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The British spouter; o

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Frontispiece.



*Excuse me, Sir, I pray — I can't yet Speak —
I'm crying now —*

Pro. to She Stoops to Conquer.

T H E
BRITISH SPOUTER;
//
O R,
STAGE ASSISTANT:

Containing the most celebrated
PROLOGUES and EPILOGUES,
That have been lately spoken,
In the different THEATRES,
At the acting of the most eminent PLAYS.

The Whole being intended to make Young Persons acquainted with the ART of SPEAKING, and to impress upon their Minds Sentiments of Morality.

To keep the Field, all Methods we'll pursue;
The Conflict's glorious! for we fight for You:
And, should we fail to gain the wish'd Applause,
At least we're vanquish'd in a noble Cause.

GARRICK.

L O N D O N :

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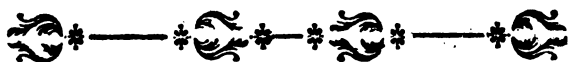
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P R E F A C E.

A Celebrated Critic once took notice, that there is more art necessary in writing a Prologue or an Epilogue, than in contriving the most intricate Plot, for either a deep-laid Tragedy, or a Comedy by which living Manners are held forth to the Public, either as Objects of Contempt or Approbation.

The Prologue to a Play, whether a Tragedy or a Comedy, ought to contain the whole Quintessence of the Plot, and at the same time be adapted to the reigning Taste of the Age, either to lash fashionable Follies, or represent Virtue in it's most amiable colours. In speaking a Prologue with a becoming Propriety, by laying an Emphasis

phasis upon the most striking Similes, requires the utmost efforts of human genius. Youth are led, as it were, insensibly into the love of Poetry, and the pleasing delusion steals upon the mind.

The present Collection of Prologues and Epilogues have been selected with the greatest care ; and it is presumed, that no one will be found in the whole Book that has not received the highest approbation from the Public. As such they are offered to the Lovers of Poetry in general, and designed as an easy introduction to polite learning. The Editor, in publishing this Collection, doubts not but he will give the utmost satisfaction to all those who are friends to the Stage ; and he submits it to them, in hopes that they will find it entirely consistent with the Rules of the Drama.

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A
C O L L E C T I O N
O F
P R O L O G U E S
A N D
E P I L O G U E S.



P R O L O G U E
T O
S H E S T O O P S T O C O N Q U E R :
O r , T H E M I S T A K E S O F A N I G H T .

W R I T T E N B Y M R . G A R R I C K .

*Spoken by Mr. WOODWARD, dressed in Black, and holding
a Handkerchief to his Eyes.*

EXCUSE me, Sirs, I pray—I can't yet speak,
E I'm crying now—and have been all the
week!

'Tis not alone this mourning suit, good masters;
I've that within—for which there are no plaisters!

B

Pray

2 P R O L O G U E S, &c.

Pray would you know the reason why I'm crying?
 The Comic Muse, long sick, is now a dying!
 And if she goes, my tears will never stop;
 For as a play'r, I can't squeeze out one drop;
 I am undone, that's all—shall lose my bread—
 I'd rather, but that's nothing—lose my head.
 When the sweet maid is laid upon the bier,
Shuter and *I* shall be chief mourners here.
 To *her* a mawkish drab of spurious breed,
 Who deals in *sentimentals* will succeed!
 Poor *Ned* and *I* are dead to all intents,
 We can as soon speak *Greek* as *sentiments*!
 Both nervous grown, to keep our spirits up,
 We now and then take down a hearty cup.
 What shall we do?—If Comedy forsake us!
They'll turn us out, and no one else will take us;
 But why can't I be moral? Let me try—
 My heart thus pressing—fix'd my face and eye—
 With a sententious look, that nothing means,
 (Faces are blocks in sentimental scenes)
 Thus I begin—*All is not gold that glitters,*
Pleasure seems sweet, but proves a glass of bitters.
When ignorance enters, folly is at hand;
Lea ning is better far than house and land.
Let not your virtue trip, who trips may stumble,
And virtue is not virtue, if she tumble.
 I give it up——morals won't do for me;
 To make you laugh, I must play tragedy.

One

PROLOGUES, &c.

One hope remains — hearing the maid was ill,
A *doctor* comes this night to shew his skill.
To cheer her heart, and give your muscles motion,
He in *five draughts* prepar'd, presents a potion;
A kind of magic charm — for be assur'd,
If you will *swallow it*, the maid is cur'd:
But desp'rate the Doctor, and her case is,
If you reject the dose, and make wry faces!
This truth he boasts, will boast it while he lives,
No *pois'nous drugs* are mix'd in what he gives;
Should he succeed, you'll give him his degree,
If not, he will within receive no fee!
The college *you*, must his pretensions back,
Pronounce him *regular*, or dub him *quack*.



EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

WELL, having Stoop'd to Conquer with success,
And gain'd a husband without aid from dress,
Still as a Bar-maid, I would wish it too,
As I have conquer'd him, to conquer you:
And let me say, for all your resolution,
That pretty Bar-maids have done execution.
Our life is all a play, compos'd to please,
“ We have our exits and our entrances.”

B 2

The

The first act shews the simple country maid,
 Harmless and young, of ev'ry thing afraid ;
 Blushes when hir'd, and with unmeaning action,
I hopes as how to give you satisfaction.

Her second act displays a livelier scene,—
 Th' unblushing Bar-maid of a country inn.
 Who whisks about the house, at market caters,
 Talks loud, coquets the guests, and scolds the waiters.
 Next the scene shifts to town, and there she soars,
 The chop-house toast of ogling connoisseurs.
 On 'Squires and Cits she there displays her arts,
 And on the gridiron broils her lovers' hearts——
 And as she smiles, her triumphs to compleat,
 E'en Common-Councilmen forget to eat.
 The fourth act shews her wedded to the 'Squire,
 And Madam now begins to hold it higher ;
 Pretends to taste, at operas cries, *caro*,
 And quits her Nancy Dawson, for *Che Faro*.
 Doats upon dancing, and in all her pride,
 Swims round the room, the *Heinel* of Cheapside :
 Ogles and leers with artificial skill,
 Till having lost in age the power to kill,
 She sits all night at cards, and ogles at spadille.
 Such, thro' our lives, the eventful history——
 The fifth and last act still remains for me.
 The Bar-maid now for your protection prays,
 Turns Female Barrister, and pleads for Bayes.

EPILOGUE.

To be Spoken in the Character of TONY LUMPKIN.

WRITTEN BY J. CRADDOCK, ESQ. *

WELL, now all's ended, and my comrades gone,
Pray what becomes of *mother's newly fox*?
A hopeful blade!—in town I'll fix my station,
And try to make a bluffer in the nation.
As for my Cousin Neville, I renounce her,
Off—in a crack—I'll carry big Bet Bouncer.

Why should I not in the great world appear?
I soon shall have a thousand pounds a year;
No matter what a man may here inherit,
In London—'gad they've some regard to spirit.
I see the horses prancing up the streets,
And big Bet Bouncer bobs to all she meets;
Then hoikes to jiggs and pastimes ev'ry night—
Not to the plays—they say it a'n't polite,
To Sadler's-Wells perhaps, or operas go,
And once by chance, to the roratorio.
Thus here and there, for ever up and down,
We'll set the fashions too, to half the town;
And then at auctions—money ne'er regard,
Buy pictures like the great, ten pounds a yard;
Zounds, we shall make these London gentry say,
We know what's damn'd genteel, as well as they.

* This came too late to be spoken.

B 3

P R O

6 PROLOGUES, &c.

P R O L O G U E

T O

A L Z U M A.

SPOKEN BY MR. BENSLEY.

WHEN first Columbus left the Spanish shore
In western climes new regions to explore;
Soon a new world, beyond th' Atlantic main,
Disclos'd the wonders of its vast domain;
A race of men unletter'd, and untaught,
Strangers to science, yet with virtue fraught. —
No school they had of philosophic pride,
And simple reason was their only guide.
That reason in the paths of nature trod,
And worshipping the Sun, they meant a God;
Free from the ills in polish'd life that spring,
And gold with them was a neglected thing.

But Europe's sons felt gold's resistless sway;
To the new hemisphere they bend their way;
Thro' ev'ry region carry sword and fire,
And bigot, rage, and avarice conspire.
Zeal bore the cross and poniard in its hand,
And massacre unpeopled half the land.

Yet to unhappy men, to heroes slain,
The British Muse denies her tragic strain.

Dryden

PROLOGUES, &c.

7

Dryden alone let fall the generous tear,
And bade on Albion's stage the FEATHER'D CHIEFS
appear.

His voice suppress'd, no bard their fate has sung;
Silent our scene, and mute each tuneful tongue;
While GREECE and ROME swell'd our theatric state,
And only classic heroes could be great.

This night our author, an advent'rer grown,
Dares trace the virtues of the Torrid Zone.
If in his scenes well painted passion glow;
If there you view the draught of human woe;
Britons will mark, from fierce religious zeal,
What dread calamities weak mortals feel;
Will hear the INDIAN—though in error blind,
Against the pow'r that would opinion bind,
Assert the freedom of the human mind.

}

Ye critics, to whom poets must be civil,
As Indians worship, out of fear, the devil,
Of mod'erate principles you'll own the merit,
Nor hither bring a persecuting spirit.
Let modes of wit some TOLERATION share;
Rome KILLS for error;—be it yours to spare.

EPILOGUE

PROLOGUES, &c.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. HEARTLEY.

OUR play thus o'er, now swells each throbbing breast
With expectation of the coming jest.

By *fashion's* law, whene'er the *Tragic Muse*

With sympathetic tears each eye bedews ;

When some *bright virtue* at her call appears,

Wak'd from the dead repose of rolling years,

When *sacred worthies* she bids breathe anew,

That men may be—what she displays to view ;

By *fashion's* law, with light fantastic mien

The *comic sister* trips it o'er the scene ;

Arm'd at all points with wit and wanton wiles,

Plays off her airs, and calls forth all her smiles ;

Till each fine feeling of the heart be o'er,

And the gay wonder how they wept before.

Say, do you wish, ye bright, ye virtuous train,

That ev'ry tear that fell, should fall in vain ?

If this night's scenes soft pity could impart,

'Tis yours to fix the fashion of the heart.

Adopt, ye fair, the lost Alzuma's cause,

His ruin'd empire, and expiring laws.

For Orellana may I dare to plead ?

My faults will all your kind indulgence need.

On you my hopes are fix'd :—one smile from you

To me is worth the treasures of PERU.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUES, &c.

PROLOGUE

TO

A L O N Z O.

SPOKEN BY MR. PALMER.

WHILST ardent zeal for India's reformation,
Hath fir'd the spirit of a generous nation ;
Whilst patriots of presented Lacks complain,
And courtiers bribery to excess arraign ;
The maxims of Bengal still rule the stage,
The poets are your slaves from age to age.
Like Eastern Princes in this house you sit,
The Soubahs, and Nabobs of suppliant wit ;
Each bard his present brings, when he draws near,
With Prologue first, he sooths your gracious ear ;
We hope your clemency will shine to day,
For tho' despotic, gentle in your sway.
These conscious walls, if they could speak, would tell,
How seldom by your doom, a poet fell :
Your mercy oft suspends the critics laws,
Your hearts are partial to an author's cause.
Pleas'd with such lords, content with our condition,
Against your charter we will ne'er petition.

16

10 PROLOGUES, &c.

If certain folks, should send us a committee,
(Like that which lately visited the city)
Who without special leave of our directors,
At the stage door should enter as inspectors ;
Altho' their hearts were arm'd with triple brass,
Thro' our resisting stenes they could not pass.
Lions and dragons too keep watch and ward,
Witches and ghosts the awful entrance guard ;
Heroes who mock the pointed sword are here,
And desperate heroines who know no fear ;
If as Rinaldo stout each man should prove,
To brave the terrors of th' enchanted grove,
Here on this spot, the center of our state,
Here on this very spot they'd meet their fate.
The prompter gives the sign, and down they go ;
Alive descending to the shades below.
To you whose empire still may Heav'n maintain,
Who here by antient right and custom reign,
Our lions crouch, our dragons prostrate fall,
Witches and ghosts obey your potent call.
Our heroines smile on you with all their might,
Our boldest heroes tremble in your sight,
Even now with anxious hearts they watch your eyes,
Should you but frown, even brave ALONZO dies.

EPILOGUE

PROLOGUES, &c.

4

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BARRY.

THOU lately dead, a princess, and of Spain,
I am no ghost, but flesh and blood again!
No time to change this dress, it is expedient,
I pass for British, and your most obedient.

How happy, ladies, for us all—that we,
Born in this isle, by Magna Charta free,
Are not, like Spanish wives, kept under lock and key.
The *Spaniard now*, is not like him of yore,
Who in his whisker'd face, his titles bore!
Nor joy nor vengeance made him smile or grin,
Fix'd were his features, though the devil within!
He, when once jealous, to wash out the stain,
Stalk'd home, stabb'd Madam, and stalk'd out again.
Thanks to the times, this dagger-drawing passion,
Thro' polish'd Europe, is quite out of fashion.
Signor tb' Italian, quick of sight and hearing,
Once ever list'ning, and for ever leering,
To *Cara Sposa*, now politely kind,
He, best of husbands, is both deaf and blind.
My nbeer the Dutchman, with his sober pace,
Whene'er he finds his rib has wanted grace,
He feels no branches sprouting from his brain;
But calculation makes of loss and gain,

And

PROLOGUES, &c.

And when to part with her, occasion's ripe,
 Mynheer turns out mine Frow, and smokes his pipe
 When a brisk *Frenchman's* wife is giv'n to prancing,
 It never spoils his finging or his dancing :
 Madame, you false—de tout mon cœur—adieu ;
 Begar you Cocu me, I Cocu you.——
 He toujours gai, dispels each jealous vapour,
 Takes snuff, sings vive l'amour, and cuts a caper,
 As for *John Bull*——not he in upper life,
 But the plain Englishman, who loves his wife ;
 When honest John, I say, has got his doubts,
 He sullen grows, scratches his head, and pouts.
What is the matter with you, love ? cries she ;
Are you not well, my dearest ! humph ! cries he.
You're such a brute !—But, Mr. Bull, I've done ;
 And if I am a brute—who made me one ?
You know my tenderness——my heart's too full,
 And so's my head——I thank you Mrs. Bull,
O you base man !—Zounds, Madam, there's no bearing,
 She falls a weeping, and he falls a swearing :
 With tears, and oaths, the storm domestick ends,
 The thunder dies away, the rain descends,
 She fobs, he melts, and then they kiss and friends. }
 Whatever ease these modern modes may bring,
 A little jealousy is no bad thing ;
 To me, who speak from nature unrefin'd,
 Jealousy is the bellows of the mind.

Touch

Touch it but gently, and it warms desire,
If handled roughly, you are all on fire ;
If it stands still, affection must expire.
This truth, no true philosopher can doubt,
Whate'er you do, let not the flame go out.

}

P R O L O G U E.

On the Opening of the new Theatre-Royal
at LIVERPOOL, on Friday the 5th of
June, 1772.

WRITTEN BY MR. COLMAN.

SPOKEN BY MR. YOUNGER.

W H E R E V E R commerce spreads the swelling
fail,

Letters and arts attend the prosperous gale ;
When Cæsar first these regions did explore,
And northward his triumphant eagles bore,
Rude were Britannia's sons—a hardy race——
Their faith idolatry, their life the chase.
But soon as traffic fix'd her social reign,
Join'd pole to pole, and nations to the main,
Each art and science follow'd in her train.

}

C

Augusta

Augusta then her pomp at large display'd,
The seat of majesty, the mart of trade;
The British Muse unveil'd her awful mien,
And Shakespear, Johnson, Fletcher, grac'd the scene.
Long too has Mersey roll'd her golden tide
And seen proud vessels in her harbours ride:
Oft on her banks the Muse's sons would roam,
And wish'd to settle there a certain home;
Condemn'd, alas! to hawk unlicens'd bays,
Counterband mumeries and smuggled plays!
Your fost'ring care at length reliev'd their woes,
Under your auspices, this *staple* rose.
Hence made free merchants of the letter'd world,
Boldly advancing forth with sails unfurl'd,
To Greece and Rome——Spain, Italy, and France,
We trade for play and opera, song and dance.
Peace to his shade, who first pursu'd the plan!
You lov'd the actor, and you lov'd the man;
True to himself, to all mankind a friend,
By honest means he gain'd each honest end,
You, like kind patrons, who his wishes knew,
Prompt to applaud, and to reward them too,
Crown'd his last moments with his wish obtain'd,
A ROYAL CHARTER, by your bounty gain'd.

P R O L O G U E

PROLOGUE
TO
ZOBEDI E.

IN those bad times, when learning's sons explore
The distant climate, and the savage shore;
When wise astronomers to India steer,
And quit for Venus many a brighter here;
While botanists are cold to smiles and dimpling,
Forſake the fair, and patiently go ſimpling,
Our bard into the general ſpirit enters,
And fits his little frigate for adventures;
With Scythian ſlaves and tinkers deeply laden,
He this way ſteers his courſe in hopes of trading;
Yet e'er he lands, he's order'd me before
To make an obſervation on the ſhore.
Where are we driv'n? our reck'ning ſure is loſt!
This ſeems a rocky and a dang'rous coaſt.
Lord! what a ſultry climate am I under!
Yon ill-forboding cloud ſeems big with thunder.

[Upper Gallery]

Thoſe mangroves ſpread, and larger than I have ſeen 'em.

[Pit.]

Here trees of ſtately ſize—and billing turles in 'em—

[Balconies.]

C 2

Here

Here ill condition'd oranges abound—[*Stage.*]
 And apples (*takes up one and tastes it*) bitter apples strew
 the ground.

Th'inhabitants are Canibals I fear,
 I heard a hissing, there are serpen's here!
 O! there the people are—but keep my distance;
 Our captain, gentle natives, craves assistance;
 Our ship's well stor'd, in yonder brook we've laid her.
 His honour is no mercenary trader.
 'This is his first adventure, lend him aid,
 And we may chance to drive a thriving trade.
 His goods, he hopes, are prime, and brought from far.
 Equally fit for gallantry and war.
 What, no reply to promises so ample?
 I'd best step back and order up a sample.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

E P I L O G U E

TO THE SAME.

WELL fare the man, peace to his gentle shade,
 The bard who first made Epilogues a trade!
 Else what a life an actress must pursue,
 To weep and rave is all she'd have to do;
 Upon the stage, with waving passions, sore,
 "To strut her hour, and then be heard no more."
 Now after poison, daggers, rage, and death,
 We've come again to take a little breath;

Banter

Banter the pit, set belles and beaux at odds,
And be a mere freethinker to the gods;
That in familiar strains the boxes maul,
An Epilogue like gaming levels all.
Not e'en poor Bayes within must hope to be
Free from the lash—his play he writes for me,
“ 'Tis true—and now my gratitude you'll see.”

Why ramble with Voltaire to Eastern climes,
To Scythian lands and antiquated times?
Change but the names; his tragedy at best
Slides into comedy, and turns to jest.

As thus—a statesman old and out of place,
Sour, discontented, malice in his face,
(In these blest days we but suppose the case)
Flies from St. James's to his own estate,

To chew the wisdom of each past debate;
How in the house he made a glorious stir,
With,—“ Sir, I move,” and “ Mr. Speaker, Sir!”
Zobeide's his daughter Sophy: oh! farewell!

