

Tho' they, like Doctors, to approve their skill,
Consult not how to cure, but how to kill;
Tho' by whim, envy, or resentment led,
They damn those authors whom they never read,
Tho', other rules unknown, one rule they hold,
To deal out so much praise for so much gold;
Tho' *Scot* with *Scot*, in damned close intrigues,
Against the Commonwealth of Letters leagues;
Uncensur'd let them Pilot at the helm,
And, rule in Letters, as they rul'd the realm.
Ours be the curse, the mean tame Coward's curse,
(Nor could Ingenious Malice make a worse,
To do our Sense, and Honour deep despite)
To credit what They say, read what They write!

Enough of *Scotland*---let her rest in peace,
The cause remov'd, effects of course should cease.
Why should I tell, how *Tweed*, too mighty grown,
And proudly swell'd with waters not his own,
Burst o'er his banks, and, by destruction led,
O'er our fair *ENGLAND* desolation spread,
Whilst riding on his waves, Ambition plum'd
In tenfold pride the port of *BUTE* assum'd,