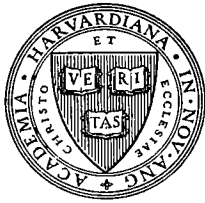




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THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
CLASS OF 1882
OF NEW YORK

1918

More Kotzebue!

THE
ORIGIN
OF
MY OWN PIZARRO,
A FARCE.

Minor-Rosciad, or Churchillian
EPISTLE,
FROM
DICK TO JACK.

- “ In *Garrick's Days*, when *he* and *Cibber* play'd,
“ *Scen'ry* was look'd on as superfluous Aid;
“ *To hear---not see---the Multitude then ran,*
“ *And obscene Dancers forc'd not Virtue's Fan.*”

Vide *The Poem*, line 98.

- “ *Eye Nature's walks---shoot Folly as she flies;*
“ *And catch the Manners, living as they rise.*”

POPE.

LONDON:

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FOR CROSBY AND LETTERMAN, STATIONER'S-COURT,
PATER-NOSTER-ROW; AND C. CHAPPLE,
NO. 66, PALL-MALL.

1799.

[Entered at Stationer's Hall.]

MY OWN PIZARRO.

DEDICATION.

To WINNIFREDA WHIM.

TO THEE — Oh! long-adored Mistress!
whose approbation of this *Farce*, and whose
PECULIAR* DELIGHT, in the applause it *will*
receive from the *ignorant many*, will be to me
the *highest* gratification its *success* can produce
—I dedicate this *Play*, *Title-page*, *Prologue*,
Epilogue, and *all*.

BAM-LEY SATIRICON.

* *Peculiar* “is an odd phrase—a vile phrase.”

POLONIUS, *Hamlet*.

MY OWN PIZARRO,

PROLOGUE.

OUR *Prologue's* a mere posy for a ring,
A word, to shew you're cheated in *this thing*;
You're hither drawn, *nice Epicures!* to eat
A German Sausage—fashionable meat!
Alas! we've none!—*Our Manager's* deceiv'd,
The *Author* swore *it was*, and *he* believ'd!
Too true, we find *our scribbler** ne'er drank wine,
And what's still worse, he never saw *The Rhine*;
Had he *but seen the Rhine!* we then had shewn,
He might have sipp'd at *Modern Helicon*.
These facts, we fear, will prove he lacks pretence,
To every atom of dramatic sense.
But, as before, the trick was known within,
We had announc'd the piece, we shall begin.
Premising this—there's neither plot, nor plan,
'Tis all a fiction, vapour of his brain.
No Dick e'er wrote—*No Jack* perus'd the theme;
Dick never liv'd—*Dick, therefore*, could not dream †.
Now to your tastes, which never judge amiss,
We trust for laughter, tears, applause, or hiss.

* *Kotzebue* is *poet-laureat* to the *Emperor*, consequently has his annual ton of wine, like *our GREAT PYE*.

† “The fleet you cannot see, because 'tis not in sight.”
Sheridan's Critic.

MY OWN PIZARRO, &c.

A MONODRAME.

Enter JACK, *reading a Letter.*

JACK!—Fear no more!—*Duns* shall hence-
forth be scarce,

I've cut and vamp'd the panegyric farce—

“ Let the gall'd jade go wince!”—“ Come
“ what, come may!

“ Time and the tide shall give *our dogs* their
“ day.”

I'll draw full houses—I have done the thing.

“ Wherewith to catch the humour of *the King*;
Make ROSE weep joy—Aye, win DUNDAS's love,
The TREAS'RY smile—and MIGHTY PITT ap-
prove.

One bliss is *only wanting*—BURKE'S no more!
 And cannot bless the melting loyal lore!
 But HASTINGS will; for know!—therein I've
 plac'd

Some of those flights wherewith his *Charge*
 was grac'd.

