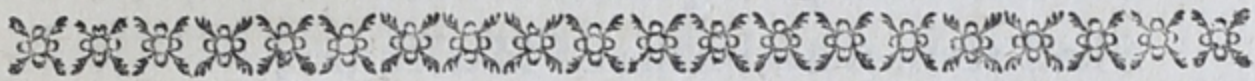


His heirs shall blefs him, and look down with scorn
 On vulgar pride from vaunted heroes sprung;
 Lords of themselves, thank heaven that they were born
 Above the fordid miser's glitt'ring dung,
 Above the servile grandeur of a throne,
 For they are Nature's heirs, and all her works their own.



To Mr. GARRICK.

By the Same.

ON old PARNASSUS, t' other day,
 The Muses met to sing and play;
 Apart from all the rest were seen
 The tragick and the comick queen,
 Engag'd, perhaps, in deep debate,
 On RICH's, or on FLEETWOOD's fate.
 When, on a sudden, news was brought
 That GARRICK had the patent got,
 And both their ladyships again
 Might now return to Drury-lane.
 They bow'd, they simper'd, and agreed
 They wish'd the project might succeed,
 'Twas very possible, the case
 Was likely too, and had a face—
 A face! Thalia titt'ring cry'd,
 And cou'd her joy no longer hide;

Why, sister, all the world must see
 How much this makes for you and me :
 No longer now shall we expose
 Our unbought goods to empty rows,
 Or meanly be oblig'd to court
 From foreign aid a weak support ;
 No more the poor polluted scene
 Shall teem with births of Harlequin ;
 Or vindicated stage shall feel
 The insults of the dancer's heel.
 Such idle trash we'll kindly spare
 To operas now—they'll want them there ;
 For Sadler's-Wells, they say, this year
 Has quite undone their engineer.

Pugh, you're a wag, the buskin'd prude
 Reply'd, and smil'd ; besides 'tis rude
 To laugh at foreigners, you know,
 And triumph o'er a vanquish'd foe :
 For my part, I shall be content
 If things succeed as they are meant ;
 And should not be displeas'd to find
 Some changes of the tragick kind.
 And say, THALIA, mayn't we hope
 The stage will take a larger scope ?
 Shall he whose all-expressive powers
 Can reach the heights that SHAKESPEAR soars,
 Descend to touch an humbler key,
 And tickle ears with poetry ;

Where

Where every tear is taught to flow
 Thro' many a line's melodious woe,
 And heart-felt pangs of deep distress
 Are fritter'd into similes ?
 — O thou, whom nature taught the art
 To pierce, to cleave, to tear the heart,
 Whatever name delight thine ear,
 OTHELLO, RICHARD, HAMLET, LEAR,
 O undertake my just defence,
 And banish all but nature hence !
 See, to thy aid with streaming eyes
 The fair afflicted * CONSTANCE flies ;
 Now wild as winds in madness tears
 Her heaving breasts and scatter'd hairs ;
 Or low on earth disdains relief
 With all the conscious pride of grief.
 My PRITCHARD too in HAMLET's queen —
 The goddess of the sportive vein
 Here stop'd her short, and with a sneer,
 My PRITCHARD, if you please, my dear !
 Her tragick merit I confess,
 But surely mine's her proper dress ;
 Behold her there with native ease,
 And native spirit, born to please ;
 With all MARIA's charms engage,
 Or MILWOOD's arts, or TOUCHWOOD's rage,
 Thro' every foible trace the fair,
 Or leave the town, and toilet's care

* Mrs. Cibber.

To

To chaunt in forests unconfin'd
The wilder notes of ROSALIND.

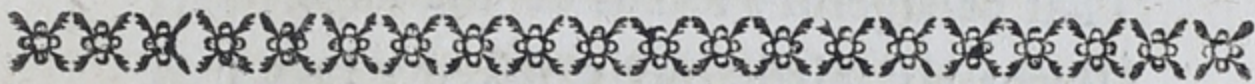
O thou, where-e'er thou fix thy praise,
BRUTE, DRUGGER, FRIBBLE, RANGER, BAYS!
O join with her in my behalf,
And teach an audience when to laugh.
So shall buffoons with shame repair
To draw in fools at Smithfield fair,
And real humour charm the age,
Tho' † FALSTAFF should forsake the stage.

She spoke. MELPOMENE reply'd,
And much was said on either side;
And many a chief, and many a fair,
Were mention'd to their credit there.
But I'll not venture to display
What goddeses think fit to say.
However, GARRICK, this at least
Appears, by both a truth confess'd,
That their whole fate for many a year
But hangs on your paternal care.
A nation's taste depends on you
—Perhaps a nation's virtue too.
O think how glorious 'twere to raise
A theatre to virtue's praise.
Where no indignant blush might rise,
Nor wit be taught to plead for vice:
But every young attentive ear
Imbibe the precepts, living there.

† Mr. Quin, inimitable in that character, who was then leaving the stage.

And every unexperienc'd breast
 There feel its own rude hints express'd,
 And, waken'd by the glowing scene,
 Unfold the worth that lurks within.

If possible, be perfect quite;
 A few short rules will guide you right,
 Consult your own good sense in all,
 Be deaf to fashion's fickle call,
 Nor e'er descend from reason's laws
 To court what you command, applause.



NATURE to Dr. HOADLY.

On his Comedy of the SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.

By the Same.

S LY hypocrite! was this your aim?
 To borrow Pæon's sacred name,
 And lurk beneath his graver mien,
 To trace the secrets of my reign?
 Did I for this applaud your zeal,
 And point out each minuter wheel,
 Which finely taught the next to roll,
 And made my works one perfect whole?
 For who, but I, till you appear'd
 To model the dramatic herd,
 E'er bade to wond'ring ears and eyes,
 Such pleasing intricacies rise?