

1.

T H E

R E T O R T.

B Y

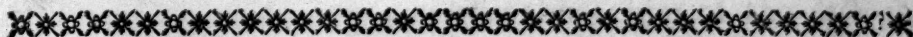
The A U T H O R.

Thomas Vaughan



Cum tua prætereas oculis male lippus inunctis,
Cur in Amicorum vitiis tam cernis acutum,
Quam aut aquila, aut serpens Epidaurius? at tibi contra
Evenit, inquirant vitia ut tua rursus et illi.

HOR.



L O N D O N:

Printed for, and sold by W. FLEXNEY, near GRAY'S-
INN-GATE, HOLBORN.

MDCCLXI.

Contains a ref. to Gay, p. 3, vr. 1.

The author of this poem is Thomas Vaughn (see Lowe, R.W. -
Bibl. acct. of Eng. theat. lit., 1888, p. 349.)

TO T. SMOLLET, M. D.

COULD the author, Sir, imagine that you was accessible only by the steps of flattery and panegyrick, he would at once assign to you the united virtues and abilities of a PITT, a JOHNSON*, and a MEAD. But as he cannot conceive any thing more nauseating to a sensible mind, will leave such *polluted* offerings, and *mean* artifices to those, who *dreading your critic lash*, would *thereby* bespeak your partiality. A method of address this, which may at first perhaps, from its being a little *unfashionable*, seem to carry with it an air of vanity to some, with a degree of pride to others; but as the author is not himself conscious of either, he will be as little affected by such constructions, as he is by the *ingenious* writings of those, who are said to have lashed the town with great humour and severity †; whose particular freedom, and great illiberality towards *him* (the present author) will, he hopes, so far bias you in your opinion, on the one hand, and exculpate him, on the other, as to prevent (should curiosity, for want of other inducements, engage your perusal of the following lines) any imputation or impeachment of *that sort*, however deserving you may think him of the *lash* in other respects; for though he is sensible *their* having acted

26 Feb 14 Pte m.e

* The author of the Rambler.

† Vide C——LL and L——D's *reports* of the play-house, in the two poems of the *Rosciad* and *Aëtor*. Also, C——N's history of the manners and customs of London, in a paper call'd the *Genius*.

an illiberal part, is by no means a sufficient plea for him, yet he ventures to assert, that there are men in the world, who can be attacked no other way. Who have, nor know any other weapon, and who, if they do not find men guilty, will make them so: Such is the pride, malice and folly of the age we live in; which cannot, he apprehends, be more strongly exemplified than in the *parson C——LL*, *lawyer C——N*, and *critic L——YD*. Who,

Parties in wit, attend each other's call,
And he who censures one, offends them all.
To various posts their faction they divide,
Those take the players,—these the world deride.

And to whose *secret stabs* is the present RETORT entirely owing; for though it has been advertised under another title, yet the Author never intended it for the publick eye, but was willing to let his silence shew his contempt for his accusers, 'till provok'd too far.

'Be candid therefore where you can, nor break a fly upon a wheel.'

I am,

Sir,

Gray's-Inn,
October 19,
1751.

Your very humble servant,

The AUTHOR.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of the subsequent sheets remembering somewhere to have met with an anecdote greatly parallel with his own case, humbly begs leave to recite it. And this he is the more desirous of, as he thinks it will sufficiently *shew cause* why he has misemployed so much of his Time, on subjects wholly unworthy his, and the publick's attention. An assertion strongly confirmed by a *quære* the author had put to him the other day by a Gentleman conversing with him upon the intended plan of his Retort. Who immediately (and *with great justice it must be admitted*) interrogated him in the following words from *Horace*,

“ Ten' moveat cimex PANTILIUS? (1) aut cruciet, quòd

“ Vellicet absentem DEMETRIUS? (2) aut quod ineptus

“ FANNIUS (3) Hermogenis lædat conviva Tigelli?

SAT. X. LIB. I.

Which at first almost biased the author into a resolution to suppress his intended publication. But at length, like *Chalcas* in the second *Æneid* of *Virgil*, *Magnis Clamoribus actus*, of the Reverend cimex *Pantilius* and Co. *composito rumpit vocem*. And now most humbly submits himself and piece to the candor of the *ingenuous* public; avoiding *their* censure, being the height of his ambition.