Delighted hear! *Absolv'd, restor'd, good man!*
 Who India sav'd, and *I admire again!*—

“ List! list! Oh, list!”—Now, patiently at-
 tend;

You know! I never yet deceiv'd a friend;

You know! I'm quoted in each public theme,
 “ *The man, for punctualities extreme:*”

*Know**!—At my birth the Muses anthems
 sung,

And to each dug, that I alternate clung;

They nam'd me *Mercury, with Phæbus' fire,*

And to my hands consign'd their gen'ral lyre:

* These frequent “ *Knows,*” remind us of *gallant* Ra-
 leigh, and the *accomplished* Christopher, at their first
 meeting in that admirable drama, *The Critic*.

True to their free adoption, and the name,
 I've try'd each versatile pursuit to Fame:—
 At length I've reach'd the goal—'tis hit—'tis
 got!

Not by—a lucky *throw*—but—lucky *thought*.

Too long—our doors—by Pleasure's mob un-
known,

Stood gaping wide—while—by them, rush'd
 the Town ;

In vain Apollo stood—our Duffer* high,
 He, could not stop e'en dunces flitting by,
 To Harris, all—*his* scenery to 'plaud,
 Or, gracious royal George, and Queen, to laud ;
 Prince—Princes—Dukes—and Princesses di-
 vine——

And all the relatives of royal line——
 The great Stadtholder—and his mighty Son,
 The Chancellor—and Earls—and Lords of ton,

* *Duffer*, is a person hired to stand at auction-doors,
 and cry, “ Walk in Gemmen—Walk in—Great bargains
 “ selling,” &c.

New made—and *old* made—Baronets and
Knights,
Gen'ral's, and Adm'ral's, fresh from bloody
fights——

E'en my Lord Mayor—with all the city squad—
To *Harris* all!—Enough to make us mad!
But, what cou'd we—without the Royal smile?
Talents were nil—That wanting, to beguile—
The bawl of *Barrymore*, was useless grown,
And weaken'd nerves, lower'd *Kemble's* hollow*
tone;

Palmer's mild copy—*Suett's* strange grimace,
With squeak of *Bannister*, scarce drew a face;
Prolific *Jordan* †, romp'd and sung amain,
And pond'rous *Siddons* ‡ dragg'd the tragic chain!
To little purpose all.——

I saw, alas!—and found, much vex'd thereat,
Actors as well as auditors must eat;

* *Quere*, if “*hollow*” should not be *hollowed*.

† Both as an actress and mother.

‡ Alluding to her great weight on the stage.

That empty benches would not fill the tripes,
 Or save one craving belly from the gripes:
 Besides—we sometimes for ourselves had need,
 Tho' frugal as two hermits at our feed,
 As all must see, by our abstemious look,
 (Just like *old Gomez**, I from Dryden took;)
 But then—our taxes—servants—candles—
 waste—

Canvas and pasteboard, resin, paint, and paste—
 Debts—and at times, the lawyer's harpy
 paw—

Stepp'd rudely in—and satisfy'd their maw.—

All these sad checks I turn'd within my mind,
 And ponder'd—how to lay for Fortune's wind—
 What masts to rear—what ropes—what press
 of sail
 Our ship cou'd wear, to catch the wish'd-for
 gale.

* Gomez, in the Spanish Friar of Dryden, is carbun-
 cled and bloated, which he attributes to abstinence and
 fasting. And Father Paul in Mr. Sheridan's "Drama,"
 says almost the same.

The Critic—made me shudder at the name
 Of *Tragedy*—as path to future fame ;
 I justly fear'd, *mad Tilburina's*—" Oh!"——
 White satin robes, and mock—" *Heart-rend-*
 " *ing-woe* ;
 With *Whiskerandos* stagger — start — and
 stare —
 Would damn all effort, should I venture *there*.—
 Alas! No *second Buckingham** is near !
Another Critic I can never rear !

IN COMEDY AGAIN so much I've done,
 And *Scandal's-School* has had such frequent run,
 I hardly knew on whom to lay my hand,
 What author next to cull—extract—command ;
 The town so well possess my ev'ry part,
 They've *Wyckerly* and *Congreve* † now by heart.

* The author of the *Rehearsal*, or original *Critic*.

