

THE
PLAYERS:
A
SATIRE.

*Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil sane. Quid placet ergo?
Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.
— Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi; tunc tua me infortunia lædent,
Telephe, vel Peleu, male si mandata loqueris,
Aut dormitabo aut ridebo. —*

HOR.



L O N D O N :

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T H E

P R E F A C E.



WELL regulated Theatre is recommended by the late Sir *Richard Steel*, “ as an apt, agreeable, and
“ easy Method of making a polite
“ and moral Gentry, which would
“ end in rend’ring the rest of the
“ People regular in their Behaviour, and ambitious
“ of laudable Undertakings.” I am entirely of
the same Opinion, and by often reflecting on
the Nature of a perfect *Drama*, and the effect it
has, or was design’d to have, upon the Mind,
have been brought to conclude, that the *Players*
are of greater Importance to the Publick, than
they are commonly thought to be. The same
Writer in the eighth *Tatler*, introduces a Person
of a just Taste, bewailing an Audience extreamly
well diverted with that heap of Vice and Ab-
surdity, the *London Cuckolds*. I wonder what
that Gentleman, if now living, would say upon
seeing humane Nature fallen so low in its De-
lights, as it now appears to be! What would
he say to the ferocius Transports of a *British*
Audience, at a heap of *Pantomime Absurdities*,
little juggling, yet bungling Tricks, inexplicable

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dumb-shew? But as it is not my Design to endeavour here to explode such irrational Entertainments, I shall confine my self to the *Players*, who, it seems, must be Men of good Understanding, to be capable of being such; and who of all Men living are to be pity'd, that they are obliged to repeat, and assume proper Gestures for representing Things of which their Reason must be ashamed. That *Players* ought to be Men of good Understanding, is all the Author of the following Piece contends for; his Satyr being only levell'd at Sots, and Coxcombs, if any such infest our present Stages, and design'd to prevent their future Intrusion there. † “It is
“impossible to return from the Presentation of
“the noble Characters drawn by *Shakespeare*, and
“others, without strong Impressions of Honour
“and Humanity.” But how are these Impressions to be made? How are the Poets-Sentiments to be convey'd to an Audience? By the Person, the Manner, the Look, and the Motion of an accomplish'd *Player*. If this be the Case, as it certainly is, the *Players* Understanding must be very good to penetrate into the true Nature and Design of Characters; and his Application unwearied, to acquire a Manner, Look, and Motion capable of making those strong Impressions. It is pity the Taste of the Age is not a little more delicate in Theatrical Diversions; for, were the Playhouses frequented with a laudable Intention of seeing noble Characters presented, and Actors employ'd there, for that Purpose only, the Man who has the Power to insinuate himself into the Heart, where all Tragedy ought to go, would be very easily distinguish'd from
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† Tat. N 8.

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an empty Repeater, who perpetually perplexes the Ear, and offends the Eye. Mr. *Dryden* has assur'd us a good Representation, has often so strongly contributed to the Reception of an indifferent Piece from the Stage, that a judicious Reader might, on perusal, doubt if it was the same he saw perform'd. This is a fine Compliment to the Actors, from one of the greatest Poets that ever was born, yet no more than good *Players* deserve. On the other Hand, indifferent ones must impoverish the Spirit and Sublimity of an exquisite Play; for, the more noble and elevated the Sentiments, the more delicately the Passions are touch'd, the less capable are they of feeling them, and consequently of causing them to be felt; and the more proper and elegant the Diction, the less are they acquainted with a proper Accent and Delivery. *Shakespear* seems to have been fully convinc'd of this Truth. In *Hamlet* he introduces a *Player*, who was to probe the very Soul of the King, and least the *Player* should miscarry, *Hamlet* instructs him in a very beautiful Manner, and shews him if he mistakes, overdoes his Character, or comes tardy off, he cannot have the desir'd Effect. The Circumstance in *Hamlet* was very nice; the King would naturally endeavour to smother his inward Conviction; therefore the *Player* was to exert his whole Capacity to wring a Discovery of it from him. How admirable is *Shakespear's* Address in creating such an Opportunity of improving the Taste of the Auditors, by shewing them the Errors of his co-temporary *Players*, and reproving those *Players*, by exposing their Vices, which

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by the Tenour of his Instructions, we may conclude were very great, of giving all future Actors, an excellent and useful Lesson, all future Auditors, so correct a Rule for judging, and placing it where it must live for ever, and can hardly escape the Notice of a sensible Creature ! It is not spoken on our Stages, for some important Theatrical Reason, no doubt, but I have transcrib'd it here, and confess my self such an Admirer of it, that I wish every lover of Plays, had it by Heart.

“ Speak the Speech as I pronounc'd it to you,
“ trippingly on the Tongue. But if you mouth
“ it, as many of our *Players* do, I had as lieve
“ the Town-Cryer had spoke my Lines. And
“ do not saw the Air too much with your Hand
“ thus, but use all gently ; for in the very
“ Torrent, Tempest, and, as I may say, the
“ Whirlwind of Passion, you must acquire and
“ beget a Temperance that may give it Smooth-
“ ness. Oh ! it offends, me to the Soul, to see a ro-
“ bustous, Periwig-pated-fellow, tear a Passion to
“ Tatters, to very Rags, to split the Ears of the
“ Groundlings, who (for the most Part) are
“ capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-
“ shews and noise. I could have such a Fellow
“ whipt for an o'erdoing Termagant ; it out-
“ *Herod's* Herod. Be not too tame neither ; but
“ let your own Discretion be your Tutor. Sute
“ the Action to the Word, the Word to the
“ Action ; with this special observance, that you
“ o'erstep not the Modesty of Nature, for any
“ Thing so overdone, is from the purpose of
“ Playing, whose End, both at first and now,
“ was, and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirror
“ up

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“ up to Nature ; to shew Virtue her own Fea-
“ ture, scorn her own Image, and the very Age
“ and Body of the Time its Form and Pressure.
“ Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though
“ it make the unskilfull laugh, cannot but make
“ the judicious grieve : The Censure of which
“ one must, in your Allowance, oversway a
“ whole Theatre of others. Oh! there be *Play-*
“ *ers* that I have seen play, and heard others
“ praise, and that highly, (not to speak it pro-
“ fanely) that neither having the Accent of
“ Christian, or the Gate of Christian, Pagan, or
“ Man, have so strutted and bellowed, that
“ I have thought some of Nature’s Journey-
“ men had made Men, and not made them
“ well, they imitated Humanity so abominably.
“ This should be reformed altogether, and let
“ those that play your Clowns, speak no more
“ than is set down for them : For there be some
“ of them that will of themselves laugh, to set
“ on some quantity of barren Spectators to laugh
“ too ; though in the mean Time, some neces-
“ sary Question of the Play be then to be con-
“ sider’d ; that’s villainous, and shews a most
“ pitiful Ambition in the Fool that uses it.”

