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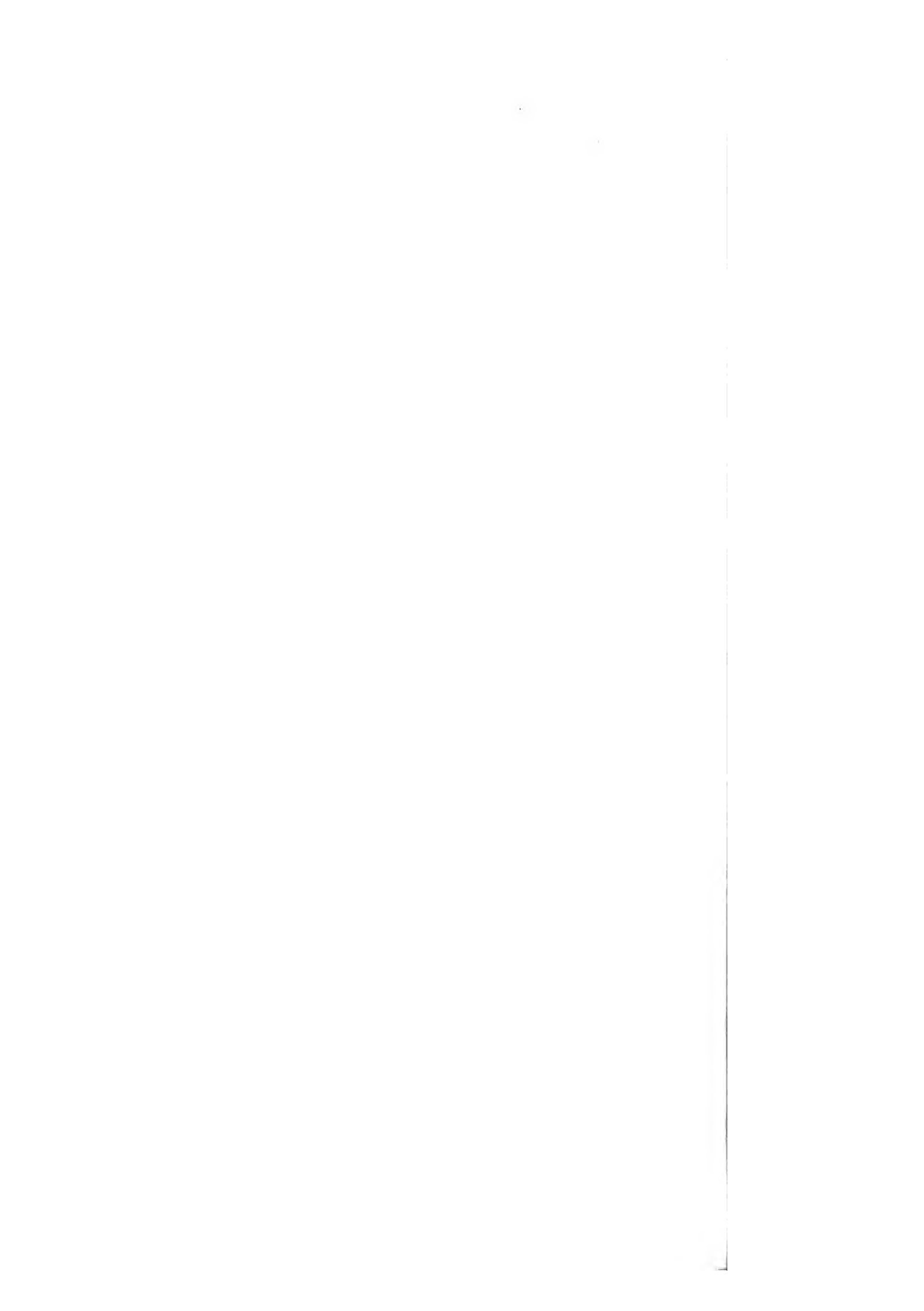
*Presented by Professor H. J. Davis
August 1963*

*To commemorate a long association with
the Oxford English Faculty Library
of which Mrs. Davis
was for some time Librarian*



32934

XL 66.1 [Hin]



THE
HIND

32734
XL 66.1 [Hind]
AND THE

PANTHER,

TRANSVERS'D

To the Story of the

Country-Mouse and the City-Mouse.

Much Malice mingled with a little Wit. *Hind. Pan.*

Nec vult Panthera domari. Quæ Genus.

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-fryars*,
near the Water-side. 1709.

Price Three Pence.

VI A

NOTAS



T

THE
PREFACE.

THE Favourers of the Hind and Panther will be apt to say in its Defence, That the best things are capable of being turn'd to Ridicule; that Homer has been Burlesque'd, and Virgil Travestied without suffering any thing in their Reputation from that Buffoonry; and that in like manner, the Hind and the Panther may be an exact Poem tho' 'tis the Subject of our Raillery: But there is this difference, that those Authors are wrested from their true Sense, and this naturally falls into Ridicule; there is nothing Represented here as monstrous and unnatural, which is not equally so in the Original. First as to the General Design Is it not as easie to imagine two Mice bilking Coachmen, and supping at the Devil; as to suppose a Hind entertaining the Panther at a Hermit's Cell, discussing the greatest Mysteries of Religion, and telling you her Son Rodriguez writ very good Spanish? What can be more improbable

The P R E F A C E.

and contradictory to the Rules and Examples of all Fables, and to the very Design and Use of them? They were first begun and raised to the highest Perfection in the Eastern Countries; where they wrote in Signs and spoke in Parables, and delivered the most useful Precepts in delightful Stories; which for their Aptness were entertaining to the most Judicious, and led the vulgar into Understanding by surprizing them with their Novelty, and fixing their Attention. All their Fables carry a double meaning; the Story is one and intire; the Characters the same throughout, not broken or chang'd, and always conformable to the Nature of the Creatures they introduce. They never tell you that the Dog which snapt at a Shadow, lost his Troop of Horse, that would be unintelligible; a piece of Flesh is proper for him to drop, and the Reader will apply it to Mankind; they would not say that the Daw who was so proud of her borrow'd Plumes lookt very ridiculous when Rodriguez came and took away all the Book but the 17th, 24th, and 25th Chapters, which she stole from him: But this is his new way of telling a Story, and confounding the Moral and the Fable together.

Before the Word was written, said the
Hind,
Our Saviour Preach'd the Faith to all
Mankind.

What

The P R E F A C E.