† Whoever will take the trouble of tracing, will find prodigious similarity in the compositions of Mr. *Sheridan* with *Wyckerley*, *Congreve*, *Goldsmith*, &c.

TO PERSIA* 'twas in vain *again* to fly—
Dancing Darius, long had tir'd the eye—
Thalestris and *Hephestion* were worn out—
 And *fair Statira* would not bring one groat;
 BLUE BEARD†, tho' *moral, natural, and fine*,
 Rich sense abounding in each nervous line,
 With all *Arabia's wonders* brought to sight,
Stuff'd elephants, and *camels*, to delight;
The jewels—bloody chamber—rusty key—
 And *Sister Anne's* melodious misery—
 All lost Attraction—*Lodoiska*‡ too,
 Tho' *Kelly* sung, and shook his chains so
true,

* *The Conquest of Persia*, by *Alexander*, told in action;
 in which the unfortunate *Darius*, and all his family,
 DANCED TO DEATH and slavery.—But it was much ad-
 mired!

† A *beautiful French classic*, patched and adapted by
Colman the Younger, and *Kelly*.

‡ *Lodoiska*, said to be of *Mr. Kemble's* cutting, past-
 ing, and putting together; and *Kelly's* melodizing.

And tho' the palace blaz'd, and screech'd the
 dames,
 When he and Mistress *Crouch** sunk down in
 flames;
 Ev'n *that's* done up—so *noisy* too! I own,
 I wonder it not longer pleas'd the town:
 Grave *Kemble then*, methought a little wild,
 On th' early death of his adopted child!

In *Garrick's days*, when *he* and *Cibber* play'd,
 Scen'ry was look'd on as superfluous aid;
 To *hear*—not *see*—the world of taste *then* ran,
 And obscene† dancers forc'd not *Virtue's* fan.

* One of the chief (if not the most affecting) passages or incidents in this piece, is occasioned by *poor Mrs. Crouch*, and *Kelly*, being compelled to slide from the ceiling of the theatre (apparently standing on the parapet of a town in flames, surrounded with fire and smoke) *to music*.—I have often wondered she did not add to the terror of the scene, by a true hysteric.

† The Italian theatre, or Haymarket opera-house, as called, were so obscene, that the bishops called them to order in the House of Lords.—See the caricatures of the day.

'Tis *ours*, to please this clear discerning age,
 In which the Females turn the classic page;
 Should *we* presume — with *breeches* on his
 thighs—

To let the ghost of murder'd Laius' rise*,

Some *Lady Manners* †, or *Piozzi* hight,

Wou'd whisper we had spurn'd *Costume*
 outright,

And that — “ *Our* mirror shew'd” (not)

“ *Nature's* light.”

Or should *our* Roscius ‡, with lank, solemn
 face,

As virtuous Cato, ·Plato's reas'ning trace;

* The ghost of the father of *Oedipus*, in the tragedy of that name.

† Two learned ladies. 1st, A baronet's wife. 2d, A brewer's widow, (though now married to the scientific Signior Piozzi, both versifiers, critics, logicians, and philosopheresses.

‡ This must be meant for Kemble, as he is certainly the only living personage of the drama, to whom the elevated distinction and epithet of Roscius can be justly given.

If, in full-bottom'd, judge-like wig, he sate,
 (Tho' Arden's* fire and phiz enrich'd the
 prate),
 Who could from laughter hold at the de-
 bate?

*Faults on both sides;—of last and present
 age,
 Too kind the first—too strict the latter stage;
 To please a week, 'tis necessary now,
 A Premier's pay, in tinsel to bestow;
 And strange reverse to custom's former laws,
 Hang tawdry rags to draw—not scare the daws.*

*But all this makes not for our cause or gain,
 Which to promote, long had I toil'd in vain;
 "Colman † the Younger," might, I hop'd, avail
 Himself—of Mother Goose's pretty tale;*

* "Aye, marry, Now am I in Arden."

TOUCHSTONE, in AS YOU LIKE IT.

