

Or walnuts are demolish'd where
There is a party-ing affair.
So do the adepts show the art
How Poems may be torn apart,
Or, into odd-like pieces pull'd,
By boobys' that are brainless skull'd !
And from the first line to the last,
Contempt (if nothing else) they cast,
To beauties absolutely blind,
Tho' faults on ev'ry page they find,
But, to the subject—praise and blame,
To us, are equally the same.