

Sept. the 6th,
Words, You have
or Nought.

Testament yo've done,
Dick Coke and Littleton;
pire your Brain,
ive Strain:
tion did pursue,
e *habendum* too.

Mortgage then,
how and when;
had passed away,
ent of Clay;
Purchase bought,
ng had he got.
) at last recal,
otten all;
make Law take Place,
-hand of Grace:
gn have mist,
angelist.

ot the start,
hurch or Temple were't
Tho

A Song

Tho' you so Zealously the *Non-cons* hate,
Methinks too like the *Pro* and *Cons* you Prate,
The Sermon is at best but a Debate:
Instead of Proofs you bring us Presidents,
Need more the Judges than the Saints consents.
You Declare, Plead, Join Issue or Demur,
Then sell at last with (*come ceo Sar*;))
Fatal Defeazance, for if you Preach so,
Your Hearers may remain in *Statu quo* :
So far you on the legal Rights intrench,
We scarcely know your Pulpit from the Bench.

A S O N G.

When first I saw *Laurinda's* Face,
I blest the dear Surprise,
For there was sporting every Grace;
Love wanton'd in her Eyes.

A thousand ways she has to move,
Not Looks and Smiles alone,
Her Shape and Mien might Conquer *Jove*;
And make the God her own.

On my leaving S—y.

But oh! the Fair displays her Charms,
 For Conquest, not Delight;
 Proudly denies those lovely Arms,
 To which her Eyes invite.

On my leaving S—y.

S—y thou dearest soft Retreat adieu
 Methink I tremble at the leaving you;
 You, whose safe Harbour kindly did receive,
 My Shipwreck'd Vessel and gave means to live:
 With Gilded Stern and Gaudy Sails I mov'd,
 Fraught with this Wisb, be Great and be Belov'd.
 My Pageant Bark undauntedly I steer'd,
 No Rocks nor Wind, nor Enemies I fear'd:
 Young and unskill'd in this unlucky Sea,
 For want of Ballast, Storms did ruin me.
 That blast of Hell, rude spiteful Pop'ler breath,
 Tore all my Sails and threaten'd sudden Death;
 There was no casting Anchor in this Storm,
 That was but Ruin in another Form:
 For hope was all the lading I could boast,
 Thus was I most inevitably lost.

Lest to the Me
 My ratter'd Bark
 Till some kind
 For her repaire
 'Tis true, thou
 With Masts an
 But as a Pleasur
 (Happy defect t
 Where no rough
 And if I please a
 There on a verd
 Contempn perfui
 At all my forme
 And blefs the Sto
 The Fortunate t
 Those solid Joys,
 But ah! the Fat
 To the loath'd Occ
 Guard me ye Gods
 Tho' I am seen, y