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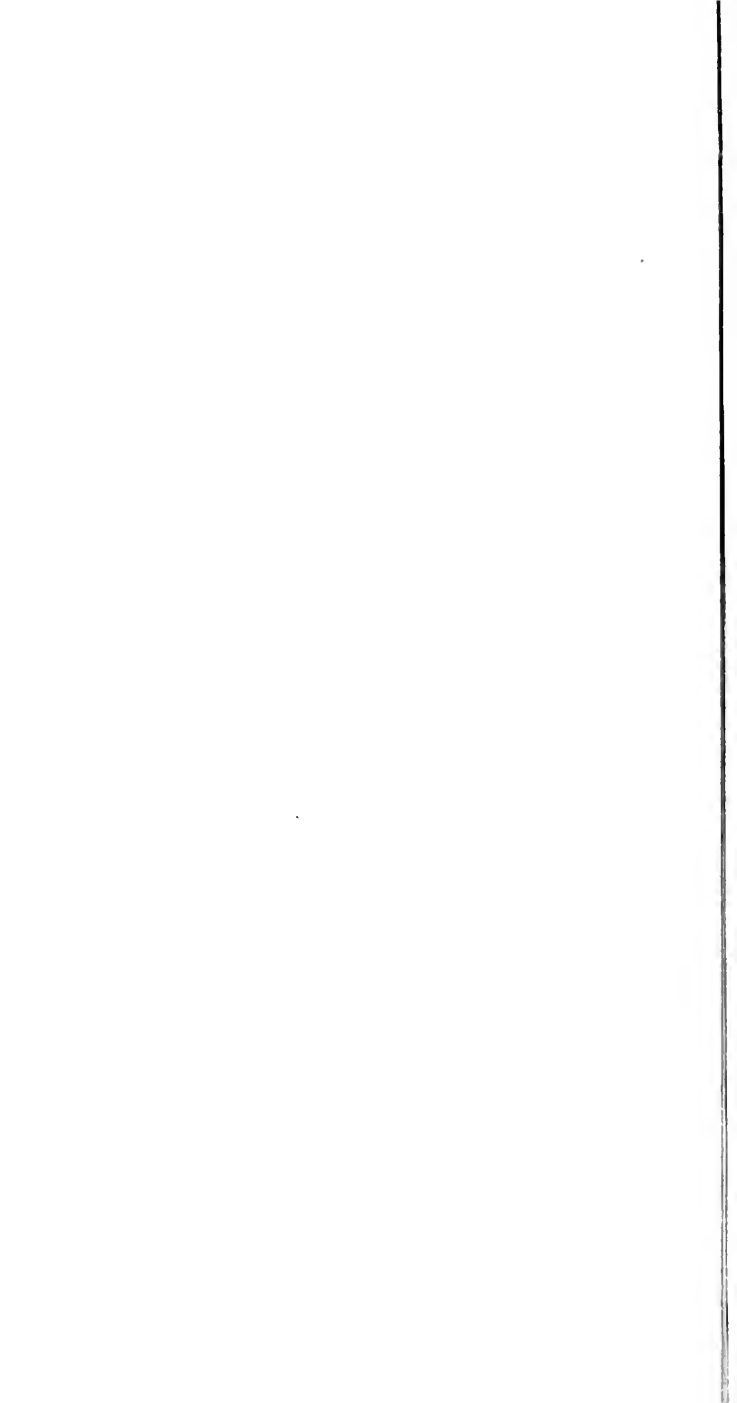


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CHRISTMAS CHAT:

OR,

OBSERVATIONS

On the Late

CHANGE at COURT,

On the different

Characters of the INS and OUTS;

And on the

Present STATE of PUBLICK AFFAIRS.

A

DIALOGUE

Spoke at the Country Seat of one of the  
*New Ministry*, in the late Holy Days,  
the Day before his Re-election;

BETWEEN

Mr. BROADBOTTOM,  
Mr. OVERALL,  
Mr. ROSEBAND,

Sir JOHN PROBEUM,  
Mr. SMOOTHWELL, &  
Mr. BLUNT.

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L O N D O N :

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CHRISTMAS CHAT:

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OBSERVATIONS


On the Late

CHANGE at COURT,

A

DIALOGUE.

*Broadbottom, Sir John Probeum, Overall, Roseband, Blunt, and Smoothwell, sitting round a Table at Broadbottom's House.*

*Overall.*  RUCE with Politics, I beseech you, Gentlemen. —I gad! 'tis unconscionable to lecture a Man thus at his own House.

B

*Broad-*

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*Broadbottom.* By no means, Mr. *Overall*; I look upon the Freedom with which my worthy Neighbours here treat me, as an Instance of their Friendship and Regard.

*Roseband.* There spoke the Christian and Man of sound Understanding——

*Over.* Pshaw! P--x! What have we Fox-hunters to do with sound Understandings?——Give me a sound Bottom, Parson, and you are welcome to keep your Christianity and sound Understanding for your next *Christmas* Conversation. Ha, ha!

*Blunt.* Right, Mr. *Overall*; I say a sound Bottom too.

*Over.* Come, Gentlemen, let the Toast go round.——To all sound Bottoms——No Affront, I hope, to any one here.——What say'st thou, honest *Blunt*?

*Blunt.* I say, the Vicar need not make those d——d wry Faces at Toasting the best Thing in Nature.——You have been paying Homage for twenty Years to a *Broadbottom*, and now winch at the naming a *Sound* one.——Ah! Mr. *Roseband*; the *Jesuit* sticks to the Cloth in *England* as at *Rome*.

*Smoothwell.* Why so, Mr. *Blunt*? The Words *Sound Bottom* convey an Idea which Mr. *Roseband* might wish not to conceive.

*Blunt.* And pray, good Mr. *Smoothwell*, what is there of indecent or unseemly in the Idea conceived at the mention of those two harmless Words, *Sound* and *Bottom*?

*Over.*



*Over.* Wou'd a reverend Divine wish to be put in Mind of the Days of his Youth? Ha, ha!—*Mr. Blunt*, had you been bred at *Oxford*, as the Doctor was, you wou'd have known that all are not *Sound* that grace *Magdalen* Walks on a Summer's Evening. Ha, ha!

*Sir John.* *Mr. Roseband*, you must not mind the Fox-hunter; you know his Way; he treats his Friends as freely as he wishes they would treat him.

*Rose.* I believe so, *Sir John*, and therefore am in full Charity with *Mr. Overall*. But I can't so readily digest my Neighbour *Blunt's* coupling the *English* Vicar with the *Romish* Jesuit.

*Blunt.* In their Politics only; as for Religion, I leave that to the great Searcher of Hearts.

*Over.* Ah, dear *Blunt!* how many modern Hearts will bear a Search?

*Blunt.* Ask *Mr. Broadbottom*; he was last at Court.

*Broad.* I was so, *Mr. Blunt*, but you know I am but a late Comer there.

*Blunt.* Perhaps it had been as well for yourself and your Country, if you had not come there at all.—You'll excuse my Bluntness, *Mr. Broadbottom*, you know I speak freely to those I wish well.

*Broad.* I know your Worth, and thank you for your Freedom.

*Blunt.* I hope you do, because I mean to continue and deserve your Friendship, if you continue your Country's Friend at Court.—To be plain with you, Mr. *Broad-bottom*, I am not altogether reconciled to the critical *Time* and *Manner* of your going to Court. 'Tis an infectious Air, against which *Abstinence* alone is the Specific.

*Over.* 'Sneesh! *Blunt*, you don't expect your late worthy Member, who so often cram'd your Brother Aldermen and yourself with Ham and Chicken, would keep Lent at Court?

*Blunt.* Let him but abstain from entering into any Covenants, and he may swill as much as he will of his Majesty's Old-Hock.

*Broad.* Covenants! What Covenants do you suppose, should be expected from me?

*Blunt.* The direct contrary of those you entered into with our Corporation at your last Election.—Perhaps, you forget them.—Shall I refresh your Memory?

*Broad.* You need not. I am come down to make you fresh Assurances of serving my Country to the utmost of my Power.

*Blunt.* I know you are come down to be re-elected; and that this Company have been invited here to-day, to receive your Excuses for your late Acceptance of an Employment.—

*Smock,*

*Smooth.* Mr. *Blunt*, your Corporation could not expect that their Representative would never accept of a Place under the Crown; therefore what Excuses has the Gentleman to make?

