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Unless otherwise noted, all spelling, punctuation and capitalization—including I/J variation and comma/period errors—are as in the original. Apparent errors are shown in the text with mouse-over popups. Changes and corrections made by the original writer or added by the Examiner of Plays are similarly marked. Pages 60-61, beginning "does not Appear that he ..." and ending "...The Honours you have Conferr'd" are missing from the facsimile and had to be taken from a different source. Some readings are uncertain.

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THE AUGUSTAN REPRINT SOCIETY

CHARLES MACKLIN

*THE COVENT GARDEN  
THEATRE,*

OR

*Pasquin Turn'd Drawcansir*

(1752)

INTRODUCTION

BY

JEAN B. KERN



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EDITORS' NOTE

Although of considerable interest in itself, this hitherto unpublished manuscript play is reprinted in facsimile in response to requests by members of the Society for a manuscript facsimile of use in graduate seminars.

INTRODUCTION

The Larpent collection of the Huntington Library contains the manuscript copy of Charles Macklin's COVENT GARDEN THEATRE, OR PASQUIN TURN'D DRAWCANSIR in two acts (Larpent 96) which is here reproduced in facsimile.<sup>1</sup> It is an interesting example of that mid-eighteenth-century phenomenon, the afterpiece, from a period when not only Shakespearean stock productions but new plays as well were accompanied by such farcical appendages.<sup>2</sup> This particular afterpiece is worth reproducing not only for its catalogue of the social foibles of the age, but as an illustration of satirical writing for the stage at a time when dramatic taste often wavered toward the sentimental. It appears that it has not been previously printed.

As an actor Charles Macklin is remembered for his Scottish dress in the role of Macbeth, for his realistic portrayal of Shylock, for his quarrel with Garrick in 1743, and for his private lectures on acting at the Piazza in Covent Garden. He is less well known than he deserves as a dramatist although

there has been a recent revival of interest in his plays stimulated by a biography by William W. Appleton, *Charles Macklin: An Actor's Life* (Harvard University Press, 1960) and evidenced in "A Critical Study of the Extant Plays of Charles Macklin" by Robert R. Findlay (PhD. Thesis at the State University of Iowa, 1963). Appleton mentions that Macklin lost books and manuscripts in a shipwreck in 1771 (p. 150) and that play manuscripts may also have disappeared in the sale of his books and papers at the end of his long life at the turn of the eighteenth century. It is possible that more of Macklin's work may come to light, like *The Fortune Hunters* which appeared in the National Library in Dublin. Until a complete critical edition of Macklin's plays appears, making possible better assessment of his merit, such farces as THE COVENT GARDEN THEATRE will have to stand as an example of one genre of eighteenth-century theatrical productions.

There are many reasons why Macklin's plays are less well known than is warranted by his personality and acting ability during his long association with the British stage. His first play, *King Henry VII*, a tragedy hastily put together to capitalize on the anti-Jacobite sentiment following the invasion attempt of 1745, was an ambitious failure. After this discouragement, he also had trouble with the Licensor so that his comedy *Man of the World* was not presented until 1781, twenty years after a portion of it first appeared at Covent Garden.<sup>3</sup> Nor were censorship and a bad start his only problems as a playwright. He also, and apparently with good reason,<sup>4</sup> was fearful of piracy and was thus reluctant to have his plays printed. His eighteenth-century biographer Kirkman mentions Macklin's threats to "put the law against every offender of it, respecting my property, in full force."<sup>5</sup> His biographers also mention his practice of giving each actor only his own role at rehearsals while keeping the manuscript copy of the whole play under lock, but this did not prevent whole acts from being printed in such magazines as *The Court Miscellany*, where Act I of *Love-a-la-Mode* was printed as it was taken down in shorthand by the famous shorthand expert Joseph Gurney. If Macklin had not been required to submit copies of his plays to the Licensor, it is doubtful that as much would have survived. The contentious Macklin had reason for zealously guarding his manuscripts, with such provincial theatre managers as Tate Wilkinson at York always anxious for new plays.

Finally, Macklin's best work as a playwright was satiric enough and topical enough to be short-lived in popularity even in his own day. Sir Pertinax McSycophant in the *Man of the World* is a good character, especially in his famous speech on the necessity of bowing to get ahead in the world, as is Sir Archy MacSarcasm in *Love-a-la-Mode*, but the latter produced *A Scotsman's Remarks on the Farce Love-a-la-Mode* in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for June, 1760, and Macklin's additional troubles with the Licensor would indicate that his satiric barbs were not always well received.

Larpent manuscript 96, here reproduced, bears the application of John Rich to the Duke of Grafton, dated 1752, for the Licensor's permission and an inscription to William Chetwynd, Esq. (spelled "Chetwyne" on the MS.). It was extensively advertised before its one and only performance in the Covent Garden Theatre on April 8, 1752. The advertisement printed in *The London Stage*, Pt. 4, I, 305, is taken from the *General Advertiser* and warns the public not to confuse this farce with Charles Woodward's *A Lick at the Town* of 1751. The fact that the sub-title PASQUIN TURN'D DRAWCANSIR carried an obvious allusion to Fielding's pseudonym Alexander Drawcansir in his *Covent Garden Journal*, and the fact that the *Covent Garden Journal* carried the advertisement for Macklin's play on March 14, 17, 21 and 28, 1752, before the single performance on April 8, 1752, might suggest that Fielding may possibly have seen the script before the play was produced. Esther M. Raushenbush in an article on "Charles Macklin's Lost Play about Henry Fielding," *MLN*, LI (1936), 505-14, points out that Macklin was not attacking Fielding in this play as W. L. Cross and G. E. Jensen had earlier suggested, but instead was trading on the popularity of Fielding's *Enquiry into the Causes of the Late Increase of Robbers*, which had appeared in January, 1751. Macklin's farce makes clear reference to Section III of Fielding's pamphlet near the end of THE COVENT GARDEN THEATRE where Pasquin delivers a lecture against Sharpers.

The advertisement for Macklin's play in Fielding's *Covent Garden Journal* is the same as that printed in *The London Stage* from the *General Advertiser*:

a New Dramatic Satire ... written on the model of the Comedies of Aristophanes or like Pasquinades of the Italian Theatre in Paris: with the Characters of the People after the manner of Greek drama—The parts of the Pit, the Boxes, the Galleries, the Stage, and the Town to be performed By Themselves for their Diversion. The Parts of several dull, disorderly characters in and about St. James, to be performed by Certain Persons, for Example: and the part of Pasquin Drawcansir, to be performed by his Censorial Highness, for his Interest.<sup>6</sup> The Satire to be introduced by an Oration and to conclude by a Peroration. Both to be spoken from the Rostrum in the manner of certain Orators by Signior Pasquin.

No cast remains, but presumably from references in the play itself, Macklin took the role of Pasquin who with the aid of Marforio calls in review characters representing all the foibles of the age. There is no plot. Act I simply ends while Pasquin and the Spectators retire to the Green Room to await the appearance of those characters whom Marforio has called in review.

In this ambitious attempt to list all the follies of his age, Macklin employs the popular technique of eighteenth-century plays such as Fielding's *The Author's Farce*—the play appears to be writing itself on the stage. He displays all the tricks of satire—exaggeratedly ironic praise, allegorical names (Miss Giggle, Miss Brilliant, Miss Bashfull), stock characters of satire (Pasquin, Marforio, Hydra, Drawcansir), lists of offenses, parodies of polite conversation reminiscent of Swift, and constant topical references: to the Robin Hood Society to which little Bob Smart belongs; to Mother Midnight; to playwrights (Fielding, Foote, Woodward, Cibber, and himself); to contemporary theatrical taste (Pantomime, Delaval's *Othello* which Macklin himself had coached, Harlequins, Masquerades, and various theatrical tricks); to Critics (Bonnell Thornton, who later reviewed this afterpiece, is called Termagent since Thornton's pseudonym was "Roxana Termagent"; John Hill is referred to as the "Inspector" of the *Daily Advertiser*; and Fielding is called Sir Alexander Drawcansir). The farce abounds in these topical references, from Pasquin's opening invocation to Lucian, "O thou, who first explored and dared to laugh at Public Folly," to its closing lecture against Sharpers like Count Hunt Bubble where the obvious allusions to Section III on Gaming of Fielding's *Enquiry* ... are applauded by Solomon Common Sense, the voice of Reason.

This vast parade of fashions and foibles with frequent thinly veiled references to individuals may explain the numerous Licensor's marks on the manuscript. If all the marked lines were omitted, it is small wonder that this afterpiece was performed only once. Dramatic satire, without plot, is difficult to sustain even in farce, and if the marked lines were cut, there was little left to recommend the play. It is not surprising that the Licensor objected to such passages as the description of Miss Giggle's "nudities," but his frequent objections to topical and personal references took all the bite out of Macklin's satire.

Like Macklin's other early farces, THE COVENT GARDEN THEATRE contains proto-characters for his later plays. Sir Roger Ringwood, a "five-bottle man," who rode twenty miles from a "red-hot Fox Chace" to appear before Pasquin, is an early study for Macklin's later hard-drinking, fox-hunting Squire Groom in *Love-a-la-Mode* or Lord Lumbercourt in *The Man of the World*. But Macklin's usual good ear for dialogue is missing from this play, nor is any character except his own as Pasquin followed long enough to make his characteristic speech identifiable. Since plot is absent too, all that remains is the wealth of topical and personal satire which in itself is interesting to the historian of the mid-eighteenth-century theatre. If THE COVENT GARDEN THEATRE is studied along with his other two

unpublished afterpieces in the Larpent collection (A WILL AND NO WILL, OR A BONE FOR THE LAWYERS and THE NEW PLAY CRITICIZ'D, OR THE PLAGUE OF ENVY), Macklin's skill at satiric comedy after his initial abortive attempt at tragedy can be seen as developing steadily toward such later full-length comedies as the better known *Love-a-la Mode* (1759) and *The Man of the World* (1764). His recognition that tragedy was not his forte and his self-criticism in THE COVENT GARDEN THEATRE, where he exhorts the audience to "explode" him when he is dull, reveal the comic spirit operative in his sometimes cantankerous personality. It is that strain, here seen in genesis, which develops full-fledged in his later comedies.

