GARRICK IN THE SHADES;

OR,

A Peep into Elysium;

A Farce:

NEVER OFFERED TO THE MANAGERS OF THE THEATRES-ROYAL.

Gnaeflius haec Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna:
Cañgitatque, auditque dolos, subigitque fateri,
Quae quis apud superos, furto larentus inani,
Dinulit in feram commissa giámula mortem.

Virg. Eneid. lib. 6.

LONDON:
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MDCCCLXXIX.
Dramatis Personæ.

Rhadamantus, Aëacus, Minos,

Mercy,

Judges of the Infernal Regions.

Proclaimer of the Infernal Court of Pluto.

GHOSTS.

Ryan, Quin, Woodward, Shuter, Weston, Foote, Barry, Mossop, Holland, Garrick,

Poets, whom nobody ever heard of.
Players, whom nobody now remembers.

SCENE, Elysium.
GARRICK IN THE SHADES;

or,

A Peep into Elysium.

ACT I.

The Elysian Fields.

Enter Ryan and Quin.

Ryan.

I have just left Æsopus and Bathyllus in yonder grove—They have been asking me a number of questions.

Quin.
2 GARRICK IN THE SHADES; or,

QUIN.

What in the name of inquisitiveness can those Actors of Antiquity wish to know of us Moderns?

RYAN.

They had a curiosity to learn some particulars of the present state of our stage.

QUIN.

And what in the name of all that is insipid, couldst thou tell them, but that, whilst the people were gaping at Raree-shews, the managers stood by, and picked their pockets?

RYAN.

Indeed, all I could honestly say, amounted to little more.—Would you believe, my dear friend Quin, I could hardly convey to them, any tolerable idea of what we used to call a Pantomime.

QUIN.
QUIN.

And how couldst thou, when it is a thing that
none but a man out of his senses could ever
have conceived an idea of?

RYAN.

And yet our Master Lun would pretend to
say, he borrowed the hint from the ancients.

QUIN.

. Of whom he knew as much as his Scene-
men.

Enter Woodward.

WOODWARD.

What, Master Quin, I rejoice to see you.

QUIN.

Ah, Hal!—Give us thy hand, honest Hal!
—I am glad to see thee, so I am, my Bare-
B
bone, my dainty John Dory, my true-hearted Grifkin!——

WOODWARD.

But dost hear the news, my lad of claret Haft heard who’s coming?

QUIN.

What news, my sweet Bobadil? Who is coming, my nimble friend of the patched jerkin?

WOODWARD.

Nay, learn it from some one else, for you know, I always hated to say much——But you’ll hear it——You’ll hear it soon enough, egad you will.

RYAN.

Oh! here comes my old friend Shutner; he can, perhaps, tell us.

QUIN.
QUIN.

Shuter! Why, he could never say more than his part—and that, not always, as I am informed, latterly.

Enter Shuter.

RYAN.

Well, Shuter, what is the news?

SHUTER.

He is home to a hole.

RYAN.

What do you mean?

SHUTER.

He has thrown up his cards.

RYAN.
6 GARRICK IN THE SHADES; OR,

RYAN.

Prithee, explain.

SHUTER.

He has played his last stake.

RYAN.

We don't understand you.

SHUTER.

Why, I tell you, the game is all over with him.

QUIN.

Pray, Ned, for once, in your life, speak to be understood.

SHUTER.

Why, then, that I may speak to be understood—He is home to a-hole—He has thrown up his cards—He has played his last stake—And the game is all over with him.

QUIN.
QUIN.

Thou hast so warped thy unsound understanding with gaming all day in Covent-Garden, and so befuddled thy weak intellects with drinking all night in St. Giles's, that it were vain to expect a plain answer to a simple question, from thee—but here comes one has the look of a Matter-of-Fact-Man.

Enter WESTON.

But he seems to have in himself, something too much of the Abel Dragger, Scrub, and your late—both in one, your Jerry Sneak—Doft thou know any thing, Clod?