For her each haunt that charms a modern belle—
Adieu Almack's! Cornelys! masquerade!
Sweet Ranelagh! Vauxhall's enticing shade!
'Squire Groom makes love! rich? yes a vast domain
Well bred! the savage Scythian of the plain.

The match is fix'd, deeds sign'd, the knot is ty'd,
Down comes my lord in all his glittering pride;

And will my angel chuse this rustic plan,
 O! Cuckhold him by all means, I'm the man,
 Now, mark our authors ignorance of life :
 What not elope ! is that a modish wife ?
 Poor fool ? she doubts, says no, the husband dies ;
 Now stab yourself, says Bayes, but nature cries,
 How ! sacrifice myself for vain renown ;
 John put the horses too, and drive to town,
 Yet, after all, excuse him, ladies pray,
 For sure there is some nature in his play.
 A first attempt, let no keen censure blight,
 Hereafter he may soar a nobles flight.
 Drop one kind tear, give this that slender token,
 And hither come till the Pantheons open.



P R O L O G U E,

T O T H E

F A S H I O N A B L E L O V E R.

Spoken by MR. WESTON, *in the Character of a Printer's Devil.*

I A M a devil, so please you—and must hoof
 Up to the poet yonder with this proof :
 I'd read it to you, but, in faith, 'tis odds
 For one poor Devil to face so many Gods.

A

PROLOGUES, &c.

A ready imp I am, who kindly greets
Young authors with their first exploits in sheets ;
While the Prefs groans, in place of dry-nurse stands,
And takes the bantling from the midwife's hands.

If any author of prolific brains,
In this good company, feels labour-pains ;
If any gentle poet, big with rhyme,
Has run his reck'ning out and gone his time ;
If any critic, pregnant with ill-nature,
Cries out to be deliver'd of his satire ;
Know such that at our Hospital of Muses
He may lye-in, in-private, if he chuses ;
We've single lodgings there for secret sinners,
With good encouragement for young beginners.

Here's one now that is free enough in reason ;
This bard breeds regularly once a season ;
Three of a sort, of homely form and feature,
The plain coarse progeny of humble Nature ;
Home-bred and born ; no strangers he displays,
Nor tortures free-born limbs in stiff French stays :
Two you have rear'd ; but between you and me,
This youngest is the fav'rite, of the three.
Nine tedious months he bore this babe about,
Let it in charity live nine nights out ;
Stay but his month up ; give some little law ;
'Tis cowardly to attack him in the straw.

Dear Gentlemen Correctors, be more civil ;
Kind courteous Sirs, take counsel of the Devil ;

Stop.

Stop your abuse, for while your readers see
 Such malice, they impute your work to me ;
 Thus, while you gather no one sprig of fame,
 Your poor unhappy friend is put to shame :
 Faith, Sirs, you shou'd have some consideration,
 When ev'n the Devil pleads against Damnation.



E P I L O G U E.

SPÖKEN BY MRS. B A R R Y.

LADIES, your country's ornament and pride,
 Ye who the nuptial deity has tied
 In filken fetters, will ye not impart
 For pity's sake some portion of your art
 To a mere novice, and prescribe some plan
 How you would have me live with my good man ?
 Tell me, if I should give each passing hour
 To love of pleasure or to love of power ;
 If with the fatal thirst of desperate play
 I shou'd turn day to night and night to day ;
 Had I the faculty to make a prize
 Of each pert animal that meets my eyes,
 Say are these objects worth my serious aim ;
 Do they give happiness, or health, or fame ?

Am

Are hecatombs of lovers hearts of force

To deprecate the demons of divorce ?

Speak my advisers, shall I gain the plan
Of that bold club, which gives the law to man,
At their own weapons that proud sex defies
And sets up a new female Paradise ?
Lights for the ladies ! Hark, the bar bells sound !
Show to the club-room—See the glass goes round—
Hail, happy meeting of the good and fair,
Soft relaxation from domestic care,
Where virgin minds are early train'd to loo,
And all Newmarket opens to the view.

In these gay scenes shall I affect to move,
Or pass my hours in dull domestic love ?
Shall I to rural solitudes descend
With Tyrrel my protector, guardian, friend,
Or to the rich Pantheon's round repair,
And blaze the brightest heathen-goddess there ?
Where shall I fix ? Determine ye who know,
Shall I renounce my husband, or Soho ?
With eyes half-open'd and an aking head,
And ev'n the artificial roses dead,
When to my toilette's morning task resign'd,
What visitations then may seize my mind !

Save me just Heaven, from such a painful life,
And make me an unfashionable wife !

P. R. O.

P R O L G G U E,

T O T H E

T R I P T O P O R T S M O U T H.

[Bell rings for the musick to stop. A short silence ensues; then a man, with a book in his hand, supposed to be the Prompter runs upon the stage, after Mr. Weston has been called upon two or three times behind the scenes.]

M A N.

M^R. Weston, Mr. Weston!*[Mr Weston answers behind the curtain.]*

I'm coming I tell you. Don't make such a rout.

M A N. *(Running about the stage)*

Mr. Weston, Mr. Weston!

[Mr Weston, pulling the curtain back, meets him.]

I'm here. Don't you see me? What's all this about?

M A N.

The Prologue is wanted.

W E S T O N.

It is so,—I grant it;

So here, take the Prologue, and now you don't want it..

[Gives the man a sheet of paper, and is going.]

M A N.

But, Sir,—Who's to speak it?

W E S.

WESTON.

To speak it,——why——who?

Go ask Mr. Foote, friend.

M A N.

He says, Sir, 'tis you.

WESTON.

He's mistaken, for once, I will venture to say,
'Tis a serious affair, and quite out of my way:
Sentimental, pathological, tender, affecting
Just like his last piece, and his new way of acting.

M A N.

Your speaking, I'am sure, Sir, would give it such grace.—

WESTON.

I wou'd ;—but who'll give me a tragedy face ?—
I tell you, I neither like whining nor ranting,
The groanings and toanings of treagedy canting ;
To sigh, and to strut, and to start, and to stare,
My arms throw about, up and down, here and there,
Kick my train in a pet, and with passionate rumble,
Make fun, moon, and stars, a bombastical jumble ;
'Till quite out of breath with heroical swagger,
The poison bowl enters, or polish'd tin dagger:
Then quivering I fall, or in simile die,
So so, or as if, or as when, or as why,
Ti, ti, tum, Ti, ti, tum, Tum, tum, tum, Ti, ti,

}

M A N.

But, Sir,——

W E S.

I don't like it,—that's all I've to say.

So pray take yourself and the Prologue away,

[*Exit M A N, leaving W E S T O N.*]

So now I am Solus, that is, I'm alone,

Suppose I shou'd try at a speech of my own—

An extempore Prologue—The fancy is new—

With your leaves, you shall judge what *Tom Weston* can
do.—

Once on a time, tho' 'twas in Shakespear's days,
Nature and Common sense embellish'd plays;
Before old English humour turn'd buffoon,
And long e'er Op'ras put Wit out of tune.
In that same time, folks did not think by rules,
But as they felt, they spoke—Our fathers where no fools.
Their song was, *Mirth admit me of your crew* :
But that's all old—'t isn't the thing, 'twont do ;
The tone is now,—we must have something new. }
New fights we've had, new grand Illuminations,
With Jubilees, and Trips, and Installations.—
We have a trip to night, to shew some shipping ;
Suppose the Author is to-night caught tripping ?—
These same Play-jobbers, though it is surprizing,
Will always send me on, apologizing.
Thus they come o'er me: *Weston, you're a Soul!*
Do speak my Prologue—you're so dry and droll.
I must go on then—I'm serv'd so this night,
A common bail for what bad Poets write.

If

If—but I hope not—If we're brought to shame.
 If you the Author, or the Actors blame,
 May we in one request, good Sirs, be friended,
 Pray don't give sentence till the Piece is ended.



P R O L O G U E

T O C A T O.

BY MR. POPE.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

TO wake the Soul by tender Strokes of Art,
 To raise the Genius, and to mend the Heart,
 To make Mankind in conscious Virtue bold,
 Live o'er each Scene, and be what they behold:
 For this the Tragic-Muse first trod the Stage,
 Commanding Tears to stream through every Age;
 Tyrants no more their Savage Nature kept,
 And Foes to Virtue wonder'd how they wept.
 Our Author shuns by vulgar Springs to move
 The Heroe's Glory, or the Virgin's Love;
 In pitying Love we but our Weakness shew,
 And wild Ambition well deserves its Woe.
 Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous Cause,
 Such Tears as Patriots shed for dying Laws:

D

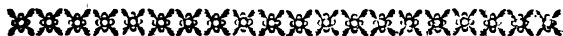
He

He bids your Breasts with Ancient Ardour rise,
 And calls forth, *Roman* Drops from *British* Eyes.
 Virtue confess'd in human Shape he draws,
 What *Plato* Thought, and God-like *Cato* was:
 No common Object to your Sight displays,
 But what with Pleasure Heav'n itself surveys;
 A brave Man struggling in the Storms of Fate,
 And greatly falling with a falling State!
 While *Cato* gives his little Senate Laws,
 What Bosom beats not in his Country's Cause?
 Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry Deed?
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
 Ev'n when proud *Cæsar* 'midst triumphal Cars,
 The spoils of Nations, and the Pomp of Wars,
 Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
 Shew'd *Rome* her *Cato*'s Figure drawn in State,
 As her dead Father's rever'nd Image past,
 The Pomp was darken'd and the Day o'ercast,
 The Triumph ceas'd—Tears gush'd from ev'ry Eye,
 The World's great Victor pass unheeded by;
 Her last good Man dejected *Rome* ador'd,
 And honour'd *Cæsar*'s less than *Cato*'s Sword.

Britons attend! Be Worth like this approv'd,
 And shew you have a Virtue to be mov'd.
 With honest Scorn the first fam'd *Cato* view'd
Rome learning Arts from *Greece*, whom she subdu'd:
 Our Scene precariously subsists too long
 On *French* Translation and *Italian* Song.

Dare

Dare to have Sense yourselves ; assert the Stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native Rage,
Such Plays alone shall please a *British* Ear,
As *Cato's* self had not disdain'd to hear.



EPILOGUE.

BY DR. GARTH.

SPOKEN. BY MRS. PORTER.

WHAT odd fantastick things we Women do !
Who wou'd not listen when young Lover's woo ? }
But die a maid, yet have the choice of two !
Ladies are often cruel to their cost ;
To give you pain, themselves they punish most.
Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd ;
Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in convents made.
Wou'd you revenge such rash resolves—you may
Be spiteful—and believe the thing we say, }
We hate you when you're easily said nay.
How needless, if you knew us, were your fears ;
Let Love have eyes, and Beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd as you yourselves wou'd chuse,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse :

D 2

We

We give to merit, and to wealth we sell;
 He fights with most success that settles well.
 The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix,
 'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.

Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue
 Those lively lessons we have learn'd from you:
 Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warms,
 But wicked wealth usurps the pow'r of charms;
 What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
 To swell in show, and be a wretch in state!
 At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
 Ev'n churches are no sanctuaries now:
 There golden idols all your vows receive,
 She is no goddess that has nought to give.
 Oh! may once more the happy age appear,
 When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere;
 When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
 And courts less coveted than groves and springs,
 Love then shall only mourn when Truth complains,
 And constancy feel transport in its chains.
 Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,
 And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal:
 Virtue again to its bright station climb,
 And Beauty fear no enemy but Time,
 The fair shall listen to desert alone,
 And every *Lucia* find a *Cato's* son.

P R O L O G U E

PROLOGUE

TO THE

SISTER.

WRITTEN BY MR. COLMAN.

SPOKEN BY MRS. MATTOCKS.

THE law of custom is the law of fools—
 And yet the wife are govern'd by her rules.
 Why should *men* only Prologue all our plays,
 Gentlemen-ushers to each modern Bayes?
 Why are the fair to Epilogues confin'd,
 Whose tongues are loud, and gen'ral as the wind?
 Mark how in real life each sex is class'd!
 Woman has *there* the *first* word and the *last*.

Boast not your gallant deeds, romantic men!
 To-night a female Quixote draws the pen.
 Arm'd by the comic muse, these lists she enters,
 And sallies forth—in quest of strange adventures!
 War, open war, 'gainst recreant knights declares,
 Nor giant-vice nor windmill-folly spares:
 Side-saddles Pegasus, and courts Apollo,
 While I, (you see!) her female Sancho, follow.

Ye that in this enchanted castle sit,
 Dames, squires, and dark magicians of the pit,

D 3

Smile

Smile on our fair knight-errantry to-day,
And raise no spells to blast a female play.

Oft has our Author, upon other ground,
Court'd your smiles, and oft indulgence found.
Read in the closet, you approv'd her page;
Yet still she dreads the perils of the stage.
Reader with Writer due proportion keeps,
And if the Poet nods, the Critic sleeps!
If lethargied by dullness here you sit,
Sonorous catcalls rouse the sleeping pit.

Plac'd at the threshold of the weather-house,
There stands a pasteboard husband and his spouse,
Each doom'd to mark the changes of the weather,
But still—true man and wife!—ne'er seen together.
When low'ring clouds the face of heav'n deform,
'The muffled Husband stands and braves the storm;
But when the fury of the tempest's done,
Break out at once the Lady and the Sun.
Thus oft has man, in custom's beaten track,
Come forth, as doleful Prologue, all in black!
Gloomy prognostick of the bard's disgrace,
With omens of foul weather in his face.
'Trick'd out in silk and smiles let me appear,
And fix, as sign of peace, the rainbow here;
Raise your compassion and your mirth together,
And prove to-day an emblem of fair weather!

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BULKLEY.

WHAT! five long acts—and all to make us
wifer!

Our Authorefs sure has wanted an adviser.

Had she consulted *me*, she should have made

Her moral play a speaking masquerade.

Warm'd up each bustling scene, and in her rage.

Have emptied all the Green-room on the stage.

My life on't, this had kept her play from sinking,

Have pleas'd our eyes, and sav'd the pain of thinking.

Well, since she thus has shewn her want of skill,

What if I give a masquerade?—I will.—

But how! ay, there's the rub! (*pausing*) I've got my
cue:

The world's a masquerade; the masquers, you, you, you.

[*To Boxes, Pit, Gall.*

And! what a groupe the motley scene discloses!

False wits, false wives, false virgins, and false spouses:

Statesmen with bridles on; and, close beside 'em,

Patriots, in party colour'd suits, that ride 'em.

There Hebes, turn'd of fifty, try once more,

To raise a flame in Cupids of threescore.

These

These, in their turn, with appetites as keen,
Deserting fifty, fasten on fifteen.

Miss, not yet full fifteen, with fire uncommon,
Elings down her sampler, and takes up the woman:
The little urchin smiles, and spreads her lure,
And tries to kill ere she's got power to cure.

Thus 'tis with all—Their chief and constant care
Is to seem every thing—but what they are.

Yon, broad, bold, angry, spark, I fix my eye on,
Who seems t' have robb'd his vizor from the lion,
Who frowns, and talks, and swears with round parade.
Looking, as who should say, *Damme! who's afraid!*

[*Mimicking.*]

Strip but his vizor off, and sure I am,

You'll find his lionship a very lamb.

Yon Politician, famous in debate,

Perhaps to vulgar eyes bestrides the state;

Yet, when he deigns his real shape t' assume,

He turns old woman, and bestrides a broom.

Yon Patriot too, who presses on your sight,

And seems to every gazer all in white;

If with a bribe his candour you attack,

He bows, turns round, and whip—the man's a black.

Yon Critic too—but whether do I run?

If I proceed, our bard will be undone!

Well then, a truce, since she requests it too;

Do you spare her, and I'll for once spare you.

P R O L O G U E.

PROLOGUE
TO THE
GAMESTERS.
WRITTEN AND SPOKEN

BY MR. GARRICK.

WHENE’ER the wits of *France* take pen in hand,
To give a sketch of you, and this our land;
One settled maxim through the whole you see—
To wit—their great superiority!
Urge what you will, they still have this to say,
That you who ape them are less wise than they.
’Tis thus these well bred Letter-writers use us,
They trip o’er here, with half an eye peruse us;
Embrace us, eat our meat, and then—abuse us.
When this same Play was writ, that’s now before ye,
The *English* stage had reach’d its point of glory!
No poultry thefts disgrac’d this Author’s pen,
He painted *English* manners, *English* men;
And form’d his taste on *Shakespeare* and old *Ben*.
Then were *French* farces, fashions, quite unknown,
Our wits wrote well, and all they writ their own:
These were the times when no infatuation,
No vicious modes, no zeal for imitation,
Had chang’d, deform’d, and sunk the *British* nation.

Should

Should you be ever from yourselves estrang'd,
 The *cock* will crow, to see the *lion* changed !
 To boast our liberty is weak and vain,
 While tyrant vices in our bosoms reign ;
 Not liberty *alone* a nation saves,
 Corrupted freemen are the worst of slaves.
 Let *Prussia's* sons each *English* breast inflame ;
 O, be our spirit, as our cause, the same !
 And as our hearts with one religion glow,
 Let us with all their ardors drive the foe,
 As heav'n had rais'd our arm, as heav'n had giv'n the
 blow !

Would you re-kindle all your ancient fires,
 Extinguish first your modern, vain desires :
 Still it is yours, your glories to retrieve,
 Lop but the branches, and the tree shall live :
 With these erect a pile for sacrifice !
 And in the midst——throw all your cards and dice !
 Then fire the heap, and as it sinks to earth,
 The *British* genius shall have second birth !
 Shall, *Phoenix*-like, rise perfect from the flame,
 Spring from the dust, and mount again to fame !

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND,

AND

SPOKEN BY MRS. CIBBER.

MY conduct now will every mind employ,
 And all my friends, I'm sure, will wish me joy:
 'Tis joy indeed, and fairly worth the cost,
 To've gain'd the wand'ring heart I once had lost.
 Hold, says the prudish dame with scornful sneer,
 I must, sweet madam, stop your high career;
 Where was your pride, your decency, your sense,
 To keep your husband in that strange suspense?
 For my part I abominate these scenes——
 No ends compensate for such odious means:
 To me, I'm sure—but 'tis not fit to utter——
 The very thought has put me in a flutter!

Odious, says miss, of quick and forward parts;
 Had she done more, she'd given him his deserts:
 O, had the wretch but been a spark of mine!
 By *Jove* I shou'd have paid him in his coin.

Another critic ventures to declare,
 She thinks that cousin *Pen* has gone too far:

Nay,

Nay, surely, *she* has play'd a generous part;
 A fair dissembler with an honest heart.
 Wou'd any courtly dame in such a case,
Sollicit, get, and then RESIGN the place?
 She knew, good girl, my husband's reformation,
 Was (what you'll scarce believe) my *only* passion:
 And when your scheme is good, and smart, and clever,
Cousins have been convenient persons ever.
 With all your wisdom, madam, cries a wit,
 Had *Pen* been false, you had been fairly bit;
 'Twas dangerous, sure, to tempt her youth with sin;
 The *knowing-ones* are often taken in:
 The truly good ne'er treat with indignation
 A natural, unaffected, generous passion;
 But with an open, liberal praise, commend
 Those means which gain'd the honourable end.
 Ye beauteous, happy fair, who know to bless,
 Warm'd by a mutual flame, this truth confess;
 That should we every various pleasure prove,
 There's nothing like the heart of him we love.

