

What odds ! as upon this occasion  
 The object is not admiration,  
 Yet, possibly by our coercion  
 Outsiders may get some diversion.  
 Nor is it all the Poet's fault,  
 If wanting found in attic salt,  
 Our similes and satires, freeze,  
 Or scorch, exactly as we please ;  
 And, even when inverted, will  
 Part of our purposes fulfil.

A farmer in—*terrorem* nails  
 To his barn door, the heads and tails,  
 When they are caught, of hawks and owls  
 That come to prey upon his fowls ;  
 Tho' not as compensation, yet  
 Some satisfaction he may get,  
 And such marauders as are spared  
 Deter from pilfering in his yard.  
 So, we intend to gibbet some—  
 To poach in our preserves do come.

If throwing stones to them can give  
 Delight, that in glass houses live ;  
 Can it be strange if those they hit  
 Do fling them back should they think fit.  
 KEN is susceptible, and may  
 Regret his rashness in a way—  
 Perhaps he did not dream of, when