WESTON.

Who, I?—no—nothing at all.
R Y A N.

Have you heard no news?

W E S T O N.

Who, I?—Not a syllable, as I hope never to go to the world above again.—Lord help you, I have been these five hours in yon Grotto (I think they call it, though 'tis as like as two peas, to the Cyder Cellar in Maiden-Lane)—there have I been, bless you, these six hours, as I told you before, drinking nectar with one of the Furies—I only came to fetch Ned Shuter, to take t'other flask with me.

Q U I N.

I see the modern Aristophanes limping this way—We shall hear who is coming now, for certain—for, should it be a friend, he will be happy to have so fair an opportunity, to relate
some ridiculous anecdote he has picked up
concerning him—and if it be a foe, we shall
give him pleasure, in so fair an occasion to fling
his gibes.

Enter Foote.

FOOTE.

Joy to thee, my mellifluous Quin!—Joy,
my querulous Ryan!—Joy, my croaking
Hal!—Joy, my mellow-toned Ned!—Joy,
my own Dr. Laff! Tom Weston, I would say!
—Joy; much joy to you all!—Roscius is
come—and I have almost broke my leg—
my leg of timber, I mean—in hastening
hither with the news.

QUIN.

Roscius!

FOOTE.

What, my old critic in Calipash and Calipee
—Thou art at a loss, I perceive, for that
modern—antique name!—You must know,
Roscius is a Sobriquet, given to our little Drury-Lane manager, by a poor, pitiful, paltry, penny-party-paper-penning, poetic-prophecy-publishing Parson—one Churchill—you may have seen him with one Bob Lloyd, (as he is called) who was brought hither from the Fleet—they are always to be found together in the purlieus of Elysium, intoxicating themselves with the vilest nectar, in company of the vilest fots.

QUIN.

But really, my dear public propagator of private scandal, shall we see Master Jacky Brute soon?

FOOTE.

You will indeed see the portly Sir John—for every body allowed him to be the full-blown Brute—and in a word, as great a Brute as yourself—he—he—he—he, he, he, he——

RYAN.
RYAN.
He died rich, I suppose.

FOOTE.
A very theatrical Croesus—a perfect histrionic Grefham—a true dramatic Hopkins—rich, Sir!—He possessed either India within himself—had a Pactolus flowing in upon him constantly. With respect to money, he seemed to be in the condition of a glutton, whose appetite increased with his eating.

QUIN.
Well, but, my able practitioner in shrug and stare, what has he done for the players, his fellows?

FOOTE.
What done! What not done!—I see you are miserably ill-informed here, of what is going on above stairs—Have you not heard of the THEATRICAL FUND?
QUIN.

Never.

FOOTE.

Nor you, Ryan?

RYAN.

Not the least syllable.

FOOTE.

You have, Woodward.

WOODWARD.

Yes, I played towards it.

FOOTE.

And you, I think have too, Ned.

SHUTER.

I starved upon it for some weeks.

FOOTE.

You know something of it too, Dr. Laft.

WESTON.
WESTON.

A small matter.

FOOTE.

Then, why not have informed these worthy gentlemen of so novel an introduction in the theatre?—Since, gentlemen, I must explain it—The Theatrical Fund is—a tax upon the generosity of the public, to keep those from starving, whom the repeated liberality of that very public has constantly enabled to make a provision against want—’tis easing managers of the necessary obligation of taking care of their own distressed servants—and encouraging a particular people to be less provident, than persons in professions that require greater expense of money, time, and labour to arrive at excellence, are obliged to be— it is—but hold, here comes Roscius!—

Enter Garrick.

My dear Roscius! thou paragon of actors! thou that wait the living comment on thy beloved
loved Shakespeare! Welcome! thrice welcome to Elysium! [aside to Quin] With what composure of muscle he hears all this flattery—
[to Garrick] My dear Garrick—you must give me leave to introduce you to some old acquaintance—This is your old rival in Sir John Brute—Mr. Ryan—your friend Harry Woodward, Sir—Ned Shuter—Your only competitor in Abel Drugger, and Scrub, Tom Weston—

GARRICK.