P R O L O G U E

P R O L O G U E

To C Y M O N.

For NEW YEAR'S DAY.

SPOKEN BY MR. KING.

I Come, obedient at my brethren's call,
From top to bottom, to salute you all;
Warmly to wish, before our Piece you view,
A happy Year—to you—you—you—and you!

[Boxes—Pit—1 Gallery—2 Gallery.

From you the Play'rs enjoy and feel it here,
The *merry Christmas*, and the *happy Year*.

There is a good old saying—pray attend it;
As you begin the year, you'll surely end it.

Should any one this night incline to evil,
He'll play for twelve long months the very devil!

Should any married dame exert her tongue,
She'll sing the *Zodiac* round, the same sweet song:

And should the husband join his music too,
Why then 'tis *Cat* and *Dog*, the whole year thro'.

Ye sons of *Law* and *Physic*, for your ease,
Be sure this day you never take your fees:

Can't you refuse?—then the disease grows strong,
You'll have too itching palms—Lord knows how long!

Writers of News by this strange fate are bound,
They fib to-day, and fib the whole year round,

E

You

You wits assembled here, both great and small,
 Set not this night afloat your critic gail;
 If you should snarl, and not incline to laughter,
 What sweet companions for a twelvemonth after!
 You must be muzzled for this night at least;
 Our author has a right this day to feast.
 He has not touch'd one bit as yet.—Remember,
 'Tis a long *Fast* from now to next December.
 'Tis *Holiday*! you are our *Patrons* now;

[*To the upper Gallery.*]

If you but grin, the critics won't *Bow, wow*.
 As for the plot, wit, humour, language—I
 Beg you such trifles kindly to pass by;
 The most essential part, which something means,
 As dresses, dances, sinkings, flyings, scenes,—
 They'll make you stare—nay, there is such a thing,
 Will make you stare still more!—for I must sing:
 And should your taste, and ears, be over nice,
 Alas! you'll spoil my singing in a trice.
 If you should growl, my notes will alter soon,
 I can't be *in*—if you are *out* of tune!
 Permit my fears your favour to bespeak,
 My Part's a strong one, and *poor I but weak*.
 [*Alluding to his late Accident.*]
 If you but smile, I'm firm, if frown, I stumble—
 Scarce well of *our*, spare me a *second* tumble!

EPILOGUE

E P I L O G U E

TO THE SAME.

WRITTEN BY GEORGE KEATE, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MRS. ABINGTON.

Enter, peeping in at the stage door.

IS the stage clear!—blefs me!—I've fuch a dread!
It feems enchanted ground, where'er I tread!

[Coming forward.]

What noife was that!—huff!—'twas a falfe alarm—
I'm fure there's no one here will do me harm:

Amongft you can't be found a fingle knight,
Who would not do an injur'd damfel right.

Well—Heav'n be prais'd! I'm out of magic reach,
And have once more regain'd the pow'r of Speech:

Aye, and I'll ufe it—for it muft appear,

That my poor tongue is greatly in arrear——

There's not a female here but fhall my woe,

Ty'd down to YES, or, ftill more hateful, NO.

NO is expreffive—but I muft confeß,

If rightly question'd, I'd ufe only YES.

IN MERLIN'S walk this broken wand I found,

[Shewing a broken wand.]

Which to two Words my fpeaking organs bound.

E 2

Suppofe

Suppose upon the town I try his spell—
 Ladies, don't stir!—You use your tongues too well!
 How tranquil every place, when by my skill,
Folly is mute, and even *Slander* still;
 Old Gossips speechless—*Bloods* would breed no riot,
 And all the tongues at *Jonathan's* lie quiet!
 Each *grave Profession* must new bush the wig;
 Nothing to say, 'twere needless they look big!
 The *reverend Doctor* might the change endure,
 He would sit still, and have his *Sine Cure*!
 Nor could *Great Folks* much hardship undergo;
 They do their business with an *AYE* or *NO*!—
 But, come, I only jok'd—dismiss your fear;
 Tho' I've the pow'r, I will not use it here.
 I'll only keep my magic as a guard,
 To awe each critick who attacks our bard.
 I see some malcontents their fingers biting,
 Snarling, "The ancients never knew such writing—
 "The drama's lost!—the Managers exhaust us
 "With *Op'ras*, *Monkies*, *Mab*, and *Dr. Faustus*."
 Dread Sirs, a word!—the Public taste is fickle;
 All palates in their turn we strive to tickle;
 Our cat'ers *vary*; and you'll own, at least,
 It is *Variety* that makes the feast,
 If this fair circle smile—and *the Gods* thunder.
 I with this wand will keep the critics under.

P R O L O G U E

P R O L O G U E
T O C L E M E N T I N A .

BY GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MR. BENSLEY.

IN these, our moral and religious days,
Men dread the crying sin of writing Plays;
While some, whose wicked wit incurs the blame,
Howe'er they love the trespass, fly the shame.
If, a new Holy War with Vice to wage,
Some preacher quits the pulpit for the stage,
The Rev'rend Bard, with much remorse and fear,
Attempts to give his Evening Lecture here.
The work engender'd, to the world must rise;
But yet the father may elude our eyes.
The parish on this trick of youth might frown,
And thus, unown'd, 'tis thrown upon the Town.
At our Director's door he lays the sin,
Who sees the Babe, relents, and takes it in;
To swathe and dress it first unstrings his purse;
Then kindly puts it out to You—to nurse.
Should some young Counsel, thro' his luckless star,
By writing Plays turn truant to the Bar.
Call'd up by you to this High Court of Wit,
With *non inventus* we return the writ.

E 3

N^o 6

No *latitat* can force him to appear,
 Whose failure and success cause equal fear.
 Whatever fees his clients here bestow,
 He loses double in the Courts below.

Grave solemn Doctors, whose prescribing pen
 Has in the trade of Death kill'd many men,
 With vent'rous quill here tremblingly engage
 To slay Kings, Queens, and Heroes, on the stage.
 The Great, if great men write, of shame afraid,
 Come forth *incog.*—and Beaux, in masquerade.
 Some Demireps in wit, of doubtful fame,
 Tho' known to all the town, withhold their name.
 Thus each by turns ungratefully refuse
 To own the favours of their Lady-Muse;
 Woo'd by the Court, the College, Bar and Church,
 Court, Bar, Church, College, leave her in the lurch.
 'Tis your's to-night the work alone to scan;
 Arraign the Bard, regardless of the man!
 If Dulness waves her poppies o'er his play,
 To Critic fury let it fall a prey;
 But if his art the tears of Pity draws,
 Ask not his name—but crown him with applause.

EPILOGUE.

PROLOGUES, &c.
EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME.

BY GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MRS. YATES.

FROM *Orway's* and immortal *Shakespeare's* page
Venice is grown familiar to our stage.

Here the *Rialto* often has display'd

At once a bridge, a street, and mart of trade;

Here, treason threat'ning to lay *Venice* flat,

Grave candle-snuffers oft in Senate sat.

To-night in *Venice* we have plac'd our scene,
Where I have been—liv'd—died—as you have seen.

Yet, that my travels I may not disgrace;

Let me—since now reviv'd—describe the place!

Nor wou'd the Tour of *Europe* prove our shame,

Could every *Macaroni* do the same.

The City's self—a wonder, all agree—
Appears to spring, like *Venus* from the sea.

Founded on piles, it rises from the strand;

Like *Trifste* plac'd upon a silver stand:

While many a lesser isle the prospect crowns,

Looking like sugar-plums, or floating towns.

Horses and mules ne'er pace the narrow street,

Where crouded walkers elbow all they meet:

No carts and coaches o'er the pavement clatter;

Ladies, Priests, Lawyers, Nobles,—go by water:

Light

Light boats and gondolas transport them all,
 Like one eternal party to *Wauxhall*.
 Now hey for merriment!—hence grief and fear!
 The jolly Carnival leads in the year;
 Calls the young Loves and Pleasures to its aid;
 A three-months jubilee and masquerade!

With gaiety the throng'd Piazza glows,
 Mountebanks, jugglers, boxers, puppet-shows:
 Mask'd and disguis'd the ladies meet their sparks,
 While *Venus* hails the mummers of *St. Mark's*.
 There holy Friars turn Gallants, and there too
 Nuns yield to all the frailties—"Flesh is heir to."
 There dear Ridottos constantly delight,
 And sweet Harmonic Meetings ev'ry night;

Once in each year the Doge ascends his barge,
 Fine as a *London* Mayor's, and thrice as large;
 Throws a huge ring of gold into the sea,
 And cries—"Thus We, thy Sov'reign, marry thee:
 "Oh may'st thou ne'er, like many a mortal spouse,
 "Prove full of storms, and faithless to thy vows!"

One word of Politics—and then I've done—
 The state of *Venice* Nobles rule alone.
 Thrice-happy *Britain*, where with equal hand
 Three well-pois'd States unite to rule the land!
 Thus in the Theatre, as well as State,
 Three ranks must join to make us blest and great.
 King, Lords, and Commons, o'er the Nation sit;
 Pit, Box, and Gallery, rule the realms of Wit.

P R O.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

REGISTER OFFICE.

SPOKEN BY MR. KING.

THE Bard, whose hopes on *Comedy* depend,
Must strive Instruction with Delight to blend :
While He, who bounds his less-aspiring views
To *Farce*, the *combust* of the Comic Muse,
With Pleasantry alone may fill the scene——
His business chiefly this ; to cure the spleen ;
To raise the pensive mind from *grave* to *gay*,
And help to laugh a thoughtful hour away.

If any quibbling Wit dispute my thesis,
I'd ask the use of half our *petty pieces* ?
Nay, Sirs, my question still shall higher climb——
Pray what's the use of *full-pric'd* Pantomime ?

How does the pleasur'd eye with rapture glance ;
When mingling Witches join in *bobbling* dance !
When wriggling *Harlequin*, the magic sage,
In horn-pipe amble traverses the stage !
When trembling *Pierrot* in his quiv'ring shines,
An Ostrich enters, or a Serpent twines !

When

When *beadle's* Taylors raise the laughing fit,
 Or flour-dredg'd Footmen twist upon a spit!
 But oh! How loud the roar, how dear the rumble,
 When scaffolds, mortar-boards, and bricklayers tumble!!
 When *Clodpate* runs, or limps, or quaintly rears
 From laundress-tub his *anabaptist* ears!
 While all the wit these exhibitions draw
 Is comprehended in the cry—*O Laa!*

Our Author, in this awful Court of *Drury*,
 Submits his cause to an impartial Jury.
 No friendly junto he to-night employs,
 To catch, by *fav'ring* hands, the public voice:
 He founds on *British* Candour all his trust,
 Convinc'd a *British* Audience will be just.

P R O L O G U E

TO THE

TRIP TO SCOTLAND.

Spoken by *CUPID*, in the Habit of a Postilion.

YE Belles, ye Beaux, of whatsoe'er degree,
 Above, below, around; behold in me
 A modern Cupid; not like ancient Love
 On nimble wings, but post-horses, I move.

The

Their idol's arms let heathen Bards recount,
This is *my* bow, I smack it, and I mount.
My spurs are pointed arrows in disguise,
And this broad belt the bandage from my eyes.
Nay e'en those wings, which once out-ript the wind,
Hang dangling down, like shoulder-knots, behind.

For you transform'd I quit the Paphian grove,
Cold Scotland's now the only land for Love.
For Scotland ho!—on no fool's errand sent,
I come myself, my own advertisement.

Ye blooming Maids, whom half-pay Captains press,
Or struck, perhaps, with Robin's rainbow dress,
Who in assemblies sigh, or pine in shades :
Ye Youths, who languish for your Mothers' Maids,
Why will ye idly wait for twenty-one?
Behold your vassal! mount, and let's be gone.
Despise what vulgar mortals Prudence call;
Love is the word, and Love can equal all.
In eight-and-forty hours we reach the borders,
—I'll in the Green-room wait for farther orders.

EPILOGUE

E P I L O G U E

TO THE SAME.

*Fillagree (a Character in the Piece) comes forward, with
Cupid in her hand.*

F I L L A G R E E.

LADIES, you'll witness what this Boy has done,
What fools he makes us, and what risques we run,
When this vile gad-fly goads us,
This puppet thing, this miniature of man?
What say you, shall I brain him with my fan?
Or in the very zenith of his glory,
Here with my glove-string strangle him before you?
—You're tender-hearted: well then so am I.
Methinks it were a pity Love should die.

C U P I D.

Love cannot die, whilst so much beauty reigns
In yon fair circle. Say, ye nymphs, ye swains,
Was it not right one knotty point to clear,
That Love himself should be in person here?
That boys should match with girls, and girls with boys:
Mere Nature can produce such idle toys.

But

But sure it asks some supernatural aid
When such a Lover sighs for such a Maid.

[Pointing to Fillagree and Grislin.]

Besides, ye Fair, from me perhaps you'll hear
What from mere Mortals might offend your ear.

Between ourselves, I cannot quite approve
This modern bare-faced hurrying into love.

My ancient Chiefs, so fam'd for Love and War,
Besieg'd whole ages the obdurate Fair.

Now, e'er the Lover wooes, the Lady's won,
And half the sex run post to be undone.

Be wise, be cautious; keep this truth in view,
Few hasty Marriages are happy too.

Approach with awe th' indissoluble bands,

Try well your hearts before you yield your hands,

Let each kind Parent's voice complete the plan,

And blush consent e'en then behind your fan.

[Country Dances of the Characters, led by Cupid.]

P R O L O G U E

T O

A L M I D A.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM WHITENEAD, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MR. REDDISH.

CRITICKS be dumb—To night a lady foes,
 From soft Italia's shores an English muse ;
 Tho' fate there binds her in a pleasing chain,
 Sends to our stage the offspring of her brain,
 True to her birth she pants for British bays,
 And to her country trusts for genuine praise.
 From infancy well read in tragic lore,
 She treads the path her father trod before ;
 To the same candid judges trusts her cause,
 And hopes the same indulgence and applause.
 No Salick Law here bars the female's claim,
 Who pleads hereditary right to fame.

Of Love and Arms she sings, the mighty two,
 Whose powers uniting must the world subdue ;
 Of Love and Arms ! in that heroic age,
 Which knew no poet's, no historian's page ;
 But war to glory form'd th' unletter'd mind,
 And chivalry alone taught morals to mankind ;

N

Nor taught in vain, the youth who dar'd aspire
 To the nice honours of a lover's fire,
 Observ'd with dutious care each rigid rule,
 Each stern command of labour's patient school;
 Was early train'd to bear the sultry beams
 Of burning suns, and winter's fierce extremes;
 Was brave, was temperate: to one idol fair
 His vows he breath'd, his wishes center'd there:
 Honour alone could gain her kind regard,
 Honour was Virtue, Beauty its Reward.
 And shall not British breasts, in Beauty's cause,
 Adopt to-night the manners which she draws?
 Male writers we confess are lawful prize,
 Giants and monsters that but rarely rise!
 With their enormous spoils your triumphs grace,
 Attack, confound, exterminate the race;
 But when a Lady tempts the critic war,
 Be all knights-errant, and protect the fair.

EPILOGUE.

TO THE SAME.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BARRY.

A Female bard, far from her native land,
 A female should protect—lo! here I stand,
 To claim of Chivalry the ancient rites,
 And throw my gauntlet at all *critic knights*!
 Nor only for our Auth'ress am I come;
 I rise a champion for the sex at home!
 Will shield you, ladies, from the stand'ring crew,
 And prove Greeks, Romans, all must yield to *you*:
 I've read how women, many of condition,
 Did, 'ere some conqu'ror storm'd a town, petition,
 That each might take a load upon her back,
 Out march'd the dames, but carry'd no stuff sack,
 They bore their loving Husbands pick-a-pack!
 The same domestic zeal has each fair she,
 In full perfection at the *Coterie*;
 For don't they bargain when they quit their houses,
 At Pleasure's call, to *carry too their spouses*!
 Whereas with you, ye fair ones, shall we see
 That Roman virtue—*hospitality*!
 The foreign artists can your smiles secure,
 If he be singer, fidler, or friseur;

From

From our dull yawning scenes fatiga'd you go,
And croud to *Fantoccini's* puppet-show;
Each on the *foreign* things with rapture stares!
Sweet dears!—they're mote like flesh and blood than play're!
As what *we* do, you modestly condemn;
So now turn'd wood and wire, we'll act like them;
Move hands and feet, nay even our tongues a-new,
Eh bien Monsieur! comment vous portez-vous?

Once more I challenge all the critic knights,
From city jokers, to the wits at *White's*;
From daily scribblers, volunteers, or hacks,
Up to those more than mortals at *Almack's*!
Should any *fribble* critics dare to *dem*,
Gads-cuss—I'll throw a chicken glove at them:
And if they shew their teeth, they still will grin—
Let 'em come on—I draw my corking pin!*
But should our soldiers, sailors, raise our tears,
They only can be conquer'd by † *your* tears.
Your smiles may soften, but your tears can melt 'em,
The bravest, boldest, mightiest men have felt 'em.
Aye, you may sneer, ye wits, your hearts are steel,
I speak of mortals who can fight, and feel!
In peace or war, ye fair, trust only those,
Who love the sex, and always beat their foes.

* *Stands in a posture of defence.*

† *To the ladies in the boxes.*

Will none accept my challenge?—what disgrace
 To all the nibbling, scribbling, stand'ring race,
 Who dare not meet a woman face to face!
 The Auth'rs and our Sex have gain'd their cause!
 Complete their triumph, give 'em your applause.



P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

L A M E L O V E R.

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY MR. GENTLEMAN.

PROLOGUES, like Cards of Compliment, we find
 Most as unmeaning as politely kind;
 To beg a favour, or to plead excuse,
 Of both appears to be the gen'ral use.
 Shall my words, tipt with flattery, prepare
 A kind exertion of your tend'rest care?
 Shall I present our Author to your sight,
 All pale and trembling for his fate this night?
 Shall I solicit the most pow'rful arms
 To aid his cause—the force of Beauty's charms?
 Or tell each Critic his approving taste
 Must give the sterling stamp, wherever plac'd?

This

This might be done—But so to seek applause,
 Argues a conscious weakness in the cause.
 No—let the Muse in simple Truth appear,
 Reason and Nature are the judges here :
 If by their strict and self-deserving laws
 The several Characters to-night she draws ;
 If from the whole a finish'd Piece is made,
 On the true principles of Light and Shade :
 Struck with the harmony of just Design,
 Your eyes—your ears—your hearts will all combine
 To grant applause :—But if a Dauber's hand
 Gross Disproportion marks in motley band ;
 If the group'd Figures false Connections show,
 And glaring Colours without Meaning glow ;
 Your wounded feelings, turn'd a diff'rent way,
 Will justly damn—th' Abortion of a Play.

As *Farquhar* has observ'd, our English Law,
 Like a fair spreading oak, the Muse should draw,
 By smiling Equity and Wisdom made
 For Honesty to thrive beneath it's shade ;
 Yet from it's boughs some reptiles shelter find,
 Dead to each nobler feeling of the mind,
 Who thrive, alas ! too well, and never cease
 To prey on Justice, Property, and Peace.

