
**A late Dialogue between Dr. Burgess, and Daniel d’Foe, in a Cyder-Cellar near Billingsgate, concerning the Times.**

Quoth *Daniel the Doctor*, to *Daniel d’Foe*,
I pray, Brother, tell me how Matters do go.
And which gets the better, the High or the Low?

*Dan.* In Troth I can’t tell, but fearfully doubt
The Devil will have it, we all must turn out;
One Friend we have lost that stuck closely to us,
And the fatal Remove may help to undo us.

*Dr.* Avert it, good Heaven, for what will become on’s,
If the Heads of our Party be brought to the Summons?
If a Parliament high should fall to impeaching,

*Dan.* Then farewell short Cloaks, and extempore Preaching;
Thy Neck and mine, (*Dr.*) Must come to the Stretch,
And for opposing of Jack, (*Dan.*) Be punish’d by Ketch.
No more Calves-head-Clubs shall meet at the Proctor’s,
No more Sequestration, nor roasting of Doctors.
I confess ’twas a very untowardly Hit,
That twenty such Cooks¹ should be beat with the Spit.

*Dr.* Well, let’s not despair, I’ll preach. (*Dan.*) And I’ll write,
But the Devil a Jot will they edify by’t;
For all I can say, their Reason controuls
No more, than your preaching does Good to their Souls.
Addresses run on in such high-flying Fits,
That at last they have run themselves out of their Wits;
Hereditary Right to uphold and dispute,
Which I have set ’em to prove, but find they can’t do’t.
Prerogative Royal they resolve to support,
And want a new House to make a new Court.
Now who, in their Senses, can tell what they mean,
But to ruin the Nation, and banter the Queen?
Republican Principles all do renounce,
And so-- (*Dr.*) the old Cause-- (*Dan.*) is blasted at once.

*Dr.* How are we in Number? (*Dan.*) That’s hard to be told;
The Champions that stood it so brave, and so bold,
Their Spirits are sunk, and their Zeal is grown cold.

¹ Managers
Dr. I fear the late Tryal— (Dan.) has ruin’d us quite,  
The Doctor’s Come-off was a damnable Bite.

Dr. Had he been hang’d, (Dan.) then all had all right.

Dr. Pray what do they say o’th’Occasional Bill?  
Will’t come on again? (Dan.) 'Tis doubted it will.

Dr. Why then we’re undone. -- But sure our good Queen  
By no ill Advice can be so overseen,  
T’oppress tender Consciences; for that’s persecuting  
The Saints of the Lord, beyond all disputing;  
If a holy Brother, of any Perswasion,  
Can’t stretch his Conscience to serve an Occasion,  
Nor obtain of her Majesty such a small Grace  
As the damning his Soul, to get him a Place.

Dan. You say very right, for 'tis an evil Intent  
To force us to Heaven against our Consent;  
And if the broad Way we had rather pursue,  
Why should the Devil be wrong’d of his Due?  
Come, here’s a good Health to all of our Party,  
The Bishops, and others. (Dr.) I thank ye most heart’ly,

Dan. Let the rest take their Swing, as Time shall allot 'em,  
And ev’ry Tub stand on its own Bottom.

An Epigram on Dan. de F--.

To speak the Truth, is criminal now,  
Whilst vilify’d by such as thou;  
Who hasst the Policy of Devil,  
An Head to work the Nation’s Evil;  
Detatcht from Hell, thou did’st commence  
Thy daring Pride and Impudence,  
To set up for a Moderator,  
(With thy dear Brother Observator.)  
And a Reformer, to suppress  
Intemperance, Pride, and Drunkenness,  
Yet dost encrease, not make ’em less;  
For who’d reform his Life and Lewdness  
By thee, the Source of Lies and Rudeness,  
Without Commission; or if thou  
Haft any, ’t came from Hell below.  
And sure, if Honour ’tis to be  
Endow’d with hellish Policy,
Thou haft enough, too much we see,
Whereby thou do’st the Croud delude,
The poor unthinking Multitude;
And so the modish Names commence,
A Man of Parts, a Man of Sense!
This is the Man (read it who list)
As great a Knave as ever p---t;
Who yet, to cloak his Knavery,
(Still Presbyterian Policy)
 Pretends to be Truth’s Advocate,
Tho’ none has less, than he, of that.
And so his Notions fly about,
Some entertain, some cast ’em out,
As only fit for the Rabble Rout.
He thinks he’s mighty honest, when
He tells the Faults of other Men;
And rails against the Government,
For Errors in Mismanagement;
But ’tis the Effect of Discontent,
And knavish Partiality.
For those who of his Party be,
Are prais’d by him, carest, commended,
And in their greatest Faults defended;
Whilst honest Men, and Men of Zeal,
Who’ve always wish’d the Nation well,
Are said to car’ on very Hell.
His Notions of our Constitution,
And the happy Revolution,
Are false, absurd; for to impute
Resistance (any ways) unto’t,
Is reflecting on the same,
And the late King’s glorious Name;
Who, in his publish’d Declaration,
Diclamied the least Imputation
Of Resistance; but such Fools,
Such self-conceited wretched Tools,
The grand Incendaries of the Age,
Dare boldly with the Truth engage;
Despite Authorities, and charge
Their own curs’d Principles, at large
On th’Church of England, and derive
Their Guilt on it; and so contrive,
If possible, its Dissolution,
And infringe our Constitution.
But may Heav’n check their Impudence,
And curb their Pride and Insolence;
Make their own Lies and Curses, all,
To their Confusion, on ’em fall;
And cut off their incestious Race,
That so contin’al Scenes of Peace
And Unity, may e’re abound,
And our distressed Land surround.