Before I take my leave of this Play, I cannot help taking Notice, that *Shakespear* has describ’d the whole Behaviour of a good Actor, in one of *Hamlet’s* Reflections.

*Is it not monstrous that this Player here,
But in a Fiction, in a Dream of Passion,
Could force his Soul so to his own Conceit,
That from her working, all his Visage warm’d ;
Tears in his Eyes, Distraction in his Aspect,*

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*A broken Voice, and his whole Function suiting
With Forms to his Conceit!*

Here we perceive the Visage, the Eyes, the Aspect, the Voice, nay the whole Essence of the Man, must suit the Character he undertakes; so that we may venture to pronounce any other kind of Performers absent ones, to say no worse of them. It now appears, upon *Shakespear's* Authority, that the Impression must be stronger or weaker, according to the Ability of the *Player*; and that the Poet's Success, upon the Stage, must depend upon those, in whose Power it is either to pervert or enforce his Sentiments. An advantagious Representation is far preferable, with the Generality of Mankind, to a reading; for in the former, the Action feeds the Eye, the Passion express'd in the *Players* Looks, strikes us immediately, and fixes our Attention to what he has to say on the Occasion; add to this a just Manner of speaking, the Mind cannot but receive an agreeable Satisfaction; but in the latter, many fine Strokes may escape a pretty diligent Reader. As *Player's* are of this Consequence in our most polite and rational Entertainments, seasonable Re-proofs and Instructions (witness *Shakespear*) must be of Service to them; by awakening the stupid out of their Lethargy, if possible, and keeping the able and experienc'd ones upon their Guard. But the Taste of these our Times is such, that a Discourse of either Plays or *Players*, seems altogether *contra temps*, both being, for ought that I know, better than the People deserve or desire

fire

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fire. † A Poet dares not shew his Head, it being agreed on all Hands, that a Windmill, or a Flying-Chair, is preferable to a *Dryden*, or an *Otway*; and a Scene of *Shakespear*, much inferior to an interlude of *Ya hoo Pantomime*. For which Reason, it may seem a little surprizing, that our Actors do not at present labour under the grossest Absurdities, which Indolence and Ignorance, the Effects of a vicious publick Taste, could load them with. *Molière* is of Opinion, that a Proficient in any Science cannot be worse plagu'd, than in being obliged to display his Talents to a Fool; and in his ‡ *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, introduces Monsieur *Jourdain's*, Dancing-Master and Musick-Master, disputing this Point. The Musick-Master thinks it would be very well for Dancing-Masters, and Musicians, if the World had no better Notions of their Arts, than Monsieur *Jourdain*, a very ignorant affected whimsical Fellow, for tho' his Taste was bad,
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† Sæpe etiam audacem fugat hoc, terretque Poetam,
Quod numero plures, virtute & honore minores,
Indocti, stolidique, & depugnare parati,
Si discordet Eques; mediâ inter carmina poscunt
Aut Ursam, aut Pugiles: his nam Plebecula gaudet.
Verum Equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis, ad incertos oculos & gaudia vana.

HOR.

Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme. Act. 1. Scene 1.

Maitre de Musique, Maitre a Danser.

Mait. de Musique. Ce nous est un douce rente que ce Monsieur *Jourdain*, avec les visions de noblesse & de galanterie qu'il est allé se mettre en tete. Et votre danse & ma Musique, auroient a souhaiter que tout le monde lui ressemblat.

M. a Danser. Non pas entierement; & je voudrois pour lui, qu'il se connut mieux qu'il ne fait aux choses que nous lui donons.

M. de Musique. Il est vrai qu'il les connoit mal, mais il les paye bien; & cest dequoi maintenant nos Arts ont plus besoin que de toute autre chose.

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he paid well. On the Contrary, the Dancing-Master owns himself affected with Applause, that he has a secret Pleasure in the Commands of Persons of a delicate Taste, and is never better recompenc'd for his Labours, than with the Approbation of the judicious. Our Audiences are for the most Part, *Jourdains*; and tho' we may have some *Players*, who think like the Dancing-Master, too many of 'em, I'm afraid, chime in with, and act upon the Principle of the Musick-Master, which is a very base one. Ingenious Men urg'd on by a truly noble Spirit, always aim at a superior Excellence in their Profession, they cannot make Gain the ultimate of their Designs, nor place their happiness in it: But, as I before hinted, too many *Players* perhaps have much narrower views; therefore the bad Taste of an Audience must shed a malignant Influence on a Theatre; and a bad Taste, in its Managers a much worse; for where sordid, mean spirited Fellows, who have no Notions above that of a large Sallary, and a good Benefit-night, are suffer'd to practise their little dirty Tricks

M. a Danſer. Pour moi, je vous l'avoue, je me repais un peu de gloire. Les applaudissemens me touchent; & je tiens que dans tous les beaux Arts, c'est un supplice assez facheux, que de se produire a des sots; que d'essayer, sur des compositions, la barbarie d'un stupide. Il y a plaisir ne m'en parlez point, a travailler pour des personnes qui soient capables de sentir les delicatesses d'un Art; qui sachent faire un doux accueil aux beautez d'un ouvrage; et, par de chatouillantes approbations, vous regaler de votre travail. Oui, la recompense la plus agreable qu'on puisse recevoir des choses que l'on fait, c'est de les voir connues; de les voir caresses d'un applaudissement qui vous honore. Il n'y a rien, a mon avis, qui nous paye mieux ala de toutes nos fatigues; & ce sont des douceurs exquises, que des louanges eclairees.

M. de Musique. J'en demeure d'accord, & je les goute comme vous. Il n'y a rien assurement qui chatouille davantage, que les applaudissemens

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Tricks, worm themselves into Parts, however unequal to the Task, and circumvent Men of good Capacities, by depriving them of every Opportunity of appearing to Advantage: I say, whilst Merit is to be curb'd and manag'd by such Miscreants, a Theatre must dwindle into pitiful Circumstances. The Constitution of a Theatre resembles a Commonwealth; the supreme Powers of this ought to be Men of Wisdom, Conduct, Fortitude, and impartial Distributers of Justice, the Punishers of Vice, and Encouragers of Virtue. The Managers of that ought to be Judges of Wit, Spirit, and good Sense, Promoters of Merit, and Discouragers of Ignorance and Impudence; which is the only Method of preserving and promoting the honest Views of each individual, the Advantage and Welfare of the whole, and frustrating the Designs of the self-interested. When weak or vicious Men creep to the Head of Affairs, of what nature soever, wanting Ability, and Inclination very often, to discharge their Duties well, have recourse to very mean Expedients. I don't say any of our Theatres are now under such Management; but if our

mens que vous dites; mais cet encens ne fait pas vivre. Des louanges toutes pures ne mettent point un homme a son aise. Il y faut meler du solide, & la meilleure facon de louer, c'est de louer avec les mains. C'est un homme, a la verite, dont les lumieres sont petites, qui parle a tort & a travers de toutes choses, & n'applaudit qu'a coutrefens; mais son argent redresse les jugmens de son Esprit. Il a du discernement dans sa bourse. Ses louanges sont monnoyes; & ce Bourgeois ignorant nous vaut mieux, comme vous voyez, que le grand Seigneur eclaire qui nous a introduits ici.

