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A
PACQUET
FROM
PARNASSUS:
OR, A
Collection of Papers,
VIZ.

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|---|--|
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Vol. I. Numb. I.

London Printed by J. How, in the Ram-Head-Inn-Yard in Faneburch-street; and Sold by J. Nutt, near Stationers-Hall, 1702.

1st for Mass 27/2/34



THE
PRINTER
TO THE
READER.

Kind Reader,

ALL Mankind love to have their Humours Pleas'd, and nothing but Variety can be capable of Tuneing to the Change of every Gust; I have try'd the Method to Please, by Printing what some of my Friends have thought Ingenious, and Diverting, being several small Manuscripts, upon different Subjects, which they have furnished me with: A long Harangue on one Head, is as tiresom as a long Sermon, whilst in a Comprehensive Discourse, like a Chymical Preparation, there is found the Quintessence of

A 2

The Printer to the Reader.

of every Simple, tedious in its own Operation; So I hope every Attempt, in this Tract may be Diverting: Yet, like a Prudent Father, I have not bestow'd my whole Estate upon my First-Born, but have still left wherewithal to set up Younger Children of the same Name; for, by the Assistance of the Ingenious [whose Manuscripts I shall kindly Receive, and Print as occasion offers] I hope to Breed, like Tame Pidgeons, every Month.

I shall Print nothing Obnoxious to Religion, Good Manners, or the Government: So that if my Innocent and Harmless Intentions meet with your Approbation, it is the height of my Ambition.

A

Collection of Papers, &c.

THIS being a Banquet consisting of several Dishes and Messes, in order to please all sorts of Tastes, we thought it not improper to Present the Reader with a Bowl of Punch, not to intoxicate his Brains, but whet his Appetite, and render him more Greedy of the rest that follows.

On a Bowl of PUNCH.

NOT I, I have done with Kings, Heroes, and Gods,
 Your Honour, your Highness, and those Alamodes:
 I have nothing to say to his Grace, let him Snoar
 On Safely, let others Fawn, Flatter, Adore;
 I've no suppliant Preface, no kind Dedication,
 To clean after Perusal, his Lordships Foundation:
 Come, bring in the Subject of what we design,
 'Twill Enliven each Thought, and Inspirit each Line.
 Quick, draw the Scene, shew what my Muse wou'd be doing;
 What! A Punch-Bowl, ay Dear Honest Jo, and of my own Brewing;
 Come squeeze in the Lemons, nay fill up the Bowl,
 What a Miser at Cups, were't as large as my Soul!
 We'll Attack the brisk Ocean, were it wider and more,
 When once w' are a Swimming, 'tis no matter for Shore;
 Spacious Toasts that float, and move round the Brim,
 All stately as Ships in their Ocean do swim.
 You talk of a Sight, of a Field of Commanders,
 Of *Cæsars* and Heroes, and great *Alexanders*,
 Not *Cæsar*, who with Lawrels and Honours abounded,
 Looks so stately as the Bowl all with Lemon surrounded.
 Come here's to th' Kind-She that begins with an S,
 Nay drain the brisk Bumper, we'll not bate you an Ace;

B

Well

Well inspir'd by that Glass, how my Soul doth improve,
 And where the Punch enters, I feel the God move :
 And since I'm reviv'd come relate now my Muse,
 To th' Immortal Renown of the Adorable Juice ;
 What first was the Origine of this Noble Liquor,
 (But come t'other Glass, 'twill make my Muse quicker)
 'Twas of Earliest Date, 'twas the Nectar supream,
 And in Heaven as well as on Earth in Esteem.

When the Conclave of Deities met to Carouse-ye,
 And each willing God did encline to be Bowfy ;
 Each loll'd on his Cloud, and cashering all thinking,
 And Care of the Stars, fell devoutly to Drinking.

Vulcan first Ushers in, to promote the design,
 A Table, as Skinker to the Senate Divine ;
Jove, instead of a Bowl, Globe Celestial prepares,
 All Damask'd with Figures, all studded with Stars ;
 Next *Bacchus* rush'd in, after a tedious Fegary,
 Newly arriv'd from the Sea with his freight of Canary ;
 Then *Neptune* succeeds, the Design to Advance,
 With the choicest Ingredients and Quota of Nantz.
Apollo brings Lemons in no ordinary Store,
 Of the exquisit'st sort, from the distantest Shore :
 And *Juno* (who streight for that purpose withdrew,
 To her Closet hung with Tapestry of Sky-coloured Blew)
 Brings the Noblest Loaf-Sugar e'er Pleasur'd the Taste :
 Pretty *Venus* too, 'midst all the rest runs in haste,
 With her Toasts newly Nutmeg'd, and all things encline,
 To make the Gods jovial, and doubly Divine.

But in this Noble Congress, why was not *Mars* there ?
 No, he's apt to breed Quarrels, and therefore for fear,
 They exclude him their Clubs, as the *French* do the *Dutch*,
 For neither Gods nor Mankind have a kindness for such.
 As for Musick, the Spheres their best Harmony try,
 While *Cupid* pours out to the Sons of the Sky.
 Now in process *Apollo* began to look red,
 And therefore withdrew very Wisely to Bed.
Neptune totters next, the Water stood in his Eyes,
 Honest *Vulcan* too, Punch Blind, thought it season to rise,
 But stumbled o'er Capricorn missing his way,
 And limp'd from that time, as Chronologers say.

Bacchus

Bacchus keeps to his Glass, and tho' his Brains rowl,
 Holds to't, and *Jove* Dubb'd him the God of the Bowl.
Jove held out the longest, and therefore the Gods
 Made him King of the Stars, and Supream of the Clouds.
 But since the first Rise of the Liquor Divine,
 None with greater Lustre does in History Shine,
 Of Banquets and Treats which time does Record,
 At the Heroical, Royal, or Imperial Board,
 As *RUSSELS* Illustrious Generous Bowl,
 And Worthy its Owners Magnificent Soul,
 Whose Fame stretches farther than Billows can rowl;
 When he Drown'd French Pretences, and the Navy *Le Grand*
 No longer cou'd Thundering *RUSSEL* withstand.
 When he Buried whole Shoals in their Watry Graves,
 And drench'd the French Lillies under the Waves;
 In an Action as signal and immortal as Fame,
 Which Ages and Annals to come shall Proclaim.
 He rear'd a Cascade like the Escorial Great,
 And more the Worlds Wonder a Punch-Bowl of State;
 Where with Cup, Cup, and Cup, and with Bumper and Bumper,
 Bowl and Glass, Glass and Bowl, each look'd plumper and Plumper.
 After Vollies repeated, and numerous filling,
 The *English* still plying, the *Spaniards* still reeling,
 Fell at last like the *French* before *Iniskilling*.
 Here Don *Pedro*, and *Gomez*, *Alonzo*, and *Jago*,
 There *Papuchin*, *Rodriguez*, and *Gastinago*,
 Without any Distinction lay all in a Bunch,
 Fell'd flat on their Backs by the stout *English* Punch;
RUSSEL still held his Bumper, and the Brave *English* Hearted,
 All quast off a Requiem to the *Spaniards* departed.

And now we shall proceed to something not Improper for the
 Present Conjunction; being,

A Dialogue between *Monarchy* and *Democracy*.

Democracy.

WHAT Wretch is this, what Creature so Brainfick,
 Thow't like (methinks) some Body Politick;

*Whose Fears, whose Hatred, and intestine Fars,
Threaten (if I mistake not) Civil Wars.*

Monarchy. Thou speak'st the Truth, I fear thou art in blame,
Thou seem'st to know so well. Pray what's thy Name?

Dem. Democracy's my Name, hast thou not heard of me.
The Eldest Child to Gros's Pres——rie.