A word should be added about the Dramatis Personae for the play. It does not contain the Stage-Keeper, who speaks only once, the Servant whose single word is accompanied by the stage direction "This Servant is to be on from the beginning," nor the Romp (probably the Prompter, who speaks twice off-stage during the play). Hic and Haec Scriblerus, however, although he is listed in the cast of characters, speaks only once, and his entrance on stage is never indicated.

The "naked lady," Lady Lucy Loveit, whose entrance causes so much excitement, is described as appearing in a Pett-en-l'air, which eighteenth-century costume books portray as a short, loose shift!  
*Coe College*

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#### NOTES TO THE INTRODUCTION

1. The author of this introduction is indebted to the Henry E. Huntington Library, San Marino, California, both for a research Fellowship in the summer of 1963 and for permission to reproduce this Macklin play as well as two others by the same author, A WILL AND NO WILL, OR A BONE FOR THE LAWYERS (Larpent 58) and THE NEW PLAY CRITICIS'D, OR THE PLAGUE OF ENVY (Larpent 64).
2. George W. Stone, *The London Stage*, Part 4, I, cxlv.
3. Dougald MacMillan, "Censorship in the Case of Macklin's *The Man of the World*," *Huntington Library Quarterly*, No. 10 (1936), pp. 79-101.
4. W. Matthews, "The Piracies of Macklin's *Love-a-la Mode*," *Review of English Studies*, X (1934), 311-18.
5. James T. Kirkman, *Memoirs of the Life of Charles Macklin, Esq.* (1799), II, 33. Kirkman quotes Macklin's letters both to his solicitor and to James Whitley of Leicester to stop all such pirated performances (II, 37-41).
6. John Rich's application to the Licenser indicates that "Mr. Macklin designs to have [the play] performed at his Benefit Night...."

1752  
X  
Covent Garden Theatre.  
or  
Pasquin and Dramacensor  
A  
Dramatic Satyr.  
S<sup>r</sup>  
This piece call'd Co<sup>t</sup>. Garden Theatre  
or Pasquin and Dramacensor Ma<sup>n</sup>  
Macklin designs to have perform'd on his  
Benefit Night at the promise of the  
Duke of Grafton & the  
To William Chetwynde Esq. J<sup>r</sup>.  
J<sup>r</sup>. Club

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#### Dramatis Personæ

Men.

Pasquin.

Marforio.

Sir Eternal Grinn.  
Sir Conjecture Possitive.  
Sir Roger Ringwood.  
Bob: Smart.  
Solomon Common Sense  
Count Hunt bubble.  
S<sup>r</sup>. Iohn Ketch.  
Hic & hæc Scriblerus.  
Hydra.

Women.

Lady Lucy Lovit  
Miss Diana Singlelife  
Miss Brilliant.  
Miss Giggle.  
Miss Bashful.

Scene. Covent Garden Theatre.  
Time an hour.

*Covent Garden Theatre*  
*Or*  
*Pasquin turn'd Drawcansir.*

Scene. The Stage, with a  
Rostrum on it.

Enter Pasquin. Goes in the Rostrum.

Pas: Nobles,— Commons— Beaux, Bells— Wits,  
Critics,— Bards & Bardlins,— and ye my very  
good Friends of Common Sense,— tho' last,  
not least in Merit,— Greeting, and Patience to  
you all. I Seignior Pasquin, of the Quorum of  
Parnassus. Drawcansir and Censor of Great  
Britain, by my Bills and Advertisements, have  
Summoned You together this Night to hear a  
Public Examination of several Public  
Nusances, My Scene I have laid in the  
Common Theatre, which is my usual place of  
exposing those Knaves and Fools, who despise  
the Moral— and those who are too great or too  
Subtle for the common Law, and as my whole  
design is new, I hope You, my Gracious  
Patrons, will not be Offended if I Assigne you a  
part in this Pasquinade, which is this,— You  
are to Act as a Chorus to the whole. When you  
behold a Fool pleasantly exposed You are to  
laugh, if you please, not else;— When a Knave  
is Satyrized with Spirit & Wit, You are to  
Applaud;— and when Pasquin is dull you are to  
explode, which I Suppose will be the Chief of  
Your Part. But, before I Enter upon my Office  
of Public Censor, give me leave Gracious  
Patrons, as is my Custom, whenever I come, to  
give a short Sketch of my Character and  
Practice. I am known throughout the Globe,  
have been Caress'd in most of the Courts,  
lock'd up in most Prisons in Europe. The  
dexterity of my Flattery has introduced me to  
the Tables of the First Dons in Madrid one  
Day, and, the boldness of my Satyr, into the  
Inquisition next. I have Revel'd with the  
Princes of the Blood, and have made all Paris  
laugh at my Wit over Night, and, have had the  
Honour of being in the Bastile the next  
Morning. indeed I fared but indifferently in

1

2

3

Holland; for, all that my Flattery, or Satyr, my Ridicule or my Wit, cou'd procure me there, was an Appartment in the Rasp House. At length, most Gracious and Indulgent Britons, I am arrived in this Great Metropolis! this Magazine of all the World! this Nurse of Trade! this Region of Liberty! this School of Arts and Sciences! This Universal Rendevouz of all the Monsters produced by wagish Nature & fantastick Art, here Panopticons, Microcosms, Bears, Badgers, Lyons, Leapords, Tygers, Panthers, Ostriches and Unicorns,— Giants, dwarfs, Hermorphradites and Conjurers, Statemen, Nostrums, Patriots and Corncutters! Quacks, Turks, Enthusiasts, and Fire Eaters. Mother Midnights, Termagants, Clare Market, and Robin Hood Orators, Drury Lane Journals, Inspectors, Fools, and Drawcansirs, dayly Tax the Public by Virtue of the Strangeness the Monstrosity or delicacy of their Nature or Genius, And hither I am come, knowing you were fond of Monsters, To exhibit Mine, the newest & I hope the greatest Monster of them all, for the Public is a common Bank, upon which every Genius and every Beauty has a right to draw in proportion to their merit, from a Minister of State and a Maid of Honour, down to a Chien Savant or a Covent Garden Mistress, To Conclude, my Business in this Land may be Sum'd up in a few Words; it is to get your money and cure you of Your Foibles. for wherever Pasquin comes the Public is his Patient; its Folly his Support. (bows) So much by way of Oratia now for Action— then for Peroration.

4

5

Hollo! Marforio! (goes to the door).

Enter Marforio.

Mar: Here my Fellow Labourer!

Pas: Have you prepared for general Search?

Mar: I have— but let me once more entreat you to alter your design. do not behave with your usual Sacasm and boldness upon your first appearance. Strive to gain the favour of the Public by Morality and Panegyrick— not by undaunted Satyr—

Pas: Marforio, We are come to England to make Our Fortune by Our parts, And you Advise to begin with Morality and Flattery. You might as well Advise a Soldier to make his Fortune by Cowardice. No Sir, he, who wou'd gain the Esteem of a Brave, a wise, and a free people, must lash their Vices, and laugh at their Folies.

6

Mar: Well, if you must be Satyrical, confine Your Satyr to the City.

Pas: No, I'll begin at the Source. the Bourgoie is but the Ape of the Courtier; Correct the one, the other Mends of Course. I will Scour the whole Circle of this metropolis <sup>A</sup>; not a tilted Shapor, or a fair Libertine, but I will Gibbet in Effigie. Birth Privilege or Quality shall not be a Sanction to the ignominious Practices of the one, nor shall Fashion or Beauty be a Skreen for the Folly or Indecency of the other. Tho' they elude the Laws of Westminster, they shall not escape the Lash of Parnassus. Here we have no Inquisition, no Bastile, no Rasp House, to dread. So without a Single hesitation more of Doubt or fear, let us at once plunge into Action.— Go you & take a Set of proper Officers with you and, by a Warrant from

7



Appollo, Search every disorderly House in  
Town. Routs, drums, and Assemblies,  
particularly the den.

Mar: It shall be done. (Exit Marforio)

Pas: O thou, who first explored and dar'd to laugh  
at Public Folly; Sweet facetious Lucian, Father  
of Gibes and laughing Ridicule Inspire thy  
Votary, teach me this Night to draw a Striking  
Likeness in which the free born Britons may  
behold their Beauties and Deformities as  
perfectly as the Inquisitive Eye does its own  
Image in the faithful Mirror!

Enter Marforio.

Pas: What brings you back?

Mar: I met the Town at the Stage door & return'd  
to give you Notice, that they may not Surprise  
you.

Pas: I am glad they are come, what sort of Humour  
are they in.

Mar: Seemingly in a good one. But in roaring  
Spirits and in high Expectation of Riot and Fun  
as they term it.

Hydra. behind the Scenes

Hyd: Where, where, which way! here, this Way, this  
way Ladies. this way.

Pas: Here they come, begone— leave them to Me—  
Proceed you in your Search.

Mar: I shall. (Exit)

Hyd: This way, this way Ladies.

Pas: I'll retire, till I see what humour they are in  
(retires).

Enter Hydra, Miss Brilliant &  
Stage-Keeper.

Stage. M<sup>r</sup>. Hydra Servant.

Serv<sup>t</sup>: Here (this Serv<sup>t</sup>: be on from the begining)

Hyd: This way Madam.

