

Nor Tear, nor Smile did They imploy
At News of Public Grief, or Joy.
When Bells were Rung, and Bonfires made;
If ask'd, They ne'er deny'd their Aid:
Their Jugg was to the Ringers carry'd;
Who ever either Dy'd, or Marry'd.
Their Billet at the Fire was found;
Who ever was Depos'd, or Crown'd.

Nor Good, nor Bad, nor Fools, nor Wife;
They wou'd not learn, nor cou'd advise:
Without Love, Hatred, Joy, or Fear,
They led—a kind of—as it were:
Nor Wish'd, nor Car'd, nor Laugh'd, nor Cry'd:
And so They liv'd; and so They dy'd.

Horace Lib. I. Epist. IX.

*Septimius, Claudi, nimirum intelligit unus,
Quanti me facias: &c.*

Imitated.

To the RIGHT HONORABLE

Mr. H A R L E Y.

DEAR DICK, how e'er it comes into his Head,
Believes, as firmly as He does his Creed,
That You and I, SIR, are extremely great;
Tho' I plain MAT, You *Minister of State*.

One

One Word from Me, without all doubt, He says,
 Wou'd fix his Fortune in some little Place.
 Thus better than My self, it seems, He knows,
 How far my Interest with my Patron goes;
 And answering all Objections I can make,
 Still plunges deeper in his dear Mistake.

From this wild Fancy, SIR, there may proceed
 One wilder yet, which I foresee, and dread;
 That I, in Fact, a real Interest have,
 Which to my own Advantage I wou'd save,
 And, with the usual Courtier's Trick, intend
 To serve My self, forgetful of my Friend.

To shun this Censure, I all Shame lay by;
 And make my Reason with his Will comply;
 Hoping, for my Excuse, 'twill be confess'd,
 That of two Evils I have chose the least.
 So, SIR, with this Epistolary Scroll,
 Receive the Partner of my inmost Soul:
 Him you will find in Letters, and in Laws
 Not unexpert, firm to his Country's Cause,
 Warm in the Glorious Interest You pursue,
 And, in one Word, a Good Man and a True.



To