Mon. Ah! Monstrous Fiend, too well I know thee now;
No Friend to Peace, nor to my Aking Brow;
Many a bitter Dose from thy rude hand I've tasted,
Which both my Grandeur and my Strength have wasted.

Dem. Pray give good Words, thou art in Danger yet,
I hope again the Victory to get:

*Legions in Heart are Arm'd, there's only M and S,
Will not my Projects with their Consents Bless:
Look well upon thy self, and there thou'lt see
Thy Foot a Hand, thy Hand a Head wou'd be,
And all Advis'd by none, but only me.*

Mon. Thy Power is great, I must confess I know.
I many Downfalls to thy Counsells Owe:
Grandure indeed thy Heads and Hands Adorn,
Which they from Neighbouring Caledonia, have rudely torn,
While Majesty they Bought and Sold in scorn,

Dem. Err not, where I but Act by Toleration,
*Like all forbidden things I'm most in Fashion;
I hope at last to Rule the Eng——sh Nation.*

Mon. I know thy Craft indeed, thou'lt Plot when quaffing,
In Tavern, Cells, and cut Mens Throats still laughing;
As if thou meant no harm, only Religion
Thou'rt afraid's in Danger from some harmless Pidgeon:
Thou sow'st Ambition, and the Fruit's Contention,
Which for Preferment makes Men Rack Invention.

Dem. Thou'lt bit the Nail, 'tis Truth, but when in me,
*None need contend for Regal Majesty,
Unless he strive above himself to be.
For all are Kings, all Priests, and what needs more?*

Mon. Thou'rt a vast Sea, a Sea without a Shore;
A Chaos sure, a heap of all Confusion.
Order disorder'd by some choice Collusion.

Dem. I please the Mob, thou'lt heard the K——t Petition,
*The way to raise me is to sow Sedition,
And discontent Men in their best Condition:*

*If e'er I pull the English Nation down,
I must oppose the Nation to the Crown;
Then Farewel Crowns, and Miters too Adieu;
For to you two no Mercy I will shew.*

Mon. Thou speakst too plain; without Dissimulation,
Thou'lt ne'er trapan the Wisdom of a Nation;
Thou'lt been already too too much in Fashion:
Those Jugling Traytors that shou'd have Advised,
For *Europes* Peace, her Peace and Health despised.

Dem. *They were my Slaves, for such I always keep,
To steal me King—ms while the Keepers Sleep.*

Mon. But Sworn Physicians now are chosen, who,
I question not will soon remove my Woe,
And vigorously resist the Common Foe.

And now you that are for State Affairs, retire to another Corner of the Room, and Read the following Abstract of a *Letter to a new Member of the Present Parliament*, soon after his being Elected.

A Letter to a New Member of Parliament.

S I R,

SINCE previous Instructions to Members of Parliament have been of late so fashionable, you cannot think me singular in offering these to you: The concern of a Friend for you, must be allowed as great, as that of the Freemen who elected you; if you had their Votes, I assure you that you wanted not my Wishes.

It is an evident Proof of the Wisdom of your Corporation, that they chose a Person of your great Integrity and plentiful Estate; in one respect they knew you were above all ensnaring Places and Pensions, and in the other that you did not need them: If all Electors had such valuable and visible Pledges left with them by their Representatives, our Liberties would be safe, and we should have a glorious Senate.

However, tho' I am fully perswaded that your Vertue is impregnable, and that, 'tis above the Power of Temptation to make you Mercenary; yet since this will be your first Appearance in that *August* Assembly, it may be no unseasonable Caution to you, to be at first much upon your Guard; and this is a Juncture that requires more than ordinary

dinary Circumspection, when the Fate of the three Kingdoms seems to stand so Critically and Pendulous.

In the course of your Consideration about Publick Affairs, his Majesties Interest and Security, to be sure will come first into your Thoughts. The Sense of his Service to these Nations in delivering us from Popery and Arbitrary Power, must strike upon you such an Impression of Duty and Reverence, that I am sure you would sooner fall down and Worship him, than raise up a Finger against him; and be easier tempted to Idolatry, than Disobedience.

Your Country is that which next requires your Care: And you will find the Welfare of our Princes so happily interwoven with that Concern, that the whole of your Enquiry needs be but into those Measures that will best keep inviolable that Political Union. The ordinary means used by the Engines of Dissention to break it, are by raising and improving Fears and Dangers from the People and their Representatives. His Majesty was so sensible of the fatal effects of such ill Offices, and of the great advantage of a mutual Confidence between him and his Parliaments, that in his Answer to an Address from the Commons, *March 5. 1699.* he assures them, *That if they should hereafter attempt to put him upon other Methods by Calumnies or Misrepresentations, they should not only fail of Success, but should be looked upon and treated as the worst of his Enemies.*

After such Encouragement, you may boldly direct an Enquiry into all the Calumnies that have been raised and industriously spread against the last House of Commons. You must consider that the present House is of the same mortal Make with the last; you too may be blown off the Stage with as much Silence and Expedition as they were; so that you will discover a neglect of your own Preservation, if you do not reflect a little upon the Cause of their short continuance. Enquire but into the Conduct and Carriage of that House, and it may be something instructive to you how to order your own. A dead Body may, without Offence, be dissected for the Benefit of the Living; and in the Case of sudden Death, an Inquisition is more requisite to find out whether it was natural, or proceeded from external Force and Violence. A Stab in the Reputation of an Assembly is the most mortal Wound that can be given it; and if the last House of Commons did not deserve those Calumnies and Slanders that were fixed upon it, the many Attempts that were made to possess the King and Country of their Disloyalty and Disservice, are unpardonable.

It is indeed very wonderful that such false Reports should find so much

much Credit, as to sower so many Men in less than a Twelve-months time, against their own Choice and Representatives. Such Conduct is no small Reflection upon the Constancy of our Nation; but when the Behaviour of the last House of Commons is impartially considered, it will be a much greater upon their Judgement. It is as unaccountable a piece of Peevishness and Ill-nature, as it would be if all the new-Married Women in the Country should fall out with their good Men, for some of the best Qualities they ought to admire in them, *viz.* for being peaceable, frugal, and good Husbands.

Pray be pleased to consider what hath the last House of Commons done to deserve all the Anger that has been shewed in the late Elections against some of the most Eminent Members of it. Did they not engage in an immediate War with *France*? No more has any Prince or State in *Europe*, to this day: And if they preserved their Country from being made a Forelorn-Hope, surely their Caution is not to be discommended. We had at that time neither Alliances abroad, nor Preparations at home to act Offensively either by Sea or Land. All our Merchants Effects were in the Enemies Country; so that such an unreasonable Declaration of War had been only a telling of the *French* and *Spaniards*, what they might keep in their Hands, and how they might Engage us with our own Weapons. The *Dutch* were indeed then in some Danger, and the Parliament manifestly shewed their Concern for them. But for us to go before the *Dutch* into a War for their Preservation, was a piece of Precedence that no Englishman should like; and I am sure that we are obliged neither by Interest nor Situation to make *England* a Frontier to the *Low-Countries*.

If the Power of *France* was then so great and dreadful, and the *Dutch* so like to be swallowed, why were not other Countries alarmed as well as *England*, and as forward to declare War, without waiting for any other Alliance besides that of their common Danger? Certainly their Apprehensions could be no less than ours, and their Fears should make them as quick-sighted: For if the Banks of *Holland* are thrown down, they must needs see that the Inundation must first drive into their Territories. That some of them are of the *Roman* Catholick Religion, is but a Weak Defence; for *France* is a Beast of Prey, that will destroy without distinction; and as I must confess that the expectation of being devoured last by him is but bad Comfort, so to be the first to provoke and engage him, is worse Policy.