Brill: Well do you know M<sup>r</sup>. Hydra that I am upon  
the Tip-toe of Expectation to know what this  
Medley can be?

Hyd: Upon Honour so am I— quite upon the Rack,  
but where is the rest of Our Party? Miss  
Bashfull here's mighty good Room. Bob Smart  
won't you hand miss Bashfull to her Place.

Enter Bob Smart.

Bob. Upon Honour I cannot prevail upon her to  
come on. She's Affraid the Audience will take  
her for one of the Actresses and hiss her.

Omn: Ha, ha, ha, ridiculous.

Brill. Dear Creature come on. Lord I have Sat upon  
the Stage a hundred times (pulls her on) and if  
they should take us for some of the Characters  
in the Farce. I vow I should be glad of it.

Bob: Upon Honour so Should I.

Bash. O Lud, I should instantly faint away if they  
took me for an Actress.

Brill. Ha— ha— ha— O Lud I protest there's S<sup>r</sup>.  
Conjecture Possitive. in the Musick Place.

Bash. Upon Honour so he is.

Brill. S<sup>r</sup>: Conjecture your Servant, won't you come  
up to Us? we'll make Room for You.

S<sup>r</sup>. Conjecture in the Musick Room.

S<sup>r</sup>. Con: Miss your humble I am afraid so many of us

upon the Stage will offend the Audience.

Brill. O not at all, It is in the Bills that the Town are to Sit upon the Stage, & sure Sir Conjecture the World must Allow you to be a Principall Character amongst Us.

S<sup>r</sup>. Con: The World is very kind Madam. I'll do my Self the Honour to attend you.

Bash. Pray Miss Brilliant do you know who this Pasquin is?

Brill. Yes Child; he is one of the Heathen Gods; Iupiter's Grandfather. You may read a particular Account of him my dear, in Homer, or Milton, or any of the Greek Poets (pulls out a Bill of the Farce) well I vow its a Whimsicall Bill this; a charming Puff. Lud where's Sir Conjecture? I suppose he can give us a particular Account of it. for he knows every thing.

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Hyd: You mean Miss he pretends to know every thing..

Brill. Why that is as Pleasant to him M<sup>r</sup>. Hydra, as if he really had knowledge, he is a strange conceited Coxcomb to be sure, but entertaining. I wonder his Character was never introduced upon the Stage, he is a most ridiculous Fellow.

Enter S<sup>r</sup>. Conjecture

S<sup>r</sup>. Con: Ha— ha— ha— who is that dear Miss is a ridiculous Fellow.

Omn: Ha— ha— ha—

Brill: O Lud, I hope he did not here me (apart)

Omn: Ha— ha— ha,

Brill: Why this— a— a— Macklin, Macklin,— or Pasquin— or Drawcansir— or who ever it was that writ this Play Bill.

S<sup>r</sup>. Con: It is a Puff, a Puff— a Puff, a very good Puff upon Honour, like Woodward's lick at the Town last year. I am afraid tho' All the Wit of the Author is in the Bill, ha, ha, ha.

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Omn: Ha, ha, ha.

Brill: Now upon Honour I like it for it's Novelty.

Bob: And upon Honour I shall damn it for it's Novelty, ev'ry Man in his Humour as the Play says.

Hyd: Ha, ha, well said Bob.

Brill: But the Pit, Boxes and Gallery's doing their parts for their Diversion, that's what puzzles me.

Hyd: Lord, that's all a Puff. he'll have some body upon the Stage to represent them.

S<sup>r</sup>. Con: No, no, no, you are out, you are out, he is to have one of the Actors in the Pitt; who is to Speak from thence— See there— there he is the very Actor— You may See him from hence — he sits next to that very handsome Gentleman that looks like a Jew's Bastard.

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Omn: Ha, ha, ha— I see him, I see him.

S<sup>r</sup>. Con: And there's one of the Actresses some where or other in the Front Boxes;— She's a New Woman— very handsome they say, one Miss Tweezeldon. I wish we cou'd find her out.

Hyd: I can't see her;— unless that be She with the White teeth that laughs so heartily, and is playing with her Fan.



S<sup>r</sup>. Conj. I believe that is She; yes, yes, that is she I am Possitive, for she blushes at Our Speaking of her, but we shall put her out of Countenance.— Ladies we should not let the Audience so far into the Secret; it will not be fair;— come let us Step into the Green Room for a Moment— I want to have a little Chat with this Pasquin.

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Brill: Miss Bashfull come Child we'll go into the Green Room. were you ever there.

Bash: Never Madam.

Brill: Come then I'll shew it you.

Bash: O with all my heart— I long to See the Green Room; I have often heard of it— they say the Actresses paint Prodigiously— I shou'd like of all things to see them near.

S<sup>r</sup>. Con: Come Ladies if you please I'll Introduce you.

Exeunt.

Enter Pasquin.

Pas: So there they go,— the choice Spirits, the Infallibles, who preside at all Public Diversions; and on whom the Fate of Pasquin this Night depends.

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Hyd: Where is he, where is this  
Drawcansir } within

Romp. This way Sir, on the Stage.

Hyd: (Running up to him with great Ceremony) Seignior Pasquin— Drawcansir— Censor of great Britain, your Satyrical Mightiness is welcome to London. and now Sir, as you and I are to be very intimate to night, pray, Sir, give me leave to have the Honour of introducing my self to you.

Pas: Sir you do me great Honour.

Hyd: I am Sir, for my Taste in Public Diversions, honoured with the facetious Appellation of the Town.— but my real Name is Iack Hydra. for these many Years, Sir, I have been the North Star of the Pit; by which All Criticks have Steered their Iudgement: And am Sir at the Head of the Genii who direct the Public,— We decide between contending Toasts, pass Iudgement upon Actors, damn, or encourage Authors; and are the Bucks, my dear, that I fancy will do for you to Night.

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Pas: Sir of the Infallibility and Power of the Town I am very well apprized; therefore I have invited you this Night, that my Proceedings may have the Sanction of your Approbation. for whatever the Town disapproves I shall my self Condemn.

Hyd: But harkee Pasquin, prithy what is this Humbug. Bill of Yours about it; Why how the Devil will you gett off your Promise of the Pit, Boxes, and Galleries, performing their parts for their Diversion

Pas: As the Politicious say Sir, you are a little premature in your Question. Puffing S<sup>r</sup>: & the Drama have their Arcana's as well as Love or Politics. I'll engage the Pit, Boxes, and Galleries perform their parts to a Numerous and Polite Audience, and with Universal Applause. As soon as they shall hear the Cue depend upon it you'll hear them Speak.

Hyd: Well Sir, Preliminaries being Settled I will now individually introduce, to your censorial

17

Highness, the Genii who are to Sit upon you.

Pas: Sir, I shall think my self highly honour'd in their Acquaintance.

Omn: (within) Where is he, where is he? what, upon the Stage, ha, ha, ha. (as they all press to come on Hydra stops them)

Hyd: Nay, nay, softly, softly Gentlemen, & I'll Introduce You all if you will have Patience! One at a time, You must come on but one at a time.

Omn: Ay, ay, one at a time, keep back, keep back; pray keep back; We shall have the Audience hiss us.

Enter Bob Smart.

Hyd: The first Character I have the Honour to introduce to your Highness is the facetious Bob Smart, a professed Wit and Critic; no Man knows the Intrigues of the Court, the Theatres, or the City better, No Man has a finer Taste in the Belle' Letters, for he is deemed one of the best Gentlemen Harlequins in Europe, and is an Eminent Orator at the Robin Hood Society.

18

Bob: Yes, Seignior, I am little Bob Smart at your Service; did you ever hear of me Abroad?

Pas: Often, often Sir.

Bob: I thought so; have you got ever a Harlequin in this Farce of yours, M<sup>r</sup>. Drawcansir?

Pas: No Sir.

Bob: Then you'll be damn'd Sir. by your Bills I thought there was a Pantomime in it. I wish you had consulted me, I have wrote two— And a Parcell of us intend next Winter to have one of the Theatres, and to treat the Public with the finest Pantomime that ever was seen, in Immitation of the Gentlemen Who Play'd Othello.

Omn: Ha, ha, ha, Bravo, Bravo (at the side of the Scenes)

Bob: Don't you think it will exceed Othello?

Pas: Certainly Sir; and be a much more rational Entertainment, and what will Shew your Genius to vast Advantage.

19

Bob: I am to do the Harlequin in it, tidi, doldi, doldi, doldi dee, tidi, doldi, doldi, doldi dee (Sings & dances the Harlequin.)

Omn: Ha, ha, ha, ha, Bravo, Bravo.

Bob: Do you think that will do Seignior?

Pas: To Admiration.

Bob: I practice it three Hours evry Morning, but what is the Nature of this Farce of yours? have you any Smart, ridiculous, droll Fellows in it ha!

Pas: No Sir. they are all polite, Sensible, decent, Characters such as yours!

Bob. Nay Igad if they are like me I'll engage they'll make the public laugh.— for by all that's drole I always Set the Coffee House in a Roar when I am there, he! don't I Hydra.

Hyd: Why you are the very Yorick of the Age.

Bob: Igad I have more humour than Foot a thousand times; and I'll lay a Chaldron of Guineas to a Nutshell that my Pantomime, is a better thing than his Taste. I think I have some Fun in me demme.

20

Hyd: This M<sup>r</sup>. Pasquin is the Noted S<sup>r</sup>. Conjecture Possitive; a Gentleman who was never in an Error in his Life,— consequently cou'd never be convinced. S<sup>r</sup>. he understands Politics and Butterflies, Whale fishing and Cricket, Fortification and Shittle Cock; Poetry and Wolf Dogs; in short ev'ry thing, in ev'ry Art and Science, from a Pins Head, to the Longitude & Philosopher's Stone, better than any Man in Europe.