Gentlemen! you must believe me sincere, when I say, that nothing but the regret I feel at quitting the prospect of those honours, which, from my large possessions, I might reasonably have expected on my retirement from the administration of the theatrical realms of old Drury, can prevent me from assuring you, that, at all times your most obedient servant, I now most heartily rejoice to see you here.

QUIN.
A PEEP INTO ELYSIUM.

QUIN.

The compliment, Garrick, is conceived in a tolerable round period, and delivered like thyself, but it favours most d—bly of the leaven of Plutus.——Take my word for't, my little King of Drury, Rhadamanthus will sentence thee to a hearty scouring in Phlegethon, to cleanse thee from thy vanity, and love of money.

GARRICK.

If I coveted riches, it was, because I perceived they removed every obstacle in the path that led to honours.—I was, besides, ambitious of being well received amongst the great, and I well knew, that being a good actor was no title to their acquaintance, unless I was a rich one.

QUIN.

And so, my mock Prince of mimic Kings and Heroes, thou hast sacrificed thy ease and health, for a squeeze-of-the-hand, or, a how-d'ye from a ribband, or a title.

GARRICK.
At least, you must allow, Quin, that I was ruled by a more laudable ambition than that which governed you—for you seemed desirous only to be distinguished by your gluttony.

QUIN.
I deny that the comparison will hold.—Thou wert no more to be compared to me than I was to Tantalus there.—I enjoyed the good things of that world thou art just come from—and when I had partaken of them, even unto satiety,—why, I left them, as I did my venison and claret, when I could carry off no more.—But, on the contrary, thou—I am interrupted;—some shades of Tragedy-players (as I judge by their solemn strut) come stalking this way.—

*Enter Holland, Mossop, and Barry.*

The visit is intended for thee, Garrick, for I know them not.—Come hither, my good Chian—
A PEEP INTO ELYSIUM.

Chian-pepper friend, the modern Aristophanes,
thou canst inform me who they are.—

FOOTE.

That can I, my caustic son of good cheer,
—but let us hear how they address their
Guardian Manager.

HOLLAND.

My worthy Patron, and approved good friend,
'Though much I joy to pay the duty due
To one so noble, and so much esteem'd;
Yet I'd as gladly hear, that still where Thames
His fluent, refluent waves, casts 'gainst the sides
Of tall Adelphi, thou alive hadst dwelt,
In dome magnificent,—or Drury's realms
Controul'd, with staff of pow'r manag'ric.

QUIN.

Heroically spoken.—Pray, Foote, who
was this son of the bulkin?

D

FOOTE.
FOOTE.

His name was Holland—a pupil of Roscius himself—a fellow of no feeling, that being just able to read, and having a tolerable stage-figure, ranted, strutted, stared, and started, just as he had received from his master, and learnt by rote.—Jaquet Droz who has made a man of paste-board that plays tunes on a flute, could have made just such another actor.
—But hift!

MOSSOP.

Welcome to Acheron's Tartarean stream!
Thrice welcome to the dreary lake of Styx!
Where Charon, squalid ferryman, his bark Unclean, and crazy, o'er the dismal waters guides,
Freighted with souls of heroes, matrons, girls, and boys!

Oh!
Oh! had I longer felt thy gentle sway,
And ne'er had quitted Drury's happy realm,
I had not now (perhaps) stood here a ghost!

QUIN.

And pray, Foote, what is the story of this precious pathetic see-faw mouthing bastard of Melpomene.

FOOTE.