And therefore it must be owned, That the Measures the House of Commons took, were but the same that were considered in all the Councils,

Councils of Europe. That is, to take time to put the Nation in a good Posture; to give his Majesty opportunity to form Alliances that should at least ballance the Power we were to engage, well knowing that the Means to end a War with Success, was to begin it with Prudence.

It is not altogether unworthy your Consideration to find out from what Quarter all that Noise and Eagerness for a War with *France* came, and whether the fierce Promoters of it carried on the Contrivance out of Hatred to *France*, or Love to themselves. It will be easily found without any resort to a Conjuror, that they and their Adherents were the very Men, who in the last War manag'd and consum'd our Millions without any tolerable Account given of them, and fairly intend to try your Generosity and good Nature to trust them with as many more. They are such Men, whereof most owe their All to Grants and Taxes. The publick Revenue is their Element, and they cannot live without it. They are the Offsprings of War and Confusion, and, like Insects, thrive and fatten upon the Sores and Wounds of the Nation. You must not wonder to see these Men use all their Artifices to stifle the lamenting Voice of their Country, well knowing how scurvily they have used it.

If the last Parliament prepared a Bill of Accounts, surely you will not consent that it should be dropped this Session. I am sure you do not deal so with your own Stewards; and I have great Confidence that the Publick shall partake of the Providence and Care you shew in your own Family.

No doubt but you will follow the Pattern set you by your Predecessors, of reducing the *Exorbitant Power* of France; and the late Indignity offered us in that Kingdom, is an additional Aggravation. We, as well as other Neighbours, ought to be apprehensive of the overgrowing Figure of that Monarchy: But in the mean time you ought not to fix your Eyes so much upon the Greatness of *France*, to overlook every thing that grows on this side the Water. If you look about you, you will find Men at home that have of late spread their Wings almost as wide and fast as the *Grand Louis*: And all this done not so much by Brains as Foreheads; by a bold and audacious Imposition upon the Necessities of the King, and the Troubles of the Nation, in the time of a long and expensive War. Nay, tho' such Dealings be highly Criminal, and as base and unnatural as the Pilfering of a House when there is Fire in it; yet you must expect that any Miscarriages will be censured as unseasonable, and mark'd with the odious Names of Piques and Prejudices. You must be content to be thought a *French Pensioner*,

You must be content to be thought a French Pensioner, and as very a *Jacobite* as any at *St. Germans*. But I know such senseless imaginations will never move you an Inch out of your Duty: You will never think that a Reformation of Publick Abuses, is a private Concern, or any time out of Season; neither can you ever be brought to believe, that a Majority of a House of Commons, who are Gentlemen gathered out of all the parts of the Kingdom, shou'd have many Personal Quarrels with Men, who, perhaps some few Years since, were obscure, of low Condition, and not only unknown to them, but almost to all the rest of *England*.

Wise Men will think it a very false Gloss upon your Behavior, when your bringing of all Publick Money to Account, is interpreted a neglecting of *France* and the King's Interest. For my part I shou'd think that nothing cou'd be more Mortifying to the *French* King, than to find us frugal, and wisely proportioning our Expence of Men and Money, to our Abilities and Occasions. If some of our Millions can be found in treacherous Hands, will *France* be pleased at the Discovery? Will not they looner be brought to Honourable Terms, when they hear that the Funds for the last War (without thanks to the Managers) are not yet exhausted? But it must be an Everlasting Encouragement to them to defy our Force, when they find they are to engage only a Cheated and Bankrupt Nation.

All the Dust that is raised, with the stir and clutter of a War with *France*, is in earnest wholly design'd to Blind your Eyes, and to keep you from searching. These State Juglers wou'd by all means have you fix your Observation far enough from their Fingers; for there the slight is to beplay'd, and a clear conveyance to be made of your Money. So that when they set you upon your Guard against *France*, it were worth your looking about, to see whether they are not then making a Property of you for themselves. But tho' such Legerdemain Tricks and Stories may pass at Clubs and Coffee-houses, 'tis hoped they will never be so fatally successful, as to make a *Hocus* of a House of Commons.

It is too much an undervaluing the Abilities of our great Council, to suggest as if they cou'd not at the same time prosecute a War, and an Impeachment; it can imply no less, than that the Criminals are grown very formidable, when the Nation must reserve its self till it has all its Force to engage them: And if such Usurpers are still growing in Interest and Estate, it may be a Question, where the War ought to be first pursued; whether against the Foreign, or Native Invaders?

C

But

But indeed there is no Sense in the Supposition, That the Parliament cannot undertake to do their Country Justice for what is past, as well as secure it for the time to come. To look backwards and forwards, may strain the Opticks of one single Person, but five hundred Men may place themselves so, as to take several and different Views, without any Injury to their Eye-sight.

There is a period of Time to curb the Ambition of aspiring Men, which, if neglected, will make all future Remedies ineffectual. The Miseries of our late Civil Wars, should teach us when to keep a Watch upon a growing Faction; especially when by either Insolence or Interest, it pretends to engross and manage the whole Legislative Power. It is indeed, an unusual Monopoly, but yet it is that what some Men fairly aim at: Their Interest at Court plainly appears from the late Dissolution; the Strength of their Party shew'd it self in the House of P——s last Session; and no wonder, since they had so great a hand in making so many L——s and B——s; and now they push hard to make a House of Commons; which if they do, then may you expect a Home-Excise, and a Standing Army; one to Enslave the Nation, and the other to Pay them for their Pains.

It can be no unreasonable Jealousie, to suspect a Rape may be committed upon our Liberties, by those who have already not many Sessions ago, made such an open and vigorous Attempt. So that if you would make any thing of that late Act of Settlement of the Crown, besides waste Paper, it will become the fore-sight of a House of Commons to put an early check to any desperate Faction, who may have either Power or Inclination to disturb it. It was not for nothing, that we have had of late Years so many Pamphlets, to extol a Commonwealth, and to vilify the Royal Family. His present Majesty is sufficiently fixed in his Throne, and the Hearts of his People, to despise their Ambition; and were he as immortal as his Actions, our Fears would have less Foundation. A Lover may, without a charge of Disaffection, propose to his Mistress some Provision for a second Venter; and I hope if the People of *England* have an Eye to the Welfare of the next Successors, it cannot in reason be expounded any disrespect to their present Contract. And therefore, if you suffer any Rival Faction to multiply their Wealth, by committing into their Hands the management of so many more Millions; to double their Dependants, by opportunities of creating new Offices for new Funds; and lastly, to fortifie themselves with an Army commanded by Officers of their recommending; you may find hereafter that against such a powerful

powerful Party, bare and naked Right will prove but a very unequal Competitor. It will then appear that we have made but a very imperfect Provision to secure the reversion of the Government from Popish Hands, by sacrificing it to those of no Religion.

If you would not unwarily run into the Measures that will probably be propos'd by these Men at the next Parliament; pray consider how many of those that Elected you, can be pleased with such an unseasonable Compliance. You can expect the Thanks neither of Church-Men nor Dissenters; for assure your self the Faction that now labours to make a House of Commons, trouble not themselves about Religion: Wealth and Power are the only Terms of their Combination; they are like *Avery's* Crew, Plunderers of all Nations, and of all Communications, from the Church even to the Synagogue. The Dissenters surely cannot stand so much in their own light, as not to see who are for keeping a convenient Ballance in Church Government, and for securing our Ecclesiastical as well as Civil Liberties; while the other unaccountable Set, at the same time they were flattering the Dissenters, with might and main assisted in an Arbitrary and Popish Attempt to make the Lower-House of Convocation useless.

