

would only seem to invoke the Muse, could not escape plundering. To all this heavy Charge, however, the Author assents; scarcely making himself uneasy, however capital the Accusation may be deemed; for though no Proof of a fertile Genius, it certainly is of Prudence; as the Man who is in want of Flowers to decorate his own little Spot of uncultivated Ground, seeks not for a Supply from the barren Heath, or sandy Plain; but with full Assurance of Success, searches the princely Garden, and the elegant Parterre. The Author, could he have Hopes of being pardoned for ambitiously presuming to make free with *Miltonic* Epithets, as well as sometimes for endeavouring to imitate the Modes of Expression, so peculiar to that Prince of *English* Poetry, would esteem himself sufficiently happy; but more so, should the Reader, upon the Perusal, not think his Time or Money entirely thrown away. The ill-natured Critic and the Flatterer he equally despises: but cheerfully submits himself to the Test of candid and impartial Judgment, for from such, Censure is Instruction, and Applause alone truly estimable.

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