

mise to go unpunish'd ? But as the present Ministry seems to think these virulent Penmen not worth their Notice, or least Consideration, I will here adjoin a Fable, that depicts this whole Nest of Hornets in their proper Colours. I make no Apology for the Introduction of the Fable, as it an Honour to the *British* Nation to have produced so eminent a Poet.

The OAK and DUNGHILL.

ON a fair Mead a Dunghill lay
That rotting smoakt, and stunk away,
To an excessive Bigness grown,
By Night-mens Labour on him thrown.
Ten thousand Nettles from him sprung,
Whoever came but near, was stung,
Nor ever fail'd he to produce,
The baneful Hemlock's deadly Juice :
Such as of old at *Athens* grew,
When Patriots thought it *Phocion's* due :
And for the Man its Poison prest,
Whose Merit shone above the rest.

Not far from hence strong-rooted stood
A sturdy Oak, itself a Wood !
With friendly Height o'ertopt the Grove,
And look'd the Fav'rite Tree of Jove :
Beneath his hospitable Shade,
The Shepherds all at Leisure play'd ;
They fear'd no Storms of Hail or Rain,
His Boughs protected all the Plain.
Gave Verdure to the Grass around,
And beautify'd the neighbouring Ground.

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