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THE
TRUE WAY
Of Evading the
GIN ACT:
AND

The vast Advantages that will attend the Evasion of it.

Humbly Inscribed to all Distillers and Venders of Spirituous Liquors.

By Dr. Sw——T.

Nunc est bibendum. ——— Hor.



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THE
TRUE WAY
Of Evading the
GIN ACT.

I Was, Yesterday, (the Lord forgive me, for my Landlady wou'd not, though I begg'd of her and intreated the old Hag more than enough, besides buffing her, till she had too much); Well, as I should say, I was, though it was *Sunday*, reading over the New Act, as they call it; and, I verily think, never saw a Thing better contrived, or more closely put together, in all my Born Days. There's no Possibility, scarce, of evading it, nor Chasm left for one to creep out at. For my own Part,

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I say it, upon my Sincerity, I think there's none. But,

I was sometimes doubting in my own Mind (you may be sure, not in any other's) whether a Person might not climb up a Tree and drink with Licence, till he should tumble down again. I humbly propos'd this Point to my Landlady's Daughter, who is a very smart Girl, as witty as *Hudibras*, and *understands*, even those Things that are *above* her.

Her Reply to the Query was a Complication of Witticisms; full of *Humour*, and as *teeming* with Poignancy. Ay, ay, said she, you're a *pretty* Fellow enough, in your *own* Way; that you are *truly*! You are prohibited from drinking this by Land or Water; but don't Trees stand upon Land? Try half a hanging Bout, my good Lad, and you'll find to your Cost, that they'll stand longer than you can. Thus she went on, for above half an Hour together, endeavouring to puzzle me with several cross Interrogatories in Female Ingenuity.

I immediately answered her after this Manner. My dear Miss, though I've sometimes kiss'd your Mamma, yet that
was

was no Transgression; you've known me *stand*, out of Complaisance to you, above the Space of an Hour, without once sitting down. There's no *lying* in the Case. No truly, my Dear; you've often desired me to rest my Limbs; your own dear self being *sensibly* affected with my *standing* Posture, and, I believe, more tired with it, than ever I was. And as for Trees standing upon Land, which you talk of, it never proves, that when a Man has got up a Tree upon Land, or a Top-mast upon Water, that he's upon either of them, I mean, upon any Thing, that we strictly call Earthy or Watry; otherwise it must follow, there is no such Thing as Motion, nor Distance between any one Place and another: Though this I said mostly for Argument's Sake, and to divert my Charmer, whom I adore like a Goddess. I knew very well her Reasoning was just, and I would, upon Occasion, defend it against any Body.

But now, to quit this Digression from the main Point, I would, nay, shall, briefly show what is the ready Way of putting down all the Gin-Shops in Town, and Country too, long before *Michael-*

[6]

mas Term. I am now going to speak good Law, ay, and good Sense to boot, which is more ; and therefore let every one attend closely to what I say.

First, Let all the Lawyers, and other Members of our Club, next Vacation Time, meet together in a Body, each of 'em call for two Gallons of *Comforting* Gin, and repeat the Quantity till the Whole is diminished.

Secondly, Upon this Diminution, let 'em fend for me, and some other merry Fellows, to help off with it.

Thirdly, Let 'em pay my *Reckoning*, and I'll keep *Accounts*, without ever casting *up*, because I seldom pay at the Time of scoring *down*.

Fourthly, Let 'em fend for my *Mistress* as well as myself, because one can't possibly attend without t'other ; both of us being, for the most Part, closely *stitch'd* together.

Fifthly,

[7]

Fifthly, Let 'em all join with me, in singing *Lillybolero*, and dancing a *French* Horn-Pipe.

Sixthly, When we can drink no longer, let us all tumble down.

Seventhly, When we are down, let us lie till we rise again.

Eighthly, When we rise again, let us drink the Liquor out, next kick off the Hoops from the *Butts*, and then spill the Remainder. And,

These Eight Rules, being duly and rightly observed, will, I'm persuaded, put down all the Gin-Shops in this Kingdom, before the *Mas* or *Feast* aforesaid approaches, and consequently, upon the Whole, will prevent the Publick the Expence both of Time and Money : Both of which (God knows) are always precious, and, to the busiest among us, often very scanty and scarce.