Nay even those who in their present Heats rail against the last House of Commons, when a little time and consideration brings them to themselves, will certainly then be offended at any Indulgence you shall allow to their present indigested Thoughts and Proposals. 'Tis a cruel piece of Compliance to humour a Phrensie; and when you see Men fooled and flattered out of their Senses, you will not surely think it becoming the Prudence of a House of Commons to follow the Dictates of such mistaken Creatures. The Interest of *England* is a compound Concern, and a solid Judgment cannot be made of it, without a due regard to every part of the Island; which cannot be expected from a better place than the House of Commons, where are Representatives from every Corner. And therefore what can be more saucy, as well as senseless, than for a few Men of one County to pretend to dictate, in a common Concern, and to Petition for the whole Nation? That only mistake in such Men's Punishment can be, that instead of the *Gate-house*, they should be sent to *Bedlam*.

Tho' Peace be a great and a valuable Blessing, yet a Nation may be sometimes so provok'd, as to make a just and necessary War almost unavoidable; and if, after mature Deliberation, you shall find this to be our Present case, I beseech you will next consider the Condition and Abilities of the Kingdom. I must confess it is but an unwelcome Pro-

Expect, and perhaps many will not care to look into it, but rather seek their consolation by a pleasing forgetfulness of all that is past, and with a powerful fancy that we have now as plentiful a Stock, as when our late Managers undertook the care of our Money. But certainly to a Person of your Knowledge and Experience, the Poverty of the Country can be no News. It can be no surprize to you to be told, That all the old Gold, and milled Money, which were formerly a hidden Reserve, and the frugality of many Generations, are now either all Melted down and gone, or among the current Cash of the Kingdom, so that the Nation, like a losing Gamester, has at this time it's last Stake upon the Board, to let our greedy Managers see, that this is all they can make of their Cully.

This then is the time to manage thriftily our little Remnant that is left; and you are to consider withal, that you have a National Debt to discharge, that will by far outweigh the whole reputed Cash of the Nation. So that when you are courted to let former Reckonings sleep in Oblivion, be pleased to consider then that it is not in your Power to make an honourable Complement of what is not your own; and that you ought to be Just, before you are Generous: That Parliament Credit, and the whole Treasure of the Nation, are too considerable a Sacrifice to the late Idols that some have set up.

It requires therefore abundance of Tendernefs and Skill to preserve a poor Nation that has been so roughly handled. We had almost as good have made one Present of our selves to our rapacious Managers, and so saved them the trouble of Acts and Subsidies, as thus to be almost tapped to Death at every season, and to leave the Kingdom like a dry exhausted Trunk of a Tree, so much exposed, that the least troubled Air will overthrow it.

I cannot act so much unlike a Christian as to tell you, I am fond of a War; but if the Circumstances of Affairs should make one necessary, my Request to you is, To see that the Camp is not Starved to Fatten Courtiers; That you will not endure to find poor Soldiers reduced to Necessity for want of their Pay, who undergo the greatest Hardships, while so many get Estates only by telling of Money, and with no other Labour but that of their Fingers; That you will not suffer an Admiral to turn *Leviathan*, to make a Pastime of his Place, and devour the poor Seamens Wages; That you will curb the avaricious Temper of such Men, as cannot be content with the profitable Income of the greatest Offices in *England*, without the unconscionable Supplements of Grants and Pensions. In short, That you will remove the
unseemly

unseemly Sight, that Upstarts should abound in Wealth and Pleasure when the rest of the Nation are poor and languishing.

We thought you would not long continue in your Serious Humour, and therefore take the t'other Glass of Punch, and Read the following Dialogue.

A Dialogue between the Late L— L—, Doctor Con—st and Charon.

Scene. A Key or Wharf, in a dark gloomy Region, where thousands of Paths from different Countries Periodiz'd, with a Boat fasten'd to the Stairs, that descend to Eternity, in which is an Old Man, who has a free Pass, to Ferry over Passengers to an unknown Country.

Lord L—— Entering the Boat.

Charon. **PAY** me my Fare first,
L—— *I have not a Jack by me.*

Ch. I believe it, for I know you hate them; but give me the Stivers.

L. *I have not so much as their Copy in our English Currant Coyn.*

Ch. Then you must wait, as you do at a Pew Door without Six Pence.

L. *I'll go back again, if you deny me Passage,*

Ch. That's Impossible!

L. *What must you have?*

Ch. Two Stivers and $\frac{1}{2}$, the same as from Delph to the Hague.

L. *I'll beg so much of an old Acquaintance I see coming;*

Ch. You'll find your mistake, for none use Charity that are to pass this way.

L. *Oh! Doctor are you to be my Companion? You that counted futurity in Heaven or Hell, only an invented Bug-bear, to Encourage, or keep the Rabble in Awe.*

Dr. Demonstration has brought me to Belief:

Ch. *The very Sight of my Boat convinces the greatest Disputants against futurity, better than the Preaching (as a Man may say) of Dr. M——, and several others.*

Dr. I wish it had hung in my Closet instead of Epicurus, Lucretius, and Hobbs's Works.

L. *Oh!*

L. Oh! Charon take me in quickly, for I see coming down yonder Hill a Bawling Rabble will tear me to pieces.

Ch. Sure you are not afraid of the Rabble, you us'd to be the Head of them.

L. But these are my Bawling Creditors.

Ch. I will be paid first.

L. Take then the Head of my Leaden Staff.

Ch. This is Currant, and will pass, for here is a Lyon Rampant in the middle; enter then Nimbly.

Dr. Here's Money Charon;

[Enter Rabble.

Rabble. Put back Charon.

Ch. Now I'm put off, I will put back for none but the States.

Rab. We have abundance of Judgements and Executions, against one of your Passengers.

L. Bawl on Dogs, now I'm priviledged every way:

Rab. A Boat and Water Bayly quickly, or our Debts are lost.

Dr. These Fellows call for a Boat, as if they would follow you to the other World,

L. They had, considering my manage, little reason, to hope for Justice from me on Earth, and sure they won't hope in the Region of Despair; but Dr, I wonder to see you here, who Justice acted between Man and Man.

Dr. I did; but the Plaguy Itch of gratifying my Senses, made me Live an Epicurian Life, which being contrary to the Precepts of the Priests, who bellow out Damnation to those that only gratify'd their Natural Dictates, put me, being learned in Natures Power, (which Learning made me Mad) to make my Deity of a second Cause.

L. If you only acted according to Natural Reason's Dint, sure you are not too Blame.

Dr. But to be plain, my Natural Reason, has been often nonplust, when I've considered the chain'd consequential Evidences from apparent Acts, but then I've left off a farther Progress in such curious Thoughts, yet willing at least (to seem) to save my Bacon, I have brought others by tricking Arguments to believe, what I my self doubted.

L. Now I never troubled my self about the matter, but Liv'd the Life of a Nobleman, for indeed, I seldom thought, unless how to get Money, and how to spend it.

Ch. I have carried several of such Nonputantes, who in my poor Boat, have talk'd of providing Ragou's, Burgundy, and Women.

Dr. My Lord, You had a Plague upon Earth, which I never had, the continual Duns of Tradesmen.

L. Custom

L. Custom and the Example of the greatest part of a Country's Nobility, made the Prayers and Tears of those I help'd to Ruin, not at all moving; but like an accustom'd Hangman, I felt no Compassion at others Miseries.

Dr. But did not some of the more Wealthy Prosecute you at Law for their Debts?

L. Yes, several Attempted to do it, but 'twas to little purpose, for our Privilege is so large, that 'tis ten to one, if a Man be not committed into Custody for breach of that Privilege, if he endeavours to gain his Debt by due Course of Law.

Dr. Poor Crediting Tradesmen have a sad time of it, for at this Rate, a Noblemans Pleasure is his Law, and if his Honesty won't oblige him to pay his Debts, the Laws won't.

