Written for my Son, to ſome of the Fellows of the College, who took care of the School in his Maſter's Abſence.

WE of late had a terrible Rout in our Houſe;
If I happen'd to ſpeak, I was ſure of a Souſe.
My Mamma had the Tooth-ach, and I felt the Smart—
O * *Steel*, I for ever will value thy Art:
Both Children, and Servants, to thee are beholden;
Let them do what they would, they were ſure of a Scolding.
Athenians, I humbly beſeech you, explain,
Why the Tongue cannot reſt, when the Teeth are in Pain.

* *The Name of the Tooth-drawer.*

A Letter