*Blunt.* More, I fear, than you can make for him with all your Quirks of Law. If he accepted of a Post without any Salvo, and forgets that he has a Post whenever he is to vote in Parliament, I will then say that he needs not make Excuses for going to Court.

*Sir John.* Ay, Mr. *Blunt*, provided my worthy Neighbour, *Broadbottom*, turns not a mere *Courtier*, by going to Court, he shall have all our Consents to stay at Court and rise there.

*Blunt.* A Man may rise in the Army and Navy, and meritoriously; but what dirty Work must a Man trudge thro' to rise at Court?

*Over.* Why should a Man be obliged to do more servile Work at Court than in the Church, where we see the Learned and Pious rise, and are translated every Day?—I expect my good Friend here, Mr. *Roseband*, to rise to a Deanery soon, now his Patron has taken a Stride to Court.

*Sir John.* And shou'd Mr. *Broadbottom* rise at Court, as I doubt not he will if he continues there longer than the present Session of Parliament; why might not my reverend Neigh-

Neighbour here, rise from the Deanery to a Mitre ?

*Broad.* Sir *John*, you have been always my Friend ; so have you Mr. *Blunt*. Gentlemen, you are all of you my Friends, and as such have a Right to examine my late Conduct. I have accepted of a Place, 'tis true, without consulting you ; but hope in so doing, not to have forfeited the good Opinion which I flatter myself you always entertain'd of me.

Sir *John*. Since we are, and you think us your Friends, 'tis fit we should deal with you like Friends. To be plain with you, Mr. *Broadbottom*, we here in the Country, who wish well to our King and the Nation, think ourselves justify'd in conceiving a Jealousy of the Nature, Time and Manner of the late or rather the present Change in the Ministry. I will explain myself.—'Tis not so properly a *Change* of, as an *Ingraftment* upon the Ministry. Supposing the few of your Party that are brought *in*, were to continue as honest and sincere, as those *Deserters*, who made room for them, were disingenuous and self-interested ; what can you do against Numbers ? What Success can poor *England* expect from the Endeavours of so few ?

*Broad.* But, Sir *John*, you forget that the Opposition grew.

Sir

Sir *John*. No, Sir, I don't forget that Opposition founded on virtuous Principles will always grow. But what *Opposition* can you expect to grow in a Court? You late Comers there are but the Tail of the Administration. Can you direct the Head and Body? Must it not move as they direct, or be lopt off? What will Opposition in Council avail, where the Majority will be so great against you? And as for Opposition in P——t, there will be none, there can be none. The late *Deserters*, who are now flung out, should they grumble and oppose, no Creature living will adhere to them that has a Drachm of either Sense or Virtue. And by the present Scheme, you who were late Leaders of Opposition, are taken off, and consequently all Opposition ceases. I wish I may be mistaken; but, methinks, I see a Scheme, and the artfullest and deepest that ever was laid in this Nation, now put in Execution.

*Over*. How, Sir *John*! a Scheme deeper than the *Excise*?

*Blunt*. Or last Year's *Invasion*, which produced such Chearfulness in granting more Millions than ever were granted in any one Session before?

*Rosè*. Or the late Sir *R——t's* Scheme for securing his own Retreat?

*Blunt*. Retreat! Do you think it a Retreat for a Man to quit the Stage to go behind

hind the Curtain, where he sets all the Pup-pets in Motion ?

*Sir John.* He does so ; and this is not the least Adroit of his Motions. All the present Ministry, the late small *Engraftment* excepted, are his known Creatures. They were most of them of his own bringing up, and of course act by his Directions.

*Broad.* But, *Sir John*, how shall we be affected by his Motions ? I hope you don't suppose he will be able to influence us New-comers, as you call us, however he may direct his Pupils.

*Sir John.* I hope he won't ; but I'll answer for it, he does not now matter whether he can or no. He has lull'd you into a Stupor, and having unperceptibly depriv'd you of your Sting, you are no longer the terrible Men you appeared to the Court some time ago.

*Over.* They are now become the *Drones* of the Hive ; ha, ha !

*Sir John.* They are really no better. Pardon me, *Mr. Broadbottom*, if I think the Epithet fits all you who are brought in to countenance Measures the Nation disapproves of——

*Blunt.* To colour an ignominious Peace, which is thought to be on the Anvil, because the late Conduct of our Superiors renders a Peace of any kind absolutely necessary.

*Over.*

*Over.* And to be kick'd out again as soon as those dirty Ends are answered, which they were introduc'd to promote : Gad, Brother Foxhunter, I should not care to be *rump'd* after I had said *yea* and *nay* as directed. You see what End the late Patriot *Pretenders* are come to. --- Z---ns Man ! fall not, like those Coxcombs, 'tween two Stools.

Sir *John.* There lies the Depth of the present Scheme, which is but the second Part of the late. The late *Deserters*, as they are justly call'd, saw not that they were digging Pits for themselves, while they were bargaining to drop their Party for Places at Court. What better, Mr *Broad-bottom*, have you been lately doing for your self ? If you answer the *Purpose* of your being taken into the Ministry, supposing it disagreeable to the Nation, you are irrecoverably lost in the Opinion of all who esteem'd you before ; and of consequence will be no better than a Drone all your Life long.

*Broad.* Pray, Sir *John*, why will you suppose the *Purpose* of the Ministry to be disagreeable to the Nation ?

Sir *John.* Because I have known in my Time but very few, if any Ministerial *Purposes* that deserv'd public Approbation.

*Broad.* You would not have us be against  
C the

the Continuance of the War, till an honourable Peace can be obtain'd ?

*Smooth.* Nor against the Support of the War while it continues.

*Rose.* Nor against such a Peace, as the Success of the War may intitle us to.

*Sir John.* So! the Lessons are already put by Heart.

*Over.* Why not ? you forget how apt Lawyers and Divines are to learn. Ha, ha !

*Blunt.* And Patriots too, when once they creep within the Palace Gates.

*Broad.* Mr. *Blunt*, I am well acquainted with the Uprightness of your Heart. You love me, and therefore fear I am to be deluded from my Duty to my Country by the Allurements of a Post. But let me intreat my Friends to suppress their Fears till the End of the Session.

*Blunt.* I should not wonder by the End of the present Session, or at least before the Beginning of the next, to see you and your Brethren reduced to your primitive Nakedness. Of what Use can you be, after you grant all the Court wants, and reject or throw cold Water on every Motion for the Benefit of the Nation ?

*Sir John.* Motion for the Benefit of the Nation, said you ! Who will make such a Motion ? Or if made, who will support it ? Neighbour *Blunt*, I don't wonder that you, who never sat in Parliament, should  
mistake



mistake the Nature of *Motions* made there ; but I, who represented your Borough in my younger Days, am able from my Experience to inform you, that no important *Motion* of public Benefit will be made this Session ; or, if fortuitously made, will be seconded. The different Parties in the House, and Parties with different Views there always were and will be, are led by a *few*, who may be said to direct all the Operations of the Session. Among that *few*, there is generally some one or two who are permitted to take the Lead in all Deliberations, and from thence may be said to direct the whole. Supposing then that the Court should find means to take off not only that *one*, or those *two* or *three*, but all the Chiefs or Directors of an Opposition at the Beginning of a Session, how can it be expected that any *Motions* of Moment will be made ? or, as I said before, if made will be seconded ? All *Motions* to be made, that are of consequence, are first projected by the Leaders, and communicated and recommended at their private Meetings and Clubs. But strip the Party of such Leaders, before they have Time to make, or even resolve on a new Choice of Chiefs, and there is an End of all such necessary and usual Communications and Recommendations, and probably of the very Meetings antecedent to them. In time, a new Set

of Leaders may arise, but there must be Proof of their Truth and Abilities before they can acquire the necessary Confidence; and such Proof is not produced hastily.

*Over.* Right, old Sportsman. It must be *Truth* and *Time* that acquire the Captains of Foxhounds the Confidence of the Pack.

*Smooth.* Mr. *Overall*, you might have spared your Comparison of Foxhounds and Members of Parliament.

*Rose.* Nor is Sir *John's* Doctrine of *Motions* less seasonable or pertinent.

*Blunt* Decent Mr. *Smoothwell*, and you cautious Mr. *Roseband*, when are apt Comparisons to be made or necessary, and seasonable Truths to be spoken, unless it be on such an Occasion, and at such a Time as the present?