He, Sir, was given us by a country, to which the English stage is much beholden for authors as well as players.—His name was Mossop.—He was a College-boy at Dublin, and being supported through a season, or two, by his fellow-collegians, he was advanced to old Drury, where he mouthed us out Bajazet, for several seasons, with great success—till he was seized with the itch of managing, and returned to Dublin, which is an excellent soil for raising actors and managers, but they are found to droop and wither if not transplanted.—
This the unfortunate manager before us experienced to his cost—he became a bankrupt—and the last scene of his life was a prison-scene.

**Barry sings.**

*Tune.*—If you at an office solicit your due.

Then welcome, thrice welcome, to Styx' gloomy shore,

Thou Monarch rever'd of old Drury!

Our spleen, and our rivalships now are no more;

And to see you, I am glad, I assure you.

What tho' in fond Romeo, mad Hamlet, and Lear,

The town can't decide who's excelling;

Yet you must needs own, that for voice, and for ear,

I playing Macheath, bore the bell in,

*Da Capo.*

**Quin.**
QUIN.

Come explain, explain.—Tell me, my droll exhibiter of natural defects, why does this fix-foot-hero, that stooping beneath the load of his infirmities seems fitted by nature for enacting—Why does he, I say, awkwardly address his manager, and rival-player, with a gay tune from the Beggar's Opera?

FOOTE.

Vanity! vanity! my dear conserver of venison and claret, and a mistaken notion of talents, which often makes men ridiculous on life's stage, and exposes actors sometimes to scorn and contempt, before the mimic scene.—This was Barry—an actor, to whom nature has given amazing powers, and a commanding figure,—and to whom, in his tragic walk, in his best days, Roscius himself was scarce a parallel.—But he—without ear—without voice—and without the smallest skill in music—

must
must needs attempt to play Macheath—and accordingly made himself ridiculous.—But see, Roscius, and the rest move off.—Let us follow them—and do, my dear caustic friend, give him some of your severest rubs, for I always delighted in seeing the little great man vexed and mortified.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.
A PEEP INTO ELYSIUM.

ACT II.

The Scene of the Elysian Fields still continues.

Enter FOOTE and QUIN.

FOOTE.

He, he, he,—he, he, he,—he, he, he,—Help me to laugh, dear son of Comus — hoop me, or I shall burst my sides — support me, thou Prince of Epicures, or I shall sink beneath this load of mirth.—He, he, he, he,—how charmingly has the little man’s pride been mortified.

—Did you observe, my soul of sarcasm, how coolly Shakespeare received him?—Johnson surveyed him from head to foot — then turning from him, Ben stalked furlily away.—

QUIN.
QUIN.
I did observe all this, my worthy publisher
of private scandal;—and moreover, that
Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, Southern, Ot-
way, Lee, Dryden, Rowe, all behaved with
great indifference.

FOOTE.
But see he comes—-and with him his fa-
vorite scout.—Let us withdraw—but not
out of hearing of their conversation.

Enter GARRICK, and HOLLAND.

GARRICK.
Well, Holland, diidst thou take an oppor-
tunity, as I ordered thee, of speaking privately
to Shakespeare, and asking him, why he re-
ceived me so coldly, when, as I expected, he
should have flown with open arms towards me?
A PEEP INTO ELYSIUM.

HOLLAND.

I did, my worthy master——
Much I interrogated——much I asked;
And many questions put——and this the very sum,
Result, and total of mine enquiry is;
——That here the human heart is wide disclos'd,
And in it every dark recess is clearly seen;
As thine to him.——That hence he knows,
Thou madeft his name a flattering horfe to wealth,
And freely borrow'd it from his lib'ral ftores,
What elsewhere might have been obtain'd—but which
Thus ta'en, had been fo only with expence——
And that, thy lucre-loving genius brook'd not:
——That, thy fam'd Jubilee, was a mean device
To gull the people——and to cram thy well-fill'd purfe:
Already had his name surviv'd an age——
And yet fhall live——when all thy tinsel fhew,
Of dull, unmeaning pageantry’s forgot;
—More yet he said, which, so uncouth his words,
His phrase so quaint (that wanting thy expounding aid,
Unletter’d as I am) I could not well conceive.