M. a Danfer. Il y a quelque chose de vrai dans ce que vous dites; mais je trouve que vous appuyez un peu trop sur l'argent: & l'interet est quelque chose de si bas, qu'il ne faut jamais qu'un honnete homme montre pour lui de l'attachement.

present

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present Managers should drop, and this *Bon-gout* continue, or grow stronger, the Condition of the Stage would not, I fancy, be very unlike that describ'd in the *Tattler*, N^o 12. "It is now
" some Years, since several Revolutions in the
" gay World had made the Empire of the Stage
" subject to very fatal Convulsions, which were
" too dangerous to be cured by the Skill of little
" King *Oberon*, who then sat in the Throne of
" it." This want of Skill in the King or Ma-
" nager " brought in upon us, to get in his Mo-
" ney, Ladder-dancers, Rope-dancers, Jugglers,
" and Mountebanks, to strut in the Place of *Shake-*
" *spear's* Heroes, and *Johnson's* Humourists.
" Things are come to this pass; and yet the
" World will not understand, that the Theatre
" has much the same Effect on the Manners of
" Age, as the Bank on the Credit of the Nation.
" Wit and Spirit, Humour and good Sense can
" never be reviv'd, but under the Government of
" those who are Judges of such Talents, who
" know, that whatever is put up in their stead,
" is but a short and trifling Expedient, to sup-
" port the Appearance of them for a Season".
There is no Danger of our Managers giving any future Writer an Opportunity of saying so of them; No, they certainly will use their utmost Endeavour to revive Plays, so as to take their usual Place in the Opinion of Persons of Wit and Merit, notwithstanding their late Apostacy in Favour of Dress and Sound. But to return to the *Players*, for whose Profession, in its Purity, I have a sincere Regard, and whose Welfare I wou'd, to the utmost of my Ability, encourage
and

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and promote. I hope they will not be offended at my telling them, that there is an admirable Paper in the Spectators written entirely for their use, 'tis possible they may be well acquainted with it; but as it is a conclusive Proof of what I first asserted, that they must be Men of a good understanding; and contains some admirable Hints for judging, as well as acting; I cannot omit it, especially as I am convinc'd it will be agreeable to the Reader.

Spect. N. 541. Vol. 7.

*Format enim Natura prius nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum; juvat, aut impellit ad iram,
Aut ad humum mærore gravi deducit & angit;
Post effert animi motus interprete Lingua.*

HOR. de Art. Poet.

My Friend the TEMPLER, whom I have so often mention'd in these Writings, having determin'd to lay aside his poetical Studies, in order to a closer Pursuit of the Law, has put together, as a Farewel Essay, some Thoughts concerning Pronunciation and Action, which he has given me leave to communicate to the publick. They are chiefly collected from his favourite Author, Cicero, known to have been an intimate Friend of Roscius the Actor, and a good Judge of dramattick Performances, as well as the most eloquent Pleader of the Time in which he lived.

Cicero concludes his celebrated Books, *de Oratore*, with some Precepts for Pronunciation and Action, without which Part he affirms, that the best Orator in the World can never succeed; and

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an indifferent one, who is Master of this, shall gain much greater Applause. What could make a stronger Impression, says he, than those Exclamations of *Gracchus*: *Whither shall I turn? Wretch that I am! to what Place betake my self? shall I go to the Capitol? — Alas! it is overflow'd with my Brother's Blood. Or shall I retire to my House? Yet there I behold my Mother plung'd in Misery, weeping and despairing!* These Breaks and Turns of Passion, it seems, were so enforced by the Eyes, Voice, and Gesture of the Speaker, that his very Enemies could not refrain from Tears. I insist, says *Tully*, upon this the rather, because our Orators, who are, as it were, Actors of the Truth itself, have quitted this manner of speaking; and the Players, who are but the Imitators of Truth have taken it up.

I shall therefore pursue the Hint he has here given me, and for the Service of the *British* Stage I shall copy some of the Rules which this great *Roman* Master has laid down; yet, without wholly confining my self to his Thoughts or Words: And to adapt this Essay the more to the Purpose for which I intend it, instead of the Examples he has inserted in his Discourse, out of the ancient Tragedies, I shall make use of paralel Passages out of the most celebrated of our own.

The Design of Art is to assist Action as much as possible in the Representation of Nature; for the Appearance of Reality is that which moves us in all Representations, and these have always the greater Force, the nearer they approach to Nature, and the less they shew of Imitation.

Nature

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Nature her self has assign'd, to every Emotion of the Soul, its peculiar Cast of the Countenance, Tone of Voice, and Manner of Gesture; and the whole Person, all the Features of the Face and Tones of the Voice answer like 'Strings upon musical Instruments, to the Impressions made on them by the Mind. Thus the Sounds of the Voice, according to the various Touches which raise them, form themselves into an acute or grave, quick or slow, loud or soft Tone. These too may be subdivided into various kinds of Tones, as the gentle, the rough, the contracted, the diffus'd, the continued, the intermitted, the broken, abrupt, winding, softened, or elevated. Every one of these may be employ'd with Art, and Judgment; and all supply the Actor, as Colours do the Painter with an expressive Variety.

Anger exerts its peculiar Voice in an acute, raised, and hurrying Sound. The passionate Character of King *Lear*, as it is admirably drawn by *Shakespear*, abounds with the strongest Instances of this kind.

— *Death! Confusion!*

*Fiery?—what Quality? why Gloster! Gloster!
I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his Wife,
Are they inform'd of this? My Breath and Blood!
Fiery? the fiery Duke?— &c.*

Sorrow and Complaint demand a Voice quite different, flexible, slow, interrupted, and modulated in a mournful Tone; as in that pathetic Soliloquy of Cardinal *Wolsey* on his fall.

Farewel!

