

which the newspapers, in this town, are conducted, I concluded it needless for me to trouble them, with my present remarks ; therefore I address myself to you, the mighty author of the cento ; yes, and

My indignation swells ! where shall I smite ?
 Where aim the thrust ? Where pierce the caitiff wight ?
 O mighty muse ! vouchsafe thy potent arm,
 To strike at folly in her magic charm.
 Aim, aim thy stab, towards that festering heart,
 And pierce it with a satire-pointed dart.
 Wound deep, extract the deadly poisonous core,
 And then, prescribe a balsam for the sore.
 Oh ! where is reason ? weak, perverted, gone,—
 Which once th' unerring guide of mortals shone,
 Why sense, for nonsense, deem'd a fit exchange,
 And Scribblers suffer'd uncontrol'd to range ;
 Poisoning, with vice and venom youth and age,
 To ease the swelling of a vaunted rage ?
 See the bold egotist, array'd in pride,
 Extol himself, and modest worth deride :—
 And hear the arrant puppy, loud proclaim,
 “ Among posterity shall bloom my fame,
 And on her pillars, stand engraved my name. }
 For men, obscene as Voltaire, long have stood,
 And braved, of critics, an unnumber'd flood !
 Then, shall not I, tho' in more modern times,
 Be honour'd for my foul and filthy rhymes ?
 When days are changed—Ah ! surely shall they find.
 Some readers of a pure unjaundiced mind :—
 But cursed ambition, paltry pride, and pelf,
 Reject me now like some deluded elf.”
 Thus, with insipid logic, he contends,—
 And thus his noisome quackery defends.
 But stop, degenerate man, and bid adieu,
 To such vain hopes,—hopes that but mock the view !
 Curb thy ambition, lest it swell too high,
 Then leave thee in despair—to weep—to sigh—
 E'er, now, methinks, thy conscience smites thy breast,
 Embittering every hour assign'd to rest ;
 And whispering ghostly terrors in thine ear—
 Tho' thou dost scorn her friendly voice to hear.
 But Scribbler, pedant, or whate'er thy name,
 Obscurity shall drown thy luckless fame :—
 Soon shalt thou, and thy work in darkness be forgot.
 Thy life esteem'd a blank, thyself on man, a blot.