*Over.* See how these Law-and-Gospel-Mongers would debar a Freeborn from the Privilege of expostulating with the Man to whom he is going to delegate his Life, Liberty and Fortune!---Z---ds, *Broadbottom*, sure you are not already become so rank a Courtier, as to have retained the Vicar of your Parish, and the Steward of your Manors, to padlock the friendly Lips of your plain and upright Neighbours?

*Broad.* Far be it from me to endeavour preventing the Expostulations of my Friends. I have always asked the Opinion of my  
Con-

Constituents in all Matters of Moment, since I have been in Parliament, and hope they will admit that I have not misused the Trust committed to me.

Sir *John*. Sir, we believ'd you a true *Englishman* ; at least, let me speak for myself, I did so, or I had not given you so often my Vote and Interest to represent your Country in Parliament : And I confess, that by all that appears, you have honourably discharged the Trust reposed in you. But, Sir, the good Opinion I have had of you, and even that which I entertain of you at present, are no such Securities for your future Conduct, considering the present State of Affairs, as should efface all Traces of Doubt and Jealousy out of my Mind. You are a Man, and as such, are not exempt from *Selfishness*, a Passion which Ministers never fail to sooth and gratify. I may believe you mean well ; but can't help dreading your suffering yourself to be *sweeten'd* from your good Intentions.

*Broad*. Sir *John*, your Concern for my future Conduct speaks the Sincerity of your Friendship, and I am therefore the more oblig'd to you. But methinks the known Probity and Honour of those Men we join in the Administration might lay your Doubts and Jealousies concerning my Behaviour for the Time to come.

Sir

Sir *John*. I have nothing to do with the private *Probity* and *Honour* of any Gentleman ; but, Sir, if you expect I should think as favourably of those that have lately invited you to associate with them, as you seem to do, you are grossly mistaken. You differ in Opinion concerning those Gentlemen, whom you now seem to applaud, not only with me, but with yourself. What have those *most deserving Men* done of late to acquire your good Opinion ? It was but just before you went up to the first Meeting of the present Session, that you heartily joined Mr. *Blunt* and myself, in condemning the *Passiveness* of all those whom you now associate with and praise. What have they done for the Public since, or ever before, that should endear them to you or any true *Englishman* ? Was Sir *R-- W---*'s whole Administration obnoxious to the Majority of the Nation ? was it injurious to all ? did not those you now are *grafted* upon, concur with him in all his Measures ? were they not most of them, the Creatures of his Power ? were not the chief of them his Pupils, train'd up in all his Arts and Wiles ? are they not of his rearing ? are they not distinguishable at this very Hour by his Stamp ?

*Blunt*. By this Scheme of *Ingraftment* it plainly appears, that if they don't wear  
his

his Livery in View, they wear it under their upper Garments.

*Over.* So that Sir *Brafs*, like his Employer, still has his cloven Foot in all our Affairs.

*Blunt.* As sure as this new-devised *In-graftment* will ruin all our *Affairs*, unless the *Projector* and his *Disciples* will be so humble as to submit to be led by the *Few* they have called in to help steer the Bark in a Storm.

Sir *John.* And what was it but their own servile *Passiveness* that had occasion'd the *Storm* which they now endeavour to quell by the Help of Mr. *Broadbottom* and his Brethren in the late Opposition? What could the late fallen *Minister*, of whom they affect to complain as the Author of all our Calamities; what could that *Phaeton*, I say, have done, had he not been supported by those who now affect to quit rather than draw with him? Had not they the Power of the *Purse*? had not they in that and every other Respect, the Means of tying up that *Adventurer's* Hands from hurting his Country, if they would? Yes, Mr. *Broadbottom*, those Men you now venerate so much, had the *Power*, but they wanted the *Will*. And what was it but that fundamental, primary Ingredient in the Composition of some Men, *Selfishness*, which induced those Men to misuse the Power they then had?

*Rose.*

*Rose.* By your Leave, Sir *John*, tho' the late Minister, the *Phaeton*, as you call him, may have misused his Power; I don't see why these Gentlemen who *remain* in the Administration should be involved in his Guilt.

*Over.* Smoke the Parson, Gentlemen; mind how cautiously he treads on *Jack's* Heels.—*May have misused his Power!* How gently he touches the Sore! Then again, the charitable *Man can't see the least Speck of Gall* in the *Doves* that have thrust *Jack* from the *Barn Door*.

*Blunt.* Ah! Mr. *Overall*, that *Barn* has made many an honest Man otherwise.

Sir *John*. I don't think it so, Mr. Mayor; a Man truly Honest is no more to be corrupted than a Woman truly Chast. But as it is she only who is a Whore in her Heart that can be defiled, so is it he only who is a Rogue in his Heart, that can be warped from his Integrity,

*Over.* Gad, Sir *John*, I should be glad to know where your *truly Honest* Men and *truly Chast* Ladies grow. For in my poor Observation, I knew but one Man and one Woman that truly deserved the Epithet.

*Smooth.* Your Mother was the precious Exception of one Sex.—Ha, ha!

*Rose.* And his pious *Dad* the other.—Ha, ha!

*Over.*

*Over.* Neither ; among the Men, *Jack* the late M——r was the Exception, because he was the only Minister that ever I heard or read of, who had the *Honesty* to pretend to *none*. And among the Fair, *Madame V——te*, who held out till her H——d commanded her and conducted her himself to the Arms of her Lover.

*Omnes.* Ha, ha !

*Sir John.* I say nothing of the Aptness of your Exception among the Fair; but really, *Mr. Overall*, you have hit it off in regard to the other Sex. The late M———r was a Prodigy in his Way. I won't say that I ever knew a less virtuous Minister, but I will, that I never knew one made less Pretensions to Virtue.

*Broad.* He courted Virtue as he did Applause.

*Sir John.* And was he not the Honester, for not pretending to that he resolved not to practise, and for not courting that which he knew he did not deserve ? But what better Pretensions have they, who, as my Friend *Mr. Overall* terms it, thrust him from the *Barn Door*, to either Virtue or Applause ? Did they not give a Sanction to all his Measures ? Were not they Partners of his Guilt ? And more, were they not the Partners of his Predecessor's Guilt ? Had the late Minister shewn less Contempt for them ; had he wore more the Appearance

ance of Modesty, or had more Deference for their Opinions; had he seem'd to draw with them; had he not ingross'd solely to himself the *Distribution* of the Court *Manna*: Had he, in short, shared with his Fellow Ministers the vast Emoluments arising from the Distribution of the *Secret-Service Money*, I fancy we should never have heard of the present unnatural *Ingraftment*.

*Broad*. Since you will have it an *Ingraftment* rather than a *Coalition*, it shall be so; but why should it be an unnatural *Ingraftment*?

*Over* Why indeed? Don't we see *Non-parcilles* and *Golden Pippins* daily grafted on *Crabs*, and yet thrive? Ha, ha!

*Sir John*. Yes, Mr. *Overall*; because they are all nourished by their common Parent, the Earth; and the *Crab-Tree* is a Channel only for the Nurture to pass thro'. In this Case, the Earth, from whence both Species receive Nourishment, remains pure and uninfected; the *Crab* has no more Influence than the *Pippin*. But can we suppose the Parity will hold in the other Case? The old *Standards* in the Administration ingross the *Soil*: The *ingrafted Shoots* shall have no more Communication with it, than their elder Brethren shall be pleased to permit.

*Rose*. I am sorry to see all Sir *John's* Observations tinged with Uncharitableness.

Why



Why should the old *Standards*, as you call those that remain of the late Ministry, infect the Soil, by which I suppose the — is meant, any more than the *ingrafted Shoots* or new Comers?

Sir *John*. The *new Comers*, for aught I know, wou'd be as arrant Courtiers, as supple Fawners in time, as the old *Standards* themselves, had they equal Opportunity. But my Life for't, the *Ingrasted* will be kept at Arms Length from the Royal Ear.

*Broad*. I hope not, Sir *John*; those we join are Men of Honour; and they assure us of going Hand in Hand with us—

*Blunt*. To raise the *Supplies*.

*Over*. And screen Delinquents.

Sir *John*. Will they join, think you, in National Parsimony, in the Encouragement of Trade and Industry, and the Discouragement of Venality and Corruption? Will they join in repealing those Laws which affect *Freedom*, and in lessening the vast Power accruing to the Crown from the great Weight of our Debts and Taxes, by the Distribution of civil Employments? Will they join—

*Blunt*. Yes, Sir *John*, in fleecing the Nation to fill their own Pockets, and gratify Mr. *Nameless*.

