language of Rhime, or in the plain and natural Cadence of Prose; whether they shall appear in the finer Dress of Epistles, Satires, Odes, Songs, and Epigrams; or in the plain and modest Garb of Letters, and Essays, they shall be equally fitted with an Apartment in this our *Hospital*, and as carefully attended and provided for, as if they were under the Eye of their own dear Parents.



THE



T H E
Foundling Hospital
 F O R
W I T.

*Verses occasioned by a Quarrel betwixt Mr. F—ld—g
 and Mrs. Cl—ve, on his intending her the Part of
 a Bawd, in his new Play called The Wedding Day.*



Bawd ! a Bawd ! where is this scoundrel Poet ?

Fine Work indeed ! By G—d the Town shall know it.

F—ld—g. who heard, and saw her Passion rise,
 Thus answer'd calmly : Prithee C—ve be wife,
 The Part will suit your Humour, Taste, and Size. }

Ye lye ! ye lye ! ungrateful as thou art,
 My matchless Talents claim the Lady's Part ;
 And all who judge, by Jesus G—d, agree,
 None ever play'd the gay Coquet like me.

Thus said and swore the celebrated *Nell* ;
 Now judge her Genius : is she *Bawd*, or *Eelle* ?

B

Am.

*An Epitaph upon the Political Memory of W——
P—— E—— of B——, who died to Fame on
July 15, 1742.*

P——y, no Friend to Truth ! in Fraud sincere,
In Act unfaithful, and from Honour clear ;
Who broke his Promise, serv'd his private Ends ;
Who gain'd a Title, and who lost all Friends :
Dishonour'd by himself, by none approv'd ;
Curs'd, scorn'd, and hated ev'n by those he lov'd.

*On bearing the Death of Cardinal Fleury confirm'd,
an Old and Great Friend of his thus cry'd in
Raptures :*

Pardon, *Old Friend*, if at thy Death
A sudden Joy prevails ;
'Tis not that you've resign'd your Breath,
But that you CAN'T TELL TALES.

A S O N G

THE Man so silly
To think he's able,
To back a Filly
When old and feeble ;
Sighing
Toying,
Grunting
Mounting,
Scarce after all to his Saddle can rise,
And when upon her
At last he's got,
Headstrong, she's gone, or
Frisky and hot ;
Sudden she plunges,
Capers and lunges,
Off he is flung, and away Filly flies.

But

But the cleaver
 Jolly brisk Rider,
 While you live ever,
 Mount her, he'll guide her ;
 Freaking,
 Squeaking,
 Neighing,
 Playing,

Sweetly she moves to his Pleasure and Ease :

Walk, Trot, or Gallop,
 Yet quite in Hand,
 And with her Tail up,
 At your Command;
 Freely she'll set up,

Tit up, a tit up, as long as you please.

To Mr. Thomson, Author of the Poem on the Four Seasons, on Occasion of the Part, which that Gentleman took in the Concert, and for promoting Mr. Dennis's Benefit Night, given him by the Players, when he was very Old, very Poor, and Short-liv'd.

WHILST I reflect thee o'er, methinks I find
 Thy various Seasons in the Author's Mind !
Spring, in thy flow'ry Fancy, spreads her Hues ;
 And, like thy soft Compassion, sheds her Dews.
Summer's hot Strength, in thy Expression glows ;
 And o'er thy Page a beamy Ripeness throws.
Autumn's rich Fruits th'instructed Reader gains,
 Who tastes the meaning Purpose of thy Strains.
Winter—but that—no Semblance takes from thee,
 That hoary Season's Type was drawn from me.
 Shatter'd by Time's bleak Storms I withering lay,
 Leafless, and whitening in a cold Decay.
 Yet shall my proplefs Ivy—pale—and bent,
 Bless the short Sun-shine, which thy Pity lent.

DENNIS.

B 2

Proper

An EPIGRAM.

DEEP, deep in S——'s blund'ring Head,
 The new Gin Project funk :
 O happy Project ! sage, he cry'd,
 Let all the Realm be drunk.

'Gainst universal Hate and Scorn,
 This Scheme my sole Defence is,
 For when I've beggar'd half the Realm,
 'Tis time to drown their Senses.

*An Account of the Hampshire Wonder, or
 Groaning Tree, from a Gentleman of that
 County to a Courtier in London.*

WHILE publick Robbers faster breed,
 Than *Hatchbet*, or than *Hemp* can rid ;
 While P—rs and P—ts, with such Fellows,
 Combine to rob the Block and Gallows ;
 And injur'd *Tyburn* sadly grieves,
 It can't come at these *mighty Thieves* ;
 The Gallows' Wrongs an *Elm* bemoans,
 And vents its Grief in louder Groans.
 Spreading his Limbs, as if the Tree
 Desir'd they all might *Gibbets* be,
 Whereon to tye up Knaves at Helm
 From ever staining Boards of *Elm* :
 For Boards of C—nc—l, Boards of *Trade* ;
 May of light *Elm* be often made.
 We now expect that *British Oak*,
 Will soon complain ; 'tis made a Joke :
 Saw'd, hack'd, and hew'd, and sent to Sea,
 To bully *Britain's Enemy* :

When all the while, 'tis made their Sport ;
For are not *Britain's* Foes at C—rt ?

In short, if thou your Friends go on,
'Tis well if any *Stock*, or *Stone*,
Their Stations keep, or *only groan*.

}

A CASE, supposed to be true.

TWO Heroes went, we thought to fight :
One, tho' he knew it not, did right :
And, warm with *Zeal* for *Britain's* Glory,
Must live recorded *Fair* in Story.

The other knew his *whole Command*,
Yet to our Conquests put a Stand,
And sacrific'd to *Spain's* Ambition,
Because he *acted* by *Commission*.

Did *V—n*, or did *W———th* well ?
The *First*, if *ENGLISHMEN* may tell.
By *Courtiers* be the Judgment pass'd,
They to a Man will say, the *Last*.

But what will People say *abroad*,
If *Worth*, to Honour's not the Road ?
If at St. *J—'s* Folks inherit,
For *Crimes* *Applause*, *Neglect* for *Merit* ?

An EPIGRAM.

SIR *Thomas* of *Wentworth*, inflexibly good,
Had long *Ministerial* Power withstood :
At length thro' *Ambition*, an *Earl* he was made ;
So first lost his *Friends*, and then lost his *Head*.
O *P———* ! consider, like his thy *Condition*,
How great and how glorious thy long *Opposition* :
Thou art now made an *Earl*, have a Care of thy *Head*,
Our *Pym*s and our *Hampdens* are not all of 'em dead.

The OLD COACHMAN: *A New BALLAD.*

WISE *Caleb* and *C--r--t*, two Birds of a Feather,
Went down to a Feast at *N---s* together :
No matter what Wines, or what choice of good Chear,
'Tis enough that the Coachman has his Dose of Beer.

Derry down, down, big derry down.

Coming Home, as the Liquor work'd up in his Pate,
This Coachman drove on at a damnable Rate :

Poor *C--r--t*, in Terror, and scar'd all the while,
Cry'd, " Stop! Let me out! Is the Dog an *Argyle* ?

Derry down, &c.

But he soon was convinc'd of his Error; for, lo,
John stopt short in the Dirt, and no farther would go.

When *C--r--t* saw this, he observ'd with a Laugh ;
" This Coachman, I find, is your own, my Lord

B---b."

Derry down, &c.

Now the Peers quit their Coach, in a pitiful Plight ;
Deep in Mire, and in Rain, and without any Light ;
Not a Path to pursue, nor to guide them a Friend ;
What Course shall they take then, and how will
this end ?

Derry down, &c.

Lo! Chance, the great Mistress of human Affairs,

Who governs in Councils, and conquers in Wars ;

Strait with Grief at their Case (for the Goddess well
knew,

That these were her Creatures, and Votaries true :)

Derry down, &c.

This *Chance* brought a Passenger quick to their Aid.

Honest Friend, can you drive ?---What should ail
me ? he said.

For many a bad Season, through many a bad Way,
Old *Or--f--d* I've driven, without stop or stay.

Derry down, &c.

He

He was once overturn'd, I confess, but not hurt :
 Quoth the Peers, it was we help'd him out of the Dirt.
 This Boon for thy Master, then prithee requite,
 Take us up, or else here we must wander all Night.

Derry down, &c.

He took them both up, and thro' thick and thro' thin
 Drove away for St. James's, and brought them safe in.
 Learn hence, honest Britons, in spite of your Pains,
 That *Or-f-d*, old Coachman, still governs the Reins.

Derry down, down, big derry down.

THE COUNTRY GIRL ; an O D E.

THE Country Girl that's well inclin'd
 To love, when the young 'Squire grows kind,
 Doubts between Joy and Ruin ;
 Now will, and now will not comply,
 To Raptures now her Pulse beats high,
 And now she fears undoing.

But when the Lover with his Pray'rs,
 His Oaths, his Sighs, his Vows and Tears,
 Holds out the profer'd Treasure ;
 She quite forgets her Fear and Shame,
 And quits her Virtue, and Good-Name,
 For Profit mixt with Pleasure.

So virtuous *P*——, who had long
 By Speech, by Pamphlet, and by Song,
 Held Patriotism's Steerage,
 Yields to Ambition mixt with Gain,
 A Treasury gets for *H*——y *V*——e,
 And for himself a Peerage.

Tho' with joint Lives and Debts before,
H——y's Estate was covered o'er,
 This *Irish* Place repairs it ;
 Unless that Story should be true,
 That he receives but Half his Due,
 And the new *C*——s shares it.

'Tis said, besides, that t'other *H*——y
 Pays Half the Fees of Secretary
 To *B*——'s ennobled Doxy ;
 If so —— good Use of Pow'r she makes,
 The Treasury of each Kingdom takes,
 And holds them both by Proxy.

Whilst her dear *L*——d obeys his Summons,
 And leaves the noisy *H*——e of *C*——s,
 Amongst the *L*——s to nod ;
 Where, if he's better than of old,
 His Hands perhaps a Stick may hold,
 But never more a Rod.

Unheard of, let him slumber there,
 As innocent as any *P*——r,
 As prompt for any Job ?
 For now he's popular no more,
 Has lost the Power he had before,
 And his best Friends, the Mob.

Their Fav'rites shou'dn't soar so high,
 They fail him when too near the Sky,
 Like *Icarus's* Wings ;
 And Popularity is such,
 As still is ruined by the Touch
 Of gracious giving Kings.

Here then, O *B*——b ! thy Empire ends.
A——le shall with his Tory Friends
 Soon better Days restore ;
 For *Enoch's* Fate and thine are one,
 Like him *translated*, thou art gone
 Ne'er to be heard of more.

A New O D E.

To a great Number of Great Men, newly made.

Jam nova Progenies.

By the Author of The COUNTRY MAID.

SEE, a new Progeny descends
From Heav'n, of Britain's truest Friends.

Oh Muse attend my Call!

To one of these direct thy Flight,

Or, to be sure that we are right,

Direct it to them all.

O *Clio*! these are Golden Times;

I shall get Money for my Rhymes,

And thou no more go tatter'd:

Make haste then, lead the Way, begin,

For here are People just come in

Who never yet were flatter'd.

But first to *C—r*———t fain you'd sing;

Indeed he's nearest to the *K*———,

Yet careless how you use him:

Give him, I beg, no labour'd Lays;

He will but *promise*, if you praise,

And *laugh* if you abuse him.

Then (but there's a vast Space betwixt)

The new made E. of *B—b* comes next,

Stiff in his popular Pride:

His Step, his Gait, describe the Man;

They paint him better than I can,

Waddling from Side to Side.

Each Hour a different Face he wears,

Now in a Fury, now in Tears,

Now Laughing, now in Sorrow;

Now he'll command, and now obey,

Bellows for Liberty To-day,

And roars for Pow'r To-morrow.