† There were *two Plinys*, distinguished by the appellation of "*the Elder*," and "*the Younger*." Modest Mr.

Might build a Drama, worthy such a Muse,
From “*Marquis Carabas**, *the Cat in Shoes.*”

The fond idea fell!—THE MARGRAVINE,
Seiz'd *that fine subject*, to adorn her scene;
And Critic say—*How* could she *better turn*
To please Old *Kink-vervander-sprack-gotch-*
dern?

Pye, none could build on—*Whitehead* o'er and
o'er,

To read one ode's too much!—'tis bore on
bore;

His loyal breathings just possess the worth
Of dying embers, on some pauper's hearth.

Colman, in humble imitation (his father having been an author), stiles himself, *The Younger*.

* *Poetica licentià*—*Shoes for Boots*. An exchange very much in modern use; but used here, lest the reader might imagine *The Marquis* compelled to the use of *boots* from œconomical reasons, not unknown to many loungers.—*Beau Nash*, in his rules for good manners at Bath, enjoins “No Gentleman to wear Boots before Ladies, unless he “has no *Shoes.*”

A wretched, forlorn only *hope* remain'd,
 That each *new novel's* trash had not been
 drain'd ;
 Instant—I, *Boaden*,—" in my mind's eye,"
 caught,
 Saw him o'er *Lewis—Radcliffe**—deep in
 thought ;
 Fancied—*Lane's Catalogue* † wou'd bring him
 through,
 And yield—yet *one more ghost—absurdly new!*
 The *season flew!*—No *Ghost approv'd!*—ap-
 pear'd!!—
 And a *sad close*—(Ah, me!)—in truth, I fear'd!
 Here, let me pause——Ere I renew the strain,
 To tell you—HOW—I *struck on Fortune's vein!*
 I dream'd—A DREAM!

* The authors of "The Monk,"—"Fontainville Forest,"—"Mysteries of Udolpho,"—"Italian, or Confessional of the *black Penitents*," &c. the raw head and bloody bones of literature!—Books crammed full of ghosts, goblins, devils, and devilish nonsense.

† The press from whence many such before-mentioned monsters spring, disgrace of the eighteenth century.

'Twas on *that morn*—"I do remember me!"
 When actors *think*—to take their weekly fee.—
 Forgetful of the day!—*It seem'd**, I stray'd
 Into *that room*†—where *all stage state's* dis-
 play'd.—

Methought 'twas *crouded*—UP, I walk'd—*Then,*
round,

Cast my surveying eye—*with bend profound*—
 No greeting follow'd.—UP—*the Treas'rer*
 came,

And *shook his head*—*the croud strait did the same.*
 He *shook* a purse—But!!—*Nothing shook*—
 therein!

Mercy! (thought I)—*That shake* must SOME-
 THING MEAN.—

And so *it did*—For, as I look'd again,
 I saw the *diff'rent feelings* of the train.
 The *shade* of Shakespere *seem'd* to fly from view,
 And *Garrick's*—*seem'd*—his shadow to pursue;

* "SEEMS, MADAM! nay! I know not—SEEMS!!!"
 HAMLET.

† The Green-Room.

*The living—now!—seem'd—all in motion
grown,*

*Macbeth—seem'd screaming out—“Avaunt—
Begone!*

Hamlet exclaim'd—“Unprofitable!—Stale!”

And, Old Polonius—“Very like a whale!”

Romeo bawl'd out, as he'd seen Tibalt's spright,

“Go—get post-horses—I'll away to-night!”

*Glo'ster—like Stentor roar'd (and struck his
shield)*

*“We must be brief, when traitors brave the
“field!”——*

“Put money in your purse”——Iago cry'd—

*And last—HERE'S RUE FOR YOU—OPHELIA
sigh'd.*

I heard no more—For at those words I'wōke,
And for a while—with true stage-tremor shook.
By Heav'n! *my Jack,—the shadows* of that
night,
Caus'd to *thy Richard's* soul, more dread af-
fright—

Than cou'd five hundred *Noes*—'gainst *all my*
wit—

Launch'd from *the Ayes* of the *unerring Pitt**.