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[8]

A Ninth Rule, I own, might here have been added, though not so much by Way of Regulation, as of Caution; and that is, if any of our Apothecaries or Surgeons should mix among us, let us, then,

In the *Ninth* or *November* Place, endeavour to keep them as sober as is possible.

For, If any of us should *fall* sick, or get the *fallen* Sickness, as some Persons call it, and in this Cue, should meet with *Dislocation* of any Sort, or a *Bruise* of any Kind, or any Disorder whatever, if these Men are intoxicated, they may *chance* to play the D——l with us. I say, *chance* to do it; and a sad *Hit*, or *Mischance* that might certainly prove. For Instance,

Should us break a Leg, they would be apt to *gee* in setting it, or, at least, in setting it *off*, as right as it should be *on*.

Or, Should us meet with a *Contusion*, and require them to bleed us; Egad, they might *prick* ten Times before they would hit the proper *Vein*, nay, perhaps, might

[9]

might touch an *Artery* instead of the right *Vessel*. Or, again,

Should us have Occasion for a mollifying Clyster, for Gin is devilish costive, they, possibly, might make two, three, four, or five Holes in the *Posterior* Way, before they could hit the right one; or, if they should accidentally light on't, might hap to leave a Part of their wooden Instrument in it; which would of Course, be a great Mar to any *sitting* Member. Nay,

Lastly, Should any of your Wives (for I have only a Mistress myself) be taken with the Cholick, and these Men be employ'd to apply the said Instrument to her, these *Messieurs* Clysterpipe and Bag, might, possibly, go out of their Biass, or run a *Pipe* too low, that is, mistake (being thus intoxicated) the under *Pipe* for the upper *Butt*; which would, I am persuaded, considering their Advantages of Visibility, be a confounded Blunder; if it is not, besides, what bears something, as one may say, of Analogy or Resemblance to Cuckoldom.

And

[10]

And therefore, for these, and many other Reasons, 'tis my humble Opinion in this Affair, that the true Way of putting down all the Gin-Shops, &c. and of preserving every Subject sober as he should be, is, as aforesaid, to drink out all the Liquor, and next, when that is done, to spill all the Rest. I can assure you all, I'll be a helping Hand to you, and shall ever stand by you, while I am able to *fit*.

However, to assure you of my Abilities herein, I shall be frank to tell you, that I walk all Day; being bent on a Resolution to find out perpetual Motion. Not only so neither, but frequently walk by Night; and when I am fatigued, I sit in my Coach. True, the Horses are then generally, I should say, always unyok'd, because they are such prancing Animals, there's no resting with them for half a Minute; by yea and by nay there is not: No troth; but, on the first Slumber, I'm immediately awak'd; and my Head is as agitated as if I were hobbling along *Shoreditch*. For which Reason I dismiss them whenever I intend a Nap; and when that is over, wheel home to my own Castle,

[11]

Castle, where I sleep as sound, for the Time I *lie*, as a Castle-Top does when it *stands* upon the Sharp.

But, if what I have said don't seem sufficient, nor a reasonable Method for putting *down* the Gin-Shops, I shall offer another Scheme; and that is, to blow them *up*. If this last Rule be well observed, they will, I'm persuaded, soon fall to the Ground. True,

The Gin itself won't fall; no truly, never can. And why? Because 'tis a Spirit, and much lighter than the Air itself.

Who the D——I, ever, in all his *born* Days, heard of any Spirit's *falling*? None ever did, nor can prove it.

The Devil, I own, is said to have tumbled down. But don't you believe that. Don't, I say: Do not. That never could be; unless he got drunk with Bub; which you've no where any Account of.

Besides, you are told he's *always going about*, which necessarily implies, that he meets with no *Cadencies*; unless it can be proved that he's down and up, at

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the same Time ; which is contrary to all Logick that I ever heard of.

Perhaps, you'll tell me, then, he's no *sitting* Member. Right enough ; and that's a great Compliment to our worthy Society. For they often *fit*, often *stand*, and, yet, seldom *go* about any Thing ; which is a plain Proof, they can *do* nothing that's hurtful. How should they ? How can they ? None of them. Therefore, I'm sure, none of them are *Devils*.

They often fit, and yet get up,
Whene'er it's Time to reach the Cup ;
Or if, thro' *tremor*, chance to spill it,
They fit again, until they fill it ;
And, when they fill it, drink it out,
Withal, refresh'd as any Trout ;
And, when they've drank it out, 'tis empty,
Nought but the Bottom in to tempt ye ;
And, when the Bottom's gone, they spill,
Because't goes thro', and does not fill ;
And, when it don't fill, 'tis not Measure ;
Now, learn the Story at your Leisure.