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*Farewel!— a long Farewel to all my Greatness!
This is the State of Man!— to-day he puts forth
The tender Leaves of Hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing Honours thick upon him,
The third Day comes a Frost, a killing Frost,
And when he thinks, good easy Man, full surely
His Greatness is a ripening, nips his Root,
And then he falls as I do.*

We have likewise a fine Example of this in the whole Part of *Andromache* in the *Distrest-Mother*, particularly in these Lines;

*I'll go, and in the Anguish of my Heart
Weep o'er my Child;—If he must dye, my Life
Is wrapt in his, I shall not long survive.
'Tis for his sake that I have suffer'd Life,
Groan'd in Captivity and out-liv'd Hector.
Yes! my Astyanax, we'll go together!
Together to the Realms of Night we'll go;
There to thy ravish'd Eyes thy Sire I'll shew,
And point him out among the Shades below.* }

Fear expresses itself in a low, hesitating and abject Sound. If the Reader considers the following Speech of *Lady Mackbeth*, while her Husband is about the Murder of *Duncan* and his Grooms, he will imagine her even affrighted with the Sound of her own Voice while she is speaking it.

Alas!

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*Alas! I am afraid they have awak'd
And 'tis not done; th' Attempt, and not the Deed,
Confounds us--Hark!-- I laid the Daggers ready,
He could not miss them. Had he not resembled
My Father as he slept, I had done it.*

Courage assumes a louder Tone, as in that
Speech of Don Sebastian.

*Here satiate all your Fury;
Let Fortune empty her whole Quiver on me,
I have a Soul that like an ample Shield
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.*

Pleasure dissolves into a luxurious, mild, ten-
der, and joyous Modulation; as in the following
Lines of Caius Marius.

*Lavinia! O there's Musick in the Name,
That softning me to infant tenderness,
Makes my Heart spring, like the first Leaps of Life.*

And Perplexity is different from all these;
grave, but not bemoaning, with an earnest uni-
form Sound of Voice; as in that celebrated
Speech of Hamlet

*To be, or not to be?—that is the Question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the Mind to suffer
The Slings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune,
Or to take Arms against a Sea of Troubles,*

And

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*And by opposing end them. To die, to sleep;
No more; and by a Sleep to say we end
The Heart-ach, and the Thousand natural Shocks
That Flesh is Heir to; 'tis a Consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep—
To sleep; perchance to dream! Ay, there's the Rub.
For in that Sleep of Death what Dreams may
come,*

*When we have shuffled off this mortal Coil,
Must give us pause.— There's the Respect
That makes Calamity of so long Life;
For who wou'd bear the Whips and Scorns of Time,
Th' Oppressors Wrongs, the proud Man's Contumely,
The Pangs of despis'd Love, the Laws Delay,
The Insolence of Office, and the Spurns
That patient Merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himself might his Quietus make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would Fardles bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary Life?
But that the Dread of something after Death,
The undiscover'd Country, from whose Bourn
No Traveller returns, puzzles the Will,
And makes us rather chuse those Ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.*

As all the Varieties of Voice are to be directed by the Sense, so the Action is to be directed by the Voice, and with a beautiful Propriety, as it were to enforce it. The Arm, which by a strong Figure Tully calls the Orator's Weapon, is to be
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sometimes rais'd and extended ; and the Hand, by it's Motion is sometimes to lead, and sometimes to follow the Words as they are uttered. The stamping of the Foot too, has it's proper Expression in Contention, Anger, or absolute Command. But the Face is the Epitome of the whole Man, and the Eyes are as it were the Epitome of the Face ; for which Reason, he says, the best Judges among the *Romans* were not extremely pleas'd, even with *Roscius* himself in his Mask. No part of the Body, beside the Face, is capable of as many Changes as there are different Emotions in the mind, and of expressing them all by those Changes. Nor is this to be done without the freedom of the Eyes ; therefore *Theophrastus* call'd one, who barely rehearsed his Speech with his Eyes fix'd, an absent Actor.

As the Countenance admits of so great a Variety, it requires also great Judgment to govern it. Not that the Form of the Face is to be shifted on every occasion, lest it turn to Farce and Buffoonry ; but it is certain, that the Eyes have a wonderful Power of marking the Emotions of the mind, sometimes by a stedfast look, sometimes by a careless one, now by a sudden Regard, then by a joyful Sparkling, as the Sense of the Words is diversifyed : For the Action is, as it were, the Speech of the Features and Limbs, and must therefore conform it self always to the Sentiments of the Soul. And it may be observed, that in all which relates to the Gesture, there is a wonderful Force implant-

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ed by Nature, since the Vulgar, the Unskillfull, and even the most Barbarous are chiefly affected by this. None are moved by the sound of Words, but those who understand Language ; and the sense of many Things is lost upon Men of a dull Apprehension : But the Action is a kind of universal Tongue ; all Men are subject to the same Passions, and consequently know the same Marks of them in others, by which they themselves express them.

Perhaps some of my Readers may be of opinion, that the Hints I have here made use of out of *Cicero*, are somewhat too refin'd for the Players on our Theatre : In answer to which, I venture to lay it down as a Maxim, “ that without good Sense no one can be a good Player, “ and that he is very unfit to personate the Dignity of a *Roman* Hero, who cannot enter into “ the Rules for Pronunciation and Gesture delivered by a *Roman* Orator. ”

There is another thing which my Author does not think too minute to insist on, though it is purely mechanical ; and that is the right pitching of the Voice. On this Occasion he tells the Story of *Gracchus*, who employed a Servant with a little ivory Pipe to stand behind him, and give him the right Pitch, as often as he wandered too far from the proper Modulation. Every Voice, says *Tully*, has its particular Medium and Compass, and the sweetness of Speech consists in leading it through all the Variety of Tones naturally,

The P R E F A C E.

rally, and without touching any Extreme. Therefore says he, Leave the Pipe at home, but carry the Sense of this Custom with you.

From this excellent Spectator, and other Passages before quoted, it is evident that a good Player must be a man of good Sense. But how many have attempted the Stage, because they thought it a fine lazy sort of a Life, and conceiv'd the business of acting to be only getting so much by heart, and then repeating it. Such Fellows ought to be expell'd with a just Contempt; and the man of Sense when he grows indolent, to be admonish'd; which is the whole Drift of this Satyr. I have confin'd my self to the Sentiments, and where I could, the very words of such Writers as are of an establish'd reputation amongst us, and in almost every Body's hand; because my own Observations, however just, without such Authorities to back them, might inspire some People with the Spirit of Contradiction and Wrangling, and put it into their heads to criticise. The Players have indeed long enjoyed their Salaries, and appeared upon the Stage without Interruption; from whence they may think themselves above Correction or Reproof. But I cannot readily conceive, nor can any Player, I believe, give me a Reason why any Person should be suffered to impose upon our Senses from the Stage, any more than the Press; or one Man be permitted to pick the Pocket of his Auditors, with impunity, rather than another that of his Readers. Scriblers have been always very severely treated by the Satyrists;

The P R E F A C E.

their Writing expos'd, without the least Regard paid to the dependance of their Bread, or their views of Profit. Poverty has never been able to protect Dulness, though the wants of the Writer might surpass those of any Players; and though the dependance of the One on the reputation and sale of his Works, be as great as that of the others, upon their reputation and Benefit Nights. Dr. *Young* in his first Epistle to Mr. *Pope*, says,

*His Hammer this, and that his Trowel quits,
And wanting Sense for Tradesmen, serve for Wits.*

And a little farther,

*Another writes because his Father writ,
And proves himself a Bastard by his Wit.*

I might, if I pleas'd, with very little Variation, and without straining the Matter, apply this to the Stage; but passing over that, I shall content my self, with adressing a few Lines of the same Author to our Audiences, that they may not encourage those who wanting Sense for Tradesmen, will be Players, or any others who pretend to entertain the Publick without their Patent Sense.

