

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Pasquin and Morfizio.

TWO STATUES in ROME.

Mor. **W**HY how now *Pas*--- since the Last *Election*,
I thought you'd no Business for Reflection?
French Luid'ores, that never us'd to fail,
Have lost their Virtue now, and can't prevail;
And honest *Clement* wisely does Espouse,
Distinction's laid aside, the *Common Cause*.

Pas. True, but the *English Senators* have made
Themselves the Subject of a *Pasquinade*----

Mor. Pray hold your Tongue. [*Pas*--- Why so? I need not fear,
Their Serjeant surely cannot reach me here.

Mor. Their Priviledges daily they extend,
For, like the World to come, they're without End;
And if their Pow'r but equally increase,
You may have Cause to wish you'd held your peace.
But what's the Quarrel? *Pas*--- I can make it out:
That tho 500 us'd to set and Vote,
(At least 400 *Senators* and odd)

They're now reduc'd to 4. [*Morf*--- To 4? [*Pas*--- To 4 indeed.
One M, one S, two HH, and no more;
The Nation represents, and that's but Four.
The rest are (o's) and no Number make,
Unless you do from these the *Unites* take.

Mor. How can that be? *Pas*--- If you desire to know,
NED will inform you, and *JACK* tell you *HOW*.

Ask at *Vienna*, *Shall we War proclaim?*

To be resolv'd, they'll bid you go to them:
And at the *Hague* they'll tell you, It's as they,
And not the KING or his Allies, shall say.

Huffing *D'aux Vaunts* and Swears *Be Gar*,
My Master do de Dutch nor no Confederate fear,
If S. and Shak Hoe 'gainst him don Declare:

Dem he will make his own, and den vider ease,
Can winde and turn the rest wick vay de please.

But who, except *Lewis le Grand* that knows
The Force of *Luid'ores*, would e're suppose,
That Four should lead Four Hundred by the Nose!

