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David Garrick was truly the man of his age. It is, perhaps, difficult for us to appreciate the exalted position he held in his own day; and it could not be otherwise, for Garrick was first of all an actor, and the actor's gift and reward are the matter of a night. Perhaps the extravagant praise of Alexander Pope would be a sufficiently strong indication of Garrick's talent as an actor: "...He never had an equal, and would never have a rival."\(^1\) And Johnson, whose name is always associated with Garrick's, pays tribute in his own devious way. Boswell writes in his *Life of Johnson*:

Sir Joshua Reynolds observed, with great truth, that Johnson considered Garrick to be, as it were, his property. He would allow no man either to blame or to praise Garrick in his presence, without contradicting him.\(^2\)

Johnson later said that Garrick had the applause of the multitudes
dashed in his face, sounded in his ears, and went home every night with the plaudits of a thousand in his cranium. Then, Sir, Garrick did not find, but made his way to the tables, levees, and almost the bedchambers of the great. ...Garrick has made a player a higher character.

This is considerable praise from one who is not quick to bestow it.


\(^3\)Ibid., p. 925.
But Garrick's achievements went beyond those of an actor. He was enough of a scholar to be admitted to the select "Literary Club," and by the time of his death he had written twenty plays and enough poetry — mostly occasional poetry of a light satirical nature — to fill two volumes. As a manager of the Drury Lane Theatre for over a quarter of a century, he was able to exert considerable influence on the strange and boisterous audience of his day.

Let us make no mistake about it, Garrick's leadership and influence in catering to public taste was quite real. For twenty-nine years his word was law at Drury Lane. . . .

One form of this leadership found expression in the satirical farces that Garrick used to expose the follies of his audience. Perhaps the finest example of this genre is Lethe, his first play; it is an afterpiece, a one-act satire on the manners and foibles of the day. Garrick's audience laughed at itself, and it paid for the privilege for over twenty-five years.

THE AFTERPIECE

Though Lethe is not great literature by any standard one might apply, it would be a mistake to underestimate its importance in the eighteenth century company's repertoire.

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examination of the Drury Lane and Covent Garden calendars, he concludes:

Tragedy...was not the most popular type of entertainment for the eighteenth century audiences, despite the outstanding performances of Garrick, Barry, and the "tragedy queens" of the age. A glimpse at the total repertoire will give us an interesting sidelight on how management tried to meet the problem. If we consult the Drury Lane Calendar, we shall see that Garrick's regular policy was to "prop up" his tragedies, especially the new ones, quite soon after their first appearance. The comparative strength of any tragedy may be judged by the number of performances it achieved before a significant and time-tested afterpiece was added as its companion.

Fixing our thoughts for a moment upon the productions achieving the greatest number of performances in the twenty-nine year period (of Garrick's tenure as manager), the general popularity of the types is clearly defined and represents what we have already anticipated. . . . Audience preference is overwhelmingly in favor of the afterpieces of the repertoire.

LETHE

Pedicord's analysis of the Drury Lane Calendar also reveals that, in the period between 1747 and 1776, only five performances -- of whatever genre -- were more popular than Lethe, which was performed a total of 154 times at that theater alone. As Mary Knapp correctly observes,

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7 Pedicord, p. 138.
8 Ibid., p. 135.
One of the pieces standing highest in royal favor was Garrick's "dramatick satire," Lethe. . . . Few other afterpieces were so constantly demanded by decade after decade of theatergoers and none other was supported by a longer succession of great actors and actresses. Under Garrick's management it was performed 154 times at Drury Lane. It became part of the repertoire of Covent Garden, the Haymarket, and the provincial theaters, and in 1751 it began its long history on the American stage. . . . To present Lethe was to ensure the success of the evening's entertainment.

Lethe may not have been a bid for immortality, but it is a vibrant and richly varied treatment of eighteenth century England's values and manners. Garrick evidently struck a responsive chord in his audience. He was a sufficiently perceptive critic to be able to admonish and delight his audience simultaneously, as he made the stage come alive for an evening.

The situation in Lethe -- I cannot say plot -- is quite simple. A boon has been granted by Pluto to all mortals: all who desire to forget that which is distasteful to them on Earth may come and drink of the waters of Lethe, the Waters of Forgetfulness. Aesop, stationed as examiner, inquires into their motives for making the journey to Lethe, to determine if the reasons they give for desire be sufficient. These reasons prove to be, in every case, shallow and contemptible. In this manner, a whole procession of characters passes in front of the audience. There is no attempt at a unified plot. A character

could be added or removed, or the order of characters changed, without doing injury to the work. The Drury Lane Calendar reveals that a character was often deleted from one performance of Lethe and added the next; the play changed form many times, for a variety of reasons. Its focus is on individual types, its structure linear, rather than organic.

This little sketch is light but sparkling; the dialogue is good and the characters vigorously drawn. From it one may judge of the meaning of the word comedy for Garrick -- a series of situations in which amusing and ridiculous types of humanity can be brought together to expose their peculiarities to the audience.

The first character to confront Aesop is the "Poet." He would forget the terrible reception given his last play. The hissing and booing still rings in his ears, and his need for the waters of Lethe is understandable. His own patron was the loudest of the boooers. Why does he not write good plays? Alas, the poet might have the ability, but he has a patron and an audience to please. By means of the Poet, then, one sees something of the problems of the artist of the day -- problems involving unimaginative patrons and uncontrollable audiences.

The Beau, or "Fine Gentleman," who appeared in every production of the play, from 1740 to 1777, is a caricature of the fop of the day -- an overdressed composite of petty

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small affectations. He would forget his "modesty" and "good nature."

Fine Gent. Yes, Sir -- I have such a consummate
Modesty, that when a fine (which is often
the Case) yields to my Addresses, egad I run
away from her; and so Good-natured, that when
a Man affronts me, egad I run away too.