Their living in *Grubstreet*, is no Proof
of the contrary. No, truly ; it isn't.
Life

[13]

Life is not Action, tho', I own, it may cause it, and often does effect it.

I have known a little, short, dapper Blade, not much above Seven Foot 12 Inches high, at least, not much more, full of Life, lived well, lived fast, and for that very Reason, would do more in an Hour than some would desire to be done in a Day ; I've known him, I say, show vast *Dexterity* with his *Left* Hand ; and with such Ingenuity, that you would think it was his *Right*, when he show'd it. If you don't believe me, ask of my Brother *Roger*, who would not tell a Lie for a Bushel of Potatoes. He would go all Day, walk all Night, and ride by Intervals for the Sake of Change.

It may be, indeed, you'll say, he was a D—l for that ! Not he f—th ! Was as honest a Fellow as ever p—s'd Brandy ; and, withal, was so nimble, that if he fell, at any Time, he was no sooner down than he was up ; Nay, honest Lad, was so active, one Morning half an Hour before Four o' Clock in the Afternoon, that, when his Heels, some Way or other tript down, he ran Fifty Miles, in Post-haste, till he got me to take him up
C 2 again.

again. The D——l a Soufe had he, that's true, in his Pocket, which might make him the *lighter*; but I borrow'd Nine-Pence from my Landlady's Daughter, and, though I had no more, lent him a Shilling out of it.

He thank'd me heartily for it, and swore, *soberly*, he'd spend it upon putting down the Gin-Shops. Agreed, said I to him. Meet me, and the Rest of our *Members*, next Week, and our Twelve-Pence apiece, with good Management, will do the *Job*. They're all clever Fellows in their *own* Way; some of them are Lawyers, some of them Tradesmen, and some of them Parsons. Some of the Parsons wear two Shirts upon Occasion, one of which, you know, is *superfluous*, or goes over and above what's necessary, as we say; and, if the Money should happen to run short, we'll make them pawn one of 'em, e'er the Gin should be left, or a Drop of it lost: Egad, we will, and so it shall be out before *Michaelmas* Term Time.

After all, if this won't yet suffice, let us, as Names (according to Mr. *Lock*) are arbitrary in their Nature, call a Quarter

tern

tern a Gallon, and upon drinking two, we shall *fulfil* the Whole Act, and so make a *Key* to the whole Act and Deed; which is one Way of evading or getting out of any Thing.

This is as true as Law or Gospel; ay, marry is it; but if ye don't believe me, enquire of *Tim Soberfides*, who's as honest a Fellow as any among the *Quakers*; and I seldom found any of them, but would speak upon their *Sincerity*.

Perhaps ye'll say, by the by, he's a *Scotchman*. Well guess'd by Chance. But what then? It still confirms my Argument more and more. A *Pint Stoup* in *Scotland*, if it's good *Measure*, will, when 'tis right *emptied*, fill our *Pottle-Pot*. Egad it will, or go nigh to do it. And, so, why mayn't we, upon Occasion, use their Terms, when we're look'd upon as *Brittons* as well as they be; and are Subjects of the same Crown that they are subject to? Riddle me, Riddle me Ree; or give me an Answer

To that,
Plain, Pat,
Not flat,

Nor

Nor somewhat,
 Like a slouching Hat,
 That covers a Cat,
 And saves a poor Rat,
 Creeps under the Mat,
 From the Claws of an ill-natur'd Brat.

Do, I say ; — any of you do't ; and I shall extend my Thanks, as far as ye do your *Recipe's*. By the Lord *Harry* will I. Ay,

But we've *Rules*, you'll say, different from theirs. Concede. But we're under no Obligation not to learn their Language ; to improve upon't neither ; nor to invent any new one. No, no, the more Tongues the more Trade. Egad, 'tis true as *Hearth-Money* in *Ireland*. But this leads me to the

Second Head of my Discourse, which ye know, my beloved, was to show the Advantages of *Evasion*. And,

How wonderful and manifold are these? They're many, many, very many, and so wonderfully great, that, without stretching, they can't be fully unfolded ! they can't upon my Conscience. Ye'll believe me, when I swear ; or, believe me, and

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I won't swear, but shall immediately turn Nonjuror, or Conjuror, or something like one of them. Z—ds I shall, and so I will, for plain Words or Affirmatives are best ; and therefore, by the Lord *Harry*, I'll never swear while I hold a Glas to my Head ! never will.