*What relation has the Hind to our Sa-
iour? or what Notion have we of a Pan-
ther's Bible? If you say he means the
Church, how does the Church feed on Lawns,
or range in the Forest? Let it be always a
Church, or always the cloven-footed Beast,
or we cannot bear his shifting the Scene
every Line. If it is absurd in Comedies to
make a Peasant talk in the Strain of a Hero,
or a Country Wench use the Language of the
Court; how monstrous is it to make a Priest
of a Hind, and a Parson of a Panther?
To bring 'em in disputing with all the For-
malities and Terms of the School? Though
as to the Arguments themselves, those, we
confess, are suited to the Capacity of the
Hearts, and if we would suppose a Hind ex-
pressing her self about these Matters, she
could talk at that Rate.*

*As to the Absurdity of his Expressions,
there is nothing wrested to make 'em ridi-
culous, the Terms are sometimes alter'd to
make the Blunder more visible; Knowledge
misunderstood is not at all better Sense
than Understanding misunderstood, though
we confess the Author can play with words
well, that this and twenty such will pass off
on a slight reading.*

*There are other Mistakes which could not
be brought in, for they were too gross for
Bayes*

The P R E F A C E.

Bayes himself to commit. 'Tis hard to conceive how any Man could censure the Turk for Gluttony, a People that debauch in Coffee are voluptuous in a Mess of Rice, and keep the strictest Lent, without the Pleasures of a Carnival to encourage them. But 'tis almost impossible to think that any Man, who had not renounced his Senses, should reprove Duncomb for Allen: He had been told that Mr. Allen had written a Discourse of Humility; to which he wisely answers, That that magnified Piece of Duncomb's was Translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez, and to set it beyond dispute, makes the infallible Guide affirm the same thing. There are few Mistakes, but one may imagine how a Man fell into them, and at least what he aimed at; but what likeness is there between Duncomb and Allen? do they so much Rhime?

Difference
betwixt a
Protestant
and Socini-
an, p. 62.

Pag. 92.

Pag. 90.

We may have this Comfort under the Severity of his Satyr, to see his Abilities equally lessen'd with his Opinion of us; and that he could not be a fit Champion against the Panther till he had laid aside all Judgment. But we must applaud his Obedience to his new Mother Hind; she Disciplin'd him severely, she commanded him to Sacrifice his Darling Fame, and to do it effectually he publisht this learned Piece. This is the favourable Construction we would put on his Faults, tho' he ta

The P R E F A C E.

re to inform us, that it was done from no Pref.
position, but out of a natural Propensity
e has to Malice, and a particular Inclina-
ion of doing Mischief. What else could pro-
oke him to Libel the Court, Blaspheme
ings, abuse the whole Scotch Nation, rail ^{Pag. 87.}
t the greatest Part of his own, and lay all
he Indignities imaginable on the only esta-
lish'd Religion? And we must now Congra-
ulate him this Felicity, that there is no
ect or Denomination of Christians, whom
e has not abused.

Thus far his Arms have with Success
een crown'd.

Let Turks, Jews and Infidels look to
hemselves, he has already begun the War
pon them. When once a Conqueror grows
hus dreadful, 'tis the Interest of all his
Veighbours to oppose him, for there is no
Alliance to be made with one that will face
bout, and destroy his Friends, and like a
econd Almanzor, change Sides meerly to
keep his hand in ure. This Heroick Tem-
er of his, has created him some Enemies,
hat did by no means affect Hostility; and
he may observe this Candor in the Manage-
ment, that none of his Works are concern'd
in these Papers, but his last Piece; and I
believe he is sensible this is a Favour. I
was not ambitious of Laughing at any Per-
wasion, or making Religion the Subject of
such

THE PREFACE.

such a Trifle, so that no Man is here concern'd, but the Author himself, and nothing ridicul'd but his way of arguing.

But, Gentlemen, if you won't take it so, you must grant my Excuse is more reasonable than our Author's to the Dissenters.

T H E

THE
HIND
 AND THE
PANTHER,

Transvers'd to the Story of the COUNTRY
 and the CITY-MOUSE.

Bayes, Johnson, Smith.

Johnson. **H**AH! my Old Friend Mr. *Bayes*,
 What lucky Chance has thrown
 me upon you? Dear Rogue,
 let me embrace thee.

Bayes, Hold, at your Peril, Sir; stand off, and
 come not within my Sword's Point: For if you
 are not come over to the Royal Party, I expect nei- Pref. p. 1.
 ther fair War, nor fair Quarter from you.

Johnson. How, draw upon your Friend, and as-
 fault your Old Acquaintance! O' my Conscience,
 my Intentions were Honourable.

Bayes, Conscience! Ay, ay, I know the Deceit of
 that Word well enough: Let me have the Marks Pref. ib.
 of your Conscience before I trust it; for if it be not

B of

of the same Stamp with mine, Gad I may be knock'd down for all your fair Promises.

Smith. Nay, prithee *Bayes*, what damn'd Villainy hast thou been about, that thou'rt under these Apprehensions? Upon my Honour I'm thy Friend; yet thou lookest as sneaking and frighted as a Dog that has been worrying Sheep.

Pref. ib.

Bayes, Ay, Sir, *The Nation is in too high a Ferment for me to expect any Mercy*, or I'gad, to trust any Body.

Smith. But why this to us, my Old Friend, who you know never trouble our Heads with National Concerns, till the third Bottle has taught us as much of Politicks as the next does of Religion?

Bayes. Ah! Gentlemen, leave this Prophaneness, I am alter'd since you saw me, and cannot bear this loose Talk now. Mr. *Johnson*, you are a Man of Parts, let me desire you to read *the Guide of Controversy*; and Mr. *Smith*, I would recommend to you *the Considerations on the Council of Trent*, and so Gentlemen your humble Servant. —
Good Life be now my Task.

Page 5.

Johns. Nay, Faith, we won't part so: Believe us, we are both your Friends; let us step to the *Rose* for one quarter of an Hour, and talk over old Stories.

Bayes. I ever took you to be Men of Honour, and for your sakes I will transgress as far as one Pint.

Johns. Well, Mr. *Bayes*, many a merry Bout have we had in this House, and shall have again, I hope: Come, what Wine are you for?

Bayes. Gentlemen, do you as you please, for my part he shall bring me a single Pint of any thing.

Smith. How so, Mr. *Bayes*, have you lost your Pallat? you have been more curious.

Bayes. True, I have; but Senses must be starv'd, that the Soul may be gratified. Men of
your

Page 21.

your Kidney make the Senses the *supream Judge*, and therefore bribe 'em high, but we have laid both the Use and Pleasure of 'em aside.

Smith. What, is not there good Eating and Drinking on both sides? You make the Separation greater than I thought it.

Bayes. No, no, whenever you see a Fat Rosie-colour'd Fellow, take it from me, he is either a *Ibid.* Protestant or a *Turk*.

Johns. At that rate, Mr. *Bayes*, one might suspect your Conversion; methinks thou hast as much the Face of an *Heretick* as ever I saw.

Bayes. *Such was I, such by Nature still I am.* Page 5. But I hope e'er long I shall have drawn this *pamper'd Paunch* fitter for the *straight Gate*.