B

THE

ii A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE anecdote intended to be recited, is as follows —
 “ When Demetrius was arraigned at Athens for tyranny,
 “ Menander was upon the verge of suffering death, on
 “ no other account whatever, than from a supposition
 “ and report prevailing of his being a friend and intimate
 “ of the traitor’s.” Like him has the present author been
 most illiberally brought under the same lash with a Gentleman, whom the NOBLE TRIUMVIRATE have thought proper to censure, vilify, and defame. And like Menander too, has he suffered this, on no other *apparent* account, than from a seeming intimacy and friendship subsisting between him and this Gentleman.

“ Hinc *sibi* prima Mali Labes, hinc spargere Voces
 “ In vulgum ambiguas. ———— VIRG.

But the Author would recommend it to this *literary Polyphemus* and his two *nefandi Cyclopes* for the future, to be sure they strike a foe, and to act upon more liberal principles, remembering,

“ If Mævius scribble in Apollo’s spight,
 “ There are who * judge still worse than he can write.”
 POPE.

Gray’s-Inn,
 Oct. 1, 1761.

The AUTHOR.

* Vid. Many parts of the *Rosciad*, and almost every part of the *Astor*.



T H E
R E T O R T.

TALK not of POPE, of ADDISON, or GAY,
Of DRYDEN, CONGREVE, WYCHERLY, or GREY;
Men of contracted principles and worth,
Quite other beings from our present growth;
Mere apes of science in an age of lead, 5
* "Doom'd to be ever writing, seldom read;"
Who had ('twas thought) a knack at *smooth-shod* rhyme,
And *something* knew of unity, place, time.

* A line from Mr. WHITEHEAD'S Satires.

But

But long, too long, alas! their works have cloy'd,
 A nation BIG with C——LL, C——N, L——YD. 10
 Whose very names have struck as great a damp,
 As WOLF or GRANBY in the German camp;
 * “ And yields to HOMER on no other score,
 “ Than he had liv'd some thousand years before.”
 Whose *morals* it were treason to suspect, 15
 With *lives* and *conduct* as their page correct;
 Whose *full-grown* merit may the laurel claim,
 And frown contempt on less'ners of their fame;
 Whose thoughts HABITUAL INNOCENCE adorns,
 And flatt'ry with her oil-steep't vassals scorns; 20
 In whose *joint* works the sweet harmonious line,
 All vice suppresses, and makes virtue shime.

'Tis there, and there alone, we read and find,
 Wit with *good-nature*, taste with *genius* join'd;
 SHAKESPEARE'S rich vein, the great ROSCOMMON'S ease, 25
 With ev'ry nervous talent form'd to please;
 With manners few can equal, none excel,
 And what they *dare* to think, *with candor* tell;
 From envy, malice, and detraction free,
 And all the vip'rous taint of calumny. 30

* “ Et uni cedit, Homero

“ Propter mille Annos.

JUVENAL.

THE RETORT.

5

'Tis *they* encourage and with warmth admire,
When genius prompts, and merit fans the fire;
'Tis *they* the tide of ev'ry vice controul,
And in reforming, harmonize the soul.

THE ONE a second TILLOTTSON appears, 35
And charms at once our senses and our ears;
In judgment ripe, in stile serene and clear,
Unfolding truths, is pleasingly severe;
Like HORACE trifling with keen satire's dart,
• "Who while he trifled, drove it to the heart." 40
In *softest* features deep distress appears,
When virtue meets *him* begging alms with tears;
|| Then all the MAN OF ROSS in *him* revives,
And all *his* virtue, with Addition lives.
To sick and poor a tender pity shews, 45
And, babes deserted by their mother, cloaths.
When souls departed wait their wanted rest,
His *aid* but speaks the temper of his breast;
Obedient to his last sad function's rule,
He flies the † Theatre, and would quit his § Poole; 50

Whose

* Vide J. Browne's essay on satire, part 3. l. 383.

|| Pope's moral essay's, Ep. 3. l. 250. For his character.

† This circumstance of *the Theatre* is mentioned to refute the malevolent aspersions of this gentleman's enemies, who wickedly gave out, that a body once waited interment, at a time he was amusing himself at one of the Theatres. But it is to be hoped, there is no

Whose great example is a flame so bright,
Men need but follow to pursue what's right.