C

At

At Noon the Tories had him tight,
 With staunchest Whigs he suppd at Night,
 Each Party try'd to've won him ;
 But he himself did so divide,
 Shuffled and cut from Side to Side,
 That now both Parties shun him.

See you old, dull, important Lord,
 Who at the long'd-for Money-Board
 Sits first, but does not lead :
 His younger Brethren all Things make ;
 So that the T——y's like a Snake,
 And the Tail moves the Head.

Why did you cross God's good Intent ?
 He made you for a Pr—fi——nt ;
 Back to that Station go :
 Nor longer act this Farce of Power,
 We know you mis'd the Thing before,
 And have not got it now.

See Valiant C——m, valorous S——r,
Britain's two Thunderbolts of War,
 Now strike my ravish'd Eye :
 But, oh ! their Strength and Spirits flown,
 They, like their conquering Swords, are grown
 Rusty with lying by.

Dear *Bat*, I'm glad you've got a Place,
 And since Things thus have chang'd their Face,
 You'll give Opposing o'er :
 'Tis comfortable to be in,
 And think what a damn'd while you've been,
 Like *Peter*, at the Door.

See who comes next—I kiss thy Hands,
 But not in Flattery, S——l S——s ;
 For since you are in Power,
 That gives you Knowledge, Judgment, Parts,
 The Courtier's Wiles, the Statesman's Arts,
 Of which you'd none before.

When great impending Dangers shook
Its State, old *Rome* Dictators took

Judiciously from Plough :

So they (but at a Pinch thou knowest)
To make the Highest of the Lowest,
Th' Exchequer gave to you.

When in your Hands the Seals you found,
Did it not make your Brains go round ?

Did it not turn your Head ?

I fancy (but you hate a Joke)

You felt as *Nell* did when she 'woke
In Lady *Loverule's* Bed.

See *H—y V—e* in Pomp appear,
And since he's made *V—e T—r*,

Grown taller by some Inches :

See *Tw—* follow *C—t's* Call ;

See *Hanoverian G—r*, and all

The black Funeral *F—s*.

And see with that important Face
Beranger's Clerk to take his Place,

Into the *T—y* come ;

With Pride and Meanness act thy Part,
Thou look'st the very Thing thou art,
Thou *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

Oh my poor Country ! is this all
You've gain'd by the long-labour'd Fall
Of *Wa—le* and his Tools ?

He was a Knave indeed—what then ?

He'd Parts—but this new Set of Men

A'n't only Knaves, but Fools.

More Changes, better Times this Isle
Demands ; oh ! *Chesterfield*, *Argyle*,

To bleeding *Britain* bring 'em :

Unite all Hearts, appease each Storm ;

'Tis yours such Actions to perform,
My Pride shall be to sing 'em.

The CAPUCIN. A new Ballad.

To the Tune of *Ye Commons and Peers.*

Ecce iterum Crispinus, & est mihi sæpe vocandus.

WHO at *Paris* has been,
 Has a *Mendicant* seen,
 Who for *Charity* follows to dun you ;
 Offer him what you will,
 He refuses it still,
 For he's sworn that he'll never take *Money*.

But near him there stands,
 With two open *Hands*,
 A *Creature* that follows for *Hire* ;
 Any *Gifts* that you make,
 He'll readily take ;
 And at *Night* he accounts with the *Fryar*.

So the great *E*—— of *B*——
 Has sworn in his *Wrath*,
 That he'll never accept of a *Place* ;
 Neither *Chancellor* he,
 Nor *Treasurer* will be,
 And refuses the *Seals* and the *Mace*.

But near him * a *Crowd*
 Stand bellowing aloud,
 For all that two *Courts* can afford ;
 And 'tis very well known,
 That for them what is done,
 Is the same as if done for my *Lord*.

‡ *A Crowd*. Here every intelligent Reader will immediately have in his Thoughts eight or ten of the ablest Men and greatest Genius's in this Kingdom ; such as *H. V*——, *H. F*——se, *L*——d *L*——I, *Mr. Hoo*——r, *Mr. S*——l *S*——s, *Mr. B*——tle, *Mr. G*——, *Sir J. R*——t, &c. &c. &c. &c.

But

But I'm told, noble Peer,
 Left these Things should take Air,
 And with Dirt all Mankind should upbraid ye,
 That you try a new Way,
 ('Tis as safe I dare say)
 And make them account with my Lady.

But indeed this won't do,
 And the World will see through,
 And your *Virtue* (I fear) will bespatter:
 Then mind what I send,
 For I'm so far your Friend,
 That I'm sure you can't say that I flatter.

There's my good Lord of G——r
 I'n't a quarter come o'er,
 And I fancy you'll find he wants Zeal;
 If he don't come plum in,
 And vote through Thick and Thin,
 Turn him out, and be made P—y S—l.

Don't slight this Advice,
 Nor affect to be nice,
 Laugh at Oaths that obstruct your great End:
 For an Oath's but a Joke,
 To one that has broke.
 Through all Honour and Tyes with his Friends:

Go to C—t——t and P—l——m,
 You'll still go on, tell them,
 All honest Mens Hopes to defeat;
 To crown your Disgrace,
 They'd give you this Place,
 And your Character will be compleat.

An

An ODE, Humbly inscribed to the Right
Honourable W - - - - E - - - - of B - - - -

*Neque enim lex justior ulla,
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.*

*Parcius junctas quatiant fenestras
Letibus crebris juvenes protervi:
Nec tibi somnos adimunt: amatque*

Janua limen.

Æc. Æc. Æc. HOR. Lib, I, Od. xxv.

GREAT E—— of B——, your Reign is o'er;
The Tories trust your Word no more,
The Whigs no longer fear ye;
Your Gates are seldom now unbarr'd,
No Crowds of Coaches fill your Yard,
And scarce a Soul comes near ye.

Few now aspire at your good Graces,
Scarce any sue to you for Places,
Or come with their Petition,
To tell how well they have deserv'd,
How long, how steadily they starv'd,
For you in Opposition.

Expect to see that Tribe no more,
Since all Mankind perceive that Pow'r
Is lodg'd in other Hands:
Sooner to C——t——t now they'll go,
Or ev'n (though that's excessive low)
To W———lm——n and S——s.

With your *obedient* Wife retire,
And sitting silent by the Fire,
A fullen *tete à tete*,
Think over all you've done or said,
And curse the Hour that you were made
Unprofitably great.

With Vapours there, and Spleen o'ercaſt,
 Reflect on all your Actions paſt,

With Sorrow and Contrition ;
 And there enjoy the Thoughts that riſe
 From diſappointed Avarice,
 From fruſtrated Ambition.

There ſoon you'll loudly, but in vain,
 Of your deſerting Friends complain,
 That viſit you no more ;
 But in this Country 'tis a Truth,
 As known as that Love follows Youth,
 That Friendſhip follows Pow'r.

Such is the Calm of your Retreat !
 You through the Dregs of Life muſt ſweat
 Beneath this heavy Load ;
 And I'll attend you, as I've done,
 Only to help Reflection on,
 With now and then an Ode.

The STATES-MAN.

*Quem virum, aut heroa, hyra, vel acri
 Tibia ſumes celebrare, Clio ?*

Quem deum ? &c. HOR. Lib. I. Ode XII.

WHAT Statesman, what Hero, what King,
 Whoſe Name thro' the Iſland is ſpread,
 Will you chuſe, O my *Clio*, to ſing,
 Of all the great Living or Dead ?
 Go, my Muſe, from this Place to *Japan*
 In ſearch of a Topic for Rhyme :
 The great E— of B—b is the Man,
 Who deſerves to employ your whole Time.
 But, howe'er, aſ the Subject is nice,
 And perhaps you're unfurniſh'd with Matter ;
 May it pleaſe you to take my Advice,
 That you may'nt be ſuſpected to flatter.

When you touch on his L——p's high Birth,
 Speak *Latin*, as if you were tipsy :
 Say, we all are the Sons of the Earth,
Et genus non fecimus ipsi.

Proclaim him as rich as a *Jero* ;
 Yet attempt not to reckon his Bounties.
 You may say, he is married ; that's true :
 Yet speak not a Word of his C——s.

Leave a Blank here and there in each Page,
 To enroll the fair Deeds of his Youth !
 When you mention the Acts of his Age,
 Leave a Blank for his Honour and Truth !

Say, he made a great M——h change Hands :
 He spake——and the Minister fell.

Say, he made a great Statesman of S——ds ;
 (Oh that he had taught him to spell !)

Then enlarge on his Cunning and Wit :
 Say, how he harangu'd at the *Fountain* :
 Say, how the old Patriots were bit,
 And a Mouse was produc'd by a Mountain.

Then say, how he mark'd the new Year,
 By encreasing our Taxes, and Stocks :
 Then say, how he chang'd to a P——r,
 Fit Companions for *E——be* and *F——x*.

A New O D E.

*Quis multa gracilis te Puer in rosa
 Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
 Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro ?* HOR. Od. 5. Lib. 1.

WHAT (good L——d B——) prim Patriot now,
 With courtly Graces woes thee ?
 And from St. *Stephen's* C——l to
 The H—— of L——ds pursues thee ?

How

How gay and debonnair your're grown !
 How pleas'd with what is past !
 Your Title has your Judgment shewn,
 And choice of Friends your Taste.

With sparkling Wits to entertain
 Yourself and your good C——sa,
 You've hit on sweet-lip'd H——y V——
 And high-bred H——y F——se.

But to direct the Affairs of State,
 What Geniuses you've taken !
 Their Talents, like their Virtues, great !
 Or all the World's mistaken.

The Task was something hard, 'tis true,
 Which you had on your Hands,
 So, to please P—— and People too,
 You wisely pitch'd on S——s.

O *Britain* ! never any thing
 Could so exactly hit you :
 His Mien and Manners charm'd the K——,
 His Parts amaz'd the City.

But to make all Things of a Piece,
 And end as you begun ;
 To find a Genius such as his,
 What was there to be done ?

O where—where were they to be found ?
 Such Stars but rare appear !
 Dart not their Rays on every Ground,
 Gild ev'ry Hemisphere.

But you with astronomick Eyes,
 Not *Tycbo Brabe's* more true,
 From far spy'd some bright Orbs arise,
 And brought them to our View.

Sir *F*—*n*'s clear Head, and Sense profound,
Blaz'd out in P——t ;

G——*n*, for Eloquence renown'd,
To grace the C——t you sent.

To these congenial Souls you join'd
Some more, as choice and proper,
Bright *B*——*tle* ! Darling of Mankind !
Good *L*——*k*—— and sage *H*——*r*.

Such Virtue and such Wisdom shone,
In ev'ry chosen Spirit !
All Men at least this Truth must own,
Your nice Regard to Merit !

What Pray'rs and Praise to you belong,
For this blest Reformation !
Thou Joy of ev'ry Heart and Tongue !
Thou Saviour of the Nation !

O *W*——*le*, *W*——*le*, blush for Shame,
With all your Tools around you !
Does not each glorious Patriot-Name,
Quite dazzle and confound you ?

Had you fought out this Patriot Race,
Triumphant still you'd been ;
By only putting them in Place,
You had yourself kept in.

LABOUR *in* VAIN.

A SONG an Hundred Years Old.

To the Tune of MOLLY MOGG.

YE Patriots, who twenty long Years
Have struggled our Rights to maintain ;
View the End of your Labours and Fears,
And see them all ended in Vain !

Behold !

Behold ! in the Front stands your Hero,
 Behind him his Patriot Train :
 Hear him rail at a Tyrant and Nero ;
 Yet his railing all ended in Vain.

Then see him attack a Convention,
 And calling for Vengeance on *Spain* :
 What Pity such noble Contention
 And Spirit should end all in Vain !

