

K

GARRICK IN THE SHADES;

O R,

A Peep into Elysium;

A F A R C E:

NEVER OFFERED TO THE MANAGERS OF THE
THEATRES-ROYAL.

Gnoſſius hæc Rhadamanthus habet duriffima regna:
Caſtigatque, auditque dolos, ſubigitque fateri,
Quæ quis apud ſuperos, furto lætatus inani,
Diſtulit in ſeram commiſſa piacula mortem.

VIRG. Eneid. lib. 6.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR J. SOUTHERN, IN ST. JAMES'S STREET,

MDCCLXXIX.

Dramatis Personæ.

RHADAMANTHUS, }
ÆACUS, } Judges of the Infer-
MINOS, } nal Regions.

MERCURY, {
Proclaimer of the In-
fernal 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.

A C T 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.

B

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, could'st 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 2 bone,

4 GARRICK IN THE SHADES; OR,

bone, my dainty John Dory, my true-hearted
Grifkin!——

WOODWARD.

But dost hear the news, my lad of claret
Hast 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 Shuter; 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 befotted 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 Drugger, Scrub, and your late——both in one, your Jerry Sneak———Dost thou know any thing, Clod?

WESTON.

Who, I?——no——nothing at all.

RYAN.

8 GARRICK IN THE SHADES; OR,

RYAN.

Have you heard no news?

WESTON.

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, blefs 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.

QUIN.

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
I some

A PEEP INTO ELYSIUM. 9

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. Last! 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,

C

ROSCIUS

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, he, he——

RYAN.

RYAN.

He died rich, I suppose.

FOOTE.

A very theatrical Cræsus——a perfect histrionic Gresham——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?

C 2

QUIN.

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 expence 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 wast the living comment on thy be-
 loved

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.

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.

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 strolling this way.——

Enter HOLLAND, MOSSOP, *and* BARRY.

The visit is intended for thee, Garrick, for I know them not.——Come hither, my good
Chian-

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
quondam
~~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, reflux 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 buskin ?

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,
 Freightèd 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-saw 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 re-
 turned 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 six-foot-hero, that stooping beneath the load of his infirmities seems fitted by nature for enacting ^{Lear}ing?—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 consumer 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 ee, 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 C T 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, he, he,——he, he, he,——how charm-
 ingly 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 turn-
 ing from him, Ben stalked furiously away.——

QUIN.

QUIN.

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

FOOTE.

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

Enter GARRICK, and HOLLAND.

GARRICK.

Well, Holland, didst thou take an opportunity, as I ordered thee, of speaking privately to Shakespeare, and asking him, why he received me so coldly, when, as I expected, he should have flown with open arms towards me?

HOLLAND.

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 madest his name a stalking horse to wealth,
 And freely borrow'd'st from his lib'ral store,
 What elsewhere might have been obtain'd—but
 which

Thus ta'en, had been so 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 purse :

Already had his name surviv'd an age——
 And yet shall live—when all thy tinsel shew,

E

Of

Of dull, unmeaning pageantry's forgot;
 —More yet he said, which, so uncouth his words,
 His phrase so quaint (that wanting thy expound-
 ing 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 monopoliz-
 ed 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

the very Mulberry tree, which his own dramatic 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, fiddlers, *Filles de joye*, 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 start——my own stare——my own stamp——my own fall——in short, whom I taught to read——tell me, hast thou no comfort for thy friend, and master——
 ——What said Ben Johnson?

“ 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 sympa-

“ thetic 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.

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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 strikest 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 aramantine bow'rs they pass their time,
 And seek not other converse.—“ True (say
 “ they)

F

“ We,

“ We, whilst on earth, did sacrifice to fashion ;
“ Fashion, 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 pinchest 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.

M O S S O P.

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.———

G A R R I C K.

The orders I obey.——Lead on.

[*Exeunt* GARRICK, HOLLAND, and MOSSOP.]

[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 af-
ter the Muses——his own Fribble paying ridicu-
lous addresses to the Nine.——But come, my
dear modern Apicius, we shall be too late——
the court will be crowded——he performs to-
night, 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 happen to 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

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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, not-
withstanding I was always firmly of opinion, that
if I had acted capital parts I should have been
well received.

Fifth

Fifth POET, whom nobody ever heard of.

I submitted my piece to his correction; to which I intirely 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 unfit
 To have been there—————

But all polluted as thou art, distain'd
 By filthy love of lucre, we enjoin
 Frequent ablution, in the infernal lakes,
 'Till every loathsome stain, and cank'rous spot,
 Of sordid av'rice, is done clean away:
 And for this service, Quin and Foote are named
 Inquisitors.—————

Mercury, adjourn the court.

MERCURY.

MERCURY.

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.]

F I N I S.