L. 'Twas a wise Observation of an old Nobleman, that 'twas the most valuable Privilege the Nobility had, that they could not be compell'd to pay their Debts.

Dr. So, when they have trusted for their Goods, they have no hope of Payment, but from Voluntary Justice, or by continual Dunning, like the importunate Widow to obtain Justice.

L. I believe some of my C——rs were descended from that Woman?

Dr. Then they weary'd you at last, and for your own quiet they gain'd Relief.

L. Indeed, some of them were such continual Dunners, that I could not Eat in Peace, they desired their Provision back, when 'twas Dress'd at my Table: Unreasonable Rogues, to expect I should give them the Dressing of their Meat! But to be short, to be free'd from the importunities of some, I was forc'd to pay in part.

Dr. I wonder all did not take that Course, and tyre you!

L. They were so few which I paid any thing to, that there was not one in a Parish to tell the News, but I owing to so many, tho' each Man had Modestly Dun'd but once a Month, I should have had nine or ten in a day. Oh! how the Rogues us'd to stand like the Gentlemen Pensioners, on both sides the Passage, when the King goes to Chappel; some presenting Bills almost worn out in their Pockets; some Petitioning Letters setting forth their Necessities; some would Modestly step forwards, and whisper me in the Ear; some would impudently Bawl out for their Money, tell the Sum, and the long time it had been due. But after all, I serv'd them all alike, I had no respect to first or last.

Dr. Sure this must be very Vexatious.

L. 'Twas

L. 'Twas for a time, but Custom made the Demons not appear so Frightful; there was one Son of an Whore more Troublesome then all the rest, 'twas a Mercer in *Bedford-Street*, who had a Judgement for 600*l.* to pay for the Rigging of an old Whore, who had undone one Silly Nobleman before. That Fellow, would you believe it, of the fair spoken Rogue, just as I was Dying, would have served me with a *Ne exeat Regno*.

Ch. *He would have done you a Signal piece of Service by that.*

L. Hold your Tongue, Sirrah.

Ch. *You know there's Liberty of Speech on the Water, Master.*

I. But don't interrupt me, if you do, I'll——

Ch. *What will you do?*

L. I'll have you Preft, Sirrah.

Ch. *There are no Men of War belonging to this River; nay, there's no Vessel but mine, no variety of Ensigns or Colours, Deaths Head and Marrow Bones, is the only Flag in a Sable Field: I can out-do the Scotch, for they had Admiral and Vice-Admiral, to compose their Royal Navy, and tho' I have but one Vessel, I am Admiral, Vice-Admiral, and Rear-Admiral too.*

Dr. I find this Fellow understands something of the Affairs of the other World.

Ch. *How can I choose? When I have Dayly Passengers from all Countries.*

L. *Charon*, who is that that stands upon the Shore there, with the Picture of *Babel* upon his Head.

Ch. 'Tis the Master of the Ceremonies.

L. What Language does he speak, that we may talk to him, and try to curry Favour with him.

Ch. *The Master of the Ceremonies speaks all Languages, but the general Language is French.*

Dr. That's an Antient Language, for 'twas in French that the Angel——*Litera Scripta manet.*

L. But are there places and employs in Hell as there are upon Earth?

Ch. *The same.*

L. Then I may be Captain of the Band of Pensioners again.

Ch. *No they never turn any out of their Places, without they are Guilty of an high Misdemeanour, as Praying, or endeavouring to be Good and Honest.*

L. I turn'd out several on Earth for no other reason.

Ch. *Will ye Land Gentlemen?*

L. Prithee *Charon* carry me back again.

Ch. No,

Ch. No, I always go back Empty.

L. I'll give you half my Estate.

Ch. That's made over to your Son-in-Law.

L. But he will part with it again for my Advantage.

Ch. I know his Temper better, from the Character I've had of him, from several Black-wall Passengers.

*A long Prologue to a short, and an ill-Acted Play, spoken
by a Woman at Oxford; in the Year, 1691.*

WITH Monmouth's Cock, and Cutlace by my Side;
Strutting at least a Yard at every Stride;
I'm come to tell you; after much Petition,
The *Adm'ralty* has given me a Commission:
And now with *Bully-Tourvil* I'll Engage,
And try my Fortune on a Floating Stage.
What blustering *Tar* at this dares take Offence,
Whilst I stand * Thus to prove my just Pretence?
Will he pretend to Fight better than I?
'D's Death I'll tell him, D—e Sir, you Lie;
And then I'll ask him how they Fought at Rye?
Your *Bantry* Business too, was but a fetch,
Where you call *Running*, Batt'ring on a stretch;
But you reply, Your *Leaders* were to Blame,
Whilst I Condemn you all to bear the Shame:
For who the D—l e'er refus'd his Meat,
Because the other had no Mind to Eat?
The *Dutch* were Drunk, you Barbarously say;
Pray be you Drunk too, next time, so you'll stay;
For 'twas your Sober Fighting lost the Day,
For which at least two Millions we must Pay.

Old *ALBERMARLE* would say, That Men of War,
In Navies, stunk not half enough of *Tar*;
Your O'er-grown Pages, and Attorneys Clarks,
To Fight, and manage Fleets, were proper Sparks;
Then let the Spruce *Land-Pyrate* be Content
To Swagger in his Native Element,
And let *Tarpaulins* Rule, by my Consent.
For things look now, as if Men took Commission
To D—n all Discipline, and sow Sedition,
And Fighting were the least of their Ambition.

D

* Hand on bill.

No

No Matter who comes home with broken Bones,
 So you but come to touch the *Pattacoons*:
 The Pitch of Honour is desire of Money,
 That Paltry Coward Vice has quite undone-ye.
 You Court Preferment on no other Score,
 But to be *Poorly* Rich, and *Basely* Poor;
 For who would not propose a Trip to *Spain*,
 That in his Prospect has a double gain?
 To Line his Pockets, and to Save his Skin;
 For none must Fight with Merchants Money in.
 Your Heads run round with *Mexico* and *Sevil*,
 I wish their Landing-places at the D—l:
 Had the good King had but a just Relation.
 What Infamy, What Sums 't has Cost the Nation;
 He soon would D—n your Trade of *Importation*,
 And add it to the *Act of Navigation*.
 But then how shall we Live, you Murm'ers say?
 Z——s, can't you be Content with *Double Pay*?
 Shew us your *Double Merits*, Sirs, I pray.
 Some have got two Commands, by Land and Sea,
 Tho' one might safely Swear, might one be free,
 They're neither Fish, nor Flesh, nor good Red-Herring,
 Yet Col'nels are, and Captains with a Murrain:
 Boldly to these two Elements ye aspire,
 But at an *Awful* Distance, then you Fire:
 Some few there are, and they're a very few,
 To whom a fairer Character is Due:
 It is our Fate, our Frailty, or Disease,
 To Trust our Honour in such Hands as these,
Raw in their Trade, their Principles not Right.
With Hearts too Tender, and with Heads too Light,
Too Weak for Counsel, and too Nice to Fight.
 Their Bodies are not made of Battering Stuff,
 Their Cracknel Carcasses not Splinter Proof;
 And yet they'll fairly tell a Saylor's Tale,
 But must Attempt it in a Coat of Mail.

Time was when Captains went on their own Errants,
 And in their Pockets carry'd their Prefs-Warrants;
 But now y' Employ the Villains of the Fleet,
 Whilst you date from the *Downs in Bedford-Street*:

These

These plain dull Fellows no such Secrets found,
 To make Press-Warrants worth a hundred Pound;
 The times are alter'd, 'tis not now as then,
 For now you Press the Money, and spare the Men.
 But Hark!

