

What of his Travers & Toils, I did write  
Applied to ours will get them just as right

As I strook of Village of St I  
Saw a Building large and lofty  
With Pediments & Columns graced  
And noise unto the Chappell played  
Making good my Grandams List  
Near the Church, you know the rest,

Tell us what the Pile contains  
Many heads that hold no Brains  
These Demoniacs let me Dub  
With the name of Legion Head  
Such Assemblies you might see  
Meet when Belshazz baste a Beast  
Such a Noise and such Harranging  
When a Brother Thief is hanging  
Such a Rout and such a Rattle  
Run to hear Jack Pudding fable  
Such a sound their Ordour throws  
At each honest fellows Nose  
Could I from the Building top  
Hear the rattling Thunder drop



While the Devil upon the roof  
If the Devil be thunder proof  
Should with Rocks fiery hot red  
Crack the Bricks and melt y<sup>e</sup> Lead  
Drive them down on every Skull  
While the Sea of Thieves is full  
Quite destroy the Harpers Nest  
How might then our Isle be blest  
For Divines allow that God  
Sometimes makes the Devil his Rod  
And the Gospel will inform us  
He can punish sins enormous  
Yet should I ~~endow~~ <sup>endow</sup> the whole  
For his sinners and fools  
With a Road or two of Land  
I alone the Isle may stand  
You perhaps will ask me why so  
But if it with this prove so  
Since the House is like to last  
Let the Royal Grant be pass'd  
That the Clerk have right to dwell  
Each within his proper Cell  
With a Page left to creep in

And a Hole above for peeping  
Let them when they come get in  
Sell the Island for a Pen  
While they set picking Straws  
Let them Rave at making Laws  
While they never hold their Tongue  
Let them dabble in their Dunge  
Let them Hare & Horn and Grow  
At the Folks of Kingston Town  
Let them out their ~~Can~~ <sup>Can</sup> ~~Vans~~  
Honesty restrain his Pen  
I'd write no more in P<sup>r</sup> a cause  
When I stretched ~~at~~ beyond y<sup>e</sup> verge of Laws  
Let them without hearing try  
Go and I ~~t~~ and then cry  
Privilege of P<sup>r</sup>!  
From forms and Charters were exempt  
Let them Note a Brother Thief  
Punish'd and again with grief  
Think of it y<sup>e</sup> warning day  
By the Chain to wash away  
Let them make short inquisition  
Who and who sign'd the Petition



Then declare it an abuse  
Each doth not himself excuse  
Who refuses so to do  
Be in limbo taught to true  
Let them in their wild or fury  
Sift as Judges and as Jury  
And resolve that every cause  
Has been judged against the laws  
Let them ere they crash a house  
Call for ~~order~~ order of the House  
Let them with their gosling Quills  
Scribble senseless heads of Bills  
We may while they strain their Throats  
Wipe our A — I with their Votes  
Let the factious Fools alide  
That it is their privilege  
To try and judge of every matter  
In common pleas Crown or Exchequer  
That all suits in Equity  
The House may by Committee try  
That every case of every sort  
Come coram nobis in last resort  
Let that execrable crew  
Vote a false Petition true

That the Ragged and Fools who regard it  
For the publick good. Disregard it  
Let their spite and Malice aim  
At Mastering worthy P — h. Name  
Let them in their mischievous speech  
Stuff'd with factious thought of B — ch  
Cast on the — by — of —  
All the odium they can vent  
Then with flattery hail the day  
Give them M — an easy prey  
Rapid perjured siding foot  
By P — e and F — n made a fool  
Whom reward for all his pains  
The top of ears & top of brains  
And be it wrote upon his face  
How he's gilded into place  
Bell to working like a mole  
Reared the dirt about his hole  
And our hopes that soon or late  
He will meet with Brother Ragsdale  
Come afoot me Man obedient  
Let us try some new Expedient



Spent thus some for half an hour  
Time and place are in thy power  
Thither gentle meek conduct me  
I shall ask and you instruct me  
See the Muse unbars the gate  
Hear the Monkeys how they prate  
All the Gods who enter the soul  
Nyx has Hell whose Waterfall  
Let me allow'd to tell  
What I heard in yonder Hall  
Near the Door an Entrance gapes  
Crowded round with antick Shapes  
Poverty and Grief and Care  
Cursed Joy and true Dispair  
Dunord periwig'd with Snakes  
See the dreadful Shades she takes  
By this odious Crew besett  
I began to rage & fret  
And resolv'd to break their Gates  
Ere I enter'd at the Gates  
Had not Cleo in the Muck  
Whisper'd me lay down if I seek  
What says I is this the mad House  
There she answered are but Shadows

Phantoms bodely and vain  
Empty Visions of the Brain  
In the Porch ~~the~~ Bores Hands  
With a Bribe in all his Hands  
When the Rogues their Country fleece  
They hope a feather each  
Lies who had been so wise  
To put on a Fools disguise  
To bespeak some approbation  
And be thought a near Relation  
When she saw so many Bores  
All involved in wild disputes  
Roaring till their stings were spent  
Previledge of P. & F.  
Now a new Misfortune feds  
Dreading to be laid by the heels  
Never durst a Muse before  
Enter that infernal Door  
Cleo stifled with the smell  
Into Spleen & vapours fell  
By the Stygian Smell that flew  
From the dire infectious crew



Not the stench of Lake Anemias  
Could have more offended her Nose  
Had she flown but on the top  
She had felt her Pinions drop  
And by exhalation die.

