

A  
LECTURE  
ON  
MIMICRY,

As it was delivered with great Applause, at the  
Theatres in Covent-Garden and the Hay-  
Market, and the great Room in Panton-  
Street.

In the Course of which were introduced  
A GREAT VARIETY  
OF

THEATRICAL IMITATIONS.

To which is added

JERRY SNEAK'S RETURN  
FROM THE REGATTA;

AND

A LECTURE ON LECTURES.

By GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY.

L O N D O N.

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M.DCC.LXXVI.

[ Price ONE SHILLING. ]

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

## P A R T I.

A Managerial Scene, in which is introduced

Mr. Fiddlestick,	Mr. F-sh-r	Bouana Figli.	Sig. S-ft-ni
Mr. Smallcoal,	Mr. C-lm-n	Patent,	Mr. G-r-k
Mrs. Artichoke,	Mrs. H-rt--y	Richard IIIId.	Mr. W-ft-n.

Shylock in Macbeth, Mr. M-ckl-n.

## P A R T II.

What alas shall	Sig. M--ll--co	From Morn 'till	Mrs. B-rt----n
Rosy Wine,	Miss C-t--y	Think, O! think	Mr. V-r--n
The early Horn,	Mr. L-we	Sweet Willy O!	Mrs. B-d-ley
This is Sir,	Mr. B-n--ster	The Mulberry	Mr. K-ar

Ye Warwickshire Lads, &c. a Duette, Mr. V----n and Mr. D-----n.

## P A R T III.

A Scene from Harlequin's Invasion.

Mr. Br--by, Mr. D-dd, Mrs. P-rf-ns, and others.

Othello,	Mr. B-r-y	Jacimo,	Mr. P-lm-r
Cymbeline,	Mr. H--ft	Posthumus,	Mr. R--dish

The Riva Singers and the Determination of Dr. GUTTLE,

Mr. D--d-n, Mr. Q--ck, Dr. A-ne.

A Dialogue between ARISTOPHANES and BILLY BUCKRAM.

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P O E T I C A L

I N T R O D U C T I O N.

**Y**OUR kind indulgence I am come to ask,  
Whilst I pursue my arduous mimic task,—  
The path's contracted which I've sought to tread,  
Chance pops each fancy'd figure in my head ;  
No dint of labour gather'd by degrees ;  
I can't assume an object when I please,  
But just when Nature throws it in my way,  
I take the hint, and bear the form away.  
I would not by this mimic trade offend,  
My only motive is a private end,

[chinking the pocket.]

And who is here will say, that I'm to blame,  
Since all mankind are apt to do the same.

Yet some there are, methinks, I hear 'em too,

Who cry " this fellow's plan can never do,

R

" Damn



ii POETICAL INTRODUCTION.

“ Damn his wry faces—He pretend to sing,  
“ Would he were taken off but once—to swing.  
“ Did ever mortal such an effort see ?  
“ He’d fain persuade you that he takes off me,  
“ How could the puppy ever think to please,  
“ *No more like me, than I to Hercules.*

[*mimicking W—dw—d.*]

Should I engagement seek—and by the by  
Should I to Aristophanes apply,

The Satirist perhaps would thus reply ;—

“ Engage you fir ! no, that can never be,  
“ Two of a trade you know can ne’er agree,  
“ You say I broil my characters like sprats,  
“ And make me write a comedy of cats,  
“ Croak too the hellish language of a crow,  
“ When all the world can tell, I don’t know  
how ;

“ Would you engage, try to engage the town,  
“ And then like me you’ll *hobble* to renown ;  
“ Live by your wits, fir, that’s the way to thrive,  
“ Why how the devil do you think I live ?”

I’ll take the hint, and, on myself depend,  
I never yet found Manager my friend,

By

By you supported, boldly I'll oppose  
 My mimic powers against a host of foes ;  
 Roscius shall wake, and strut about the stage  
 And limping Proteus grin with comic rage,  
 Feeble *Othello* shall the state address,  
 And toothless *Shylock* lisp in *Macbeth's* dress,  
 Declaiming *Richard* in short accents breathe,  
 And bind his brows with a victorious wreath.  
 The filken sons of *Italy* shall squall,  
 And John roast-beef, in vulgar accents bawl ;  
 In fine—as far as mimickry can go,  
 At least as far as I can make it do,  
 These and some others of the changeful crew,  
 Shall rise for judgment to your candid view,  
 And if some merit you shall chance to find,  
 Some little genius in the lecturer's mind,  
 O'erlook his failings, set his heart at ease,  
 Nor damp an ardour which aspires to please.

## LECTURES

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L E C T U R E S

O N

M I M I C K R Y.

**A** SUDDEN transition, from the gloomy shades of oblivion, to the sunshine of prosperity, has different effects on different objects; the man of sense shews it in a modest reserve; a coxcomb in a superficial glare of ostentation, which renders him the laughing-stock of all mankind. A tom-boy is always pleas'd with a new coat, let it fit him ever so ill; and when he should rather hide himself, his vanity leads him into the great world; hence he is proud of establishing a character, though a ridiculous one.