That the Place-Bill he got for the Nation,
 Was only a Shadow, is plain :
 For now 'tis a clear Demonstration,
 The Substance is ended in Vain.

His bloody and horrible Vow,
 Which once gave the Courtiers such Pain,
 No longer alarms them now,
 For his Threats are all ended in Vain.

~~What though the Committee have found,~~
 That *Or* ——— *d's* a Traitor in Grain ;
 Yet wiser than they may compound,
 And Justice be ended in Vain.

How certain would be our Undoing,
 Should the People their Wishes obtain ?
 Then to save us from danger of Ruin,
 He has ended our Wishes in Vain.

Then let us give Thanks and be glad,
 That he knew how our Passion to rein,
 And wisely prevented the Bad,
 By ending the Good all in Vain.

About *Brutus* let *Rome* disagree,
 We won't from our Praises refrain ;
 Our *Brutus* has more Cause than he
 To declare even Virtue in Vain.

Three Thousand five Hundred a Year,
 He valu'd it not of a Grain ;
 His Scorn of such Filth is most clear,
 Since that too he ended in Vain.

Corruption he hates like a Toad,
 And calls it the National Bane,
 Yet damn'd T——s, his Virtue to load,
 Say, that all is not ended in Vain.

He rejects all employments and Places,
 And thinks ev'ry Pension a Stain :
 Yet T——s, with their damn'd sly Faces,
 Say, that all is not ended in Vain.

In spite of his Caution and Care,
 To avoid the Appearance of Gain,
 Say those Tories, his Wife has a Share,
 And all is not ended in Vain.

*The Patriots are Come : or, a Doëtor for a Crazy
 Constitution. A new BALLAD.*

To the Tune of, Derry down.

OH! E—g—d attend, while thy Fate I deplore,
 Rehearsing the Schemes and the Conduct of
 Pow'r ;

And since only of those who have Power, I sing ;
 I'm sure none can think that I hint at the——

Derry down.

From the time his S——n made him Old *Robin* depose,
 All the Power of a—— he was well known to lose ;
 But of all, but the Name and the Badges bereft,
 Like Old Women his Paraphernalia are left.

Derry down.

To tell how he shook in St. J——'s for Fear,
 When first the new M——rs bully'd him there,
 Makes

Makes my Blood boil with Rage to reflect what a
 Thing
 They made of a Man we obey as a——
Derry down.

Whom they pleas'd they put in, whom they pleas'd
 they put out,
 And just like a Top they all lash'd him about ;
 Whilst he like a Top with a murmuring Noise,
 Seem'd to grumble, but turn'd to these rude lashing
 Boys. *Derry down.*

At last C—— arriving, thus spoke to his Grief,
 If you'll make me your Doctor, I'll bring you Relief,
 You see to your Closet familiar I come,
 And seem like my Wife in the Circle at Home.
Derry down.

Quoth the ——, my good L—d, perhaps you've
 been told,
 That I us'd to abuse you a little of old ;
 But now bring whom you will, and eke turn away,
 Let me and my Mony and W——d—n stay.
Derry down.

For you and W—d——n, I freely consent,
 But as for your Mony, I must have it spent :
 I have promis'd your S--n (nay no Frowns) shall have
 some,
 Nor think 'tis for nothing we Patriots are come.
Derry down.

But howe'er little———since I find you're so good,
 Thus stooping below your high Courage and Blood :
 Put yourself in my Hands, and I'll do what I can,
 To make you look yet like a——— and a Man—
Derry down.

At the A—l—y and your T——y Board,
 To save one single Man, you shan't say a Word ;
 For

For by G—d all your Rubbish from both you shall
shoot,
W—p—'s Cyphers entire, and G—ry's to boot.
Derry down.

And to guard P—es Ears, as all St—f—n take Care,
So long as yours are, not one Man shall come near:
For of all your old Crew, we'll leave only those
Whom we know never dare to say boh! to a Goose.
Derry down.

So your Friend booby G—n I'll e'en let you keep,
Awake he can't hurt, and is still half asleep;
Nor ever was dangerous, but to Womankind,
And his Body's as Impotent now as his Mind.
Derry down.

There's another C—t Booby, at once hot and dull,
Your pious Pimp S—z, a mean H—r Fool,
For your Card-play at Night he too shall remain,
With virtuous and sober, and wise D—ne.
Derry down.

And for your C—t Nob—s who can't write or read,
As of such Titl'd Cyphers all C—ts stand in need;
Who like P—t *Swisses* vote and fight for their Pay:
They're as good as a new Set, to cry yea and nay.
Derry down.

Tho' N—'s as false as he's filly, I know,
By betraying old *Robin* to me long ago,
As well as all those who employ'd him before,
Yet I'll leave him in Place, but I'll leave him no Pow'r.
Derry down.

For granting his Heart is as black as his Hat,
With no more Truth in this, than there's Sense be-
neath that;
Yet as he's a C—d, he'll shake when I frown
You call'd him once R—l, I'll treat him like one.
Derry down.

And since his Estate at *E*———*n*'s he'll spend,
 And beggar himself without making a Friend:
 So whilst the extravagant *F*———*I* has a Soufe,
 As his Brains I can't fear, his Fortune I'll use.

Derry down.

And as Miser *H*——— with all *C*———*s* will draw,
 He too may remain, but shall stick to his Law;
 For of *F*———*gn* Affairs, when he talks like a Fool
 I'll laugh in his Face, and cry go to School.

Derry down.

The Countess of *W*———*n*, like your old Nurse,
 I'll trust at the *T*———*y*, not with its Purse,
 For nothing by her I'm resolv'd shall be done,
 She shall sit at that Board, as you sit on the *T*———*e*.

Derry down.

Perhaps now you expect that I shou'd begin
 To tell you the Men I design to bring in;
 But we've not yet determin'd on all their Demands,
 And you'll know soon enough when they come to
 kiss *H*———*ds*.

Derry down.

All that Weather cock *P*———*y* shall ask we must
 grant,

For to make him a *N*———*e* for nothing, I want;
 And to cheat such a Man demands all my Arts,
 For tho' he's a Fool, he's Fool with great Parts.

Derry down.

And as popular *Clodius*, the *P*———*y* of *Rome*,
 From a Noble, for Pow'r, did Plebeian become:
 So this *Clodius* to be a Patrician shall chuse,
 Till what one got by changing, the other shall lose.

Derry down.

Thus flatter'd, and courted, and gaz'd at by all,
 Like *Pbaeton* rais'd for a Day, he shall fall,
 Put the World in a Flame, and show he did strive
 To get Reins in his Hand, tho' 'tis plain he can't
 drive.

Derry down.

For your F—gn Affairs, howe'er they turn out,
At least I'll take care you shall make a great Rout ;
Then cock your great Hat, strut, bounce, and look
bluff,

For tho' kick'd and cuff'd here, you shall there kick—
and cuff. *Derry down.*

That W—p—e did nothing they all used to say,
So I'll do enough, but I'll make the Dogs pay :
Great Fl—ts I'll provide, great A—mies engage,
Whate'er Debts we make, or whate'er Wars we wage.
Derry down.

With Cordials like these, the M—'s new Guest
Reviv'd his sunk Spirits, and gladden'd his Breast,
Till in Raptures he cry'd, my dear L—d you shall do
Whatever you will, give me T—ps to r—w.
Derry down.

But, oh, my dear Country! since this is thy State,
Who is there that loves thee, but weeps at thy Fate ?
Since, in changing thy Masters, thou'rt just like old
Rome,

With Faction, Opp—ff—n and Sl—v—y thy Doom
Derry down.

For tho' you have made that Rogue W—e retire,
You're out of the Frying-pan into the Fire ;
But since to the Protestant Line I'm a Friend,
I tremble to think where these Ch—ges may end.
Derry down.

A B A L L A D.

In Imitation of William and Margaret.

Address'd to the — —

TWAS at the Hour, when guiltless Care
Is lull'd in soft Repose ;
When nothing wakes, save fell *Despair*,
Beset with cureless Woes.

Inviting Sleep, lo ! *William* lay,
 The Down he vainly prest :
 Honour, alas ! had soar'd away,
 And Shame had poison'd Rest !

B-t—ia, with that stern Regard
 That conscious Worth puts on,
 Before his frantick Eye appear'd,
 And pierc'd him with a Groan:

Her Cheek had lost its rosy Bloom,
 And languid roll'd her Eye !
 This once cou'd brighten midnight Gloom !
 That shame the *Tyrian Dye* !

The Laurel-Wreath, by Glory's Hand,
 Twin'd round her awful Brow,
 As what her Grief and Rage disdain'd,
 She rent in Fury now.

Away she hurl'd her boasted Shield,
 Away her uselefs Spear :
 What Joys to Slaves can Trophies yield ?
 What Pride the Pomp of War ?

Behold the dire Effects (she cry'd)
 Of *William's* perjur'd Troth !
 Behold the Orphan, who rely'd
 On a false Guardian's Oath !

How cou'dst thou with a Lover's Zeal,
 My widow'd Cause espouse,
 Yet quit that Cause thou servd'st so well,
 In scorn of all thy Vows ?

How cou'dst thou swear, Wealth, Titles, Pow'r
 Thy Candour wou'd disclaim ?
 Yet barter, in an evil Hour,
 That Candour for a *Name* ?

E

How

How cou'dst thou win my easy Heart
 A Patriot to believe?
 How cou'd I know, but by the Smart,
 A Patriot wou'd deceive?
 Bethink thee of thy broken Trust!
 Thy *Vows* to me unpaid!
 Thy Honour humbled in the Dust!
 Thy Country's Weal betray'd!
 For this may all my Vengeance fall
 On thy devoted Head!
 Living, be thou the Scorn of all!
 The Curse of all when dead!
 This said, while Thunder round her broke,
 She vanish'd into Air;
 And *William's* Horror, while she spoke,
 Was follow'd by Despair.

The WIFE and the NURSE, A New Ballad.

VICE once with VIRTUE did engage,
 To win *Jove's* conqu'ring Son;
 So, for th'*Alcides* of our Age,
 As strange a Fray begun.
 His Wife and ancient Nurse between
 Arose this wond'rous Strife:
 The froward Hag his Heart to win,
 Contended with his Wife.
 His Wife, an Island Nymph most fair,
 Bore Plenty in her Hand;
 A Crown adorns her Regal Hair,
 Her Graces Love command.
 With modest Dignity she stood;
 Fast down her lovely Face
 A Stream of swelling Sorrow flow'd,
 A righteous Cause to grace.

The tatter'd Nurse, of Aspect grim,
 Look'd prouder still than poor,
 With lofty Airs inspir'd by Mum,
 The Queen of Beggars sure :

Mud was her Dwelling, lean her Plight,
 Her Life on Heaths she led ;
 With Wreaths of Turnip-tops bedight ;
 Her Eyes were dull as Lead.

Yet thus the Caitiff, proud and poor,
 Our Hero Judge address'd.

“Thy Fondness all to me assure,
 “ To me who loves thee best.

“ I am thy aged Nurse, so kind,
 “ Who ne'er did cross thy Will ;

“ Thy Wife to all thy Charms is blind,
 “ Perverse and thwarting still.

“ Give me her Cloaths, (continued she)
 “ With thy Assistance soon

“ Her costly Robe may shine on me,
 “ On her my Rags be thrown.

“ Seize on her Store of boasted Gold,
 “ Which she with jealous Fear

“ From thee still grudging wou'd with-hold,
 “ And trust it to my Care.”

This caught the Judge's partial Ear.
 The Lady of the Isle

Spake next. “ Thyself at least revere,
 “ And spurn this Caitiff vile.

“ With thine my Int'rest is the same,
 “ For thee my Sailors toil ;

“ They for thy Safety, Pow'r, and Fame,
 “ Enrich my spacious Isle.