At such to-night, with other legal game,
 Our vent'rous Author takes satiric aim ;
 And brings, he hopes, Originals to view,
 Nor pilfers from th' Old Magpie, nor the New.

To

To Candour then he'll chearfully submit;
She reigns in Boxes, Galleries, and Pit.



P R O L O G U E

T O

P O L L Y H O N E Y C O M B E.

SPOKEN BY MR. KING.

HITHER, in days of yore, from *Spain* or *France*
Came a dread Sorceress; her name *ROMANCE*.
O'er *Britain's* Isle her wayward spells she cast,
And Common Sense in magic chain bound fast.
In mad Sublime did each fond Lover woo,
And in Heroicks ran each *Billet-Doux*:
High deeds of Chivalry their sole delight,
Each Fair a Maid distress'd, each Swain a Knight;
Then might *Statira Orendates* see,
At tilts and tournments, arm'd cap-a-pee.
She too, on milk-white palfrey, lance in hand,
A Dwarf to guard her, pranc'd about the land.
This fiend to quell, his sword *Cervantes* drew,
A trusty *Spanish* blade, *Toledo* true:
Her Talismans and Magic Wand he broke—
Knights, Genii, Castles—vanish'd into smoke.

But

But now, the dear delight of later years,
 The younger sister of ROMANCE appears:
 Less solemn is her air, her drift the same,
 And NOVEL her enchanting, charming name.
 ROMANCE might strike our grave Forefathers pomp,
 But NOVEL for our Buck and lively Romp!
Cassandra's Folios now no longer read,
 See, two neat Pocket Volumes in their stead!
 And then so *sentimental* is the Style,
 So chaste, yet so bewitching all the while!
 Plot and elopement, passion, rape, and rapture,
 The total sum of ev'ry dear—dear—chapter.
 'Tis not alone the Small-talk and the Smart,
 'Tis NOVEL most beguiles the female heart.
 Miss reads — she melts — she sighs — Love steals upon
 her—
 And then — Alas, poor Girl! — good night, poor Ho-
 nour!

" * Thus of our *Polly* having lightly spoke,
 " Now for our Author!—but without a joke.
 " Tho' Wits and Journals, who ne'er fibb'd before,
 " Have laid this Bantling at *a certain door*,
 " Where, lying store of faults, they'd fain heap more. }

* These Lines were added by Mr. GARRICK, on it's being re-
 ported, that he was the Author of this Piece: and, however hu-
 morous and poetical, contain as strict matter of fact as the dullest
 Prose.

" I now

58. PROLOGUES, &c.

- " I now declare it, as a serious truth,
" 'Tis the first folly of a simple Youth.
" Caught and deluded by our Harlot Plays:—
" Then crush not in the shell this infant *Bayes*!
" Exert your favour to a young beginner,
" Nor use the stripling like a batter'd sinner.



EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

SPOKEN BY MISS POPE.

Enter, as POLLY, laughing — Ha! ha! ha!

MY poor Papa's in woeful agitation—
While I, the Cause, feel here [striking her bosom] no palpitation—

We Girls of Reading, and superior Notions,
Who from the fountain-head drink Love's sweet potions,
Pity our Parents; when such passion blinds 'em,
One hears the good folks rave—one never minds 'em.
Till these dear Books infus'd their soft ingredients,
Asham'd and fearful, I was all Obedience.

Thea

Then my good Father did not storm in vain,
 I blush'd and cry'd—*I'll ne'er do so again* :
 But now no bugbears can my spirit tame,
 I've conquer'd Fear—and almost conquered Shame ;
 So much these dear Instructors change and win us,
 Without their *light* we ne'er should know what's in us,
 Here we at once supply our childish wants—
 NOVELS are Hotbeds for your forward Plants.
 Not only Sentiments refine the Soul,
 But hence we learn to be the Smart and Drole ;
 Each awkward circumstance for laughter serves,
 From Nurse's Nonsense to my Mother's NERVES :

Though Parents tell us, that our genius lies
 In mending linen, and in making pies ;
 I set such formal precepts at defiance,
 That preach up prudence, neatness, and compliance ;
 Leap these old bounds, and boldly set the pattern
 To be a Wit, Philosopher, and Slattern——
 O ! did all Maids and Wives my spirit feel,
 We'd make this topsy-turvy World to reel :
 Let us to arms !—Our Fathers, Husbands, dare !
 NOVELS will teach us all the Art of War :
 Our Tongues will serve for Trumpet and for Drum ;
 I'll be your Leader—General HONEYCOMBE !

Too long has human nature gone astray,
 Daughters should govern, Parents should obey ;

Man

Man should submit the moment that he weds,
 And Hearts of Oak should yield to wiser Heads:
 I see you smile, bold *Britons*!—But 'tis true—
 Beat *You* the *French*;—but let your *Wives* beat *You*.—



P R O L O G U E

T O

T I M A N T H E S.

SPOKEN BY MR. BENSLEY.

WHEN first our bard advent'rous left the shore,
 To tempt the Drama's depths, untry'd before;
 With beating heart his trembling sail he rear'd,
 While critick sands and envious rocks he fear'd:
 But your indulgence swell'd the prosp'rous wind.
 And safe convey'd him to the port design'd.
 The track, yourselves approv'd, he now pursues,
 And for a second trip his care renews.

Oft, in the silent hours of teeming thought,
 As flatt'ring prospects in his bosom wrought,
 Hope imag'd to his sight your starting tear,
 And brought the welcome plaudit to his ear!
 But while he now revokes that mutual fame
 Should join the Poet's and the Actor's name,

O!

O! let him here one tender tribute pay,
To early worth untimely snatch'd away ;
To *Him* who once, alas ! his scene inspir'd,
Whose softness melted, and whose spirit fir'd !
While to the Friend this grateful debt he pays,
Each gen'rous breast will sure confirm the praise ;
With you his honest zeal must stand approv'd,
Which makes this off'ring to the man he lov'd !



EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BULKLEY.

WHAT horrors fill the Tragic Poet's brain !
Plague, murder, rape, and incest, crown his
train ;

He pants for miseries, delights in ills ;
The blood of fathers, mothers, children, spills ;
Stabs, poisons, massacres ; and in his rage
With daggers, bowls, and carpets, strews the stage.

Our gentler poet, in soft Opera bred,
Italian crotchets singing in his head,
Winds to a prosp'rous end the fine-drawn tale,
And roars—but roars like any nightingale—

G

Woman

Woman, what'er she be—maid, widow, wife—
 A quiet woman is the charm of life.
 And sure Cephisa was a gentle creature,
 Full of the milk and honey of good-nature.
 Imported for a spouse—by spouse refused !
 Was ever maid so shamefully abus'd ?
 And yet, alas ! poor Priace ! I could not blame him—
 One wife, I know, was full enough to tame him.
 Ismena and Timanthes, and Olynthus,
 Might all be happy—for I chose Carinthus.

But what a barb'rous law was this of Thrace ?
 How cruel *there was* each young lady's case !
 A virgin, plac'd upon the dreadful roll,
 A hapless virgin must have stood the poll ;
 But by Timanthes made a lucky bride,
 Ismena prudently *disqualify'd*.

Ladies, to you alone our Author sues,
 'Tis yours to cherish, or condemn his Muse.
 The Theatre's a Mirror, and each Play
 Should be a very looking-glass, they say ;
 If its looking-glass reflects no moles or pimples,
 But shews you full of graces, smiles, and dimples,
 If you approve yourselves, resolve to spare—
 And Criticks ! then attack him, if ye dare.

P R O L O G U E

PROLOGUE

TO

A PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

SPOKEN BY MR. KING.

BOLD is the man, and compos mentis, scarce—
 Who, in these nicer times, dares write a Farce ;
 A vulgar, long-forgotten taste renew ;
 All now are Comedies, five acts or two.
 Authors have ever in a canting strain
 Begg'd mercy for the Bantling of their brain :
 That you, kind Nurse, wou'd fondle't on your lap,
 And rear it with Applause, that best of pap——
 Thus Babes have in their cradles scap'd a blow,
 Though lame and ricketty from top to toe :
 Our Bard with Prologue-outworks has not fenc'd him,
 For all that I shall say will make against him.
 Imprimis, this his Piece—a Farce we call it—
 Ergo, 'tis low—and ten to one you maul it !
 Wou'd you, because 'tis low, no quarter give ?
 Black-guards, as well as Gentlemen, shou'd live.
 'Tis downright English too—Nothing from France,
 Except some Beasts, which treat you with a dance.

G 2

With

With a Burletta too we shall present you—
 And not Italian—that will discontent you.
 Nay, what is worse—you'll see it, and must know it—
 I *Thomas King*, of *King-street*, am the Poet.
 The murder's out, the murderer detected,
 May in one night be try'd, condemn'd, dissected,
 'Tis said, for Scandal's tongue will never cease,
 That mischief's meant against our little Piece:
 Let me look round, I'll tell you how the case is—
 There's not one frown a single brow disgraces;
 I never saw a sweeter set of faces!
 Suppose *Old Nick*, before you righteous folk,
 Produce a Farce, brim-full of mirth and joke;
 Though he, at other times, wou'd fire your blood,
 You'd clap his Piece, and swear, 'twas *deab'lish* good!
 Malice propense! 'tis false—it cannot be—
 Light is my heart, from apprehensions free—
 If you wou'd save *Old Nick*, you'll never damn poor me.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

T O

BRITANNIA, A MASQUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK.

In the Character of a SAILOR, fuddled and talking to himself. He enters, singing.

How pleasant a Sailor's life passes——

WELL, if thou art, my boy, a little mellow?
A Sailor, half seas o'er,—'s a pretty fellow!
What cheer, ho? Do I carry too much sail?

[To the Pit.

No—tight and trim—I scud before the gale——

[He staggers forward, then stops.

But softly tho'—the vessel seems to heel:

Steady! my boy—she must not shew her keel.

And now, thus ballasted—what course to steer?

Shall I again to sea, and bang *Mounseer*?

Or stay on shore, and toy with *Salt and Sue*——

Dost love 'em, boy?—By this right hand I do!

A well-rigg'd girl is surely most inviting:

There's nothing better, faith—save slip and fighting:

I must away——I must——

G 3.

What

What ! shall we Sons of Beef and Freedom stoop,
Or low'r our Flag to Slavery and Soup ?

What ! shall these *parly-vous* make such a racket,
And I not lend a hand to lace their jacket ?

Still shall *Old England* be your *Frenchman's* butt ?

Whene'er he shuffles, we should always cut. [] [] []

I'll to 'em, faith——Avast—before I go—

Have not I promis'd *Sall* to see the show ?

[Pulls out a Play-bill]

From this same paper we shall understand

What work's to-night—I read your printed hand !

Firſt let's refresh a bit—for faith I need it—

I'll take one ſugar-plumb—and then I'll read it.

[Takes ſome tobacco:]

[He reads the Play-bill of *Zara*, which was
acted that evening.]

“ At the Theatre-Royal—*Drury-Lane* ——

“ will be preſen-ta-ted a Tragedy called ——

“ *S A R A H.* ”

I'm glad 'tis *Sarah*—Then our *Sall* may ſee

Her Nameſake's Tragedy ; and as for me, }

I'll ſleep as ſound as if I were at ſea.

“ To which will be added,

“ A new *M A S Q U E.* ”

Zounds ! why a Maſque ? We Sailors hate grimaces ;

Above-board all, we ſcorn to hide our faces.

But what is here ſo very large and plain ?

“ *BRITANIA* ”—oh *Britania* !—good again—

Huzza,

Huzza, boys!—by the *Royal George* I swear,
Tom Coxen, and the Crew, shall trait be there.
 All free-born souls must take *Bri-ta-nia's* part,
 And give her three round cheers with hand and heart!

[*Going off be Shops.*]

I wish you Landmen though, would leave your tricks,
 Your factions, parties, and damn'd politics;
 And, like us honest Tars, drink, fight, and sing!
 True to Yourselfs, your Country, and your King!

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

MR. F O O T E,

In the Character of DR. SQUINTUM.

NEAR the mad mansions of *Moorfields* I'll bawl;
 Friends, fathers, mothers, sisters, sons, and all, }
 Shut up your shops, and listen to my call.
 With labour, toil, all second means dispense,
 And live a rent-charge upon Providence.
 Prick up your ears; a story now I'll tell,
 Which once a Widow and her Child befell, }
 I knew the Mother and her Daughter well;
 Poor, it is true, they were; but never wanted,
 For whatsoe'er they ask'd was always granted.
 One fatal day the Matron's truth was try'd,
 She wanted meat and drink, and fairly cry'd.

(*Child*)

(Child) Mother, you cry! (Moth.) Oh, Child, I've got no bread.

(Child) What matters that? Why Providence a'nt dead?
With reason good this truth the Child might say,

For there came in at noon, that very day,

Bread, greens, potatoes, and a leg of mutton,

A better sure a table ne'er was put on:

Ay, that might be, ye cry, with those poor souls;

But we ne'er had a rasher for the coals.

And d'ye deserve it? How d'ye spend your days?

In Pastimes, Prodigality, and Plays!

Let's go see *Footie*! Ah, *Footie*'s a precious limb!

Old Nick will soon a foot-ball make of him!

For foremost rows in side-boxes you shove,

Think you to meet with side-boxes above?

Where giggling Girls and powder'd Fops may sit?

No, you will all be cramm'd into the Pit,

And crowd the House for *Satan's* Benefit.—

Oh! what you snivel? Well, do so no more—

Drop, to atone, your money at the door,

And, if I please, I'll give it to the Poor.

}

}

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

T O

BARBAROSSA.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

And spoken by him in the Character of a COUNTRY BOY.

Measter! measter!

IS not my measter here among you, pray?

Nay, speak—my measter wrote this fine new play—

The after-folks are making such a clatter!

They want the pro-log—I know nought o' th' matter!

He must be there among you—look about——

A weezen, pale-fac'd man, do find him out——

Pray, measter, come—or all will fall to shame;

Call mister—hold—I must not tell his name.

Law! what a crowd is here! what noise and pother!

Fine lads and lasses! one o'top o't'other!

[Pointing to the rows of pit and gallery.]

I cou'd for ever here with wonder geaze!

I ne'er saw church so full in all my days!

Your servant, furs!—what do you laugh for? eh!

You donna take me sure for one o'th' play?

You

You shou'd not flout an honest country-lad,—
 You think me fool, and I think you half mad :
 You're all as strange as I, and stranger too,
 And, if you laugh at me, I'll laugh at you. [*Laugbings*]
 I donna like your *London* tricks, not I,
 And since you've rais'd my blood, I'll tell you why !
 And if you wull, since now I am before ye,
 For want of pro-log, I'll relate my story.

I came from country here to try my fate,
 And get a place among the rich and great ; |
 But troth I'm sick o'th' journey I ha' ta'en,
 I like it not—wou'd I were whoame again.——
 First in the city I took up my station,
 And got a place with one of th' corporation,
 A round big man—he eat a pleagy deal,
 Zooks ! he'd have beat five ploomen at a meal !
 But long with him I cou'd not make abode,
 For, cou'd you think't ?—he eat a great sea-toad !
 It came from *Indies*—'twas as big as me,
 He call'd it *belly-patch*, and *capapee* :
 Law ! how I star'd—I thought,—who knows, but I,
 For want of monsters, may be made a pye ;
 Rather than tarry here for bribe or gain,
 I'll back to whoame, and country-fare again.

I left *Toad*-eater ; then I serv'd a lord,
 And there they promis'd !—but ne'er kept their word.
 While 'mong the great, this geaming work the trade is,
 They mind no more poor servants, than their ladies.

A lady.

A lady next, who lik'd a smart young lad,
 Hir'd me forthwith—but, troth, I thought her mad.
 She turn'd the world top down, as I may say,
 She chang'd the day to neet, the neet to day!
 I was so sheam'd with all her freakish ways,
 She wore her gear so short, so low her stays—
 Fine folks shew all for nothing now-a-days!
 One day I stood by coach, and did but stoop
 To put the foot-board up, and with her hoop
 She cover'd me all o'er—*where are you lout?*
 Here, madam, for heav'n's sake pray let me out!

}

Now I'm the poet's mon—I find with wits,
 There's nothing sartain—nay, we eat by fits.
 Our meals indeed are slender,—what of that?
 There are but three on's—measter, I, and cat.
 Did you but see us all, as I'm a finner,
 You'd scarcely say, which of the three is thinner.

My wages all depend on this night's piece,
 But thou'd you find that all our swans are geese!
 E'feck I'll trust no more to measter's brain,
 But pack up all, and whistle whoame again.

[*As he is going out returns:*

O I have seen the finest fights in all the nation!
 I've seen my *Lord May'r's Show*, and the *Crownation*!
 Ay, and since those two fine fights have come to pass,
 I've seen the *King's State-Coach*, and the *Q—n's Afs*!

EPILOGUE

E P I L O G U E

T O T H E S A M E .

W R I T T E N B Y M R . G A R R I C K .

S P O K E N B Y M R . W O O D W A R D ,

*In the Character of a fine GENTLEMAN.**Enter——speaking without.*

P SHAW! damn your Epilogue — and hold your tongue——

Shall we of Rank be told what's right and wrong?
 Had you ten Epilogues you should not speak 'em,
 Tho' he had writ 'em all in *lingum Grecum*.
 I'll do't by all the Gods! — (you must excuse me)
 Tho' author, actors, audience, all abuse me!

To the AUDIENCE.

Behold a gentleman! — and that's enough! ——

Laugh if you please — I'll take a pinch of snuff!

I come to tell you — (let it not surprize you)

That I'm a wit — and worthy to advise you ——

How could you suffer that same country booby,

That pro-logue speaking savage, — that great looby,

To talk his nonsense? — give me leave to say

'Twas low — damn'd low! — but save the fellow's play ——

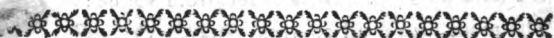
Let

Let the poor devil eat—allow him that,
 And give a meal to *Measter, Mon, and Cat* :
 But why attack the Fashions?—senseless rogue!
 We have no joys but what result from vogue :
 The mode shou'd all controul—nay, ev'ry passion,
 Sense, appetite, and all, give way to Fashion ;
 I hate as much as he, a *Turtle-fest*,
 But 'till the present *Turtle-rage* has ceas'd,
 I'd ride a hundred miles to make myself a beast.
 I have no cars,—yet op'ras I adore !
 Always prepar'd to die—to sleep—no more !
 The ladies too were carp'd at, and their dress,
 He wou'd 'em all ruff'd up like good queen *Bess* !
 They are, forsooth, too much expos'd, and free ;
 Werè more expos'd, no ill effects I see ;
 For more, or less, 'tis all the same to me.
 Poor Gaming too, was maul'd among the rest,
 That precious cordial to a high-life breast !
 When thoughts arise, I always game, or drink,
 An *English* gentleman shou'd never think——
 The reason's plain, which ev'ry soul might hit on—
 What *trims* a *Frenchman*, *oversets* a *Briton* ;
 In us Reflection breeds a sober sadness,
 Which always ends in politics or madness :
 I therefore now propose—by your command,
 That Tragedies no more shall cloud this land ;
 - Send o'er your *Shakespeare's* to the sons of *France*,
 'Let *them* grow grave—Let *us* begin to dance !

