ANOTHER.

YES, every Poet is a Fool:
By Demonſtration NED can ſhow it:
Happy, cou'd NED's inverted Rule
Prove every Fool to be a Poet.

ANOTHER.

THY Naggs (the leaneſt Things alive)
So very hard Thou lov'ſt to drive;
I heard thy anxious Coach-man ſay,
It coſts Thee more in Whips, than Hay.

To a Perſon who wrote Ill, and ſpake Worſe againſt Me.

LYE, PHILO, untouch'd on my peaceable Shelf;
Nor take it amiſs, that ſo little I heed Thee;
I've no Envy to Thee, and ſome Love to my Self:
Then why ſhou'd I anſwer; ſince firſt I muſt read Thee?

Drunk with HELICON's Waters and double-brew'd Bub,
Be a Linguiſt, a Poet, a Critic, a Wag;
To the ſolid Delight of thy Well-judging Club,
To the Damage alone of thy Bookſeller BRAG.

Purſue