

phew, of Mr. Foresight,) with Mr. Rascott, invent different styles of dancing every night, and it would be difficult to say who among the three ought to bear the bell. A short fact in illustration will not be amiss. Coming from the garrison-ball, the bloods commenced singing at such a rate, that they fell under the new vagrant act, and were consequently conducted, (after shewing a little fight,) to the watch-house: however, it is but fair to say, they could not shew much fight, as there were ten to two.

Your's, &c.

A. B. C.

POET'S CORNER.

TO CAIRBER.

Midnight revelling well you love,
To moist your croaking throttle,
And less attractive much I prove
Than your dear brandy-bottle.

For with the bacchanalian throng,
Like every other sinner,
The brandy-punch you do not wrong;
And swim in wine at dinner.

'Tis none but those who swim in wine,
Or boiling brandy twist in,
Would, venturous, say, these eyes of mine,
Appeared to them to *glisten*.

But, view me as I would be seen
With eyes unblear'd by drinking;
You'll know, when once you've sober been,
I ne'er on you am thinking.

LYDIA,

Doctor Dash would do more honour to his profession by confining his remarks upon *premature accouchements* to the nursery, rather than declaring in public bar-rooms that Horry and Amelia's first babe is at least six weeks before its time, and that the little wretch has *no nails*, and a nose too small to be made in the shape of its daddy's.—That the child is too soon by nearly two months, is the talk of every old granny in