

That now can boast no greater Wealth my due,
Than a good Character from such as You.

XXXI.

And rich I am in that, may then your years,
Rowl on with Joy, and may you know no Cares,
May bounteous Plenty blebs you with her Store,
And all the teeming Western Mines with Ore,
May Spicy Breezes cool the parching Air,
That no hot Ray presume t' offend the Fair,
And in a happy hour may *England* boast,
She can win back the Treasure she has lost.

Mr. HAINE'S Second Recantation: A

PROLOGUE intended to be spoken
by him dress'd in a Turkish habit.

MY Reconversion, Sirs, you heard of late,
I told you I was turn'd, but not to what

The truth disguis'd for Cause best known to me;

But now what really I am, * — you see;

In vain did *English* Education work,

My Faith was fixt, I always was a *Turk*; Besides

* Stroking his Mustaches.

Besides my rambling Steps ere I came home,
Constant inople reach'd as well as *Rome*,
 And by the *Musti*, who nice Virtue priz'd,
 for being so Circumspect, was Circumcis'd;
 'Tis true, I did endeavor to refuse,
 That dam'd old silly Custom of the *Jews*,
 Because I was asham'd of being shewn,
 I was too plump a Babe, an Infant too well grown;
 But they would finish what they had begun,
 So between *Turk* and *Jew* my Jobb was done;
 I wish the promis'd blessing may appear,
 I'm sure, I bought Religion plaguy dear;
 For to be free, I greater Danger ran
 Of being an Eunuch, than a Musselman;
 But Constancy takes strangely in that Place,
 My manly Suffering won the Peoples Grace,
 Gain'd their Hearts, their chiefeſt Secrets saw,
 The whor'd and got Drunk contrary to Law:
 Had five Wives, thank the dear Prophet for it,
 Black, a Blew, a Brown, a Fair, a Carrot,
 And

And by the way, 'tis worth your Observation
To note, the follid Wisdom of that Nation:
Wives, are like Spannels there, and when ye marry
You need but whistle, Wife must fetch and carry,
A pretier Custom, if I understand,
Than 'tis in *England* here where they Command;
The Ladies here may without Scandal shew
Face, or white Bubbles, to each Ogling Beau;
But there close veil'd, not one kind Glance can fall,
She that once shews her Face, will shew ye all;
Wits there are too, but Poet there's but one,
A huge unweildy jarring Lute and Tunn,
That spite of all my Parts the Laurel won,
Not for his skill in Satyr, or in Lyricks,
Or for his humble Stile in lofty Panegyricks,
Or the rare Images that swell his Noddle,
But sitting up and Joking o'er a Bottle.
His Patron's Wit, still as his own is us'd,
Yet never had a Friend, but he abus'd,

What is his own has neither Plot nor Soul,
 Nor ever one good thought but what he stole;
 Eating, not Writing, is his proper Function,
 Supper's his Sacrament, his Extreme Unction;
 Like Whores condemn'd, that free themselves from
 Chains;

He pleaded for't his Belly, I my Brains,

But Poet Belly routed Poet *Haines* :

Missing this Post, I get into the Wars,

But finding quickly there's were real jars,

Not liking that robust Confusion there,

Sneak'd off in time, to get Commission here,

Well knowing that what ever wrongs are righting,

You *London* Blades, have wiser ways than fighting.

E I N I S.