



News from St. James's.

A Courtier, summon'd hence of late,
Was call'd to *Minos'* Judgment Seat.

THE *Cretan* Sage began the Charge,
Recounted all his Crimes at large;
His Infincerity, and Pride,
His Hundred evil Arts beside;
Arts, thinly veil'd with Virtue's Guise,
The modern Statesmans Scheme to rise.

HE, cringing, owns his Guilt, with Shame;
Yet from himself would shift the Blame;
Insists, that since the World began,
Kings seldom rais'd the virtuous Man:
(Some Instances must be allow'd,
Tho' almost lost in such a Crowd)

That

That Courts were other Things of late,
 Than when He rul'd the *Cretan* State :
 That those who breathe in them, will find,
 The tainted Air corrupts the Mind.

COURTIER, the Judge reply'd, beware —
Theander has resided there ;

The third of an accomplish'd Race,

Who fill'd successively one Place :

Yet see the Stream of Virtue run,

Untainted down from Sire to Son :

Humane their Hearts, enlarg'd, refin'd,

With ev'ry Gift to blest their Kind ;

In Friendship's noblest Zeal sincere ;

In Honour amiably severe ;

Steady to Faith, and Truth, and Right ;

With open Honesty, polite ;

With no Disguise in Speech, or Spirit,

But Modesty, the Mask of Merit.

TRUE,

TRUE, *Minos* — yet you must agree,
These Instances conclude for me.
They uncorrupt have breath'd that Air;
But how have they *succeeded* there?



Q

On