NEXT him the critic L——YD, in learning *smart*,
Stands forth to tell the failings of the Heart ;
To guide our senses, and direct our choice, 55
Inform us where to weep, and where rejoice ;
What books *young men and maidens* best had read,
Who most had labour'd to explain the creed.
Tho' young, mature, and *tho' rejected*, fought,
By men admiring Roman strength of thought ; 60
Whose *choicest* ‡ numbers who but reads commends,
And wond'ring enemies become his friends ;
|| Despairing rivals loath him, one and all,
As children dread the giants in Guild-Hall.
In whom, *blest man*, in sweetest union meet, 65
The various beauties which the bard compleat ;
A soul exempt from vanity and pride,
With reason, taste, and judgment for his guide ;
And such his elegance and force of wit,
'The praise is small, to call him † Stagyrīte. 70

other grounds or foundation for such an instance of inhumanity, than the weak basis of calumny and detraction.

§ *Poole*. The assumed name of a Corinna, or female confidant of this gentleman's, whom he tythes.

‡ Vid. The Actor, a poem. Shakespear, an epistle to Mr. Garrick ; with an ode to Genius ; and an epistle to C. Churchill ; all by this *Poet*.
" Scripta linenda Cedro, et levi servanda Cupressō" HOR.

|| " Despairing guilt, and dullness loath the sight,
As spectres vanish at approaching light."

† Aristotle so called.

Whose

THE RETORT.

7

Whose *other virtues* to make *justly* known,
Demands a genius equal to his own.

ME talents of a smaller growth inspire,
Content to warm at *Grey's* or *Mason's* fire.
Here then with him I'll rest the *infant* quill,
L——YD or LONGINUS, call him which you will.

75

C——N to him must next in order rise,
And here, as in the *easy* world, surprize ;
Whose comic pow'rs display such wond'rous skill,
'Tis mine to praise him, IRONISE who will.
Strongly he paints the manners of the age, *
And draws life's chequer'd picture on the stage ;
Gives words tho' common, (so dext'rous his art)
The air of novelty in ev'ry part ; †
Such strokes of nature wake the conscious soul,
C——N or nature from each other stole ; ||
Whilst just connexion and arrangement meet,
To make this *one*, ‡ a comedy compleat.

80

85

* Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores,
Mobilibusque decor, maturis dandus et Annis.
† Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum.
Reddiderit junctura novum.

HOR. AR. Poet.

Ibid.

|| ——— Ω Μενανδρος καὶ Βίε,
Πόλις ἄρ' ὑμῶν πόλις ὁρίσασθαι.

Aristoph. in Menand.

‡ Vid. Jealous Wife, a modern Comedy.

So

So easy and familiar is each thought,
 As seems by SWIFT, and gay || PETRONIUS taught ; 90
 With all that * ARISTOPHANES e're knew,
 † MENANDER, ‡ PLAUTUS, TERRENCE, or BOILEAU.
 Whose fable, diction, raillery and wit,
 Receive their *imprimatur* from the pit ;
 Whilst peals of laughter stop the *busy* scene, 95
 Charm'd § *at the ringing of the bells within* ;
 Then all is hush'd, and quickly there appears,
 A maid *suspecting her own want of ears*.

BEAUTIES like these croud in so fast, I own,
 All comic powers centre here in one ; 100
 And tho' to GARRICK as to PRITCHARD due,
 Involuntary plaudits do accrue ;
 From *him* their greatest merit they receive,
 Who to such acting, could such language give ;

Where

|| Fancy and art in gay Petronius meet,
 The scholar's learning, with the courtier's wit.

POPE'S Essay on Crit.

* Aristophanes according to Suidas and others, is said to have written thirty-five comedies ; of which Mr. Franklin, in his dissertation upon ancient tragedy, observes, there are eleven now extant.

† Menander is said to have written one hundred comedies ; and to have invented the *new* among the antients.

‡ Plautus has assigned to him by A. Gellius, one hundred and thirty comedies ; but the more probable account given by Aelius, says only twenty-five were authentically wrote by him.

§ Charm'd at the ringing of the bells within,—
 And a maid suspecting her own want of ears,—

Are

Where no indecencies throughout appear, 105
 To raise the virgin blush, or hurt the ear ;
 But modest as the *pray'r-book* he hath wrote,
 And miss *from either*, decently may quote.
 Where quality is known by thoughts refin'd,
 And *imitating* servants *lisp* their mind ; 110
 Where humor with true character unites,
 " And boldly censures, as he boldly writes ; *
 Despising men who pilfer and translate,
 From authors in, or authors out of date ;
 But solely *from himself* his piece erects, 115
 And dares the world, to shew him his defects ;
 Well-knowing men of candor must commend,
 The theatre's philosopher † and friend.
 Whose life indulgent Heav'n preserve, and pour
 On him the choicest blessings in your store ; 120
 For HE all vice and manners will reform,
 And give our thoughtless tide a different turn ;
 By precept teach us what his works inspire,
 And make us from destructive paths retire.