The *mystic vision*, long possess'd my soul—
I fear'd it ominous of treasons foul;
Fear'd, that the age's *equalizing* rage,
Might, ev'n extend *t'unmonarchize the stage*.—
At length—as dreams are said to come from Jove,
I hail'd it—presage, of protecting love;
As stimulus—a Budget to prepare—
Shou'd yield supplies, if forc'd to open war;
At all events—to *subsidize* our friends—
And keep *them ours*—*For the next season's* ends.
Spirit, in general †, *was taxed too high*—
Yet here and there I hop'd to crib supply;

* *If the reader* has accidentally heard of, or read SHAKESPEARE, he must admit, that he is surpass'd in the four last lines; and the author may exclaim with B-D-N—

“ He, he's given BILLY the go-bye.”

† This budget of stage supply is simply a strain of petting punning, on the subjects liable to taxation, and *does not* allude to the liberty of the press.

I look'd on *Pantomime*, as good as—"MUM,"
 And thought, thro' *Murphy*, I might touch
*old Rum** ;
 That *Birch's* †—*Hurlstone's*—*Keefe's*—and
 such-like *trash*,
 Wou'd yield a trifle, under head of—"WASH†."
 "The *Wheel of Fortune*," being then in hand,
 I thought *assessment* good, in *Cumberland*;
D'Egville's—with *Didelot's*—and *Rose's*—
 crops,
 I reckon'd largely on—thus item'd—"HOPS."

Alas! on telling up, *Mum*—*Rum*—and
Wash—
Assessment—*Dance*—including—*new-vamp'd*
trash—

* Quasi—*A rum old genius!*

† I must say the author is hard, if not scurrilous, *here*, for *Birch's* mock-turtle can never be deemed *Wash*; and I dare say, that in his classical researches he found, and has followed, the receipt for the *Lacedemonian black broth*:—I must say it is the *best of his productions*.

But little cou'd be rais'd—'twas now, *my friend*,
Thy Dick first deem'd his wits had lost their end.
 My spirits flagg'd, my colour fled, with thought,
 Our boards, next year, would moulder with
 dry rot.—

My stomach fail'd—I nothing did but ——,
 AT LENGTH MY DOCTOR SAID—“ *Take Kot-*
 “ *zebue.*”

“ Doctor!—What drug is that?” (I peevish
 cry'd,)

“ I hardly know the name—Is it allied

“ To *Senna, Poppy, or Mandragora**?

“ Will it restore the public favor—Hah!—

“ Is it *great Sibly's 'Vitæ Pabulum*?”

“ Or but some advertising Jew's, *Broad-hum*?

“ Is it from *Godfrey, Solomon, or Leake*†?

“ Bold challengers of Death!—*Speak, Doctor,*
 “ *speak!*”

* More plagiarism!—“ *Iago*” and “ *Macbeth*,” cut all to pieces!!

† The newspapers will supply fresh information of these gentlemen.

The Doctor—mild as *Buchan** o'er the news—

‘ Think not, I speak of *Quack'ries fit for stews.*

‘ No, Sir—the med'cine I prescribe's divine,

‘ Have faith—and taste—and prove, HEALTH'S

‘ GOLDEN MINE.

‘ It is a drug, good Sir, *the King doth taste!*—

“ *Is it?* (Despair had seiz'd me) *Fly!*—*make*

“ *haste!*

“ I long to try th' effect †—*who knows!*—It

“ may

“ Rebrace my nerves to patch another play;

“ Some play—(which, as he takes the self-same

“ dose,)

“ May cause him (*if I'm cur'd*) to like our

“ House.”

