There mark the bounds of good and ill defin’d,
And Wisdom’s jesses once thrown off the mind,
How every virtue is let down the wind.
Should we avoid on this dread rock to split,
Then—free from folly, the true point to hit,
Molière instructs us with his comic wit.
He of right manners doth the rule dispense,
The law-giver of decency and sense!
This is our plan, our growing minds to rear;
Your kind applause will bid us persevere.

EPILOGUE.

BY D. GARRICK, ESQ.

What’er you think, good sirs, in this agree,
That we, at least, have given—variety!
That we have posted on, in prose and verse,
Thro’ Tragedy,—and Comedy,—and Farce.
Have you not had in me a strange farrago,
Of Rhadamistus, Sturgeon, and Iago?
Nay, we have run from English to the French,
And the great boy became a simple wench!
Nature a simple wench much better teaches
To act our characters, and wear the breeches.

But,
But, why this motley mixture? — 'Tis the fashion.

The times are medley, — medley all the nation.

One day reigns tragedy, — all gloom and sorrow;

Then, shift the scenes — enter Farce to-morrow.

Now rise thou thousand discontented failors!

Then comes the Farce, — up get as many taylors!

These kings of vers and patter touch'd in brain,

Sent for a day, — and then — cross-legg'd again.

Our Goddes, Liberty, from whom we own

New, Magna Charta and a William gives,

Each bleeding springs, — for George is on the throne;

Our friends, to drink, buzz, and rove you from your beds;

Here taffes, opinions, passions never fix,

Break all your windows, and perhaps your heads:

But rise and fall like flocks — and politics.

That we should give you to our medley treat;

Are we not hopeful youths? — Deal fair, and tell us —

And cest you too — was it not by bovish feat.

I meant to have that kind of useful spirit,

Which modestly offers us we have merit,

Doubt este, if deep what the faint heart doth know.

Think ye, we were not in a grievous fright,

We little folks, like great ones, are but show,

As to have our noble Patron in our fight,

Who knows — is known to well to break and write!

We pray'd, before our awful judge appearing,

That our weak pipes were not within his hearing;
ON LAURA'S GRAVE.

Beneath
Flower y turft, the fairest head,

Shall sprinkle on the soft her pearly tears,
Shall weep fancy leaving and through the gloom

Oft the blue nightly taper's fluent flame

The Morn, as o'er the milky plain she treads,

Shall weep fancy leaving and through the gloom

Here.

The Morn, as o'er the milky plain she treads,

Shall weep fancy leaving and through the gloom

Here.