

A PLOT or no PLOT.

THE Summons were sent, and without more ado,
Away troops the *Juncto* by two and by two :
At the Head of this Honest and Politick Clan,
March'd the Great Duke, with his new Convert *Dan*.

When all were arrived, and in deep Council sate,
His Grace, void of Fear, thus began the Debate :
This House, my Wife Friends, was fam'd heretofore,
For Bully and Dun, for Gamester and Whore ;
But a new Lustre it now shall receive,
And in your Resolves Eternally live ;
But soft, to the Business — Know all I have caught
Our Friend little *Robin* at last in a Plot,
I'll prove that the Villainous Traytor from hence,
Did Orders to General *O* — — — — — *d* dispende,
To Husband the Treasure and Blood of the Nation.
If this be but True, 'tis a Plot, and a base One,
Quoth *Bacon Face* frait — — — — — But *Da-mi-Blood* swore,
This surely had been been a good Plot heretofore,
When *Simile Garth* had his Sun and his *Nile*,
For those who by Plunder had rescu'd our Isle.
With a Look so demure the Eloquent *Daniel*,
My new Lords and Masters, permit me, your Spaniel,
To show by this Rule, and it follows aright,
That *Bob's* a Black Man, and Lord *Bacon-Face* White.
Whate'er you Resolve, alot me my Parr,
With Time for to Con it, and get it by Heart ;
With a Flame I'll repeat that *Nuz* shall appear,
More fit for the Gallows than any one here :
Too late shall he rue that he manag'd it so,
As to force me drive Headlong from *Highb-Church* to *Low*.
The Mouse then arose, and demanded the Letter,
In Prose he perus'd it, and turn'd it to Meter,
And openly then to the Board did rehearse,
But it prov'd a No Plot, both in Prose and in Verse :
The Elder *Sigillo* deliver'd his Thought,
That the Plot had been better, had *O* — — — — — *d* but fought ;
And if they cou'd once but bring that about,
He'd soon undertake to make it all out.
Your Council is good, and we all thank you for't,
Quoth gentle Prince *John*, but our Time is too short ;
A Day or two hence and Peace will be here,
Then a Fig for your Wisdom in Plots Brother Peer.
I grant it none yet, bold *Da-mi-Blood* cry'd,
Yet if *Dan* the Sincere gain few to our Side,
Tho' here you're for turning this Letter to Grass,
It may spring a good Plot in a far better Place :
But *Dan* found his Friends did not care for to follow,
One here with a Whoop that's gone with a Hollow.
The Assembly thus broke, like the Blind and the Lame,
By Couples they went, as by Couples they came,
And Rage and Despair our Wise *Juncto* Poses,
And makes them forget to count over Noses.