Smith. Sure, Sir, you are in ill hands, your Confessor gives you more severe Rules than he practices; for not long ago a *Fat Friar* was thought a *true Character*.

Bayes. Things were misrepresented to me: I confess I have been unfortunate in some of my Writings: But since you have put me upon that Subject, I'll show you a thing I have in my Pocket shall wipe off all that, or I am mistaken.

Smith. Come, now thou art like thy self again. Here's the *King's Health* to thee—Communicate.

Bayes. Well, Gentlemen, here it is, and I'll be bold to say, the exactest Piece the World ever saw, a *Non Pareillo* I faith. But I must bespeak your Pardons if it reflects any thing upon your Perswasion.

Johns. Use your Liberty, Sir, you know we are no *Bigots*.

Bayes. Why then you shall see me lay the *Reformation* on its Back, I gad, and justify our Religion by way of *Fable*.

Johns. An apt Contrivance indeed! What do you make a *Fable* of your Religion?

The HIND and

Bayes. Ay, I'gad, and without *Morals* too; for I tread in no Man's Steps; and to show you how far I can out-do any thing that ever was writ in this kind, I have taken *Horace's* Design, but I'gad, have so out-done him, you shall be asham'd for your *Old Friend*. You remember in him the *Story* of the *Country-Mouse*, and the *City-Mouse*; what a plain simple thing it is, it has no more Life and Spirit in it, I'gad, than a *Hobby-horse*; and his *Mice* talk so meanly, such common stuff, so like *meer Mice*, that I wonder it has pleas'd the World so long. But now will I undeceive *Mankind*, and teach 'em to *beighten*, and *elevate a Fable*. I'll bring you in the very same *Mice* disputing the Depth of *Philosophy*, searching into the Fundamentals of *Religion*, quoting *Texts, Fathers, Councils*, and all that, I'gad, as you shall see either of 'em could easily make an *As* of a *Country Vicar*. Now whereas *Horace* keeps to the dry naked History, I have more Copiousness than to do that, I'gad. Here, I draw you general *Characters*, and describe all the *Beasts* of the *Creation*; there, I lanch out into long *Digressions*, and leave my *Mice* for twenty Pages together; then I fall into *Raptures*, and make the finest *Soliloquies*, as would ravish you. Won't this do, think you?

Johns. Faith, Sir, I don't well conceive you; all this about two *Mice*?

Bayes. Ay, why not? Is it not great and Heroical? But come, you'll understand it better when you hear it; and pray be as severe as you can, I'gad I defie all *Criticks*. Thus it begins:

Pag. 1. *A Milk-white Mouse immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on soft Cheese, and o'er the Dairy rang'd;
Without, unspotted; innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no Gin.*

Johns.

Johns. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, soft Cheese is a little too coarse Diet for an immortal Mouse; were there any necessity for her eating, you should have consulted *Homer* for some *Cælestial Provision*.

Bayes. Faith, Gentlemen, I did so; but indeed I have not the *Latin* one, which I have mark'd by me, and could not readily find it in the Original.

Yet had she oft been scar'd by bloody Claws Pag. 1.

Of winged Owls, and stern Grimalkins Paws
Aim'd at her destin'd Head, which made her fly, Pag. 2.
Tho' She was doom'd to Death, and fated not to dye.

Smith. How came She that fear'd no Danger in the Line before, to be scar'd in this, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Why then you may have it chas'd if you will; for I hope a Man may run away without being afraid, mayn't he?

Johns. But pray give me leave; how was She doom'd to Death, if She was fated not to die; are not Doom and Fate much the same thing?

Bayes. Nay, Gentlemen; if you question my Skill in the Language, I'm your humble Servant; the Rogues the Criticks, that will allow me nothing else, give me that; sure I that made the Word, know best what I meant by it: I assure you, doom'd and fated, are quite different things.

Smith. Faith, Mr. Bayes, if you were doom'd to be hang'd, whatever you were fated to, 'twould give you but small Comfort.

Bayes. Never trouble your Head with that, Mr. Smith, mind the Business in hand.

Not so her young; their Linsy-woolsey Line, Pag. 2.
Was Hero's make, half humane, half Divine.

Smith. Certainly these Hero's, half Humane, half Divine, have very little of the Mouse their Mother.

Bayes. Gadfokers! Mr. Johnson, does your Friend think I mean nothing but a Mouse by all this?

this? I tell thee, Man, I mean a *Church*, and these young Gentlemen her Sons, signifie *Priests*, *Martyrs* and *Confessors*, that were hang'd in *Oats's Plot*. There's an excellent *Latin* Sentence, which I had a mind to bring in. *Sanguis Martyrum semen Ecclesie*, and I think I have not wrong'd it in the Translation.

Pag. 2.

*Of these a slaughter'd Army lay in Blood,
Whose sanguine Seed encreas'd the sacred Brood;
She multiply'd by these, now rang'd alone,*

Pag. 3.

And wander'd in the Kingdoms once her own.

Smith. Was She alone when the sacred Brood was encreas'd?

Bayes. Why thy Head's running on the *Mouse* again; but I hope a *Church* may be alone, tho' the *Members* be encreas'd, mayn't it?

Johns. Certainly, Mr. *Bayes*, a *Church* which is a *diffusive Body of Men*, can much less be said to be alone.

Bayes. But are you really of that Opinion? Take it from me, Mr. *Johnson*, you are wrong; however to oblige you, I'll clap in some *Simile* or other, about the *Children of Israel*, and it shall do.

Smith. Will you pardon me one Word more, Mr. *Bayes*? What could the *Mouse* (for I suppose you mean her now) do more than *range* in the *Kingdoms*, when they were her own?

Bayes. Do! Why She *reign'd*; had a *Diadem*, *Scepter* and *Ball*, till they depos'd her.

Smith. Now her Sons are so encreas'd, She may try t'other pull for't.

Bayes. I'gad, and so She may before I have done with Her; it has cost me some pains to clear Her Title. Well, but Mum for that, Mr. *Smith*.

Pag. 3.

The Common Hunt, She timorously pass by,
For they made tame, *disdain'd* Her Company;

They

*They grin'd, She in a Fright tript o'er the Green,
For She was lov'd, where-ever She was seen.*

Johns. Well said little *Bayes*, I'faith the Critick must have a great deal of leisure, that attacks those Verses.

Bayes. I'gad, I'll warrant him, whoe'er he is, offendet *solido*; but I go on.

The Independent Beast.—

Pag. 3.

Smith. Who is that, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. Why a Bear: Pox, is not that obvious enough?

— *In Groans Her hate exprest.*

Which, I'gad, is very natural to that *Animal*. Well! there's for the *Independent*: Now the *Quaker*; what do you think I call him?

Smith. Why, A *Bull*, for ought I know.