Well, then, — the Advantages are these.

First, by observing the forementioned Methods, for Instance, first by your all meeting together, calling for Two Gallons of Gin, and repeating the Quantity till the Whole is diminished ; by this, I say, we shall reap great Benefit. As,

First, we shall all meet together, and that will be comfortable, for we don't meet every Day, but sometimes turn Tail to one another ; we turn Tail to our Wives ; we turn Tail to our Mistresses ; we turn Tail to our Dry-Nurses ; and so turn as tailish as cross-legg'd Taylors ; which, in my humble Opinion, is as bad as retailing, though it may tally with many Things, which are vended by Wholesale.

In the next Place, by singing *Lillybolero*, and dancing a *French Horn-Pipe*,
 we

we shall stretch our Lungs first, and next stretch our Limbs, which will be very good Exercise to our whole Body.

It may be, you'll tell me, a whole Body don't need this, because 'tis whole and not disordered. Right enough still. But I'll maintain, 'tis a proper Way to preserve it from Distempers. *Solomon* says, *A little Mirth doth Good like a Medicine.* And there's no Tune better than *Lillybolloero*. There is both Mirth and Musick in't; Musick that would charm the Heart of a Wheelbarrow, as *Orpheus* charm'd the Trees. And a *French* Horn-Pipe is the best, tho' the Tune in't quite so taking. 'Tis *French*, that's one Recommendation of it; and 'tis *alamode*, and that's another; so that, with the old *Irish* Tune to it, 'twill be both Medicinal and Fashionable.

Further, observe the next Rules aforesaid. *When we can drink no longer, let us all tumble down; and then, lie, till we rise again.* This is likewise a necessary Caution: For, hereby we shall be refreshed as much as we could desire. Whereas should a Man rise before he gets up, he's never the better for't; not one

Jot.

Jot. He'll yawn and reach, grunt and grumble, and be as lazy as a Hog; nor shall one scarce be able to tell what Posture he's in. But,

Proceed we to the Inforcement of the other Advice, *viz. When we get up again, let us drink all the Liquor, next kick the Hoops off the Butts, and then spill the Remainder.* The Advantage that will accrue from this Rule in Practice, I've already shown in Part; and therefore shall now only touch upon that Link of it, that joins between drinking all, and spilling the Remainder, and that is, *to kick the Hoops off the Butts.*

In the first Place, this, with good Management, will kindle our Fires, and keep us warm as a Toast, which will prevent us from *taking* Cold; or, at least, prevent the Cold from *catching* us.

And then, again, 'twill vastly promote the Cooper's Trade. The Wine-Cooper's first; *forasmuch* as the *Gin* will be all-gone, or, some Way, *metamorphos'd*. And the Wooden Cooper's next; *for-as-little* as there, then, there will be no old *Butts*, till they *sit down*, and make up new ones. Ones, here, are as much as

D

two

two, or three, or four, or five, or fifty, or a hundred, or near a thousand. They are, egad ; — There won't be an old Butt, excepting *ourselves*.

A *one*, with an *s*, if *one* is but shifty,
May prove, that *young Bess* is *older* than fifty,
And, like *one* in Years, may bend, or may stoop,
Till *one*, two, or three, shall drive up the Hoop.

Put it to (egad I was going to say, set it, tho' that's like a Psalm-Tune) well, then, put it to the Tune of the Black *Joke*, or White *Joke*, or Blue *Joke*, or a Joke of any Colour. No Matter for that. No, no ; 'tis still Truth, and no *Jest*.

But, perhaps, you'll say, the Hoops may be of Iron. No Harm i' that, if you rightly *ware* Shins, or *ward* up Petticoats. No, no ; so much the better, say I. They'll draw Money, I warrant you. And that Money again will buy any Thing, but Wit. 'Twill buy Beer ; 'twill buy Ale ; 'twill buy Rum ; 'twill buy Brandy ; 'twill buy Gin or Punch (don't punch *me* by the bye) ; 'twill buy Wine, which is no Spirit ; or Cyder, which *has* none ; or Coffee, or Tea, which

which, ye know, are vapourish ; or two Gallons of Water, which no Chymist can prove a Pneumatic, excepting so far as it's fartish or cholicky.