GARRICK.

And am I then duped by my avarice!—
Have I been all this time hoodwinked by my
vanity!—Fool that I was, could I suppose,
that by erecting temples to Shakespeare, my
real design should never be discovered of raising
myself on his shoulders, ’till I could climb to
wealth and honour—that whilst I monopolized
him on the stage, it would always be believed,
that I alone understood him—that I was his
best—his only perfect commentator.—
Oh!—oh!—oh!

And then the Jubilee at Stratford upon Avon,
the birth-place of Shakespeare—where grew
the very Mulberry tree, which his own dra-
matic hands had planted—that Jubilee, to
which lords, and ladies, knights, squires, and
justices of peace, country lads, and country
lasses, authors, and players, pimps, fidlers;
Filles de joie, and demi-reps, pickpockets,
gamesters, jockeys, and sharpers—all ran in
crowds at my sole invitation—to be lodged
without beds—to be fed without victuals—
to be wet to the skin in seeing a race that was
never run—and in viewing a pageant that was
never shewn—and all this, to celebrate a poet
whose works have made him immortal.—
Oh the Jubilee!—the Jubilee!—the Jubilee
Oh!—But tell me, my Holland!
—inform me, my favourite pupil—whom
I instructed in emphasis, tone, and pause—
to whom I imparted my own flart—my own
flare—my own flamp—my own fall—
in short, whom I taught to read—tell me,
haist thou no comfort for thy friend, and maistei
—What said Ben Johnson?
Much does it grieve me, honour'd Sir!—
Indeed it does—and much it wrings my soul—
Soul wholly as I am—to see my master,
In taking piteous, as, surely, now thou seem'st.
All simple as I am, with letters unimbu'd,
I thought thee greatest, at one time, of bards,
As thou of actors surely art the first—
But that's nor here, nor there——
———Now come we to the purpose——
Johnson I saw—him poets nickname Ben;
'Though by his godfathers named—assuredly—
Benjamin—and being laureat, titled 'quire—
As managers above are all styled, 'quires.
Thus then did Johnson say——
"That thou by action excellent—seeming a
"thing
"Inanimate—a stock—a very stock—did'st to
"the stage
"Continue a piece, of humour wholly obsolete;
"And
“And to thy Abel Drugger ’tis, he owes
“That now his Alchymist is not forgot—
“For which he thanks thee—not that here,
“Fame, wealth, or glory, ought avail—
“But that it is a tribute due from him to
“thee.”

GARRICK.

Weil, my dear Holland, this is some comfort however.—He will allow me to be an actor then?

HOLLAND.

Oh, that (he says) he neither will, nor dare dispute,
Roscius, the second—not the least—thou still must be,
And by the honourable name of Roscius,
Must to all ages be remember’d——
“——— But, added he,

(These
(These were his words—words know I, that I'm taught)

"Frail and imperfect is the actor's fame—
He lives but to the age, that sees him act.
The well-tim'd pause—the thrilling tone
That harrows up the soul—the emphasis
That rightly plac'd, conveys a meaning,
Strong, full, and clear, beyond a comment's reach—
The expressive look, that draws the sympathetic tear—

"These excellencies all are lost—
Buried within the grave that shrouds his corse;
Or if they live——
Live only in the faint memorials of the times.

"The poet's fame stretches beyond e'en time;
Outstripping time itself that outstrips all.
Alike in ev'ry clime admir'd, in ev'ry tongue,
His deathless name extends from pole to pole."

—He
He would thou hadst been a better poet—
But he ne'er knew good poet die so rich.

GARRICK.
Thou freezest me.—What, will he not allow me excellence in poetry, Holland.—Oh! what thinks he of my Jubilee ode?

HOLLAND.
Mere words on stilts—and prose running stark wild.

GARRICK.
What says he of my songs?

HOLLAND.
Much of the music he confess'd to have heard.