I beg leave to give my auditors a novel scene in another peep behind the curtain.

F I D D L E S T I C K.

Hollo! you carpenters, what the devil are you all about there?

C A R-

6 LECTURES ON MIMICKRY.

CARPENTER.

Drawing up the clouds to make room for an Italian sky.

FIDDLESTICK.

Why, you make such a tugging and a pulling, you'll tear all the clouds to pieces.

CARPENTER.

Somebody has taken away the laurel from the figure of Apollo, fir, and we have not another in the house.

FIDDLESTICK.

Oh! I have got that, it fits me very well, and I intend to wear it in the character of Apollo, at the masquerade this evening. There, there, what the devil are you about now, hey!

CARPENTER.

'Tis only one of the ropes that snap'd.

FIDDLESTICK.

The devil snap you, what do you mean by that; do you know that the fourth part of every rope in this house belongs to me.

CARPENTER.

'Twas only the rope that was tied about the neck of Apollo; there is rope enough left to hang all the Apollo's in England.

*[Here Jerry Dowlas comes to offer himself.]*

JERRY

D O W L A S.

A good morning fir, pray fir, is not your name Mr. Fiddlestick.

F I D D L E S T I C K.

Timothy Fiddlestick, Esq. if you please.

D O W L A S.

I beg your pardon fir.

F I D D L E S T I C K.

Well, what do you want here?

D O W L A S.

Sir, I came to offer myself.

F I D D L E S T I C K.

Offer yourself, to do what!

D O W L A S.

To play, fir.

F I D D L E S T I C K.

Hey, well, what do you play the fiddle?

D O W L A S.

No, fir.

F I D D L E S T I C K.

Can' you sing?

D O W L A S.

No, fir.

F I D D L E S T I C K.

Then I wou'd not give a fig for you.

D O W L A S.

I am a tragedian, fir.

F I D D L E-

## FIDDLESTICK.

Damn your tragedies and your comedies,—I wish they were at the bottom of the sea, with all my heart ;—’Tis a great pity they were ever introduced upon the stage ;—there is more *sound* sense in a good solo, or a concerto, than all the tragedies and comedies in the world. But here comes Mr. Smallcoal,—you’d better speak to him. Hey, what, well—Mr. Smallcoal, here is a gentleman who says he is a tragedian.

## SMALLCOAL.

A tragedian is he. [*Sneering*] did you ever play in any company.

## DOWLAS.

Oh ! yes sir, very often.

## SMALLCOAL.

What company, sir ?

## DOWLAS.

Sometimes in one company, and sometimes another.

## SMALLCOAL.

But what company, sir ?

## DOWLAS.

Sometimes at the Faulcon in Fetter-lane, sometimes at the Horn in Doctor’s Commons, sometimes at the Goose-and-Gridiron in St. Paul’s Church-yard.

SMALL-

SMALLCOAL.

I never saw such a goose as you are, I'm sure [*laughing*] Can you read, sir?

DOWLAS.

O yes, sir.

SMALLCOAL.

Can you write?

DOWLAS.

Yes, sir.

SMALLCOAL.

Then I'll be damn'd if you'll ever do for me: for you fellows that write and read are always too conceited; there is no making any thing of you.

DOWLAS.

I thought it was impossible to be an actor without such requisites, sir.

SMALLCOAL.

You thought?—who gave you the privilege of thinking, sir?—that's another proof of your stupidity—an actor should never think for himself.

DOWLAS.

No, sir?

SMALLCOAL.

No, he should always leave that to a Manager.—Did you ever hear Mrs. Hartichoke?

C

Dow-

DOWLAS.

No, sir.

SMALLCOAL.

No?—call her in—now you shall hear the very pattern of an actress. [*Enter Hartichoke*] Prithee, my dear girl, give me your favourite speech in shure.—Oh, she has all the charming monotony of the cuckoo.

HARTICHOKE.

Such is the fate unhappy women find,  
 And such the curse entail'd upon our kind,  
 That man the lawless libertine may rove  
 Free and unquestion'd thro' the wilds of love;  
 While woman, sense and nature's easy fool,  
 If poor, weak woman swerve from virtue's rule,  
 If, strongly charm'd, she leave the thorny way,  
 And in the softer paths of pleasure stray,  
 Ruin ensues, reproach, and endless shame,  
 And one false step entirely damns her fame;  
 In vain with tears the loss she may deplore,  
 In vain look back to what she was before,  
 She sets like stars, that fall to rise no more.

SMALLCOAL.

There, there, what do you think of her?

Dow-

DOWLAS.

Very clever indeed Sir ;—but surely she could never have arriv'd at such a pitch of excellence, without knowing how to write and read.

SMALLCOAL.