Bayes. A *Bull*! O Lord! A *Bull*! No, no, a *Hare*, a quaking *Hare*. — *Armarillis*, because She wears *Armour*, 'tis the same Figure; and I am proud to say it, Mr. *Johnson*, no Man knows how to *pun* in *Heroics* but my self. Well, you shall hear.

She thought, and reason good, the quaking *Hare*
Her cruel Foe, because *She would not swear*, Pag. 3.
And had profess'd *Neutrality*.

Johns. A shrewd Reason that, Mr. *Bayes*; but what Wars were there?

Bayes. Wars! why there had been bloody Wars, tho' they were pretty well reconcil'd now. Yet to bring in two or three such fine things as these, I do'nt tell you the *Lyon's Peace* was proclaim'd till fifty Pages after, tho' 'twas really done before I had finish'd my Poem.

Next Her, the Buffoon Ape his Body bent, Pag. 3.
And paid at Gburch a Courtier's Complement.

That

That Gauls somewhere; I'gad I can't leave it off, tho' I were cudgel'd every Day for it.

Pag. 4.

The brist'd Baptist Boar, impure as he.

Smitb. As who?

Bayes. As the *Courtier*, let 'em e'en take it as they will, I'gad, I seldom come amongst 'em.

Pag. 10.

Was whiten'd with the Foam of Sanctity.

The Wolf with Belly-gaunt his rough Crest rears,
And pricks up. — Now, in one Word, will I abuse the whole Party most damnably — *and pricks up.* — I'gad, I am sure you'll laugh — *his predestinating Ears.* Prethee, Mr. *Johnson*, remember little *Bayes*, when next you see a *Presbyterian*, and take notice if he has not *Predestination* in the Shape of his *Ear*: I have studied Men so long. I'll undertake to know an *Arminian*, by the setting of his Wig.

His predestinating Ears. I'gad, there's ne'er a *Presbyterian* shall dare to show his Head without a Border: I'll put 'em to that Expence.

Smitb. Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, if any of 'em should come over to the *Royal Party*, would their Ears alter?

Bayes. Would they? Ay, I'gad, they would shed their *Fanatical Lugs*, and have just such well-turn'd *Ears* as I have; mind this *Ear*, this is a true *Roman Ear*, mine are much chang'd for the better within this two Years.

Smitb. Then if ever the Party should chance to fail, you might lose 'em, *for what may change, may fall.*

Bayes. Mind, mind —————

Pag. 11.

These sery Zuinglius, meagre Calvin bred.

Smitb. Those, I suppose, are some *Out-Landish Beasts*, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. Beasts; a good Mistake! Why they were the chief *Reformers*, but here I put 'em in so bad Company because they were *Enemies to my Mouse*,
 and

and anon when I am warm'd, I'gad you shall hear me call 'em *Doctors, Captains, Horses and Horse-men* in the very same Breath. You shall hear how I go on now. Pag. 39.

Or else reforming *Corab* spawn'd *this Class,*
When opening *Earth* made way for all to pass. Pag. 11.

Johns. For all, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Yes, They were all lost there, but some of 'em were thrown up again at the *Leman-Lake*: As a Catholick *Queen* sunk at *Charing-Cross,* and rose again at *Queenhithe.*

The Fox and he came shuffled in the dark,
If ever they were stow'd in *Noah's Ark.* Pag. 11.

Here I put a Quære, Whether there were any *Socinians* before the *Flood,* which I'm not very well satisfied in? I have been lately apt to believe that the World was drown'd for that *Heresy*; which among Friends made me leave it.

Quickned with Fire below, these Monsters breed Pag. 12.
In *Fenny Holland,* and in *Fruitful Tweed.*

Now to write something new and out of the way, to elevate and surprize, and all that, I fetch, you see, this *Quickning Fire* from the Bottom of *Bogs* and *Rivers.*

Johns. Why, Faith, that's as ingenious a Contrivance as the *Virtuoso's* making a *Burning-Glass* of Ice?

Bayes. Why was there ever any such thing? Let me perish if ever I heard of it. The Fancy was sheer new to me; and I thought no Man had reconcil'd those Elements but my self. Well Gentlemen! Thus far I have followed Antiquity, and as *Homer* has numbred his Ships, so I have rang'd my Beasts. Here is my *Boar* and my *Bear,* and my *Fox,* and my *Wolf,* and the rest of 'em all
C
against

against my poor *Mouse*. Now what do you think I do with all these?

Smith. Faith I don't know; I suppose you make 'em fight.

Bayes. Fight! P'gad, I'd as soon make 'em Dance. No, I do no earthly thing with 'em, nothing at all, P'gad: I think they have play'd their Parts sufficiently already; I have walk'd 'em out, show'd 'em to the Company, and rais'd your Expectation. And now whilst you hope to see 'em bated, and are dreaming of Blood and Battels, they sculk off, and you hear no more of 'em.

Smith. Why, Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, now you have been at such Expence in setting forth their Characters, it had been too much to have gone through with 'em.

Bayes. P'gad so it had: And then I'll tell you another thing, 'tis not every one that reads a Poem through. And therefore I fill the first part with Flowers, Figures, fine Language, and all that; and then P'gad sink by degrees, till at last I write but little better than other People. And whereas most Authors creep *servilely* after the Old Fellows, and strive to grow upon their Readers; I take another Course, I bring in all my Characters together, and let 'em see I could go on with 'em; but P'gad, I won't.

Johns. Could go on with 'em, Mr. *Bayes*! there's no Body doubts that; You have a most particular *Genius* that way.

Bayes. Oh! Dear Sir, You are mighty obliging: But I must needs say at a *Fable* or an *Emblem* I think no Man comes near me, indeed I have studied it more than any Man. Did you ever take notice, Mr. *Johnson*, of a little thing that has taken mightily about Town, a *Cat with a Top-knot*?

Johns. Faith, Sir, 'tis mighty pretty, I saw it at the Coffee-House.

Bayes.

Bayes. 'Tis a Trifle hardly worth owning; I was t'other Day at *Will's* throwing out something of that Nature; and I'gad, the hint was taken, and out came that Picture; indeed the poor Fellow was so civil to present me with a dozen of 'em for my Friends, I think I have one here in my Pocket; would you please to accept it, Mr. *Johnson*?

Johns. Really 'tis very ingenious.

Bayes. Oh Lord! Nothing at all, I could design twenty of 'em in an Hour, if I had but witty Fellows about me to draw 'em. I was proffer'd a Pension to go into *Holland*, and contrive their *Emblems*. But hang 'em, they are dull Rogues, and would spoil my Invention. But come, Gentlemen, let us return to our Business, and here I'll give you a delicate Description of a Man.

Smith. But how does that come in?

Bayes. Come in? very naturally. I was talking of a *Wolf* and that supposes a Wood, and then I clap an Epithet to't, and call it a *Celtic Wood*: Now when I was there, I could not help thinking of the *French Persecution*, and I'gad from all these Thoughts I took occasion to rail at the *French King*, and show that he was not of the same Make with other Men, which thus I prove.