But the Fine Gentleman is someone to be reckoned with in
the theater. He spends his day in bed, he tells Aesop, and his
evenings in the theater:

Not, you may imagine, to be Diverted with the
Play, but to intrigue, and shew myself -- I
stand upon the Stage, talk aloud, and stare
about -- which confounds the Actors, and
disturbs the Audience; upon which the
Galleries, who hate the Appearance of one
of us, begin to hiss, and cry off, off, while
I undaunted stamp my Foot so -- loll with
my Shoulder thus -- take Snuff with my right
Hand, and smile scornfully -- thus. This
exasperates the Savages, and they attack us
with Vollies of suck'd Oranges, and half
eaten Pippens --

In the episode with the Fine Gentleman, Garrick points to
many of the evils of the theater of his day -- a theater in
which the on-stage exhibitions of the Dandy and the rioting of
the galleries were accepted as the natural -- if regrettable--
order of things.

Lord Chalkstone, introduced by Garrick in the 1756 revival
of Lethe, was another favorite with the public. The part was
played by Garrick himself. Lord Chalkstone is a gouty old
rake whose eye for the women has been dulled by neither age
nor drink. He wants to forget nothing, and comes only for "a
little conversation." By means of the critical eye of Lord
Chalkstone, Garrick is able to criticize, among other things, the exaggerated conceits of contemporary gardening.

Lord Ch. Aye, Styx -- why 'tis as straight as Fleet-ditch. You should have given it a Serpentine Sweep, and slope the banks of it. The place indeed has fine Capabilitys; but you should clear the Wood to the left, and clump the Trees upon the right: in short, the Whole wants Variety, Extent, Contrast, Inequality. Upon my Word, here's a fine Hah-Hah! And a most curious collection of Evergreens and flowering Shrubs.

Garrick continues in the same fashion to treat other subjects, including the fashionable attitudes toward love and marriage, the exaggerated regard for all things French, and the life of the woman of leisure. His satirical pen leaves little untouched.

Garrick attempted, with great success, to correct some of the evils which he catalogues so convincingly in Lethe. In that respect, this afterpiece is not only a tableau of eighteenth-century London life, but also something of a document in the history of the theater. Lethe appeared in a time which saw decisions of lasting importance to the theater. One of Garrick's first decisions, immediately upon assuming the management of the Drury Lane, was to remove the distracting presence of spectators on the stage. Despite resistance -- not only from the public, but from actors who benefited from the revenue brought in by these seats -- Garrick succeeded in excluding the public from the stage within twenty-four years of the first production of Lethe. Furthermore, Garrick ended
the practice of allowing footmen and servants -- the source of much of the distraction and even violence -- to be admitted free in the upper-gallery. So real was Garrick's achievement in these two areas, that he deleted the scene quoted earlier -- between the Fine Gentleman and the mob in the upper-gallery -- from the manuscript for the Command Performance of 1777. It was no longer current.

One might safely conclude, too, that by making the Drury Lane Theatre a financial success, through his wise and imaginative leadership, Garrick was able to free the playwright from the dependence on a patron's often capricious largesse. And if he helped make the theater financially independent of the patron, he also encouraged the development of an English drama, instead of acceding to the popular fondness for frivolous entertainment of exotic origins -- an evil to which Garrick devotes much attention in Lethe. While "minor" houses, such as Sadler's Wells, "exploited spectacle for all it was worth,"11 Garrick insisted on presenting great theater and labored hard to educate his audience to appreciate it.

Finally, the example provided by Garrick's own demeanor did much to give the theater a dignity and propriety it sorely needed. He was beloved by the masses and honored by the

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nobility. As Johnson said, Garrick "made a player a higher character."

STAGE HISTORY

A copy of *Lethe* was submitted to the Licensor in April of 1740, and it made its first appearance on the stage on April 15, 1740. The playbill for that evening's performance at the Drury Lane Theatre announces that, along with the mainpiece (Colley Cibber's *The Careless Husband*), will be "A New Dramatic Satire, *Lethe; or Esop in the Shades.*" Despite the fact that this first production is not much more than a suggestion of the play of later years, it included three performers who would remain with the cast of *Lethe* for over twenty-five years. The playbill for the first night performance notes that in *Lethe* "will be introduced Singing by Mr. Beard and Mrs. Clive, particularly *The Life of a Belle*, etc. in imitation of *The Life of a Beau*, by Mrs. Clive, *Esop* - Taswell; *Mercury* - Beard; *Charon* - Marten; *Drunken Man* - Macklin; *Beau* - Woodward; *Attorney* - Turbutt; *Thomas* - Rafter; *Lady* - Miss Bennet; *Lucy* - *Mrs. Clive.*" John Beard, Henry Woodward, and Kitty Clive are included in the *Dramatis Personae* of the 1767 Edition and, indeed, with the collection of *Modern British Drama*.

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published in 1811, thirty-six years after the last performance of Lethe. Certainly a good measure of Lethe's success can be attributed to the fact that some of England's finest comic actors (including Garrick himself) were associated with the afterpiece throughout its stage life. It is not insignificant that when Kitty Clive, whom Elizabeth Stein calls "one of the greatest comic geniuses of the English stage,"\(^{13}\) retired, Lethe was chosen for her last performance.

