

That villains such as these are not from nature hurl'd
 * * * * * [9]

When Satan dubb'd thee his apostle here,
(But the diploma is not very clear)
 He named thee 'Luke,' [10] and mutter'd with a sneer,
A kind of grumbling, like a stifled roar,
 "My foe's [11] evangelist hath gall'd me sore,
 "Therefore to shew I hate his cause the more,
 'Go thou! and prove, thyself, by deeds of shame
 "And folly, hanging on thy lofty gibbet,
 "An impious satire on his saintly name
 "It is, thee in false colours to exhibit.

(To be continued in next number.)

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.
 TO PARIS.

The native *whiteness* I possess,
 Shall ne'er polluted be
 By one whose dubious nothingness,
 Suspicious is, like thee.

The *rosy red* that decks my cheek
 Shall bloom in thy despite,
 For never will I vainly seek,
 To gain a doubter's plight.

He that wins me must not be faint,
 Content to doubt in quiet,
 But, if he thinks that I do paint,
 Why don't the looby try it?

But, master Paris, 't was not such
 A dandy won queen Helen;

[9] I fear Tresillian is one of the *Imitatores! servum pecus*, of Horace; for although he has not perhaps quite produced such couplets, as his friend, the editor, says, "would not disgrace the pen of a Byron," yet he has certainly most felicitously imitated his blanks and stars, which are as like "as two peas."

[10] Now I think *Lewis*, my first name, would have afforded a better scope for Tresillian's wit; and although his natural "delicacy and feeling" might prevent him from alluding to any "*female character*," he might have taken St. Lewis by the nose, as St. Dunstan did the devil, and have dragged him quite as consistently into his verses, as he has Satan and the Evangelist.

[11] With what reverence, and poetic propriety, God is here, by a periphrasis, designated as "Satan's foe;" instead of Satan being represented, as he generally is, as the foe of God! two very different things.