GARRICK.
GARRICK IN THE SHADES; or,

GARRICK.
What calls he my dramatic works?

HOLLAND.
Without intrigues, scenes jumbled and confus'd;
And characters which nature never own'd;
Which, like a bantling drop'd at rich men's doors,
Compassion foster'd, until bolder grown,
The spurious offspring claim'd as lawful right,
That patronage by charity bestow'd.

GARRICK.
There thou strik'st daggers in me.—What then said he of my Prologues and Epilogues?

HOLLAND.
Concerning them but little could he speak,
As of himself.—They were not in his time

Of
Of much request; and for that reason he
'To Dryden, who stood next him did refer;
Who said, that he himself was of his day
The greatest Prologue-Smith; but you had far
Outstripp'd him, and happily invented
A species to yourself peculiar;
By which he was himself as much excell'd,
As he excell'd all others.—

GARRICK.

Dear Holland, my good pupil, now thou
revivest me.—But tell me, didst thou see the
Lords Lyttelton and Chesterfield—why came
they not to me?

HOLLAND.

With Horace, Lucian, and the gay Petronius,
In aramanthine bow’rs they pass their time,
And seek not other converse.—"True (say
" they)

F         " We,
“We, whilst on earth, did sacrifice to fashion;
Fasion, the deity fools ever worship;
To honour whom they give up ease and health,
And blindly think and act as she dictates;
By fashion led, we then frequented him,
As others did; and here such vanities,
With grievous pains have expiated.—

GARRICK.
Ah, there thou pincheft me again.—But see Mossop—he carries in his looks something of moment, and he bends his solemn steps this way.—

Enter Mossop.

——Mossop, the news?

MOSSOP.
Mossop.

A messenger, I come from the infernal court—
These realms are govern’d by a manager,
Severe, and scrutinizing, Rhadamanthus call’d;
Who with a balance nice, weighs each offence,
And deals out punishment proportionate.
Here wealthy criminals but vainly hope
To elude the sword of Themis; which alike
’Gainst poor and rich, impartial justice wields,
The offence, not the offender, being consider’d—
The well-fram’d laws seem not like spider’s webs,
Poorly ensnaring simple harmless flies,
Whilst the mischievous daring hornet ’scapes—
Colleagues in office, Rhadamanthus hath,
Æacus, and Minos nam’d—jointly they
Justice administer—and now the court
Is sitting, to the which mine orders are
To summon thee forthwith.—

Garrick.

The orders I obey.——Lead on.

[Exeunt Garrick, Holland, and Mossop.

F 2
[Foote and Quin come forward.]

FOOTE.

Come, my dear spirit of sneer, let us follow, and hear the sentence of the infernal court,

QUIN.

How has my ancient grudge been feasted! I knew, my dear Pasquin, his claim to poetry would never be allowed.

FOOTE.

He a poet!—a mere impotent dangler after the Muses—his own Fribble paying ridiculous addresses to the Nine.—But come, my dear modern Apicius, we shall be too late—the court will be crowded—he performs tonight, you know; he—he—he—Come along; I would not miss hearing Roscius's
sentence for the world we have quitted.—Come, my good vindicator, and establisher of John Dory, come along.  [Exeunt.

Scene changes to the Infernal Court of Pluto.

[Rhadamanthus, Æacus, and Minos, the Infernal Judges, are discovered as sitting in judgment; Mercury attending as Proclaimer; Garrick, and Ghosts, already produced in the scene; the Ghosts of Poets whom nobody ever heard of, and of Players whom nobody now remembers, &c. &c.]

MINOS.

Mercury, make proclamation for the trial of Roscius.

MERCURY.

Roscius! reverend judges.

ÆACUS
ÆACUS.

Yes, Roscius the second,—tis a title confirmed by the united voice of a whole people, and must outlive a patronymic.

MERCURY.

