

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