In 1748, Garrick sent a revised version of Lethe for the approbation of the Licensor, and in the following year, Paul Vaillant published the first authorized version of the play. In the Drury Lane Calendar, Richard Cross, the prompter for that theater, notes that "A Dramatick Satire called Lethe is now in rehearsal and will be acted in a few days (by Desire)." The afterpiece did appear on January 2, 1749, with Beard, Woodward, and Mrs. Clive from the original 1740 production and with Garrick playing the Drunken Man as well as the newly-created parts of the Poet and the Frenchman. Cross makes the following comment on the January 2nd performance: "This farce of Lethe was wrote some years ago and play'd with Success, and was reviv'd this Night with great Alterations, and was but indifferently received by the Audience." A member of that audience, however, observes in a letter that "The Poet,

\(^{13}\) Stein, p. 32.
Frenchman, and Sot Mr. Garrick performed most inimitably. On the next night, January 3rd, Cross notes, more sanguinely than before, that Lethe was received with "great applause... some little his." This last comment is obviously the more accurate indication of the play's potential, for it appeared sixteen times more in that year, all at the Drury Lane. Furthermore, it was to appear twenty-one times in 1750 (once at the Haymarket, the rest at the Drury Lane); seventeen times in 1751 (once at the Haymarket, the rest at the Drury Lane); eighteen times in 1752 (once at the Haymarket, the rest at the Drury Lane); and every year thereafter until 1772. Lethe was clearly a play of unusual vitality, of extraordinary appeal.

After seasons of nine, ten, and nine performances in 1753, 1754, and 1755 (all at Drury Lane, except for two performances each at the Haymarket and at Hickford's Room, Brewer Street), Lethe was revitalized by the addition of its most successful character, Lord Chalkstone. Garrick played this role, as he would continue to do for twenty years, relinquishing those of the Poet, Frenchman, and Drunken Man. The play-bill for March 27, 1756, reads: "Lethe... With a new scene by Garrick, and New Mimic Italian Song by Mrs. Clive." Along with Kitty Clive were Beard and Woodward from the 1740 first production. The 1756 version and these players became the Edition of 1757 and was continued through all subsequent published versions of

The March 27th performance was a benefit for Mrs. Clive; a reviewer for a contemporary magazine was "particularly diverted with Mrs. Clive's Italian Song, in which this truly humorous actress parodys the Air of the Opera, and takes off the action, of the present favorite female at the Haymarket, with such exquisite ridicule, that the most zealous partisans of both, I think, must have applauded the comic genius of Mrs. Clive, however they might be displeased with the application of it." This review is also interesting in that it points to one feature of the afterpiece which the written page cannot even suggest: the element of spontaneity. The stage direction for the 1757 Edition says simply that Mrs. Riot "Sings fantastically in Italian." Clearly, Mrs. Clive interpreted this as her individual talent allowed.

Many changes can be noted between the versions of 1740, 1749, and 1756. Most significant, undoubtedly, is the addition of Lord Chalkstone, not only because he is a most amusing character, but also because he provided Garrick with an opportunity to display his great talents as a comic actor. In addition to Lord Chalkstone, the Poet, the Frenchman, and the Old Man did not appear in the original production. "The Lady" of the 1740 production became the greatly evolved "Mrs. Riot" of the 1749 version; "Mr. Thomas" and "Lucy" became the

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"Mr. and Mrs. Tatoo" of the 1749 version. The "Beau" of the 1740 production became the much altered "Fine Gentleman" of the 1757 version, though Henry Woodward played both roles. Finally, the Attorney of the 1740 production was deleted from the Dramatis Personae well before the 1749 Edition, and he appears in no published version of Lethe.

Lethe was performed eleven times in 1756 (all at Drury Lane); eighteen times in 1757 (eleven at Drury Lane and seven at Covent Garden); twelve times in 1759 (eight at Covent Garden, three at Drury Lane, and one at the Haymarket); six times in 1760 (five at Covent Garden and one at Drury Lane); twelve times in 1761 (eight times at Covent Garden and four at Drury Lane); six times in 1762 (five at Covent Garden and one at Drury Lane); once in 1763 (Covent Garden); twice in 1764 (once at Drury Lane and once at Covent Garden); four times in 1765 (three at Covent Garden and one at Drury Lane); six times in 1766 (three at Drury Lane, two at Covent Garden, and one at The King's Opera House in the Haymarket); seven times in 1767 (three at the Haymarket, two at Drury Lane, and two at Covent Garden); twice in 1768 (once at Drury Lane and once at Covent Garden); twice in 1769 (once at Drury Lane and once at Covent Garden); once in 1770 (at Covent Garden); and once in 1771 (at Covent Garden).

The year 1772 saw the introduction of a new character, "Fribble," whose resemblance to the "Fine Gentlemen" of
earlier versions was noted in The Theatrical Review, 11 January, 1772:

The character of the Fine Gentleman in the former Lethe had some strong allusions to the behavior of Gentlemen behind the scenes at the playhouses, which custom being abolished of late years, the character had lost its importance, on which account it is altered to Fribble, and consequently entirely new-written.

William Hopkins, now the prompter at Drury Lane, made the following entry in his Diary for January 11, 1772: "Lethe is reviv'd with Alterations and a new Character -- very well receiv'd and great Applause." Fribble never did replace the Fine Gentleman, however, at least not in any published editions. He exists only in the copy sent to the Licensor in 1771 (now in the Larpent Collection) and in the version for the 1777 Command Performance (now in the Folger Library).

The afterpiece was performed only four more times after 1771, three times in 1772 (at Drury Lane); and once in 1775 (at Drury Lane).

Perhaps the best indication of an eighteenth century play's drawing power is the number of times it appears on a benefit night. In this respect, Lethe's record is particularly impressive. Of the 244 performances between 1740 and 1775, ninety-seven were for benefits of one kind or another.

Lethé also appeared by request on ten different occasions, and it was given at Command Performances a rather amazing total of ten times. This, perhaps, explains Garrick's desire to change the afterpiece so radically (if unsuccessfully) for the Command Performance of 1777. One last indication of the importance of Lethé to the eighteenth-century theater's repertoire is the fact that on nine different occasions this afterpiece was chosen to accompany a mainpiece which was being revived after long absences (two to ten years) from the stage. It would be reasonable to infer from this that the popular Lethé would draw a crowd for the unknown quantity represented by the mainpiece.