- “ Think too upon thy solemn Vow,
 “ When thou didst plight thy Love ;
 “ Thou cam’st to save me, wilt thou now
 “ Thyself my Ruin prove ?
 “ How was I courted, how ador’d !
 “ More happy as thy Bride ;
 “ For thee my Safeguard, Love and Lord,
 “ I slighted all beside.
 “ Do thou still act a Guardian’s Part,
 “ Nor be thy Love estrang’d ;
 “ Treat me but kindly, and my Heart
 “ Shall e’er remain unchang’d.
 “ By thee abandon’d, must I bend
 “ Beneath thy Nurse’s Scorn ?
 “ No; live with me thyself, and send
 “ To her thy youngest born.
 “ Let not her Mud-built Walls thy Stay
 “ Before my Tow’rs invite ;
 “ Do not beyond my Verdure gay,
 “ In her brown Heaths delight.
 “ Do not her dingy Streams prefer
 “ To all my Rivers clear ?
 “ Good Heavens ! looks Poverty in her
 “ Than Wealth in me most fair ?
 The Judge here lets his Fury out,
 Unable to contain ;
 He frowns, and rolls his Eyes about ;
 And to his Wife began :
 “ If she be poor, I’ll make her rich ;
 “ Thy Treasure she shall hold :
 “ Thou art a low, mechanick B—h,
 “ Besides a cursed Scold.

“ My

" My Nurse is of imperial Race,
 " By Trade was never stain'd.
 " What thou dost boast of, is Disgrace :
 " Nurse, thou thy Cause hast gain'd.

Polite and candid, thus the Judge :
 His Creatures watch his Call,
 To raise (alas !) this dirty Drudge
 On his fair Consort's Fall.

Who first obeys th' unjust Decree,
 Regardless of his Fame,
 To spoil and rob with cruel Glee
 That lovely Island Dame ?

Hard by a ready Wight behold
 Aspiring, rash, and wild ;
 Of Parts too keen to be controll'd
 By Wisdom's Dictates mild.

Still from the Midnight-Goblet hot,
 He fires his turgid Brain,
 With jarring Schemes, from Wine begot,
 To ravage Land and Main.

With these wild Embryo's, shapeless all,
 Without Head, Tail, or Limb,
 He lures his Master to his Call,
 While both in Fancy swim.

He now receives th' absurd Command
 This beauteous Queen to spoil :
 Ah ! Deed unseemly for his Hand,
 A Native of her Isle.

He runs and strips her gracious Brows
 Of her Imperial Crown,
 To dress the Hag, who quickly throws
 Her Turnip-Garland down :

Yet

Yet smiling greets the Queen, and swears
 He only means her Good,
 That Exigencies of Affairs
 May want her Heart's best Blood.

Thus spoil'd, she flinks with Sorrow faint
 Before th'insulting Hag,
 And, lest she publish her Complaint,
 Is menac'd with a Gag.

There lying, of her Cloaths she's stript,
 Her Money too, we're told,
 Into the Judge's Hand was slip't,
 Ah ! shameful Thirst of Gold.

Against APOLLO *Midās* old
 Gave Judgment ; did he worse,
 Than one who to his Wife, for Gold,
 Cou'd thus prefer his Nurse ?

Ah ! yet recall her cruel Fate,
 Mistaken Judge, thy Friend
 Here warns thee ; Dangers soon or late
 On Avarice attend.

In thy Wife's Ruin yet behold
 Thou dost thyself destroy ;
 Then cease to barter Love for Gold,
 Which thou canst ne'er enjoy.

S——S and J——L. *A new Ballad.*

Obstupuit steteruntq; comæ:——VIRO.

T W A S at the silent solemn Hour,
 When Night and Morning meet,
 In glided J——'s grimly Ghost,
 And stood at S——'s Feet.

His Face was like a Winter's Day,
 Clad in *November's* Frown ;
 And Clay-cold was his shrivel'd Hand,
 That held his tuck'd-up Gown.

S——; quak'd with Fear, th' Effect of Guilt,
 Whom thus the Shade bespoke ;
 And with a mournful, hollow Voice,
 The dreadful Silence broke.

The Night-Owl shrieks, the Raven croaks,
 The Mid-night, Bell now tolls ;
 Behold thy late departed Friend
 The M—— r of the R——lls.

And tho' by Death's prevailing Hand
 My Form may alter'd be ;
 Death cannot make so great a Change,
 As Times have wrought in thee.

Think of the Part you're acting, S——ds,
 And think where it will end ;
 Think you have made a thousand Foes,
 And have not gain'd one Friend.

Oft hast thou said, our Cause was good,
 Yet you that Cause forsook ;
 Oft against Places hast thou rail'd,
 And yet a Place you took.

'Gainst those how often hast thou spoke,
 With whom you now assent !
 The Court how oft hast thou abus'd,
 And yet to Court you went !

How could you vote for War with *Spain*,
 Yet make that War to cease ?
 How could you weep for *England's* Debts,
 Yet make those Debts increase ?

How

How could you swear your Country's Good
 Was all your Wish, or Fear?
 And how could I, old doating Fool,
 Believe you was sincere?

Thou art the Cause why I appear,
 (From blisful Regions drawn)
 Why teeming Graves cast up their Dead,
 And why the Church-yards yawn,

Is owing all to thee, thou Wretch!
 The Bill thou hast brought in
 Opens this Mouth, tho' clos'd by Death,
 To thunder against Gin.

If of Good-nature any Spark
 Within thee thou canst find;
 Regard the Message that I bring,
 Have Mercy on Mankind!

But oh! from thy relentless Heart
 The horrid Day I see,
 When thy mean Hand shall overturn
 The Good design'd by me.

Riot and Slaughter once again
 Shall their Career begin,
 And every Parish suckling Babe
 Again be nurs'd with Gin.

The Soldiers from each Cellar drunk
 Shall scatter Ruin far,
 Gin shall intoxicate them, and
 Let slip those Dogs of War.

This proves thee, S——s, thy Country's Foe,
 And Desolation's Friend.
 What can thy Project be in this?
 And what can be thy End?

Is it, that conscious of thy Worth,
 Thy Sense, thy Parts, thy Weight ;
 Thou know'st this Nation must be drunk
 E'er it can think thee Great ?

Too high, poor Wren ! has thou been borne
 On P——y's Eagle Wings.
 Thou wert not form'd for great Affairs,
 Nor made to talk with Kings.

But where's thy Hate to Court and Pow'r,
 Thy Patriotism, S——s ?
 Think'st thou that Gown adorns thy Shape,
 That Purse becomes thy Hands ?

As when the Fox upon the Ground,
 A Tragick Mask espy'd,
 Oh ! what a specious Front is here !
 But where's the Brain ? he cry'd,

So thou a L——d of T——y
 And C——ll——r art made,
 Sir R——t's Place, and Robe, and Seal,
 Thou hast ; but where's his Head ?

Thou'rt plac'd by far too high ; in vain
 To keep your Post you strive ;
 In vain, like *Pbaeton*, attempt
 A Chariot you can't drive.

Each Act you do betrays your Parts,
 And tends to your Undoing ;
 Each Speech you make your Dulness shews,
 And certifies your Ruin.

Think not like Oaks to stand on high,
 And brave the Storms that blow ;
 But like the Reed bend to the Earth,
 And, to be safe, be low.

F

Poor

Poor in thyself, each Party's Joke,
 Each trifling Songster's Sport,
P——*m* supports thee in the House,
 The *E*——*l* of *B*——*b* at Court.

These are the Men, that push thee on
 In thy own Nature's Spite ;
 So, like the Moon, if thou could'st shine,
 'Twould be by borrow'd Lighr.

But soft, I scent the Morning Air,
 The Glow-worm pales his Light,
Farewell, remember me, it cry'd,
 And vanish'd out of Sight.

S——*s* trembling rose, frighted to Death,
 Of Knowledge quite bereft,
 And has, since that unhappy Night,
 Nor Sense nor Mem'ry left.

BRITANNIA'S *Lamentation* : Or,
 The BANKS of the THAMES.

To the Tune of Tweed's Side.

WHY, *Britannia*, thus senseless of Praise,
 On the Banks of thy *Thames* dost thou weep,
 Whilst its Bosom thy Navy conveys
 To confound all thy Foes on the Deep ?
 Does not *Matthews* thy Glory advance,
 Where but late thou wast cover'd with Shame ?
 Does not *Spain*, with *Sicilia*, and *France*,
 Fly for Shelter, and shrink at thy Name ?
 Turn to valiant *Sardinia* thy Sight ;
 None but *C*—— could rouse him to War,
 He it was taught the *Croats* to fight,
 The *Sclavonian* he brought from afar.

He

He it was shook the Emperor's Throne ;
 By his Counsels the *Danube* was past,
 All the Wreaths won at *Lintz* are his own,
 And by him all *Bavaria* lies waste.

At his Nod, lo! each Enemy yields,
Spain, and *France* their lost Armies shall mourn ;
 For from *Prague*, and fair *Italy's* Fields
 He has sworn not a Man shall return.

Then thy Praise while the *Moldaw* proclaims,
 And *Hungaria* is freed from her Foe,
 Why, alas! should the Banks of the *Tbames*
 Be the Seat of Repining and Woe ?

Not at *Austria's* Success I repine,
 May she triumph (*Britannia* reply'd)
 Tho' with Anguish my Head I decline,
 And lament on the *Tbames* fruitful Side!
 May the *Moldaw* and *Danube's* wide Flood
 With the Shouts of her Victories found,
 And their Currents run Crimson with Blood,
 While the *French* are mow'd down to the Ground.

Thou, *Hungaria*, may'st bless thy kind Stars,
 And thy Captains experienc'd and brave ;
 Thou may'st thank thy undaunted Hussars,
 And thy valiant Train'd Bands of the *Saave* :
 Yet had all thy Success and thy Fame
 Flow'd from C——'s Courage and Art,
 Would the Honour, exalting his Name,
 Heal the Canker which preys on my Heart ?

For if Freedom and Virtue must smile
 Never more, where the Silver *Tbames* flows,
 What, alas! will avail this lost Isle,
 That *Hungoria* is freed from her Foes?
 Has her Safety restor'd my dead Laws ?
 Yet secur'd is my Birthright to me ?
 Tho' the *Gaul* from *Bobemia* withdraws,
 From Corruption have I been set free ?

See ! my Patriots around me desert,
 The Arch-Criminal screen'd without Shame ;
 Such Apostates have taught my sad Heart,
 That e'en Virtue is now but a Name :
 Yet amongst that fall'n Train there is one,
 There is one, I shall ever deplore——
 What a Labour of Years is undone !
 What a Fall, ah ! to rise never more !

He was once all my Glory and Pride,
 He alone, my lost Rights could retrieve——
 But his Name now in Silence to hide,
 Is to him all the Boon I can give.
 Then my Praise tho' *Bobemia* proclaims,
 And with Joy through the *Moldaw* may flow ;
 Still I weep, and the Banks of my *Tbames*
 Are the Seat of Repining and Woe.

A Great Man's SPEECH in *Downing-street*,
 against the ENQUIRY.

To the Tune of *Packington's Pound*.

YE *old Whigs*, met here my new Honours to grace,
 Who each for his Country would take *any* Place,
 And keep it when got, (as we all must, you know)
 By now crying *Ay*, where we always cry'd *No*.

Be this our great Plan !

To swear to a Man,

Things ne'er went so well since the World first began.

So farewell *Enquiry* ; for *Orford* is flown

Quite to Arlington-street, and the Seals are my own.

Lord *B*— cou'd not leave me, in quitting the Field,
 His Tongue for a Sword ; but thank God I've a
 Shield ;

Not

Not a Shield of *Professions, Vows, Tears, Double-dealing* :

But a *Front that won't blush, and a Heart above feeling.*

All *England* shall see,

I am arm'd *Cap-a-pee,*

Rage and Envy may pour their whole *Quivers* on me.