*Treat them, ye Judges, with an honest Scorn,
And weed the Cockle from the generous Corn:
There's true good Nature in your Disrespect,
In justice to the Good, the Bad neglect.*

If

The P R E F A C E.

If the Actors think themselves hardly used in the following Piece, I can from my own knowledge assure them that they are obliged to the Authors Lenity. As to the feigned Names used in it, I am commissioned to say they were not intended to signify particular Persons, but Faults.

*Why, who cries out on Pride,
That can therein tax any private Party?
What Woman in the City do I name?
When that I say the City Woman bears
The Cost of Princes on unworthy Shoulders.
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her Neighbour?
Or, what is he of basest Function,
That says his Bravery is not on my Cost?
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His Folly to the Mettle of my Speech.
There then! How then? Then let me see wherein
My Tongue hath wrong'd him: If it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself: If he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild Goose flies,
Unclaimed of any Man.*

SHAK. As you like it.

However, if any Actor should cry, that is levelled at me, or grow passionately fond of any particular name, he is heartily welcome to it, upon this Condition: That he forbears to apply

The P R E F A C E.

the rest to any other Person. *Lest I should not be generally understood, when I call the Verse Epistolary, I beg leave to add, That in the way of Epistle or Essay, Poets commonly take greater Liberties, and write with less Regularity, than the other kinds of Poetry will admit of; and give the Numbers a less harmonious Turn, by affecting a greater familiarity in the Stile, and avoiding strong Metaphors, and other Figurative Expressions, which are necessary to elevate the the Diction of Poems intended forcibly to strike the Imagination, and move the Passions. The Publication being chiefly owing to me, I thought my self obliged a little to prepare the way, and urge something in behalf of a young Author, who never appeared in Print before; tho' he now ventures into the World as a Satyrist, and without so much as a Bookseller for his Patron.

* As this Piece was written, without any view of ever being made publick, to a young Gentleman in the Country, who often conversed with the Author, and desired a few Hints in Writing on the Subject of *Playing*, The Verse is Epistolary.

THE
PLAYERS.
A
SATYR.

THE
PLAYERS.
A
SATYR.

WELL! I confess it, I have said the Play'rs
Use Parrot-Eloquence, and senseless Airs;
That blundring on, The Poets Sense unknown,
They give Offence, Who will the charge disown?
What Witling, fond Admirer of these men,
Against this Truth will boldly draw his Pen?
Yet freely I allow, The present Stage
Some few adorn, who justly please the Age.

But

The PLAYERS.

But this Allowonce can't be understood
To mean the Players generally good,
Sooner than grant you that, I would admit
H—y a Tully, and *Ned W—d* a Wit.

Some Players, vain, impertinent, and loud,
Equipt like Zany's who amuse the Crowd,
Owe their acquir'd Applause, their great Success,
To a Corinthian Face, and gaudy Dress.
To speak great *Shakespear's* Lines, not feel his Sense,
Is most amazing harden'd Impudence.
Well he preferr'd what mouthing Cryers repeat,
To the lewd ranting of a Fustian Pate.

When on the breathing Flute *Timotheus* play'd,
Thro' various Measures as his fingers stray'd,
Great *Ammon's* Son, the powerful Strains confest,
And found alternate Passions seize his breast.
As that *Timotheus* mov'd the Son of *Jove*,
Good Actors variously our Passions move.
Closely they urge the Poets Thought and Stile,
Consult the Subject, when to frown or smile;
When with persuasive Ardour to enforce,
With Freedom, when to soften the discourse.

Our *Gothick* Genius's, quite otherways,
Invade the Pudding, and attempt the Praise.
The Stage is open to each thoughtless head,
When ruin'd by Excess, to plod for bread.

Hence

A SATYR.

Hence Dolts arrive, who stupidly repeat,
And think it wondrous well, because they eat ;
Whilst others, merry, melancholly Elves,
For Jokes, and Ends of Verses, starve themselves.

Phillis, her pipkin Maidenhead once crack'd,
By my good Lord, is to the Playhouse pack'd ;
She lives, unconscious of the Players Art,
And makes the Theatre a bawdy Mart,
Coquets, paints, patches, studys every Air,
To draw in Chapmen for her fly-blown Ware :
The Stage is elegant, the Dress is nice,
A glitring Miss commands a glitring Price.

The Poets Ardour must the Player warm,
Or else in vain the Player hopes to charm.
Just Actors in the Poet still confide :
Making his perfect Draught their certain guide,
They lay a sure Foundation for a Name,
Whence, spight of Envy, grow Rewards and Fame.
But here most Actors so defective prove, (move.
We can't believe they think, and wonder how they

When *Shakespear* bids impatient Choler rise,
Scowl on the Brow, and lighten thro' the Eyes,
The glowing Breast with turgent spirits heave,
The hand revengeful to the Sabre cleave,
A nimble Peal of vocal Thunder roll,
Whose lightest Accent, may affect the Soul,

'Tis

The PLAYERS.

'Tis done; The Hero blusters, and looks big,
Adventures all, but his full-bottom'd Wig;
He rushes on impetuous to the Fight,
But first, examines if his Buskin's right.

O these discerning heads with ease succeed
In Trifles! they can act, but cannot read.

The Scene is chang'd, soft, plaintive Sorrows flow,
In all the tender Eloquence of Woe.

The Actor wails, with briny Torrents lav'd,
See, the *Pathetick* Handkerchief is wav'd,
Sole Index of Distress! Sadly he keeps
In one invari'd Tone, and whilst he weeps,
Even the flinty ey'd Spectator — sleeps. }

A sudden Start of Passion hurts the Mind,
Patience and Reason given to the Wind,
The furious Actor bellows out amain, (Scene.
O'erstrains his treacherous voice, and damns the

So thro' the Æther blazing Rockets fly,
And at their highest burst, fall, stink, and dye.