Not a word, fir—not a syllable—all nature and my assistance ;—besides, when she has lost the power of acting—she will be able to get her living by squeezing oranges and lemons at a coffee-house. *[ squeezing his hands. ]*

DOWLAS.

Sir, a good morning to you—I'm sorry I have been so troublesome.

SMALLCOAL

So am I, fir, [hey Fiddlestick] but I am afraid you have the greatest trouble to come.

DOWLAS.

What trouble, fir?

SMALLCOAL.

The trouble of taking yourself away as you came. [hey Fiddlestick]

DOWLAS.

'Tis a sad misfortune to be bit by a mad player ;—however, I have one resource left yet. I'll e'en to my old friend Billy Bustle ;—he's hand-and-glove with Patent ; Patent will soon

find out my genius, tho' these purblind dunciads have overlook'd it.

S C E N E II.

B U S T L E to P A T E N T.

B I L L Y B U S T L E.

We've lost it, we've lost it, we've lost it  
*[running up and down, blowing his nose, and wiping his fingers on his breeches]*

P A T E N T.

What have you lost—your senses?

B U S T L E.

It is the cause, it is the cause.

P A T E N T.

What cause, Billy, what cause?

B U S T L E.

That damn'd illiterate cause;—Milton, Shakespeare, Johnson, Dryden, Pope, Addison, and all the whole list of worthies are gone to hell.

P A T E N T.

The devil they are!—where did you get this intelligence?

B U S T L E.

From those double-dy'd devils in Westminster-Hall.

P A T E N T.

P A T E N T.

What do you mean?

B U S T L E.

My property is gone; it is indeed—indeed it is—Our family have had an illiterate property for many generations—I can prove my copy-right, granted to my great, great grand-father's grandfather, to the following illiterate productions: Sir John Gower's Poems, Jeffery Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, Drayton's Polyalbian, Spencer's Fairy Queen, Sir John Harrington's Orlando Furioso, from the Italian of Ariosto.

P A T E N T.

And they're gone, are they, Billy?

B U S T L E.

For ever!

P A T E N T.

Well, don't despair, I have a consolation for you yet.

B U S T L E.

Is it possible?

P A T E N T.

You shall have *my* productions, they will be the property of the living.

B U S T L E.

I'm happy, I'm happy; let the copy-right of the dead die with their illiterate masters for what

I care.—Odds bobs I had like to have forgot—I have a present for you.

P A T E N T.

What is it, Billy-boy?

B U S T L E.

A genius.

P A T E N T.

Indeed!

B U S T L E.

A voice like a lion, and an eye——Oh here he comes. I'll leave you *together alone*.

[ *Exit* B U S T L E.

*Enter* D O W L A S.

P A T E N T.

Walk in, Sir; your servant, Sir, your servant—have you any particular business with me?

D O W L A S.

Yes, sir, my friends have lately discovered that I have a genius for the stage.

P A T E N T.

Oh, you would be a player, would you, sir?—pray, sir, did you ever play?

D O W L A S.

No, sir, but I flatter myself——

P A T E N T.

P A T E N T.

I hope not, fir; flattering one's-self is the very worst of hypocrisy.

D O W L A S.

You'll excuse me, fir.

P A T E N T.

Aye, fir, if you'll excuse *me* for not *flattering* you.—I always speak my mind.

D O W L A S.

I dare say you will like my manner, fir.

P A T E N T.

No manner of doubt, fir—I dare say I shall—pray, fir, with which of the ladies are you in love?

D O W L A S.

In love, fir!—ladies! [*looking round*]

P A T E N T.

Aye, fir, ladies—Miss Comedy, or Dame Tragedy?

D O W L A S.

I'm vastly fond of Tragedy, Sir.

P A T E N T.

Very well, Sir; and where is your fort?

D O W L A S.

Sir?

P A T E N T.

I say, fir, what is your *department*?

D o w-

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I care.—Odds bobs I had like to have forgot—I have a present for you.

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P A T E N T.

Very well, Sir; and where is your fort?

D O W L A S.

Sir?

P A T E N T.

I say, fir, what is your *department*?

D o w-

D O W L A S.

*Department?*—Do you mean my lodging, sir?

P A T E N T.

Your lodgings, sir?—no, not I;—ha, ha, ha, I should be glad to know what department you would wish to possess in the tragic walk—the fighting lover, the furious hero, or the fly assassin?

D O W L A S.

Sir, I should like to play King Richard the Third.

P A T E N T.

A damn'd good character—a very good character; and I dare say you will play it vastly well, sir.

D O W L A S.

I hope you'll have no reason to complain, sir.

P A T E N T.

I hope not. Well, sir, have you got any favourite passage ready?

D O W L A S.

I have it all by heart, sir.

P A T E N T.

You have, sir, have you?—I shall be glad to hear you.

D o w-

D O W L A S.

Hem—hem—hem— [*clearing his throat.*]

What will the aspiring blood of Lancaster  
Sink in the ground—I thought it would have  
mounted.