*Over*. That same *Nameless* must have an excellent *Digestion*; and sure his necessary Woman must have golden Days of it;

for without doubt, he who swallows so much *Gold* must sh--t a great deal of the Metal.—But I forget that *H*—— is the *Close-stool*, where all the precious Excrement centers.

*Blunt.* And but *One*, on this Side the Water, has a Key to that valuable Repository.

*Rose.* For Cleanliness of Conversation, commend me to you both, Gentlemen.

*Over.* And for doubling and time-serving, commend me to Gownsmen.

*Broad.* Gentlemen, I intreat we may live sociably together as usual. Let us not give Way to Spleen or Ill-nature. Mr. *Roseband* and Mr. *Smoothwell* happen at this Time to be in a more charitable Disposition than the rest of the Company. But, I assure myself, you will be all of one Opinion, when you see perfect *Concord* in the Administration, and that *Union* directed to promote publick Happiness.

Sir *John.* Mr. *Broadbottom*, I heartily agree with you in the Banishment of Heat and Sarcasm from our Conversation; but can't help dissenting from you in the other Point. Without giving up my Reason, I can't reckon upon *Concord* between two Sets of Men, as seemingly different in their Views and Principles as can well be imagin'd. By all that appears hitherto, you lately *Ingrafted*, have acted on Principles  
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the most honourable, and with Views the most disinterested that ever Men did ; whereas the *old Standards* seem to have no Views but to *Self-Interest*, nor Principles, but such as are repugnant to *Patriotism*.

*Over. Patriotism !* Ha, ha ! Poor Wanderer ! Where has she taken up her Habitation, since she was sent adrift by those *Ingrafted* about two Years ago upon the old Stock ?

*Blunt.* Patience, Mr. *Overall*, and you shall see her perch'd on the joint Endeavours of our mottley Ministry to save the Nation.

*Broad.* I hope you will, Mr. *Blunt*, tho' you speak it with a Sneer.

*Sir John.* I heartily wish we may. But in my Mind, the Coalition on which you reckon so much, is as impracticable as squaring the Circle, if you Gentlemen newly *Ingrafted*, and those you are *Ingrafted* on, *thought* as you *spoke* and *acted*, and continue the same way of *thinking* ?

*Over.* Have not you seen, that the late *Ingrafted* had two Ways of *thinking* ?

*Blunt.* One fitted for the *Country*, the other for the *Court* ?

*Broad.* Good Mr. Mayor, spare your Friends, at least till you find them tripping.

Sir

Sir *John*. For my Part, the whole Stress of my Argument rests on a Supposition, that both Parties of the Administration will adhere to their native Principles and Way of thinking. On this Supposition then where can be the *Concord*, where the *Coalition*?

*Over*. Just where the Union would be between Kites and Doves.

*Blunt*. But, my Fox-hunter, leaving Concord and Union out of the Question, when has it been seen, that spotless innocent *Doves* have had the weak Complaisance of associating with the crafty and guilty *Kites*, on the first Offer of Friendship and Cordiality?

*Broad*. Still, my worthy Magistrate, severe upon your old Friends?

Sir *John*. Mr. *Broadbottom*, call not that Severity, which is the Result of Friendship. I judge of Mr. *Blunt* by myself, who, because I esteem you, fear you may be imposed upon in the Step you have lately taken. You could not but see that the Court made to you, was the Effect rather of *Necessity* than *Choice*. You must not be the Man of Penetration I take you for, unless you saw that you would be an unwelcome Guest at C——t, and an unwelcome Companion to those who invited you thither. In such Circumstances, I should expect that you, and those whom you have selected among your Party to accompany you, would  
insist

insist upon such Terms for your Country, as would endear you to your Countrymen.

*Broad.* But, Sir *John*, would it become us to insist on Terms, when none were exacted from us?

Sir *John*. It not only would become you to insist on such Terms as would be of public Utility, but it was absolutely necessary you shou'd, if you would maintain your Character and serve your Country. You *New Comers* are but a few, if compared to those you are ingrafted on. They may, and probably will out-argue, or rather out-vote you, whenever you shall presume to oppose their Measures; and should you persist in your Opposition, they will thrust you from the *Barn* for your Contumacy. Such will be the best of your Case.

*Smooth.* Best do you call it? Pray, Sir *John*, what do you call the Worst of their Case?

Sir *John*. To quit their own Principles, and take up those of the old *Standards*. In that Case they might think to mend their own private Fortunes, but would most certainly ruin their Country, and of course would lose all Credit with their Countrymen.

*Broad.* But is it impossible for Men of different Principles to meet each other half Way, and agree in such Essentials as may promote the general Good of the Community?

Sir

Sir *John*. He who meets an Opponent half way, recedes from his own Principles, and embraces in part at least, those of his Antagonist. Now if your *Principles* were *sound*, and those of the *old Standards* *unsound*, as we must believe from your constant Opposition for the Time past; how can you depart from yours, without embracing *unsound* Principles? No, Sir, I protest against half-way Meetings between a Majority in *Power*, and a few, who, I'm afraid, grasp too eagerly at a Shred, or rather Shadow of that *Power*. The *Magnet* is with the greater Number; pray Heaven, it attracts not the smaller to it!

*Broad*. Why so desponding, Sir *John*, you who were won't to be the firmest Prop of our Party Hopes?

Sir *John*. To be very serious, Mr. *Broad-bottom*, I apprehend we are in a wretched Situation; and I see but one Means, by which we may hope to better our Condition. But I foresee that we sha'n't have the Wisdom or Virtue to pursue that only Way. Notwithstanding the Groupe of Ills we labour under; notwithstanding our Necks are sore gall'd with the Yoke, I fear, should the Time of procuring ourselves Ease ever offer, Corruption will prevail, and *Avarice* will chuse the Continuance of our Woe. If we would expect such a thorough Change of Measures as the Nation seem to wish

wish for and require, can we hope for it from the present Patch-work mingling of Hands ?

The taking Gentlemen into the Administration, who have distinguished themselves by their Zeal for the Interests of their Country, is not, I fear, designed to ease the People, but to bring those Gentlemen to bear a Share of the public Hatred and Infamy, which the late M ——— rs have incurr'd by the most flagitious Measures. This must cause an irreparable Breach between the Public and those now rever'd and beloved Patriots ; a Policy by which the Projectors think, perhaps, they leave the Flocks without Shepherds, and may at Pleasure then prey upon the Folds. But let me warn these Politicians, that it is not always safe to leave an injur'd, oppress'd, exasperated People without Leaders on whose Probity they may depend. On the other hand, let me warn our Patriots, that as a Snare may have been laid for them, it is their Business to take care they are not taken in it. They have been the Hopes as well as Darlings of their Country, and it should be their Study at this critical Juncture not to give Room for suspecting their Virtue. In short, they should avoid becoming themselves the Curse of their Country, or countenancing those that have been so for many Years.

The War for the Sake of *H----*, has been carried on after a Manner so dishonourable,

not to say infamous, and so expensive, that the old *Standards*, for a Reason easily pointed out, look upon a *Peace* to be absolutely necessary. The Conduct of the War will not suffer them to hope that equitable Terms will be allow'd them ; on the other hand, they must be sensible, that the People have a greater Regard to the Honour of the Nation than to private-Interest, and will be against sheathing the Sword, till the Blood of our foreign Enemies has wash'd off the Stain fix'd on the Glory of the Nation by her domestic Foes. In this Dilemma they may think it the best, indeed the only Expedient to cast the Burden on the *Favourites* of the People. If they accept of Peace on dishonourable Terms, the late M-----rs are acquitted ; if they reject it, any Misfortunes that may attend the War will be intirely cast upon them. In a Word, the Ministers have entangled the Skein, and call upon the Patriots to disentangle it, or share the Odium of their Folly and Wickedness. They have woven the *Gordian Knot*, and the Friends of the People are to loose it.

*Over.* We shall soon see who are the Peoples Friends.

*Broad.* Can you have any Doubt concerning them ?

*Blunt.* Were not those *Deserters* lately thrust from the *Barn*, the Peoples Friends too before they were *ingrafted* on the Ministry ?



nistry? All are the Peoples Friends while they are rising on the Shoulders of the People; but when once they are up, away goes the Scaffolding. Mr. *Broadbottom*, I believe you are a Friend to the People, or I would not support your last Election, or your present Re-election; but if you would convince us you are truly so, let us see you heartily endeavouring to obtain something for those willing People that have drain'd their Vitals to comply with a C---t and Ministry, and bore the Heat of the Day. Restore us our *Triennial* Parliaments.