The Divine Blacksmith in th' Abyss of Light,

Page 15.

Yawning and lolling with a careless beat,

Struck out the mute Creation at a Heat.

But he work'd hard to Hammer out our Souls,

He blew the Bellows, and stir'd up the Coals;

Long time he thought and could not on a sudden

Knead up with unskim'd Milk this Reas'ning Pudding: Page 16:

Tender, and mild within its Bag it lay

Confessing still the softness of its Clay,

And kind as Milk-Maids on their Wedding-Day. }

Till Pride of Empire, Lust, and hot Desire

Did over-boil him, like too great a Fire,

The HIND and

And understanding grown, *misunderstood*,
Burn'd Him to th' Pot, and sour'd his curdled
Blood.

Johns. But sure this is a little prophane, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. Not at all: Do's not *Virgil* bring in his
God *Vulcan* working at the *Anvil*?

Johns. Ay, Sir, but never thought his Hands
the fittest to make a Pudding.

Bayes. Why do you imagine Him an Earthly
dirty *Blacksmith*? 'Gad you make it prophane in-
deed. I'll tell you there's as much difference be-
twixt 'em, I'gad, as betwixt my Man and *Milton's*.
But now, Gentlemen, the Plot thickens, here
comes my t'other Mouse, the City Mouse.

Page 19.

A *spotted* Mouse, the prettiest next the White,
Ah! were her Spots wash'd out, as pretty quite,

Pag. 23.

With *Phylacteries* on her Forehead spread,

Pag. 22.

Crozier in Hand, and *Mitre* on her Head.

Pag 84.

Three Steeples Argent on her *Sable Shield*,
Liv'd in the *City*, and disdain'd the *Field*.

Johns. This is a glorious *Mouse* indeed! but, as
you have dress'd her, we don't know whether she
be *Jew*, *Papist* or *Protestant*.

Bayes. Let me embrace you, Mr. *Johnson*, for
that; you take it right. She is a meer *Babel* of
Religions, and therefore she's a *spotted Mouse* here,
and will be a Mule presently. But to go on.

This Princess—

Smith. What *Princess*, Mr. *Bayes*?

Pag. 20.

Bayes. Why this *Mouse*, for I forgot to tell you,
an *Old Lyon* made a *Left Hand Marriage* with her
Mother, and begot on her *Body Elizabeth Schism*,
who was married to *Timothy Sacriledg*, and had
Issue *Graceless Heresy*. Who all give the same
Coat with their Mother, *Three Steeples Argent*, as
I told you before.

This

This Princess tho' *esbrang'd* from what was best,
Was least Deform'd, because Reform'd the least. Pag. 23.
There's *De* and *Re* as good I'gad as ever was.

She in a Masquerade of Mirth and Love, Pag. 22.
Mistook the Bliss of Heaven for Bacbinals above,
And grub'd the Thorns beneath our tender Feet,
To make the Paths of Paradise more sweet.

There's a Jolly Mouse for you, let me see any Body
else that can shew you such another. Here now
have I one damnable severe reflecting Line, but I
want a Rhime to it, can you help me, Mr.
Johnson.

She ———

Humbly content to be despis'd at Home,
Johns. Which is too narrow Infamy for some!

Bayes. Sir, I thank you, now I can go on with it.
Whose Merits are diffus'd from Pole to Pole, Pag. 63.
Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can rowl.

Johns. But does not this reflect upon some of
your Friends, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, let me alone to
bring my self off. I'll tell you, lately I writ a
damn'd Libel on a whole Party, sheer Point and
Satyr all through, I'gad: Call'd 'em Rogues, Dogs,
and all the Names I could think of, but with an
exceeding deal of Wit; that I must needs say.
Now it happen'd before I could finish this Piece,
the Scheme of Affairs was altered, and those Peo-
ple were no longer Beasts: Here was a Plunge
now: Should I lose my Labour, or Libel my
Friend? 'Tis not every Body's Talent to find a
Salvo for this: But what do I but write a smooth
delicate Preface, wherein I tell them that *the Satyr*
was not intended to them, and this did the Business.

Smith. But if it was not intended to them against
whom it was writ, certainly it had no meaning
at all.

Bayes,

Bayes. Poh! There's the Trick on'r. Poor Fools, they took it, and were satisfied: And yet it maul'd 'em damnably, I'gad.

Smith. Why Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, there's this very Contrivance in the *Preface to Dear Joys Fests.*

Bayes. What a Devil, do you think that I'd steal from such an Author? Or ever read it?

Smith. I can't tell, but you sometimes read as bad, I have heard you quote *Reynard the Fox.*

Bayes. Why there's it now; take it from me, Mr. *Smith*, there is as good *Morality*, and as sound Precepts, in the *Delectable History of Reynard the Fox*, as in any Book I know, except *Seneca*. Pray tell me where in any other Author could I have found so pretty a Name for a Wolf as *Isgrim*? But prithee, Mr. *Smith*, give me no more trouble, and let me go on with my *Mouse*.

Page 29. *One Evening, when she went away from Court, Levee's and Couchee's past without resort.*

There's Court Language for you; nothing gives a Verse so fine a turn as an Air of good Breeding.

Smith. But methinks the *Levee's and Couchee's* of a *Mouse* are too great, especially when she is walking from Court to the cooler Shades.

Bayes. I'gad, now have you forgot what I told you that she was a *Princess*. But pray mind; here the two Mice meet.

Page 16. *She met the Country Mouse, whose fearful Face
Beheld from far the common watering Place,
Nor durst approach —————*

Smith. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, this *Mouse* is strangely alter'd, since she fear'd no Danger.

Bayes. Godsokers! Why no more she does not yet fear either Man or Beast: But, poor Creature, she's afraid of the Water, for she could not swim, as you see by this.

Nor

Nor durst approach, till with an awful Roar.

Pag. 30.

The Sovereign Lyon had her fear no more.

But besides, 'tis above thirty Pages off that I told you she fear'd no Danger; and I'gad if you will have no Variation of the Character, you must have the same thing over and over again; 'tis the Beauty of Writing to strike you still with something new. Well, but to proceed.

But when she had this sweetest Mouse in view,

Pag. 30.

Good Lord, how she admir'd her Heavenly Hiew!

Here now to show you I am Master of all Stiles, I let my self down from the Majesty of Virgil, to the Sweetness of Ovid.

Good Lord, how she admir'd her Heavenly Hiew!

What more ealie and familiar! I writ this Line for the Ladies: The little Rogues will be so fond of me to find I can yet be so tender. I hate such a rough unhewen Fellow as Milton, that a Man must sweat to read Him; I'gad, you may run over this and be almost asleep.

Th' Immortal Mouse who saw the Viceroy come

So far to see Her, did invite her Home.

There's a pretty Name now for the Spotted Mouse, the Viceroy!

