

Hue and Cry, upon Hue and Cry :

O R, A N

Enquiry after a Poet,
Who was *Deliver'd* of his WITS, on
Tuesday the 21th Instant, and has not
since been heard of.

Being an A N S W E R to the late Verses about the
Man-Midwife and the *Land-Bank*.

IF any good Vintner, Distiller, or Cook,
In Street, or in Lane, or in Ally, or Nook,
Of a *Faith* that is large, and of Merits confiding,
Can bring any News of a Poet's abiding,
Whom the *Viziters* all know that are *Dealers in Chalk,*
And the Persons must *treat* who will bear with his *Talk,*
Shall have as genteel a Reward for his Pains
As a Man can desire for a *Calf* without *Brains*.

He's a middle ag'd Man, with a jolly great *Nose,*
And mix'd colour'd *Stockins,* and *Shoes* out at Toes,
Has a *Sword* by his side of the very same Mettle,
With his own *modest* Forehead, or his Landlady's *Kettle.*
His *Head's* very large, and his *Hands* fit enough
For the pittiful thing which he wears for a *Muff,*
Made, they say, from the shreds of *Erasmus* his Gown,
To shew what has lately been done for the Town ;
And that (though some may blame him) he's not so ill bred,
But if beat by the Living, he can murder the Dead.

As for his *Profession,* God knows what to say,
He was Yesterday one thing, and another to day,
Sometimes he writes *Prose,* and sometimes he writes Verses,
Peeps sometimes in *Grammar,* and sometimes in A——
For a Tryal h' has taken most things by the Handle,
And now he's e'en turn'd a *Stock-jobber* in *Scandal,*
Deals in *Half-sheets,* ador'd by the People who cry 'em,
'Cause fullsom enough for the *Women* to buy 'em.
In a word, he's of all sides, 'thout any restraint,
With a *Sinner* He *Curses,* and *Prays* with a *Saint,*
With a *Non-juror* swears that Oaths are unrighteous,
With a *Williamite,* rails at R. J----- like old T-----

But