See how my sword weeps for the poor king's  
death,

Oh! may such purple tears, be always shed  
On those who wish the downfall of our house;  
If there be any spark of life yet remaining  
Down, down, to hell, and say I sent thee thither,  
I that have neither *pity, love* nor *fear*.

P A T E N T.

Hold, fir, hold—in pity hold; za, za, za, fir,  
—fir—why dam'me, fir, 'tis not like humanity.  
You won't find me so great a barbarian as Rich-  
ard,—you say he had neither, *pity, love* nor  
*fear*,—now, fir, you will find that I am possess'd  
of all those feelings for you at present,—I *pity*  
your *conceit*, I *love* to speak my mind; and  
damme I *fear* you'll never make a *player*.

D O W L A S.

Do you think so, fir.

P A T E N T.

Do I think so, fir?—Yes, I know so fir!—  
now fir, only look at yourself—your legs kiss-  
ing as if they had fall'n in love with one an-

D

other;

other;—and your arms, dingle dangle, dingle dangle, like the fins of a dying turtle, [*mimicks him*] 'pon my soul, fir, 'twill never do,—pray, fir, are you of any profession?

D O W L A S.

Yes, fir, a linen draper!

P A T E N T.

A linen draper!—a damn'd good business; a very good business—you'll get more by that than by playing,—you had better mind your thrumbs and your shop, and be damn'd to you—and don't pester me here any more with your Richard and your—za, za, za—this is a genius damn such geniusses I say. [*Exit.*]

It will be acknowledged, I believe, that some, the most ingenious of mankind, who now stand dignified in the court of Fame, have been often more indebted to chance than industry.

Painters have drawn conversation pieces from the figures they have fancied to have seen in a fire; beautiful landscapes from the broken plaister in a wall;—formidable caverns, and terrifick mountains from the inside of a rotten cheese.

Musicians have composed fav'rite airs, from the creaking hinges of a door, the gurgling in  
the

the neck of a bottle, or the wind whistling through some little cranny.

Famous actors too have often formed their mode of speaking from the howling of a wolf, the roaring of a lion, or the braying of an ass.

There is a modern theatrical hero, "whom I have heard many praise, and highly too" as Hamlet says, who fell in love with the monotony of a chimney sweeper.

S \* \* th.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ;

Our stern alarms are chang'd to merry meetings ;  
Grim-visag'd war has smooth'd his wrinkled front,

And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,  
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,  
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

Little Peter Pollish took his hints from a different object. This gentleman has often been heard to say, that a windmill was one of the most graceful structures in the world, and that it always put him in mind of a flying Mercury ; but how he made it out, heaven only knows ;

'tis certain he had studied the motion of a wind-mill, and the figure of a Mercury, for he had ever the action of the one, and the attitude of the other; 'tis said he was a profound politician too, and has been often heard muttering to himself, concerning the precarious and ticklish finances of poor Old England, our trade declining, frequent bankruptcies, combustions in the state, city squabbling, public complainings; and no *Popery*.

Once in a sudden gust of exclamation; he broke out in a quotation from Barbarossa, sometimes ingeniously making one syllable into two.

S \* \* ig \* y.

Now sleep and silence—*ber-gods* o'er the *city*,  
The devoted centinel, now takes his lonely stand,  
And idly *der-ears* of that to-morrow,  
Which shall never come;—in this *der-ead* interval.

Oh! busy thought; from outward things  
Descend into thyself; bring with thee  
Awful conscience, and *sir-em* resolve,  
That in the approaching hour of blood and  
horror  
I may stand unmov'd.

And there he left off as stiff as a statue.

A cer-

A certain veteran of the stage, perceiving a dearth of genius and the theatre in an absolute decline, stood forth at seventy-five to save it from a total fall. Othello, he observ'd, had lost his legs, and Roscius his inclination.—Shall we for ever bid good by'e to Romeo—Adieu to Castalio,—and farewell to Macbeth ;—no, I will step forth myself, and convince the world there is no occasion for leg, tooth, or eye to play such characters ; and without any of those corporeal requisites, my auditors shall see that I will act them to a charm.

M \* \* k \* \* n.

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well,

It were done quickly ; if th' assassination  
 Could trammell up the consequence, and catch  
 With its surcease, success ; that but this blow  
 Might be the *be-all*, and the *end-all*—HERE.  
 But *here* upon this bank and shoal of time,  
 We'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases  
 We still have judgment *here*, that we but teach  
 Bloody instructions, which being taught, return  
 To plague the inventor. Even-handed justice  
 Returns th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
 To our own lips. [Exit.

*End of the First Part.*

S E C O N D

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S E C O N D P A R T.

**T**HE Italians make the ladies the objects of their imitation. Who does not laugh to hear a gigantic hero, from whose appearance one might expect the roar of a bellowing Taurus, warble out the commands of the conqueror of the world, with the execrable squeaking of a guinea-pig.