Smith. But pray why d'e call her so?

Bayes. Why! Because it sounds prettily: I'll call her the Crown-General presently if I've a mind to it. Well.

Pag. 55.

——— did invite her Home

To smoak a Pipe, and o'er a sober Pot
Discourse of Oates and Bedloe, and the Plot.

Pag. 31.

She made a Court'sy, like a Civil Dame,
And, being much a Gentlewoman, came.

Pag. 32.

Well, Gentlemen, here's my first part finish'd, and I think I have kept my Word with you, and given it the Majestick turn of Heroick Poesy. The rest being matter of Dispute, I had not such frequent occasion for the Magnificence of Verse, tho' I'gad they speak

ſpeak very well. And I have heard *Men*, and *conſiderable Men* too, talk the very ſame things, a great deal worſe.

Johnſ. Nay, without doubt, Mr. *Bayes*, they have received no ſmall advantage from the ſmoothneſs of your Numbers.

Bayes. Ay, ay, I can do't, if I liſt: though you muſt not think I have been ſo dull as to mind theſe things my ſelf, but 'tis the advantage of our *Coffee-houſe*, that from their Talk one may write a very good *Polemical Diſcourſe*, without ever troubling one's Head with the Books of *Controverſie*. For I can take the ſlighteſt of their Arguments, and clap 'em pertly into four Verſes, which ſhall ſtare any *London Divine* in the Face. Indeed your knotty Reasonings with a long Train of *Majors* and *Minors*, and the Devil and all, are too barbarous for my Stile; but I'gad, I can flouriſh better with one of theſe twinkling Arguments, than the beſt of 'em can fight with t'other. But we return to our *Mouse*, and now I've brought 'em together, let 'em 'en ſpeak for themſelves, which they will do extreamly well, or I'm miſtaken: And pray obſerve, Gentlemen, if in one you don't find all the Delicacy of a luxurious City-Mouſe, and in the other all the plain Simplicity of a ſober ſerious Matron.

Pag. 32.

Dame, ſaid the *Lady of the Spotted Muſſ*,
Methinks your Tiff is ſour, your *Cates* meer ſtuff.

There, did not I tell you ſhe'd be nice?

Your Pipe's ſo foul; that I diſdain to ſmoak;
And the Weed worſe than e'er *Tom*. I—s took.

Smitb. I did not hear ſhe had a *Spotted Muſſ* before.

Bayes. Why no more ſhe has not now: but ſhe has a Skin that might make a *Spotted Muſſ*. There's a pretty Figure now unknown to the Ancients.

Leave;

Leave, leave († *she's earnest you see*) this hoary
Shed and lonely Hills.

† *Poeta
Loquitur.*

And eat with me at *Groleau's*, smok at *Will's*.
What Wretch would nibble on a Hanging-shelf,
When at *Pontack's* he may *Regale* himself?
Or to the House of cleanly *Renish* go;
Or that at *Charing-Cross*, or that in *Channel-
Row*?

Do you mark me now? I would by this repre-
sent the Vanity of a *Town-Fop*, who pretends to
be acquainted at all those good Houses, though
perhaps he ne'er was in 'em. But heark! she
goes on.

Come, at a Crown a Head our selves we'll treat,
Champain our Liquor, and *Ragousts* our Meat.
Then hand in hand we'll go to Court, dear *Cuz*;
To visit *Bishop Martin*, and *King Buz*.
With *Evening Wheels* we'll drive about the *Park*,
Finish at *Locket's*, and reel home i'th' Dark.
Break clattering Windows, and demolish Doors
Of *English Manufactures*——*Pimps, and Whores.* Pag. 63.

Johns. Methinks a *Pimp* or a *Whore*, is an odd
fort of a *Manufacture*, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. I call 'em so; to give the *Parliament* a
hint not to suffer so many of 'em to be exported, to
the decay of Trade at home.

With these Allurements *Spotted* did invite
From *Hermits Cell*, the *Female Profelyte*.
Ob! with what ease we follow such a Guide,
Where Souls are starv'd, and Senses gratifi'd.

Now would not you think she's going? But I'gad,
you're mistaken; you shall hear a long Argument
about Infallibility, before she stirs yet.

D

But

- Page 69. But here the *White*, by *Observation* wise,
 Who long on Heaven had fixt her prying Eyes.
 With thoughtful Countenance, and grave Remark,
 Said, or my Judgment fails me, or 'tis dark.
 Lest therefore we should stray, and not go right,
 Through the brown borrow of the Starless Night,
 Hast thou *Infallibility*, that *Wight*?
 Sternly the *Savage* grin'd, and thus reply'd:
 That *Mice* may err, was never yet deny'd.
 That I deny, said the Immortal Dame,
 Pag. 37. There is a Guide—Gad, I've forgot his Name,
 Who lives in Heaven or Rome, the Lord know
 where,
 Spotted Had we but him, Sweet-heart, we could not err.
 Mouse Lo- But heark you, Sister, this is but a Whim;
 quitur. For still we want a *Guide* to find out Him.

Page 69. Here you see I don't trouble my self to keep on
 the Narration, but write *white Speaks* or *dapple*
Speaks by the side. But when I get any noble
 Thought which I envy a *Mouse* should say, I cla
 it down in my own Person with a *Poeta Loquitur*
 which, take notice, is a surer sign of a fine thing
 in my Writings, than a Hand in the Magent any
 where else. Well, now says *White*,

What need we find Him, we have certain proof
 That he is somewhere, *Lame*, and that's enough
 For if there is a *Guide* that knows the way,
 Although we know not him, we cannot stray.

That's true, I'gad: Well said *White*. You
 her Adversary has nothing to say for her self, and
 therefore to confirm the Victory, she shall make
Simile.

Smith. Why then I find *Similes* are as good as
 Victory, as after a Surprize.

Bayes. Every Jot, I'gad, or rather better. Well, she can do it two ways, either about *Emission* or Pag. 37. *Reception* of Light, or else about *Epsom-waters*, but I think the last is most familiar; therefore speak, my pretty one.

As, though 'tis controverted in the School,
If *Waters* pass by *Urine* or by *Stool*.
Shall we, who are *Philosophers*, thence gather
From this *Dissention* that they work by neither.

And I'gad, she's in the right on'a; but mind now, she comes upon her swop!

All this I did, your Arguments to try.

And I'gad, if they had been never so good,
this next Line confutes 'em.

Hear, and be dumb, thou Wretch, that *Guide* pag. 54.
am. I.

There's a Surprize for you now! How sneak-ingly t'other looks? Was not that pretty now, to make her ask for a *Guide* first, and then tell her she was one? Who could have thought that this little *Mouse* had the *Pope* and a whole *General Council* in her Belly? Now *Dapple* had nothing to say to this; and therefore you'll see she grows peevish.

