

England's Late Jury :

A

S A T U R D A Y .

WHILEY an Obſervator ſaid
(Who knew our State full well)
England need never be afraid,
Or ſeek out for a Aid,
Our Dangers to Repel.

But then he never did ſuppoſe
Our Army near ſo ſmall;
Or Stateſmen to oblige their Foes,
Should with Seven Thouſand wipe our Noſe:
A Force like none at all.

This Vote made *Lewis* give a Smile
And laugh within his Sleeve;
Scarce did he Credit it a while,
Brittain ſhou'd for his Glory toil,
Which now he does believe.

But when again ſuch Men were choſe
As did our Force Diſband;
He found our Ruine follow'd cloſe,
And had no Reaſon to oppoſe,
Such as went Hand in Hand.

S—m—r forgets he was a Slave,
When in his Younger years,
He was the Sp—r and a K—;
And not ſo much inclin'd to Save,
Or think upon our Fears.

But then there lay a Patent by
To Gratifie his Pride;
On which he often caſt an Eye,
And on the Stop did wonder way
Totneſ was not ſupplied.

Reſenting an Affront like this,
He forthwith veers about;
Mad that he did Preferment miſs,
(A Feather fit for Pride like his)
And Courts the fickle Rout.

But his Deſigns are underſtood,
The matter's very plain:
Pretending for his Countreys good,
He ſince has acted all he cou'd,
To keep his Prince in Pain.

For a long time he cou'd not Swear,
With a nice Conſcience bred;
Nor take an Oath againſt an Heir,
That to a Monarch did Repair,
At leaſt till he was Dead.

But when All-Conquering Gold was brought,
Which Glitten'd in his Eyes;
Quickly a Miracle was wrought,
(*Exeter* knows it was no Fault)
They that have Wealth are Wiſe.

M—s—ve has Parts, and Eloquence,
And others ſay ſpeaks well,
Tho' Young *Kit* met a Recompence;
To bring his Father to his Senſe,
Spight did the Guilt Repel.

Nothing can Bias ſtout Sir *Kit*,
Civility is Vain,
For he muſt exerciſe his Wit,
And ſometimes did at Random hit,
Which Credit did obtain.

H—r—ve pretends unto the Law,
And makes a fearful din;
As little Senſe as e'er he ſaw,
His Judgment brittle as a Straw,
And oftner out than in.

F—n—ch, he has Senſe and Rethorick,
And ſeems of *S—m—rs* Kidney.
His Lungs do to the Quarrel ſti k,
And once was very Politick,
And ſome think hard on *Sidney*.

A—m—nd, he runs among the Herd;
Is Violent and Strong;
Wou'd fain ſeem Grave without a Beard:
Bur he needs never to be fear'd.
His Judgment is too Young.

Jack H— ſets up for one of Senſe,
Does for a Patriot ſtand.
Moſt wonder at his Impudence!
That he thereto ſhould lay Pretence,
Who was the Courts Diſband.

He who was reckon'd the Buffoon,
In former Parliaments.
Fickle and Changing like the Moon;
Till *French* Gold came he was undone,
Now Vents his Diſcontents.

But moſt Men wonder that Sir *Batt*
So Eager is to rail:
Yet why ſhould we admire at that?
Since his Profeſſion is to chat,
But ſeldom does prevail.