Some Swag'ring Bully snaps me short, and Swears,
 D——me this Dog would fain be kick'd down Stairs;
 But by your Leave, Sirs, do you Fight at Sea,
 And then kick down the Monument for me:
 The *Parliament* may lay on us Taxation,
 But till they Cure this *Grievance* of the Nation,
 Monsieur will make the *Narrow-Seas* his Station:
 Then what becomes of all your Antient Rule;
 Your Right from *Edgar*, and Command from *Thule*?
 Believe me Sirs, It will be then Confess'd,
 Your Flag's a *Dish-Clout*, and your Claim's a *Jest*

The *Hardy Duke* we mention'd, whose great Name,
 Stretch'd the blown Cheeks of Trumpet-sounding Fame;
 Once Boldly try'd what *Englishmen* cou'd do,
 But such Examples who dares now pursue?
 A Five Days Fight he gloriously maintain'd,
 And what he lost in *Blood*, in *Honour* gain'd;
 To keep that Spotless, he the Ocean stain'd.
 He Fought, and Tack'd, and *Wheel'd* from Sun to Sun;
 Against at least the Odds of Three to One;
 Had you been there Sirs, what wou'd you have done!
 He ne'er stood shilly shally, *Keep a loof*,
 But Fought as if his Skin were Cannon Proof.
 Then all that can be said to do you right,
 You'll keep the *Wind*, as long as he did *Fight*.

To this, we beseech yee Gentlemen, let us add, That tho' the Play
 was ill-acted, yet the Gentlewoman spoke the Prologue well; and
 some People desire no other Immortality then Paper Eternity, and
 'tis fit the Lady should have her Deserts.

Luck without Labour: Or, what was beyond Expectation.

The Old Mans H E I R.

A Certain Country Gentleman in this Kingdom, to whom (by the Death of an Elder Brother) fell the Honour of a Baronet, and two thousand Pounds *per Annum*, having a regard to Posterity, tho' doubtful of his Ability, (being threescore and ten Years Old) Courted a Young Lady (Educated in a Court where reservedness was unfashionable) for his Bride. The two perswasive Arguments, Honour and Riches, prevail'd; for she could not, nor would not see a wrinkle in his Face, would not hear, (at least believe) he had any Infirmities, but wisely swallowed the Gilded Pill, knowing 'twould be for her future Good; but some time after they were Married, he finding he could make only weak windy Attempts towards Procreation, he began to Despair of having an Heir to his Family; but his Wife like an Obliging Woman, taking all the Care she could to gratifie her Husbands Desires, and to Pa'm a Credit upon him for getting a Child at those Years, had conversation with a Young proper Gentleman of equal Vigour with herself, whose agreeable Constitution soon gave cause for the old Man to cast away Despair, what Cracking and Bouncing, did he make of his mighty Performances? New Furniture for my Ladies Room, and what not that was curious, against her Lying In? When she was Delivered of a brave Boy, as like the Father as it could Stare, to be Heir to Honour and Estate; here was Luck without Labour, and good Fortune beyond Expectation.

Observation.

Mankind is so pleas'd at the Fruition of their desires, that they are often regardless how the accomplishment came to pass; Joy of Acquirement takes up the whole thought, makes no Queries how or which way. Besides 'tis so natural for every one to have a good Opinion of their own Performances, that 'tis easie to tickle a Man into a Belief that an ordinary Success in any Attempt of his own, was almost a Miracle: If publick Concerns prove Successful, every Scoundrel will be ready to claim a property in the manage; as the Fishwoman at Billingsgate cry'd out, We have mawl'd the French with

with a Witness.—*And in more private and particular Affairs (hap'ning agreeable) a Man is quickly induc'd to the Belief, that 'tis chiefly the effects of his own Act, if he had but a Finger in the Pye; but whether the Old Man had, or not, it never shall Trouble me, since he was pleas'd with handling the Bantlin, and was happy beyond his Expectation.*

Did you ne'er see the Cozen'd Daw,
 With tenderness o'er Chickens Kaw,
 Believing them the Offsprings of his Race?
 Such is the Fondness of believing Sire,
 Who has from others Labour his Desire,
 Fancy and self-conceit so strongly Sway,
 We cheat our selves, by Error led astray,
 And do assume the Deeds by others done,
 (If pleasing, and have colour) for our own.

'Tis such an undoubted Truth that the falsifying World is so experienc'd in the Art of Lying, that it would be thought an ill and unnecessary thing to supply it with any farther Instruction. To which 'tis answer'd No. For should Men only judge of the Beauty and Deformity of the Mind, by the well gloss'd Appearance; there is so much Lying and Dissimulation practis'd, that tis even to odd, they would be mistaken in their Belief; so this Dialogue is inserted to inform Men of the several methods in use, and the design'd advantages of Lying.

*A Dialogue between Dick Banter, and Tom Telltroth.
 Done out of Latin.*

Tom. *P*Rythee Dick, whence hast thou got thy Prodigious Stock of Lies?

Dick. *Where does the Spyder get her Thread?*

Tom. That's not a business of Art, but Nature.

Dick. *Why here the Seeds are Natural, tho' Skill and Practice make Men ready at it.*

Tom. Are not you asham'd of it?

Dick. *No more than a Cuckow of her Note.*

Tom. But 'tis in your Power to change your Note; and indeed a Tongue was given to Man that he might Speak Truth.

Dick.

Dick. *Nay, But that he might get by it ; and a Man does not always get by speaking Truth.*

Tom. *So sometimes a Man gets by having Light Fingers, and if there be Truth in Proverbs, Pilferers and Lyars, are near a Kin.*

Dick. *They have very Honourable Patrons, one has Homers great Man Uliſſes, and t'other the God Mercury, if you'll believe the Poets.*

Tom. *Why then are Lyars Curs'd, and Thieves Hang'd?*

Dick. *Not because these Lye, and those Steal, but because they do it bunglingly, as not being Born with a Genius for it, or not having Learnt the Art, and many times for want of Money to Bribe a Courtier.*

Tom. *Is there any Author that Teaches the Art of Lying.*

Dick. *Many Lawyers, Newsmongers, Rhetoricians have a good part of it.*

Tom. *The last indeed teach the Art of speaking handsomely.*

Dick. *And a good part of that Consists in knowing how, and when to Lye.*

Tom. *To know how to Lye ! What's that ?*

Dick. *Shall I define it ?*

Tom. *Ay.*

Dick. *'Tis so to Lye that a Man may get by it, and not be found out.*

Tom. *But we see them found out dayly.*

Dick. *They are but Prentices at it.*

Tom. *Are you Master of the Trade ?*

Dick. *Pretty well towards it.*

Tom. *Try if you can put upon me with a Lye.*

Dick. *Yes, Worthy Sir, I could put upon you too, if I would.*

Tom. *Let me hear you tell a Lye then.*

Dick. *I have just told one, and you ne'er the Wiser.*

Tom. *No you han't:*

Dick. *Well, mind, now I'll begin.*

Tom. *I do mind, Speak.*

Dick. *I have told another without your finding it out.*

Tom. *I am sure I have heard ne'er a Lye yet.*

Dick. *That's because you know nothing of the matter.*

Tom. *Do you discover it then.*

Dick. *First, I called you Worthy Sir, and is not that a Swinging Lye, when you are nothing worth ? Or if you had been good for a little, Worthy Sir, is a Title given only to Men of Eminence.*

Tom. *Here indeed you Caught me.*

Dick. *Now see if you can find the other out your self.*

Tom. *I cannot.*

Dick. *Why, you are less sharp then you us'd to be.*

Tom. *I confess it, but do you shew me.*

Dick.

