

TO  
THE AUTHOR OF A POEM ENTITLED  
"SUCCESSIO,"

[ELKANAH SETTLE.]

BEGONE, ye critics! and restrain your spite,  
Codrus writes on, and will for ever write:  
The heaviest muse the swiftest course has gone,  
As clocks run fastest when most lead is on.  
What though no bees around your cradle flew,  
Nor on your lips distill'd their golden dew!  
Yet have we oft discover'd in their stead  
A swarm of drones that buzz'd about your head.  
When you, like Orpheus, strike the warbling lyre,  
Attentive blocks stand round you and admire.  
Wit pass'd through thee no longer is the same,  
As meat digested takes a different name;  
But sense must sure thy safest plunder be,  
Since no reprisals can be made on thee.  
Thus thou mayst rise, and in thy daring flight  
(Though ne'er so weighty) reach a wondrous height:  
So forced from engines, lead itself can fly,  
And ponderous slugs move nimbly through the sky.  
Sure Bavius copied Mævius to the full,  
And Chærilus taught Codrus to be dull;  
Therefore, dear friend, at my advice give o'er  
This needless labour; and contend no more  
To prove a *dull succession* to be true,  
Since 'tis enough we find it so in you.

THE END.