The following chart shows Lethé's rise and fall in popularity over the thirty-five years of its life on the London stage:

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<th>Year</th>
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<th>Benefits</th>
<th>Requests</th>
<th>Command Performances</th>
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One cannot leave the subject of Lethe's stage history without noting that Garrick's satire met with great success in the New World too. Robert Upton, manager of the Theatre in Nassau Street, New York City, produced Lethe in the season of 1751-1752. On December 23, 1751, the following double bill was advertised: "...a tragedy, called Othello, Moor of Venice; to which will be added, a Dramatick Entertainment, wrote by the celebrated Mr. Garrick, called Lethe..." This double bill was repeated a week later; and on January 6, 1752, Lethe appeared again, this time with Colley Cibber's The Provok'd Husband. George Odell notes, in *Annals of the New York Stage*, that Lethe had "apparently made a hit" that season. On January 23 of 1752, the same theater advertised a production of Richard III, "to which, by particular Desire, will be added the Farce of Lethe."

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Lethe appeared again in New York City, in the years 1752, 1753, 1758, 1759, 1761, and 1762.

On December 21, 1761, Lethe appeared with Charles Coffey's The Devil to Pay. Odell observes that "The poor apprentices, who were preached at in this tragedy of an apprentice gone wrong, could have laughed, on this particular holiday, at the grotesque Lethe, which served as dessert to the heavy feast." 18

December 7, 1967, marked the most exciting event of a decade for the New York theater: the opening of the John Street Theatre in Manhattan. The bill the very first night was George Farquhar's The Beaux Stratagem, with "the inevitable" Lethe as the afterpiece. Odell observes, "This was an admirable choice of popular favourites, and gave all the members of the company, old and new, an opportunity to display their talents." 19

THE TEXT

Establishing the definitive text for Lethe would seem to be a perplexing, if not insurmountable problem. As Brevis points out,

...Garrick's Lethe ran through seven editions in twenty five years, not in order that the author might legislate alterations, but simply

18 Odell, Vol. I, p. 84.
19 Ibid., p. 115.
to keep abreast of changes wrought in the play by the nightly moulding and grinding of performance.20

Mary notes, in more precise terms, the difficulties which *Lethe* presents an editor:

During the thirty seven years from 1740 to 1777 Garrick occasionally revised *Lethe* by adding or omitting characters to adapt the satire to the times. . . . The various stages of the text, from the primitive version of 1740 through the perfected edition of 1757 to the degenerate version of 1777, present a complicated and baffling evolution.21

I have arrived at what I believe to be a very accurate determination of the correct text of *Lethe* by collating all published versions of the play which Garrick authorized (printed by Paul Vaillant, his publisher), three versions appearing in collected works (including two published after Garrick's death), together with all extant unpublished manuscripts — principally, the manuscripts sent to the Licensor in 1740, 1748, and 1771 according to the requirements of the Licensing Act of 1737 (these are found in the Larpent Collection of the Huntington Library); and the working manuscript for the Command Performance before George III, in 1777, containing many alterations in Garrick's own hand. (This manuscript is found in the Folger Library).

20 Brevis, xiv.

21 Knapp, p. 63.
The MS. of 1777 is, to use Mary Knapp's term, a "degenerate version," but it does provide the key to determining the correct version. Garrick gave this command performance of Lethe only two years before his death. As far as is known, this is the last time he worked on the play, and there is ample evidence that he devoted considerable care to the correctness of the manuscript. Garrick himself said so, in letters to Hester Thrale and to Nicholas Ramus.

"to Hester Thrale"\textsuperscript{22}

\begin{flushright}
Adelphi
February 12, (1777?)
\end{flushright}

\ldots The moment my business is finish'd, which has so much employ'd me, and which nothing but the Command I have receiv'd, could have induc'd me to undertake, we shall return to Hampton... . .

"to Nicholas Ramus"\textsuperscript{23}

\begin{flushright}
Adelphi
October 30th, (1777?)
\end{flushright}

Dear Sir,

Notwithstanding all my pains and care to have a correct copy of the trifle which I was in hopes to lay at her Majesty's feet with the alterations and additional characters, I find upon examination that the transcriber has not done his duty --

If the 1777 version is poor -- as it most certainly is -- it is not, then, because of the author's carelessness, but


\textsuperscript{23} Ibid., no. 1143.
rather that, in his zeal to delight his royal audience with new characters and fables, he destroyed the spontaneity which was the farce's strength. The one-act afterpiece became a ponderous two-act play. The fables were heavily didactic; Aesop's dialogue often lengthy preachments. His new characters take away more than they give. The "Jew" is a most unfortunate addition. One can see, by comparing the 1777 and 1740 MSS., that the Jew is simply a rewriting of the "Attorney" of the Larpent MS., written thirty-seven years earlier. The Attorney never appeared in published versions because he was simply unsuccessful: instructive, perhaps, but certainly not entertaining. One can only wonder why Garrick thought the failure of 1740 would reemerge a success in 1777. "Lady Featherly," another character created especially for the Command Performance, is scarcely better than the Jew as dramatic entertainment. While she is somewhat amusing, she adds nothing to the play; she is more refined version of the successful "Mrs. Riot" of the 1767 version of Lethe, but nothing more.

He added her in order to satirize the new style of women's headdress, with its prodigiously elaborate ornamentation; but the 1777 version suffers from the redundancy which this "Fine Lady" represents.

The very poor reception which the Command Performance received must have been a bitter experience for the now-retired
Garrick. This account is given in William Hazlitt's
Conversations with James Northcote:

Garrick complained that when he went to read
before the Court, not a look or a murmur testified
approbation; there was a profound stillness --
every one only watched to see what the King
thought. It was like reading to a set of wax-
work figures: he who had been accustomed to
the applause of thousands, could not bear this
assembly of mutes. 24

Horace Walpole makes a similar, if less sympathetic,
statement about the 1777 performance. He wrote the following
account in a letter dated February 27, 1777.