When smother'd Rage, or Anguish of the heart,
The quivering bitten Lip, the suddain Start,
And writhing Limbs, should feelingly explain,
So deep it sinks in the Performers brain, (spread,
Thro' his whole form such strong Convulsions
Who would not swear him—gilded Gingerbread?

And

A SATYR.

And now comes on a well wrought scene of love,
Where hope and fear by turns the Lovers prove,
Whilst on each other they enamour'd hang,
O how the quiv'ring Notes with Nonsense twang!
To powder'd Fops her Eyes the Actress turns;
For a clean Orange Wench the Hero burns:
She poaches after hearts thro' Pit and Box;
He, ogling, bargains for a Whore and P—x.
Such juggling Actors, Pity moving Strokes,
By a peculiar way, convert to Jokes:
Daggers, or Poison, in such skilful hands,
A violent side-shaking Laugh commands.
Lo! here in Majesty a Monarch comes,
Usher'd by Trumpets, and the beat of Drums:
The Plumes around his head, with martial Pride,
Wave, as he falls on, from side to side;
Bold in the Stages front, he claims a place,
And into posture screws his dismal face.

As from a distant Cart a ponderous Load
Of Stones, prepar'd to mend a rugged Road,
With inarticulate and dreadful Sound
Our ears invading, rumble to the Ground.
So from the Monarchs Lips a Mandate breaks,
And the scar'd Audience trembles as he speaks,
Whilst strenuously he urges his Commands,
And moves, like Pendulums, his constant hands.

Swift

The PLAYERS.

Swift a Prime Minister of stately Port,
Enters, and struts in Presence of the Court.
The Monarch wisely whispers in his Ear,
Your distance keep, and let the King appear:
Peace, Animal! he answers in a Rage,
My Salary must sure command the Stage!
The King, too conscious of his scanty pay,
Behind his own Attendants slinks away;
In some dark corner shades his artful head,
As *Brentford* Monarchs a *Drawcausir* dread:
Huddled together stand King, Queen, and Mutes
With less Decorum than in *Hemskirks* Brutes.
Thus Decency expires, and Sense too bleeds,
Whilst his low Vanity a Coxcomb feeds.

Thus are the noblest Sentiments debas'd,
Thus the great Ends of Tragedy disgrac'd.
Nor less Indignities the Comick vein
Suffers, by an absurd provoking Train;
In Comedies with wit, and humour fraught,
The bright Productions of much pain and thought,
Which ev'ry faculty so close employ,
To loiter, or mistake, is to destroy;
The Waggs, depending on gibing Face,
O'erload the Poet's Sense with vile Grimace,
Mistake his humour, and no passion trace.

A S A T Y R.

A genteel Character let *Dandin* play,
 The Spirit of the part he smiles away:
 His Friends allow him wrong, yet he must please,
 As he appears with such a senseless ease.
Lico plays Comedy in Tragick Stile,
 And screws his hardned Phiz into a Smile.
 For fifty Winters to the Stage enur'd,
Querpo boasts this poor Praise, that he's endur'd,
Lyce sometimes betrays her Authors wit,
 But then how well — she ogles all the Pit.
Flavia with bright, uncommon charms endued,
 Shines a Coquet, with Gestures of a Prude.
 These *Johnson's* Genius of its humour cheat,
 And render *Congreves* Wit, a forc'd conceit.

Great our Instructions! Poignant our delight!
 Whilst these perform, and *Codrus* deigns to write.

Hem'd in, too often, and oblig'd to stay,
 I ask some knowing Neighbour at the Play,
 Who is that Player? “He has Friends at Court,
 “ And a good Benefit's a good Support.
 Those Mortals yonder, know ye what they mean?
 “ They are good Figures, Sir, and always clean.
 Such Fellows then, in understanding poor,
 Live by the Merit of a Drury whore.
 That Actors flocking to the last Degree;
 “ Oh! he attends a Managers Levee.

C

What

The PLAYERS.

What? with gross Flattery his Patron loads,
He's dull, no jest admires, and eats his Toads.
Who's he that growls so awkwardly, and frets?
" Sir, he's an honest man, and pays his Debts.
I'm glad to hear it, faith, with all my heart,
Yet with some wittier Rascal play'd his part.
But you pert Wench has neither Air, nor Sense;
Tigellius keeps her — at the Town's Expence.
Strange, merry Answers these! but let 'm pass,
For now you talk of Lions——here's an Ass.
Who wonders now, that *Harlequin's* Advance,
And Drama falls, transfixt with Song, and Dance?
Rank Ignorance usurps the Place of Wit:
Shakespear, and *Ben* to abject Farce submit;
Farce void of Sense, imperfect in it's sound,
Felonious Phrase, in jingling Fetters bound.

Quite weary of *Italian* Nonsense grown,
We now encourage greater of our own;
Dull Baudy Song-Brokers pretend to Wit,
And scurvy Ballad Singers charm the Pit.

Ye doughty Lab'ers of our vagrant Songs;
What Praise to your melodious Throats belongs!
The first harsh rudiments of Musicks Charms,
From beaten Anvils, gave not such Alarms;
Nor rise such Sounds when sweating Coopers drub
The gaping Sluices of a leaky Tub:

Yet

A S A T Y R.

Yet you are follow'd by Mob, Squires, and Peers;
Phœbus! assert thy self, and stretch their Ears!

Ye witlefs, worthless, imitating Fools!
Stupid of Soul, and deaf to Nature's Rules,
By which our Passions various Passions Taste;
To Stations fitter for your Genius haste,
Else may the Town enraged!—But I forbear,
For you are curst in being what you are.

Not splenatick, or ruffled to a Storm,
I scorn to injure, whilst I would reform;
No Actors Fame with malice I pursue,
Nor praise refuse, where praise is justly due.

Mark *B—b*! how soft the Period flows along!

(strong!

When Love presides, When Rage, how nobly
O when will *Hotspurs* fiery temper glow,
When gnawing jealous Pangs *Othello* shew.
When *Brutus* rise his falling Rome to save,
And when mad *Lear* with Discretion rave,
When will *Varanes* charm my listning Ear,
When *Anthony* a Pomp of sadness wear,
Or starting fierce his gleaning Sabre wield,
Amidst the glorious Harvest of the Field,
And at one Glance of *Cleopatra's* Eye,
His Rage subside, and Resolution dye?

The PLAYERS.

By every Sence *B——b* enters to our Souls,
And ev'ry Passion there with ease controuls.

