To the new comedy of *Trial's All* spoken by a Lawyer and the Author.

LAW. *The judges met—will we appear—let's see:*

This *nouvelle*—

AUTH. *the town likes novelty.*

LAW. *That's not the gift—looking again into the paper*

Plead my excuse—that I at home have formed a plot*—*

[Stares at the Author] AUTH. *For comedy?*

A simple homepun plot—no plot of State—

The very thought of such I deprecate;

And freely own I feel my bosom glow

For Ireland's weal, and only hate her foe.

A love of country one can't well explain,

It is the fond' frenzy of the brain;—

To nobler deeds it points—infuses—implies—

And who feels it most—the most excels;

LAW. *A Plot for Comedy at home: I doubt*

There is no cafe in point to bear you out . . . . . . . . .

AUTH. *And I confess my fears*—

LAW. *Confes't—travels—we'll try you by your Peers.*

An Irish Pannel we have here arrayed;

A Fair return, by Play-bouf's famous made.

I see no peevish, dull, farcicfic wight,

But clear unclouded spirits cheer my flight:

We'll waive all challenge to the Pells to-night:

Lo! in what mirthsome frolic groups they sit!

The Gods are us . . . . . . . .

AUTH. *The Critics in the Pit*

Full oft run counter to the Gods' decrees.

Talk of the Stragglers—of Unities—

They scorn to be pleased, Sir, but by rules

Drawn from the Grecian and the Roman Schools.

Belide, I am told they never will receive,

—(Yet I profess the tale I can't believe)—

Nor license ought but London-acted Plays;

Mine's unaccredited that way for praiseful.

LAW. *That's a monstrous libel on our Stage,

And the unworthy thought excites my rage.

Is then this town subordinate in taste?

Shall it by such aspersions be disfigured?

Isn't incompetent, or by what flame are law?

Confess'd so flagitious, second-hand applause?

No—no—we're in Ireland feeling taste and sense—

A Court of high dramatic consequence,

By Science polish'd—by the Fair refined,

A Fair for charms of Person fam'd and Mind!

Here I appeal, and with sublimation call

For a fair trial inhuman—*Tryals All*!

If sound unique, rest in this truth content,

This Court can make a gracious precedent.

Haste, away, man! let's to proofs resort,

Fly, begone, you've got the ear of the Court.*

[Preface the Author of the Stage—then addresses the Audience.]

"Ladies and Gentlemen—hymn—hymn—

My Client here before you stands inscribed,

The evidence shall be read—No b.—revised

Through five points—no asa-, e't the trial has got

You'll find, as I am told, the Play has—a plot.

But on garbled evidence I lay no flood;

Cross-examination I trust you'll reprove—

But the Play done—as long has been the vogue—

We'll seek to evidence in an Epilogue*"