Come leave your Cracking Tricks, and as they }
say, }
Use not, that Barber that trims time, delay } Pag. 101.
Which I'gad is new, and my own. }
I've Eyes as well as you to find the way.
Then on they jogg'd, and since an Hour of Talk
Might cut a Banter on the tedious Walk;

As I remember, said the sober Mouse,
 I've heard much talk of the *Wits Coffee House*;
 Thither, says *Brindle*, thou shalt go, and see
Priests sipping *Coffee*, *Sparks* and *Poets Tea*;
 Here rugged *Freeze*, there *Quality* well drest,
 These baffling the *Grand-Seignieur*; those the
Test.

Pag. 111. And hear shrew'd *Guesses* made, and *Reasons* given,
 That humane *Laws* were never made in *Heaven*.

But above all, what shall oblige thy *Sight*,
 And fill thy *Eye-Balls* with a vast *Delight*;
 Is the *Poetic Judge* of *Sacted Wit*,
 Who do's i' th' *Darkness* of his *Glory* sit.

Pag. 28. And as the *Moon* who first receives the *Light*,
 With which she makes these neither *Regions* bright;

So does he shine, reflecting from afar,
 The *Rays* he borrow'd from a better *Star*:
 For *Rules* which from *Corneille* and *Rapin* flow,
 Admir'd by all the scribbling *Herd* below.
 From *French Tradition* while he does dispence,
 Unerring *Truths*, 'tis *Schism*, a damn'd *Offence*,
 To question his, or trust your private *Sense*.

Hah! Is not that right, Mr. *Johnson*? Gad forgive me he is fast asleep! Oh the damn'd *Stupidity* of this *Age*! all ep! Well, Sir, Since you'r so drousy, your humble *Servant*.

Johns. Nay, Pray Mr. *Bayes*, Faith I heard you all the while. *The White Mouse*.

Bayes. The *White Mouse*! ay, ay, I thought how you heard me. Your *Servant*, Sir, your *Servant*.

Johns. Nay, Dear *Bayes*, Faith I beg thy *Pardon*, I was up late last *Night*, Prithee lend me a little *Snuff*, and go on.

Bayes.

Bayes. Go on! Pox, I don't know where I was,
well I'll begin. Here, mind, now they are both
come to Town.

But now at *Peccadille* they arrive,
And taking Coach, t'wards *Temple-Bar* they drive;
But at *St. Clement's Church*, eat out the Back;
And slipping through the *Palgrave*, bilkt poor
Hack.

There's the *Utile* which ought to be in all Poe-
try, Many a *Young Templer* will save his Shilling
by this Stratagem of my Mice.

Smitb. Why, will any *Young Templer* eat out
the Back of a Coach?

Bayes. No, I'gad, but you'll grant it is mighty
natural for a Mouse.

Thence to the *Devil*, and ask'd if *Chanticleer*,
Of *Clergy kind*, or Counsellor *Chough* was there; Pag. 133.
Or *Mr. Dove*, a Pigeon of Renown,
By his high *Crop*, and corny *Gizzard* known, Pag. 126.
Or *Sister Partlet*, with the *Hooded Head*;
No, Sir. She's boot'd hence, said *Will*, and fled. Pag. 130.
Why so? Because she would not pray a-Bed.

Johns. aside. 'Sdeath! Who can keep awake at
such Stuff? Pray, *Mr. Bayes*, lend me your Box
again.

Bayes. *Mr. Johnson*, How d'e like that Box?
Pray take notice of it, 'twas given me by a *Per-
son of Honour* for looking over a Paper of Verses;
and indeed I put in all the Lines that were worth
any thing in the whole Poem. Well, but where
were we? Oh! Here they are, just going up
Stairs into the *Apollo*; from whence my *White*
takes occasion to talk very well of *Tradition*.

Thus

Thus to the Place where *Johnson* sat we climb,
 Leaning on the same Rail that guided him;
 And whilst we thus on equal Helps rely,
 Our Wit must be as true, our Thoughts as high.
 Fig. 45. For as an *Author* happily compares
 Tradition to a well-fixt pair of Stairs,
 So this the *Scala Sancta* we believe,
 By which his *Traditive Genius* we receive.
 Thus every step I take my Spirits soar,
 And I grow more a *Wit*, and more, and more.

There's Humour! Is not that the liveliest Image
 in the World of a Mouse's going up a pair of Stairs
 More a *Wit*, and more and more?

Smith. Mr. *Bayes*, I beg your Pardon heartily,
 I must be rude, I have a particular Engagement
 at this time, and I see you are not near an end
 yet.

Bayes. Godfokers! Sure you won't serve me for
 All my finest Descriptions and best Discourse is yet
 to come.

Smith. Troth, Sir, if 'twere not an Extraor-
 dinary concern I could not leave you.

Bayes. Well; but you shall take a little more,
 and here I'll pass over two dainty Episodes of *Swal-
 lows*, *Swifts*, *Chickens*, and *Buzzards*.

Johns. I know not why they should come in,
 except to make yours the longest *Fable* that ever
 was told.

Bayes. Why, the Excellence of a *Fable* is in the
 Length of it. *Aesop* indeed, like a Slave as he
 was, made little, short, simple Stories, with a dry
 Moral at the end of 'em; and could not form any
 Noble Design. But here I give you *Fable* upon
Fable; and after you are satisfied with Beasts in
 the first Course, serve you up a delicate Dish of
 Fowl for the second; now I was at all this pains to
 abund

abuse one particular Person; for I gad I'll tell you what a Trick he serv'd me. I was once translating a very good *French Author*, but being something *Varillous* long about it, as you know a Man is not always in the Humour; What does this *Fack* do, but puts out an Answer to my Friend before I had half finished the Translation: So there was three whole Months lost upon his Account. But, I think, I have my Revenge on him sufficiently, for I let all the World know, that he is a *tall, broad back'd, lusty Fellow*, Pag. 137. of a *Brown Complexion, fair Behaviour, a Fluent Tongue*, and *taking* amongst the *Women*; and to top it all, that he's much a *Scholar*, more a *Wit*, and owns but *two Sacraments*. Don't you think this Fellow will hang himself? But besides, I have so nickt his Character in a Name as will make you split. I call him — I gad I won't tell you unless remember what I said of him.

Smith. Why, that he was much a *Scholar*, and more a *Wit* —

Bayes. Right; and his Name is *Buzzard*, Ha! ha! ha.

Johns. Very proper indeed, Sir.

Bayes. Nay, I have a farther fetch in it yet than perhaps you imagine; for his true Name begins with a *B*, which makes me slyly contrive him this, to begin with the same Letter: There's a pretty Device, Mr. *Johnson*; I learn'd it, I must needs confess, from that ingenious Sport, I love my Love with an *A*, because she's *Amiable*; and if you could but get a Knot of merry Fellows together, you should see how *little Bayes* would top 'em all at it, I gad.

