

not, I shall resume my devotions to Momus, and supplicate him to punish you Mr. Scrib, the charming Delia herself, "cet hymen horrible." and all the rest.

TO MISS B***

O hither, ye numbers, that flow soft and smooth,
For a wreath to my Delia, combine ;
Think not that I court ye, my passion to soothe,
Or the bounds of that passion define.

No ! love is unbounded, when so gently pure
As that to my charmer I bear :
Tho' Cupid, in chains, may affect to demur ;
O give me not, love, to despair.

Unlike those dull souls, who know nothing of love,
But what they have heard of the name ;
In sympathy join'd, its sweets *we* should prove,
And kindling, re-ignite its flame.

O ! let me, my love, rest on that breast of thine,
And there all my raptures unfold ;
And to kiss those sweet lips—might such bliss be mine,
I would laugh at that *scribbling old scold*.

SOLOMON SNEER.

MR. SCRIBBLER,

I have for a long time, incognito, been accused of plagiarism ; whether justly or unjustly, I shall not myself, pretend to say, but will leave it to a more impartial ordeal. As those pieces which have elicited such an accusation have appeared in the Scribbler, I beg, through the same medium, earnestly to request those gentlemen, who lay that literary crime to my charge, to prove it, and whenever they discover me tripping to expose me, and put me to the blush, by pointing out the authors, or writings, from which they conceive I have borrowed. If they can not do so, they had better not prattle about what they are ignorant of, and remember that it does