



*Written for my Son, to Mr. Barry; occasion'd
by the foregoing Verses.*

SINCE Phæbus makes your Verse divine,
Since the God glows in ev'ry Line ;
Why should you think, but I, with Ease,
Might write my native, artless Lays ?

My Mother told me many a Time,
That Double-dealing was a Crime :
Alas ! and is it only so,
In us, whose Birth and Fortune's low ?
For you, tho' nobly born, descend
To injure, yet appear a Friend ;
And seem to make my Praise your Aim,
With more Success to wound my Fame.

So your *Apollo's* Priests, of old,

(As by his Poets we are told)

With glorious Wreaths the Victim drest;

Then plung'd the Poniard in his Breast.



CHINE. *Topography* *Myths* *Antique* *Religions*
Since the beginning of time;
Mapa *Geography* *History* *Tradition*;
Writings, *Mythology*,
Theatre, *Moral*;
The Double-dragon
Alike *was* *the* *way* *to*
To the *Holy* *City* *the* *Buddha* *was* *born*;
To *China*, *where* *the* *people* *gathered*;
Upon *the* *coast* *of* *the* *Red* *Sea* *they* *were* *born*.