

Of Virgil, Tully, or of Horace, speak,
 This bull in Latin, or that fault in Greek ;
 Lafontaine, Boileau, and perchance Rousseau ;
 Of German authors next, a motley row,
 Fifteen or twenty, parrot-like, call'd o'er, }
 On good or bad, alike doth censure pour, }
 'Till breath is gone—exhausted all his store. }
 And if some fool that's dull in nice discerning,
 Mistakes this mighty bustle all for learning,
 His noisy puffs, for sound and solid sense,
 And owns him skill'd in all he makes pretence,
 He toad-like, swells, more self-conceited grows ;
 Again his quackery profusely flows.
 Or if some sneering wit shou'd own the ass
 To be more humourous far than Hudibras ;
 He'll turn, and flatter him without delay,
 And with some borrow'd scrap the debt repay.
 But tell him only, he's an arrant pedant,
 (Which is the whole truth, let what will be said on't)
 Then with his blazing passions, all on fire,
 E'en his buffoonry kindling into ire,
 With dreadful rage, he swells beyond all ru'es,
 And proves at once that pedants are but fools.

SOLOMON SNEER.*

*Mr. Sneer's verses to Delia are so very inferior to his sarcastic productions, that I advise him to continue a devotee of Momus, rather than to be penning any more

“woeful ballads
 “Made to his mistress' eyebrow.”

L. L. M.

FRAILTY EXCUSED.

Tho' Nancy's charms I oft have sung,
 The darling theme of pen and tongue.
 New praises still remain ;
 Beauty like her's may well infuse
 New flights, and be my fancy's muse,
 To heighten every strain

'Tis not her form alone I prize,
 Which every fool that has but eyes
 As well as I can see ;
 To say she's fair, is but to say,
 When the sun shines at noon 'tis day,
 Which none need learn of me.