Are beauties which the author has selected from many others, as supposing them the most striking, from the constant and almost universal laugh they occasion when the piece is represented.—But whether the laugh of contempt, or approbation, is known only to the *risible*.

* A line from POPE'S Essay on Criticism.

† 'Ο Φιλοσοφος τῆς σκηνῆς. Euripides so called, from the Socratic, and Argumentative turn which appeared in all his writings.

Who then can wonder at my urgent prayer, 125
Or think this *great good man* not worth my care?

In fine, the world must L——d's dominion own,
And prostrate pay due honours to the gown;
Must C—n raise on *table, stool, or chair,* }
Left in the croud is lost, this *comic-ware,* } 130
Which feeds at once the Manager and Player. }

And yet I fear too rashly I advance,
In praise, where few, if any countenance.
For oft I've heard th' impartial world proclaim,
' These men the sons of *ribaldry* and *shame.* 135
' Whom virtue wins not, but all follies charm,
' In bold defiance of th' Almighty's arm.
' Whom not one honourable tie controuls,
' But vice (* as wave on waves) on vices rolls.
' Whom falsehood, scandal, treachery and lies, 140
' Detraction, calumny, and guilt comprize.
' Whose hearts would make men waver in their faith,
' And hold with what the rigid stoic faith †.
' Who crimes invent, ambiguous rumors spread,
' As fancy opes the fin-mine of the head.
' Dull, yet conceited, insolent and proud,
' Void of all worth, yet positive and loud; 145

* ' Velut unda impellitur undâ.'

OVID. Met.

† *Pythagoras* maintained, that the souls of animals infused themselves into the bodies of men.

Daring

‘ Daring all sin to act, exempt from law,
 ‘ Whom *T—n* may, but conscience ne’er did awe.
 ‘ Who God’s existence *doubtfully* must own, 150
 ‘ If impious lives require there should be none.

† * * * * *
 * * * * * 155
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THE Parson quits his pulpit for the stage,
 And lives licentious, in a virtuous age ;
 Whose soul ne’er felt religion’s sacred call ;
 But acts in strict conjunction with *Breval* *. 160
 Observes each actress, and each actor’s walk,
 Can tell with whom they lye, with whom *but* talk ;
 And strange Reversion from his seat in pews,
 Is seen *with minors*, visiting the st—ws.
 Where (as the cash reports) whole nights he’ll rest, 165
 Now treat with Wine, now Porter of the best ;
 With——luxuriously will eat,
 On eel or mutton-pye, a glorious treat.
 To miss reclining on his *downy* cheek,
 The *Rosciad*, or apology, will speak † ; 170

‡ The author not having any lucrative views in the present publication ;
 but giving the sale and profits (if any) arising thereby to his pub-
 lisher, is *here* unwilling to insert such anecdotes and particulars,
 as must not only offend the ear of the most *indelicate*, but would
 greatly prejudice the sale hereof.

* An infamous libeller mentioned by POPE in his *Dunciad*.

† Speak for spout.

Lay strong the emphasis where beauties shine,
 And swear POPE breathes, and lives in every line;
 At parting, whispers,— tell it o'er the town,
 For *here* are beauties, worthy to be known.

It's come, it's come, the *Rosciad's* come, to mow, 175
 And massacre whole legions at a blow,
 † ' Makes *Sancho* tremble and *Don Quixote* see,
 ' *His* single arm more dreadful is than he.' *
 Through five editions run within a year,
 His printer paid, himself an hundred clear. 180
 Proud with success, and of a dauntless form,
 ‡ Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm;
 Sworn *foe* to men who win unborrow'd praise,
 Himself *and vassal adjutant* to raise.

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

L—YD answers the salute with C——LL's name, 185
 And makes epistles ladders up to fame;
 Weaves for his *master's head*, the laurel crown,
 Nor cares what shrine he plunders or pulls down;

† Mr. M——y, and Mr. V——n, censured under these titles.

* Vid. The Rehearsal, p. 57.

‡ A well known line of Mr. POPE's Dunciad: But the storm meant here, is the present paper one.