In short, and in brief,
'Twill buy Pud and Beef ;
Or, as some will say to's,
Sheep's Head and Potatoes ;
(With relishing Sauce,
To season the *Mafs*.)
'Twill buy a New Act,
E'er Matter of Fact,
'Tis as true, as the Truth, when its }
rack'd!

Money makes the Mare go. Ay, ay ; a true Story, though an old one ; *Antiquity's* no Bar to a young Counsellor, he goes backward and forward, like a *kept* Mistress, that han't pass'd her *Teens*, till she's *gone* after twenty, which don't make a *Guinea* without eeking. As true a Story from a *dull Sharper*, egad, as ever was read, or said, or made by *Don Quixot*, or *Quick-shot*, or both of 'em off Hand, though that's *Extempore*, which in *English* is *out o' Time*. It really is ; and then there's a *vacation Term* till next

Morning, when a Man gets up and puts on his *Slippers*.

But, now, after all the *Buts*, egad, you'll ask, are there no *Spirits* in Wine? No; no F——th; *Duce a one*. 'Tis flat, till brew'd with Brandy or Gin; Marry is it, as *small Beer* and Rum; or as Flip, or *Bumbo*. 'Tis always brew'd, that's true, else there would be no drinking it.

But, you'll tell me again, it must then be a Spirit. That's another *Butt*; *Good* enough; 'Tis so. 'Tis a *Spirit* without *Body*, and yet a comfortable *Cardiac*. But, still 'tis no spiritous Liquor, because you may, at any Time, or Place, or Places, excepting as afore excepted, without any Exception, Molestation, Eviction, or Disturbance, excepting what accrue from a *nimious* Quantity, which don't affect the real *Quality* of the *Liquid*, when its clearly *rack'd* off, without any *Sedement*; you may buy less, sell less, or drink less of it, than two Gallons in the *Old Stile*: Whereas Brandy or Rum, or Gin, or Aniseed; or any other *spiritous* Liquors, are Spirits with Bodies, and, therefore, both Meat and Drink. So that
any

any one, who would drive away Sorrow, and put Comfort in its Stead, may venture upon eight Quarts of either of 'em, without ever, afterwards being sensible of Pain. A true Story, F——th. A Man seldom feels Pain, until he grows sober. Therefore Sobriety is a great Vice, according to my own System. It is upon my Sincerity. Therefore always keep drunk, and you'll never *take* Harm, whatever you may *take*. 'Tis so with most Folks, who have made the Experiment; and vast Numbers, I assure you, have try'd it.

Then let us still booze,
And daily carouze,
Let's drink all the Gin out,
Nor make any Sin o't;
Be merry and wise,
While see with our Eyes;
And, when we grow blind,
Our Way we shall find,
(Altho' we've been toping)
By carefully groping;
For, from Fate there is no eloping. }

None at all, egad. A Dog follows
his Nose, and a blind Man follows him
again

again with as much Safety as if he had a Pike-Staff to ride on. And so there's nothing but Fatality all the World over.

Yet, if any puny Bodies should not be able to drink such a Quantity, let them observe the other Rules already laid down. Let 'em make two Quarterns pass for two Gallons, and bring that Custom of *speaking* into a *drinking* Practice, and then they may drink and pay as they will, which will be very beneficial to the Publick in general : Forasmuch as any one may drink eight Quarts of Gin for three Pence, and hereby live happy at a moderate Rate. 'Tis true egad ; and so when any of them get into the Gin-Shops, let 'em immediately call for, just, what they please, pay what they please, which (according to Direction) will save them Health, Wealth, and Money, *all three both together*. And so, for this Time, good by to ye all.

But hip ; — Egad there are three Men of two *Sorts*, or two *Sorts* of Men of three *Kinds*, and yet of one *Sort* of *Species*, that you must hear me about. Stay one *Minute*, and I won't detain you half an *Hour*. By G——ge I won't, and that's

that's a great Oath. No, no ; 'tis just, hark ye ! Well, then, — They're, of *Master-Sailors* ; or *Bargers* ; or *Soldiers* ; or all three both together. All clever Fellows F——th. And one of them was so sturdy and strong, *one Evening t'other Day*, that, when he was riding from *Post-hac* to *Antegone*, he carried his Horse the whole Way, without so much as a *fling*. A true Story as ever was told by a Parson. He *back'd* and *carried* him, as if he had led him by the Nose. He took a Dram of *Gin*, I own, upon the Road ; and that might help him, you'll say. Right enough. *But* he did not break the Act *undesignedly* ; for, he only drank two Gallons of it, and paid three Pence towards the *Score*, as it was a *chalky* Road he walk'd along. And,

Therefore, for the Sake of *this* Fellow's Ingenuity, I shall write an *Heroic* Poem on himself and all the rest of his *Comrades*. Egad, I will ; and now for't.