G A U D A N I.

What, alas ! shall Orpheus do ?

Whither go without his love ?

Euridice, oh ! answer me,

I have lost my darling dove, &c.

I know no difference there can be in this between a C\*T\*\*Y in breeches, and a S\*\*\*s\*\*o in petticoats.

C \* T \*\* Y.

When bickerings hot,

At high words got,

Break out at gammy-oram,

The golden rule

Their flame to cool,

Is push about the jorum.

With

With fist on jug,  
 Coifs who can hug,  
 Or shew me that glib speaker,  
 Who her red rag  
 In gibe can wag  
 When her mouth's brim full of liquor?

'Tis not every ear that is so refin'd; some will listen with more satisfaction to the natural and unaffected manner of an English singer, than to the debilitated extravagance of an Italian.

D U \* \* L L \* \* Y.

With early horn  
 Salute the morn, &c.

Now I will beg leave to introduce the manner of a gentleman who has a little more pudding in his voice.

B \* N N \* \* \* \* R.

This is, fir, a Jubilee,  
 Music without Melody,  
 Verses without harmony  
 That is, fir, a Jubilee,  
 &c. &c.

There

There is generally a greater share of affectation in singers than in actors, and they are frequently more indebted to art than to nature. To imitate the dissonant jargon of an unpolished African, requires a *mimical* capacity but no great share of vocal abilities.

D \* B D \* N.

Deer heart, deer heart, what a terrible life  
am I led, &c.

The Italians, whose ancestors were the sweetest of all poets, seem to have abolished that celestial science, as if they thought poetry and good sense unnecessary, where there is fine singing. A famous air in an Italian Opera has been literally translated thus :

Where, which, and wherefore,  
There, this, and therefore.

Paintings in still life seem to have lost their estimation—but we have capital singers in still life, in high esteem, who think it unnecessary to move hand or foot; nay sometimes indeed even disdain to open their mouths.

E

Mrs.

Mrs. B A R \* \* \* L \* \* \* N.

From morn to night alone I set,  
For liberty I figh and fret:

Like Robin in his cage.

Mamma too kills me with her care ;  
She tells me I am young and fair,

At a bewitching age.

&c. &c.

Our most sanguine wishes are frequently disappointed by the most provoking contrarieties. Some there are who possess enchanting tones, but are destitute of taste ; and on the other hand, we meet with those who are endowed with every requisite but a voice. When therefore a passion for imitation is guided by taste and judgment, it will always give satisfaction ; and we are ever pleas'd to view good action, fine feelings, and superior taste supply the deficiency of a voice.

V \* R N \* N.

Think, ah ! think, within my breast,

While contending passions reign,

How my heart is robb'd of rest,

And in pity ease my pain.

To

To a lover thus distressed,  
 Torn with doubting, hopes and fears,  
 Ev'ry moment till he's blest'd  
 Is a thousand thousand years.

When an actor or a singer is possessed of an extravagance of action, it destroys all effect of sense or sound; and renders the most elegant composition farcical.

Mrs. B \* D D \* \* Y.

The pride of all nature was sweet Willy O,  
 The first of all swains,  
 He gladden'd the plains,  
 None ever was like to the sweet Willy O,  
 None ever was like to the sweet Willy O,  
 &c. &c.

I have heard the tree of our immortal Shakespeare celebrated in the melodious strains of an itinerant crier of wooden ware.

“By my bowl or platter, buy my wooden ware.”

K \* \* R.

K \* \* R.

Behold this fair goblet was carv'd from the tree  
Which, Oh, my sweet Shakespeare was planted  
by thee ;

As a relique I kiss it, and bow to the shrine,  
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine.

All shall yield to the mulberry tree,  
Bend to thee, blest'd mulberry ;  
Matchless was he that planted thee,  
And thou, like him, immortal be.

As I have already given Mungo in distress,  
and Amintor in love, give me leave to introduce  
them once more in the rustic Ballad Singers.

V \* R N \* N.

Ye Warwickshire lads and ye lasses,  
See what at the Jubilee passes.  
&c. &c.

D \* B D \* N.

Be proud of the charms of your county,  
Where nature has lavish'd her bounty.  
&c. &c.

V \* \* N \* N.

V \* \* N \* N.

Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden,  
And half a score more we take pride in,  
&c. &c.

D \* B D \* N.

There never was fure fuch a creature.  
Of all fhe was worth he rob'd nature.  
&c. &c.

*End of the Second Part.*

P A R T

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### P A R T III.

**I**T rarely happens that we meet with a **ROSCIUS**, whose imitative genius can comprehend the great variety of human passions, and arrive at superior excellence in each.

There are many characters in which the figure of the figure of an actor gives us a disgust, and were they possessed of every other requisite, the part would always shew an awkward deficiency.—A crook-back'd Richard six feet high, will prejudice us against the character.—An Othello or a Mark Anthony, have the same effect, when represented by a diminutive figure.—But I have seen those characters acted by a modern tragedian, who hath impressed on me so strong an idea, that I have sometimes thought he had just left the great originals, and came to mimic them on the stage.