H

Banish

Banish your gloomy scenes to foreign climes,
 Reserve alone to bless these golden times
 A farce or two—and *Woodward's* Pantomimes!



P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

A U T H O R.

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY MR. FOOTE.

SEVERE their task, who in this Critic age,
 With fresh materials furnish out the Stage!
 Not that our fathers drain'd the Comic store;
 Fresh Characters spring up as heretofore—
 Nature with Novelty does still abound;
 On ev'ry side fresh Follies may be found.
 But then the taste of ev'ry guest to hit,
 To please at once the Gall'ry, Box, and Pit;
 Requires at least—no common share of wit.

Those who adorn the orb of higher life
 Demand the lively Rake, or modish Wife;
 Whilst they, who in a lower circle move,
 Yawn at their wit, and slumber at their love.

If light low mirth employs the Comic Scene,
Such mirth as drives from vulgar minds the spleen;
The polish'd Critic damps the wretched stuff,
And cries,—*'twill please the Gall'ries well enough.*
Such jarring judgments who can reconcile?
Since Fops will frown where humble Traders smile.

To dash the Poet's ineffectual claim,
And quench his thirst for universal fame,
The Grecian Fabulist, in moral lay,
Has thus address'd the Writers of his day.
Once on a time, a Son and Sire, we're told,
(The Stripling tender, and the Father old)
Purchas'd a *Jack-Ass* at a Country Fair,
To ease their limbs, and hawk about their ware;
But as the sluggish animal was weak,
They fear'd, if both should mount, his back would
break :

Up gets the Boy, the Father leads the Ass,
And thro' the gazing crowd attempts to pass;
Forth from the throng the grey-beards hobble out.
And hail the Cavalcade with feeble shout.
This the respect to rev'rend age you shew?
And this the duty you to Parents owe?
He beats the hoof, and you are set astride;
Sirrah! get down, and let your Father ride.
As Grecian Lads were seldom void of grace,
The decent, 'duteous youth, resign'd his place.

H 2

Then

Then a fresh murmur through the rabble ran,
 Boys, Girls, Wives, Widows, all attack the man.
Sure never was brute beast so void of nature !
Have you no pity for the pretty creature ?
To your own baby can you be unkind ?
Here—Suke, Bill, Betty—put the child behind.
 Old Dapple next the Clowns compassion claim'd ;
'Tis wonderment these Boobies ben't asham'd :
Two at a time upon a poor dumb beast !
They might as well have carry'd him at least.
 The pair, still pliant to the partial voice,
 Dismount, and bear the Ass—Then what a noise !
 Huzzas, loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke,
 From the yet silent Sire these words provoke.
Proceed, my Boy, nor heed their farther call ;
Kain his attempts who strives to please them all,

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE
TO THE
GRECIAN DAUGHTER.

SPOKEN BY MR. WESTON.

He peeps in at the Stage Door.

HIP! music! music!—Have you more to play?
Somewhat I'd offer—Stop your cat-gut, pray.

Will you permit, and not pronounce me rude,
A Bookfeller one moment to intrude?

My name is Fools cap:—Since you saw me last,
Fortune hath giv'n me a rare helping cast.

To all my toil's a Wife hath put a stop—

A Devil then; but now I keep a Shop.

My Master died, poor man!—He's out of print!

His Widow,—she had eyes and took my hint.

A prey to grief she could not bear to be,

And so turn'd over a new leaf with me.

I drive a trade; have Authors in my pay,

Men of all work, per week, per sheet, per day.

Trav'lers—who not one foreign country know;

And Past'ral Poets in the sound of Bow.

Translators—from the Greek they never read;

Chantabs and Sophs—in Covent-Garden bred.

H 3

Histo

Historians, who can't write;—who only take
Scissors and paste;—cut, yam; a book they make.

I've treated for this Play; can buy it too,
If I could learn what you intend to do.

If for nine nights you'll bear this tragic stuff;

I have a News-paper, and there can puff.

A News-paper does wonders!—None can be
In debt, in love dependent, or quite free;

Ugly or handsome, well, or ill in bed,

Single or married, or alive or dead,

But we give life, death, virtue, vice with ease;

In short, a News-paper does what we please.

There jealous Authors at each other bark;

Till Truth leaves not one glimpse, no, not one spark;

But Lies meet Lies, and juggle in the dark.

Our Bard within has often felt the dart

Sent from our quiver, level'd at his heart.

I've press'd him, ere he plays this desprate game,

To answer all, and vindicate his name.

But he, convinc'd that all but Truth must die,

Leaves to it's own mortality the Lie.

Would any know,—while Parties fight pellmell,

How he employs his pen?—his Play will tell.

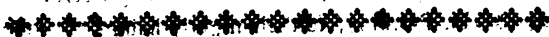
To that he trusts; that he submits to you,

Aim'd at your tenderest feelings,—moral,—new.

The Scenes, he hopes, will draw the heart-felt tear;

Scenes that come home to ev'ry bosom here.

If this will do, I'll run and buy it straight;
 Stay—Let me see;—I think I'd better wait—
 Yes;—I'll lie saug, till you have fix'd it's fate.



EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME.

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND,

AND

SPOKEN BY MISS YOUNGE.

THE *Grecian Daughter's* compliments to all;
 Begs that for Epilogue you will not call;
 For leering, giggling, would be out of season,
 And hopes by me you'll hear a little reason.

A Father rais'd from death, a Nation sav'd,
 A Tyrant's crimes by female spirit brav'd,
 That Tyrant stabb'd, and by her nerveless arm,
 While Virtue's spell surrounding Guards could charm!
 Can she, this sacred tumult in her breast,
 Turn Father, Freedom, Virtue, all to jest?
 Wake you, ye fair ones, from your sweet repose,
 As wanton Zephyrs wake the sleeping rose;

Dispel

Dispel those clouds which o'er your eyelids crept,
 Which our wise Bard mistook, and swore you wept.
 Shall she to *Maccaronies* life restore,
 Who yawn'd, half dead, and curs'd the tragic bore?
 Dismiss 'em, smirking, to their nightly haunt,
 Where Dice and Cards their moon-struck minds en-
 chant?

Some muffled, like the Witches in *Macbeth*,
 Brood o'er the magic circle, pale as death!
 Others, *the cauldron go about—about—*
 And Ruin enters as the Fates run out!

Bubble, Bubble,
 Toil and trouble,
 Passions burn,
 And bets are double!
 Double! double!
 Toil and trouble,
 Passions burn,
 And all is bubble!

But Jest's apart, for Scandal forms these tales,
 Falshood, be mute—let Justice hold her scales:
Britons were ne'er enslav'd by evil pow'rs;
 To peace, and wedded love, they give their midnight
 hours;
 From slumbers pure no rattling Dice can wake 'em!
 Who *make* the Laws were never known to *break* 'em.
 'Tis false, ye Fair, whatever spleen may say,
 That you down Folly's tide are borne away;

You.

You never wish at deep distress to sneer;
 For eyes, tho' bright, are brighter thro' a tear.
 Should it e'er be this Nation's wretched fate
 To laugh at all that's good, and wise, and great;
 Arm'd at all points, let Genius take the field,
 And on the Stage afflicted Virtue shield,
 Drive from the Land each base, unworthy passion,
 Till Virtue triumph in despite of Fashion.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

MACARONI.

SPOKEN BY MR. CRESSWICKE.

IT matters not, good folks, say what you will,
 Approve or disapprove our Author's skill,
 'Tis sure there must be Macaronies still.

For Phantom-fashions lead us by the nose,
 And make us die for ev'ry Whim she shews.

A coat, a sword-knot, feather, will engage

A genius of the *ban tax* for an age;

Like *Newton's* system, bear th' inventor's name,

And rank him higher in the lists of fame.

In

In English garb, we know, plain common sense
 To modish understanding gives offence ;
 And modest merit, if perchance one meets,
 How awkward creeps the stranger thro' the streets !
 Whilst fan-tail'd folly with *Parisian* air,
 Commands that homage sense alone should share.
 The World's so macarony'd grown of late,
 That common mortals now are out of date ;
 No single class of men this merit claim,
 Or high, or low, in faith 'tis all the same :
 For see the Doctor, who, with sapient wig,
 Gold cane, grave phiz, ere while look more than big
 With France's foretop decorates his face,
 Prescribes and dresses with mac'rony'd grace ;
 Then swears he hates all formal stuff,
 For gravity in practice is a puff.
 The Soldier, once that hardy son of arms,
 Whose soul was rouz'd, was fir'd with war's alarms,
 Forgets the eminence on which he stood
 Whene'er his country call'd, how boil'd his blood !
 Resigns the glory his forefathers won,
 And lives *Britannia's* alienated son.
 Still lower let us fall for once, and pop
 Our heads into a modern Barber's shop.
 What the result ? or what behold we there ?
 A set of Macaronies weaving hair,
 Such general folly your attention claims,
 And Satire here at Reformation aims ;

On

On me this night exerts its utmost skill,
 Corrects, reforms, and moulds me to its will.
 Ye gentle Fair, wou'd but such triflers view
 Less in their pretty selves, much more in you;
 Wou'd they to Sense and Virtue bend the knee,
 Leave to it's native soil all foppery,
 Nature wou'd cease to weep—the godlike plan
 Wou'd elevate, in time, unmonkey Man,
 With hospitable smiles old British Truth
 Wou'd warm your Beauty, and adorn our Youth.



PROLOGUE

TO THE

MODISH WIFE.

FULL thirteen years this bantling of the brain
 Has liv'd in manuscript, but liv'd in vain;
 Such funds of genius have supplied the stage;
 Such comic humour, and such tragic rage;
 Such wit, such sentiment, such master-strokes;
 Such scenes pathetic, and such pleasant jokes;
 Such inst'lations, jubilees, and mimes,
 Those splendid ornaments of classic times:
 'Twas found impossible our Modish Wife,
 Unrecommended, shou'd gain public life;

Nor

Nor can we wonder at our *nameless* bard,
When e'en a *Goldsmith* found acceptance hard.

Besides—he's such a Cynic in his heart,
He scorns, forsooth, to act the *thriving* part!
What! does he think of standing any chance,
By shewing genius and mere complaisance?
Can't he, with bended back, and scraping leg,
Like Placc-hunting, Right-Honourables beg?
He says, proud fool! if managers require,
That Fish and Blood should move like Wood and Wire,
Should kneel, should crawl, should jump at their
command,

'Tis pliancy he cannot understand,

Here to this Tribunal with pride he bends,
As candid Censors, or protective Friends;
Experience tells him that from *merit's dawn*,
Your smiles indulgent never are withdrawn;
No narrow prejudice your sentence rules,
As in the pride and pedantry of schools.
Here Justice reigns, and Nature's picture shown,
Is judged *by* nature upon Reason's throne.
Our author means—if hope should not beguile,
His mingled scenes should make you think and smile;
If to a point so flatt'ring he attains,
Your plaudits he'll esteem the noblest gains.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME.

Intended to have been spoken by Miss CRAVEN, when the Piece was preparing for regular representation in the course of Mr. Foote's season.

LOVE in a puzzle, and the Modish Wife!
 These Authors are strange creatures, on my life:
 They prey on ev'ry circumstance and station;—
 Would they were fairly banish'd from the nation;
 Sent Nabob-hunting—or no matter where,
 'I would rid this island of its heaviest care!
 Their goose-quill war they wage with all around:—
 Oh that nor goose nor quill was to be found.
 If a Premier, poor soul, should act amiss,
 Instant the literary serpents hiss.
 If Ladies game, (and sure we have a right,
 Whene'er we chuse, to turn the day to night;
 If Married Dames, perchance, indulge gallants,
 (And who can tell a married woman's wants)?
 Satire comes forth, (I vow a cruel case)
 And scourges them about from place to place;
 Pursues them with the most malicious care,
 E'en to the snug retreats of Soho-square.

If harmless Aldermen, on Lord-Mayor's day,
 With turtle stuff, they too become a prey;

I

If

If Parsons militant assert their right,
And peaceful Captains shun the savage fight;
Like fretful porcupines, with quills erect,
The scribbling tribe come forth—their race reject.

Let Ladies, Lords, and Aldermen conjoin,
To crush these bold disciples of the Nine:—
A lucky thought!—let none be taught to read,
And that must starve the miserable breed;
Shatter the Press, and then (if I have skill)
The Great and Gay may do just what they will.
But truth to say, I believe except a few,
Pharaoh's lean kine are emblem of the crew.

As to *our* Bard, it seems a kind of duty
To pity him;—he says he'll praise my beauty.
If aught then I can offer recommends,
Let me entreat you to become his friends;
Crown his attempt—assert his feeble cause,
And give him honest fame in your applause!

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

TO

MISS IN HER TEENS.

TOO long has Farce, neglecting Nature's laws,
 Debas'd the Stage, and wron'd the Comic cause;
 To raise a Laugh has been her sole pretence,
 Though dearly purchas'd at the price of Sense;
 This Child of Folly gain'd increase with time;
 Fit for the place succeeded Pantomime;
 Reviv'd her honours, join'd her motley band,
 And Song and low Conceit o'er-ran the Land.

More gen'rous views inform our Author's breast;
 From real Life his Characters are dress'd;
 He seeks to trace the passions of mankind,
 And, while he spares the Person, paints the Mind.
 In pleasing contrast he attempts to show
 The vap'ring Bully, and the fribbling Beau,
 Cowards alike; *that* full of martial airs,
 And *this* as tender as the silk he wears.
 Proud to divert, not anxious for renown,
 Oft has the Bard essay'd to please the Town;
 Your full applause out-paid his little art,
 He boasts no merit, but a grateful heart;

I 2

Pronounce

Pronounce your doom, he'll patiently submit,
 Ye sov'reign Judges of all Works of Wit!
 To you the ore is brought, a lifeless mass;
 You give the Stamp, and then the Coin may pass.

Now whether judgment prompt you to forgive,
 Whether you bid this trifling offspring live,
 Or with a frown should send the sickly thing
 To sleep whole ages under Dulness' wing;
 To your known candour we will always trust;
 You never were, nor can you be unjust.



E P I L O G U E

TO THE SAME.

SPOKEN BY MRS. PRITCHARD.

GOOD folks, I'm come at my young Lady's bidding,
 To say, You all are welcome to her wedding.
 Th'exchange she made what mortal here can blame?
 Shew me the Maid that would not do the same.
 For sure the greatest monster ever seen,
 Is doating *fixty* coupled with *fixteen*!
 When winter age had almost caught the Fair,
 Youth, clad in sunshine, snatch'd her from despair:
 Like a new *Semele* the Virgin lay,
 And clasp'd her Lover in the blaze of day.

Thus

Thus may each Maid, the toils almost intrapt-in,
 Change *old Sir Simon* for the brisk *young Captain*.
 I love these Men of Arms, they know their trade :
 Let Dastards sue ; the Sons of Fire invade !
 They cannot bear around the bait to nibble,
 Like pretty, powder'd, patient Mr. *Fribble* :
 To dangers bred, and skilful in command,
 They storm the strongest fortrefs, sword in hand !
 Nights without sleep, and floods of tears when waking,
 Shew'd poor Miss *Biddy* was in piteous taking :
 She's now quite well ; for Maids, in that condition,
 Find the young Lover is the best Physician ;
 And without help of art, or boast of knowledge,
 They cure more Women, faith, than all the College !
 But to the point—I come with low petition,
 For, faith, poor *Bayes* is in a sad condition ;
 • *The huge tall hangman* stands to give the blow,
 And only waits your pleasures—*ay*, or no.
 If you should—*Pit*, *Box*, and *Gallery*, egad !
 Joy turns his senses, and the man runs mad :
 But if your ears are shut, your hearts are rock,
 And you pronounce the sentence—block to block,
 Down kneels the Bard, and leaves you, when he's dead,
 The empty tribute of an Author's Head.

• *Alluding to Bayes's Prologue to the Rehearsal.*

PROLOGUE TO THE CITIZEN.

WRITTEN BY A. MURPHY, ESQ.

AND

SPOKEN BY MR. OBRIEN.

SOME strange caprice for ever rules the Stage,
And this we call the Prologue-speaking age;
Without a Prologue nothing can be done,
So dearly you all love a little fun!
To tame this rage, in vain we often try
The nicest art—*Prologue* still you cry!

And yet our Bard—Bards will be still absurd!
Comes without one preliminary word;
He's quite forgot his Prologue—Yet be quiet,
My honest friends above—you need not riot;
You'll have your penny-worth to appease the storm;
You see I come in black—the usual form!
I bow, I smile around,—Observe me, pray.

[*To the Galleries.*]

(*Bows to the Boxes*) An't that as well as ought these
Poets say?

The

The Pit comes next—But how *your* taste to hit !
 —You are the sov'reign Arbiters of Wit——
 You have the—Oh!—nature—passion—art,
 Wit, judgment, humour, ev'ry critic part ;
 Plot, situation, Shakespeare, Johnson, Rowe,
 Beaumont and Fletcher,—very high !—damn'd low !
 Take all amongst ye,—all is your's, you know. }
 And now the Gallery,—there I should be witty ;
 What shall I say ?—No hint;—Oh, ay; the City—
 Attorneys,—Milliners,—the tender squeeze,
 Soft hinting elbows,—and love-kindling knees, }
 And—and—you take me right—so word it as you }
 please.

“ To you, ye *Gods*, (*to the Upper Gallery*) I make my
 last appeal,”

Or mark our merit,—or our crimes conceal—
 And now, I think, I've made a Prologue—no !
 I still should bid you some compassion shew }
 To *Bayes* within,—yonder he trembles—Oh !
 If tender Pity e'er your heart inclines,,
 (*Wiping his eyes*) — That will do full as well as twenty
 lines.

You've had a Prologue now, you needs must say ;
 And so I hope you'll kindly hear the Play.

Going off returns.

One thing I had forgot,—this night appears
 A fair Adventurer *, full of doubts and fears.

• *Miss Elliot.*

IF

If Genius prompts her, and not vain Desire,
'Tis your's to fan each spark of struggling fire.

I see you smile,—relax'd are critic laws,
Her years and form conjoin'd will plead her cause,
And dawning merit meet with sure applause.



EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME.

*Spoken by Mr. SHUTER and Mr. WOODWARD, in the
Characters of OLD PHILPOT and YOUNG PHILPOT,*

Father.

OH! George, George, George, it is such Rakes as you,
Who bring vile jokes and foul dishonour too
Upon our City Youth.

Geo. 'Tis very true.

Fath. St. James's End o'th' Town,

Geo. No place for me.

Fath. No, truly—no—their Manners disagree
With our's intirely—yet you there must run
To ape their Follies,

Geo. And so am undone.

Fath. There you all learn a Vandy in Vice,
You turn mere Fops—you game.

Geo. O damn the Dice!

Father

Fath. Bubbl'd at Play,

Geo. Yes, Sir,

Fath. By ev'ry common Cheat.

Geo. Ay ! here's two Witnesfes [*Pulling out his pockets.*

Fath. You get well beat.

Geo. A Witness too of that [*shews his head,*] and there's another.

To Young Wilding.

Fath. You dare to give affronts,

Geo. Zounds, such a pother !

Fath. Affronts to Gentlemen !

Geo. 'Twas a rash action.

Fath. Damn me you lie ! I'll give you satisfaction.

