

Fabris attempts to place him in the Field,
And *Sixes* were his *Buckler* and his Shield.
With those alas! he no Admittance found:
The Enemy began to feize the Ground.
With *Treys* into an empty Space he ran,
And got a *Guard* too for his *Naked Man*.

Trais Ace for *Fabris* did Admittance gain,
And he possess'd him of the homeward Plain.
Duce Ace slept forth, and took him on the *Pate*;
He falls a Victim to his adverse Fate;
And when he came again, he came too late.
No Room for his unimely *Quators* now;
'Two *Treys* again pursu'd the fatal Blow,
Filling a Space, and moving forwards too.

Fabris attempts the Trenches once again;
But *Cinque* and *Quator* made th' Attempt in vain:
Vituleo presses on with *Cinque* and *Duce*,
And made the future Blows of little Use.
This for a Rampart he design'd to keep,
O'er which the nimblest Warriors cou'd not leap.

In Safety now the *Olive* Squadrons move;
In vain, the *Ethiopian* Pris'ners strove,
In Number Three; they could no farther go,
Coop'd up within the Trenches of the Foe.
The *Friar* almost did his Faith renounce,
And lost a triple Victory at once.

Another Battle *Fabris* then demands;
But found that Fortune had forsok' his Hands:
Quite vanquish'd, he began to sue for Peace;
And still *Vituleo's* Triumphs did increase.
A little Truce concludes th' unequal Fight,
And this, like others, ended with the Night.

The Morn' advanc'd, *Vituleo* was the same;
And *Fabris* did the whole Creation blame:
The ruder Passions to Expression swell,
And the poor faultless *Dice* are with'd at H—ll.

Oh! had the Devil on this Method hit,
To try the patient Man in *Holy Writ*;
Satan had then succeeded in his Plot,
Back Gammon would have done, what he could not!

Innumerable Battles then were fought;
Innumerable Victories were got.
Fabris was lavish of his former Gains,
And almost yielded up his whole *Domains*:
Unable his ill Fortune to endure,
Pawn'd the contingent Profits of his *Cure*;
The growing *Copp'ces* now were scarcely safe,
The Pig, the Goose, the Turkey, and the Calf,
Made Stake of Things Abroad, and Things at Home,
And ransack'd ev'ry Corner of his *Dome*.

At last, despairing, he himself address'd
To one more precious Corner than the rest;
Advancing sly, with undiscover'd Stealth:
He mounts a Chimney, conscious of his Wealth;
Plays the Mechanic in the dusty Scene,
And with his *Cassock* sweeps the Chimney clean.

Now Crowns, and Guineas, and Pistoles were taken
Forth from the gloomy *Treasury* of Bacon;
Stor'd in the Dark Recesses of a Cleft,
Both from himself secure; and Midnight Theft.
The od'rous Place th' enfranchis'd Money shows,
And is an Information to the Nose.

Vituleo, still victorious, gains the Spoil;
The Chimney can do nothing now, but boil.
The shining Tenants to *Vituleo* fled,
The empty *Sachel* was in Triumph led,
And, to new Offices converted Strives
To clean his sullied Table, and his Knives:

So have I seen the nimble Eele disgrac'd,
And by a rude Barbarity uncas'd;
The Meat made ready for the hungry Lip,
And the tough Out side dwindled to a Whip,
Hung up, expos'd in mercenary Shops,
The Sport of Boys, and Punishment of Tops.
Now Heaps of antient Manuscripts were brought,
With which before the Parish had been taught.
Your *Doctrines* I refuse, *Vituleo* cry'd,
And to accept a *Pawn* from Heav'n deny'd.
The *Victor* deem'd them an improper Stake,

And spar'd the *Passer* for the People's Sake
Sav'd him the cruel Labour of his Skull,
And many a quaint *Epigrams* from *Bill*,
Now slumbers *Tilloson* in Dust secure,
Destin'd no new Transcriptions to endure;
Now *Sanderfon* shall with his Conscience sleep,
And *Nelson* his own Holidays may keep.

Fabris now smiles, on second Thoughts, to find
That all his petty Volumes were behind;
Rejoices in his updiminish'd Stock,
And still retales 'em weekly to his Flock.

But guess the Torments which he felt at Night,
After the Shock of this disastrous Fight!
With Dreams of *Boxes* and of *Dice* oppress,
His Eyes knew none but interrupted Rest:
Duce Ace pursues him with repeated Spite,
And is the Vision of the tedious Night.

To bear ill Luck was more than he could do,
And be tormented with the Shadow too.
From Side to Side he turn'd, and turn'd again:
Words can't express the *Friar's* anxious Pain.
The dreadful Apparition of a *Box*;
His broken slumbers ev'ry Mument mocks.

Provok'd at last with this continu'd Scoff,
He threw the Bed-cloaths, and his Slumbers off;
Down Stairs he hies, with unimagin'd Speed,
Determin'd to perform a glorious Deed.
The *Tables*, the first Objects of his Ire,
Were heading thrown directly in the Fire:
They crack'd, and sm'd, and sparkled as they fir'd,
And mock'd the Passions they had once inspir'd.
And next the *Dice*, the chief Offenders, went,
In Vice Companions, and in Punishment:
By them to many a sinful Word betray'd,
He for Attonement a Burnt Off'ring made.

As yet unsatisfied, the *Boxes* last:
He on the Flames with Indignation cast:
"Go burn, go burn, ye Ministers of Vice,
"And rattle, if you can, the calcin'd *Dice*!
The One soon yielded to the pow'ful Flame,
And Dust and Ashes instantly became;

The *Other*, of a harder Substance form'd,
Obey'd not, but instead of burning warm'd;
Of Brass compos'd, no Alteration knew,
But as it hotter than his Passion grew.

This *Box* had waited oft on *Fabris* self,
And many Years been Servant on the Shelf;
Contain'd a Spice immoderately warm,
Which often does some Good, and often Harm,

Fabris, now recollecting what was best,
The antient Service of his *Box* confess'd;
Himself for his Precipitation blames,
And gravely takes it from the dying Flames.
Resplendent on the Cupboard now it shines,
And does the wanted Office when he dines:
Doom'd justly to th' eternal Want of *Dice*,
Is now confin'd to Pepper and to Spice.

Fabris, thus cur'd of his long Thirst of Game;
And by his adverse Fortune render'd tame,
The Sunday after his ill Fate bemoan'd,
And his bad Conduct in a *Lecture* own'd;
Put on *Forbearance* with his *Sable Robe*,
And preach'd on the most patient Text in Job!

ANNAPOLIS.

Our Bay is now so clear of Ice, that Boats can cross it.

We are informed by a Schooner, which came up from *Virginia* last Sunday, that in the late great Storm in *December*, a Boat with 7 or 8 People in her, crossing from *York-Town* to *Norfolk*, was drove ashore upon *Crainy Island*, where they every one Perish'd.

That at *York-Town*, the Storm has done a great deal of Damage, the Tide being very high.

A few Days ago, a Man walking on the Ice, near *Kent-Island*, fell through and was Drowned.