So farewell *Enquiry, &c.*

Romantic young Patriots may rant and declaim,

That, *in Place or out,* Honour still is the same ;

But shew me what Honour, (*in my high Condition*)

Wou'd be for *Enquiry, the second Edition* :

Be rather accurst

Of *Vain Glory* the Thirst !

For we hardly knew how to get rid of the first.

So farewell *Enquiry, &c.*

What Time that Committee too forc'd me to waste ?

The *Minutes* I often transcrib'd——tho' in haste,

Nay the *Board,* for a Moment, sometimes I forsook,

But then you may think; I cou'd give but a Look :

Yet when I had Leisure,

What Friend to that Measure,

Took *Notes* more than I, or in *Notes* took more Pleasure.

So farewell *Enquiry, &c.*

In the House when this Question you come to debate,

You must fancy yourselves in a *Council of State,*

For *Councils of State* follow what is expedient,

And *Justice* is *there,* but a second Ingredient ;

Then *Justice* postpone,

Home Affairs let alone,

Till *Austria* once more fill the Emperor's Throne.

So farewell *Enquiry, &c.*

To Foreign Affairs I don't vastly pretend,

But I hear from *Lord B*——, my great Master and

Friend,

Lord

Lord C ——— swears *France* is in such a *Quandary*,
For Peace she shall kneel to the *Queen of Hungary*,
Or *Broglio* he'll nab;

(*He's at War such a Dab*)

By seizing, *this Winter*, *Franconia* and *Suabe*.

So farewell *Enquiry*, &c.

Indeed he was all, for a *March*, last *October*,
Each-Night 'twas his *Theme*, and each *Morning*,
quite sober,

Not *Maillebois* to follow, (for blest was the *Day*,
When *quiet* he march'd from *Westphalia* away !)

But *Dunkirk* to storm,

And when he was warm,

To push to *Versailles*, and beat up the *Gens d'armes*.

So farewell *Enquiry*, &c.

The ——— too he counsel'd in *Person* to go,
In *Beauty's* fair Cause his high *Prowess* to show :
Beef-eaters, *gay Lords*, *gallant Squires* commanded,
The *Train*, which at *Calais* our *eighth Henry* landed ;

Harry too, *Debonnair*,

Wou'd have dy'd for the *Fair*,

As his *Arms*, (cry the *Wags*,) in the *Tower* declare.

So farewell *Enquiry*, &c.

Some hinted, that may be, 'twas rather too much,
To conquer *all France* without help from the *Dutch* !
But my *Lord*, in high *Schemes* not so easily bann'd,
Swore the *Dutch* shou'd come in,—or the *Dutch* might
be damn'd :

That *Paris* with *Ease*,

We may sack when we please ;

Then fill'd up a *Bumper* to *George* and *Terefe*.

So farewell *Enquiry*, &c.

But mark his *cool Prudence*, how far from *Romance* !
Shou'd the *French*, he bethought him, be scar'd out of
France

(As

(As who, but from C——'s bold Thunder must fly!)
 They might meet in *Bavaria*, and help their *Ally* :
 Which hap'ly might end,
 In distressing our Friend,
 For whom our *last Shilling* we'll joyfully spend.
 So farewell *Enquiry*, &c.

Yet of all the *round Millions* I vow'd to propose,
 For *seven hundred thousand* to *Hanover* goes,
 And tho', I'm aware, *Disaffection* may say
Hanoverians are meant *Civil List Debts* to pay ;
 'Tis a Jacobite Lye :
 They are meant to supply
 The want of *Dutch*, *Prussians*, and every *Ally*.
 So farewell *Enquiry*, &c.

Then to these *Hanoverians* what Praises are due ?
 While *Maillebois* was flying, they scorn'd to pursue ;
 Now to *Mentz* they will march, (so in War they
 delight)
 Where the *Laws of their Country* forbid them to fight ;
 And where is the Man,
 When he thinks of the *Ban*,
 But had rather go fight against great *Kouli Kan* ?
 So farewell, *Enquiry*, &c.

To *old standing Corps* who can grudge *Levy-Money* ?
 Or *Douceurs* to sweeten, far sweeter than *Honey* ;
Contingent Expences, that can't be computed,
 Things ne'er to be known, to be never refuted ?
 Not to pay *all*, were hard :
 What has *Hanover* spar'd,
 Field Pieces, Staffs, Hangmen, *Prevôts* or *Life Guard* ?
 So farewell *Enquiry*, &c.

Shou'd you keep them ten *Years*—*till the Dutch* are
 come in,
 You never shall pay *Levy-Money* again,

And

And when we to saving, *hereafter*, shall come,
 Since we find them so cheap, make them *Guards* here
 at Home,

For they love us so well,
 They'd quit *Bremen* and *Zell*
 To help us, our turbulent Spirits to quell.
 So farewell *Enquiry*, &c.

Then be patient, *my Friends*, and expect the blest
 Hour,

When you may have *Places*, and I, perhaps, *Pow'r* ;
 And ah! without *Levies* don't doom me to live!
 Tho' *your Levy-Money*, as yet, I can't give :

But think, who shall stand
 Before my *Lord B——d*,

If e'er *Secret Service* shou'd flow through my Hand.
 So farewell *Enquiry* ; for *Orford* is flown,
Quite to Arlington-street, and the *Seals* are my own.

Esq; *Sandys's Budget open'd*, Or *Drink and be D——d*.

A N E W B A L L A D.

To the Tune of, A begging we will go.

A TTEND, my honest Brethren,
 Who late came into Place ;
 I'll tell you a new Project,
 To win our Master's Grace.
As a Drinking we do go, &c.

An A——y from H——r
 We'll take into our Pay :
 And *Britons* to support them
 Shall drink their Lives away,
As a Drinking they do go, &c.

From *Statemen* to *Excisemen*,
 All *Placemen* may drink Wine :
 But tatter'd 'Squires and *Merchants*
 Shall swill up *Gin* like *Swine*,
When a Drinking they do go, &c.

And should old *England* perish,
 Why e'en let it be so ;
 For ev'ry Man she loses,
 We Turncoats lose a Foe.

Then a Drinking they may go, &c.

'Tis true, when *Walpole* ruled,
 We bellow'd loud' at Gin ;
 But now it is no Evil,
 For we are now come in.

And a Drinking all shall go, &c.

No more shall sober *Britons*
 Pronounce us Fools and Knaves ;
 Their Note shall quickly alter,
 We'll make them drunken Slaves.

And a Drinking they shall go, &c.

Behold what Shoals of Beggars
 Now crowd up ev'ry Door !
 'Twill greatly ease the Poor's Rates,
 We'll poison all the Poor.

While a Drinking they do go, &c.

The People all complain,
 That by Trade they nothing get ;
 Then let them sit and drink,
 They will drink us out of Debt.

As a Drinking they do go, &c.

And should the War continue,
 What Cause have we to fear ?
 To licence Theft and Murder,
 Will raise a Fund next Year.

So a Drinking we will go, &c.

'Then welcome all my F——s,
 With black Funereal Face !

Ah *Bat* ! you had been welcome,
 If pledged by his Grace,
As a Drinking we do go, &c.

And you cool Foreign Statesman,
 Who drink both Night and Day,
 Shall humble haughty *France*,
 Just as we our Debts shall pay,
As a Drinking you do go, &c.

As for my honour'd Patron,
 The mighty Earl of *B—b*,
 Since no Man courts his Favour,
 And no Man fears his Wrath,
Now a Drinking he may go, &c.

Sir *Robert* was a *V—n*,
 But here comes *P—m* ; Mum !
 Your Servant Master *P—m*,
 Pray when will *Orford* come ?
That a Drinking we may go, &c.

Then fill a rosy Bumper,
 I'll fend the Glas about ;
 Here's Health to all those in,
 Here's Death to all those out,
As a Drinking they do go, &c.

A newer O D E than the Last.

Ad Hominem—

Iterum, iterumq; movebo.

Great *E—* of *B—b*,
 Be not in Wrath
 At what the People say ;
Bob was abus'd,
 And roughly us'd,
 Each Dog must have his Day.

'Tis true, you are
 A Man of War,
 Of Courage stout, and try'd ;
 It was, we know,
 But Word and Blow,
 When Honour seem'd your Guide.

Lord *Fanny* once
 Did play the Dunce,
 And challeng'd you to fight ;
 But he so stood
 To lose no Blood,
 But had a dreadful Fright.

Poor Member *Ned*,
 Said something bad,
 And wrote it down to *Y-k* ;
 Your Sword you drew,
 And at him flew,
 And fought like any *Turk*.

No Man so dread,
 That wore a Head,
 Durst either speak, or write,
 Things to dispraise
 Your virtuous Ways,
 But draw he must, and fight.

Tho' once so brave,
 I'll call you K—,
 And show your Courage bound.
 For if you dare
 With me to war,
 You must the Nation round.

Britannia's Ghost to the E--- of B---,

WHILE P——y, seeking lost Repose,
 His downy Pillow prest,
 Fresh Horrors in his Soul arose,
 And farther banish'd Rest.

For lo! *Britannia* by his Side,
 All ghastly, pale, and wan!
 Thus in deep doleful Accent cry'd,
 " O base perfidious Man!

" How can'st thou hope that balmy Sleep
 " Should close thy guilty Eyes!

" Whilst all *Britannia's* Sons must weep
 " Her fall'n—thy Sacrifice!

" Long had she trusted to thine Aid
 " Against her Bosom-foe;

" Depending on the Vows you made,
 " To ward the fatal Blow.

" Hence she each Traitor had suppress'd,
 " Or boldly had defy'd;

" Till, leaning on her Guardian's Breast,
 " His treacherous Arms she spy'd.

" And art *Thou*, P——y? said she:—Fie!
 " *Thou!* of the Traitor-Crew!

" Nay then, brave *Cæsar*-like, I'll die,
 " Since *Brutus* lives in you!

" But oh! why must *Britannia* bleed,
 " —To sate Ambition's Flame?

" Ah! Titles thence you'll gain indeed,
 " But gain with endless Shame,

" How can you e'er Atonement make
 " For all your broken Vows?

" Why—cancel your late grand Mistake;
 " —Her Int'rest re-espouse.

" So

" So shall her Genius yet revive ;
 " — You barter Guilt for Fame :
 " She shall revere you when alive ;
 " When dead, adore your Name."
 ' Ah ! no ; he said : Too false I've prov'd,
 ' Too fickle, vile a Thing,
 ' Ever to be sincerely lov'd,
 ' By *Country, C—t, or K—g.*
 Hefeate the Spectre disappear'd ;
 But *Conscience*, in its Stead,
 Dire-cursing Legions quickly rear'd:
 Round his devoted Head.
 Then to his Wife—he raving cry'd,
 ' *Thou Daughter of Perdition !*
 ' *Britannia's* ruin'd by thy Pride ;
 ' I'm damn'd for thy Ambition.

A Lamentable CASE.

Submitted to the Bath Physicians.

YE fam'd Physicians of this Place,
 Hear *Strepbon's* and poor *Cbloë* ase,
 Nor think that I am joking ;
 When she wou'd, he can not comply,
 When he wou'd drink, she's not a-dry ;
 And is not this provoking ?
 At Night, when *Strepbon* comes to rest,
Cbloë receives him on her Breast,
 With fondly-folding Arms :
 Down, down he hangs his drooping Head,
 Falls fast asleep, and lies as dead,
 Neglecting all her Charms.

Reviving when the Morn returns,
 With rising Flames young *Strepbon* burns,
 And fain, wou'd fain be doing :
 But *Cbloë* now, asleep or sick,
 Has no great Relish for the Trick,
 And sadly baulks his Wooing.
 O cruel and disast'rous Case,
 When in the critical Embrace
 That only one is burning !
 Dear Doctors, set this Matter right,
 Give *Strepbon* Spirits over Night,
 Or *Cbloë* in the Morning.