[*mimicking.*

Drawn in by Strumpets—and detested too !

Geo. That's a sad thing, Sir ! I'll be judg'd by you.

Fath. The Dog he has me there,

Geo. Think you it right !

Under a table.

Fath. Miserable plight !

Geo. For grave threescore to skulk with trembling knees,
And envy ev'ry Lover whom he sees !

Think you it fitting thus abroad to roam ?

Fath. Would I had staid, to cast accounts at home !

Geo. Ay ! there's another vice.

Fath. Sirrah, give o'er:

Geo. You brood for ever o'er your most lov'd store,
And scraping *cent. per cent.* still pine for more.

At

At *Jonathan's*, where motions are ordone,
Now cheat a Nation, and now cheat you Son.

Fath. Rascal, enough!

Geo. I could add, but am loth.

Fath. Enough!—this Jury will condemn us both.

[*To the Audience.*]

Geo. Then to the Court we'd better make submission.

Ladies and Gentlemen, with true contrition,

I here repent my faults—ye courtly train,

Farewel, farewel, ye giddy, and ye vain!

I now take up—forfake the Gay and Witty,

To live henceforth a Credit to the City.

Fath. You see me here quite cover'd o'er with shame;

I hate long speeches—but I'll do the same.

Come, *George*—to-mend is all the best can boast,

Geo. Then let us in,

Fath. And this shall be our toast,

May *Britain's* thunder on her foes be hurl'd,

Geo. And *London* prove the Market of the World.

P R O L O G U E

MR. WOODWARD'S PROLOGUE

TO

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

(Performed March 15, 1763, for his Benefit at COVENT-
GARDEN.)

'TIS *strange* (excuse my gravity) 'tis *passing strange*,
How much this idle world is given to change!

The days, the seasons change, and men and women,
All change their minds—and all that can their linen.

Let the grave Moralist, with curious eye

Observe the busy throng that vend and buy—

Change, Sir, I must have *change*—is all the cry.

The world, a meer *Change-alley* we may call,

Stars, stocks, and tides, and actors, rise and fall—

Thus I, who late with worse than tragic face,

With shrug repentant, and with sad grimace,

Most humbly sued you'd take the wand'rer in,

Am tempted now to more than comic grin;

Am forc'd to give these deep reflections birth,

And shew my wisdom to disguise my mirth.—

Truth is, the strange delight your smiles impart,

Has often rais'd too high my conscious heart;

Inspir'd my airs, and sometimes—spoil'd my part.

Hence

Hence has a *Giant-Bard*—you all know who,
 In lines most sage, and, as 'tis said, most true,
 Remark'd on *Woodward's tricks, his starts, and whims,*
His twisted features, and his tortur'd limbs,
His wink impertinent, his saucy stare,
His grin ridiculous, his careless air.
 His more than Ideot-vacancy of face,
His monkey arts, and mountebank grimace,
 That furrow'd cheeks with *untaught laughter fill,*
 And make sad Criticks *smile against their will.*
 Alas, poor wisdom ! doom'd to vile disgrace,
 While antic laughter sits upon her face !
 With grins drested, and usurping mirth,
 That make her *bate herself, and curse her birth*—
 I'm sorry—but these pangs she must endure,
 Unless *you* force me to apply the cure ;
 If *you* indeed should threat to *lay the switch on,*
 I straight shall own myself a *grave physician ;*
 To cure all lamentable mirth profess,
 All griefs phantastical, and droll distress.—

This when we need—to-night I cannot fear
 Th' extorted simper, or the ready sneer,
 When all around such partial smiles I see,
 And each kind aspect seems to beam on me.—
 Oh ! should your favour haply be misplac'd,
 Let it, like my imputed errors, last ;
 And *inclination kindly take for taste :*

So shall I still indulge a grateful heart,
And feel uncheck'd the pleasure you impart.

Yet under *Bobadil's* grave masque to-night,
I'll hide the antic bauble from your sight,
In calm composure smoke my *Trinidado*,
And take, for all my faults, the *bastinado*.



P R O L O G U E

T O

T A S T E.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

And spoken by him in the Character of an AUCTIONEER.

BEFORE this Court I PETER PUFF appear,
A Briton born, and bred an *Auctioneer*;
Who for myself, and eke a hundred others,
My useful, honest, learned, bawling brothers,
With much humility and fear implore ye,
To lay our present, desp'rate case before ye.—

'Tis said this night a certain Wag intends
To laugh at us, our calling, and our friends:
If Lords and Ladies, and such dainty folks,
Are cur'd of Auction-hunting by his jokes;

K

Should

Should this odd doctrine spread throughout the land,
Before you buy, be sure to understand,
 Oh ! think on us what various ills will flow,
 When great **ONES** only purchase—what they know.
 Why laugh at **TASTE** ! It is a harmless fashion,
 And quite subdues each detrimental passion ;
 The fair **ONES** hearts will ne'er incline to man,
 While thus they rage for—*China* and *Japan*.
 The *Virtuoso* too, and *Connoisseur*,
 Are ever decent, delicate, and pure ;
 The finallest hair their looser thoughts might hold,
 Just warm when single, and when married cold :
 Their blood at sight of beauty gently flows,
 Their *Venus* must be old, and want a nose !
 No am'rous passion with deep knowledge thrives ;]
 'Tis the complaint indeed of all our wives !
 'Tis said *virtù* to such a height is grown,
 All artists are encourag'd—but our own
 Be not deceiv'd, I here declare on oath,
 I never yet sold goods of *foreign* growth :
 Ne'er sent commissions out to *Greece* or *Rome* ;
 My best antiquities are made at home.
 I've *Romans*, *Greeks*, *Italians* near at hand,
 True *Britons* all—and living in the *Strand*.
 I ne'er for trinkets rack my pericranium,
 They furnish out my room *Herculaneum*.

But

But hush —————
Should it be known that *Engliſh* are employ'd,
Our manufacture is at once deſtroj'd;
No matter what our countrymen deſerve,
They'll thrive as antients, but as moderns ſtarve—
If we ſhould fall—to you it will be owing;
Farewell to arts—they're *going, going, going*;
The fatal hammer's in your hand, oh Town!
Then ſet *Us* up—and knock the POET down.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

PROLOGUE
TO THE
JEALOUS WIFE.
WRITTEN BY MR. LLOYD.

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK.

THE JEALOUS WIFE! a Comedy! poor man!
A charming ſubject! but a wretched plan.
His ſkittiſh wit, o'erleaping the due bound,
Commits flat treſpaſs upon Tragic ground.
Quarrels, upbraidings, jealousies, and ſpleen,
Grow too familiar in the Comic ſcene.

K 2

Tinge

Tinge but the language with heroic chime,
 'Tis passion, pathos, character, sublime !
 What round big words had swell'd the pompous scene,
 A king the husband, and the wife a queen !
 Then might Distraction rend her graceful hair,
 See sightless forms, and scream, and gape, and stare.
Drawcanfir Death had rag'd without controul,
 Here the drawn dagger, there the poison'd bowl.
 What eyes had stream'd at all the whining woe !
 What hands had thunder'd at each *bab !* and *ob !*

But peace ! The gentle Prologue Custom sends
 Like drum and serjeant, to beat up for friends.
 At Vice and Folly, each a lawful game,
 Our Author flies, but with no *partial* aim.
 He read the manners, open as they lie
 In Nature's volume to the general eye.
 Books too he read, nor blush'd to use their store,—
 He does but what his betters did before ;
Shakespeare has done it, and the *Grecian* stage
 Caught truth of character from *Homer's* page.

If in his scenes an honest skill is shewn,
 And borrowing little, much appears his own ;
 If what a master's happy pencil drew,
 He brings more forward in dramatic view,
 To your decision he submits his cause,
 Secure of candour, anxious for applause.

But if, all rude, his artless scenes deface
 The simple beauties which he meant to grace ;

If,

If, an invader upon other's land,
He spoil and plunder with a robber's hand,
Do justice on him!—As on fools before,
And give to *Blockheads* past, one *Blockhead* more.



PROLOGUE

SPOKE TO

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING,

(*Acted by Command of his MAJESTY,*)

BY MR. GARRICK,

*Being his first Appearance on the Stage after his Return
from Italy.*

WITH doubt—joy—apprehension almost dumb,
One more to face this awful Court, I come!
Lest *Benedick* should suffer by my fear,
Before *He* enters, I my self am here,
I'm told (what flatt'ry to heart!) that you
Have wish'd to see me, nay have press'd it too,
Alas; 'twill prove another *Much ado*.

* *The Audience.*

K 3

I, like

I, like a boy who long has truant play'd,
 No lessons got, no exercises made,
 On bloody Monday take my fearful stand,
 And often ~~eye~~ the birchin-scepter'd hand.
 'Tis twice twelve years since first the Stage I trod,
 Enjoy'd your smiles, and felt the Critic's rod ;
 A very *Ninispin* I, my *Stage-life* through,
 Knock'd down by Wits, set up again by You.
 In four-and-twenty years the spirits cool ;
 Is it not long enough to play the Fool ?
 To prove it is, permit me to repeat
 What late I heard in passing through the street :
 A Youth of parts, with Ladies by his side,
 Thrus cock'd his glass, and through it shot my pride.
 'Tis he, by Jove ! grown quite a clumsy fellow ;
 He's fit for nothing—but a *Punchinello*.

“ O yes, for Comic Scenes, Sir John—no further ;
 “ He's much too fat—for Battles, Rapes, and Murther.”
 Worn in the service, you my faults will spare,
 And make allowance for the wear and tear.

The Chelsea Pensioner, who, rich in scars,
 Fights o'er in prattle all his former wars ;
 Tho' past the service, may the young ones teach,
 To march—present—to fire—and mount the breach—
 Should the drum beat to arms, at first he'll grieve
 For wooden leg, lost eye, and armless sleeve ;
 Then cocks his hat, looks fierce, and swells his chest,
 'Tis for my King, and, wounds, I'll do my best.

P R O-

PROLOGUE

TO THE

BANKRUPT.

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY MR. FOOTÉ.

FOR Wit's keen Satire, and this laughing Stage,
 What theme so fruitful as a Bankrupt age?
 For not confin'd to Commerce is the curse,
 The Head is near as empty as the Purse.
 Equally sunk, our Credit and our Wit,
 Nor is the Sage more solvent than the Cit:
 All these;—but soft, ere thus abroad we roam,
 Were it not prudent first to look at home?
 You, gentle Sirs, have giv'n me credit long,
 And took my word for many an idle Song;
 But if exhausted, I give notes to-day
 For Wit and Humour which I cannot pay,
 I must turn Bankrupt too, and hop away;
 Unless, indeed, I modestly apply
 For leave to sell my Works—by Lottery;
 Tho' few will favour where's no Cash to fee 'em;
 Poor hopes, that way, to part with *my* MUSEUM!
 My old friend *Smirk*, indeed, may lend his aid,
 And sell by Auction all my Stock in Trade:

}

His

His placid features, and imploring eye,
 May tempt, perhaps, the tardy Town to buy:
 His winning manner, and his soft address,
 To other Sales of mine have giv'n success;
 But after all, my ever-honour'd friends,
 On you alone my fate this night depends.
 I've fought some battles, gain'd some vict'ries here,
 And little thought a Culprit to appear
 Before this House; but if resolv'd you go
 To find me guilty, or to make me so,
 To grant me neither Wit, nor Taste, nor Sense,
 Vain were my Plea, and useless my Defence:
 But still I need not steal, I will not beg,
 Tho' I've a passport in this wooden leg;
 But to my cot contentedly retire,
 And stew my cabbage by my only fire.
 Mean time, great Sirs, my sentence yet unknown,
 E'en as your Justice be your Candour shewn,
 And when you touch my honour, don't forget your
 OWN.

PROLOGUE

P R O L O G U E.

WRITTEN BY MR. T. SHERRAT.

A N D

SPOKEN BY MR. JAMES CORNETT,

In the Character of a COOK,

At the Opening of a CLUB.

MY Masters all, I give ye hearty greeting,
 You're kindly welcome to this friendly Meeting;
 This honour'd presence makes my wish compleat—
 How stand ye, Sirs, for a Dramatic Treat?
 A Tragi-comic Feast of Odds and Ends
 Is all we promise now, my gentle Friends;
 The Bill of Fare, which here we lay before ye,
 Consists of Speech—or Song—or hum'rous Story—
 All cook'd up nicely to your English Palates;
 No *French* Ragouts, or meagre Soups, or Sallads:
 More solid food we give ye here instead,
 Good Beef and Pudding from the *Shakspear's* Head.
 The diff'rent modes of Writing now let me
 Compare to these (*pointing to the Grue-fram*) by way
 of simile:

Sharp

Sharp, poignant Satire, Folks Dramatic rue it ;
 Here's *Thespian* Vinegar within this Cruet ;
 And glib, smooth, easy Oil will glide along
 The Courtier, Lover, or the Flatt'rer's tongue ;
 Sugar in am'rous Comedy can prove
 It's near alliance—to the Honey Love ;
 Salt is the Cream and Spirit of all Wit,
 Found where the Sober or the Jocund sit ;
 Hot acrimonious Pepper has a claim
 Alike to either sex's lawless flame ;
 And stimulating Mustard too can shew
 How much cold Spirits to Incentives owe ;
 Good Meat requires good Drink, therefore we bring
 A various sortment, from each various spring ;
 Here's honest Porter, Punch, or gen'rous Wine,
 To make your Wit—at least your Noses shine ;
 From aromatic Pipes let clouds arise,
 And bear our smoaky fumes unto the skies.
 Genius, stand forth, assert each latent pow'r,
 That we may relish high the social hour ;
 No Dæmon Critic can our Scene explore—
 The magic Horse-shoe stops him at the door.
 Let Diffidence take courage at the sound,
 Since no nice Sir within our Court is found :
 Fall, to then, Sirs, partake our various feast,
 And each man tap a bottle of his best.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE TO THE APPRENTICE.

SPOKEN BY MR. WOODWARD.

PROLOGUES precede the *piece*,—in mournful
verse,

As undertakers—walk before the hearse,
Whose doleful march may strike the harden'd mind,
And wake its feelings—for the dead—behind.

No smuggled, pilfer'd scences from *France* we shew,
'Tis *English—English*, firs! from top to toe.

Our hero is a youth—by fate design'd
For culling simples,—but whose stage-struck mind
Nor fate could rule, nor his indentures bind.

A Place there is where such young *Quixotes* meet,
'Tis call'd the SPOUTING-CLUB;—a glorious treat!

Where prentic'd-kings—alarm the gaping street!

There *Brutus* starts and stares by midnight taper,

Who all the day enacts—a woollen draper.

There *Hamlet's* Ghost stalks forth with doubl'd fist;

Cries out with hollow voice—*List, list, O list,*

And frightens *Denmark's* prince—a young *Tobacconist*.

Not

The Spirit too, clear'd from his deadly white,
 Rises—a *Haberdasher* to the fight!
 Not young *Attornies*—have this rage withstood,
 But change their *Pens* for TRUNCHEONS, *Ink* for }
 BLOOD,
 And (strange reverse!) die for their Country's good.
 Thro' all the Town this folly you may trace;
 Myself am witness—'tis a common case
 I've farther proofs, could ye but think I wrong ye,
 —Look round—you'll find some spouting youths
 among ye,
 Ye stage-struck heroes,—*Jack, Dick, Tom, Will,*
 Who hold the balance, or who gild the pill;
 And you, who to the Ladies make your court,
 And while you *simper* clip an inch too short,
 Quit not the substance for an empty shade,
 Stick to the Rule of Three, and mind your trade;
 But hark! I'm call'd *,—be warn'd by what you see,
 Oh! spout now more:—*Farewell, remember me.*

* The warning-bell rings.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME.

SPOKEN BY MRS. CLIVE.

Enters reading the Play-Bill.

A Very pretty bill—as I'm alive !
 The part of—Nobody—by Mrs. Clive,
 A paltry, scribbling fool—to leave me out ;
 He'll say, perhaps—he thought I could not *spout*.
 Malice and Envy to the last degree !
 And why ?—I wrote a Faree as well as he.
 And fairly ventur'd it,—without the aid
 Of Prologue dress'd in black, or face in masquerade ;
 O Pit—have pity—see how I'm dismay'd !
 Poor soul ? this canting stuff will never do,
 Unless, like Bays, he brings his hangman too.
 But *granting*, that from these same obsequies,
 Some pickings to our bard in black arise ;
 Should your applause to joy convert his fear,
 As *Pallas* turns to feast—*Landella's* bier,
 Yet 'twould have been a better scheme by half
 T'have thrown his weeds aside, and learnt with me to
 laugh.
 I could have shewn him, had he been inclin'd,
 A spouting junto of the female kind.
 There dwells a milliner in yonder row,
 Well-dressed, full-voic'd, and nobly built for shew,
 L Who

Who, when in rage, she scolds at *Sue* and *Sarah*,
Damn'd, damn'd Dissembler! thinks she's more than *Zara*.
 She has a daughter too, that deals in lace,
 And fings—*O ponder well*—and *Chevy-Chace*,
 And fain would fill the fair *Ophelia's* place;
 And in her cock'd-up hat, and gown of camblet,
 Prefumes on something—touching the lord *Hamlet*.
 A cousin too she has, with squinting eyes,
 With waddling gait, and voice like *London Cries*.
 Who, for the Stage too short by half a story,
 Acts lady *Townly*—thus—in all her glory.
 And, while she's traversing her scanty room,
 Cries—"Lord, my lord, what can I do at home!"
 In short, there's girls enough for all the fellows,
 The ranting, whining, starting, and the jealous;
 The *Hotspurs*, *Romeos*, *Hamlets*, and *Othellos*.
 Oh! little do these silly people know
 What dreadful trials—actors undergo:
 Myself—who most in harmony delight,
 Am scolding here from morning until night,
 Then take advice from me, ye giddy things,
 Ye royal Milliners, ye apron'd Kings;
 Young men beware, and shun our slippery ways,
 Study arithmetic, and burn your plays.
 And you, ye girls, let not our tinsel train
 Enchant your eyes, and turn your mad'ning brain;
 Be timely wise; for oh! be sure of this;
 A shop, with Virtue, is the height of bliss.

PROLOGUE.

P R O L O G U E

T O

A T H E L S T A N.

SPOKEN BY MR. HOLLAND,

In the Character of the GENIUS of BRITAIN.

TO warn the Sons of Freedom to be wise,
Lo, *Britain's* guardian Genius quits the skies.
With pity Heav'n hath seen, thro' many an age,
The bold Invader lur'd by Faction's rage;
Seen the dark workings of Rebellion's train,
While Patriots plan'd, and Heroes bled in vain.

Behold, your Country's faithless Foe, once more
With threat'ning squadrons crowd yon hostile shore.
Behold Oppression's bloody flag unfurl'd;
See bolts prepar'd, to chain the Western World.
Rise, *Britons*, rise! to Heav'n and Virtue true:
Expiring Liberty looks up to *you*!
Pour on the common Foe your rage combin'd,
And be the Friends of Freedom and Mankind!

No more let discord *Britain's* peace destroy;
Nor spurn those blessings Reason bids enjoy:
Oh, weigh those blessings in her equal scale!—
Say,—when did Justice wear a whiter veil?