Sir *John*. Or rather our Annual Parliaments, which was the ancient Constitution. But, Mr. *Broadbottom*, let us have them without *Purchase*. I understand the C---l L---st is greatly incumber'd. I hope 'tis not intended to clear it at the People's Expence, before the annual Produce of it be fairly stated and known.

*Blunt*. Can you expect to know any thing the Court has a mind you should not, while *Seven's* the Main?

*Over*. No more *Septs* say I; I believe I shall never love the Number *Seven* again, as long as live.

Sir *John*. *Seven* or *Seventy* would be of little Significancy in a Country and Age less corrupt than ours. But considering the present Depravity, I must confess that *septennial* Parliaments afford Ministers more Opportunity than I would willingly allow

them, to put in Practice the Arts of the Cabinet.

*Rosè.* If the Depravity be so great and general as you represent it, how shall our Condition be better'd by a Repeal of the *septennial* Law? The Cabinet Arts, which you so much apprehend, may be as well practis'd on the *triennial* as *septennial* Servants of the People.

*Over.* To prevent which, let us do as our braver, honest *Popish* Ancestors did.

*Rosè.* Ah! Mr. *Overall!* Your worthy Father would not have been so liberal of his Epithets to Papists.

*Over.* Mr. *Rosèband*, my Father loved and rever'd Virtue wherever he found it. And he blush'd not any more than I should, to own that our *Popish* Ancestors had the true Spirit of Patriotism, and that they left us more valuable Blessings than we are like to leave Posterity.

*Smoth.* How, my Politician! Sha'n't we and Posterity too bask in Plenty, if we do as you say our honest *popish* Ancestors did? ha, ha!

*Rosè.* Pray, Mr. *Overall*, What are we to do in imitation of our braver Ancestors? ha, ha!

*Over.* To curse the Ambitious and Corrupt.

*Rosè.* Curse, Mr. *Overall!* Is it for Christians to curse?

*Over.* Is it for *Englishmen* to be bribed out

out of their Virtue? What are the Curses you pronounce on *Ashwednesdays*?

Sir *John*. Mr. *Overall* means, I suppose, the Anathema solemnly denounced in the Reign of *Henry III.* by the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, at the Head of the Barons and other great Men of the Nation, against all such as should directly or indirectly oppose the Observance of the *two Charters*, and those who should violate, diminish, or alter in any Manner whatever the Laws and Constitutions of the Kingdom.

*Over.* I do, Sir *John*; and the Method I would propose should be, that the Members of the Legislature, not excepting the pious Lords the B---ps, on the Expiration of the present Parliament, would meet in *Westminster* Abbey, and there solemnly denounce, by the Mouth of the Archbishop, or, if some squeamish Puritans should object to the Surplice, by the Mouths of the Lord C-----r and Sp-----r, the bitterest Curses against all who shall offer or accept a Bribe at a new Election, directly or indirectly.

*Blunt.* Or who shall accept of a Place or Pension after he is elected, in order to support the Measures of Evil Ministers, or screen them.

*Over.* *Blunt*, let you and I draw up a Form of the Anathema. I would ask the Vicar, but that he says 'tis Antichristian, to curse the Wicked. First then, *Cursed* be he who offers any Bribe or Gratification to  
any

any Freeholder or Burgher to obtain his Vote : *Cursed* be he who is an Instrument to corrupt any who has a Right to give his Vote for any Candidate to represent his County or Borough : *Cursed* be he, who having a Right to vote, shall be bias'd in his Voting by any private Interest, Views, or Hopes : *Cursed* be he who makes any unjust Returns of Members ; and may such Enemies of their Country be *cursed* in themselves, their Wives and Posterity, and in their Goods and Chattels ; may they themselves become the Butt of public Scorn, Hatred and Contempt, whilst living, and their Widows and Daughters become common Prostitutes for Bread ; and may their Sons experience that *Slavery*, which they would have brought upon their Country ; may their Herds and Flocks die with the Murrain and Rot ; may their Lands become barren, and may their Memory for ever stink in the Nostrils of all honest Men and true *Britons*. Let all here say, *Amen*.

*Broad*. See what it is to be a Foxhunter ; no other's Lungs would have held out in so long a Chase of useful Curses ; ha, ha !

Sir *John*. Why indeed, Mr. *Broadbottom*, if Curses would cure the great Evil of *Corruption*, they might be truly called *useful*. But I am afraid the World is become too cursed to be frighten'd by Curses from the Commission of Evil. Therefore I would have them restrain'd by some more coercive Means.

Means. And as the Repeal of the *Septennial Act*, and effectual *Place* and *Pensions* Bills, seem to bid fairest of any Means I can think of, for removing the Gangreen which preys upon the Vitals of our Constitution ; I should be glad to see the P— this very Session take them seriously into Consideration. I hope they will, for the good of Posterity and their own Honour. And let me add, Mr. *Broadbottom*, that I hope it for yours, and your new *Ingrafted Brethren's* Sake, who must rise or sink with the Publick, as these Points are dropt or vigorously pushed and obtain'd. What is it to the People who is *in* or *out* of Place, if they receive no Benefit by the Change? On the Contrary, a pretended Coalition leaves them in a worse Condition than they were before, as it deprives them of their present Leaders, and a colourable Pretence for Complaint. For won't Courtiers be apt to call that a wanton Complaint, which has not the Sanction of the old Chiefs of the People?

*Broad.* Sir *John*, as all who hear you, improve by your Conversation ; all who converse with you, ought to pay a Deference to your Opinions, which are generally well founded. But tho' I should admit that the Points you contend for, would be of public Utility ; yet I believe you will admit likewise, that there may be Seasons wherein it would not be proper to press these Matters  
with

with too great Warmth. It would be ill-timing the Embellishment or Repair of a House, when the Chimney was on Fire. The World at Home and Abroad is unsettled and perplexed. We have Quarrels and Parties ———

Sir *John*. We have so, and Taxes, Poverty, and Corruption. And we have likewise open, and who are more dangerous, secret Enemies; at least, we have lukewarm Friends.—This is no more than what I dreaded, when I first heard how few of the reputed Friends of the People were invited to C——t. When I saw all the great Offices of Trust continued in the old *Standards*, I dreaded the Consequence of taking a few of the Leaders of the People into the subordinate Posts.—Mr. *Broadbottom*, I am sorry to tell you, that I dreaded you would have learnt the Court *Catechise*, when I heard you accepted of a Place before obtaining such Points as the People contend for, and are of absolute Necessity. Why should it be unseasonable to restore us to *triennial* Parliaments, and to secure Liberty by effectual Place and Pension Bills? What Ferment or Combustion is here at Home, that should prevent or deter the Friends of our Constitution from seeking its immediate Repair, where it has been weakened by either Time or Art? What have the Broils of *Germany* to do with the *British* Constitution?

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The World, you say, is unsettled and perplexed abroad, and we have Quarrels and Parties at Home. Granted; and who are accountable for the Perplexities on the Continent and the Parties here at Home? Not the People, Mr. *Broadbottom*, whose Contentment you would postpone to a more seasonable Opportunity. I should be glad to know the ministerial *Seasons* for doing public Justice. We have had a long Interval of Peace since the passing the *Septennial* Law, yet our Ministers never thought it *seasonable* to suffer it to be repealed. The Ministers, Sir, I mean the *B——b* Ministers, and not the *B——b* Nation, have been principally and primarily Authors of the Broils on the Continent; and our Fewds at Home are no less owing to them.

*Smooth.* How, Sir *John*, will you place the Ambition of *France*, the Perfidy of *P——a*, and the Inaction of *Holland*, to the Account of our Ministers?

Sir *John*. I will, and with the strictest Justice.—*France* had not dared to attempt gratifying her Ambition, nor *P——* to support *France*, or *Holland* to look on, if a Foreign Interest did not bias *B——b* Ministers from the true Interest of their Country. To sum up all in one Word, *H——* is accountable for all the Perplexities on the Continent, and all our Fewds at

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Home.

Home.—But what Fewds or Quarrels can be apprehended after so hopeful a *Coalition* as the present? When shall *Britons* expect Relief, unless when the *best Men of all Parties*, according to one of our Patriot Writers, have the Power and Direction of public Affairs?