## B \* R \* Y.

Most potent, grave, and reveren'd Seniors,  
 My ever honour'd and approv'd good masters,  
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
 It is most true—true I married her ;  
 The very head and front of my offending  
 Hath this extent—no more.————

It has been too often observed the managers of our theatres pay too little deference to their Kings. I have seen his Majesty of Denmark represented by a gentleman who would have made an excellent waiter at a tavern, and Cymbeline put into the hands of another who would have done more credit to *Snuffle* in the Mayor of Garrat than any other actor on the stage.

## H \* \* S T.

I've surely seen him,  
 His favour, his familiar to me—Boy !  
 Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace  
 I know not why,—or wherefore  
 To say, Live, Boy ! ne'er thank thy master—live !  
 And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt  
 Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it.

When

When a hero makes his complaints, they should be expressed with the spirit of a hero; but when he whimpers them like a school-boy, it renders him perfectly ridiculous.

P \* L \* \* R.

It was upon a time—

A curse the clock that struck the hour,  
When I brought proof enough to make  
The noble Léonatus mad. Whereupon  
Methinks I see him now!

R \* D D \* \* H.

Ah, so thou dost, Italian fiend,  
Ah, me, egregious murderer, spit  
And throw stones at me, set  
The dogs in the street at me,  
Let every thing be call'd Posthumous, Léonatus.  
Oh! Imogen, my life, my wife, my Imogen!

Comedy has never a better effect on our passions than when two characters are happily contrasted, like light and shade in painting, each serves to foil the other;—the ludicrous vociferation of a Major Sturgeon, and the vacant timidity of a Jerry Sneak, give a double satisfaction, being opposed to each other.

F

D I A -

## DIALOGUE.

*Aristophanes, F\*\*TE. Billy Buckram W.\*ST\*N.*

BUCKRAM.

Your servant, Master Stophanes.

ARISTOPHANES.

Ah, what my little waddling, fwaddling Billy Buckram, how goes the world with you?—I thought old Charon had punted you over long enough ago.—I thought you was lost!

BUCKRAM.

No, I am not lost—I was just found—I was in Heaven, as it were—I walked, I do not know how I walked—mechanically, like a clock, or Moore's machine.

ARISTOPHANES.

What, you've been with the damn'd Methodists again, I find.

BUCKRAM.

Damn'd Methodists!—Oh, thou shalt broil for that; thou shalt stand at the Devil's gate, and I will pelt thee, yea, I will pelt thee with red hot cinders.

The

## ARISTOPHANES.

The devil you will—Red hot cinders!—I fancy you talk of things too *hot to hold*, hey, Billy—Come, prithee, be thy goodly self again, put off that damn'd face and begin.

## BUCKRAM.

Begin What?

## ARISTOPHANES.

Johnny Pringle, to be sure.

## BUCKRAM.

Nay, I can be merry an I chuse.

## ARISTOPHANES.

Then prithee chuse to be merry.

## BUCKRAM.

So I will master 'Stophanes, for I *loves* you for old acquaintance sake.

## SONG.

Johnny Pringle had a little pig,  
 It was little, and not very big.  
 Oh, had you been alive, and there to see  
 Johnny Pringle, Jenny Pringle, and little Piggy.  
Johnny

Johnny Pringle fat him down and cry'd,  
 Jenny Pringle laid her down and dy'd.

So there was an end of all the whole three,  
 Johnny Pringle, Jenny Pringle, and little Piggy.

But I am a-weary of this wicked world for all  
 that.

A R I S T O P H A N E S.

Its more than I am.

B U C K R A M.

And yet by your shining face, it seems to  
 make you sweat, too.

A R I S T O P H A N E S.

Huh, huh, sweat?—Fry, broil, burn,—I broil  
 characters as you broil sprats.

B U C K R A M.

Broil characters, I gad, that's odd enough.

A R I S T O P H A N E S.

Aye, broil characters;—What think you of  
 Dr. Squintum, Peter Paragraph, Sir Luke  
 Limp, Mother Cole, and the whole tribe of the  
 Nabobs.

Oh,

## BUCKRAM.

Oh, they are *perfectly* burnt to a cinder now, the town wants more coals, fresh Coles, or any thing fresh,—

## ARISTOPHANES.

They shall have 'em.—I'll tell you a secret,—shut the door—I'm going to have a new pantomime.—I'll tell you another,—I shall play harlequin myself.—Such a magazine for the next campaign. Characters never thought of by any bard before.—But to return to my pantomime—You shall be my Perriot.

## BUCKRAM.

Perriot! Oh, if you make a peer of me, master 'Stophanes, you'll be a princely gentleman, indeed.