L 2

When

When did Religion gentler looks disclose,
 To bless her Friends, and pity ev'n her Foes ?
 A richer harvest when did Commerce reap ?
 When rode your Fleets more dreadful o'er the Deep ?
 Or when more bright (hear, *Envy* ! hear, and own !)
 Did Truth, did Honour beam from *Britain's* Throne ?

Seize then the happ'ness deny'd your foes,
 Nor blindly scorn the gifts which Heav'n bestows ;
 Gifts, the World's Envy ! happy *Britain's* Pride !
 For which your gen'rous Fathers toil'd and dy'd !
 Let Union lift the sword, direct the blow,
 And hurl a Nation's vengeance on it's foe !
 As your bold cliffs, when tides and tempests roar,
 Fling back the mad'ning billows from the shore ;
 One Head, one Heart, one Arm, one People, rise !
 Nor fall, divided Valour's sacrifice ! —

But if, by hope of proud Invasion led,
 Unaw'd Rebellion lift her gory head ; —
 'Treason, attend ! — here view the Rebel's fate,
 Nor hope thy arm can shake a free-born State ;
 See Blood and Horror end what Guilt began,
 And tremble at *thy* woes in *Athelstan*.

P R O L O G U E .

PROLOGUE

TO

FALSE DELICACY.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK,

AND

SPOKEN BY MR. KING.

I'M vex'd—quite vex'd—and you'll be vex'd—that's worse,

To deal with *stubborn Scribblers!* there's the curse!

Write *moral Plays*—the Blockhead! why, good people,

You'll soon expect this House to wear a Steeple!

For our fine Piece, to let you into facts,

Is quite a *Sermon*,—only preach'd in *Acts*.

You'll scarce believe me, 'till the proof appears,

But even I, *Tom Fool*, must shed some tears:

Do, Ladies, look upon me—nay, no simp'ring—

Think you this face was ever made for whim'ring?

Can I a cambrick handkerchief display,—

Thump my unfeeling breast, and roar away?

Why *this is comical*, perhaps he'll say—

Resolving this strange awkward Bard to pump,

I ask'd him what he meant?—He, somewhat plump,

L₃

New

New purs'd his belly, and his lips thus biting,

I must keep up the dignity of writing!

You may; but, if you do, Sir, I must tell ye,

You'll not keep up that dignity of belly.

Still he preach'd on—" *Bards of a former age*

" Held up abandon'd Pictures on the Stage;

" Spread out their Wit with fascinating art,

" And catch'd the Fancy, to corrupt the Heart;

" But, happy change!—in these more moral days,

" You cannot sport with Virtue, ev'n in Plays;

" On Virtue's side his pen the Poet draws,

" And boldly asks a Hearing for his Cause."

Thus did he prance and swell.—The man may prate,

And feed these whimsies in his addle pate,

That you'll protect his Muse, because she's good,

A Virgin, and so chaste!—O lud! O lud!

No Muse the Critic Beadle's lash escapes,

Tho' virtuous, if a Dowdy and a Trapes:

If *his* come forth a decent, likely Lads,

You'll speak her fair, and grant the proper pafs;

Or should his brain be turn'd with wild pretences,

In three hours time you'll bring him to his senses:

And well you may, when in your pow'r you get him;

In that short space, you blister, bleed, and sweat him.

Among the *Turks*, indeed, he'd run no danger;

They sacred hold a *Madman*, and a *Stranger*.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK,

AND

SPOKEN BY MRS. BARRY.

WHEN with the Comic Muse a Bard hath dealing,
 The traffic thrives when there's a mutual feeling;
 Our Author boasts that well he chose his plan,
False Modesty!—Himself an *Irishman*.
 As I'm a Woman, somewhat prone to Satire,
 I'll prove it all a *Bull*, what he calls Nature;
 And you, I'm sure, will join before you go,
 To maul *false Modesty*,—from *Dublin* ho!

Where are these *Lady Lambtons* to be found?
 Not in these riper times, on *English* ground.
 Among the various flow'rs which sweetly blow,
 To charm the eyes at *Almack's* and *Soho*,
 Pray does that weed, *False Delicacy*, grow?

O, No. —————

Among the Fair of Fashion, common breeding,
 Is there one bosom where *Love lies a bleeding*?

In

In *olden* times your Grannams unrefin'd,
 Ty'd up the tongue, put padlocks on the mind ;
 C, Ladies, thank your stars, there's nothing now con-
 fin'd. }

In Love you *Englistmen*,—there's no concealing,
 Are most, like *Winworth*, simple in your dealing ;
 But *Britons*, in their Natures as their Names,
 Are diff'rent as the *Shannon*, *Tweed*, and *Thames*.
 As the *Tweed* flows, the bonny *Scot* proceeds,
 Wunds slaw and sure, and nae obstruction heeds ;
 Though oft repuls'd, his purpose still hauds fast,
 Stecks like a bur, and wuns the Lafs at last.

The *Shannon*, rough and vig'rous, pours along,
 Like the bold accents of brave *Paddy's* tongue ;
 Arrah, dear creature—can you scorn me so ?
 Cast your sweet eyes upon me, top and toe !
 Not fancy *me* ? Pooh—that's all game and laughter,
 First marry me, my Jewel !—ho !—you'll love me after.
 Like his own *Thames*, honest *John Trot*, their brother,
 More quick than *one*, and much less bold than t'other,
 Gentle, not dull, his loving arms will spread ;
 But stopt—in willows hides his bashful head ;
John leaves his home, resolv'd to tell his pain ;
 Hesitates—I—love,—*Eye, Sir,—'tis in vain,—*
John blushes, turns him round, and whistles home }
 again.

Well ! is my painting like ?—Or do you doubt it ?—
 What say you to a trial ? Let's about it.

Let

Let *Cupid* lead *three Britons* to the field,
And try which first can make a *Damsel* yield?
What say you to a *Widow*?—Smile consent,
And she'll be ready for experiment.



PROLOGUE

TO THE

TAYLORS.

SPOKEN BY MR. FOOTE.

THIS night we add some Heroes to our store,
Who never were as Heroes seen before;
No blust'ring *Romans*, *Trojans*, *Greeks*, shall rage;
No Knights, arm'd *cap-a-pee*, shall croud our Stage;
Nor shall our *Henries*, *Edwards*, take the field,
Opposing sword to sword, and shield to shield:
With other instruments our Troop appears;
Needles to thimbles shall, and shears to shears;
With parchment gorgets, and in buckram arm'd,
Cold-blooded Taylors are to Heroes warm'd,
And, slip-shod, slide to war.—No Lions glare,
No eye-balls, flashing fire, shall make you stare;
Each outside shall belye the stuff within:
A *Roman* spirit in each Taylor's skin —

A taylor-

A taylor legg'd *Pompey*, *Cassius*, shall you see,
 And the ninth part of *Brutus* strut in me !
 What though no swords we draw, no daggers shake,
 Yet can our Warriors a quietus make
 With a bare bodkin.—Now be dumb, ye railers,
 And never but in honour call out *Taylors* !
 But these are Heroes tragic ; you will cry,
 Oh, very tragic ! and I'll tell you why——
 Should Female Artists with the Male combine,
 And Mantua-makers with the Taylors join ;
 Should all, too proud to work, their trades give o'er,
 Nor to be sooth'd again by six-pence more,
 What horrors would ensue ! First you, ye Beaux,
 At once lose all existence with your cloaths !
 And you, ye Fair, where would be your defence ?
 This is no Golden Age of Innocence !
 Such drunken *Bacchanals* the Graces meet,
 And no Police to guard the naked street,
 Beauty is weak, and Passion bold and strong ;
 Oh then—but Modesty restrains my tongue.
 May this night's Bard a skilful Taylor be,
 And like a well-made coat his Tragedy.
 Though close, yet easy ; decent, but not dull ;
 Short, but not scanty ; without buckram, full.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE
TO THE
OXONIAN IN TOWN.

SPOKEN BY MR. WOODWARD.

FRESH from the Schools, behold an Oxford Smart,
No Dupe to Science, no dull Slave of Art;
As to our Dress, faith, Ladies, to say truth,
It is a little aukward and uncouth;
No sword, cockade, to lure you to our arms—
But then, this silky tassel has it's charms.
What mortal *Oxford* Laundress can withstand
This, and the graces of a well-starch'd band?
In this array, our Spark, with whining air,
Boldly accosts the froth-compelling Fair;
Fast by the tub, with folded arms he stands,
And sees his surplice whiten in her hands;
And as she dives into the soapy floods,
Wishes almost—himself were in the suds.

Sometimes the car he drives impetuous on,
Cut, lash, and flash, a very Phaeton;
Swift as the fiery Coursers of the Sun,
Up hill and down, his raw-bon'd Hackneys run,
Leaving, with heat half dead, and dust half blind,
Turnpikes and bawling Hosts unpaid behind.

You

You think, perhaps, we read—perhaps we may,
 The News, a Pamphlet, or the last new Play;
 But for the Scribblers of th'Augustan age,
Horace, and such queer mortals—not a page;
 His brilliant sterling Wit we justly hold,
 More brilliant far, transform'd to sterling Gold:
 Though *Euclid* we digest without much pain,
 And solve his Problems—into brisk Champaigne.
 Fir'd with this juice—why, let the Proctor come;
 “Young men, 'tis late—it's time you were at home.”
 “Zounds! are you here, we cry, with your dull rules,
 “Like *Banquo's* Ghost, to push us from our stools?”

Such are the studies Smarts pursue at College;
 Oh! we are great Proficients in such knowledge.
 But now, no more from classic fields to glean,
 The Muse to *Covent Garden* shifts the Scene;
 There shall I enter next, *sans* Cap and Gown,
 And play my part on this great Stage, *the Town*.

[*Bowing, and going, returns.*]

Soft ye, a word or two before I go;
 Our Piece is call'd a *Comedy*, you know;
 A two-act Comedy! though *Rome* enacts,
 That ev'ry Comedy be just five Acts.
 Hence Parent Dullness, the vain title begs,
 For squalling, dancing monsters on five legs.
 The Bantling of to-night, if rear'd by you,
 Shall run, like men and women, upon *two*.

PROLOGUE

P R O L O G U E

T O

Z E N O B I A.

SPOKEN BY MR. HOLLAND.

OF old, when *Greece* in a declining age,
Of lawless pow'r had felt the barb'rous rage,
This was the tyrant's art—he gave a prize
To him who a new pleasure should devise.

Ye tyrants of the Pit, whose cold disdain
Rejects and nauseates the repeated strain;
Who call for rarities to quicken sense,
Say, do you always the reward dispense?

Ye Bards, to whom *French* wit gives kind relief,
Are ye not oft the first—to cry, stop thief!
Say, to a brother do you e'er allow
One little sprig, one leaf to deck his brow?
No.—Fierce invective stuns the Play-wright's ears,
Wits, poet's corner, Ledgers, Gazetteers!
'Tis said the Tartar, 'ere he pierce the heart,
Inscribes his name upon his poison'd dart;
That scheme's rejected by each scribbling spark,
—Our Christian system—stabs you in the dark.

And yet, the desp'rate Author of to-night
Dares on the muse's wing another flight;

M

Once

Once more a dupe to Fame forsakes his ease,
And feels th' ambition here again to please.

He brings a tale from a far distant age,
Ennobled by the grave historic page * !
Zenobia's woes have touch'd each polish'd state ;
The brightest eyes of *France* have mourn'd her fate.
Harmonious *Italy* her tribute paid,
And sung a dirge to her lamented shade.
Yet think not that we mean to mock the eye
With pilfer'd colours of a foreign dye.
Not to translate, our Bard his pen doth dip ;
He takes a play, as *Britons* takes a ship ;
They heave her down, with many a sturdy stroke,
Repair her well, and build with heart of oak ;
To every breeze set *Britain's* streamers free,
New man her, and away again to sea.

This is our Author's aim ; and if his art
Waken to sentiment the feeling heart ;
If in his scenes alternate passions burn,
And Friendship, Love, Guilt, Virtue, take their turn ;
If innocence, oppress'd, lie bleeding here,
You'll give—'tis all he asks—one virtuous tear.

* Tacitus Ann. lib. xii. sect. 44. to end of 51.

PROLOGUE

P R O L O G U E

T O

TANCRED AND SIGISMUNDA.

BOLD is the man who, in this nicer age,
Presumes to tread the chaste-corrected Stage.

Now, with gay tinsel arts we can no more

Conceal the want of Nature's sterling ore ;

Our spells are vanish'd, broke our magic wand,

That us'd to waft you over sea and land.

Before your *light* the fairy people fade,

The Dæmons fly.—The ghost itself is laid.

In vain of martial ~~scenes~~ the loud alarms,

The mighty Prompter thund'ring out to arms,

The Playhouse, posse clatt'ring from afar,

The close wedg'd battle, and the din of war.

Now ev'n the senate seldom we convene ;

The yawning fathers nod behind the scene.

Your taste rejects the glitt'ring false sublime,

To sigh in metaphor, and die in rhyme.

High *Rant* is tumbled from his gall'ry throne ;

Description, dreams,—nay, similes are gone.

What shall we then ? to please you, how devise ?

Whose judgment sits not in your ears and eyes.

M 2

Thrice.

Thrice happy ! could we catch great *Shakespeare's* art,
To trace the deep recesses of the heart ;
His simple, plain sublime ; to which is giv'n
To strike the soul with darted flame from heaven :
Could we awake soft *Quincy's* tender woe,
The pomp of verse and golden lines of *Rowe*.

We to your hearts apply : let them attend ;
Before their silent, candid bar we bend,
If warm'd they listen ; 'tis our noblest praise ;
If cold, they whither all the Muse's bays.



E P I L O G U E

TO THE SAME.

SPOKEN BY MRS. YATES.

THROUGH five long acts I've wore my fighting face,

Confin'd by critic laws to time and place ;
Yet that once done, I ramble as I please,
Cry *London boy!* and whisk o'er land and seas—
—Ladies, excuse my dress—'tis true *Chinese*.
Thus, quit of husband, death, and tragic strain,
Let us enjoy our dear small-talk again.

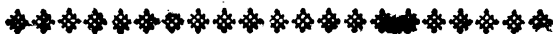
How

How cou'd this Bard successful hope to prove?
 So many heroes—and not one in love!
 No suitor here to talk of flames that thrill;
 To say the civil thing,—“Your eyes so kill!”
 No ravisher to force us—to our will!
 You've seen their Eastern virtues, patriot passions,
 And now for something of their taste and fashions.
 O Lord! that's charming—cries my lady *Figet*,
 I long to know it.—Do the creatures visit?
 Dear Mrs. *Yates*, do, tell us.—Well! how is it?

First, as to beauty—Set your hearts at rest—
 They're all broad foreheads, and pigs eyes at best.
 And then they ~~lead~~ such strange, such formal lives!—
 —A little more at home than *English* wives:
 Lest the poor things should roam, and prove untrue,
 They all are cripp'd in the tiny shoe.
 A hopeful scheme to keep a wife from madding!
 —We pinch our feet, and yet are ever gadding.
 Then they've no cards, no routs, ne'er take their fling,
 And pin-money is an unheard of thing!
 Then how d'ye think they write?—You'll ne'er divine,
 From top to bottom, down in one strait line. [*Mimicks*.
 We ladies, when our flames we cannot smother,
 Write letters—from one corner to another. [*Mimicks*.]

One mode there is, in which both climes agree;
 I scarce can tell.—'Mongst friends then let it be—
 —The creatures love to cheat as well as we.

But bless my wits ! I've quite forgot the Bard——
 A civil soul !——By me he sends this card——
 “ *Presents respects*——to ev'ry lady here——
 “ *Hopes for the honour*——of a single tear.”
 The Critics then will throw their dirt in vain ;
 One drop from you will wash out ev'ry stain.
Acquaints you——(now the man is past his fright)
 He holds his rout,——and here he keeps his night,
 Assures you all a welcome kind and hearty,
 The ladies shall play crowns——and there's the shilling
 party, [*Points to the upper gallery.*



E P I L O G U E

T O

C L E O N E,

WRITTEN BY MR. SHENSTONE.

WELL, Ladies !——so much for the Tragic style :
 And now, the custom is—to make you smile.
 “ To make us smile ! I hear *Flippanta* say,
 “ Yet—we have *smild* indeed—through half the play :
 “ We *always* laugh ; when Bards, demure and sly,
 “ Bestow such mighty pains—to make us cry.
 “ And

- " And truly, 'to bring sorrow to a crisis,
 " Mad-folks and murder'd babes are—*shrewd* devices.
 " The Captain gone three years—and *then* to blame
 " The vestal conduct of his virtuous Dame!—
 " What *French*, what *English* Bride would think it
 " treason,
 " When thus accus'd—to give the Brute some reason?
 " Out of my house—this night, forsooth—depart!
 " A *modern* Wife had said—With all my heart:
 " But think not, haughty Sir, I'll go *alone*!
 " Order your coach—conduct me safe to Town—
 " Give me my Jewels—Wardrobe—and my Maid—
 " And pray take care, my Pin-money be paid:
 " Else know, I wield a pen—and, for his glory,
 " My Dear's domestic feats—may shine in story!
 " Then for the Child—the tale was truly sad—
 " But who for such a Bantling would run mad?
 " What Wife, at midnight hour inclin'd to roam,
 " Would fondly drag her little Chit from *home*?
 " What has a Mother with her Child to do?—
 " Dear Brats—the *Nursery's* the place for you!"

Such are the strains of many a modest Fair!
 Yet Memoires—not of *modern* growth—declare
 The time *has been*, when Modesty and Truth
 Were deem'd additions to the Charms of Youth;
 Ere in the Dice-box Ladies found delight,
 Or swoon'd for lack of Cards on Sunday night;

When

When Women hid their necks, and veil'd their faces,
 Nor romp'd, nor rak'd, nor star'd, at public places;
 Nor took the airs of Amazons—for *graces!*

When plain domestic virtues were the *modes*,
 And Wives ne'er dreamt of happiness abroad,
 But cheer'd their offspring, shun'd fantastic airs,
 And, with the *joys* of wedlock, mixt the *cares*.

Such modes are past—yet sure they merit praise;
 For Marriage triumph'd in those wassil days:

No Virgin sigh'd in vain, no fears arose,
 Lest Holy Wars should cause a dearth of Beaux:
 By chaste decorum each affection gain'd;
 By faith and fondness, what she won, maintain'd.

'Tis your's, ye Fair! to mend a thoughtless age,
 That scorns the Press, the Pulpit, and the Stage!
 To yield frail Husbands no *pretence* to stray:
 (Men will be rakes, if Women lead the way)
 To sooth.—But truce with these preceptive lays;
 The Muse, who, dazzl'd with your ancient praise,
 On present Worth and modern Beauty tramples,
 Must own, she ne'er could boast more bright *examples*.*

• *Addressing the Boxes.*

PROLOGUE

P R O L O G U E

T O

DR. LAST IN HIS CHARIOT.

Written by Mr. GARRICK, and spoken by Mr. FOOTE.

YOUR servants, kind masters, from bottom to top,
Be assur'd, while I breathe, or can stand—I
mean hop.