Behold the Pilot, how he *steers* the Way ;
And who has Soul more *spirituous* than he ?
Untaught, ye'll say, nor Pray'rs, well, can
he read,
Lefs understands the true *Immortal* Creed ;
Who

(Who can? No Man on Earth!) and when
 does die,
 Knows not, if 'tis a Truth, or mortal Lie.
 While, still, with manly *Soul*, he *skims* the
 Main,
 Or *plows* it, as *Celestial* Pow'rs do reign.
 If hard on him, he *shifts* his *skirted* Sail,
 Or, *Canvasses* to please the fickle Gale.
 Full fraught, perhaps, with Ore, perhaps,
 with Aim,
 To reach the wish'd for Harbour, whence
 he came.
 He turns his *Glass* to measure out his Time,
 Next *elevates* his Eyes to the *Supreme*!
 White Surges chase each other, in a Train,
 And drive with Fury, thro' the briny Main;
Whiz — Loud they roar; — their baffl'd
 Rage rebounds,
 Repeats th' Attempt; — but, vain their
 maddening Sounds.
 Thro' Strength of *Gin*, the threat'ned Fa-
 brick stands,
 And, like a *God*, the *Billocks* he commands;
 Dispelling Shoals, would *damn* him in his
 Way;
 And sandy Mountains, at his Nod obey;
 Not he, the least, *Attonite*, nor in dread,
 But mauls the Living, and subdues the
 Dead.
 Easy, withal, as if he were a-bed.

Behold,

Behold, again, the *Barger*, with what
 Force,
 What Courage, and how nicely, steers his
 Course?
 Agility of Body and of Mind,
 Upon a *Survey*, in him *shall* ye find.
 With what *Dexterity* of *Left* and *Right*
Plumes he his *feather'd* Oars, by Day and
 Night?
 Nought, but a *Surplice*, oft, to hide his Skin,
 Yet, tugs incumbent, dies but for the *Gin*.
 The *Spirit*, Vital Principle of *Life*,
 O'ercomes the Danger, — and he takes
 his *Whiff*,
Whiffs without *Dread*, awhile, next takes
 his *Song*,
 And all the while, Brave Boys, he *sweeps*
 along
 'Gainst Wind and Tide, and thro' *dread*
Neptune's Throng.
 Propitious Heaven applauds the *Hero's* Skill,
 Owns *his* Performance to be more than *well*,
 Conducts him safe to his *intended* Shore,
 And, to the next *intended*, wafts him o'er;
 Wafts him, without the Help of *pregnant*
 Sail,
 Emblem of cheering *Glass*, and hearty *Meal*!

Once more, Behold the *Soldier* in the *Field*,
Intrepid there he stands, tho' wears his Shield,
 Fool-hardy not to do't, while *Bodies* are,
 To Death most *subject*, in the Times of *War*:
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[28]

In Times of *Peace*, precarious is his *Life*,
 Ten thousand *Odds*, — ingag'd in *Martial*
Strife.

Yet, *Gin* inspires him with true *Faith* and
Hope,

For that, he scorns the Grandeur of a Pope.
 Oh! with Heroic Braveness fends the Cause
 Of the *Best Prince*, True Liberty, and Laws,
 Manly, in *all* his Actions, as he shou'd,
 Nor dreads th' *Effusion* of his *Loyal* Blood!
Fulgur and *Smoak* succeed in motly Trains,
 And Thunders *eccho* o'er the *tinged* Plains.
 Undaunted still, 'midst *all*, his *Soul* remains.
 Bent on his just *Decree*, he *sports* with Death,
 And, the Inglorious mauls, while *He* has
 Breath.

Good Reason for't ; — most bravely do't
 he can ; —

Great Bones make *Drones*, but *Spirit* makes
 the *Man*.

F I N I S.