S<sup>r</sup>. Con: O Fye, M<sup>r</sup>. Hydra, you are too lavish, M<sup>r</sup>. Pasquin will think you are imposing upon him.

Hyd: Sir, he has such Segacity and Penetration that he can decypher a Lady's Affections, or a Statesman's Heart by a glance of the Eye; and has such profound critical Knowledge that he can pronounce upon a New Play the Moment he has heard the first Speech of it.

21

S<sup>r</sup>. Con: M<sup>r</sup>. Hydra is apt to think too well of his Friends Abilities M<sup>r</sup>. Pasquin;— it is his Foible; But however, I have some knowledge— I am not in the common herd of Critics. I can give a tollerable Guess at most of the Productions in Art and Nature.

Pas: I believe it Sir; for your Mein, & Countenance, Dress and mannor of speaking, are an Index of Sagacity and Penetration.

S<sup>r</sup>. Con: I shall give you my Opinion very freely; I know you intend to bring on some particular Characters from Our End of the Town— Cap<sup>t</sup>. Crimp— Match Count Hunt-Bubble & that Knot— To be sure they are all Sharpers, and deserve to be exposed— but, they are what are called Men of Fashion— You had better let them alone— they are a Nest of Hornets— You may be Stung to death by them— they'll damn your Piece if they can do nothing else

22

Enter Miss Bashfull.

Pas: Sir, I thank you for your Caution— I shall Act with Prudence.

Hyd: This, Sir, is Miss Bashfull, who is under the Tuition of Miss Brilliant, A Novice at present, but will in Time make a Shining Figure— For She's a Genius— but not ripe yet.

Bas. I, I, I, I,— Assure You M<sup>r</sup>. Pasquin— I— I— I am mightily pleased with your Bill about A, a, aristo— pha— nes and— Paskee— in— des. and the Per— oration, I reckon they are very Comical— Your hble. S<sup>r</sup>.

Pas: Your Servant Madam.

Bash: (To Miss Brilliant) Well I never Spoke to a Poet before! Lord how frightened I was.

23

Enter Miss Brilliant.

Lord M<sup>r</sup>. Hydra, I should laugh if the Audience shou'd take me for one of the Actresses— but if they do I don't care; for I am resolved I'll See this Farce if I never See another.

Hyd: This M<sup>r</sup>. Pasquin is the Sprightly Miss Brilliant, a Lady who pants to be acquainted with you; She is intimate with M<sup>r</sup>. Garrick— is known to the Fool, corresponds with Sir Alexander Drawcansir, and has writ several Admired Inspectors.

Brill: Yes, M<sup>r</sup>. Pasquin the World is kind enough to say my Friend Prometheus has given me a little Flame, a small Portion— A Spark— A Ray of the Etherial— that's all. I wish you wou'd come and breakfast with me One Morning.

24

I wou'd shew you a little thing that wou'd please you, it is but a Trifle;— but it is neat— something like Sapho— a Ia ne se quoi— Do you know the Inspector.

Pas: No Madam.

Brill: Nor the Fool.

Pas: No Madam.

Brill. Nor Sir Alexander.

Pas: I am not so happy Madam.

Brill. I'll make them your Friends— If I see them here to Night, I'll Introduce them to you. I am intimate with all the Genii in Town. but prithee what is this Piece of yours? it has excited vast Curiosity. Is it after the Manner of Aristophanes— or Fielding— or Foot's Pieces— don't tell me— I won't have my Pleasure Anticipated— but I assure I shall applaud— I am mighty glad I don't know what it is— It is much pleasanter to be Surprized be it good or bad.

25

Enter Sir Eternal Grin.

Hyd: This, M<sup>r</sup>. Pasquin is Sir Eternal Grin. He is what is call'd a good natured Man & extremely well bred— So Polite he never frownd in his Life.

Grin. No, never in my Life I assure you M<sup>r</sup>. Pasquin.

Hyd: He is an uncommon Favourite with the Ladies, And is never so happy as when they employ him.

Grin. No never Sir. ha, ha.

Hyd: His whole Life is spent in their Service, ev'ry Morning you may See him running from Play House to Play House, regulating the Box Book in Consequence of the Commissions he recieved over night for Places. that done he hurrys away to mill their Chocolate, toast their Muffins, make their Tea, and wait on them to the Mercers— In the Evening you may See him in every part of the Play-House, handing then in and Out, and between every Act, whisking from Box to Box; whispering News and Appointments. thence to half a dozen, Drums and Routs; where, after loosing to them at Cards 'till two in the Morning, he has the happiness of seeing the dear Creatures to their Chairs, and then goes home as happy, as an Author after a Successfull first Night.

26

Grin. 'Tis true M<sup>r</sup>. Pasquin as M<sup>r</sup>. Hydra says my whole Life is devoted to the Service of the Fair. therefore I hope there is no Indelicacy, no severity, Satyr, or Ridicule against them in your Piece. if there be you must not take it Ill if I head a Party to damn it. ha, ha, ha.

Pas. Sir, I never Pollute my Productions with Invectives against the Fair. I am to the best of my poor Abilities, their constant Advocate. he, he, he, he. (laughing & Mimicking him).

27

Grin. Why then I am your Friend to perpetuity: as to other Characters you may take what Liberty you please with them. there is Hydra an Admiral Character— he pretends to Taste— but he is ignorant as— dear Sir I can furnish you with a thousand such ridiculous Wretches so that you need not have recourse to the Ladies.

Pas: Sir I shall take particular Notice of Your Advice, and follow it implicitly. and shall be Obligated to you for a few Characters.

Grin. I'll send them to you depend upon it, your  
Servant (turns to the Company) this Pasquin is a  
very Sensible Fellow, and I believe will Please  
the Public— for he minds what the Iudicious  
say to him.

Enter Sir Roger Ringwood.

28

S<sup>r</sup>. Rog: Haux, haux, haux! hido, hido. Iack Hydra,  
yours.— What is this ancient Chorus begun  
yet? this Farce after the manner of Aristotle  
and all the Heathen Gods.— Zounds I am come  
twenty Miles, from a red-hot-Fox Chace, on  
purpose to see it. What the Devil is this Hotch-  
Potch? a Pantomime, or a Tragedy? I believe I  
shall Salute it with a Serenade— tip it dead  
Hollow Haux, haux, dead, dead, dead &  
damned— but who is this Pasquin?

Hyd: If you please I'll introduce you to him.

S<sup>r</sup>. Rog: With all my heart.

Hyd: Sir this is the famous S<sup>r</sup>. Roger Ringwood. a  
five bottle Man I assure you; remarkable for  
his Taste in dramatic Performances, & the  
loudest Voice that ever damn'd a Play.

S<sup>r</sup>. Rog: Hem (Hems very loud) yes I have pretty good  
Lungs. hido, hido!

Hyd. S<sup>r</sup>: I have known him fright a whole Box of  
Ladies into Fits with One blast of his Voice;  
drive the whole Party of an Author's Friends  
out of the Pit, with the tremendous Courage of  
a few Oaths; and have frequently heard him  
harangue an Audience on a first night with as  
much Applause as every Tully did the Romans  
— Sir Roger this is y<sup>e</sup> Celebrated Seignior  
Pasquin.

29

S<sup>r</sup>. Rog: Hum! dam me he looks like Mahomet  
Charratha going to dance the Rope. harkee  
Seignior— what is this Medley of yours? this  
Covent Garden Theatre? Is it in Italian?

Pas: No, Sir.

S<sup>r</sup>. Rog: In French?

Pas: Neither Sir.

S<sup>r</sup>. Rog: Neither— Why what the Devil Language is it  
in then?

Pas: English Sir.

S<sup>r</sup>. Rog: English! Zounds I never heard of any English  
Farce with Greek Chorus's before. I reckon it  
is damn'd low Stuff.

Q Scrib: That it is I'll answer for it before I see it.

S<sup>r</sup>. Rog: Harkee, Seignior, be it Tragedy or Farce I  
don't Care a Hare's Scut, so there is but Fun  
in it. but none of your French Fricassies  
according to Rule! haux, haux, my honies; give  
us a fair Burst of Fun, my dear, & we'll follow  
you for fifty nights end-ways, haux, haux,  
something of the Antients now— Something of  
a— a— old Shakespear, or Horace, or Homer,  
or Ben Johnson, as they have at Drury Lane. do  
you hear— Something that way & I'll engage it  
takes. but if it is any of your New Moral Stuff,  
according to Rule, I shall Tip it a dead Hollow,  
(Hollows) think of that and be dull if you dare.

30

Pas: Certainly such a Iudicious Patron as S<sup>r</sup>. Roger  
Ringwood, must inspire both an Author and an  
Actor.

Enter Miss Diana Single-Life.

Hyd: This is Miss Diana Single-Life, a maiden Lady  
of Youth, Beauty, Chastity, & Erudition: who

has read more Romances, Novels, Poems & Plays, than there are Acts of Parliament in y<sup>e</sup> English Language.

31

Diana: Yes, M<sup>r</sup>. Pasquin I may venture to say, with the Strictest Propriety, that I have read as much as any Lady that has Existed in the Circle of Literature.— not the great Daicer excepted: but I hope M<sup>r</sup>. Pasquin you have nothing in your Exhibition that is Shocking to Chastity, no double Entendres in your Examinations; If you have I shall certainly explode them. You must know I was once perswaded to go to hear a Tryal for a Rape— I vow I blush at the bare mention of the Word — what wou'd you have of it— in short I went; — but I thought I shou'd have Swoon'd away upon the Spot, the Tryal was so full of double Entendres, and what the filthy Lawyers call— Rems in Re— —

Omn: Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Pas: Madam, you may assure your self that the Virgin Particles of Your Modesty shall never be Agitated by the Amorous Transparancy of Pasquin's Obscenity. (Mimicking her)

32

Hyd: Look, look, if the impudent Rogue is not taking the Old Maid Off to her face, & she does not See it.