* For an illustration of this simile, we must refer the reader to the Chapter *Coffee-House.*

† Borrowed from Gay,—“ THE FOX *at the Point of Death.*—

“ Go; *but be mod'rate* in your food;

“ *A chicken, too, might do me good.*”

Right soon my friend return'd, and with
 him brought
 A packet with five pills, and one large
 draught;
 A long direction was, *in German*, giv'n,
 How to apply *this Manna*, new from Heav'n.
 It was divided into *Acts* and *Scenes*—
 And spake in heav'nly terms of Kings and
 Queens;
 Said—" *Loyalty* and *Liberty* conjoin'd,
 " Were *Health*, and FORTUNE, to each
 " owner's mind."
 At the word—" FORTUNE," I had like to
 fall—
 But—Thanks to God—I then receiv'd " *The*
 " *Call**."
 Oft! oft, I read—at length I thought all true,
 And, ev'ry time I read, still easier grew.—

* It seems, by this, that he is a little *methodistically* inclined. " *The Call*," is a cant term, used by the Tabernacle frequenters. Perhaps, though, being then very low-spirited from bodily infirmity, he may *recant* hereafter.

The dose was large—but for *dear* life*—*dear*
Jack!!!

What *nauseous* drug *will not* the *dying* take?

“ Give me,” (I cry’d) “ *Draught, Recipe, and*
 “ *Pill;*”

I gap’d—and swallow’d *all*—’*twas* *cure or kill*.

In a few days—*my vigor* was renew’d,
 And MY PIZARRO—dext’rously I brew’d—
 My hopes were just—It pleas’d *the royal zest*—
 And † THO’ SOME *people* SNEER’D—*Probatum*
est.

Yet *this* not *all*—*Perhaps*, in time, *some* ‡ dub,
 Will make me rank—*Lord Brin*, and you, *Sir*
Grub.

*. “ To mark their familiarity.”

Sheridan’s Critic.

† “ Virtue must always expect the sneer of vice in this
 “ age.”

HERVEY.

‡ “ *Some sneer,*” and “ *some dub,*” work very different
 effects.

As the curtain falls at the conclusion of the farce, thunders of applause naturally shake the house; when they cease, an actor representing the author, steps forward with the following

EPILOGUE.

THANKS! grateful thanks, *to all* within my view—
 In thought I'm now—" *A Spaniard* in Peru.*"
 What treasure's in my sight!—Unbounded store!
 " *In my mind's eye,*" *Paul Benfield* ne'er had more.
 Ye're my *Golconda's*—Ye're my diamond mine!
 With whose extracted gems henceforth I'll shine:
 Ye are my " *Opium Contracts,*"—give the *pill*,
 With which I'll lull to sleep the lawyer's quill.
 Ye are my " *Oxen Contracts†,*" which I'll goad,
 Through twisting by-paths into Honour's road.
 To me, Oh more than *Rolla's*—You're *Rouleaus*—
 Whose well directed fires shall *kill my* foes;
 Shall cause—behind the curtain—jars to cease,
 " *And to my long distracted purse give peace‡.*"

For joys like these, what thanks can I pour forth,
 To shew how highly I esteem such worth?

* The Farce which we call *Pizarro*, *Kotzebue* calls the " *Spaniards in Peru.*"

† Borrowed from *Petruchio* to *Catherine*—" Ye are my *Ox*, my *Ass*, my *anything.*" Not too polite to the public, methinks!

‡ " *When shall contending factions cease,*" &c.

Hastings in *Rowe's Jane Shore.*

None! save this lowly bend (*bows*), and promise *dear*,
 Just such another play to vamp next year.
 Enough, I hope, to please ye *all* I can!
 “Who dares do more (*Macbeth* says) is no man.”
 So far, for self and colleagues—but, remains,
 A word to say, that fills my breast with pains;
 Think me no *Joseph Surface*—I’m sincere,
 And at another’s grief oft drop the tear;
 My tear of genuine sympathy will flow, (*weeps*)
 Now int’rest sinks to plead for others woe.

