

The *Oxfordshire* NINE.

PERUSING the LIST of the TACKERS in Print,
And carefully marking what Members were in't,
Some Names I observ'd to most Counties did fall:
But *Oxford* afforded no fewer than All.

Nine Members, Nine Tackers. And more had there been,
And their Number as great as their Spirits were keen:
Or had this small County, more fierce than the rest,
But sent up as many as some in the West:
A desperate Risque we had presently run
Of the League being broke, and the Nation undone.
Then let us be grateful, and thank Heaven for't,
Since their Heads were so hot, that their Hands were so short.

But will this agree with their Courtship, thought I,
When the Queen was harangu'd, and extol'd to the Sky,
In Her way to the *Bath* by the Litterate Fry?
Or can we imagine it mightily futes
With Thanks for Her Gift of the Tenths, and First-fruits?
Unless it be grateful in Sons of the Church
Their best Benefactress to leave in the Lurch;
And when for their sakes she had lessen'd Her Store,
To shut up the Purse and supply Her no more.

For clogging it so as she cannot comply,
Is just the same thing as quite to deny.
And *Tantalus's* Story again to revive,
By giving Her that which She cannot receive.

For if a good Bill with another be join'd,
It should be with One of a futable Kind:
But to yoke it with what is not proper to pass,
Is next to the yoking an Ox with an Ass;
Or to imitate Him, who in Story is said
To couple together the Quick and the Dead.

Or will it agree with their *Blenheim* Address,
Of Speeches and Verses sent Post from the Prefs;
Out-running poor *Cambridge* in Loyal Pretence,
And before her in Haste, as behind her in Sense?
Will not this make their Poetry backward to chime,
And turn to Burlesque all *Addison's* Rhyme?
Extolling our Valor, and mighty Success,
When they shew by their Tacking they wish it were less.
Or commending our Cause, when with the same Breath
By stopping our Money they starve it to Death.

Unless they suppose the Nine Muses alone
Would ballance the Hurt the Nine Members had done:
Or the Queen were so weak as to wink at the Wrong,
Forget the Affront, and be pleas'd with a Song.

But

