Brown, Thomas. *To the Author of Legion’s Address. London, 1707. 21.*

Who can thy Power describe, thy Glories scan,
Thou Lord of Nature, since thou’rt Lord of Man?
In these we may thy wond’rous value see.
The World was Made for Man, and Man for thee.

*Upon the Anonymous Author of Legion’s humble Address to the Lords*

Thou Tool of Faction, mercenary Scribe,
Who preachest Treason to the Calveshead Tribe,
Whose fruitful Head, in Garret mounted high,
Sees Legions, and strange Monsters, in the Sky;
Who wou’dst with War and Blood thy Country fill
Were but thy Power as rampant as thy Will:
Well may’st thou boast thy self a Million strong,
But ’tis in Vermin that about thee throng.

*To that most senseless Scoundrel, the Author of Legion’s humble Address to the Lords, who wou’d perswade the People of England to leave the Commons, and depend upon the Lords*

What Demons mov’d thee, what malicious Fiends,
To tempt the People from their surest Friends?
Sooner thou might’st embracing Floods disjoyn,
And make the Needle from its North decline:
Or teach the grateful Heliotrope to run,
A different Motion from th’enlivening Sun.