Omn: Ha, ha, ha.

Dia. Sir, I am your humble—

Pas. Your devoted—

Dia. And immense Admirer.

Pas. And superlatively honour'd humble Servant.

(She is going to the Company but turns short to Pasquin)

Dia. O M<sup>r</sup>. Pasquin I had like to have forgot, I must give you a hint, as you intend to Satyrize the vicious & the ridiculous, that may be useful to you. that Lady You See there is the greatest Coquet in Town. She is the Noted Miss Brilliant that is Supposed to be well with his Grace, and the Old General— there are several others talk'd of, but the World you know is censorious— Upon my Honour I don't believe any Body but his Grace and the General ever had any Connexion with her.

33

Pas. Your Ladyship is very tender in thinking so— but it is certain Sir Harry and she were least together in a Bagnio one Masquerade Night.

Dia. Why, that I knew to be true, M<sup>r</sup>. Pasquin, but I did not care to say all I know, because I wou'd not be thought Censorious— that Young Lady with her, Miss Bashful, has a very fine Boy at Nurse, above half a year Old. but very few Knew any thing of it.— And she is now going to be marry'd to the North Country Knight— It wou'd be pity to speak of it— She will pass upon him— he's a very great Blockhead and She is good enough for him— For he was not born in Wedlock himself.

Pas. They will be a very proper Match, Madam.

Dia. Most proper, Your humble Servant Seignior.

Pas. Your Lordships most Obedient.

Hyd. This, M<sup>r</sup>. Pasquin, is a plain honest Citizen. He is called honest Solomon Common Sense; If you can please him, and make him Your friend, he can influence a large Number in your Favour; which will be of more Service to you than the Approbation of all the Pitt— Maitres,

34

Critics, and Wou'd-be Witts, from S<sup>t</sup>. James's to White Chappel.

Pas. I have often heard of the Gentleman, he is in great Esteem amongst Our best Critics abroad, and I shall make it my particular Study to merit his Approbation.

Com. M<sup>f</sup>. Pasquin you have it already. I like your manner of exposing the Follies of the Public extremely. Your making the Theatre the Scene of Action, and the Censure and Approbation of the Audience the Chorusses to your Characters upon the Stage, is quite New, and very happily imagin'd. But now you have made us acquainted with your Characters. I think the sooner you throw them into Action and come to a Conclusion the better.

Pas. Sir your Criticism is very just; And if Marforio is return'd I will proceed to an Examination of the Culprits and close for this night. (Goes to y<sup>e</sup> side of the Scene) Promptor, is Marforio come back?

Prom. No Sir.

Pas. Gentlemen & Ladies, I cannot possibly proceed till he returns. I reckon he will be here in about five Minutes; till then I shall take it as a Favour if you will step into the Green Room; and, in the mean time The Musick, by way of Act Tune, may play God save Great George Our King, to keep the Audience in Humour.

Omn: Admirable! with all Our Hearts. God save the King. (Ex<sup>t</sup> Singing God save Great George)

## Act. 2.

Enter. All the Characters.

Pas. Gentlemen and Ladies, pray take Your Places, and now Marforio make your return.

Mar. Why, this being Masquerade Night there are no Drums or Routs. So we have taken up but a very few— But, as I return'd me Guide led me to the other Play House, from whence, by the unanimous Consent of the Audience I have brought away a disorderly Lady.

Pas. Produce her.

Marforio brings on Miss Giggle.

Miss Brill. Miss Giggle as I live, dear Creature what brings you here?

Gig. This Exotic Gentleman, by an Authority from Apollo, as he says—

Omn. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Pas. Pray what is the Lady's Offence?

Mar. Disturbing the Audience.

Pas. In what manner.

Gig. Why, I'll tell you M<sup>r</sup>. Pasquin. You must know the Play was a Tragedy; and several of the Audience were ridiculous enough to cry at it— And so S<sup>r</sup>. Charles Empty and I were diverting Our selves with laughing at the various Strange Tragical Faces the Animals, exhibited, that's all.

Omn. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Gig. Upon this the Goths fell a hissing— & cry'd out — out— out—

S<sup>r</sup>. Eter. O the Savages!

35

36

37



Mar. But there is a further Charge against this Lady; She is said to be a common Nuisance at the Theatres; and that She frequently Sets the whole House in a Titter to the Confusion of the Actors, & the general disturbance of the Audience, by constantly exposing her Nudities to Publick View, contrary to the Ideas of female Modesty, and the Laws of Decency.

Miss Dy. O fye Seignior, how can you make use of so indelicate an Expression. A Lady's Nudities, why, you might as well have said— I vow it is almost plain English, I protest such an Expression is enough to get your Farce hiss'd off the Stage—

38

Pas. I am extremely Sorry the Phrase offends your Ladyship, but if you will Substitute any other.

Dia. I think M<sup>r</sup>. Drawcansir when those Objects are to be expos'd that— a Lady's Proturberances, her Snow balls, or her Lover's Amusements— wou'd be much more delicate.

S<sup>r</sup>. Rog. You are very right Madam, and if they happen to be of the immense kind— Cupid's Kettle Drums M<sup>r</sup>. Pasquin, wou'd not be an— unelegant Phrase, ha, ha, ha.

Omn. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Pas. Your Ladyship is quite right, go on with the Charge.

Mar. That the moment this Lady appears in the Boxes the grave part of the fair Sex are seen to put their Fans before their Faces; and are heard to whisper one another— Lud what an indecent Sight Miss Giggle's Neck is— It is really quite obscene! I wonder somebody does not tell her of it, then the Men, they are all in a high Grin; and the Smarts are frequently heard to roar out— O Gad— they are ravishingly White, and smooth as polish'd Marble!

39

Dia. M<sup>r</sup>. Pasquin observing upon the whiteness or smoothness of a Lady's Circumstances is not so Chaste as I cou'd wish.

Pas. Your Ladyship is in the Right, pray omit those Amorous Exclamations; for tho' they may be the genuin Language of the Smarts, and may be thought Wit and Humour amongst themselves, yet upon the Stage such warm Expressions will be Condemned.

Gig. Well, M<sup>r</sup>. Pasquin, what is Your Highness's Censure upon this dreadful Affair. ha, ha, ha.

Pas. Upon my word Madam, I see no Crime in a desire to please; which I suppose was Your Ladyship's Motive. on the Contrary, I have always heard it asserted by the Iudicious in dress, that a fine Woman can never shew too much—

40

Gig. Sir I am infinitely Obliged to you, (bowing very low) <sup>B</sup> for your Compliment.

Dia. M<sup>r</sup>. Pasquin, you will forfeit my good Opinion— I assure you, if you encourage such proceedings. This Lady's indecency is remarkable, and, for public Example, you ought to have Satyriz'd her severely; for there are a Set of them go about on purpose to Exhibit as the Men Phrase it.

S<sup>r</sup>. Rog. You are very right Madam and if there be not a stop put to it, they may in time become Adamites, and go without so much as a Fig leaf.

Pas. It is a very great Offence against the Laws of Decency to be sure Madam, and in my next Piece I shall give the Coquets no Quarter.— Your next Culprit Marfario.

Mar. I as Extraordinary a ffigure as ever was Exhibited upon a Theatre. here, Desire that naked Lady to walk in. 41

Dia. O Heav'ns! a naked Lady:— Why sure M<sup>r</sup>. Pasquin, you don't mean to expose such an Object.

S<sup>r</sup>. Rog. Zounds, let her come in.

Omn. Ay, ay, ..... produce her, produce her.

S<sup>r</sup>. Rog. Lets have her. lets have her! of all things let us have a naked Lady— If she be— handsome Pasquin I'll engage your Farce runs a hundred Nights— I'll hold a Hogshead of Claret to a Gill, she pleases more than the Ostrich.

S<sup>r</sup>. Et: Why, M<sup>r</sup>. Pasquin, you will frighten all the Ladies out of the Boxes. I see several of them now that are ready to faint at the bare Idea of a naked Object.

Pas. You need not fear S<sup>r</sup>. Eternal, there shall be nothing exhibited by me offensive to decency or Modesty! Pray lett the Lady walk in, she will be the best Apology for the Expression. 42

Enter. Lady Lucy Loveit in a Venetian mask, dress'd in a very short Pet: en l'air C Slippers, no Stays, her Neck bare, in a Compleat Morning Dress of a very high-bread Woman of Quality.

L<sup>y</sup>. Lucy. Iack Hydra (running up to him) do you know me? Miss Brilliant Your Servant— what you are come to see the New Farce? you never miss a first Night I think— well what is to become of poor Pasquin, damn'd I Suppose.

Brill. Inevitably Madam unless the Spirit of your Character saves him.

L<sup>y</sup>. Lucy. O your Servant Madam— Miss Giggle shall wee see you at the Masquerade to Night?

Gigg. Certainly— who can She be? She is very elegantly dress'd.

Hyd. By all that's whimsical it is Lady Lucy, come, come, unmask, unmask, there is no veiling the Sun.

L<sup>y</sup>. Lucy. O you fulsome Creature [she unmask] from what Antiquated Romance did you Steal that vile Compliment. 43

Omn. Lady Lucy.

L<sup>y</sup>. Lucy. Ladies your Servant. do you know that I am immensely delighted at meeting so much good Company here?

Hyd: You dear Romantic Angel, what brought you hither thus equipt?

