

2
That *Rod* was just a *Type* of *Sid's*,
Which, o'er a *British* Senate's Lids,
Could scatter *Opium* full as well,
And drive as many *Souls* to *Hell*.

SID's *Rod* was slender, white, and tall,
Which oft he us'd to *fish* withal:
A *PLACE* was fastned to the Hook,
And many Score of *Gudgeons* took;
Yet, still so happy was his Fate,
He caught his *Fish*, and sav'd his *Bait*.

SID's Brethren of the conjuring Tribe
A Circle with their *Rod* describe,
Which proves a Magical Redoubt
To keep *mischievous* Spirits out:
Sid's *Rod* was of a larger Stride,
And made a Circle thrice as wide,
Where *Spirits* throng'd with hideous Din,
And he stood there to take them in.
But, when th' enchanted *Rod* was broke,
They vanish'd in a stinking Smoak.

ACHILLES's Scepter was of Wood,
Like *Sid's*, but nothing near so good;
Tho' down from Ancestors Divine
Transmitted to the Heroes Line,
Thence, thro' a long Descent of Kings,
Came an *Herb-loom*, as *Homer* sings,
Tho' this Description looks so big,
That Scepter was a sapless Twig:
Which, from the fatal Day when first
It left the Forest where 'twas nurs'd,
As *Homer* tells us o'er and o'er,
Nor Leaf, nor Fruit, nor Blossom bore.
Sid's Scepter, full of Juice, did shoot
In Golden Boughs, and Golden Fruit,
And He, the *Dragon* never sleeping,
Guarded each fair *Hesperian* Pippin.
No *Hobby-horse*, with gorgeous Top,
The dearest in *Charles Mather's* Shop,
Or glitt'ring Tinsel of *May-Fair*,
Could with this *Rod* of *Sid* compare.

DEAR *Sid*, then why wer't thou so mad
To break thy *Rod* like naughty Lad?
You should have kiss'd it in your Distress,
And then return'd it to your *Mistress*,
Or made it a *Newmarket* Switch,
And not a *Rod* for thy own Breech.
For since old *Sid* has broken this,
His next will be a *Rod* in *Piss*.