Dick. *Did not I Lye with a Vengeance, when I said Now I begin to Lye? and have done nothing else for so many Years, and but just before had told you a Rapper.*

Tom. *Excellent Impostor!*

Dick. *But now, being sufficiently Warned, Prick up your Ears, and try if you can Catch me.*

Tom. *I'll Prick my Ears up I warrant you, begin.*

Dick. *Nay I have done already, and you Lie with me for Company.*

Tom. *By and by you will perswade me out of my Christian Name.*

Dick. *Why Mens Ears are immovable, and not to be prick'd up, or bung down. I Lied in saying Your Ears were to be prick'd up.*

Tom. *Such Lyes every Man tells dayly.*

Dick. *Not such Lyes good Sir, these are but Jest, there are others a Man gets by.*

Tom. *A Lyers Gains are more filthy than a Gold-Finders.*

Dick. *Ay, Ay to those that don't know how to get by it.*

Tom. *Why, what is it you know of the matter?*

Dick. *There's no reason I should teach you for nothing; down with the Pence, and I'm ready.*

Tom. *I shan't buy Repentance so dear.*

Dick. *Do you sell your Wares for thanks?*

Tom. *I am not so Mad.*

Dick. *I'd have you to know that the Mystery of my Trade, is worth more than all the Stock in Yours.*

Tom. *E'en keep your Mystery to your self; only shew a Sample of your Handy Work, that I may see all are not Braggs.*

Dick. *Take a Sample then; I Engage my self in as much Business as I can of my own, and of other Folks; I Buy, Sell, Receive, Borrow, and lend on Pawns.*

Tom. *What of all this?*

Dick. *By these means I Nab those who are easily put upon.*

Tom. *Who are they?*

Dick. *Blockheads, Forgetful and Negligent People, those who live a great way off, and the Dead.*

Tom. *Ay, Ay, Dead Men can't Bite.*

Dick. *When I sell any thing, I set it down in my Journal.*

Tom. *What then?*

Dick. *When I come to receive the Money, I charge the Buyer with more Goods than I sent in, and if he be Negligent, or Forgetful, all this is clear Profit.*

Tom. *What if he Object?*

Dick. *I produce my Journal.*

Tom.

Tom. What if he stands it out, and can prove that he never receiv'd what you charg'd him with?

Dick. I make as much Noise as I can (for I have nothing to do with Modesty) and if that won't do, I invent some flam or other.

Tom. But how do you come off, when the matter is fully discover'd?

Dick. Oh! Nothing more easy; my Boy Mistook in the Entry, and truly I had quite forgot the Business. Another way is to mix several Accompts together. And thus it is very easie to trick 'em: As for Example, Some of these are Crost, the Money being receiv'd; Others have nothing drawn out: And these, both one and t'other, I write over fair in my Pocket-Book, where nothing is Crost out. When this is brought to Account, we contest it, and most commonly I Huff or Swear 'em out of it. Another Trick I have is, To carry in a Bill when a Man is just going to take Horse for a Journey, and perhaps his Books not Posted; whereas mine are always in a readinefs. Now and then, something of Value is delivered to me to send to another in the Country, which I neither send nor Return: A long time after, perhaps he to whom it should have been sent, hears of it; And then, if I cannot deny the Receipt of such a thing, I say it is lost, or affirm I sent it, and lay the Blame on the Carrier: And if after all it can't be avoided but I must restore it, I at least reserve a Snip to my self.

Tom. Troth a very pretty Trade.

Dick. When I can, I receive Money twice on the same Account; First perhaps at my own House; afterwards I call for it (for I am here, and there, and every where) in length of time the Business is forgot; Accompts are lost; some Body Dies, or takes a long Journey; or suppose the worst, I have the use of another Mans Money all this while. Others I bubble into a fair opinion of my Truth by a shew of Charity. But what I give that way, is always anothers; for of my own I would not give a Farthing to my Mother: Now tho' there seems to arise but little Profit out of each of these singly, yet out of all together (for I practise 'em all) I make no despicable increase. When my Tricks are grown numerous, I observe the following Cautionary Methods to prevent Discovery: All the Letters I can handsomely intercept, I open and Read; if they contain any Grounds of Jealousie, I Suppress them; or if I return them, take my own time for it. I also take Care by my Lies to sow Strife between distant Friends.

Tom. Why so?

Dick. For two Reasons. First, If the Bargain for which I receiv'd a Premium in anothers Name be not performed (for many such Blind Bargains I make) I shuffle it off between one and t'other as I can.

Tom.

Tom. What if he denies he gave you any Commission?

Dick. *He is a great way off; suppose at Bazil, when I make the Contract in England: By this means also they quarrel, and if either accuse me, the other is sure not to believe him. Thus have I given you a Specimen of my Art.*

Tom. Why truly to this Art we dull Fellows that us'd to call a Spade a Spade, give the Name of Theft.

Dick. *Fie! You might be asham'd to call the concealing a little transitory Pelf, the forswearing a Debt, or such Peccadillo's by the scandalous Name of Theft.*

Tom. That's the right Name.

Dick. *You do not consider the Prudence of this invention, which yields a greater Profit, at least equal, with less hazard.*

Tom. For a Farewel may your Lies and your Impostures be Detected, and you justly Rewarded.

Dick. *You grin now with your Ragged Vertue, whilst I by my Lies and Thefts (as you call them) live Deliciously, Blest with the Favours of Uliesses and Mercury, my Saint and Deity.*

To Mr. S—— by Mr. P——.

WHilst Crowding Folks, with strange Ill-Faces,
 Were making Legs, and begging Places;
 And some with Patent, some with Merit,
 Tyr'd out my good Lord D——'s Spirit.
 Sneaking I stood amongst the Crew,
 Desiring much to speak with you.
 I waited till the Clock struck Thrice,
 And Footmen brought up Fifty Lies:
 But Patience vex'd, and Legs grown weary,
 I found it was in Vain to Tarry;
 And did Opine it might be better,
 By Penny-Post to send a Letter.
 Now if you miss of this Epistle,
 I'm baulk'd again, and may go Whistle:
 My Business, Sir, you'll quickly guess,
 Is to desire some little Place.
 And fair Pretentions I have for't,
 Much Want, and very small Desert:

I ne'er Writ to you but I wanted,
 I've always Begg'd, you've always granted;
 To my old Custom still I'm true,
 For God's-sake don't you get a new;
 But as you took me up when little,
 Got me my Learning and my Victual,
 And still Equip'd me with things fitting;
 Kind as I'd been your own begetting;
 Confirm what formerly you've given,
 Nor leave me now at Six and Seven,
 As S—— has left *Mount S——n*.

No, Family that takes a Whelp,
 When first it Lapps, and scarce can Yelp,
 Neglects or turns it out of Gate,
 When once 'tis grown to Dogs Estate;
 Nor Parish, if they once Adopt
 The helpless Barnes by Strowlers Dropt,
 Leave them, when grown up Lusty Fellows
 To the wide World, (that is, the Gallows.)
 No, (thank them for their Love) that's worse,
 Than if they'd throttled them at Nurse.

* My Uncle (Rest his Soul) when Living
 Might have contriv'd my means of Thriving.

* *He was a Vintner.*

Taught me with Cyder to replenish;
 My Fats, at Ebbing Tydes of Rhenish!
 And when, for Hock, I drew prick'd White-Wine,
 Swear 't had the Flow'r, and that 'twas right Wine:
 Or put me with seven Pounds to *Furni——*

Fals-Inn to some good Rogue Attorney;
 Where then by forging Deeds and Cheating,
 I'd had some handsome way of getting:

You made me leave all this to follow,
 The sneaking Whey-Fac'd God *Apollo*,
 Of Folks I'd never seen nor knew,
Calliope, and God knows who.

To add no more Invectives to it;
 You've spoil'd the Youth, to make the Poet.
 In common Justice, Sir, sure No man
 That makes the Whore, but keeps the Woman.

