

CANTO III.

YE muses say—for unto you is known
 What warriors fought and fighting were o'erthrown;
 Who from the *Press* to join the mortal fray
 Bold heroes came and dastards fled away;
 Who fell with glory—who inglorious fell,
 The muse did note them and the muse can tell.—

Skilled in the fight, and in disguises skill'd,
 With sanguine hopes the Editors were fill'd;—
 For now they deem that Julian's injured name
 Requires some victim to avenge his shame;
 Still bent on war the *columns* they arrange,
 And inward spite for outward hate exchange.
 New leaders all, and all new conscripts come,
 Some critics, allies, correspondents some,
 No Mentors; Julians or Modestus' none—
 Deserters all or to oblivion gone.
 No churlish Thwackum now to stand afar,
 And grin indignant at the growing war—
 But prompt to lend them his auxiliar aid,
 Or in the tumult grace the cavalcade,
 A piteous wretch devoid of ev'ry claim
 To gen'rous feeling or poetic name,
 His suborn'd spleen assay'd to mould in rhyme
 He doubtless deem'd melodious as sublime.
 With strong desire and with a soul embrace
 He forc'd the muse to frame his own disgrace;
 So great his wit he thought to vanquish all—
 Nor till he tried it, knew it was so small;
 Like Grecian wrestler did his limbs anoint,
 And satire threw as if he lent it point—
 "Where is" he cries "that Scottish rhyming elf,
 "Worse than the rude Agricola himself;—
 "Curse him I think his jargon more provoking
 "Than any raven ever I heard croaking.
 "Now on my soul, as sure as God's in Heav'n,
 "I'll have this wretch from Nova-Scotia driv'n."
 Presumptuous fool! the muse resolv'd t' avenge—
 Truth thus perverted to an end so strange;
 (Perverted too with prostituted fire
 To damn the poet and disgrace the lyre)
 Withdrew for ever her inspiring aid,
 And to the Scottish elf her charms display'd—