...The piece was quite new, Lethe, which
their Majesties have not seen above ten times
every year for the last ten years. He added
three new characters equally novel, as a
Lady Featherly, because the Queen dislikes
feathers. The piece was introduced by a
prologue en fable; a blackbird grown grey-
haired, as blackbirds are wont to do, had retired
from the world, but was called out again by the
Eagle...All went perfectly ill, with no
exclamations of applause and two or three
formal compliments at the end. 25

The 1777 MS., obviously, is not the definitive version of
the play, despite the fact that it is the last written in the
playwright's lifetime. The Command Performance MS. is,
however, of inestimable value in arriving at a determination
of what is the correct text. Garrick's scrupulous concern to
have a "correct copy," as he says in the letter to Nicholas

24 William Hazlitt, "Conversations of James Northcote, Esq.,"
25 Quoted in Knapp, pp. 69-70.
Ramus, satisfies many questions as to the correct version of this afterpiece. Some of the 1777 MS. is new, as we have seen. But where the text is not new, it is identical, line for line, to the Fifth and Sixth Editions, published in 1757 and 1767. Surely this is sufficient authority for the 1767 Edition as the basic text for this critical edition; Garrick himself used it, or the 1757 Edition, for his own performance of the play in 1777.

In addition, the last time Lethe appeared on the stage, the year before Garrick's retirement from the theater, the version used was that which preceded the Fribble alterations, i.e., the 1757 Edition. Furthermore, the versions of Lethe appearing after Garrick's death are essentially the same as the 1767 Edition, even to the actors and actresses included with the Dramatis Personae.

By closely collating the 1757 and 1767 Editions together with the 1777 MS., it would seem that it was the Sixth Edition, that of 1767, which Garrick used as his copy-text for the 1777 MS. version. The differences between the Fifth and Sixth Editions are, as I have already suggested, minor; but the 1777 version reflects most of the changes which occurred in the later edition. In some cases the differences between the 1757 and 1767 Editions are great enough that they strongly suggest that

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26 Stone, p. 1834.
it was the later edition that served as Garrick's own model for the 1777 MS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Fifth Edition (1757)</th>
<th>Sixth Edition (1767)</th>
<th>1777 MS.</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>(1.13) Passions...are</td>
<td>Passion...is</td>
<td>Passion...is</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(1.791) En Verite</td>
<td>En Verite</td>
<td>En Verite</td>
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<tr>
<td>(1.839) Vant</td>
<td>Want</td>
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<tr>
<td>(1.840) douzaines</td>
<td>douzains</td>
<td>douzains</td>
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<tr>
<td>(1.1268) Holyday</td>
<td>Holiday</td>
<td>Holiday</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In addition to the changes already noted, most of them being of major importance, the 1777 MS. version contains a number of minor deletions and alterations, all of which are noted in the textual notes of this edition. I have not reflected these changes in the text itself because it is apparent that Garrick's concern was for decorum rather than for artistic merit. He did not wish to offend his royal audience. But since these concessions to propriety occur in no other version of the play, they clearly belong in the footnotes only.

In indicate in footnotes all differences between the 1767 Edition and the other major versions, both in published and in manuscript forms. The complete text of any substantial differences from the 1767 Edition -- including occasional prologues and epilogues, songs, and fables, as well as characters -- is included in the appendices. Thus there is no significant edition or extant manuscript of Lethe which is not part of this critical edition.
Because the orthography and punctuation of the 1767 Edition of *Lethe* present no difficulty to the modern reader, I have decided to reproduce the text exactly as it is in that edition, instead of altering it to conform to present-day style. I make this decision on the principle that the editor who tampers with the text in any way where it is not really necessary does a disservice to the reader. The only changes I have made in punctuation is in the italicizing of proper nouns. This seems to me a real distraction to the modern reader, and I retain the original italics only when I feel that they were used for emphasis rather than to indicate proper nouns per se. Otherwise, I have reproduced the text in its original form.

The following versions of *Lethe*, containing all elements in the evolution of the afterpiece, are collated in this edition and are abbreviated as follows:

- **Q1** London: Paul Vaillant, 1749.
- **Q2** London: Paul Vaillant, 1757.
- **Q3** Dublin: G. and A. Ewing, 1759.
- **Q4** London: Paul Vaillant, 1767.
- **W1** London: R. Bald, T. Blaw, and J. Kert, 1774.
- **M1** Huntington Library, Larpent 22, Transcript. 1740.
- **M2** Huntington Library, Larpent 72, Transcript. 1748.
- **M3** Huntington Library, Transcript, The Additional Character of "Fribble." 1771.
- **M4** Folger Library, Transcript, Revision of the Play for the Command Reading. 1777.
The last edition of Lethe was made in 1811; a critical edition has never been made. Lack of interest should not be confused with lack of importance. In Lethe, the eighteenth-century audience saw an image of itself. If this edition will assist a twentieth-century reader in understanding that image, it will have served its purpose.
LE THE

A

DRAMATIC SATIRE:

with the

Additional Character of Lord CHALKSTONE.

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE.

The SIXTH EDITION

By DAVID GARRICK

LONDON:

Printed for and Sold by Paul Vaillant, facing Southampton-street, in the Strand.

M DCC LXVII.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>DRAMATIS PERSONAE.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Aesop</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mercury</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord Chalkstone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Fine Gentleman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drunken Man</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frenchman/</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Man</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mr. Tatoo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poet/Taylor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. Riot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. Tatoo</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Scene, a Grove, with a View of the River Lethe.

Charon and Aesop discovered.

Charon.

Prithee, Philosopher, what grand Affair is transacting upon Earth? There is something of Importance going forward I am sure; for Mercury flew over the Styx this Morning, without paying me the usual Compliments.