Wilks with good Breeding, Ease, and Humour } blest,
Sweetly prepar'd his Audience for the Jest, }
His manner gave the Poets Wit a Zest. }
By Nature fashion'd, and by Art design'd,
At once to pleasure, and instruct the Mind ;
Rarely in one such fine Perfections meet ;
For all he spoke was Sense, and all was sweet.
As ever-greens the Winters Force deride, }
In Age he flourish'd with a youthful Pride ; }
Wilks only bow'd and yielded when he dy'd. }

Who will to *Oldfields* Merit equal rise ?
Our Heart's best Darling ! Pleasure of our Eyes !
To trace her Beauties vain were the Pretence,

(Sense.
Whose Voice was Musick, Looks and Gesture
Oldfield and *Wilks*, O much lamented Pair !
To meet such Merit, justly we despair ;
What Friend to Wit but must reflect with Pain,
“ We shall not look upon their like again !

C——r ! support of the declining Stage,
Delight and Envy of a snarling Age ;
So much it grudges his deserv'd Applause,
'Tis almost Treason to espouse his Cause.

Prodigious

A S A T Y R.

Prodigious C——r ! to no Parts confin'd,
Whole Nature is familiar to his Mind ;
Nor this nor that his Excellence we call,
He plays all Characters, is best in all.
As Bodies perish, Reputations thrive ;
C——r unfortunate is still alive !
Whene'er he falls, late be that Day ! what Praise,
What Honours to his *Manes* shall we raise ?
His Foes repining shall his loss bemoan,
The *Careless Husband* too, will be his own.

Those who have seen how P——r could excel,
Must grieve, and with just indignation swell,
At Majesty profan'd in mangled Scenes,
By Puppet Heroines, and by dowdy Queens.

Nor be thou pass'd in Silence, M——r, whose care,
Old Drury's frequent Losses wou'd repair.
Like thee, The *Grecian* Camp when *Hector* storm'd,
Ajax, with inborn Strength and Glory warm'd,
Succeeded still to each fall'n Heroes Post,
Sustain'd the Fight, and cheer'd his fainting Host.

“ But who is this ? An angry Player crys,
“ That railing wou'd be thought so mighty wise ;
“ And, pertly rushing from amidst the Throng,
“ To us sole Judges dictates Right and Wrong ?
Sir, I submit, Your own Opinion sooth ;
Whilst from *Blundrino* I distinguish B——h.

The P L A Y E R S.

Contract your Brows, and my Presumption lash;
Yet I know C——r's Way from *Tawdry's* Trash.

“ Your partial Praises you confine to few,
“ And tacitly rob others of their due.

Others have Merit my sagacious Friend!
’Tis true,—and they have spacious room to mend;
“ But as the Great, The perfect Actors dye,
“ Others and younger, must the loss supply.
Agreed’ —But see that they be Actors then,
With Accents, Gestures, and the Gates of Men;
Not Perwig-pated Rogues, who understand
No Strokes, no Images of Nature’s Hand.

Nature thro’ all her wondrous Works bestows
The various Seeds which various Things compose.
Unblest by her, or unimprov’d by Art,
Can the Mind any Excellence impart?
Are luscious Grapes the Product of a Thorn?
Or grows on Thistle Stalks the bearded Corn?
No! — Then ’tis Madness if we hope to find,
That Spring which ne’er was planted in the Mind!
Yet Coxcombs will, without a Genius, write,
And Fools be Players even in Nature’s Spite.

As from the red’ning East, laborious Swains
Expect the Sun’s approach, to cheer the Plains;
If Nature point an Actors-dawning Rays,
Justly we hope a bright meridian Blaze.

Actors

A S A T Y R.

Actors of Genius, like a rising Sun,
Grow vigorous, and kindle as they run.

Dost thou to Tragick Energy incline ?
Thoroughly preponderate the great Design !
The Tragick Muse in Virtue takes Delight,
And loves to place it in the strongest light ;
Honour refin'd by her, still brighter grows,
Humanity improv'd more lovely shews ;
The Strength of Nature, with the Charms of Art,
In her conspire to move, and mend the Heart.
If such the Force of Tragedy, how few
With equal Pow'r the arduous Task pursue !
When dozing Sots, in Characters unread,
Around the Muse a veil of Dulness spread ;
Debauch her Diction, and her Sense debase,
How shall her Beauties in the Soul take place ?
Is't possible, whilst they remain unfelt,
To shake with Terror, or with Pity melt ?

Tho' in thy Hand the gilded Truncheon waves,
And on thy Steps attend a Thousand Slaves ;
Thy Brow tho' elevated Plumes o'er shade,
And thy Hips drag a Train of rich Brocade ;
Tho' judging Footmen thunder from on high,
And Quality of Taste assist the cry ;
Thou art not prov'd an Actor.—No ! 'Tis found,
Our raptur'd, clapping Judges are unsound.

The PLAYERS.

Behold the Dome ascends ! hark ! how they roar !
And hollow out for the Black Joke Encore !
Legerdemain, or tinsel Lustre draws
From barren Gazers wonderful Applause.

Woud'st thou a laudable Reception find,
From the discerning, rational Mankind ?
First the Whole Structure of the Drama learn,
And then the nature of thy part discern.
Consult it throughly, know its Manners, Age,
Temper, and Drift ; — then prudently engage.
The Business known with Diligence pursue,
And to the Poet's Sense be ever true ;
For if thou wandrest from his just Design,
The Matter is no longer his, — but thine.
To taste thy Poet then much Pains bestow,
Weep when he weeps, and when he rages glow.
Use no more Action than the Words require ;
With ease attract, and teach us to admire.
To rant, and bellow, when the Sense is cool,
May shew thy Voice, but shews thou art a Fool.
Like creeping Rills to murmur, and be tame
When the Sense rages, proves thee full of Phlegm.
The Sense, let Sound and Action justly suit ;
Have meaning in thy Visage even when mute.
Whatever Passion labours in thy Breast,
Let that be always in thy Looks exprest.

Pain

A S A T Y R.

Pain, Pleasure, Fear, Suspicion, Rage, are found
Much sooner in the Looks, than vocal sound;
Quick as the Soul perceive the Spirits fly,
And stand collected in th' expressive Eye.
But whilst thou striv'st to model thus thy Face,
Be careful lest it dwindle to Grimace.

Upstart *Balatro*—so sharp sighted grown,
Sees each mans Imperfections,—but his own;
A *Roscious* he, and to himself a Law,
From Art, or Natures Fountain scorns to draw;
Dracansfir like, “looks big, huffs, struts, and stares,
“And he dares do all this, because he dares.
Yet the Mob clap, They'll clap a shining Vest,
Or polished Helmet; O such Praise detest!

Art thou of Form diminutive and low?
Or dull in Spirit?—The Design forego!
The Heroes Grandeur's lost in Pigmy size,
A Blockhead Six Foot high, his Mind belyes.

Jars thy harsh Voice? 'twill give the Audience
On a crack'd Fiddle dyes *Corelli's* Strain.
Experience tells us no Performers please, (Ease)
But those who look, and speak, and move with

Scorn Imitation tho' thou copy'st well!
The Original forbids thee to excel;

When

The PLAYERS.