L<sup>y</sup>. Lucy. My dear, I am dress'd for the Masquerade; and was just Steping into my Chair to go to Lady High-Lifes; who Sees Masks to night, when this worthy Weight, with great Civility, told me he had a Warrant from Apollo to take up all disorderly Persons, and said I must go before Monsieur Drawcansir, the Censor of Great Britain.

Omn. Ridiculous.

L<sup>y</sup>. Lucy. I was pleas'd with the Conceit; so hither I am come to attend his Worship.

Hyd. You dear Wild Creature. 44

L<sup>y</sup>. Lucy. Have you had any Sport.

Hyd. Infinite— we have had such hissing, and clapping and laughing— poor Pasquin has been roasted devilishly.

L<sup>y</sup>. Lucy. O Lud, I am Sorry for that. prithee introduce me to him.

Hyd. M<sup>r</sup>. Pasquin your Friend Marforio was mistaken in this Lady; she is a Woman of Fashion, the Celebrated Lady Lucy Loveit, who has made great part of the Tour of Europe in Cavalier.

Pas. Sir I have had the Honour of seeing the Lady Abroad, the last time I perform'd upon the Italian Theatre in Paris.

L<sup>y</sup>. Lucy. Well M<sup>r</sup>. Pasquin, tho' I am brought before you, As an Offender, I am vastly glad to see you in England. perhaps they may not relish you at first but I am sure you will take when once the Canaille come to understand you. I'll send you a thousand Anecdotes of my own Acquaintance. I will let you into the Secrets of every Intrigue, Family, and Character, from Pall. Mall to Grosvenor Square.

45

Pas. That will hit my plans exactly, Madam.

L<sup>y</sup>. Lucy. I know it will [whispers to him] let me tell you there are some Characters present wou'd make Admirable Sport upon the Stage. there is Miss Single-Life, that pretended Old Maid is an immense fine one. I can give you all the Out-lines & some of the most glaring Colours of her Character.

Pas. Madam, I shall take it as a Singular Favour.

L<sup>y</sup>. Lucy. I'll give it aloud before her Face, as of another Person, M<sup>r</sup>. Pasquin.

Pas. O dear Madam, that will be vastly kind, and quite polite.

L<sup>y</sup>. Lucy. Miss Dy— My dear, I am going to describe a Character to Seignior Pasquin for his next piece.

Dia. Madam, the Company will be ineffably Oblig'd to you.

L<sup>y</sup>. Lucy. You must know, my dear, the History of the Lady is this— Her Intellects are as odd and as awkward as her Person; her mind a Composition of Hypocrisy and Vanity; her Head, like the Study of Don Quixot, Stuffed with the exploded— Romances— of the two last Centuries— her Style the quaint Quintessence of Romantic Fustian, and her Manners those of a Princess in an Enchanted Castle.

46

Omn. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Dia. Your Ladyship has a most masterly Hand in Colouring.

L<sup>y</sup> Lucy. The vain Creature endeavours to pass upon the World for five and twenty— A Maid & Strictly Virtuous— but is fifty at least— grey as a Badger— has had three Children— one by her Coachman— One by a Horse Granadier— and one by her present Friend— the tall Straping Irishman, whom they call the Captain. ha, ha, ha.

Omn. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Hyd. My dear Lady Lucy, you are the very Hogarth of Ridicule, there is no mistaking the— Original [apart] see, see poor Miss Dy. how She Miffs. the strapping Irishman was too plain.

47

Omn. Ha, ha, ha, ha, O too plain, too plain.

L<sup>y</sup>. Lucy Not in the least, it will give the Old Lady a Complexion, She wants it, besides I was Indebted to her, for a full length She gave of me the other Day, to a Country Gentlewoman at Lady Tattle-Tongues

Miss Dia. There is no being blind to this. I must return the Civility [aside] And pray M<sup>r</sup>. Pasquin let me recommend a Character to Your Worship.

Hyd. Ay, now, now for it Lady Lucy, She'll [apart] draw your Likeness.

L<sup>y</sup>. Lucy. Sir, She has my leave, tho' She had the Talents of a Brugier with the Ill nature of a Swift.

Miss Dia. The Character I mean Sir, is not immaginary, invented by Slander and Malice, but a true Copy of a universally known Original, which is a trifling, wanton femal Rake: composed of Folly, rudeness, and Indecency. whose Vanity is in pursuit of ev'ry Fellow of Fashion She Sees, and whose Life is a continual Round of vain Inconstancy.

48

Omn. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

L<sup>y</sup> Lucy. Very good out-lines upon Honour— I fancy her Malice will Stir up some tollerable Ideas— pray proceed Madam, ha, ha, ha, [laughing ridiculously & mimick'd by the other]

M. Dia. Ha, ha, ha, O Lud Madam, I intended it— I shall finish up the Picture to a perfect Resemblance, you may depend upon it. ha, ha, ha, ha.

L<sup>y</sup> Lucy. Well, you are an agreeable, young, blooming, giddy Creature; and really Miss your little— youthfull prettiness becomes you. But Miss Dy — the Charactor, the Charactor— come I'll Sit for you; to quicken your Ideas— you left off at vain Inconstancy.

Miss Dia. I did so Madam— and I will take it up at her affected Taste and Politeness if you please which Consist in praising ev'ry thing that's Foreign and in constantly ridiculing the Customs and Manners of her own Country tho' She herself is the most ridiculous Objection in the Nation. ha, ha.

49

Omn. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

L<sup>y</sup>. Lucy. Admiral! I vow Miss Dy. You have a very Lively Immagination— at your Years, ha, ha, ha— and very Charecteristic. I am amazed You never writ a Comedy. ha— ha— ha— ha.

Miss Dia. When I do Madam, You may be sure I shall enliven it with Lady Lucy Loveit's Character.

L<sup>y</sup>. Lucy. She will be vastly Oblig'd to you— for you will certainly do it great Iustice.

S<sup>r</sup>. Rog. Zounds Ladies have done with Your abuse and let the Farce go on; It was funny enough at First, but you continue it too long.

Com. Sir Roger is Right M<sup>r</sup>. Pasquin; you have made your Ladies talk too much. and their Raillery was a little to plain.

Pas. I did that Sir on purpose to preserve a consistency of Character; for I thought it impossible, when Ladies were in a view of Slander, to make them Speak too plain, or too much.

50

Count Hunt-Bubble behind y<sup>e</sup> Scenes

Count. Where is the Scoundrell? damn me, I'll break the Rascal's Head.

Officer. Knock him down— knock him down— take away his Sword— take away his Sword.

Pas. Some Quarrell I apprehend.

Count. You Scoundrells, I am a Gentleman, and I'll run the first Man through that Offers to lay hold on me.

Dia. O Lud I am afraid there will be somebody kill'd.

Pas. I beg Pardon— We must Stop for a moment, something extraordinary has happen'd— I'll go See what it is— Possibly Some Quarrell behind the Scenes [Ex: Pas.]

Count. How dare You— You Rascal— A Lady's Character— knock him down— I'll teach him to bring Gentlemen's Character upon the Stage.

51

Pas. Pray Sir hear me,— I have not done it.

Count. Knock him down; beat him to Mummy.

Enter Pasquin disorder'd and Bloody.

Pas. Gentlemen, I hope you'll protect me— You See how I am us'd.

Omn. What's the matter, what's the matter?

Pas. Why a Madman, being Spirited on by three or four Gamesters, drew his Sword upon me, and says I ought to be run through the Body, for bringing Gentlemen and Ladies' Characters upon the Stage.

Hyd: Do you know the Gentleman?

Pas. Very well Sir; he is one M<sup>r</sup> Strictland of Somersetshire

Hyd. Why the Man's mad— Was it he wounded You?

Pas. No Sir, it was a Gentleman that is with Him, whom they call the Count, a great Gamester

52

Hyd. You shou'd have him Secur'd.

Pas. He is in Custody Sir.

S<sup>r</sup>. Rog. Zounds let us have him brought before the Town.

Pas. Indeed, if I thought the Audience wou'd not be displeas'd at it, I wou'd bring him on, and expose him; for he is a common Gamester, tho' he pretends to be a Man of Fashion.

Hyd. I dare say the Audience will be glad, and will like the Fun of It.

Pas. What do you Say Gentlemen? shall I bring him on? If you say the Word, I'll have him examin'd upon the Stage, before you all.

S<sup>r</sup>. Rog. Zounds, we are the Town, and we will have him on, whether you will or no.

Omn. Ay, ay, on, on, on, on, on.

Pas. Gentlemen— I thank you; Did not I tell you M<sup>r</sup>. Hydra, that they wou'd Act their Parts with Universal Applause. Why Sir, the French Pit, Boxes, and Galleries, are nothing to the English for vivacity & Spirit, they cou'd not have Perform'd their Parts with half this Fun and good Humour. This now, Gentlemen is after the manner of Aristophanes, and the Italian Pasquinades. (Exit Pasquin)

53

Enter Pasquin immediately with Count Hunt-Bubble in Mourning.

Pas. Sir you shall come before the Audience.

Count. Why, you Rascal, do you think I am afraid.

Gentlemen and Ladies Your Servant [bowing to the Audience] I is a Fellow to be Countenanced in bringing Gentlemen's Characters upon the Stage.

Pas. I am sure Sir, I shall be Iustificable in bringing you upon the Stage. And so I have y<sup>e</sup> Approbation of the Town, I don't value what You or any Sharpor can do to me.

Count. Who Says I am a Sharpor.

54

Pas. The whole City of Westminster; By whom, Sir, amongst many others, You are Presented as a Nuisance.

Gentlemen, I have a Petition here, in my hand, against him and several others, that will raise the utmost Indignation in every hones Breast— Which, with leave of the Audience, I will read. Is it Your Pleasure that I shou'd read it.