*Broad.* We are only accountable for our own Conduct; and as we are but a few—

*Sir John.* I dread you may be biassed by the Majority. Why should you agree to come into the Support of a tottering M—y before you had secured such a Share of Power as would enable you to change Measures obnoxious and injurious to the People? Why would you come in without securing a Moiety at least, of the great Offices of Trust, such as first C— of the T—y, S—y of S—, and P—t of the C—t, &c. &c.

*Over.* Faith now, *Sir John*, that would be keeping Gentlemen to d—d hard Meat. What, not allow Men to stoop at small Game, that have been beating about for many Years in vain? Pshaw! Gad! 'tis quite ungentle and unconscionable.

*Sir John.* My Quarrel is not to the Gentlemen's Humility, but to their Want of Prudence. *Mr. Broadbottom*, I hope, will pardon the Expression.

*Broad.*



*Broad.* With all my Heart. Sir *John Probeum* can say nothing, because I am sure he means not, to offend me.

Sir *John.* Sir, you do me but Justice ; I intend an Affront to no Man, much less to you, whom I have always esteemed.

*Broad.* And of whom you shall have no Cause to alter your good Opinion.

Sir *John.* I hope not, tho' I cannot so readily digest your *Seasons* for redressing the People's Grievances.

*Blunt.* *Times* and *Seasons* were Cant Words with the late *Deserters*, as soon as the People expected they would act according to their Professions.

*Over.* Ha, ha ! Courtiers act up to their Professions ! Ha, ha ! What a Solecism wou'd that be ? Why Man, you forget that *Double* and *John*, and *Long Bib*, and *Dismal*, and the Rest of that precious deserting Gang were become *Courtiers*, when they found out that it was unseasonable to weaken the Ministerial Power, and strengthen that of the People.

Sir *John.* Experience, they say, is the Mother of Wisdom ; but I am sorry we *Englishmen* are seldom instructed by that sagacious Lady. I have lived to see the People deluded and injured by those whom they themselves had screw'd up into Power ; and I have seen them receiving those very

*Deluders* a second and third Time into their Favour.

*Rose.* A Proof of their Lenity and Good-nature, Sir *John*.

Sir *John*. Of their Stupidity rather. I am bound to forgive an Enemy, but know of no Injunction human or divine, that enjoins me to trust that Enemy a second Time, and put the Snake in my Bosom.

*Broad.* Sir *John*, you shall never have Cause for making the Application here. If I can't serve with Honour, I am a free Agent, and shall make use of the Freedom I was born to. I will fling up my P— the Moment I find I can't keep it consistent with my Duty to my Country.

*Over.* There spoke the Genius of old *England*.

*Blunt.* Like that noble Patriot, who flung up not long since, that he might not share in the Guilt and Odium of the Company he kept.

*Broad.* And that noble Patriot is heartily with us in the present Change. I hope you will think that his Presence should be enough to keep us all in Countenance.

Sir *John*. There is not a Man alive has a better Opinion of that great Man than myself; but shou'd he tell me of *Times* and *Seasons* for redressing Grievances, I should alter my Opinion of him, and think him infected

infected by the Air of the C——t. But that Patriot *Englishman* is incapable of so great Baseness and Folly. He knows that War Time is the properest for enquiring into the Misconduct of the War ; and I hope for that Reason, he and all his Friends will encourage an Inquiry into the Miscarriage at *Carthagena*, and into the more dishonourable Misconduct last Year at the *Hieres*. I hope likewise he and you will promote a strict Inspection into the Management of our Land War.

*Blunt*. You mean the *H——n* War. I am sure we are no otherwisè concerned in it, than to have the Honour of defraying its Expençe.

*Sir John*. Be our Concern what it will, it ought to have been managed with some Decency, if not with Vigour and Prudence. But ever since the Commencement, it has been carried on ingloriously for the Nation, and scandalously for those who had the Conduct of it. And should such wrong-headed or corrupt Agents go unpunish'd or un-examin'd at least, it will be setting such an Example of national *Lenity*, as may prove fatal in the Day of Necessity.

*Blunt*. National *Lenity* ! Ah, *Sir John*, you were wont to call Things by their right Names——What shall we call the *Lenity* shewn to the late Arch-delinquent ?

*Over:*

*Over.* The Duce! what would the Man have; was not there a S——t C——ee appointed?

*Sir John.* Yes; and the very little which that C——ee was pleas'd to publish concerning that Arch-spoiler of his Country, proves that they ought to have proceeded further.

*Over.* Dear *Broadbottom*, let us have no C——ees at all, unless you have the *Will* and *Power* to sift Things to the Bottom: For it is but tantalizing a Nation to pretend doing them Justice, and never intend any.

*Blunt.* 'Tis encouraging public Venality and Corruption. But C-----ees are pretty *Tubs*, too often thrown out to amuse the People.

*Sir John.* What Pity 'tis to abuse the Credulity of the best natur'd People in the World!

*Over.* *Sir John*, you may praise their good Nature as much as you please; but, Gad! I say they are the veriest Oafs in Christendom. Z---ds! that a People should be so d---n'd stupid as to delegate their Power again and again; nay, a Power too over their Lives and Fortunes, to Men who had done them repeated Injuries, and of whom they had made repeated Complaints. They complain'd of the *Septennial* as a grievous Imposition; yet the very next Opportunity

portunity chose those very Men that had so grossly imposed upon them.

*Blunt.* Was it not the same in regard to the *Excise-Scheme* and the *Convention*?

*Over.* The *H---r* Troops, and the *&c. &c.* to the End of a Chapter as long as the Book of Homilies.

*Broad.* But, Gentlemen, don't you forget to season your Account of the People's *Folly* with a certain native Spice called *Knavery*, or in other Words, *Self-interest*, which, according to Sir *John*, is the primary fundamental Ingredient in the Composition of most Men? Did not these injur'd complaining People bring their Suffrages to Market overt, where the best Bidder was sure to have them?

Sir *John*. The Fact, I am afraid, is but too true: And at the same Time that it proves the Corruption of the People, it proves likewise the Necessity of an immediate Remedy. Had those scandalous Marts for the Sale of *B---sb* Liberty been more common; had they been *annual*, or even *triennial*, the M-----rs would not find their Account in the frequent Expence; nay, they could not support it.

*Blunt.* Yet necessary as the immediate Application of this Specific is, you shall see it postponed to more pacific *Times*, and gentler *Seasons*.

*Smooth.*

*Smooth.* Mr. *Blunt*, tho' you speak thus in Derision, yet if you reflect with Seriousness, the Delay of a Remedy so extraordinary as the Repeal of the *Septennial* is, till after the War, will not seem so unmeet to you as it appears at present.

*Blunt.* Dost think the *Repeal* would abate the Courage of our Soldiers and Seamen, and raise that of the Enemy? Dost think it would pall the Appetites of those greedy *Germans*, that now and long have done us the Honour to receive *Subsidies* from us? Wou'd the Queen of *Hungary* and King of *Sardinia* receive *English* Money the less freely; or defend their own Territories the less carefully, if *general Content* should be spread throughout this Island, powerful as much or more by the Union of its Inhabitants, as by their Bravery and Wealth? Would our good Allies the *Dutch* be deafer to our Intreaties, or slower in their Motions than they have been of late, should they see the very *Fountain* of our Corruption and Venality dry'd up by a Legislative Sponge?

*Over.* Would our A——ls and G——ls have less Sense, Experience, Courage and Honesty, if they were to go to *Market* with their *Bank-bills*, but every *Third Year*?

*Smooth.* You forget that your favourite

A —— 1

A——I was lately courted at many *Markets* without the Aid of Bank-bills.

*Over.* No, Sir; I don't forget that his Merit had endeared him to the People, and render'd him hateful to—— Mi-Mi--Mi--Ministers.—'Sflesh! I thought I could never keep down another *Word* which would force itself in the room of Ministers.—But enough of that. No, Mr. *Smoothwell*, I forget not that that gallant, honest Man has not been thought of in the present Change, tho' his Valour, Experience, Probity, and good Sense, can't be called in question.

Sir *John*. Truly I wonder'd when I saw not his Name among the List of C——rs of a certain Board.

*Broad.* There are certain *Prejudices*, which, in Prudence, we were obliged to overlook when we could not surmount them.

Sir *John*. I don't at all question but there was a *Prejudice* to you *all*; but when you were able to conquer that which was always supposed to be conceived against you personally, Mr. *Broadbottom*, I should not wonder you could surmount all *Prejudice* whatever.