Whilst

Whilst names big-sounding captivate our ears,
 A *Mucius* this, a *Gracchus* that appears * ; 190
 And dead to sense of candor as to truth,
 Stabs rising merit in its earliest youth ;
 Calls *this* man scribler, *that* a letter'd rogue,
 And C—ll is the only bard in vogue.
 Whilst he, the — — of that *lib'ler's* shade, 195
 Lives on the prospect of men's future aid.
 And *foot-bard like*, close lacqueys at the heel,
 With plans, *much-wanted* charity to steel.
Won by distress, his friends subscribe the pence,
 To read next year a *bastard common sense*. 200
 Whilst life rolls on in one unvaried scene,
 Of all that's base, contemptible and mean.
 The † *Lyon*, *Rose*, *Bob Derry's* ‡ harmless rhyme,
 Divide || the *Gemman's* and the *Poet's* time.
 Where pupils oft have list'ned to his wit, 205
 So long as he could talk, or they could sit ;
 And all within, and all without the bar,
 Have thought there's none with *Bobby* could compare ;

* Gracchus ut hic illi foret, hic ut Mucius illi.

HOR.

† The *Lyon*, *Rose*, and *Bob Derry's*, are established seminaries for polite education ; where the *Bellus Homo*, or town gentleman, receives his first principles ; and here takes his degrees, before he can honourably enter on the laudable establishment of *Bucks*, *Bloods*, and *Choice Spirits*.

‡ i. e. signifying nothing.

|| Gemman and Poet — so called by the Demi—ps.

His smutty joke so *nat'ral* and *so fine*.
 Each w—e cry'd charming! and each youth divine*. 210
 But now (so fickle is all human praise)
 They first do censure, who *were first* to raise :
 And from th' epistle's † dull, insipid line,
 No w—e cries charming, and no youth divine.
 But thro' the silken veil, discern the test, 215
 Of ignorance disguis'd in learning's vest.
 With all that flimsy arrogance and pride,
 Which stamps the dunce, and is the pedant's guide.

* * * * *
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Cætera desunt.

THEIR friend and sworn ally, a ‡ modern squire,
 Whom emptiness and dulness can inspire; 220
 Whom vanity and malice can excite,
 And *beauties not his own* || have brought to light.
 Who to the world mankind will guilty shew,
 And those he does not find, will construe so.
 True to no duty, but a mistress' cause §, 225
 And last, *as least* in honor or applause.

* Vid. POPE's Dunciad, lib. iv. l. 40.

† Vid. Critical Review for August 1761, p. 160, on this head.

‡ Modern — i. e. self-dubb'd.

|| Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma.

§ Thereby hangs a tail.

VIRG.

Who

Who basely for some vile clandestine end,
 Would sacrifice his dearest bosom friend;
 Would *follow, fetch and carry, cringe and stoop,*
 Now P——y's spaniel, and now G——k's dupe; 230
 And dare *most impudently false* assert,
 (Such reverence pays he to his mother dirt;)
 The man, who judges him impartially,
 ' A coxcomb, scribler, noted debauchée.
 ' A Master *Matthew*, a *Jacky Dapper**, 235
 ' A green-room wit, a skip, an understrapp'r.
 ' Whose follies, shame, nor age, will e'er destroy;
 ' With vices would an hundred pens employ;
 ' By gilded speeches, and by terms of art,
 ' Conceals the imperfections of his heart.' 240

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Cætera defunt.

† Who is himself *to all* so near ally'd,
 That thin partitions do the bounds divide.

* Vid. a Paper *misnamed* the Genius, No. 6.

† ' Great wits are sure to madness near ally'd,

' And thin partitions do their bounds divide.' DRYD. *Abf. & Achit.*

THUS

THUS have I heard the world's impartial sense,
 Of those who awe mankind by insolence.
 Who bear the names and dignities of men, 245
 * As *Buckborse* in the masonic scene.
 Who link'd in wit, attend each other's call,
 And he who censures one, offends them all.
 To various posts their faction they divide,
 This takes the stage, and those the world deride. 250

FROM whom I've felt the malice of the times,
 Accus'd and censur'd for unpractis'd crimes :
 Obliquely touch'd on in the smooth essay,
 Penn'd by some knave, or *genius of a day*.
 Or if my name, a spondee of two feet, 255
 Would make the hobling prose a verse compleat,
 'Twas done—and in I went—nor car'd the wit †,
 So it but eas'd his visionary fit.
 Who || *Fiz-Gigg* like, inglorious and unknown,
 Assassins names, to varnish o'er his own. 260
 Attempts my muse in *leading-strings* to crush,
 And at my morals makes a daring push ;
 Then my small learning, and still smaller wit,
 Gives scope to fancy—, *and here makes an hit*.

* Alluding to the mock-masonic scene, exhibited some years ago, wherein *Buckborse* had a capital part.

