

OR, AND

INTERVIEW

BETWEEN

The GHOST of

SHAKESPEARE

AND

D-V-D G-R-R-K, Esq;

“ Now gape the Graves, and through their Yawns let loose,
“ Impion'd Spirits to revisit Earth.”

MARSTON'S *Antonio*, and *Melinda*.

“ Will ye not then be wise, nor ever learn
“ What *Wisdom* dictates? By their Lives alone,
“ To estimate Mankind, and let THEIR Deeds
“ Be the sole Test of *true Nobility*.”

ELECTRA, of EURIPIDES.

L O N D O N,

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T H E
V I S I T A T I O N



OW *Morpheus* had, his Mace of
Lead
Strok'd o'er each sober, prudent Head;
Time seem'd to stop, and this great
Town,

In a lethargic State was thrown;

Save drousy Watchmen, here and there,

Of Libertines, and Thieves, the Care;

And some few Women of the Town,
 By Name of (Pleasure Ladies) known,
 (Of whom there's those, who still maintain
 They deal in Pleasure, less than Pain)
 The Streets were clear, nor Man nor Beast,
 That had a Home, but was at Rest.

The Night was silent and serene,
 Illumin'd by its silver Queen,
Diana, peerless may she boast,
 Compar'd with all the starry Host.

Let this suffice—'twas such a Night
 As might a guilty Soul affright,
 When busy Ghosts, as we have read,
 Stalk round the Curtains of a Bed,
 Or lay a cold Hand o'er a Face
 And cause a fearful, smelling Case.

In Country Villages it's found,
 That Sprites and Goblins most abound,
 There Ghosts are made of Stocks and Stones,
 And nothing's heard save dismal Groans;
 In every Bush, and every Grove,
 Utter'd by Spirits cross'd in Love,
 Who sometimes chuse the Shape to wear,
 Of an old Post, or white neck'd Mare.

On such a Night great *Shakespear's* Shade,
 Appear'd to *G-rr-k*, as he laid
 Involv'd in serious Contemplation,
 Of his late dang'rous Situation.

The little Hero struck with Fear,
 Like *Richard* look'd, or mad like *Lear*,

Like

Like *Romeo* in the Pangs of Death,
 Or like sleep murdering *Macbeth*,
 Each several Passion seiz'd the Play'r,
 Rage, Sorrow, Terror and Despair ;
 Thrice he essay'd—I dauntless dare,
 The Shade as often cry'd “ *Beware!*
 “ To clear thy Conduct ne'er pretend,
 “ Nor vile Ingratitude defend ;
 “ For know to thee I can impart,
 “ The closest Secrets of thy Heart.
 “ (Perhaps, you have forgot the Day,
 “ When in Obscurity you lay,
 “ For Favours past, I have been told.
 “ May be forgotten e're we're old)
 “ Could'st thou, with base ignoble Mind,
 “ To *Fortune*, and my Favours blind,

“ For-

- “ Forget I chose thee out, and fought,
 “ To teach thee all, e’re *Nature* taught?
 “ Taught thee to feel, each nice Sensation,
 “ And reign unrival’d in a Nation?
 “ Rais’d thee from nothing to high Glory,
 “ Making all *Actors* bow before ye,
 “ Acknowledging themselves unequal
 “ To equal you?—now mark the Sequel,
 “ You have of late, why best you know,
 “ Deserted those, that serv’d you so;
 “ Contemn’d that Pow’r, you lately priz’d,
 “ And follow’d Arts you once despis’d;
 “ Oe’rbearing all, with haughty Spirit,
 “ Buoy’d up by *self-sufficient Merit*;
 “ Preferr’d Toll Loll, and what’s akin,
 “ Compar’d with *Drama—Harlequin*;

“ Aids

- “ Aids that the *Grecian* Stage ne'er knew,
 “ Aids that Dame *Nature* never drew ;
 “ Besides you late brought on a *Dance*,
 “ Perform'd by fervile Slaves from *France*,
 “ (Slaves whose chief Worth, whoe'er reveals,
 “ Must own it center'd in their *Heels*)
 “ But that, *my Sons* by me inspir'd,
 “ With noble Indignation fir'd,
 “ Condemn'd——
 “ Enrag'd they join'd with one Accord,
 “ Nor fear'd they *Officer*, or *Lord*,
 “ They storm'd your House, and clearly prov'd
 “ Without me you'd ne'er been belov'd:

