

The BUDGET:

O R, T H E

TAXES for the Year 1782.

N— has ventur'd at last to open his Budget,
Yet to vote all he asks the Minority grudge it:
Fresh Taxes are wanted, is always his Tone,
And Eight Hundred Thousand's the Sum of the Loan.

The first on the List is a Tax on Small Beer:
Says a Wife to her Husband, This is lucky, my Dear;
To pray for his Lordship I think 'tis no Sin,
Since he has not laid a fresh Tax upon Gin.

The Husband replies, You're an impudent Punk;
Damn the Gin and L—d N—, I perceive you are drunk;
Yet in this I must own that I think he's not wrong,
For I ne'er will drink Small Beer while I can get Strong.

The next is a Theme that to Sature gives scope,
His Lordship's new Project for Taxing of Soap:
We call'd his Ways dirty,—which gave him the Spleen,—
He therefore resolv'd we should pay to be clean.

We shall have a Peace soon, said a Barber, I hope,
Or we're all in the Suds, though my Lord taxes Soap:
When he and his Minions this new Tax shall gather,
I wish I'd the shaving them all without Lather.

In Provisions and Physic, Salts of every Kind
Are next to be tax'd by his Lordship, we find:
Though some 'bout this Matter may make a great Stickle,
We ne'er can want Salt while we're in a sad Pickle.

With true Attic Salt F—x and B—ke are replete,
The Schemes of the Ministry they will defeat;
His Lordship with Shame from the Helm they will scourge,
Though he has tax'd Physic, they'll give him a Purge.

The Tax on Tobacco is sure a good Joke;
Like the Minister's Schemes it will vanish in Smoke:
At first, when it's kindled, comes out in a Puff,
But, when 'tis exhausted, it dies like a Snuff.

His Lordship proposes a Tax upon Tea,
In Hopes us from Hyp and the Vapours to free:
He thinks, in these Times of Despondence and Grief,
That we have more Need of Strong Beer and Roast Beef.

A Tax on Goods carry'd by Water and Land
Is in Agitation, as we understand:—
Tax Phaetons, Gigs:—oft' Times Folly and Pride
(Which are Evils, not Goods) in those Vehicles ride.

My Lord, like a Chymist, seeks Gold from the Fire,
And a Tax on Intiance he does require:
But, Heaven defend us! there would be a Rout,
Should he tax the Engines which put Fires out.

There is nothing that's sacred from his Taxing Rage,
He even attacks the Pantheon and Stage.
Says a Wit, The Muses will leave us in the Lurch;
I'd rather he'd tax us for going to Church.

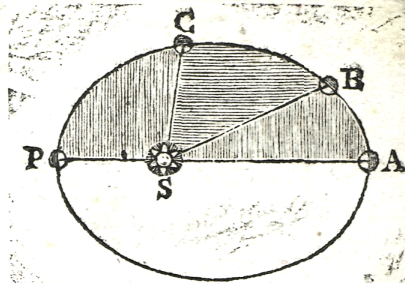
I think it is proper there should be a Tax
On Cards, Dice, Lotteries, Opera-Dancers, and Quacks;
On Macaronies, Monkeys, Squirrels, and Parrots,
And Lap-Dogs that ride with fine Ladies in Chariots;

On Perfumes, Powder, Washes, Pomatum, and Paint,
With which the Fair Sex their Complexions do taint:
The Ladies of Fashion would be in the Dumps,
If there was a Tax on High Heads and Cork Rumps.

A large Sum might be rais'd by a Tax upon Horns;
The Hero and Souldiersmen to wear it don't scorn:
When well tip'd with Gold, to wear Horus some are willing,
While some are oblig'd to put up with a Shilling.

N—'s Taxes are not all—here are others beside;—
We are tax'd by our Idleness, Folly, and Pride:
The Slaves of Ambition, of Avarice, and Lust,
We toil on through Life, till we're laid low in Dust.

Fill the Glass to Britannia:—May Discord soon cease!
Here's a glorious War, or, with Honour a Peace!
If that can be procur'd, the Expence we shan't grudge it,
So here is a Fart for L—d N— and his Budget.



T H E

Fox and the Wolf.

COME listen awhile now all you standers by
A peace with America is all their cry;
But they're at a stand, and are put to the rout,
To find which way they're to bring peace about.

The Fox with the Wolf he did often debate
Concerning this war and the matters of state;
When met in the house they quarrel and bawl,
But search their conduct, you'll find none at all.

The wolf is so greedy, he's ne'er satisfy'd,
The Fox he keeps tarking and snaps by his side.
The Fox cries you've brought us all into dis-grace,
And how could you e'er think of keeping us place.

The Wolf cries, my place I do freely resign;
And whoever takes it I wish they may shine;
When places were lost then at me they're mad;
And rail'd at my conduct and said it was bad.

In my place, the Wolf cries no longer I'll stay
I'll freely give up to the Fox all his prey;
But cunning is he, and to full of his tricks,
At a goose made of gold he'd soon lick his lips.

I think says the Fox I shall ne'er have such luck
O Wolf thou hast scarce left a feather to pluck;
Old England before was ne'er serv'd such a trick,
They think thou hast left ne'er a bone for to pick.

You see now the Wolf begins to confess,
And owns in his schemes he has had success;
But that is a poor shuffle for seven years grief,
The cry is Amendment—we must have relief.

Old England is laden with sorrow and wee,
And where the fault lies they want all for to know
If e'er the times mend, we will halloo and shout,
The rogues are strong, they kick honest men out.

Come now let us wish that all quarrels may
cease,
And conclude with America to make peace;
Then England agree and together unite,
And our enemies soon we will put to the flight.

