

For'tis beyond all doubt if e'er
 His Wife's Salt Freaks had reach'd his Ear,
 Which all the Country round can tell,
 And her first C——old knew too well.
 He would some friendly Razor choofe,
 Or happy Cord on Rafter use,
 Ere flipt into dam'd Widows Noofe.
 But there I leave him to be merry,
 And now the Satyr growing weary,
 Thinks fit, dear Friend, to bid adue,
 And Pardon ask for tiring you ;
 As for *Sallacious* and her Men,
 Especially the Champion Pen,
 As he likes this, I hope he'll write agen.

*To the Right Honorable the Lady Olympia
 on her Genius in P O E T R Y.*

NINE Muses celebrate the Poets Art,
 And you a 10th shall teach the noblest
 Virtue and Beauty so divinely known
 In you, I thought, would be enough for one

Yet Heaven, that more admir'd its work should be,
Has gilt your Mind with glittering Poetry;
With Gifts uncommon has inspir'd your Soul,
Nor thought a part sufficient, but the whole.
Well may that happy Sex the World subdue,
That Conquer Men with Wit and Beauty too;
What foreign Force is proper for our Aid,
When Powers like these Great *Britain* does invade,
Our selves against our selves, we must divide,
And to secure us run off to your side,
With such a double Force when you assail,
Alas, what single Armor can prevail!
So fam'd *Thalestris* in the *Trojan* War,
Like *Pallas* Valiant, and like *Venus* Fair,
With double Weapons always gain'd the Prize,
Who mis'd her Sword, fell Prisoner to her Eyes.
Those who can with bright Beauties Charms dispence,
And think they're free, are captiv'd by your Sense,
And ah, what Force so strong that it should dare
To oppose the Good, the Witty, and the Fair;
Warm

Warm me then, Madam, by your Muses fire,
 And let me see the Works I shall admire,
 My Genius by your Influence shall breathe,
 And proudly bind your Bays into a wreath.

*An Epilogue intended for a late COMEDY,
 to be spoke by Mr. MONFORD, in a
 Presbyterian Cloak.*

From a strange Miracle which none can prove
 For sure no fool could e'er run mad for Love
 From antick whim, compos'd of Song and Rant
 Our hot-brain'd Scribler now will make me cant
 He says this Garb and a right Tone will fit
 Most of the City Wives that here are met,
 Which if it happen is a fair occasion
 To bring us all the Non-cons of the Nation:
 Things now, thank Heaven, are at a better pass
 Than late they were before the Act of Grace;
 And if this Project is but manag'd right,
 Gad we shall strip the Conventicles quite,

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