The *British Roscius* thus reply'd,

- “ Dread Sir, I own you for my Guide,
 “ Acknowledge you, and you alone,
 “ Could make me shine as I have shone ;

“ But

“ But, Sir, ’twas not in my Ability
 “ To stem the Will of our *Nobility*,
 “ Whose Appetites are quite deprav’d,
 “ By foreign Foppery enslav’d,
 “ They in the *Drama* find no Joys,
 “ But doat on *Mimickry* and *Toys*.
 “ Thus when a *Dance* is in my Bill,
 “ *Nobility* my Boxes fill;
 “ Or send three Days before the Time
 “ To croud a new made *Pantomime*.
 “ Int’rest, dread Sir, will often cause
 “ A Man to spurn at Reason’s Laws,
 “ And holding all Things else as Light,
 “ Prove right is wrong, or wrong is right
 “ Howe’er for Time to come I swear,
 “ I’ll *Dance*, nor *Pantomime*, nor *Air* :

“ Will I exhibit on the *Stage*,
“ Tho’ *Ladies* fume or *Nobles* rage,
“ Let them when next they want a *Dance*.
“ Repair to *Italy*, or *France* ;
“ I’ll henceforth rest on you alone,
“ As chief Supporter of my *Throne*.”

The *Bard* afflicted pensive grew,
And wept as *Spirits* us’d to do:
Then thus he cry’d in moving *Sort*,
“ Are these the *Sinews* of a *Court* ?
“ These who no *Spark* of *Worth* retain,
“ But prove a *Star* may hide a *Stain*,
“ These *Moths* in *Honour’s* sacred *Flame*,
“ Noble in nothing, but in *Name*,

“ Ah !

“ Ah! how the Times are alter'd quite,
“ Since last my Eyes beheld the Light?
“ Then *Nobles* strove with noble Deeds,
“ To cleanse the Land of all such *Weeds*.
“ They danc'd, it's true, from Night to Noon,
“ They danc'd—but 'twas another Tune,
“ They danc'd at *Agincourt* one Day,
“ And took in bloody Crowns their Pay;
“ But needless 'tis to tell you more,
“ You've often read my Works before.

“ Now, as *Lacy*, tis comen
“ You strove to please a vitious Taste,
“ And thence, perhaps, might think it due,
“ To pleasure those that profit you.

“ To give you Pardon, I encline,

“ If you'll revive a Work of mine ;

“ You need not fear it will miscarry,

“ What Play d'ye mean, Sir?—My *fifth Har*

The *Bard* now snuff'd the Morning Air,

And found 'twas time to disappear—

Then seal'd a Pardon (on Condition)

Error was cancell'd by *Contrition*.

As *G-rr-k* mus'd (the Shade retir'd)

Reflecting what was late requir'd ;

He thought to acquiesce with Speed,

Would in his Favour intercede ;

So now you'll see in little Space,

Shakespear's fifth Harry show his Face.

Oh may the Scene each Bosom fire,
With martial Rage, and vengeful Ire!
Once more our Flags shall then advance,
And quell the haughty Pride of *France*;
Who urg'd by *Envy*, and *Ambition*,
By *Poverty* and *Superstition*,
Seeks to disturb our State of Peace,
And rob all *Europe* of its Ease,

Of *Stern Adversity* a Child,
On whom kind *Fortune* never smil'd;
Who *Peace* or *War* must be the same,
Too low to hope to grasp at *Fame*.
Thus prays, that *Providence* may pour,
Bliss without End on *Briton's* Shore!

May

May her triumphant matchless Fleet,
Where'er it moves, fresh Conquests meet,
And, oh! blest Pow'rs indulgent shine,
On GEORGE and his illustrious Line,
And grant that Line may never cease,
(Under whose Sway we live at Ease)
Till *Time* shall feel a near Decay,
And *Nature's* self shall melt away.

F I N I S.