BROGLIO'S *Breeches*.

WHEN erst the gallant *Koningssegg*
 (As in the News we've read from th'*Hague*)
 Had storm'd poor *Broglio's* Quarters ;
 A fierce *Hussar* seiz'd on the Chief,
 As he was saving, with his Life,
 His *Breeches* and his Garters.
 Disturbing a Marshal of *France* in the Night,
 Is not *à la mode à Paris*, or polite.
 Who're you ? quoth th' *Hussar* : Monsieur shook,
 Said, I'm his Excellency's Cook ;
 No Follower of the Drum.
Houndsfoot ! replies the *German* quick,
 Begone with that ; so with a Kick
 Salutes the Marshal's Bum.
 Disgraceful ! of War how capricious the Chance !
 A *German Hussar* kicks a Marshal of *France*.
 But *Broglio*, say, wou'dst not be glad,
 In spite of all thy *Gasconade*,

Sans

Saus Breeches or a Rag,
 To be as fairly now dismiss'd,
 By such another kicking Jest,
 From young *Lorrain* and *Prague* ?
 Since thus one is drove to so piteous a Taking,
 Who the Dei'l would again go an Emperor-making ?

*A Receipt to make a P—R, occasioned by the Report
 of a Pr—m—t—n.*

TAKE a Man who by Nature's a true Son of
 Earth,
 By Rapine enrich'd, tho' a Beggar by Birth ;
 Of Genius the lowest, ill bred and obscene,
 Of Morals most wicked, most nasty in Mien ;
 By none ever trusted, yet ever employ'd,
 In Blunders most fertile, of Merit quite void ;
 A Scold in the Senate, abroad a Buffoon ;
 The Scorn and the Jest of all C—ts but his own ;
 A Slave to that Wealth which ne'er made him a Friend,
 And proud of that Cunning which ne'er gain'd an
 End ;
 A Dupe in each Tr—ty, a *Swiss* in each Vote,
 In Manners and Form a compleat *Hottentot* :
 Such a one could you find, of all Men I'd commend
 him,
 But besure let the Curse of each *Br—t—n* attend him.
 Thus fitly prepar'd, add the Grace of a Th—ne,
 The Folly of M—n—chs, and Screen of a Cr—n.
 Take a Pr—ce for this purpose without Ears or Eyes,
 And a long Parchment P—t—t—t stuff brimful of Lies ;
 These mingled together, a *Fiat* shall pass,
 And a Thing strut a P—r, that before was an *Ass*.
Probatum est.

A

A Right Honourable DIALOGUE.

TO the *Earl* says the *Countess*, What makes you so dull?

E. Because for your *Ladyship* I've play'd the Fool.

Co. For *Me*, do you say, Sir?—Your *Lordship* you mean.

E. Ay,—Curse the damn'd *Title*, 'tis That gives me Spleen.

Co. Youve no Sense of *Honour*, no Notions of *Glory*.

E. Yours are—*Polly W---e* should not *Rank* before ye.

But more *Honour* We'd had, and been *Happier* still,
Had You been plain *Madam*, and I been plain *Will*.

SCOTCH Taste on VISTA'S.

OLD I—y, to shew a most elegant Taste
In improving his Gardens, purloin'd from the
Waste;

And order'd his Gardⁿer to open his Views,
By cutting a couple of grand Avenues.

With secret Delight, he saw the first View end
In his favorite Prospect, a Church --- that was ruin'd:
But what should the next to his Lordship exhibit?

'Twas the terrible Sight of a Rogue on a Gibbet.
A View so ungrateful then taught him to muse on,
Full many a *C---mp---ll* had dy'd with his Shoes on,

All amaz'd and aghast, at the ominous Scene,
He order'd it strait to be shut up again
With a Clump of *Scots Firs* by Way of a Screen. }

On CIBBER's Declaration that he will have the last
Word. with Mr. POPE.

QUOTH *Cibber* to *Pope*, tho' in Verse you fore-
close,

I'll have the last Word, for by G——d I'll write Prose.
Poor *Colly*, thy Reas'ning is none of the strongest,
For know, the last Word is the Word that lasts longest.

CIBBER'S *Answer.*

DEAR *Pope*, tho' you have, I have not the Te-
merity,
To think of surviving to talk to Posterity ;
I said what I meant, and it is not absurd,
That with you, Mr. *Pope*, I will have the last Word.

The BUFFOON, *An* EPIGRAM.

DON'T boast, prithee *Gibber*, so much of thy
State,
That like *Pope* you are blest with the Smiles of the
Great,
With both they converse, but for different Ends,
And'tis easy to know their Buffoons from their Friends.

An EPIGRAM, *dropt in a Glass at a certain Ballot.*

THY Horse, like thee, does things by Halves ;
Thou, through Irresolution,
Hurt'st Friends and Foes, thyself and me,
The K—g and Constitution.

On Admiral VERNON'S being presented with the
Freedom of the City of London.

E'RE old *Rome's* City could corrupted be,
Her Consuls *Honest*, and her Tribunes *Free*,
The greatest Name the Greatest could assume
Was, to be stil'd *Free Citizens of Rome*.
Free as old *Rome*, as *Uncorrupt*, as *Great*,
LONDON knows how a *Vernon's* Worth to rate ;
Among her worthy Sons she bids him be,
And, like the Sons of LONDON, dare be *Free*.
Let *Ducal Coronets* mark others *Shame*,
These *Civic Honours* give a *Real Fame*.

H

The

The Fl—r's March. A PUFF.

OF late, a dreadful Storm of Wind
 Within our sleeping *Sopbi* reign'd :
 Dire Colic-Pangs his Entrails tore ;
 He tumbled, grunted, kick'd, and swore ;
 In broken Phrase was heard to growl,
March!—Houndsfoot!—Donder! D—n your Soul!
 Hence *Fame*, with Trump posterior founded
 A March on windy Orders founded ;
 But as from Gripes it took its Rise ;
 Behold how in a F——t it dies !

A BOB upon THREE BOBS.

THREE Reigns three *Bobs* produc'd of equal
 Fame,
 In *Politicks*, and *Morals* all the same.
 In ANNA's Days *Earl R——ri's* Peace betray'd
 The *Empire*, *Holland*, and the *British* Trade.
 In Reign the next, the fatal *South Sea Scheme*
 Cheated the Nation with a *Golden Dream*.
 In modern Times, a worse *pacifick Trance*
 Half *Europe* funk, and rais'd the Pride of *France* :
Excise, *Convention*, usefess Troops and Fleet ;
Roberto's glorious Ministry compleat.
 When *Britain* recollects those *wond'rous* Jobs,
 How much she owes to three *notorious BOBS!*

The Fox and Hounds. A FABLE.

A Wily Fox, who long had been
 The Plund'rer of the neighb'ring Plain,
 When chac'd so hard, he could not fix
 On any Stratagems or Tricks ;

Could

Could no more double as he fled,
 Trusted, instead of *Heels*, his *Head*;
 With desperate Courage he turn'd round,
 And thus address'd each gaping Hound.

“ Stop, stop, ye noisy simple Pack;
 “ Hear me a Word : —— What do you lack ?
 “ By killing *Me* what will ye win ?
 “ A stinking Hide and tatter'd Skin :
 “ Some noisy Fools *balloo* you on,
 “ Not for your Profit, but *their* Fun.
 “ Now, Sirs, consider what I offer ;
 “ It is no mean nor foolish Proffer.
 “ Here you have run and stand a-gape
 “ For nothing : —— Now let me escape,
 “ And to your Kennel I will bring
 “ Presents as great as from a *King*.
 “ I am not GAME : —— Let me succeed,
 “ And I will give you GAME indeed.”

The Hounds all listen : Then their Leader,
 Thus answer'd the old crafty Pleader.

‘ Sir *Reynard*, what you've said is true ;
 ‘ You shall *escape*, but we'll *pursue*.
 ‘ The *Art's* to make our *Masters* think
 ‘ You have 'scap'd *fair*, though on *Death's* Brink ;
 ‘ Hark ! hark the Horn ! —— They're coming on,
 ‘ Down, down to yonder Thicket run :
 ‘ Half dead, and panting, we'll *pursue*,
 ‘ But there we'll *lose* both *Scent* and *View* :
 ‘ Leap the Park-Wall, we can't get over ;
 ‘ And *burrow* safe in *Royal* Cover.’
 Away runs *Reynard*, leaps the Wall,
 And the Chace ends in—*Nought* at all.

M O R A L.

If *Men* may be with *Hounds* compar'd ;
 If any *Knave* like *Reynard* far'd ;

If any *Masters* have been cheated,
 And know the *Pack* their Game defeated ;
 What should a *true-bred Huntsman* do ?
 Why, what ? but—*Hang up all the Crew.*

On the Report of New Dignities.

TIS said, two *E—s* will soon be made two *D—es*,
 One of *North—d*, and one of *B—ks* :
 How vast their *Merit* ! that they thus receive
Titles and *Honours* great as Kings can give !
 What *Merit* shall their high *Preambles* tell ?
 How long they serv'd their Country, and how well ?
 No, Herald—Study—something else compose,
 For how they serv'd it, the *whole Nation* knows.

One Thousand Seven Hundred and Forty Two.

WITH *W—le's* Politicks the Year began ;
 But soon th' indignant Patriots chang'd the
 Man :
 With *Statismen* New the Nation hop'd *New Schemes* ;
 Saw *Glorious Visions*, and dreamt *Golden Dreams*.
 When from a *Trance* of six Months they awoke,
 They found *Truth* chang'd their fancy'd *Joy*, to *Joke*.
 Still the same Fate on *B—t—n's* Isle attends,
 And wisely, 'as the Year began, it ends.

Occasioned by a Late Motion.

HIGH *Taxes* ran ! the *Britains* loud complain'd :
 'Twas mov'd that *Luxury* should be restrain'd.
 To lace our *Breeches* was a mortal Sin,
 And wear all Gold *without*, and none *within*.
 Th's meant the *M—n—stry*, would they confess,
 " The more we have *Ourselves*, the * has less."
 The *M—mb—rs* wonder'd, tho' the *Motion* past ;
 For who could fear that *Luxury* would last ?

Excises,

Excises, Taxes, Sinking-Fund are spent ;
 And sure SEVEN MILLIONS are a high *Rack Rent* !
 “ The *Lace* you may allow us (quoth Sir *John**)
 “ We soon shall have no *Coats* to put it on.”
 The Knight’s Remark, most questionless, was shrewd,
 He that can *pay no Whore*, must not be *lewd*.

A *Britain* once said to a *Gaul* alert,
 “ You found the *Ruffles*,—but we found the *Sbirt*.”
 Without the *last*, few would the *first* promote ;
 And who will buy a *Lace* that has no *Coat*?

* Sir *John* H— C—.

PHYSICK and CARDS.

PHYSICK each Morn is *T—t’s* Care,
 Each Night she plays a Pool ;
 One helps her to an easy Chair,
 The other to a Stool.

The PIN. An EPIGRAM.

AS Nature *H—y’s* Clay was blending,
 Uncertain what her Work would end in,
 Whether in Female or in Male,
 A Pin dropt in and turn’d the Scale.

On Admiral *Vernon’s* taking his Seat in
 the House of Commons.

WHAT *S—* would have been thought, what
P—y seem’d,
 (For Honour lov’d, for Patriotism esteem’d)
 Be *Tbou* in *Truth* inflexibly the same ;
 Retrieve the Honour of the *Patriot’s* Name ;
 Above *Ambition’s* Lure, or *Envy’s* Sting,
 Daring to serve your *Country*, serve your *King* :
 So shalt thou thus thy *Country’s* Hopes fulfil,
 And shew in *VERNON* there’s a *Briton* still.