## ARISTOPHANES.

Hold your tongue, you damn'd fool you. I shall be harlequin, and a nimble one—  
—You must keep close to my heels if you can.—And when we are pursued by all the mob of pantomimical figures, with their constables staves, red-hot pokers, pitch-forks, &c. at last we are drove into some turn-again lane,—how are we to make our escape?—

I can't

BUCKRAM.

I can't tell how, indeed.

ARISTOPHANES.

You can't, why then I'll tell you.—I'll turn you into a lion, and myself into an afs!

BUCKRAM.

I beg to be excused, master 'Stophanes.

ARISTOPHANES.

Hold your tongue, ye fool.—When the pantaloon and his mob comes to close quarters—you shall roar like a lion, and I'll bray like an afs

BUCKRAM.

I can't roar like a lion, master 'Stophanes.

ARISTOPHANES.

I warrant you I'll make you.

BUCKRAM.

How will you make me.

ARISTOPHANES.

By a charm to be sure.

BUCKRAM.

But what sort of a charm.

ARISTOPHANES.

You shall hear—When you are standing in a corner sucking your thumbs, and wont roar, I'll lay my stick, thawk acrofs your shoulders—and I warrant you'll roar like a lion in spight of your teeth.

BUCKRAM.

But shan't I make use of the same charm to you, Master 'Stophanes.

ARISTOPHANES.

I beg to be excused—I have my part by heart—For instance, what mob can stand this [*brays like an afs*] away they run—There's a touch for you.

BUCKRAM.

A touch indeed!

ARISTOPHANES.

Now, what is the next scene?

BUCKRAM.

Nay, I can't tell.

ARISTOPHANES.

Some beautiful water-works—with a fine cascade—when I the gentle harlequin, by the side  
of

of my pretty little columbine, shall be discover'd playing some tender air on my flute—suppose I give you a touch from *Bona Figliola*.

B U C K R A M.

Bona, Fi-fi-fli.

A R I S T O P H A N E S.

Oh, that's too hard a bone for you to pick.

B U C K R A M.

Oh, I shall like to hear it, Master 'Stophanes, tho' I don't understand it.—I'm not so much out of fashion as that.

A R I S T O P H A N E S.

Why then you shall have it.

*[imitates the flute upon his stick.*

There, there, is not that enough to charm any body.—Well, in the midst of our felicity, we are attacked again—and how do you think I got rid of 'em?

B U C K R A M.

Drown 'em all, I suppose.

A R I S T O P H A N E S.

No—I'll turn the water-works into fire-works.

Buck-

BUCKRAM,

Into fire-works.

ARISTOPHANES.

Yes, fire-works ;—and you shall be my little match-man.—I'll be Torre behind, and you shall take care of the rockets in front.—Here goes a rocket.

[Imitates the firing of a rocket.  
There, there it goes, Billy.

BUCKRAM,

Where, where, Master 'Stophanes.

ARISTOPHANES.

Where? Why, its all in idea to be sure.

BUCKRAM.

But I can't find out the idea, Master 'Stophanes.

ARISTOPHANES.

Why then you're a damn'd fool, that's all—  
And now Billy, now for it.

BUCKRAM.

Now, what's next.

G

ARIS

42 LECTURES ON MIMICKRY.

ARISTOPHANES.

Why I shall turn the cathrine-wheels into a couple of cats.

BUCKRAM.

A couple of cats.

ARISTOPHANES.

Yes, a couple of cats. You remember my parrot, don't you.

BUCKRAM.

I don't remember your parrot, not I.

ARISTOPHANES.

No?—Room for cuckolds, Poll, Poll, Poll,  
O pretty Padle.

BUCKRAM.

O Lud, I remember poor Poll vastly well now.

ARISTOPHANES.

You do—Then what think you of my cats,—  
the am'rous courtship of two cats in a gutter.—  
'Twill make a damn'd good moon-light scene.

BUCK-

## BUCKRAM.

But how will you introduce 'em, Master Stophanes.

## ARISTOPHANES.

How?—Why you shall hear—Suppose two cats on the top of a house, making love to each other; washing their faces; for all your *true lovers* should go with clean faces, hey, Billy—The gentleman shall address his lady thus:

[*Mimicks the cats.*

“*Moll, Moll-row, Moll-row.*”

Now the she cat.

“*Cur-well, Cur-well, Cur-well.*”

Now the he cat.

“*Cur you love me, Cur you love me.*”

Now the she cat.

“*No, Cur no, Cur no.*”

Now the catastrophe.

“*Hoo, boo, Oh, you whore.*”

[*Imitates the fighting of cats.*

There's for you, Billy, there's for you, boy;—if there should be a serious face in the house while that scene is going forward, I shall pronounce it, the face of a murderer or a methodist.

*End of the Third Part.*

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J E R R Y S N E A K ' s  
R E T U R N  
F R O M T H E  
R E G A T T A .