And

And 'mongst all honest Christian People,
 Who e'er breaks Limbs, maintains the Cripple.
 The Sum of all I have to say,
 Is, that you'd set me in some way,
 And your Petitioner shall Pray.
 There's something more I'd almost Slipt,
 But that will do as well in Post-script;
 My Friend C— M—'s Preferr'd,
 Nor would I have it long observ'd
 That one Mouse Eats, and t'other's Starv'd.

*Several Sentences apply'd by Pasquin, to several Princes
 and Countries in Europe.*

Pontifex. The Pope.

Venerunt in hereditatem meam, & Polluerunt Templum sanctum meum.
 They are come into mine Inheritance, and my Holy Temple
 have they Defiled.

Imperator. The Emperour.

Reddite ergo quæ sunt Cæsaris, Cæsari.
 Render therefore unto Cæsar, the things which are Cæsars.

Germania. Germany.

Eamus & nos, & moriamur cum illo.
 Let us also go, and let us Die with him.

Hispania. Spain.

Diviserunt sibi Vestimenta mea.
 They parted my Raiment among them.

Hannovera. Hannover.

Facta est Austria Sanctificatrix, & Joseph Potestas mea.
 The House of Austria Sanctify'd me, and the Arch Duke is my Power.

Bavaria. Bavaria.

Lætatus sum in his quæ dicta sunt mihi in Domo Domini habitabo.
 I rejoyced in those things, of which they told me, I will dwell in
 the House of the Lord.

Palatinus. Palatine.

Vendite quæ possidebis, & dabe mihi Eleemosynam.
 Sell what ye Possess, and bestow your Charity upon me.

Moguntia. Mentz.

Cujus est Imago hæc? Responderunt Cæsar.

Whose is this Image? They answered, *Cæsars.*

Colonia. Collogne.

Si oblitus fuero Tui, Oblivioni detur dextra mea.

If I forget Thee, let my Right Hand forget her Cunning.

Brandeburgum. Brandenburg.

Unxit me Oleo Sancto Suo, non Obliviscar in æternum.

He hath Anointed me with his Holy Oyl, I will never forget him.

Polonia. Poland.

Et in Afflictionibus cordis, mei exultabunt Inimici mei.

And in the Sorrows of my Heart, my Enemies Exalted themselves.

Muscovia. Muscow.

Ego veniam & curabo eos.

I will come and heal them.

Suecia. Sweden.

Vindicabor de Inimicis meis,

I will revenge my self upon mine Enemies.

Dania. Denmark.

Et flebimus dum recordamus Tui, Zion.

And we will Weep, whilst we remember Thee, O Zion.

Anglia. England.

Inimici ejus, Domestici ejus.

His Enemies are the Men of his own House.

Orangia. Orange.

Nolite timere, pusilli corde, Ego sum, &c.

Do not Fear, ye Faint-Hearted, I Live, &c.

Parliamentum. Parliament.

Sine me factum est nihil.

Without me ye can do nothing.

Batavia. Holland.

Timor Gentium concussit me.

The Fear of the Nations is fallen upon me.

Lorena. Lorain.

Memento mei Domine, cum veneris in Regnum tuum.

Lord remember me, when thou comest into thy Kingdom.

Suizzeri. Swissers.

Ecce duo gladij hic.

Behold here are two Swords.

Italia.

Italia. Italy.

In manus tuas Domine commendo Spiritum meum.

Lord, into thine Hands I commit my Spirit.

Venetia. Venice.

Denumeraverant Omnia Offa mea.

They have diligently numbred all my Bones.

Sabaudium. Savoy.

Antequam Gallus cantet, ter me negabis.

Before the Cock shall Crow; thou wilt deny me thrice.

Mantua. Mantua.

Quid vultis mihi dare? & ego vobis Omnia tradam.

What will you give me? I will deliver unto you All.

Milan. Milan.

Timor & Tremor venerunt Super me.

Fear and Trembling is come upon me.

Genoa. Genoa.

Appropinquabit Hora.

The Hour will draw nigh.

Modena. Modena.

Ego si oportuit, mori tecum, non Te negabo.

Tho' I Die with Thee, yet will I not deny Thee.

Parma. Parma.

Transcat a me Calix iste.

Let this Cup pass from me.

Lucca.

Nihil sum Domine, ne in Furore Tuo arguas.

Lord I am nothing; do not Judge me in Thy Fury.

Florentium. Florence.

Sanguis meus effundetur pro vo bis.

My Blood shall be poured out for you.

Gallia. France.

Circuit, quærens, quem Devoret.

He goeth about, seeking whom he may Devour.

Lusitania. Portugal.

Hora est jam nos de somno surgere.

The Hour is now come to rise from Sleep.

*An Elegiac Ode, occasion'd by the Death of the
Reverend Mr. RICHARD ROBINS, who
Departed this Life the 5th Day of January, 1702.*

I.

HArk! A dread Voice of *SINAI* does rebound;
The *LAW* will now in *Triumph* Ride:
Must *ZION* hide
Her Ruddy Blooming Face,
And hang her Head
As if descending to the Dead?
No, no; make bare thine Arm, *Almighty GRACE*;
Encompass *ZION* round,
And free her from the fear of *SINAI's* Thund'ring Sound.

II.

'Tis a *still Voice* that Answer gives,
But *JEHOVAH's* there:
Rejoyce, O *ZION*, thy Redeemer Lives!
Yet there is Cause to Fear
Your Camp of *Achans* is not clear;
Since God denies
To hear the Churches Cries,
And would your *JOSHUA* no longer spare.
'Tis time to Listen to the Chast'ning Rod,
And turn aside the Terrors of an Angry God.

III.

Scarce ended were your Cries,
Or dry your Eyes;
Scarce finish'd *GAMMON's* Obsequies;
But the same Scene appears,
The Church again in Tears:
The *Shepherd's* Smitten, and the scatter'd Sheep
Can nought but Weep,
And Vent their Sorrows in the midst of Fears.

Brave

Brave ROBINS short-liv'd Race is run,
 As if at once 'twas finish'd and begun.
 Great was his *Task* and *Talent* too,
 Much Work he had to do,
 But little time allow'd to Plow and Sow,
 Before his Mounting Soul was call'd away
 To Reign with *CHRIST* in everlasting Day.

I V.

But hold ! There's Hope in Grief ;
 Then Sorrow not
 As if your Lot
 Was past Relief.
 God's Hand's not shortened that it cannot save,
 Nor heavy is his Ear,
 But still can hear,
 What e'er the *SPOUSE* in Faith can crave.
 Former Experience should your *Graces* raise
 To live in *Praying Hope* till you are fit for Praise.

V.

But since your Brightest *Evangelick* Star
 Does disappear,
 And leaves his *Helpless Pledges* to your care,
 Let the good Seed that has by him been Sown
 Spring up, and by it's Fruits be known ;
 In succouring the *Widow*, and the *Orphans*, shown.
 If ought could make him Pray,
 For longer stay
 On this side Blest Eternity
 (Besides the Service of the Deity)
 It was but to improve
 His *Conjugal*, and his *Paternal* Love.
 This Witness all can bear,
 Who the Advantage had of being near,
 When he in Death
 With fond Submission yielded up his Breath.

He met, and Triumph'd over *Terrors King*,
 Smil'd at his Dart; and valu'd not his Sting;
 But by his Patience let us plainly see,
 That *Death* is swallow'd up in *VICTORY*.

E P I T A P H.

Here Lies the *Fleshly Prison*, But the *SAINT*,
Triumphs in Heaven, free from all restraint
 Blest *ROBINS!* *Death* to him had lost his Sting;
 His great, *Aspiring SOUL* has taken Wing;
Soaring reach'd higher than the Starry Sky:
 He Liv'd by Faith, and did with Transport Dye.

N. T.

F I N I S.