

But in one thing he keeps to his Text like a Martyr,  
Never varies the least, or acts like a Starter,  
But holds with the Learn'd, a *Poetical Fob*  
Should never contribute to part of a *Club*;  
And whoever sees him, midst his *Ale* and his *Funk*,  
Put his Hand in his Pocket, may swear that He's drunk.

These are his True Marks, after whom we desire ye  
To make a most Diligent Search and Enquiry:  
From his Lodgings he's lately march'd off with his Goods,  
A *Shirt*, and a *Neckcloth*, three *Books*, and two *Rods*,  
A greafie old *Standish*, and Five Sheets of *Paper*,  
With a Pair of Turn'd Breeches ow'd for to the *Draper*;  
And his Land-lord, poor Man! 's in a Bushel of Trouble,  
To think how his Poet has made him a Bubble.

Now for the Reward, to make Him more hearty,  
Who shall have the good Fortune to feize on the Party,  
So that He with his *Goods* and his *Chattels* repairs  
Again to his *Garret* up Three Pair of Stairs,  
When the Rent is recover'd, shall have three parts in four,  
And if that ben't a fair thing, I'm a Son of a Whore.

To tell you more fully his Name and his Nature,  
He's an *Author*, an *Usher*, a *S—*, a *Translator*;  
Has as many Devices to put off his *Dunns*,  
As *Stories*, *Pretences*, as *Quibbles*, and *Punns*.  
But where ye may find him, God knows it's uncertain,  
What Corner, what End of the *Town*, or what part in;  
For the Wits now-a-days, as the *Vulgar* do speak,  
Are very good Gamesters at *Hide* and at *Seek*;  
Tho' I dare to be Sentenc'd to the *Rope* and the *Gallows*,  
If the place which he's found in, ben't a *Tavern* or *Ale-house*.

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