

*Serj.* For practice then suppose—this brief will show

Mr. Jeant Woodward,—counsel for the poet  
To the ground—I know 'tis hard to deal  
With this dread court, from whence there's no appeal  
No tricking here, to blunt the edge of law,  
Or, damned in equity—escape by flaw:  
But judgement given—your sentence must remain;  
—No writ of error lies—to Drury Lane!

Yet when so kind you seem—'tis past dispute  
We gain some favour, if not costs of suit.  
No spleen is here! I see no hoarded fury;  
—I think I never faced a milder jury!  
Sad else our plight!—where frowns are transportation,  
A hiss the gallows—and a groan, damnation!  
But such the public candour, without fear  
My client waives all right of challenge here.  
No newsman from our session is dismissed.  
Nor wit nor critic we scratch off the list;  
His faults can never hurt another's ease,  
His crime at worst—a bad attempt to please:  
Thus, all respecting, he appeals to all,  
And by the general voice will stand or fall.