

This to prevent, he'll treat us with the best,
Cram us with Ham; and if he owns a Chest,
Of *Florence* and *Champaign*, I'll lay my Life,
We taste it soon, and eke salute the Wife:
For he that can our wicked Pranks betray,
When e'er he list, with ease Commands his Way,
Both to our Friendship, and our Purse, and Will,
Create our Fears, and give us Trouble still.

This Hatchment speaks a sad Occasion,
I must condole a near Relation,
Who lately lost a Husband fond and dear,
But she'll provide another soon ne'er fear:
For wanton Widows discreetly Sorrow,
To Night this bury, marry that to Morrow.
Besides, Folks talk of her strange Things,
Which to her Kindred real Mourning brings;
It's said, she privately a bold-Face keeps,
Whose Teaguish Impudence with Madam sleeps,

I

Whom