

## THE NORTH GEORGIA GAZETTE,

There 's a posse besides, but by naming them all  
 I patience and paper should equally waste ;  
 The meanings of some would a counsellor pall :—  
 But now to lament their misfortunes I haste.

The Plays and the Papers together expire,  
 And Poets, and Actors, and Dames breathe their last ;  
 To soothe parting moments I 'll say that their fire  
 Has not, in this region, been ever surpass'd.

Wintry wits of the North ! who have scribbled away  
 To shave or amuse us, accept a sad sigh  
 From one who has sometimes attempted a lay ;  
 And thus, Brother-Scribblers, I bid you good-bye!

A.

## A FAREWELL ADDRESS

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY MR. WAKEHAM IN THE CHARACTER OF A SAILOR, AT  
 THE FINAL CLOSE OF THE PERFORMANCES AT THE NORTH GEORGIA THEATRE.

DREAR was the night that Nature's face o'erspread,  
 When light's last gleam this sadden'd region fled ;  
 No active scenes disarm'd its torpid power,  
 Nor soft society beguiled the hour ;  
 The dark dull season call'd for other aid,  
 Our comic talents then we each essay'd—  
 Here Garrick's heroes mimic passions move,  
 And list'ning ladies melt at tales of love ;  
 For woman's semblance graced our Georgian stage,  
 The strangest medley of the present age ;—  
 A paper bonnet oft her head embraced,  
 Her canvass stays were by a sailor laced,  
 The dress in which her beauty sought to shine  
 Form'd and arranged by fingers masculine !—  
 Her ribbons, painted—tin, her glitt'ring fan—  
 Bright beads her diamonds, and herself—a man !  
 The Drama's beaux were not to be outdone,—  
 Fox-hunting squires in paper hoot-tops shone,—  
 And the plump landlord, when he took a swig,  
 Conceal'd his blushes by an Oakum wig,—