

A NEW SIMILE.

Her country beaux and city cousins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens:
The squire himself was seen to yield,
And even the captain quit the field.

Poor Madam, now condemn'd to hack
The rest of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleasing him alone.
Jack soon was dazzled to behold
Her present face surpasses the old;
With modesty her cheeks are dy'd,
Humility disposes pride;
For tawdry finery is seen
A person ever neatly clean:
No more perfuming on her sway
She learns good-nature every day,
Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

A NEW SIMILE,

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.

LONG had rack'd my brains to find
A likeness to the scribbling kind;
The modern scribbling kind, who write,
In wit, and sense, and nature's spite;
Till reading, I forgot what day on,
A chapter out of Took's Pantheon;
I think with something I met there,
To suit my purpose to a hair;

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But let us not proceed too furious,
 First please to turn to God Mercurius;
 You'll find him pictur'd at full length
 In book the second, page the tenth:
 The strefs of all my proofs on him I lay
 And now proceed we to our simile.
 Impuimes, pray observe his hat;
 Wings upon either side——mark that!
 Well! what is it from thence we gather?
 Why these denote a brain of a feather.
 A brain of feather! very right,
 With wit that's flighty, learning light;
 Such as to modern bard's decreed;

A just comparison——proceed.
 In the next place, his feet peruse,
 Wings grow again from both his shoes
 Desig'n'd no doubt, their part to bear,
 And waft his godship through the air;
 And here my simile unites,
 For in a modern poet's flights,
 I'm sure it may be justly said,
 His feet are useful as his head.

Lastly vouchsafe t'observe his hand,
 Fill'd with a snake-incircled wand;
 By classic authors term'd caducis,
 And highly fam'd for several uses.
 To wit——most wond'rously endu'd,
 No poppy-water half so good;
 For let folks only get a touch,
 Its soporific virtue's such,
 Tho' ne'er so much awake before,
 That quickly they begin to snore.
 Add too, what certain writers tell,
 With this he drives men's souls to hell.

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Now

Now to apply, begin we then;
 His wand's a modern author's pen;
 The serpents round about it twin'd,
 Denote him of the reptile kind;
 Denote the rage with which he writes,
 His frothy flaver, venom'd bites;
 An equal semblance still to keep,
 Alike they both conduce to sleep.
 This diff'rence only, as the God,
 Drove souls to Tart'rus with his rod;
 With his goosequill the scribbling elf,
 Instead of others, damns himself.
 And here my simile almost tript,
 Yet grant a word by way of postscript,
 Moreover, Merc'ry had a failing:
 Well! what of that? out with it—stealing:
 In which our scribbling bards agree,
 Being each as great thief as he;
 But ev'n his deities' existence
 Shall lend my simile assistance.
 Our modern bards! why what a pox
 Are they but senseless stones and blocks?

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