I ' M j u s t c o m e f r o m ' G a t t a ; a m d r e n c h ' d l i k e  
a h o u n d ,  
' T i s t w e n t y t o o n e t h a t I h a d n o t b e e n d r o w n ' d ;  
T h e r e w e r e w i f e a n d m y s e l f , a n d s o m e b r a v e  
j o l l y b o y s ,  
I n a s i x - o a r ' d c u t t e r , a m i d s t a l l t h e n o i s e ,  
W h e n a b l u n d e r i n g b r o a d - b o t t o m ' d c o u n t r y b a r g e  
C a m e b e a r i n g d o w n o n u s , — a n d t h e n t o o u r  
c h a r g e  
W e w e r e a l l o v e r s e t ; s h o u l d s u r e l y h a v e f u n k ,  
A n d h a v e g o n e t o t h e b o t t o m i f w e h a d n o t b e e n  
d r u n k ;  
T h e r e w a s n e ' e r a o n e d e a d o f u s a l l , b u t m y w i f e ,  
B u t t h e y t o w ' d h e r t o s h o r e , a n d s o o n b r o u g h t  
h e r t o l i f e ;

She

-She was dead as a fish, and as pale as a clout,  
 But they rubb'd her, and scrubb'd her, and roll'd  
 her about,

'Till they made her to talk, and to walk, and to  
 see,

And now she's as blithe and as brisk as a bee,  
 But we boarded our cutter, and ventur'd again,  
 Determin'd to see, what there was to be seen,  
 Such a wonderful posy of pennants and colours,  
 Such splashing and dashing with oars and scullers,  
 Skiffs, wherries and barges all huddl'd together,  
 Such crying for shelter on account of the weather,  
 The people on shore, who paid pounds for a seat,  
 Got wet to the skin and were glad to retreat,  
 While we on the Thames were so snug and so  
 quiet,

Amidst all the rain, all the racket and riot ;  
 There were courtiers and cits, and the gay savage-  
 weavers,

With fifes and with drums, with bones and with  
 cleavers,

The men were all red, and the women all white,  
 Oh, what a beautiful, wonderful sight,

The like I ne'er saw since born of my mother,  
 Should I live 'till I die, I should ne'er see another,  
 For should I have been drowned again and again,  
 I'd have gone every day such a fight to have seen ;

There's

There's nothing in drowning you know now-a-days,

They've found out such wonderful comical ways,  
Were you dead as a stone, you've no reason to  
fear,

They'll bring you to life with a flea in your ear;  
'The barges, some look'd like a body of gold,  
Some new ones were made—*out of those that were  
old,*

With awnings of silk; with some figure or trinket,  
And many were covered—with nought but a  
blanket,

With white-lead and black-lead, with paint and  
with pitch,

Some large and some small, some ragged, some  
rich;

Such a sight, such a noise, and such a sweet smell,  
Was never yet equal'd on earth, or in hell;

But we got to the gardens, and landed at last,  
In hopes to partake of the princely repast,

The tables were cover'd with many a thing,  
You'd have thought they'd set out a fine feast for  
a king;

The aldermen fix'd 'em each man to his plate,  
One took off his wig, and then rubbing his pate,

Look'd

Look'd eagerly round with a face of despair,  
 For fear that he should not come in for his share,  
 Then stuck his knife greedily into a ham,  
 Unbutton'd his waistcoat his stomach to cram,  
 Laid bones of fat capons in many a heap,  
 That he eat and he drank till he fell fast asleep.  
 I was hungry too, for as I am a sinner,  
 I'd ne'er a spare minute to get me a dinner,  
 So took me a plate, and then sily fate down,  
 Determin'd to get me *a bit of the brown*,  
 Was resolv'd to have it the risque of my life,  
 In spite of that termagant teazer, my wife,  
 But I'd scarcely got down a good mouthful or  
 two,

Before she came up, and made such ado,  
 Cry'd I never should more go with her to a feast,  
 Said I look'd like a hog, that I eat like a beast,  
 I'd have look'd if I could still more like a swine,  
 Would have swill'd all the night, but could get me  
 no wine ;

And mine was the fate too, of ten out of twenty,  
 There was nought but the artful appearance of  
 plenty ;

To canal next I went, and there dipp'd in my hat  
 To get me some water—there was plenty of that,  
 I heard



'Tis sheep-sheering time, so they go there to  
feast,

The first to be wash'd well, and then to be fleec'd.  
The townsmen have all got a wonderful knack  
Of touching your pocket, and stroking your back,  
But give them a chance, once, of taking a pull,  
At a fat golden fleece, and they'll have all his  
wool.

If you would not be apt now to think it too  
long,

I'd finish my story good folks with a song.

### S O N G.

The B O O R S of B R I G H T O N.

*Tune, Cold and raw the North doth blow.*

#### I.

The country is moorish,

The natives are boorish,

Tho' ignorant; yet they are cunning,

These are excellent places,

If you're of false faces,

With abundance of fleecing and funning.

I wish