Some (he had heard) by Speeches rife, and to Preferment leap; But such had Merit and were Wise, And did not Foreigners despise, Vor after Faction creep.

Never for Rebels did Harrangue, Vor Tenter-Hook the Law; But left the Criminal to Hang, Till one Foot did the other bang, To keep Mankind in Awe,

The Fam'd Civilian who can write; If Parliamental Power, id in brasilio min's If he has Judgment he has Spite, AlbiD And goes beyond the matter quite, A fort of fecond SHOWER.

Upon Records he spends his Ink,
He Writes at such a Rate: To prove what few did ever think, Unless depriv'd of Sense in Drink, Yet of a Plodding Pate. A ring of all salvation

Gr—nv—le, he Stroles unto the Fairs, To get himself Renown; Yet for this Faction he declares, and and And to their Club at Night Repairs, To Regulate the Crown and has been also

The times are likely fure to mend; When $Pr \longrightarrow r$ Rules the State; Pr-r the Noble DORSETS Friend, (For whom the Learned World Contend) Justly deserves his Hate. at and and and ball

I de las Senie and Reducide,

And feems of S -- m - ry Kidney.
His hangs do to the Quartel his k.

And once was very Policiell, t

Bl-hw-t, with Proud Imperious Face, And Forehead made of Brass; Forgets the Honour of his Place; Does all true Policy Difgrace, And for a Fool may pass,

P—m—s, shall Marshal up the Rear, With Rethorick Debate; And tho' good Natur'd he appear, Yet all his Services will steer, To undermine the State.

I note are the Jury which were struck, To try Britania's Claim: And how cou'd we expect good Luck From fuch as did with LEWIS truck, To their Eternal Shame.

Conclusion.

But then be never did suppose

Spenid with Seven Thoughts, were our Nove

Thers below the Dignity of Rhime, Shall 'scape my Satyr till another time, Twelve Men like these, a Nation might undo, And let'em, if again we trust'em, too. No, no, fair Britain, at her Wrongs awakes: Finds what ye mean, and other methods takes. Your Popularity at last Expires, And Men of better Tempers she requires: Dispis'd at home, mutter your Discontent, And know the Nation spoke her mind by KENT.

And not for much making to save.

And not for much making to save.

And not for much making to save.

And not for much making to save. Or think upout our Tears, t London, Printed for the Information of the Free-holders of England, 1701.

- my the runs among the Herd b Vielkin and Strongs Would rain feem Grave without a Bear 17 Bur he needs never to be fear'd. lus, Judgment is too' Young.

Sack H .- fets up for one of Sec. Does for a Patriot Hand, Most for a variet mand.

Most wonder at his Impudence!

That he thereto should his Preferre,
Who was the Courts Distand.

Ale who was reckon'd the Budoon, In former Parliaments.
Hekle and Changing like the Mood's Till Fried Gold came in was undorw, Now Vents his Dilconvents.

But med Mer wonder that Sir Sail Sail
So Eng. 1 to trail So.
Yes why hould we do a nether
Sing had been flow, whereas

To Granife, hi Pride "On which he often can an Hye."

And on the Stop did worder way Totals was not hip god Referring an Afron like this

He forthwith veers about;
Mad that he did I eferment mills.
(A Fearber fit for Fride like his) And Court's the fickle Rout.

But his Defigns are underfloods The matter's very plain: Prefending for his Countreys good, He fines has after all he could, To keep his Prince in Paicy

For a long time Le con'd not Sweet, With a nice Confidence bred;
Nor take an Oath of hish an Heit.
That to a Monarch and Repair.