*Over.* Pr'ythee, *Bottom*, how came it practicable to ram one of your *uncommon Size*, down the narrow squeamish Throat of ——? again, another *Word* would intrude on the Word Ministers.

*Blunt.* I'll tell thee; to take away from us all our Props; to strip us of our Leaders; in short, to leave no Speaker or Man of known Merit behind--

*Sir John.* I fear that was Part of the Plan; and if so, we are undone, unless we are saved by the Virtue and Steadiness of those whom the People have confided in all along, and rais'd at last.

*Broad.* You need not fear them.

*Sir John.* I would not willingly suspect Men, who owe more to their Constituents, than those they have all along opposed. On a Supposition that these had purchas'd, no matter how infamously, they assum'd a Sort of Right to reimburse themselves at the Expence of the Venders. But you *Patriots* have no such colourable Claim for diserving those who spontaneously chose you their Attornies with no private Views in the World, or any Views but such as tend to the Good of the Community in general.

*Over.* Gad, my dear *Broady*, you ought to be doubly cursed, nay doubly d---n'd, should you not earnestly and truly serve those that had gratuitously vested you with ample Power over their Persons, Lands, Goods, Chattels, Wives and Bairs.

*Rose.* And Hounds and Hunters; ha, ha!

*Blunt.*



*Blunt.* And Tythes and Dues, my laughing Vicar—Is the *Liberty* of a free People a fit Subject for Laughter? Is not our All at Stake at this critical Juncture? Should those who have been always our reputed Friends, *join* with those who were always deem'd our Enemies, what shall become of us? What shall we do?

*Over.* I'll tell you; *unite*, and join against both.

Sir *John.* I should not wonder if a general *Union* against all secret and open Enemies would be the Consequence of any signal Misconduct or Defection in those lately *ingrafted*. For after such repeated Experience as the People have had of the Power of C— *Infection*, it may be expected they would go greater Lengths than might be agreeable to the Authors of their Despair. 'Tis dangerous to push a sensible People too far.

*Over.* Pshaw! brag not too much of your Sensibility, I beseech you, after such Provocations as you have had since the *Septennial* Y—e has been upon your Necks. Gad! they are as tame as my *Chestnut* after a Morning's Chase.

Sir *John.* They are observant of the Laws, and I hope they will always continue so.

*Over.* 'Shud! you wou'dn't have us keep Measures with *Renegadoes* and *Promise-breakers*?

Sir *John*. No ; but I am for no Measure that exceeds legal Bounds.

*Over. Z*—ds Man ! you don't think I would advise the knocking such *Recreants* in the Head without Judge or Jury, tho' they would merit the worst of Deaths. No ; I would not touch a Hair of their Heads ; but d---n me if ever that Man should have my Friendship or Vote again, who should once break public *Faith* with me.

*Blunt*. Right, my worthy 'Squire—Oh ! how solemnly have we been promis'd a Redress of all our Grievances as soon as our *Idols* should come into the Administration !

*Rose*. *Idols* ! Mr. Mayor.---

*Blunt*. Ay, Doctor ; such, and worse, if possible, are all those useless insignificant Men, that fawn, flatter and promise, to arrive at the Summit of their Ambition, and forget all they had promised as soon as their Turn is served.---*Idols* ! Mr. *Roseband* ; yes, Sir, I would call our Patriots so to their Faces, and even Mr. *Broadbottom* himself, whom I always lov'd and serv'd, should the Redress of our Grievances be postpon'd. Tame and gull'd as we awkward Country Putts have been ; stupid as we are thought to be, we can feel, and even see when we are play'd off. Let the Legerdemain be never so dextrous, believe me, we can see through it.

*Over.*

*Over.* We don't forget how Sir *Bob* used to fly thro' the Hoops, when he was press'd hard. He wou'd shift the Pack off his own, to cast it on *nobler* Shoulders.—The Cheat is stale, it won't pass now.

*Blunt.* It won't indeed. We know very well what it means to have a Thing go thro' glibly below, when it is settled before hand, that it shall be stifled in its Flight. Mr. *Broadbottom*, you know my Meaning; and you know too what you have often promised, if ever you should come into Play, that you would promote the use of *Tacking*, when nothing else would do.

*Smooth.* I am sorry that the Head of a considerable Corporation, should give so great Room for suspecting his Loyalty, as to wish for the postponing the *Supplies* in time of War.

*Blunt.* I am more sorry to see a Principal of any Corporation, a Sycophant, and Time-server. Mr. *Smoothwell*, you may or may not excuse my plain Dealing, as you please. Pray Sir, why might not the *Redress* go Hand in Hand with the *Supply*? Is a Million the less a Million for being wrapt up in the same Paper or Parchment with a *Triennial*, or effectual Place and *Pension* Bills? Might not Votes of *Credit* and Votes of *Inquiry* be very naturally blended together? Would it swell the public Debts, if  
a secret

a secret and special C ——— ee were appointed to inspect the *Debts* of the Nation?

Sir *John*. And the *State* of the Nation too, Mr. Mayor. I have always lamented the Want of such a C ——— ee. It could not fail, if well chosen, to answer every good End proposed by a National Enquiry.

*Over*. Brave, upright old Man! have you not seen *Pharfalia*? What have we got by the late E ——— y into dextrous *Bob's* Conduct?

*Blunt*. A *Proof* that he ought to be shorten'd by the ———

*Over*. And pray, how would you have those *worthy Men* serv'd, who condescend-ed to let us have a Sight of that precious *Half-proof*, and not an Inch farther?

*Blunt*. As they deserved ———

*Over*. Mum for that ——— Gad! *Blunt*, I thought you too sincere for Caution and Circumspection.

*Rose*. As much as to say, you thought his *Worship* no wiser than he shou'd be. Ha, ha!

*Over*. As much as I should think a *Time-server* to be an honest Man.

*Blunt*. Heed him not, Mr. *Overall*, he would set you and I together by the Ears, but he shan't have his Ends. (*Looking on his Watch*.) Bless us! how insensibly *Time* pass'es in good Company. ——— Mr. *Broadbot-*

*tom,*

tom, at what Hour shall we meet in the Town-Hall? the sooner the better, for fear of Accidents.

*Broad.* Of Opposition, you mean.— I have heard of no new Candidate.

*Blunt.* I hope there will be no Candidate but yourself; and tho' I believe you'll meet with no Opposition, expect not to be re-elected without Bustle and Murmur. The Freemen are not quite pleased with your late Conduct. They think you, and some others, have been too hasty and partial in your Distribution of Places—

*Broad.* They quite mistake the Thing, the *Distribution* was not of our making.

*Sir John.* I am sorry to hear of so shameful an Error. Were you sensible of the *Necessity* some Men were driven to; and of your own *Usefulness*, and yet have no Share in the Settlement of the main Article of the Coalition? I wish you may not live to repent you of your Indolence or Timidity.

*Broad.* Timidity! *Sir John.*

*Sir John.* Yes, in Truth. I am not afraid to tell you, that you betrayed either too much *Timidity*, or too strong an Appetite for Employments, when you could make no better a Bargain for your Party, or obtain no absolute positive Assurances that the *Redress* should go Hand in Hand with the *Supply*. Are we to bleed for ever? Are we never to taste of Cordials?

*Over,*

*Over.* Our *Doctors* think that *Bitters* fit best on our *English* Stomachs.

*Sir John.* *Bitters* are of a hot Nature; the *Prescribers* should take Care, that a too constant use of them may not *inflame* the Blood too much.

*Over.* They have provided beforehand a Remedy against such an Evil.—A good many Thousands in *Red*, will cure an Inflammation presently.

*Sir John.* They may, by Amputation, if in some of the *Limbs* only; but should ever Poverty, Oppression, or Despair, force the Inflammation into the *Body* and Bowels, I doubt the Surgeons in *Red* would not find the Cure so very easy. But I hope our Friends, few as they are, will find some Means of perswading their fellow Practicers to drop their *Bitters*, and put their Patients on a Course of *Alteratives*.

*Smooth.* *Sir John*, we all wish for Cordials and Restoratives; we own they are wanting; but I am afraid a Time of War and Confusion is not the proper Season for administering them.

*Sir John.* I am much more afraid, *Mr. Smoothwell*, that you have learnt a Language newly imported from *Court*. *Confusion*, if you mean here at Home, there is none; and as for the *War*, I don't think it wou'd or cou'd go on more ingloriously and scandalously than it has since the Commence-  
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ment of it, should our State Physicians alter their Practice.