(bright,
When that appears thy borrow'd Beams, tho'
Must be dissolv'd in its superior Light.

If thou must copy, make a generous Choice,
Observe the manner! Shun the tone of Voice!
Dull Imitators, ever in Extreams,
By following other's, quite mistake their Themes;
What find we in the empty, apeing Throng?
Blockheads, that ever were and will be wrong.
This mimicking *B—b's* ease, grows flat, and dull:
And That his Fire with bellowing splits the Scull.
Aiming at *W—k's* Air This—hops about,
And babbles—till the Audience drives him out.
That Owl a Fop, in *C—r's* Taste will shine;
And plays in *C—r's* manner, — not a Line.
This is their Judgment, This their wondrous way
Of murdering Sense, and damning ev'ry Play.

Tho' thro' all Counties thou hast stroling been,
And strange Vicissitudes of Fortune seen;
To rustick Ears stretch'd thy capacious Throat,
And labour'd *Shakespear's* Characters—by Rote;
Tho' thou couldst study *Hamlet* thro' and thro'
Whilst a learn'd Cobler clos'd thy gaping Shoe;
Tho' true *Bæotian* Eloquence, and Grace,
Adorn thy Tongue, and mark thy extant Face;
(Stalk;
Tho' loud thy Voice; tho' stern thy Nod, and
Take my Advice! First learn to speak and walk!
Then

A S A T Y R.

Then to know Manners, Purity, and Strength ;
And cease to judge of Drama by — The Length !
Tho' for Diversion thou hast often play'd,
And from the Sense of each Expression stray'd ;
No more, at our Expence, pretend to shew
Hotspur a Fop, and *Anthony* a Beau.

Vaunt not thy self as sprung from such a Stock !
The Sire may be a Wit, The Son a Block.

A Reputation by a Father won,
Young C—r knows, descends not to the Son ;
He sees his Father's Honour fully grown,
Yet wisely labours to advance his own ;
Now springing Shoots, and Blossoms fair to Sight,
And promises an Harvest of Delight.

Beg not of Footmen to espouse thy Cause,
And rattle, with their Oaken Staves, Applause,
Let no mean Practice spread around thy Name,
Nor puff in Journal Paragraphs for Fame !
Learn thy own Genius, and thy Strength to know,
Be cautious ! rise by just degrees tho' slow.
Turn *Shakespear's* everlasting Pages o'er,
By Day consult him, and by Night explore,
Read till he takes possession of thy Heart,
Throbs in thy Pulse, and flows thro' ev'ry Part,
Darts forth in Emanations from thy Eyes,
And tells thy Accents when to fall and rise ;

Thy

The P L A Y E R S.

Thy Passions Whirlwind with decorum keep,
Rage without roaring, without howling weep.

Does Comedy thy lively Genius hit,
With Strokes of Humour, Turns of pointed Wit?
Proceed, each Character with Caution trace,
Lest, like a Dauber, you mistake the Face.
Examine closely ev'ry meaning Line,
Till thou art Master of the whole Design;
With Judgement then thy lively Colours lay,
Poet's and Player's Charms at once display.

In our best Comedies each Part is wrought,
With some peculiar Air, or turn of Thought;
Some noted humour, is in each exprest,
That may distinguish it from all the rest.
By various Methods to the self-same end,
See, in *Volpone*, different Humours tend.
If that which cost the Poet so much Pains,
Be mangled by the Players want of Brains:
If those Distinctions which supported *Ben*,
And to the World preferr'd his artful Pen,
Be lost; — We lose our Profit and Delight;
Be it thy Pride to do thy Poet Right:
'Tis from his Genius we expect the Treat,
Not from an Actor's quibbling low Conceit,
Capriccio shrugs his shoulders, grins, gapes, kicks,
As Comedy were nought but Monkey Tricks.
Whilst *J——n* places nature in our view,
And always pleases, as he's always true.

Quit

A SATYR.

Quit not your Theme to win the gaping Rout,
Nor aim at * *Pinkys* Leer, with—blood—I'm out.
An arch dull Rogue, who lets the Business cool,
To shew how nicely he can play the Fool,
Who with Buffoonery his Dulness clokes,
Deserves a Cat of nine tails for his Jokes.

Closely on Natures modesty attend,
Our temper'd Souls you may at pleasure bend.
Nature at first implanted in the heart,
A symphathizing Taste of Joy and Smart;
We, whilst our Passions by her Law you rule,
Burn when you rage, as you grow patient cool;
Feel all the various changes of your Fate;
Love if you love, and if you hate we hate.
Oaks to the Center downwards drive the Root,
Far as the lofty Branches upward skoot.
In Nature, *Shakespear*, strong Foundations lay,
Then rise, and flourish in the face of Day.
How great my vanity! how swoln my pride!
When *Pope's* keen Rage, and *Young's* too is defy'd,
To hope my feeble Satyr might prevail,
Where Learning, Wit, and Strength united fail.

If Bards departed (as some fancy) know
The workings of degenerate Minds below;

Shake-

* This was not designed as an invidious Reflection on the Memory of Mr. *Penkethman*, who was a pleasant and successful Comedian; but to caution others from taking such Liberties, as he very often did; which have been censured in him, notwithstanding his uncommon Pleasantry; and must appear very monstrous in Persons of less humour, than Mr. *Penkethman*.

The PLAYERS.

Shakespear and *Betterton*, their Manes fure,
Must inexpressible Concern endure :
To see a barbarous, a senseless Race,
The brightest Labours of the Muse deface ;
The Sock and Buskin yield to flying Chairs,
Harlequins, Windmills, Monkeys, Dogs, and Bears.
Tho' duller far than *Codrus* were my Rhimes,
And vainly levell'd at your growing Crimes ;
Answer Ye Minions of the Stage ! Ye Things !
Do ye not feel within your Bosom Stings ?
Do ye not shake lest *Betterton* appear,
And with your Vices cleave the general Ear ?
Or *Shakespear* raise his venerable head,
Shake your abandon'd Domes, and frown you dead ?

If you would prosper, and remove the Cause,
Which on your heads *Apollo's* Vengeance draws,
Let their Example, let their brighter Fire,
You their far distant following Sons inspire !
Then shall the *Drama* once more awful rise,
Whilst *Pantomime* by it's own folly dies.
Lewd Minstrels then shall seek the *Latian* Shore,
And *Gallick* Jiggs infest the Stage no more ;
Dull, bawdy, *English* Madrigal retreat ;
The Muses smiling reassume their Seat,
Sense, Honour, Truth, and Virtue grace their Train,
And Wit and Learning triumph once again.

F I N I S.