Tho a Goddess must expire  
In a fight she crept away  
Bravely I resolved to stay  
When I saw the Keeper frown  
Tipping him with half a crown  
Now said I we are alone  
Name your Heroes one by one

Who is he with haughty face  
Pride and Malice you may trace  
Is it Satan? No tis ~~P~~ ~~e~~

Round him will you in a trice  
See the servile Crew together  
Fawn Cringe applaud and flatter

He's the Chief of the Faction  
Sets the Monkeys upon action  
Manages maintains them all  
Robs from Peter to pay Paul

See how proud they're of their Rumes  
Worthy offspring of a Drummer

Whose Reunment and Ambition  
Bying the Island to perdition  
Honest Keeper dash him well  
Teach him hence in peace to dwell

Who is he makes such a sputter  
His Mouth you'll swear was full of Butter  
Tis the old deceiver ~~T~~ ~~m~~

Whose fell Genius you will hear on  
Malice Cunning Slight and Art  
Match the Badness of his Heart

Shew the Whelps of Lying Duke  
Famous for a dirty Trick  
~~T~~ ~~m~~ and ~~P~~ ~~e~~ or anyone there

How could you yourselves forswear  
And deceiving half your friends  
Join to help ~~out~~ such hellish fiends

For each act what was your price  
Leave to kiss the ~~B~~ ~~e~~ of ~~J~~ ~~e~~

You flattering Jay a holding forth  
Is honest Jack not worth a rook  
Who for Poindres within few Years  
Well deserved to lose his ears

And again the other day  
Did his Skill at Baths display



But happening on a fitt occasion  
They Voted back his Reputation  
Gods what Myrmidon is here  
Mark his vile doings and fears  
Who ere saw so vile a thing  
Late A - y to H - y  
Knows in Law nor Seat nor Margent  
Yet Calls Wills his Brother Sergeant  
His Honesty was long since lost  
B - n - knows it to his cost

Who is he with Voice so hoarse  
And tawny face it is J - n M - e  
Balk'd at Table and at Church  
Dand them both and curst of Church  
Took to drawing of the Dull  
Riding Miles to make a Will  
Was from pumping Attorney made  
Dodge on Bench by J - e; and  
There betrayed his want of sense  
Corrupt Heart and Impudence

Who sits yonder Bully Lewis  
To whom apply'd the old tale true as  
Of Lyon Skin for sure he wore it  
Till from the Aps young M - y tore it

What Thing is that with powdered Hair  
Sempiring Smiles and fopish Air  
D - l wandering to and fro  
By Mole pick'd up and made a Beau  
See W - H - v - G - e M - has hearty  
As any Leach in P - e Party  
But honest by far than he  
Who'd lead them to the tripple tree  
And there desert them would it tend  
The least to serve his private ends

There goes W - n - v - P - st B - t  
Strangers to sense Truth and Honour  
Evy Murderer in their Hearts  
If they fail its want of Parts

Plebeus! D - no are you there  
Can they gentle Nature bear  
Party Faction every Rage  
Men of sense would quit the Stage  
To join their movement fitt  
To bid Politicks or not  
Nor would you ever here have made one  
But for that sly deceiver J - n



How I want you humorous Hogarth  
Thou I hear a humorous Rogue art  
Were but you I acquainted  
Every Monster should be painted  
You should try your graving Tools  
On this odious Grogue of Fools  
Draw the Beasts I describe them  
From their features while I give them  
Draw them like for I assure you  
You will want no Caricatura  
Draw them so that we may trace  
All the Soul in every Face  
Keeper I must now retire  
You have done what I desire  
But I feel my Spirits spent  
With the Noise the Light the Stench  
Pray be patient you shall find  
Half the best are still behind  
You have hardly seen a score  
I can shew you many more  
Keeper I have seen enough  
Taking then a pinch of Snuff  
I concluded looking round on me  
My dear God the Devil confound these



# **Hall Family Papers and Sugar Plantation Records**

**1709 - 1892**

**MSS.0220**

**Box: 3 Folder: 56**

**POLITICAL AND PUBLIC DOCUMENTS -  
Miscellaneous - What of his knaves and fools of D. did  
write applied to our will fitt them just as right, undated**



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