Aesop. I'll tell thee, Charon; this is the Anniversary of the Rape of Proserpine; on which Day for the future, Pluto has permitted her to demand from him something for the Benefit of Mankind. 1

Char. I understand you;—his Majesty's Passion, by a long Possession of the Lady, is abated; and so, like a mere Mortal, he must now flatter her Vanity, and sacrifice his Power, to atone for Deficiencies—2 But what has our Royal Mistress proposed in Behalf of her favourite Mortals?

Aesop. As Mankind, you know, are ever complaining of their Cares, and dissatisfied with

11. (Majesty's) In the Command Performance before George III, Garrick deleted the word "Majesty's."
13. (Majesty's...is abated) Q4; Majesty's Passions... are abated Q1, Q2, Q3.
their Conditions, the generous Proserpine has
begg'd of Pluto, that they may have free access
to the Waters of Lethe, as a sovereign Remedy
for their Complaints—Notice has been already
given above, and Proclamation made: Mercury is to
conduct them to the Styx, you are to ferry 'em
over to Elysium, and I am placed here to distribute
the Waters.

Char. A very pretty Employment I shall have
of it, truly! If her Majesty has often these
Whims, I must petition the Court either to build
a Bridge over the River, or let me resign my
Employment. Do their Majesties know the Difference
of Weight between Souls and Bodies? However,
I'll obey their Commands to the best of my Power;
I'll row my crazy Boat over, and meet 'em; but
many of them will be relieved from their Cares
before they reach Lethe.

Aesop. How so, Charon?

Char. Why, I shall leave Half of 'em in the
Styx; and any Water is a Specifick\(^3\) against Care,
provided it be taken in Quantity.\(^4\)

Enter Mercury.\(^0\)

Mer. Away to your Boat, Charon; there are
some Mortals arriv'd; and the Females among 'em
will be very clamorous, if you make 'em wait.

35. (I'll...over,) Q4; I'll...over Q1, Q2, Q3.
39. (Half) The word "Half" is not capitalized in any
other version.

\(^0\)(Mercury) In the 1777 MS. version, it is Mercury who
has been conversing with Charon, and Aesop does not
appear until Mercury's departure.
Char. I'll make what Haste I can, rather than
give those fair Creatures a Topick for Conversation.

Noise within, Boat, Boat, Boat!
Coming--coming--Zounds, you are in a plaguy Hurry, sure! No wonder these Mortal Folks have so many
Complaints, when there's no Patience among 'em;
if they were dead now, and to be settled here for
ever, they'd be damn'd before they'd make such a
Rout to come over,—but Care I suppose is thirsty,
and till they have drench'd themselves with Lethe,
there will be no Quiet among 'em; therefore I'll
eten to work; and so, Friend Aesop, and Brother
Mercury, good buy to 'ye.

(Exit Charon. 0)

Aesop. Now to my Office of Judge and Examiner,
in which, to the best of my Knowledge, I will act
with Impartiality; for I will immediately relieve
real Objects, and only divert myself with Pretenders.

Mer. Act as your Wisdom directs, and
conformable to your earthly Character, and we shall
have few Murmurers.

Aesop. I still retain my former Sentiments,
ever to refuse Advice or Charity to those that

52. (to come over) Garrick deleted the lines beginning
"if they were dead" from the 1777 Command Performance.
53. (till) In the 1757 edition and earlier versions,
"till" is written "'till."
0(Charon) Garrick wrote a song for the 1777 Command
Performance. It does not appear in any published edition
of the play. (See Appendix C.)
60. (Pretenders) In the 1740 version, Aesop adds that he
intends to be "Inquisitive and Insulting."
want either; Flattery and Rudeness should be equally avoided; Folly and Vice should never be spared; and tho' by acting thus, you may offend many, yet you will please the better Few; and the Approbation of one virtuous Mind, is more valuable than all the noisy Applause, and uncertain Favours of the Great and Guilty.

Mer. Incomparable Aesop! both Men and Gods admire thee! We must now prepare to receive these Mortals; and lest the Solemnity of the Place should strike 'em with too much Dread, I'll raise Musick shall dispel their Fears, and embolden them to approach.

SONG.

I.
Ye Mortals whom Fancies and Troubles perplex,
Whom Folly misguides, and Infirmitis vex;
Whose Lives hardly know what it is to be blest,
Who rise without Joy, and lie down without Rest;
Obey the glad Summons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the Stream, and forget all your Care.

II.
Old Maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,
And young ones the Rover, they cannot regain;

76-78. (I'll...approach) Mercury sings a different song in the 1740 MS. version. (See Appendix C.) 85. (Old...vain) 1777 MS. reads: "Old Maids shall forget they Coquetted in vain."
The Rake shall forget how last Night he was cloy'd,
And Chloe again be with Passion enjoy'd;
Obey then the Summons, to Lethe repair,
And drink an Oblivion to Trouble and Care.

III.
The Wife at one Draught may forget all her Wants,
Or drench her fond Foot, to forget her Gallants;
The troubled in Mind shall go cheerful away,
And Yesterday's Wretch be quite happy To-day;
Obey then the Summons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the Stream, and forget all your Care.

Aesop. Mercury, Charon has brought over one
Mortal already, conduct him hither.

(Exit Mercury.)

Now for a large Catalogue of Complaints, without
the Acknowledgment of one single Vice;--here he
comes--if one may guess at his Cares by his
Appearance, he really wants the Assistance of
Lethe.

_Enter Poet._

Poet. Sir, your humble Servant--your humble

87-88. (The Rake...enjoy'd) 1777 MS. reads: "The
Rake shall forget the distress of last night,/
And the Prude for her slighting, forget every Slight."
91-92. (The Wife...Gallants) 1777 MS. reads: "The
Coquettes at one draught may forget all their Airs,/And Wives with bad Husbands forget all their Cares."