Smith. Well, but good Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, I must leave you, I am half an hour past my time.

Bayes. Well, I've done, I've done. Here are eight hundred Verses upon a rainy Night, and a Bird's-Nest; and here's three hundred more,

Translated

Translated from two *Paris Gazettes*, in which *Spotted Mouse* gives an account of the Treaty of Peace between the *Czars of Muscovy*, and the *Emperour*, which is a piece of News. *White* does not believe, and this is her Answer. I am resolved you shall hear it, for in it I have taken occasion to prove *Oral Tradition* better than *Scripture*. Now you must know, 'tis sincerely my Opinion, that it had been better for the World, if we ne'er had any *Bibles* at all.

E'er that *Gazette* was printed, said the *White*,
Our Robin told another Story quite;
 This *Oral Truth* more safely I believ'd,
 My Ears cannot, your Eyes may be deceiv'd:
 By word of Mouth unerring Maxims flow,
 And *Preaching's* best, if understood, or no.
 Words I confess *bound by, and trip so light*,
We have not time to take a steady sight;
 Yet fleeting thus are plainer than when writ,
 To long Examination they submit.

Pag. 3.

Hard things—Mr. *Smith*, if these two Lines don't recompence your stay, ne'er trust *John Bayes* again.

Hard things at the first Blush are clear and full,
 Pag. 15. *God mends on second thoughts*, but Man grows dull.

I'gad, I judge all Men by my self, 'tis so with me, I never strove to be very exact in any thing but I spoil'd it.

Smith. But allowing your Character to be true, is it not a little too severe?

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, these general Reflections are daring, and savour most of a *Noble Genius*, that spares neither *Friend* nor *Foe*.

John

Johns. Are you never afraid of a drubbing for that *daring* of your *Noble Genius*?

Bayes. Afraid! Why, *Lord*, you make so much of a Beating, I'gad, 'tis no more to me than a Flea biting. No, no, if I can but be witty upon 'em, let 'em 'en lay on, I'faith, I'll ne'er baulk my Fancy to save my Carkass. Well, but we must dispatch, *Mr. Smith*.

Thus did they merrily carouse all day,
And like the gaudy Fly their Wings display;
And sip the Sweets, and bask in great Apollo's ray. }

Well, there's an end of the Entertainment; and *Mr. Smith*, if your Affairs would have permitted, you would have heard the best *Bill of Fare* that ever was serv'd up in *Heroicks*: But here follows a Dispute shall recommend it self, I'll say nothing for it. For *Dapple*, who you must know was a *Protestant*, all this while trusts to her own Judgment, and foolishly dislikes the Wine; upon which our *Innocent* does so run her down, that she has not one word to say for her self, but what I put in her Mouth; and I'gad, you may imagine they won't be very good ones, for she has disoblig'd me, like an *Ingrate*.

Sirrab, says *Brindle*, Thou hast brought us Wine,
Sour to my Taste, and to my Eyes unfine.

Says *Will*, all *Gentlemen* like it, ah! says *White*,
What is approv'd by them must needs be right.

'Tis true, I thought it bad, but if the House
Commend it, I submit, a private Mouse.

Page 38.

Mind that, mind the *Decorum* and Deference,
which our Mouse pays to the Company.

Nor to their *Catholic Consent* oppose
My erring Judgment, and reforming Nose.

Ah! ah! there she has nick't her, that's up
to thee Hilt, I'gad, and you shall see *Dapple*
resents it.

Why, what a Devil shan't I trust my Eyes?
Must I drink *Stum* because the *Rascal* lyes?
And palms upon us *Catholic Consent*,
To give *sophisticated Brewings* vent.
Says *White*, What ancient Evidence can sway,
If you must Argue thus and not obey? [vey'd,
Drawers must be trusted, through whose hands con-
You take the *Liquor*, or you spoil the *Trade*.
For sure those *Honest Fellows* have no knack
Of putting off *stum'd Claret* for *Pontack*.
How long, alas! would the poor *Vintner* last,
If all that drink must *judge*, and every *Guest*
Be allowed to have an understanding *Tast*? }
Thus she: Nor could the *Panther* well enlarge,
With weak defence against so strong a *Charge*.

There I call her a *Panther*, because she's spotted,
which is such a Blot to the *Reformation*, as I war-
rant 'em they will never claw off, I'gad.

But with a *weary Yawn* that shew'd her *Pride*,
Said, *Spotless* was a *Villain*, and she *lyed*.
White saw her *canker'd Malice* at that *Wotd*,
And said her *Prayers*, and drew her *Delphic Sword*.
T'other cry'd *Murder*, and her *Rage* restrain'd:
And thus her *passive Character* maintain'd.
But now alas! —————

Mr. *Johnson*, Pray mind me this; Mr. *Smith*,
I'll ask you to stay no longer, for this that follows

is so engaging; hear me but two Lines, I'gad, and go away afterwards if you can.

But now, alas, I grieve, I grieve to tell
What sad Mischance these pretty things befall
These Birds of Beasts.————

There's a tender Expression, *Birds of Beasts*: 'tis the greatest Affront that you can put upon any *Bird*, to call it, *Beast of a Bird*: and a *Beast* is so fond of being call'd a *Bird*, as you can't imagine. Pag. 129.

These Birds of Beasts, these learned Reas'ning Mice,
Were separated, banish'd in a trice.
Who would be learned for their sakes, who wise?

Ay, who indeed? There's a *Pathos*, I'gad, Gentlemen, if that won't move you, nothing will, I can assure you: But here's the sad thing I was afraid of.

The *Constable* alarm'd by this Noise,
Enter'd the Room, directed by the Voice,
And speaking to the *Watch*, with *Head aside*,
Said, Desperate Cures must be to desperate Ills apply'd. Pag. 135.

These Gentlemen, for so their Fate decrees,
Can ne'er enjoy at once *the But and Peace.* Pag. 115.

When each have separate Interests of their own,
Two Mice are one too many for a Town. Pag. 144.

By *Schism* they are torn; and therefore, *Brother*,
Look you to one, and I'll secure the t'other.

Now whither *Dapple* did to *Bridewell* go,
Or in the *Stocks* all Night her *Fingers* blow,
Or in the *Compter* lay, concerns not us to know. Pag. 98.

But the *immortal Matron*, *spotless White*,
Forgetting *Dapple's Rudeness*, *Malice*, *Spight*,
Look'd kindly back, and wept, and said, *Good Night.*

Pag. 145. *Ten thousand Watchmen waited* on this Mouse,
With Bills, and Halberds, to her Country-House.

This last Contrivance I had from a judicious Author, that makes *Ten thousand Angels* wait upon her *Hind*, and she asleep too, P'gad.——

Johns. Come, let's see what we have to pay.

Bayes. What a Pox, are you in such haste? You han't told me how you like it.

Johns. Oh, extremely well. Here, Drawer.

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