Omn. Ay, ay, read it, read it.

To his most Equitable & Satyrical  
Worship, Seignior Pasquin. Censor of  
Great Britain.

The humble Petition of Lord Love-Play, in  
Behalf of Himself and many others.

Sheweth.

"That your Petitioners were, by Descent, the lawful Inheritors of very great Fortunes; But, by the Arts and Combinations of the Noted Hunt-Bubble, and the Knot— And, by what is commonly called Playing all the Game, Your Petitioners have been stript of their large Possessions to the utter Ruin of themselves and their distressed Families.

56

"That your Petitioners, who once made the most Splendid Appearance at New Market, Whites, Georges, Bath, Tunbridge, and all Public Places, are now in the most deplorable Condition.

"From these Premises, Your  
Petitionors humbly pray that Your  
Equitable Worship will take their  
distress'd State into Consideration,  
and Decree such Redress as to Your  
Satyrical Worship shall seem meet—  
"And your bubbled Petitioners shall  
ever pray."

Com. M<sup>f</sup>. Pasquin, your bringing such Men to Iustice, is a Public good, and deserves Public Thanks. They are Charactors that all Men destest, and that all Men wish to See punish'd.

57

Pas. Sir you don't know half the Villany of these Men. Play, in its most Honourable Commerce, is a pernicious Vice, but as Luxury, Fashion and Avarice, have improved it all over Europe, It is now become an avow'd System of Fraud and Ruin. The virtuous and Honourable, who Scorn Advantage, are a constant Prey to the vicious and dishonourable, who never Play without one. nor does the Vice Stop here: For the Sharper having Stript his Bubble of his Estate, he next Corrupts his Mind, by making him a Decoy-Duck, in Order to retrieve his Fortune as he lost It. And, from an indigent Virtuous Bubble, the Noble Youth becomes an Affluent vicious Sharper.

Com. The Observation, is but too true; And it is Pity the Ligislature do not contrive some Speedy Method to put an Effectual Stop to such impious Practices.

Pas. Thus, instead of Virtue, Honour and Noble Sentiments being Sown in the Minds of Youth they are tainted with Fraud and Treachery; and those, who should be the Support and Ornament of their Country, are the Confederates of Men, who would be a disgrace to the worst of Countries, in its worst of Times.

Omn. Bravo, bravo, Pasquin, go on, go on [they Applaud him]

Smart. Does he not speak very well Hydra! I think he would make a good Figure at the Robin Hood Society.

Count. S<sup>r</sup>, You grow licentious and Attack the whole Body of Nobility. and what you have uttered is a Libell.

Pas. S<sup>r</sup>. it is You that Libel by your Application my Charge is not against any particular Person, Degree, Rank, or Set of Men, but against known Profess'd Sharpers; Who, under the Mask of Honour, Amusement and Friendship, daily Commit Crimes that deserve the Hangman's lash rather than the Satyrist's.

Mar. Gentlemen, this Invective is most unjust, and as I am Council on the Side of Count Hunt-bubble and Company, I hope you will indulge me a moment, while I explain what the Law of Parnassus is in these Cases.

Omn. Hear him, hear him, go on, go on.

Mar. In the Records of that State, the Act of Gaming is not deem'd a Crime, but a Science. For the famous Barron de Frippon, in his Institutes, Fol: 1<sup>st</sup> Chap: 3. P. 17, justly calls it the Noble Science of Defence. which is as necessary to be Study'd by the Nobility of ev'ry Nation, as the Small Sword, or the Art of War.

Count. You are right Marforio— for Gaming is an Absolute State of War; In which ev'ry Man must kill or be kill'd; Consequently all Advantages are Justified by the Law of Self Defence.

Omn. Go on Marforio.

Mar. Gentlemen. The wise Spartans, as an Encouragement to Ingenuity, always reward the thieving Genius, who came off unsuspected, and punish'd the Blockhead who had not Sufficient Art to Conceal his Theft, In Parnussus the Law is the same relating to Frauds in Play; Tho' it is notorious that this Gentleman has Play'd the best of the Game a thousand times, yet it does not Appear that he has ever been detected in a fraud.

Count. Never, but once, I assure you: and then I instantly Challeng'd the Man, who charg'd me with it, ran him three times through the Body, disarm'd him, made him beg his Life, and ask my Pardon in Public and ever since no Man has dared to Whisper a Suspicion of me.

Mar. O it's plain the Gentleman's Character is untainted, and has a Right to Rank as a Man of Honour and a Genius— and, instead of Censure, is intitled to the Order of the Chevaliers de Aventuries— with which, Sir, you shall be Strait invested.

Here! Order S<sup>r</sup>. Iohn Ketch to attend with the Insignia of Gaming, and let him invest the Noble Count.

Enter S<sup>r</sup>. Iohn Ketch, with a Rope and a Dice Box fasten'd to it as a George,



and dice in the Box, and a Knave of  
Diamonds in his Hand.

S<sup>r</sup>. Iohn. Please to kneel Sir [To Count bubble who  
kneels] I, S<sup>r</sup>. Iohn Ketch, Knight, and Officer of  
Parnassus, by Virtue of a Power from Appollo,  
In Consideration of your Subtle and  
undetactable deceit in the Noble Science of  
Defence, vulgarly call'd Sharping, do invest  
You With these Insignia— Which are a Ribbon  
of the Genuin Tyburn garotte, with a Box  
Pendant, two loaded Dice, and a Knave of  
Diamonds for a Star; bearing henceforth, the  
Arms of Gaming, which are, a Pack of Cards in  
a Green Field; two reoin'd Lords for  
Supporters, a Cat and nine Tails for a Crest  
and, I have touch'd them for a motto; So rise  
up Count Hunt. bubble, Marquiss of Slip Card,  
Barron de Pharo-Bank, and Knight of the  
Noble Order of Sharpors.

Omn. Bravo, bravo (all Clap)

Count. Seignior Marforio, The Honours you have  
Conferr'd Me, will bind me Your Friend  
everlastingly. If you call upon me any Evening  
at the Bedford, <sup>D</sup> I shall be glad to See you. To  
night I am engaged to deal at my Lady High-  
life's; <sup>D</sup>— His Grace and Miss will be there,  
and we expect to touch roundly. Yours, ~~Yours~~

62

Omn. Ha, ha, ha.

Hyd. An Admiral Reward for his Ingenuity.

S<sup>r</sup>. Eter. Extremely ridiculous I vow; and very Iust.

Pas. Have you any more Offenders to Produce.

Mar. No more— But here is a Presentment against  
one Charles Macklin, Comedian, of the  
Theatre Royal in Covent Garden.

Omn. Ha, ha, ha, O pray let us hear that.

Pas. The Substance of it is, That he hath written a  
strange hotch-potch Farce, and puff'd it upon  
the Town as written after the manner of  
Aristophanes and the Pasquinades of the  
Italian Theatre.— Gentlemen, This is an Affair  
entirely Cognizable to the Town; All I can Say  
upon it is, That, if you Condemn him, I will  
take Care the Blockhead shall never trouble  
you again— In the manner of Aristophanes.

63

Omn. Ay, ay, damn him, Damn him.

Omn. No, no, Save him, save him.

Pas. Well Gentlemen, since you are divided we  
must respite Sentence till he appears in Person  
the next Court day. Gentlemen and Ladies,  
Our Examinations are over for to Night. We  
must adjourn, for I am afraid we have detain'd  
the Town too long.

Hyd. M<sup>r</sup>. Pasquin, You have Satyrized Your Sharpor  
with great Humour and Propriety. And I like  
the Choice of several of your Characters very  
well. But I am afraid the Critics will Condemn  
Your Piece for want of a Plot

64

Bob. Very true, You shou'd have had a Plot Pasquin.

Pas. Bless me Gentlemen! I am amaz'd at this  
Criticism. I expected great Approbation for the  
Newness and Dexterity of my Plot.

Hyd. Ay! pray what is the Plot?

Pas. I thought, by this time that it was known to  
ev'ry Person in the Audience. The Plot Sir, is,  
the filling of this House— don't you see how  
thick it is.

Hyd. Ha, ha, ha, ha, very well, and now it is

unravelled; extremely Clear! a very good Plott  
I protest.

Omn. O very Clear, very clear.

Dia. But M<sup>r</sup>. Pasquin, You have no love, nor  
Marriage in Your Farce; that is a fault, a very  
great fault.

Pas. Madam, I have vast Quantity of Love in It, as  
much as wou'd make half a dozen modern  
Romances; But I was advised, by some  
Dramatick Friends, not to let it appear too  
soon. For Love, in a Farce, they said, was  
generally very dull, and what the English  
Audience always Complain'd of. But now we  
are come to unravel the Plot— It must be  
known, that Lady Lucy, M<sup>r</sup>. Hydra, Sir Eternal,  
Miss Brilliant, and all the Characters, have a  
most Passionate Tendre for each other, and  
have Privately agreed that this shall be the  
Happy Night. And, as to a Wedding, I have  
taken particular Care of that, for among the  
disorderly Persons that were Seized, by  
mistake, they have taken up a Gentleman that  
lives near May Fair, who waits in the Green  
Room to Sign the Passport of each loving Pair  
to The land of Hymen. And this, I think, is as  
much Love, Plot and Marriage, as is necessary  
in any Farce.

65

66

Hyd. Upon Honour, I am of your Opinion M<sup>r</sup>.  
Pasquin. And I like your Catastrophes  
extremely. M<sup>r</sup>. Common Sense, what is your  
Opinion?

