

VI.

Yet T——l unfeeling, and void of remorse,
Is still not the worst, *Henry Huthinson's*
worse——

Who feels ev'ry crime, yet his feelings defies,
And each day stabs his country with tears in
his eyes.

Then kick out those rascally knaves, &c.

VII.

See squinting T——e, from the Primate's
black school,
Whom merciful nature design'd for a fool;
G——e, who not even his folly can save,
For in nature's despite he will needs be a
knave.

Then kick out those rascally knaves, &c.

VIII.

If a sinner, repentant, can Angels delight,
To Devils, an apostate's as pleasing a sight;
Nor has there been ever such bonfires in Hell,
Since Judas's fall, as when O——e fell.

Then kick out those rascally knaves, &c.

IX.

But why must I mention the Knight of
Three Crows,
His name is unworthy of verse, or of prose;
To lash such a reptile would satire disgrace,
And 'tis but *ex officio* he here has a place.

Then kick out those rascally knaves, &c.

X.