

Which mean to shew their art and skill,
And scratch you to their Author's will.

In short, for reasous great and small,
'Tis better to have none at all :

Prologues and *Ghosts*—a paltry trade,
So let them both at once be *laid* !

Say but the word—give your commands——
We'll tie our prologue-monger's hands :

Confine these culprits (*bolding up his hands*) bind'em tight,
Nor *Girls* can *scratch* nor *Fools* can write.



MR. FOOTE'S ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC,

After a Profecution against him for a LIBEL.

HUSH! let me search before I speak aloud—
Is no informer skulking in the croud !

With art laconic noting all that's said,

Malice at heart, indictments in his head,

Prepar'd to levy all the legal war,

And rouse the clamorous legions of the bar !

Is there none such ?—not one ?—then *entre nous*,

I will a tale unfold, tho' strange, yet true ;

The application must be made by you.

}

At *Athens* once, fair queen of arms and arts,

There dwelt a citizen of moderate parts !

Precise his manner, and demure his looks,

His mind unletter'd, tho' he dealt in books ;

Amorous,

Amorous, tho' old ; tho' dull, lov'd repartee ;
 And penn'd a paragraph most daintily :
 He aim'd at purity in all he said,
 And never once omitted *eth* nor *ed* ;
 It *batb*, and *doth*, was rarely known to fail,
 Himself the hero of each little tale :
 With wits and lords this man was much delighted,
 And once (it has been said) was near being knighted.

One *Aristophanes* (a wicked wit,
 Who never heeded grace in what he writ)
 Had mark'd the manner of this *Grecian* sage,
 And thinking him a subject for the stage,
 Had, from the lumber, cull'd with curious care,
 His voice, his looks, his gesture, gait and air,
 His affectation, consequence, and mien,
 And boldly launch'd him on the comic scene ;
 Loud peals of plaudits thro' the circle ran,
 All felt the satire, for all knew the man.

Then *Peter*—*Petros* was his classic name,
 Fearing the loss of dignity and fame,
 To a grave lawyer in a hurry flies,
 Opens his purse, and begs his best advice.
 The fee secur'd, the lawyer strokes his band,
 " The case you put, I fully understand ;
 " The thing is plain from *Cocus's* reports,
 " For rules of poetry an't rules of courts :
 " A libel this—I'll make the mummer know it."
 A *Grecian* constable took up the poet ;
 Restrain'd the sallies of his laughing muse,
 Call'd harmless humour scandalous abuse :

The bard appeal'd from this severe decree:
 Th' indulgent public set the pris'ner free;
 Greece was to him, what *Dublin* is to me.



EXTRACTED FROM

MR. W. WHITEHEAD'S CHARGE to the POETS.

TIME was when poets play'd thorough the game,
 Swore, drank, and bluster'd, and blasphem'd for fame,
 The first in brothels with their punk and Muse;
 Your toast, ye bards? 'Parnassus and the stews!
 Thank heav'n, the times are chang'd; no poet now
 Need roar for Bacchus, or to Venus bow.

'Tis our own fault if Fielding's last we feel,
 Or, like French wits, begin with the Bastile.
 Ev'n in those days some few escap'd the fate,
 By better judgment, or a longer date,
 And rode, like buoys, triumphant o'er the tide.
 Poor Otway, in an ale-house dos'd and dy'd!
 While happier Southern, tho' with sports of yore,
 Like Plato's hov'ring spirits, crufted o'er,
 Liv'd every mortal vapour to remove,
 And to our admiration, join'd our love.

Light lie his funeral turf!—For you, who join
 His decent manners to his art divine,
 Would ye (whilst, round you, tofs the Proud and Vain
 Convuls'd with feeling, or with giving pain),

Indulge