*Blunt.* Scandalously as it has been conducted, it has cost us more than the most successful and best managed War.

*Over.* Our last *Foraging* Campaign stood us dearer than that of *Blenheim*; and shou'd we have one or two more such parading Summers, to pot goes the *Sinking Fund*.

Sir *John.* I shudder at the Thoughts of *re-mortgaging* that only Hope we had of seeing one Day our Trade and Industry exonerated from the Clogs that oppress them. The *Fund*, which should be sacred, has been too often made free with; but the Inroachments upon the Purpose of it being temporary only, it had no very bad Effect; whereas the Case would be otherwise, should they be perpetual.

*Blunt.* And because it will have that ruinous Consequence, you'll see violent unhallow'd Hands laid on that darling Hopes of our People.

*Over.* Why the D—l don't our Sages give Lotteries of six Millions, instead of six hundred Thousand? There are Fools enough in *England* to fill them.

Sir *John.* Another destructive Way of raising the Supplies. There is no Method more injurious to Trade than Lotteries in general; but when managed as our late ones

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have been, they become essentially a public Nuisance.

*Blunt.* You mean the *sharing* out Tickets and Chances?

*Sir John.* I do. Never was any Invention more destructive of Industry. The poor *Industrious*, whom it is the Policy of all Nations to cherish and encourage, are by this *sharing Traffick*, exposed to inevitable Destruction. Who but the Poor will buy an *Eighth* or *Sixteenth* of the Chance of a Ticket? The Rich will deal in whole Tickets; but 'tis the poor Industrious only that ruin themselves to be in Luck's Way, as they term it. 'Tis this poor but useful Class of the People only, that game at 30 *per Cent*: more Disadvantage than the richer Drones. No Temptation should be thrown in the Way of the Industrious; but on the Contrary, all hurtful Incentives should be removed. If you will tempt them to the Hazard Table, let them play upon the Square. Bring the Price of Tickets down to their Level; and let not the Jews, Sharpers, and Drones of the Nation be permitted to make a Property of them. But why might not the Sums raised the two last Years by way of Lottery; be as well brought into the *Exchequer* by any other Means?

*Over.* But no Means would so effectually draw off the Attention of the Public from our Misery and impending Danger. And what-



whatever some idle Folks may think, they tell me 'tis one of the principal *Arcana's* of the Cabinet, to contrive artfully, that is imperceptibly, to draw off the public *Attention* from the Conduct of *Superiors*. You can't conceive how close and out of Sight these State Spiders spin their Webs.

Sir *John*. But I can very well conceive that the People have Arms long and strong enough to reach and sweep those Webs clear away whenever they will.

*Over*. Ah! Sir *John*, where have the People you brag so much of, hid their Brooms and Brushes for many Years past?

*Blunt*. Behind the Clouds of *Corruption* and *Hypocrisy*, where they are like to remain much longer, or I am mistaken.

*Broad*. Mr. *Blunt*, it gives me a Concern to see you continue your Diffidence of your best Friends. You shall find, that neither *Corruption* nor *Hypocrisy* will stand in the Nation's Way to Happiness, if those whom you deem *England's* Friends can help it.

Sir *John*. As Jealousy is said to spring from Love, *Diffidence* may be said to be founded in Friendship. Mr. *Blunt* hopes he has no Reason to suspect your *Intention*, but dreads you have put it out of your Power to serve the Public. You may have perceived, Mr. *Broadbottom*, during the whole Conversation, that your Friends apprehend this *Coalition* as you call it, or *In-*

*graftment* as we express it, will answer no Purpose of the People, who groan under the pressure of heavy Taxes, a vast Debt, Decay of Trade, the Yoke of Penal Laws, and those worst Y—s of all, the *Septennial* and the Corruption of their ———s. In short, they dread your being over-reach'd by your more experienc'd Partners, or rather your being jostled out of the Course, by the abler Jockeys of the C——t. If you wou'd serve your Constituents in your present Situation, you must act with Caution.—

*Blunt.* With *Honesty*, you should say rather. What Caution is necessary in answering the Hopes of the People? They desire but what is absolutely for their Safety. They expect no more than has been often solemnly promised them. And sure a Man that intends to be as good as his Word need not pick out every Step of his Way.

*Over.* The Ground about C——t, they say, is d——d slippery.

*Blunt.* And for that Reason I would not have had our Friends get upon it before they had secured their Footing there. See what is become of the late infamous *Deserters* for want of such Precaution.

Sir *John.* Let us draw no invidious Inferences from the Examples of a Crew that are now as despicable as they are odious to the whole Nation. A Crew that can't claim even the Merit of being inten-  
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tionally upright. They did not so much as attempt keeping Faith with the People.

*Over.* But they kept it religiously with the *Barn Keeper*.

*Blunt.* I can't say who was to be *indulged* by the War, but sure I am the Weight of it is grievously felt all over the Body politic.—*Mr. Broadbottom*, you have been lately at Court, pray what do they think there of the War? Are we like to get out of it with Honour? in short, are we like to get out of it at all?

*Over.* Out of it at all!—The D—I, you would not have us serve an Apprenticeship to the War, as we do to our P—ts?

*Sir John.* If it be no better manag'd than it has been hitherto, I don't see why this War might not last much longer than seven Years.

*Over.* I'll tell you why it can't, because we shan't be able to maintain it so long. By mortgaging the *Sinking Fund* we may hold out three or four Years pretty tolerably; but after that, souse we go to *Mint* or *State-bills* at 50 per Cent. Discount, as in *France* in old *Lewis XIV.* his Days.

*Rosè.* Gentlemen, however, will consider, that we can't get out of the War as easily as out of an Assembly Room in the Times of our Horse Races.

Sir

Sir *John*. I am sure it would be towering Madness to continue it on the same Footing it has been carried on hitherto. The *Dutch* should come in for a full equal Proportion of the Expence, or I would not have a Red-coat left in *Flanders*.

*Blunt*. Let the Cheesemongers look to their Barrier and be d---n'd, if they don't come down Guinea for Guinea, and Shilling for Shilling with us towards preserving it.

*Over*. *Blunt*, if you would curse the *Dutch* effectually, you must with them undamn'd.

*Blunt*. Damn'd or undamn'd let 'em be, before Old *England* wades out of her Depths to hold them up by the Chin.

*Broad*. Let us hope for the best. They may hear Reason, they may see their Interest when painted by so masterly a Hand as is now intrusted with the Pencil.

Sir *John*: If Wit, Eloquence, Politeness, Frankness and Integrity, could move a *Dutchman*, I should not doubt of that great Man's Success; but as nothing but *Self-interest* can engage either his Heart or Attention, I fear his L——p won't be able to persuade that *selfish* People to think it for their Interest to declare War against *France* and *Spain* at the critical Time that we are at Variance with those Crowns. We are to consider this Juncture as the Harvest-Season of the *Dutch*. All the Markets we are shut out from

from by the War, are open to them by a Neutrality. But what I believe weighs not a little with them, is, that they dread embarking with us ever since they perceived that the Views of our Statesmen have tended more towards *H—r* than *England*. 'Tis that observable Bias to a *Foreign Interest* that will deter the *States-General*, if my Lord *C—* does not succeed in his Embassy.

*Broad*. Perhaps they may conceive better Hopes from the new Administration.

*Sir John*. Perhaps they might, had the Administration been *new*. But as it is no more than an old Garment patch'd with new Cloth, I fear the *Dutch* will hardly alter their Plan on any Assurances such a motley *M—y* can give them. They may think, and perhaps too truly, that the same Measures will be follow'd, the same *Interest* be pursued, since the Majority, and the chief in Office of the *A—n*, are of the old Stamp. And they as truly may think, that neither Harmony nor Success can attend Counsels jarring between two different separate *Interests*. While the Interest of *H—r* clashes with that of *England*, we must neither expect Harmony with the *Dutch*, nor Success in our Wars.

*Over*. Nor in any thing else, I think. Would to God we could join that precious  
*Manor*

*Manor* to the *Orcades*, or send it adrift to *Lapland* or the *North Cape*.

*Blunt*. Since we can do neither, would to God our Statesmen would shew themselves to be *Englishmen*!

*Over*. Since we are got in the praying Strain, let us all pray that our *new M---*y, or at least those lately *ingrafted* upon the *old*, may not become 'as arrant *H---*ns as their grafted Predecessors, the late *Deserters*. Let us all say, *Amen*.

F I N I S.