_0(Poet) The first character to appear in the 1740
MS. version is an "Attorney." The Attorney was
evidently unsuccessful, for he is in no published
edition of the play. (See Appendix A.) The Poet is
not in the 1740 MS. version; he first appears in the
1749 published edition of the play._
Servant--your Name is Aesop--I know your Person
intimately, tho' I never saw you before; and am
well acquainted with you, tho' I never had the
Honour of your Conversation.

Aesop. You are a Dealer in Paradoxes, Friend.

Poet. I am a Dealer in all Parts of Speech,
and in all Figures of Rhetoric--I am a Poet, Sir--
and to be a Poet, and not acquainted with the great
Aesop, is a greater Paradox than--I honour you
extremely, Sir; you certainly, of all the Writers
of Antiquity, had the greatest, the sublimest
Genius, the--


Poet. My own Taste exactly, I assure you;
Sir, no Man loves Flattery less than myself.5

Aesop. So it appears, Sir, by your being
so ready to give it away.

Poet. You have hit it, Mr. Aesop, you have
hit it--I have given it away indeed. I did not
receive one Farthing for my last Dedication, and
yet would you believe it?--I absolutely gave all
the Virtues in Heav'n, to one of the lowest
Reptiles upon Earth.

Aesop. 'Tis hard, indeed, to do dirty Work
for nothing.

Poet. Ay, Sir, to do dirty Work, and still
be dirty oneself is the Stone of Sysiphus, and
the Thirst of Tantalus--You Greek Writers, indeed,
carried your Point by Truth and Simplicity,--
they won't do now a - Days--our Patrons must be tickled into Generosity-- you gain'd the greatest Favours, by shewing your own Merits, we can only gain the smallest, by publishing those of other People.--You flourish'd by Truth, we starve by Fiction; tempora mutantur.

Aesop. Indeed, Friend, if we may guess by your present Plight, you have prostituted your Talents to very little Purpose.

Poet. To very little, upon my Word--but they shall find that I can open another Vein--Satire is the Fashion, and Satire they shall have--let 'em look to it, I can be sharp as well as sweet--

Aesop. You can do any thing, no doubt; but to the Business of this Visit, for I expect a great deal of Company--What are your Troubles, Sir?

Poet. Why, Mr. Aesop, I am troubled with an odd kind of Disorder--I have a sort of a Whistling--a Singing--a Whizzing as it were, in my Head, which I cannot get rid of--

Aesop. Our Waters give no Relief to bodily Disorders, they only affect the Memory.

Poet. From whence all my Disorder proceeds--I'll tell you my Case, Sir--You must know, I wrote a Play some time ago, presented a Dedication of it to a certain young Nobleman--He approv'd and accepted it, but before I could taste his Bounty, my Piece was unfortunately damn'd: I lost my Benefit, nor could I have Recourse to my Patron,
for I was told that his Lordship play'd the best Catcall the first Night, and was the merriest Person in the whole Audience. 9

Aesop. Pray what do you call damning a Play?

Poet. You cannot possibly be ignorant, what it is to be damn'd, Mr. Aesop?

Aesop. Indeed I am, Sir—We had no such thing among the Greeks.

Poet. No Sir!—No Wonder then that you Greeks were such fine Writers—It is impossible to be described, or truly felt, but by the Author himself—If you could but get a Leave of Absence from this World for a few Hours, you might perhaps have an Opportunity of seeing it yourself—There is a sort of a new Piece comes upon our Stage this very Night, and I am pretty sure it will meet with its Deserts, at least it shall not want my helping Hand, rather than you should be disappointed of satisfying your Curiosity. 10

Aesop. You are very obliging, Sir;—but to your own Misfortunes, if you please.

Poet. Envy, Malice, and Party destroyed me. 185 You must know, Sir, I was a great Damner myself, before I was damn'd—So the Frolicks of my Youth were return'd to me with double Interest, from my Brother Authors—11 But, to say the Truth, my Performance was terribly handled, before it appear'd 190 in Publick.

Aesop. How so, pray?

171. (among the Greeks) Q4; The brief exchange about what it is to be damned was deleted from the Command Performance of 1777.
Poet. Why, Sir, some squeamish Friends of mine prun'd it of all the bawdy and Immorality, the Actors did not speak a Line of the Sense or Sentiment, and the Manager (who writes himself)\textsuperscript{12} struck out all the Wit and Humour, in order to lower my Performance to a Level with his own.

Aesop. Now, Sir, I am acquainted with your Case, what have you to propose?

Poet. Notwithstanding the Success of my first Play, I am strongly persuaded that my next may defy the Severity of Criticks, the Sneer of Wits, and the Malice of Authors.

Aesop. What! have you been hardy enough to attempt another?

Poet. I must eat, Sir--I must live--but when I sit down to write, and am glowing with the Heat of my Imagination, then--this damn'd Whistling--or Whizzing in my Head, that I told you of, so disorders me, that I grow giddy---\textsuperscript{13} In short, Sir, I am haunted, as it were, with the Ghost of my deceas'd Play, and its dying Groans are for ever in my Ears--Now, Sir, if you will give me but a Draught of Lethe, to forget this unfortunate Performance, it will be of more real Service to me, than all the Waters of Helicon.

Aesop. I doubt, Friend, you cannot possibly write better, by merely forgetting that you have written before; besides, if when you drink to the Forgetfulness of your own Works, you should

\footnotesize
193. (bawdy) Q4; set W1.
213-214. (if...Lethe) Q4; if you will but give me a Draught of Lethe Q3, W1, W2.
unluckily forget those of other People too, your next Piece will certainly be the worse for it.

Poet. You are certainly in the right—What then would you advise me to?

Aesop. Suppose you could prevail upon the Audience to drink the Water; their forgetting your former Work, might be of no small Advantage to your future Productions.

Poet. Ah, Sir! if I could but do that—but I am afraid—Lethe will never go down with the Audience.

Aesop. Well since you are bent upon it, I shall indulge you—If you please to walk in that Grove, (which will afford you many Subjects for your poetical Contemplation) till I have examined the rest, I will dismiss you in your Turn.