Lift ye.—Lift ye.—Lift ye.—In the court of our Infernal Lord, King Pluto, before his grave and reverend judges, Rhadamanthus, Æacus, and Minos, appeareth Roscius the Second, Tragedian, Comedian, Pantomimist, Mimic, Author, and Patentee: If any have plaint or accusation, to make against him, let them stand forth, or henceforwards hold their peace.—So save our great King Pluto, and his reverend judges.

First Poet, whom nobody ever heard of.

He refused my tragedy, though it was excellent alike in language, incident, pathos, and catastrophe.

First
First Player, whom nobody now remembers.

He refused to engage me, though none could perform the tip-top parts in either tragedy, comedy, pantomime, opera, or farce, like me.

Second Poet, whom nobody ever heard of.

He rejected my comedy, though for plot, character, wit, humour, none ever was like it, none ever will be like it; and, in short, it is impossible any comedy ever should be like it.

Second Player, whom nobody now remembers.

He denied me a capital character in a new piece, because he had tried me in two parts, and the town did not just then approve of me.

Third Poet, whom nobody ever heard of.

He would not bring on my farce, though, to my thinking (and who should judge of my piece
piece so well as I), it was the best I ever wrote—and this for no earthly reason, but because I failed in two or three I had written before—and they chanced to be damned.

Third Player, whom nobody now remembers.

He would not allow me a new dress, in a revived play, under pretence that I had but a small part in it, though the piece was advertised to be performed with new habits.

Fourth Poet, whom nobody ever heard of.

He brought out my piece so late in the season, that my friends were all out of town, and it met with no success—having never been played after the first night.

Fourth Player, whom nobody now remembers.

He made me appear in trifling characters, which I was not approved in by the town, notwithstanding I was always firmly of opinion, that if I had acted capital parts I should have been well received.
Fifth Poet, whom nobody ever heard of.

I submitted my piece to his correction; to which I entirely attribute its miscarriage on the stage, though, to be sure, the parts best received were what he had altered.

Fifth Player, whom nobody now remembers.

He would needs take upon him to instruct me, though, to my thinking, I was as great an actor as himself, and in reality, had just come to him from a strolling company, with whom I had always performed the first characters.

RHADAMANTHUS.

Mercury, are there many of these complaints?

MERCURY.

The number, most reverend judge, is beyond my power to count; they block up every avenue of the court, and crowd about the doors in great number.

G... RHADA...
RHADAMANTHUS.

Are there none other?

MERCURY.

None other, grave Sir.

RHADAMANTHUS.

They shall be heard by reference, of which the court will proceed to deliberate.

[The Infernal Judges seem to lay their heads together]

RHADAMANTHUS.

Mercury, make proclamation for silence in the court.

MERCURY.

The reverend judges of our Infernal Lord, King Pluto, command silence in the court. If any Ghost is found to offend herein, such Ghost will be plunged nine times in Tartarus.
RHADAMANTHUS.

Roscius, the court deliberating, has resolved,
That Horace, Johnson, jointly with Dryden,
Be authorised to hear, and to determine,
Upon the several charges made against thee:
They likewise will have full, and plenary pow’r,
To adjust thy rank poetic, and precedence.
—To histrionic fame none can, none will dispute,
Thy title—Take thy seat of actors first:
For such thy art, thou seem’dst as thou wert born
For the stage only—yet thy manners such,
Thy probity so great, thou seem’dst unfruit
To have been there———
But all polluted as thou art, diestain’d
By filthy love of lucre, we enjoin
Frequent ablution, in the infernal lakes,
’Till every loathsome stain, and cank’rous spot,
Of fordid av’rice, is done clean away:
And for this service, Quin and Foote are named
Inquisitors.————
Mercury, adjourn the court.

MERCURY.
MERURY.

Lift ye—lift ye—lift ye—The Infernal Court of our Lord King Pluto, adjourneth to the ides of February—and all who have plaint, or suit to make, are then to appear. So save King Pluto, and his reverend judges, Rhadamanthus, Æacus, and Minos.

[Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.