

If there be something in a name,  
 Demolish'd see thy throne of glass !  
 Dar'st thou Jupiter's thunderbolts  
 Hurl e'en at *poets* that near thee pass ?  
 Weak Mercury :

Though they've not "finish'd education"  
 By glancing Greek and Latin o'er ?  
 Too well they know thy history,  
 Thy classic "cloak" shall hide no more.  
 Puff Mercury !

—'Tis said, thou wast a scoundrel god  
 In times of yore, by men antique ;  
 That six of thee Arcadia curs'd,  
 Styl'd Hermes by the noble Greek.  
 Bull-frog Mercury !

A son of Bacchus one was call'd ;  
 So curs'd all lines on drunkenness :  
 But, like his modern grey hair'd child,  
 Did he men's virtues test by dress :  
 Pseudonyme Mercury !

But though thou bear'st the monster's name,  
 Thou'lt say thou'rt not the *scoundrel* sage.  
 Why ! Hast thou not the horrid god's  
 Portrait put in thy premier page,  
 As thine, Mercury !

Messenger of the gods art thou !  
 They seldom on ~~thy~~ message look.  
 Thou pin'st when English papers fail,  
 Or copiest from a printed book :  
 Sage Mercury !

To prove no merit's in my poem,  
 Must ye to my four names descend ?  
 Could'st thou not e'en one beauty find ?  
 Was all deform'd ? No poet's friend  
 Is Mercury !