

Where, and with whom, that Question's to be try'd,  
And Statesmen are the Judges to decide;  
No Juries call'd, or, if call'd, kept in awe,  
They, facts confess, in themselves vest the law.  
Each dish at WILDMAN'S of sedition smacks;  
Blasphemy may be Gospel at ALMACK'S.

Peace, good DISCRETION, peace---thy fears are vain;  
Ne'er will I herd with WILDMAN'S factious train,  
Never the vengeance of the great incur,  
Nor, without might, against the mighty stir.  
If, from long proof, my temper you distrust,  
Weigh my profession, to my gown be just;  
Dost Thou one Parson know, so void of grace  
To pay his court to Patrons out of place?

If still you doubt (tho' scarce a doubt remains)  
Search thro' my alter'd heart, and try my reins;  
There, searching, find, nor deem me now in sport,  
A convert made by SANDWICH to the Court:  
Let Mad-men follow error to the end,  
I, of mistakes convinc'd, and proud to mend,  
Strive to act better, being better taught,  
Nor blush to own that change, which Reason wrought.