

A
L E T T E R
T O T H E
Reverend Mr. M---w F---h,

In Commendation of his *Speech*.

W^ERE I, dear M---w, who am none,
The greatest Poet of this Town,
Thy *Panegyrick* shou'd appear,
As bright as *Phœbus*, and as clear,
But Pardon, if by Zeal too warm,
I strive like thee, and can't perform:
This t' a Friend's enough t' excuse,
The poor Performance of my *Muse*.
Assist thou brightest of the *Nine*,
If dull, the Fault shall not be mine;
What can I do more than bespeak you?
If you won't come, the Dev'l take you.
No not an Inch, replies *Thalia*,
Not one of us will e'er come nigh ye,
We love to come where Praise is due,
What need you make so much ado
About a *Speech*? Laborious prating,
Wrapt up in *Ciceronian Latin*;
Which looks as monstrous as an *Ape*
Involv'd in Robes of Prince; whose Shape
Discovers more it's Uglinefs,
The more illustrious is it's Dress.
You've read of the *Cumean Afs*,
That for a Lyon needs wou'd pass,
So wrapt within a Lyon's Skin,
He did his best to roar and grin,
And made the Country Folks afraid,
'Till the poor *Ignoramus* Bray'd,
And for his Bullying was paid. }
The Case in hand is just the same,
Was n't M---w *Ir---ch* as much to blame,
To steal from *Tully* with such Pains?
And borrow's Tongue, without his Brains.
The Soul of Speaking, is fine Sense,
'Tis this alone can influence
The Hearers Mind, not study'd Phrases,
Which only vulgar Ears amazes.
Thus the R---r speaking loud,
With bombast captivate to the Crowd:
And B---ck too, we often see,
Sets off, by Words, his Sophistry;
Or how cou'd he make Men consent,
To rail 'gainst Church and Government?
Well dear *Thalia*, let this pass us,
No *Politicks* from Mount *Parnassus*.
I now require, but prithee tell,
Did n't F--- commend his Grace su'll well?