Be you pleas'd to smile, or be pleas'd to grumble ;
Be whatever you please, I am still your most humble.
As to laugh is a right only given to man,
To keep up that right is my Pride and my Plan.
Fair ladies don't frown, I meant women too—
What's common to man, must be common to you.—
You all have a right your sweet muscles to curl,
From the old smirking prude, to the titt'ring young girl ;
And ever with pleasure my brains I could spin,
To make you all giggle, and you, ye gods, grin.
In this present summer, as well as the last,
To your favour again we present Dr. Last,
Who, by wonderful feats, in the papers recounted,
From trudging on Foot, to his Chariot is mounted.
Amongst the Old Britons when war was begun,
Charioteers would slay ten, while the Foot could slay one:
So,

So, when doctors on wheels with dispatches are sent,
Mortality bills rise a thousand per Cent.

But think not to Physic that Quack'ry's confin'd,

All the world is a stage, and the Quacks are mankind——

There's Trade, Law, and State-quacks ; nay, would
we but search,

We should find,—Heaven bless us ! some quacks in the
Church !

The stiff band, and stiff-bob of the Methodist race,

Give the balsam of life, and the tincture of grace,

And their poor wretched patients, think much good is
done 'em,

Tho' blisters and caustics are ever upon them.

As for Law and the State, if Quack'ry's a curse,

Which will make the good bad, and the bad will make
worse.

We should point out the Quack from the regular Brother,

They are wiser than I who can tell one from t'other !

Can the stage with its bills, puffs, and patients stand trial,

Shall we find out no Quacks in the Theatre Royal ?

Some drammatrical drugs that are puff'd on the town,

Cause many wry faces, and scarce will *go down*.

Nay, an Audience sometimes will in quack'ry delight,

And sweat down an Author some pounds in one night.

To return to our Quack—should he, help'd by the
weather,

Raise laughter, and kind perspiration together,

Should his nostrums of hip, and of vapours but cure ye,

His Chariot he well can deserve, I assure ye ;

His

'Tis easy to set up a chariot in town,
And easier still is that chariot laid down.
He petitions by me, both as Doctor and Lover,
That you'll not stop his wheels or his chariot tip over,
Fix him well I beseech you, the worst on't would be,
Should you overturn *him*, you may *over*set me.



P R O L O G U E
T O T H E
B R O T H E R S.

SPOKEN BY MR. SMITH.

VARIOUS the shifts of Authors now-a-days,
For Op'ras, Farces, Pantomimes, and Plays;
Some scour each Alley of the Town for Wit,
Begging, from door to door, the offal bit;
Plunge in each Cellar, tumble ev'ry Stall,
And scud, like Taylors, to each House of Call;
Gut ev'ry Novel, strip each monthly Muse,
And pillage Poet's-Corner of it's News:
That done, they melt the stale farrago down,
And set their Dish of Scraps before the Town;
Boldly invite you to their pilfer'd store,
Cram you, then wonder you can eat no more.

Some

Some, in our *English* Classics deeply read,
Ransack the tombs of the illustrious dead;
Hackney the Muse of *Shakespeare* o'er and o'er,
From shoulder to the flank all drench'd in gore.
Others to foreign climes and kingdoms roam,
To search for what is better found at home:
The recreant Bard, oh! scandal to the age!
Gleans the vile refuse of a *Gallie* Stage.

Not so our Bard—To-night he bids me say,
You shall receive and judge an *English* Play.
From no man's jest he draws felonious praise,
Nor from his neighbour's garden crops his bays;
From his own breast the filial story flows;
And the free scene no foreign master knows:
Nor only tenders he his work as new;
He hopes 'tis good, or wou'd not give it you:
True homely ware, and made of homely stuff,
Right *British* drugget, honest, warm, and rough.
No station'd friend he seeks, or hir'd applause;
But constitutes you Jurors in his Cause.
For Fame he writes—shou'd Folly be his doom,
Weigh well your Verdict, and then give it home;
Shou'd you applaud, be that applause his due;
For, undeserv'd, it shames both him and you.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME.

SPOKEN BY MRS. YATES.

WHO but has seen the celebrated strife,
Where *Reynolds* calls the Canvas into life;
And 'twixt the Tragic and the Comic Muse,
Court'd of both, and dubious where to chuse,
Th' immortal Actor stands?—Here we spy
An awful figure, pointing to the sky;
A grave, sublime, commanding form she bears,
And in her zone an unsheath'd dagger wears.
On t'other side, with sweet, attractive mien,
The playful Muse of Comedy is seen:
She, with a thousand soft bewitching smiles,
Mistress of Love, his yielding heart beguiles;
(For where's the heart so harden'd to withstand
The fond compulsion of so fair a hand?)
Oh! would she here bestow those winning arts!
This night we'd fix her empire in your hearts;
No Tragic passions shou'd deface the age,
But all should catch Good-humour from the Stage;
The storming Husband, and imperious Wife,
Should learn the doctrine of a quiet life;

N

The

The plodding Drudge should here at times resort,
And leave his stupid club, and stummy port ;
The pensive Politician, who foresees
Clouds, storms, and tempests, in the calms of peace ;
The scribbling Tribe, who vent their angry spleens
In Songs, Prints, Pamphlets, Papers, Magazines ;
Lucius and Anti-Lucius, Pro's and Con's,
The list of Placets, and of Placet-nons ;
The mobbing Vulgar, and the ruling Great,
And all who storm, and all who steer the State ;
Here should forget the labours of the day,
And laugh their Cares, and their Complaints away ;
The dabbling Broker, who, with forfeit name,
Crawls lamely out from *India's* desperate game,
Safely might speculate within these walls ;
For here, while you approve, Stock never falls.
Heas'd then, indulge the efforts of to-night,
Nor grudge to give, if you receiv'd, delight.

PROLOGUE

P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

B U T I A D.

SPOKEN BY ANY BODY.

THE World's a Stage (great *Shakespeare* says)

Whereon are acted many Plays,

By many Actors, many ways.

Some play the Rogue, and some the Whore,

Some play the Wealthy, some the Poor;

Some play the Spendthrift, some the Miser,

Some play the Fool, and some the Wise, Sir;

But of all Actors now in fashion,

On this small Stage, the *English* Nation,

That stands unrival'd in his art,

And tops, like *Garrick*, ev'ry part:

Who, *Proteus*-like, can shift about,

Turn whom he pleases in or out;

Whose pow'rs no man alive can tell;

Is the fam'd Northern *Macbiavel*.

Throughout this work he will amaze,

Throughout with all his skill he plays,

Whether as Tutor first he stand,

Or court a P * * sword in hand,

N. 2.

Or

Or at the Council-board advise,
To bless the Nation,—the Excise,
Or greater still, though some may blame,
On Peace, on Peace, he builds his fame.
In Art he's ready and discerning,
Still to encourage Men of Learning ;
Mallett and *Home* confess his skill,
Or the great, candid Doctor *Hill*.
But vain is praise, say all I can,
No words can e'er describe the man,
His subtle arts, his dirty tricks,
His beggar's pride and politics ;
What'e'r with truth the Muse can bring,
His boasted favour with the King,
Will still fall short of his deserts,
These Scenes alone display his parts.

Then thus the Author made me say,
While you peruse this Farce—or Play,
With due attention you regard,
Conviction will be your reward ;
And if you think that, in his art,
He best performs a *Maskwell*'s part,
In time you'll see the mask pull'd off,
And *Sawney* stand the public scoff.

Thus much the Prologue has to say,
Now enter, *Sawney*, and begin the Play.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME.

SPOKEN BY A SCOTSMAN.

He enters singing.

HOW sweet are the Banks upon Tweed!
Troth very sweet it is agreed;

But *England* has such sweets in store,

As never blest'd our *Scottish* shore,

Till bonny *Sawney* came in pow'r.

Our Patriarch, Patriot, muckle *Sawney*,

Makes *Scotland* flow with milk and honey,

By dint of pow'rful *English* Money.

The Southern Lads, so trim and gay,

To *Caledonian* Lads give way,

I ken they dinna like the Play.

But that is neither here or there,

For *Sawney* has the Royal Ear,

So let 'em rail, we need nae care.

This Book which I just now have bought

[Pulls out the British Antidote.]

Convinces me in what I thought:

This Book displays their pauktry malice,

Which to us all would give the—gallows;

N. 3.

But

But that, thank God! we need not dread,
 While my gued Laird still shines the head;
 For, tho' a *Stuart*, well 'tis known,
 He loves the King upon the Throne,
 Till he finds time to pull him down. [Aside. }
 So let the *English* Loons rage on.
 And thou stand firm, bra' muckle *John*;
 For still when Fortune turns the scale,
 The Losers must have leave to rail; [With a sneer.
 But that we need nae heed a pin,
 Since those may likewise laugh who win. [A sneer.

Exit Sawney—singing the Highland Laddie.



P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

K N I G H T S.

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY MR. FOOTE.

HAPPY my Muse, had she first turn'd her art,
 From Humour's dang'rous path, to touch the
 Heart,

They, who in all the bluster of blank verse,
 The mournful tales of Love and War rehearse,

Are

Are sure the Critics censure to escape,
 You hiss not Heroes now, you only—gape.
 Nor (strangers quite to Heroes, Kings, and Queens)
 Dare you intrude your judgment on their Scenes.
 A different lot the Comic Muse attends,
 She is oblig'd to treat you with your Friends ;
 Must search the Court, the Forum, and the City ;
 Mark out the Dull, the Gallant, and the Witty ;
 Youth's wild Profusion, th' Avarice of Age ;
 Nay, bring the Pit itself upon the Stage.
 First to the Bar she turns her various face ;
 Hem, my Lord, I am Council in this Case,
 And if so be your Lordship should think fit,
 Why to be sure my Client must submit ;
 For why, because—then off she trips again,
 And to the Sons of Commerce shifts her Scene :
 There, whilst the griping Sire, with mopeing care,
 Defrauds the World himself, t' enrich his Heir,
 The pious Boy, his Father's toil rewarding,
 For Thousands throws a Main at *Covent-Garden*.
 These are the Portraits we're oblig'd to show ;
 You all are Judges if they're like or no :
 Here should we fail, some other shape we'll try,
 And grace our future Scenes with Novelty.
 I have a plan to treat you with *Burkitta*,
 That cannot miss your taste, *Mia Spilletta*.
 But should the following Piece your mirth excite,
 From Nature's Volume we'll persist to write.

Your

Your partial favour bad us first proceed ;
Then spare th' Offender, since you urg'd the Deed.



P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

D U P E.

THE paths of Truth with Fancy's flow'rs to strow,
To teach Improvement from Delight to flow,
The Bards of old first bade the Comic strain
With Mirth instruct, with Moral entertain.
No Vice or Folly that disgrac'd the age
Escap'd the daring Poet's honest rage ;
But Satire, uncontroll'd, pursu'd her plan,
Nor stopp'd at general lines, but mark'd the *Man* ;
Ev'n Features, Voice, Dress, Gait, the Scene display'd,
And living Characters to Scorn betray'd.

Such rude attacks be banish'd in our times,
Be Persons sacred, but expos'd their crimes :
For *wise*, and *good*, and *polish'd* as we are,
We still may find some *vices* here and there.
And if a Modern, in this *prudent* age,
Dares to obtrude a Moral on the Stage,
Critics, be mild: tho' unadorn'd our Play,
Nor wisely grave, nor elegantly gay,

How

How rude foe'er it shocks not Virtue's eye,
Nor injures the chaste ear of Modesty;
Nor with soft blandishment bids Vice allure,
Nor draws the Good in odious portraiture.
Our Son of Folly is of Vice's brood,
And willingly bids evil be his good.

Is there a wretch that views, without remorse,
The better path, and yet pursues the worse;
Proud of imputed guilt, yet vainly blind,
Calls Folly Sense; Vice, Knowledge of Mankind;
Dup'd by the Knave he scorns and ridicules,
Rul'd by the *Wanton* whom he thinks he rules;
This, this is Folly: a determin'd Fool
Provokes and justifies our ridicule.



EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME.

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.

SPOKEN BY MRS. CLIVE.

LADIES—methinks I hear you all complain,
Lord! here's the talking creature come again!
The men seem frighted—for 'tis on record
A prating female *will* have the last word.

But

But you're all out ; for sure as you're alive,
 Not Mrs. *Friendly* now, I'm Mrs. *Clive* ;
 No Character from Fiction will I borrow,
 But, if you please, I'll talk again to-morrow.
 Then you conclude, from custom long in vogue,
 That I come here to speak an Epilogue,
 With Satire, Humour, Spirit, quite refin'd,
 Double-entendre too, with Wit combin'd,
 Not for the Ladies—but to please the Men—
 All this you guess—and now you're out again ;
 For to be brief, our Author bid me say
 She tried, but cou'd n't get one to her Play.
 No Epilogue ! why, Ma'am, you'll spoil your treat,
 An Epilogue's the cordial after meat ;
 For when the feast is done, without all question,
 They'll want liquors to help them to digestion ;
 And Critics, when they find the banquet light,
 Will come next time with better appetite ;
 So beg your friends to write—for faith 'tis hard,
 If 'mongst them all you cannot find *one* Bard.
 She took the hint—Will *you*, good Sir ? or *you*, Sir ?
 A Sister Scribbler ! sure you *can't* refuse her !
 Some Lawyers try'd—not one cou'd make an end on't,
 They'd now *such* work with Plaintiff and Defendant.
 A Poet tried, but he alledged for reason,
 The Muses were so busy at this season,
 In penning Libels, Politics, and Satires,
 They had not leisure for such trifling matters.

What's

What's to be done, she cry'd? can't *you* endeavour
To say some pretty thing?—I know you're clever.
I promis'd—but unable to succeed,
Beg you'll accept the purpose for the deed;
Tho' after three long hours in Play-house coop'd,
I fear you'll say you've all been finely dup'd.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

INTRIGUING CHAMBER - MAID.

SPOKEN BY MRS. CLIVE.

AS when some ancient hospitable seat,
Where Plenty oft has giv'n the jovial treat,
Where in full bowls each welcome Guest has drown'd
All sorrowing thought, while mirth and joy went round:
Is by some wanton worthless Heir destroy'd,
It's once full rooms grown a deserted void;
With sighs each neighbour views the mournful place,
With sighs each recollects what once it was.

So does our wretched Theatre appear;
For mirth and joy once kept their revels here.
Here the *Beau-monde* in crouds repair'd each day,
And went well pleas'd and entertain'd away.

While

While *Oldfield* here hath charm'd the list'ning Age,
 And *Wilks* adorn'd, and *Booth* hath fill'd the Stage;
 Soft Eunuchs warbled in successless strain,
 And Tumblers shew'd their little tricks in vain.
 Those Boxes still the brighter circles were,
 Triumphant Toasts receiv'd their homage there.

But now, alas! how alter'd is our case!
 I view with tears this poor deserted place,
 None to our Boxes now in pity stray,
 But Poets free o'th' House, and Beaux who never pay.
 No longer now we see our crouded door
 Send the late Comer back again at four.
 At seven now into our empty Pit
 Drops from his counter some old prudent Cit,
 Contented with twelve-pennyworth of Wit. }
 —Our Author, of a gen'rous soul possess'd,
 Hath kindly aim'd to succour the distress'd;
 To-night what he shall offer in our cause
 Already hath been blest with your applause.
 Yet this his Muse maturer hath revis'd,
 And added more to that which once so much you priz'd.
 We sue, not mean to make a partial Friend,
 But without Prejudice at least attend.
 If we are dull, e'en censure, but we trust,
 Satire can ne'er displease you when 'tis just:
 Nor can we fear a brave, a gen'rous, Town
 Will join to crush us when we're almost down.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE UPON PROLOGUES.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK,

SPOKEN BY MR. KING.

And, 'egad, it will do for any other Play as well as this.

BAYES.

AN old trite Proverb let me quote !
 —As is your cloth, so cut your coat,—
 To suit our *Author*, and his *Farce*,
Short let me be ! for wit is scarce—
 Nor would I shew it, had I any ;
 The reasons why are strong and many :
 Should I have Wit, the Piece have none,
 A flash in pan with empty gun,
 The Piece is sure to be undone.
 A tavern with a gaudy sign,
 Whose bush is better than the wine,
 May cheat you once—Will that device,
Neat as imported, cheat you twice ?

'Tis wrong to raise your expectations :
 Poets be dull in dedications !
 Dulness in these to wit prefer—
 But there indeed you seldom err.
 In Prologues, Prefaces, be flat !
 A silver button spoils your hat.

O

A thread

A thread-bare coat might jokes escape,
 Did not the blockheads lace the cape.
 A case in point to this before ye,
 Allow me, pray, to tell a story!

To turn the penny, once a Wit,
 Upon a curious fancy hit :
 Hung out a board, on which he boasted,
Dinner for three-pence ! boil'd and roasted !
 The hungry read, and in they trip
 With eager eye, and smacking lip :
 " Here ! bring this boil'd and roasted, pray ?"
 —Enter *potatoes*—*dress each way*.
 All star'd and rose, the house forsook,
 And damn'd the dinner—kick'd the cook.
 My landlord found, poor *Patrick Kelly*,
 There was no joking with the belly.

These facts laid down, then thus I reason,
 Wit in a Prologue's out of season.
 Yet still will you for jokes sit watching,
 Like *Cock-Lane* folks for *Fanny's* scratching.
 And here my simile's so fit !

For Prologues are but ghosts of wit ;
 Which mean to shew their art and skill,
 And scratch you to their Author's will.

In short, for reasons great and small,
 'Tis better to have none at all.

Prologues and *Ghosts*—a paltry trade !
 So let 'em both at once be laid !

Say

Say but the word—give your commands,
We'll tie our Prologue-monger's hands :
Confine these culprits ! (*holding up his hands*) bind 'em
tight,
Nor girls can scratch, nor fools can write.



EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME.

WRITTEN BY MR. COLMAN.

WHAT horrors fill the Tragic Poet's brain,
Plague, murder, rape, and incest, crowd his train ;
He pants for miseries, delights in ills,
The blood of fathers, mothers, children spills ;
Stabs, poisons, massacres ; and, in his rage,
With daggers, bowls, and carpets, strews the stage.

Our gentler Poet, in soft Opera bred,
Italian crotchets singing in his head,
Winds to a prosp'rous and the fine-drawn tale,
And roars—but roars like any nightingale—

Woman, whate'er she be—maid, widow, wife—
A quiet woman is the charm of life.
And sure Cephisa was a gentle creature,
Full of the milk and honey of good-nature.

Imported

Imported for a spouse—by spouse refus'd!
 Was ever maid so shamefully abus'd?
 And yet, alas! poor Prince! I could not blame him—
 One wife, I knew, was full enough to tame him.
 Ismena and Timanthes, and Olynthus,
 Might all be happy—for I chose Cherinthus.
 But what a barb'rous law was this of Thrace!
 How cruel *there* was each young Lady's case!
 A Virgin, plac'd upon the dreadful roll,
 A hapless Virgin must have stood the poll;
 But by Timanthes made a lucky bribe,
 Ismena prudently *disqualify'd*.

Ladies, to you alone our Author sues,
 'Tis yours to cherish, or condemn his muse.
 The Theatre's a mirror, and each Play
 Should be a very looking-glass, they say;
 His looking-glass reflects no moles or pimples,
 But shews you full of graces, smiles, and dimples.
 If you approve yourselves, resolve to spare—
 And Critics! then attack him, if ye dare.

F I N I S.

Put oooooooo

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