

*Men they may be—but from true manhood far,
 If so in peace they're children in the war.
 No—unto you and to the world is known
 What cowardly panics unlike men they own.
 Have they not oft 'gainst the Recorder led
 Repeated hosts which as repeated fled,
 Till now they tremble if thy name appears
 And ev'n for mine they quake with conscious fears.*

*- Then hear me chief, a shadow or a dream,
 More equal match than you or me they'll deem.
 What time the moon to gild th' expiring day,
 A globe of silver rises o'er the bay—
 Then send thy shadow, "Peregrinus" send
 Illusive aid the Editors to lend.
 For now they know not substances from shades,
 So much their cunning oft defeated fades.—
 He said— was done—the hero gave assent,
 And Peregrinus to the press was sent;—
 A welcome guest for all were welcome made
 However feeble that would lend them aid.
 If man they had him as a noble prize,
 If beast, his paws they richly eulogize.*

End of Canto 3d.