

Yet, if the inward workings of my soul
 Deceive me not, I shall attain the goal,
 And Envy shall behold, in triumph rais'd,
 The Poet praising, and the Patron prais'd.

What Patron shall I chuse? shall public voice,
 Or private knowledge influence my choice?
 Shall I prefer the grand retreat of Stowe,
 Or, seeking Patriots, to friend WILDMAN's go?

To WILDMAN's, cried DISCRETION (who had heard
 Close-standing at my elbow, ev'ry word)
 To WILDMAN's! art Thou mad? can't Thou be sure
 One moment there to have thy head secure?
 Are they not All (let observation tell)
 All mark'd in Characters as black as Hell,
 In *Doomsday* book by Ministers set down,
 Who stile their pride the honour of the crown?
 Make no reply---let Reason stand aloof---
 Presumptions here must pass as solemn proof.
 That settled Faith, that Love which ever springs
 In the best Subjects, for the best of Kings,
 Must not be measur'd now, by what Men think,
 Or say, or do---by what They eat, and drink,

Where,