There is *another house*, not far away,
 Where nightly they enact* a kind of play,
 Call’d “*Covent Garden*;”—*Harris* is the name
 Of him who rules that world of mimic fame.
 Thither I know ye often *did* repair,
 To waste the hours of indolence or care,
 Oft took your daughters *there*, to see *white bulls* †,
 Or raptur’d start, at *shrouds*, and *ghostly skulls*;
 Applaud *loud thunders*—*lightnings*—*midnight-be’l*,
Fat dancing devils—and *transparent hell*.

Pizarro’s pow’r, I fear, has hurt *that trade*,
 And in *clear Reason’s Sea* ‡, *Stage-dæmons* laid;

“I did ENACT *Brutus*, I was kill’d i’t’h’ *capitol*.”

POLONIUS, *Hamlet*.

† Vide *Hercules* and *Omphale*, wherein *bulls* were brought on the stage. Vide *Fountainville Forest*, &c.

‡ The *Red Sea* used to be the reservoir for the troublesome dæmons in the days of superstition; but as it would be as tiresome as taking them to Botany Bay, we adopt *Reason’s-Sea*, for the *Stage Dæmons* sink into oblivion.

Yet, *pity lives*—Therefore, go!—Sometimes go!
 His num'rous company must live, you know;
 They cannot graze, although his *oxen* can,
Therefore, in pity, help him now and then.
 He *has been* popular! Don't let him fret,
 Or fear, he'll ever lengthen the Gazette.
 His actors too, are mostly of *some rate*,
 Either for laugh, or song, or lively prate;
 As for his *buskins**, I will not say much,
 And 'gainst our *Queen*, his *Queens* but speak *high Dutch*.
 That's not *his* fault—*one Garrick* only shone,
 OUR SIDDONS' POWERS ARE DOOM'D TO CLASS ALONE.
Pope moans right prettily, but nothing more!
 Yet *Holman's strutting*, beats *all struts* before;
 Then, at *the tomb of Juliet*—such a start!!—
 It seems produc'd by *Rosicrusian art* †.
 As for *the rest*—they're “*each and every one*,”
Dull as old Flockton's—Court of Solomon ‡.
In Comedy, he makes ye *great amends*,
 He and *Thalīa* are undoubted friends;

* *Tragedians.*

† Rosicrusius invented a lamp which would burn for ever; but, that the secret should not be discovered, he placed *the figure* of a man with an extinguisher in his hand near it. The floor of the room was so contrived, that on the first step into it, the figure rose up; at the second, lifted up his arm; at the third, put out the lamp; and thus, by three mechanical motions surprized the beholders.

‡ *Flockton* was a famous Bartholomew-fair puppet shewman, and his principal gorgeous scene exhibited *tinselled dolls*, which he called, *The Court of King Solomon*.

LEWIS takes lead—See “*Lackland*” on the stage,
 Hold up the glass to *spendthrifts** of the age.
 See him, with *Mattocks*, as *Sir Charles and Wife* †,
 You’d swear ’twas *nat’ral matrimonial strife* ;
So natural!—that when I’ve laugh’d to tears,
 I’ve been afraid *my wife* would box my ears,
Which most excell’d, *no bachelor* could tell,
 The *married only* could resolve the spell.
One too is *his*, whose eyes alone declare
 His talents, conquerors of present care.
 When *Lovegold* ‡ stops, and stoops, and dropp’d pin picks,
 The joy of gain, the smile, the prize is *Quick’s*.
 Then *Munden, Chapman, Martyr*, make up store ;
 Go! if *but seldom*, pray! as heretofore ;
 Unless you do, we shall *too rich* be made,
 And haply all *our actors* leave off trade ;
 Or *worse*, poor *Harris’s* unhappy elves,
 May take it in their heads to hang themselves.
 But, Heav’n forbid!—No! sooner than I’d see
 His *tragic Kings*, pendant on *Ruin’s* tree,
 Shou’d you refuse to go, *I’ll force you there*,
 By making THEM a play—I will—I SWEAR.

[*Exit, amid the plaudits of Humanity!*

* “*Lackland*,” in *Fontainbleau*.

† *Sir Charles and Lady Racket*, in *Three Weeks after Marriage*.

‡ *Lovegold*, in *The Miser*.