Com. For my part Sir, I am pleased with the whole  
Piece, and think the Critics, in particular, must  
approve of it highly; As it is written up to the  
Strictest Nicety of Dramatic Rules. Against the  
next Night, M<sup>r</sup>. Pasquin, you must omit, or  
alter some exceptionable Expressions, And, if  
you were to prune a few Redundances, the  
whole Piece wou'd be the better for it.

67

Pas. Your Criticism, M<sup>r</sup>. Common Sense, is always  
Iust, and I shall implicitly observe it.

Com. And now, M<sup>r</sup>. Pasquin, the sooner you come  
to your Peroration the better.

Omn. Ay, ay, the Peroration, the Peroration— come,  
Mount the Rostrum, M<sup>r</sup>. Pasquin. The  
Rostrum, the Rostrum,— bring on the  
Rostrum. bring on the Rostrum!

The Rostrum is brought on.

Pasquin Ascends.

Pas. Most August, Respectable, and Tremendous  
Public! whose Power is as uncontrolable as the  
Boundless Winds, whose Iudgement infalable  
as opposeless Fate, Whom Party cannot Sway,  
Fear Intimidate, Flattery influence, nor  
Interest byass. You are each in the art of  
Government, a Lycurgus; in the Art of War,  
a Cæsar; In Criticism an Aristotle; In  
Eloquence a Tully; In Patronage a Mecenas; In  
Taste and Elegance, a Patronius.

68

Hyd. Harkée, harkée, Domine Pasquin, this  
Panegerick is quite out of Character, and  
Shews great Ignorance of the People You are  
Addressing. For know Sir, that the British  
Public has too much Dignity and Sense, either  
to give, or to recieve, Flattery. Your best way  
of gaining their Esteem, is by preserving Your  
Character, to the last, of a General Satyrist my  
Dear, not. by degenerating to a Public  
Sycophant.

Pas. I am afraid Sir, I have been too free of my Satyr already.

Com. Not at all Sir.— while it is General and Circumscribed by decency, it cannot be too strong for the English. For Our Wit, Sir, like Our Courage, knows no danger, Spares no Character.

69

Bob. Right, Right— Dem me, my dear give us Satyr, keen cutting Satyr, that's what Pleases Us— And as to Your Panegeric, take that to Madrid or Paris.

Com. M<sup>f</sup>. Pasquin, the Public know they have Follies, as well as Individuals; and, so far from being Angry with the Man, who ridicules them, they always reward him with Approbation and Esteem.

Pas: Why then Sir, under the Protection of the Town, and the Patronage of Common Sense, I will, like a faithfull Painter, not a modern Dedicator, finish up the Blemishes as highly as I have the Beauties of my Patron.

Bob. Ay, now, now for the Town, I should be glad to see our own blind side. be sure to be Severe, give us no Quarter.

Pas. I shall not Sir— You, the Town, are a Monstor, made up of Contrarities, Caprice Steers— Steers your Iudgement— Fashion and Novelty, Your Affections; Sometimes so Splenitic, as to damn a Cibber, and, even a Congreve, in the Way of the World;— And some times so good-Natured as to run in Crowds after a Queen Mab, or a Man in a Bottle.

70

Hyd. Why, the Town are a little whimsical sometimes I believe? I beg pardon M<sup>f</sup>. Pasquin for breaking in upon You.

Pas. O no Offence, Sir, the Town has always a right to interrupt, and disturb a Performance. It is their Prerogative, and shews their Taste and their good Breeding

Hyd. You are right— go on, go on,— a good Sensible Fellow, and knows the Right and Privilege of the Town, go on, go on.

Pas. You are a Being, composed of all the Virtues and Vices, Wisdom and Folly of Human Nature. All Men dread you; all Men Court you; All Men love You— and yet All Men strive to be independent of You. For you are so inconsistent, that you are Constant in nothing, but Inconstancy— So good Natur'd, so techy, so wise— and sometimes so otherwise— In Short, so much every thing, that were the whole Sisterhood of the imitative Arts in emulous Association joyn'd, with the Genius of your own Great Shakespear at their Head, Directing their different Powers, and wing his own boundless Imagination into Satyr and Panegirick for the Purpose— They could not be too Severe upon Your Vices— nor could they do Iustice to your Matchless Virtues.

71

Omn. Bravo, bravo Pasquin.

Bob. A very good Peroration upon Honour; I believe he Stole it from the Robin Hood Society

72

Pas. Gratitude and Public Spirit, are the two Noblest Passions, that ever warm'd the Heart of Man, or fired the Poets Imagination. They Should be the Springs of every Public Character, and are this Night of Pasquin. inspired by them he has dar'd laugh at Female Folly and to lash a Noble Vice that Lords it in

Our most Polite Assemblies. For which, he who was late a Judge and Public Censor in turn, now trembles at Your dread Tribunal. The first and last Appeal of Players, Poets, Statesmen, Fidlers, Fools, Philosophers and Kings. If, by the boldness of his Satyr, or the daring Novelty of his Plan and Fable, He has offended, He ought to meet with some degree of Candour, as his Offence was the Effect of a Noble Gratitude, and an Over-heated Zeal to Please His Noble Guests & Patrons, whom he Scorn'd to treat with Vulgar Cates Season'd and Serv'd with Flattery and Common Dramatic Art. For this boldness of his Satyr, this is his Defence— But, for his dulness, he has no Plea. If You Almighty Arbiters find him guilty of that Offence, censure him as freely as he has censured others. And, like the Roman Censor, he will cry out with Patriot Ioy, What Pity 'tis, a Blockhead can be damn'd but once, to Please the Critics.

Finis.

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- [17.](#) Nicholas Rowe, *Some Account of the Life of Mr. William Shakespeare* (1709).

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- [26.](#) Charles Macklin, *The Man of the World* (1792).

#### 1951 - 1952

- [31.](#) Thomas Gray, *An Elegy Wrote in a Country Churchyard* (1751); and The Eton College Manuscript.

This gap in the sequence occurs at mid-page.

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#### PUBLICATIONS FOR 1965-1966

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CHARLES MACKLIN, *The Covent Garden Theatre* [manuscript] (1752). Introduction by Jean B. Kern.

ROGER L'ESTRANGE, *Citt and Bumpkin* (1680). Introduction by B. J. Rahn.

DANIEL DEFOE and Others, *Accounts of the Apparition of Mrs. Veal* (ca. 1705). Introduction by Manuel Schonhorn.

HENRY MORE, *Enthusiasmus Triumphatus* (1662). Introduction by M. V. DePorte.

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### Transcriber's Notes

#### Title Page

Everything except the play title was written by the Examiner of Plays.

1752

Covent Garden Theatre.  
or  
Pasquin turn'd Drawcansir  
A  
Dramatic Satyr.

S<sup>r</sup>.

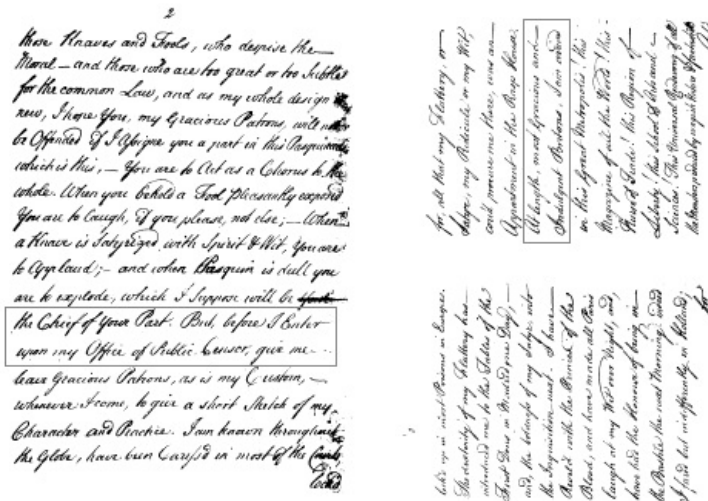
This peice ent'd Cov<sup>t</sup>. Garden Theatre or Pasquin turn'd Drawcansir M<sup>r</sup>. Macklin designs to have perform'd on his Benefit Night w<sup>th</sup> the permission of his Grace the Duke of Grafton.

To William Chetwyne Esq.

I am  
S<sup>r</sup>. y<sup>r</sup> humble Srv<sup>t</sup>  
Jn<sup>o</sup> Rich

#### Page 3

In the facsimile, page 3 and the following unnumbered page are the same size as all other pages, but have fewer lines and contain only half as much text (see [marginal page numbers](#) in this e-text). It looks as if they were written by the same person but at a different time, using two half-sheets counted as one.



Page 2 excerpt:

*The Chief of your Part. But, before I Enter  
upon my Office of Public Censor, give me...*

Page 3 excerpt:

*At length, most gracious and  
Indulgent Britons, I am arriv'd*



A. Page 6: "of this Metropolis": original text has "of" at line-end, with crossed-out text at beginning of following line replaced with "of this Metropolis".

Mends of Course. I will Scour the whole Circle of  
of this metropolis; not a fitted Sharp, or a fair

B. Page 40: Stage direction added above line:

That a fine Woman can never shew too much -  
(bowing very low)  
Gigg. Sir I am infinitely Obliged to you, for your  
Compliment.

C. Page 42: *Pet-en-l'air*, literally "fart in the air".

D. Page 62: "If you call upon me any Evening at the Bedford, I shall be glad to See you. To night I am engaged to deal at my Lady High-life's". Original text may read "at Lady Highlife's"; name is crossed out and "the Bedford" inserted above line; next sentence is written "my Lady's" with "High-life's" added above line:

Me, will bind me your Friend everlastingly).  
If you call upon me any Evening at, the Bedford  
I shall be glad to see you. To night I  
am engaged to deal at my Lady's; - His Grace and  
High-life's

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE COVENT GARDEN THEATRE, OR PASQUIN TURN'D DRAWCANSIR \*\*\*

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