

INTRODUCTION.

Who shall this bubbled nation disabuse ;
 While they, their own felicities refuse ?
 Who at the wars have made such mighty pother !
 And now are falling out with one another,
 With needless fears the jealous nation fill,
 And always have been say'd against their will ;
 Who fifty millions sterling have disburs'd,
 To be with peace and too much plenty curs'd ;
 Who their old monarch eagerly undo,
 And yet uneasily obey the new.
 Search, Satyr ! search, a deep incision make,
 The poison's strong the antidote's too weak ;
 'Tis pointed truth must manage this dispute,
 And downright English, Englishmen confute.
 Whet thy just anger at the nation's pride,
 And with keen phrase repel the vicious tide ;
 To Englishmen their own beginnings show,
 And ask them why they slight their neighbors so ?
 Go back to elder times, and ages past,
 And nations into long oblivion cast :
 To old Britannia's youthful days retire,
 And there for true-born Englishmen enquire :
 Britannia reely will disown the name,
 And hardly knows herself from whence they came.
 Wonders that they of all men should pretend
 To birth and blood, and for a name contend.
 Go back to causes where our follies dwell,
 And fetch the dark original from hell ;
 Speak, Satyr ! for there's none like thee can tell.