

mife 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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