† Author of the *Triumvirate* ; *the wittiest man alive*.

|| A *Grub-street* critic run to seed.—

THE RETORT.

47

From *V——n* or *Dapper* makes whole vollics fly, 265
Of all that envious scandal can supply.
And *Rossius*' self and merit has describ'd,
Constant alone to avarice and pride ;
Whose life as actor, manager and man,
Gives calumny the lie, say all it can. 270

* LONG in my troubled breast, like *Ætna's* fire,
Burnt deep and silent my imprison'd ire :
Curfing the author of my wounded name,
Who forg'd the treason, and then dar'd proclaim
But now, thank Heaven, *the abusive croud*, 275
May write whole rheams, and publish them aloud ;
I've learnt *themselves* and *scandal* to despise,
And hence shall think 'em *worthless* as their lies.
Tho' vengeance rouse the *titled son of God* †, 280
And persecution wave her iron rod.
With all the *little reptile's arts* to wound
The honest heart, impenetrably sound.
Still will I read, *unhurt*, the guilty line,
Where all that *Grub-street* can suggest, may join ;
Where indigent abuse shall pass for wit, 285
And truth and falsehood wonder how they met.

* Vid. parallel simile in the play of *Coriolanus*.

† To these, that sober race of men, whose lives
Religious, titled them the sons of God.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*.

Where faction with her self-sufficient train,
 Shall brooding sit, illiterately vain;
 Detraction with sedition join the band *.
 Of fools, who *tax-free* madden round the land. 290
 Where rack'd invention shall a portrait draw,
 And call the piece a wit, design'd for law;
 Whose fame-led genius took another flight,
 And soar'd aloft like any paper-kite.
 This, and ten thousand things beside, may add, 295
 Suspect my courage, or pronounce me mad;
 Still I'll convert to mirth, or *Br—ches's* use †,
 What e'er the *fam'd Triumvirate* produce;
 ‡ Make them digest the venom of their spleen,
 And envy with her snakes shall hiss in vain; 300
 In vain shall malice rear her *speckled* crest,
 No longer to be made the muse's jest.
 But leave the paltry croud who rhyme for bread,
 By hunger drove, and not by genius led.
 Champing their froth, as dogs disturb the night, 305
 With fruitless howlings at fair *Cynthia's* light.
 Forget that e'er my weak attention hung
 On *C——ll's*, *L——d's*, or *C——n's* impious tongue.
 Whose *Hydra* faction, and unclassick rage,
 Too long have sullied my Prosaic page. 310

* Vid. VIRG. *Æneid* i. l. 152.

† *i. e.* Provided they PRINT upon *soft paper*.

‡ A line from *Shakespeare's Julius Caesar*.

HERE then the wish'd-for FINIS I'll embrace,
 For competition is itself disgrace.
 And those best friends enjoy, and with them live,
 Who can those follies which I have forgive*.
 Yet, yet a moment more, indulge a || *Ward*, 315
 Whilst he *reports* the station of a bard.

ON rugged billows, and a dang'rous sea,
 Sails the Adventurer in poetry;
 Round whose small bark *tremendous* critics press,
 Like hungry monsters from the deep's recess; 320
 With looks of rapine, guilt, and tyranny,
 At once the world's, and muse's Cerberi;
 Such as *shock'd* nature scarce believes her own,
 Who stab in secret, as they write *unknown*;
 Quitting their *law*, their *scripture* and their *schools*, 325
 To pass for wits, whom nature meant for fools;
 Judging with rigour ev'ry small offence,
 Which shews less want of candor, than of sense.
 To *these* give life, to *those* immediate death,
 As bribes or flattery corrupt their breath: 330
 Yet bribes and flattery I alike despise,
 Nor thus *would break my fall*, or creep to rise.

* Et mihi dulces

Ignoscent, si quid peccavero stultus amici. Hor. Sat. 3. lib. 1.
 || A Ward, *i. e.* a minor under the direction and guardianship of the
 muses' court. Vid. Colman's Reports.

But

But to myself a friend, have dar'd to shew,
In turn, the errors of each *self-made* foe ;
 Hoisted my sail, tho' fell ABORTIVES howl, 335
 And Vulcan C——LL *condescends* to prowl.
 Whose self and Co. the first aggressors were,
 Steel'd against nature, and averse to spare.
 So *blood-nurs'd* lions from the mountain's brow,
 Oft rush *unseen* on *peaceful* flocks below ; 340
 Till caught at length within some hidden snare,
 Bite at the chaffing toils, — *they're made to bear*.

F I N I S