Proper

Proper Rules and Instructions, without which no Person can be an Exciseman.

Quicumque Vult.

WHosoever would be an Exciseman, before all Things it is necessary that he learns the Art of Arithmetick.

Which Art unless he wholly understand, he without doubt can be no Exciseman.

Now the Art of Arithmetick is this, to know how to multiply and how to divide. *Desunt pauca.*

The 1 is a Figure, the 2 a Figure, and the 3 a Figure.

The 1 is a Number, the 2 a Number, and the 3 a Number; and yet there are *Desunt plurima.*

For like as we are compelled by the Rules of Arithmetick, to acknowledge every Figure by itself to have Signification and Form:

So we are forbidden by the Rules of right Reason, to say, that each of them have three Significations or three Powers.

The 2 is of the 1's alone, not abstracted, nor depending, but produced.

The 3 is of the 1 and 2, not abstracted, nor depending, nor produced, but derived. So there is one Figure of 1. *Desunt nonnulla.*

He therefore that will be an Exciseman, must thus understand his Figures.

Furthermore, it is necessary to the preservation of his Place, that he also believe rightly the Authority of his Supervisor.

For his Interest is, that he believes and confesses that his Supervisor, the Servant of the Commissioners, is Master and Man: Master of the Exciseman, having Power from the Commissioners to inspect his Books; and Man to the Commissioners, being obliged to return his Accounts.

Perfect Master and perfect Man, of an unconscionable Soul and frail Flesh subsisting : equal to the Commissioners, as touching that Respect which is shew him by the Exciseman, and inferior to the Commissioners, as touching their Profit and Salary.

Who altho' he be Master and Man, is not two, but one Supervisor.

One not by Confusion of Place, but by Virtue of his Authority : for his Seal and Sign Manual perfect his Commission, his Gauging the Vessels, and inspecting the Excisemen's Books, is what makes him Supervisor.

Who travels thro' thick and thin, and suffers most from Heat, or Cold, to save us from the Addition of Taxes, or the Deficiency in the Funds, by Corruption or Inadvertency.

Who thrice in seven Days goes his Rounds, and once in six Weeks meets the Collectors, who shall come to judge between the Exciseman and Victualler.

At whose coming all Excisemen shall bring in their Accounts, and the Victuallers their Money.

And they that have done well by prompt Payment, shall be well-treated.

And those that have done ill, by being tardy in their Payments, shall be cast into Jail ; and the Excisemen whose Books are blotted, or Accounts unjustifiable, shall be turn'd out of their Places.

These are the Rules, which except a Man follows, he cannot be an Exciseman.

Honour to the Commissioners, Fatigue to the Supervisor, and Bribery to the Exciseman.

As it was from the beginning, when Taxes were first laid upon Malt, is now, and ever will be till the Debts of the Nation are paid.

A M E N.

THE

LESSONS for the DAY.

Being the First and Second Chapters of the
Book of *PREFERMENT*.

The First LESSON.

*Here beginneth the First Chapter of the Book
of PREFERMENT.*

1. **N**OW it came to pass in the 15th Year of the
Reign of *George* the King, in the 2d Month,
on the 10th Day of the Month at Even, that a deep
Sleep came upon me, the Visions of the Night pos-
sessed my Spirits: I dreamed, and behold *Robert* the
Minister came in unto the King, and besought him,
saying :

2. O King, live for ever ! Let thy Throne be esta-
blished from Generation to Generation ! But behold
now the Power which thou gavest unto thy Servant
is at an End, the *Chippenham* Election is lost, and the
Enemies of thy Servant triumph over him.

3. Wherefore now I pray thee, if I have found Fa-
vour in thy sight, suffer thy Servant to depart in Peace,
that my Soul may bless thee.

4. And when he had spoken these Words, he
resigned unto the King his Place of First Lord of the
Treasury, his Chancellorship of the *Exchequer*, and
all his other Preferments.

5. And great Fear came upon *Robert*, and his
Heart smote him, and he fled from the Assembly of
the People, and went up into the Sanctuary, and
was safe.

6.

6. And the Enemies of *Robert* communed among themselves, saying, What shall we do unto this Man? And they appointed a Committee to Enquire concerning him.

7. Howbeit the Man from whom they sought Information was possess'd with a dumb Spirit, and he opened not his Mouth, neither spake he unto them good or bad.

8 Then the Committee were in great Wrath, and they reported this Matter unto the House; but their Report was even as a Fart, which stinketh in the Nostrils for a Moment, and is forgotten.

9. And I saw in my Sleep, and behold all they who sought for Places, rushed into the Palace in great Numbers; insomuch that the Courts of the King's House were full.

10. And they all cryed out with one Voice, saying, *Give us Places!* and the Sound of their Voice reached to the uttermost Parts of the Land.

11. And when the People understood that these Patriots only sought themselves Places, they murmured greatly, and they said among themselves, *Verily, verily, all is Vanity and Vexation of Spirit.*

12. Why therefore have we striven in vain? and why have we disquieted ourselves in vain? For behold all Men have corrupted their Ways before the Lord, there are none that doeth good, no not One.

13. Corruption, as a Moth, hath eaten up their Principles, Poverty and Shame is their Portion, and they and their Sons shall be dependent for ever.

14. Nevertheless the Cry of the Patriots continued with great Violence, and it wounded the Ears of the King, insomuch that he was compelled to stop their Mouths by giving them Places.

I

15. As

15. As the Cry of the Hounds ceaseth when the Entrails of the Beast are divided amongst them, so ceased the Clamours of Patriots at the Distribution of Places.

Thus endeth the first Lesson.

The Second LESSON.

Here beginneth the Second Chapter of the Book of PREFERMENT.

1. **N**OW these are the Generations of those that fought Preferment.
2. Twenty Years they fought Preferment, and found it not; yea, twenty Years they wander'd in the Wilderness.
3. Twenty Years they sought them Places, but they found no Resting-place for the Soal of the Foot.
4. And lo! it came to pass in the Days of *George* the King, that they said amongst themselves, Go to, let us get ourselves Places, that it may be well with us, our Wives, and our Little Ones.
5. And these are the Names of the Men that have gotten themselves Places in this their Day.
6. Now the first that pushed himself forward in this Affair was the Motion-maker, who being swoln with Pride and Ambition, and thirsting in his Heart after the Mammon of Unrighteousness, he determined with himself that he would ask for the Chancellorship of the Exchequer: but his Party wist not what he designed.
7. Wherefore he went privily unto the King's Palace, and he got himself placed at the Head of the Exchequer, where he sitteth unto this Day.

8. Who

8. Who now shall bring in the Place-Bill? Who now shall make a Motion for Removal? Verily, verily, it is much to be feared, that he who expecteth these Things from *S—ds* will be greatly disappointed.

9. And *C—t—t* the Scribe took the Place of Secretary of State, and *H—gt—n* presideth at the Council-Board, and *W—lm—gt—n* the President is made First Lord of the *T—f—y*.

10. In these Days Lord *H—r—y* held the King's Signet, and to him succeeded Lord *G—r*.

11. And the King had a Guard called Gentlemen Pensioners, and over them he set Lord *B—st*.

12. Lord *L—mr—k* got the Reversion after Lord *P—lm—n* for himself and for his Son after him; and he shall be called the King's Remembrancer from Generation to Generation.

13. Lord *Ed—me* was and is not; he was the King's Treasurer in the Land of *Ireland*, but he found no Favour in their Eyes, and to him succeeded *Harry V—ne*.

14. *Henry L—g* was Scribe to the Treasury, but the Name of *L—g* was unseemly, so he is called *Henry F—n—se* unto this Day.

15. Moreover it came to pass, that for his great Skill in Maritime Affairs, Lord *W—n—sea* was set at the Head of the Admiralty.

16. To Lord *C—bb—m* was given the First Troop of tall Men, called Horse-Grenadiers, and he was made a Field-Marshal.

17. So also was Lord *St—r*; moreover he was sent Ambassador unto the *Dutch*, and our Credit encreaseth amongst them.

18. To Lord *S—d—y* *B—cl—k* succeeded *William F—cb*, as Vice-Chamberlain to the King :

his Brother *Edward* also was made Groom of the Bed-Chamber.

19. And that his Majesty might not want good and able Councillors learned in the Law, lo! *M—r—r—y* the Orator, and *N—th—l G—nd—y* were appointed K—g's Council.

20. But what shall be done unto *P—y*? What shall be done to the Man whom the King delighteth to honour? For lo! the Word is gone out of his Mouth, he hath said in his Wrath that he will have no Place.

21. Behold an Expedient! He shall no longer be called *W—m P—lt—y*, but the E—l of *B—tb*. And what is it to *W—m P—lt—y* what the E—l of *B—tb* shall do? What is the Privilege of *P—r—ge*, but to do what they please uncensured?

22. These are the Men after their Generations, and many more shall come in unto the Land to possess it.

23. Of the Tribe of *Jacob* twelve Thousand, of the Tribe of *Andrew* twelve Thousand, of the Tribe of *Patrick* twelve Thousand.

24. And all these Things came to pass, that the Saying of the Prophet *Jonathan* might be fulfilled, *Those that are in shall be as those that are out, and those that are out as those that are in*: But the Lord of *B—tb* is over all, and blessed be the Name of the Lord of *B—tb*.

Here endeth the Second Lesson.

The

THE

Evening LESSONS.

Being the First and Second Chapters of the Book
of ENTERTAINMENTS.

The First LESSON.

1. **A**ND the Cry of Poverty was fore in the Land.

2. And it came to pass in those Days, that the Rich People combined together among themselves, saying,

3. "Wherefore should the Poor have any Money, seeing they spend it in a *Vulgar* Way?"

4. "Do not they spend it in Meat, and in Drink, and in Raiment, for themselves, their Wives, and their Little Ones? Neither regard they the *sweet Singers* which we have brought over."

5. And the Saying pleased the Rulers of the Land, so that there was not found amongst *all* the Rulers, whom the Saying did not please.

6. So they oppres'd and harrassed the Poor, till they thought they had extorted the utmost Farthing.

7. When the Poor saw this, and that they were oppres'd and harrassed, and that they were evil-entreated of their Rulers:

8. They were alarm'd, and moved with Indignation, and they said one to another, "Know not we also the Use of Money?"

9. Thus they communed among themselves, every Man with his Neighbour, and their Murmurings were great among them.

10. And

10. And they said, " Come now, and let *us* seek
 " out Places of Pleasure, and let our Hearts know
 " Joy and Gladness, seeing what we do not *spend*
 " shall be *taken* from us.

11. As it happeneth to the Prodigal, even so
 " happeneth it to the Industrious ; there is one
 " Event happeneth to all : Let us Eat and Drink,
 " for to-morrow we shall be Taxed.

12. Now there was present a Man of Skill, and
 great Cunning, and when he had heard the Saying
 of the Multitude, he departed, and went unto his
 own Home.

13. Nevertheless he did not forget the Saying of
 the Multitude, and the Resolution which they had
 resolved : And as he thought *thereon*, he contrived
 a Place of Recreation, and it is called *Vaux-ball* even
 to this Day.

14. And the Number of the People that resorted
 thither, was even as the Number of the Sands that
 is upon the Sea-shore.

15. When *Inigo* the Builder saw this, and that the
 Number of those that resorted unto *Vaux-ball*, was
 as the Number of the Sands that is upon the Sea-
 shore :

16. It came to pass, that he also contrived a Place,
 which he called *Ranelagh*.

17. And the Building was goodly *to the Eye*, and
 fair *to look upon*, so that a fairer was not found, not
 excepting the K——'s Palace.

18. Moreover the K—— went and survey'd the
 Building, and, as he survey'd the Building, he said,
 " Lo ! thus shall it be spoken of me amongst the
 " Nations, the Ruler of *Israel* excelleth others in a
 " *Cake-house*.

