

See how the happy soul himself admires!
 A hazy vapour thro' his head expires;
 His curls ambrosial, hop and poppy shade,
 Fit emblems of his talent and his trade.
 Slow yet not cautious; cunning yet not wise;
 We hate him first, then pity, then despise.

Puff with the Pride that loves her name in print,
 And knock-kneed Vanity with inward squint.
 Laborious, heavy, slow to catch a cause,
 Bills at long sight upon his wits he draws,
 And with a solemn smartness in his mien,
 Lights up his eyes and offers to look keen.
 But oh! how dullness fell on all his face,
 When he saw Melville rescued from disgrace!
 Not more agape the stupid audience stared,
 When Kemble spoke of *Aitches* and a *Baird*.
 Cold from his cheek the crimson courage fled;
 With jaw ajar, he looked as he were dead,
 As from the anatomist he just had run,
 Or was bound 'prentice to a skeleton.
 Then, seeing thro' the matter in a minute,
 Wished to high Heav'n he ne'er had meddled in it.
 Rough as his porter, bitter as his barm,
 He sacrificed his fame to Melville's harm,
 And gave more deep disgust, than if his vat
 Had curst our vision with a swimming rat.

The same satirist thus comments on the fact, that before proceeding to the impeachment in Westminster Hall, Melville's accusers had succeeded in having him pronounced guilty of the charges, and unworthy of being on the roll of the Privy Council:

"Justice, turned scholar, changed her vulgar plan,
 And, just like Hebrew, from the end began;
 First found the culprit guilty, tried him next,
 And from *Amen* preached backwards to the text.
 So crabs advance by retrograde degrees,
 And salmon drift, tail foremost, to the seas!
 To vex the Scotchman answered every end:
 Unhappy in his servant and his friend."

"To vex the Scotchman answered every end:" this line glances at a narrow and unworthy anti-Scottish prejudice which had been prevalent, more or less in England, ever since the days of the Scottish favourite, Lord Bute. A caricature of the day, by Sayer, represents a figure, made up of barrels and tubs, aiming a flail at a large thistle.