And the Diameter of the Building was 122 Cubits,
 and the Height 80 and one Cubit, and 336 Cubits
 was the Circumference thereof.

20. And the Ev'ning was warm, and the River smooth, and the Melody of Instruments was heard upon the Waters, and I said, Lo ! *now* I will go to *Vaux-ball*.

21. So I took a Companion, and the Voyage pleased me. And it came to pass as I sailed by *La——b* the P——ce of the High-priest,

22. I asked of the Man that was with me, saying, Is this P——te *alive*, or *dead*? And he answered and said, Our Friend *sleepeth*.

23. So I came unto *Vaux-ball*, and produced a Plate of Silver, and the Doors flew open before me, and I enter'd thereat into the Garden.

24. And as I enter'd, my Mind was soften'd unto Pleasure; the *irregular* Disposition of the Trees delighted me, but the *regular* Disposition of the Lamps displeas'd me.

25. Moreover at the Sound of the Organ my Soul danced for Joy; and the Man's Finger, that played upon the Organ, was a cunning Finger.

26. And there was great Harmony betwixt the Sound of the Organ, and the Sound of the other Instruments; and it happened, that whatever the Organ on *one Side* spake, the Fiddles on the *other Side* cry'd, "*So say we.*" This also pleased me.

27. Albeit there was not heard the Voice of Singing-men, or of Singing-women, and the Music lacked Interpretation.

28. And I said, How wot I now what is piped or harped? Verily this is as it were sounding Brass, or a tinkling Cymbal.

29. Then walked I round the Place: I praised the Colonnades, the Paintings, and the Pavilions.

30. And I said unto mine Eye, Go to now and examine every Part.

31. Then

31. Then I looked *up*, and lo! a fine Alcove was built for the Reception of one of the Princes of the People.

32. Albeit *the Prince* chose a *Pavilion*, for said He, I will be *accessible*, and upon a *Footing* with my People.

33. I praised also the Statue of the chief Musician: it had gone thro' the Hands of a Cunning Workman.

34. And there was an Arch before the Statue, and thro' the Arch sawest thou the Statue.

35. Then I beheld a Drawer, and he looked wistfully upon me, and his Countenance said, Sit down.

36. So I fate down, and I said, Go now, fetch me savoury Meats, such as my Soul loveth; and he strait-way went to fetch them.

37. And I said unto him, asked I not for *Beef*? wherefore then didst thou bring me *Parasley*?

38. Run now quickly and bring me Wine, that I may drink, and my Heart may chear me; for as to what *Beef* thou broughtest me, I wot not what is become of it.

39. Now the Wine was an Abomination unto me; nevertheless I drank, for I said, "Left peradventure "I should faint by the Way."

40. And I said, Tell me now what is to pay: and he said, Thou shalt know what is to pay.

41. Then pulled I out three Pieces of Silver, and I gave them unto him, albeit he looked displeased at me, as who should say, Pay me that thou *owest* me.

42. Have I not been thy Slave and thine *Ass* these five Minutes? Have I not served thee faithfully? According to the thing thou gavest me to do, even so did I.

43. Moreover have I any Wages save what thou givest me? Wherefore then dost thou withhold from me that which is my Due, and givest me not Six-pence? So I gave him Six-pence.

44. But after this he neither bowed, nor made any Obeifance unto me, and I repented of what I had done :

45. And I faid, How many Souls would this Mo-ney have comforted ! Verily it would have done a-way Sorrow from their Hearts, and made the Eye of the Mourner to weep with Joy.

46. So I departed and came unto the River :

47. And as I drew near, I called “ Oars ;” but there was not found that answer’d, “ Here am I.”

48. And it rained !

Here endeth the Firft LESSON.

The SECOND LESSON.

1. **N**OW there was moreover an Evening when the Sky was cloudy, and the East-Wind blew, and Men’s Hearts do fink with Trouble, and I waxed exceeding sorrowful.

2. And my Companions faid unto me, “ Why go we not *now* to *Ranelagh*-Gardens, that we may banish Sorrow from our Hearts ?”

3. So we went : and it came to pafs, that the Preparations by the Way-side filled our Minds with mighty Expectations.

4. And we faid one to another, What Building can this Man build, that fhall answer the Expectations he gives us by the Way ?

5. And we drew near unto the Theatre ; and as we entered the Theatre it fo fell out that our Expectations were *exceeded*.

6. Our Hearts leaped for Joy, and I faid unto my-
self, See now what mighty Pleasures may be pur-
chafed for a Shilling !

K

7. Where

7. Where now is the Sorrow wherewith I sorrowed, or the Grief whereof I grieved? Surely *Pain*, and *Anguish* are banished from this *Circle*: *Trouble* also and *Sorrow* have no Shilling to introduce them.

8. And the Lamps were not disposed as thou seest them in the Street, a-row; but like unto the Stars that are in the Firmament.

9. And the Organ *played*, and the Singers *sung*, and the Lamps *blaz'd*, and the Gilding *glitter'd*, and the Ladies *looked*, and I was fill'd with Joy; and I said, Is there now among the Sons of Men one that is happier than I?

10. Moreover the Words which the Singers sung enticed me to be *free and gay*.

11. So my Heart was enlarged, and I wished well even to mine Enemies, saving those that were my *Nation's* Enemies; to *such* wished I not well.

12. And my Soul was opened, and I talked unto the Stranger that was next me, even as thou wouldest talk unto thine Acquaintance, or thy Brother; and I said in my Heart, Are we not all one Family?

13. And the Physician that was with me said, Verily *this* is meet for an *English* Climate.

14. Nevertheless the *Gardens* are not yet to be compared to the *Gardens* on the *other side Jordan*, neither perhaps *will they*.

15. And there was a Time when the Man that ruleth at *Ranelagh* met the Man that ruleth at *Vaux-ball*, and as he drew near unto him, he cry'd with a loud Voice, "What dost Thou?"

16. And the Man of *Ranelagh* bespoke him fairly, saying, Wilt thou not I shou'd do what I will with *mine own*? Yea, verily, and with *other People's* also, seeing they have put it into my Hands.

17. If thou wilt pray for a *warm* Evening, shou'd not I pray also for a *cool* one, that it may be well with

with me? Wherefore let there be no Difference betwixt Thee and Me, for we are *Brethren*.

18. When the Man of *Vaux-ball* heard this, he was smitten at Heart, and he said unto himself, What shall I do now to disgrace this Man of *Ranelagh*?

19. And he said, Lo! *this* will I do; I will go hence unto a Seer, and I will cause him to lie down, and it shall be that when he waketh, he shall say, I have dreamed a Dream,

20. In Condemnation of *Ranelagh* shall he dream, and in Praise of *Vaux-ball* shall he dream, and I will print his *Dreamings* in the *Champion*.

21. So he did even as he had said, and the Dreamer dreamed, and the *Champion* printed, and the Readers at the Coffee-house interpreted the Dream.

22. Moreover the Man of *Ranelagh* cast his Eye upon a Field, and he said, I will purchase that Field, for so shall I make an Addition to my Garden.

23. And he said unto the Owner of the Field, Lo now what shall I give thee for the Field which joineth unto my Garden? And he said, An hundred Pieces of Gold.

24. And he said, I will not give thee an Hundred Pieces, albeit Ninety and nine Pieces will I give thee.

25. And it came to pass, that while he was yet speaking, the Man of *Vaux-ball* entered the Threshold, and paid down the Hundred Pieces; and when he had paid down the Hundred Pieces, he said, The Field is mine ———

26. Now as touching a Comparison betwixt these Places, I will not say that I greatly desire it.

27. For they have *both* their Beauties; albeit *sundry* and *divers* are the Beauties of these Places.

28. For as there is a Time to eat, and a Time to drink, and a Time for neither: and a Time to

walk, and a Time to sit still, and a Time for neither : Even so there is a Time for *Ranelagh*, and a Time for *Vaux-ball* : Is there not also a Time for *neither* ? G—d forbid !

29. Moreover I did eat and drink at *Ranelagh*, as I had before eaten and drunk at *Vaux-ball* ; but the Wine and the Drawers were an Abomination in both Places.

30. Now when I had walked the Circle of *Ranelagh* many Times, and had beheld the same *Faces* many Times, and the same *Laces* many Times ;

31. A sudden Weariness came upon me, and I began to moralize, and I said, *Such* also is the Circle of *Life* ! ———

32. And as I came forth a Coach-man said unto me, Would your Honour have a Coach ?

33. And I looked, and behold it was as it were Noon-day, and the Road was lighten'd, and the Weather was grown warm, and the Feet of Travellers was heard upon the Road, and I said, Nay, I will walk *bence*, for it is salutary, safe, and pleasant.

34. So I came unto my own Home.

35. Moreover it happened that in those Days lived an exceeding poor Widow, and she said unto herself, wherewithal shall I get Money ?

36. And she said, when there appeareth a Comet in the Sky, do not the People go forth at Midnight ? do they not gape and stare, and are not they greatly alarmed ?

37. And do not the old Men go forth, and the Prophets prophesy ? Yea, doth not *Whis*——n the Prophet prophesy *exceedingly*, albeit it cometh not to pass ?

38. Thus are they alarmed, both small and great ! Come now therefore, let us make unto ourselves Comets of *Gun-powder*, and Comets of *Salt-petre* ; and
it

it shall be, that while they gape and stare, I will pick their Pockets.

39. And she did even as she had said : according to every Word that she had spoken, even so did she. She made unto herself Comets of *Gun-powder*, and Comets of *Salt-petre* ; and while the People gaped and stared, she *did* pick their Pockets.

40. Moreover she contrived a Sound *like unto* the Sound of an Organ, and a Sound *like unto* the Sound of a Fiddle ; and it pleased the People, and they wot not that their Children wanted Bread.

41. And thus it was that the Rulers of the *Land ran away* with one half of the Substance of the Poor ; and that Mother *C—p—r, &c.* challenged the other half. And nothing flourished in those Days, saving the *C—t* and the *Cake-house*.

42. And when her Fire was waxed low, she had Recourse unto *Puffs* ; albeit her *Puffs* were as the *Puffings* of an Old Woman that hath an *Asthma*.

43. And her Devices grew stale, and her Fireworks failed, infomuch that when her Rockets rose, they were even as *the Stars which cause no Admiration*.

44. And when she departeth hence, shall it not be said of her, That her Days were even as the Days of a *Salamander* ? She made her Nest in the midst of the Flames : even amidst the Fire of Whores and Combustibles ! But the Fire is out, and her Name is *extinguished* ; yea, even as a Rocket is she vanished, which blazes for a while, then sinks, and is forgotten.

Thus endeth the second Lesson.

The

The EPISTLE for the DAY.

Being Part of the Second Chapter of the Acts
of the PATRIOTS.

1. **T**HEN said the Man *William*, Are these Things so?

2. And when the Day of Meeting was fully come, they were all with one Accord in one Place.

3. And suddenly there came a Sound from C—t, and it filled all the House where they were sitting.

4. And many were filled with Covetousness, and began to speak with other Tongues, as the Spirit of Lucre gave them Utterance.

5. And People were amazed and marvelled, saying one to another, Behold, are not all these which speak Pat—ts?

6. And how hear we these Patriots speak the Language of the C—t?

7. And the People were amazed and in doubt, saying one to another, What meaneth this?

8. Others mocking, said, These Men are Courtiers.

9. But the Man *William* standing up, lift up his Voice and said unto them, Hearken to my Words:

10. For these are not Courtiers, as ye suppose, seeing they have not as yet accepted Places.

11. Now when they heard this they were pricked in their Hearts, and said unto *William*, and the rest of the Pat—ts, What shall we do?

12. Then *William* said unto them, Recant, and be persuaded, and every one of you shall receive Gifts.

13. For the Promise is unto you and to your Children, even as many as our Lord the K—g shall call.

14. And