Poet. And I in return, Sir, will let the World know, in a Preface to my next Piece, that your Politeness is equal to your Sagacity, and that you are as much the fine Gentleman as the Philosopher.

(Exit Poet.)

Aesop. Oh! your Servant, Sir—In the Name of Misery and Mortality, what have we here!

Enter an Old Man, supported by a Servant.

Old Man. Oh! la! oh! bless me, I shall never recover the Fatigue—Ha! what are you, Friend?

230. (but I am afraid) Q4; but I'm afraid Q3, W1.
230-231. (Lethe...Audience) This statement by the poet was deleted in the Command Performance.
Are you the famous Aesop? And are you so kind, so very good to give People the Waters of Forgetfulness for nothing?

**Aesop.** I am that Person, Sir; but you seem to have no need of my Waters; for you must have already out-lived your Memory.

**Old Man.** My Memory is indeed impair'd, it is not so good as it was; but still it is better than I wish it, at least in regard to one Circumstance; there is one thing which sits very heavy at my Heart, and which I would willingly forget.

**Aesop.** What is it, pray?

**Old Man.** Oh la! Oh!—I am horribly fatigued—I am an old Man, Sir, turn'd of Ninety—we are all mortal, you know, so I would fain forget, if you please—that I am to die.

**Aesop.** My good Friend, you have mistaken the Virtue of the Waters: They can cause you to forget only what is past; but if this was in their Power, you would surely be your own Enemy, in desiring to forget what ought to be the only Comfort of one, so poor and wretched as you seem. What! I suppose now, you have left some dear, loving Wife behind, that you can't bear to think of parting with.

**Old Man.** No, no, no; I have buried my Wife and forgot her long ago.

**Aesop.** What, you have Children then, whom you are unwilling to leave behind you!

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253. (regard) Q4; "Regard" is capitalized only in 1767 edition.
264. (would) Q4; should W1, W2.
265. (ought) Q4; would W1, W2.
Old Man. No, no, no; I have no Children at present—hugh—I don't know what I may have.

Aesop. Is there any Relation or Friend, the Loss of whom—

Old Man. No, no; I have out-lived all my Relations; and as for Friends—I have none to lose—

Aesop. What can be the Reason then, that in all this apparent Misery you are so afraid of Death, which would be your only Cure?

Old Man. Oh, Lord!—I have one Friend, and a true Friend indeed, the only Friend in whom a wise Man places any Confidence—I have—Get a little farther off, John—

(Servant retires.)

I have, to say the Truth, a little Money—it is that indeed, which causes all my Uneasiness.

Aesop. Thou never spok'st a truer Word in thy Life, old Gentleman—(Aside.) But I can cure you of your Uneasiness immediately.

Old Man. Shall I forget then that I am to die, and leave my Money behind me?

Aesop. No—but you shall forget that you have it, which will do altogether as well—One large Draught of Lethe, to the Forgetfulness of your Money, will restore you to perfect Ease of Mind; and as for your bodily Pains, no Water can relieve them.

Old Man. What does he say, John—eh?—I am hard of Hearing.

John. He advises your Worship to drink to forget your Money.

293. (shall) Q4; should W1.
Old Man. What! What!—will his Drink get me Money, does he say?

Aesop. No, Sir, the Waters are of a wholesomer Nature—for they'll teach you to forget your Money.

Old Man. Will they so?—Come, come, John, we are got to the wrong Place. The poor old Fool here does not know what he says. Let us go back again, John—I'll drink none of your Waters; not I—Forget my Money! Come along, John. (Exeunt.)

Aesop. Was there ever such a Wretch! If these are the Cares of Mortals, the Waters of Oblivion cannot cure them.

Re-enter Old Man and Servant.

Old Man. Lookee, Sir, I am come a great Way, and am loth to refuse Favours that cost nothing—so I don't care if I drink a little of your Waters—Let me see—ay—I'll drink to forget how I got my Money—And my Servant there, he shall drink a little, to forget that I have any Money at all—and, d'ye hear, John—take a hearty Draught. If my Money must be forgot, why e'en let him forget it.

Aesop. Well, Friend, it shall be as you would have it—You'll find a Seat in that Grove yonder, where you may rest yourself till the Waters are distributed.

Old Man. I hope it won't be long, Sir, for thieves are busy now—and I have an Iron Chest in the Other World, that I should be sorry any one peep'd into but myself—So pray be quick, Sir.

(Exeunt.)

Aesop. Patience, Patience, Old Gentleman—But here comes something tripping this Way, that
seems to be neither Man nor Woman, and yet an odd Mixture of both. 14

Enter a Fine Gentleman. 0

Fine Gent. Harkee, old Friend, do you stand

Drawer here? 15

Aesop. Drawer, young Fop! Do you know where you are, and who you talk to?

Fine Gent. Not I dem me! But 'tis a Rule with me, wherever I am, or whosoever I am with, to be always easy and familiar.

Aesop. Then let me advise you, young Gentleman, to drink the Waters, and forget the Ease and Familiarity.

Fine Gent. Why so, Daddy? would you not have me well bred? 16

Aesop. Yes, but you may not always meet with People so polite as yourself, or so passive as I am; and if what you call Breeding, should be constru'd Impertinence, you may have a Return of Familiarity, may make you repent your Education as long as you live.

Fine Gent. Well said, old Dry-beard, egad you have a smattering of an odd kind of a sort of Humour; but come, come, prithee give me a Glass of your Waters, and keep your Advice to yourself.

(a Fine Gentleman) The "Fine Gentleman," one of Garrick's most popular characters, appears as the "Beau" in the 1740 MS. Despite the great success of the Fine Gentleman over the twenty-five years of stage life, Garrick rewrote most of the part for the Command Performance of 1777. The result was a more serious and explicit social criticism, but a far less amusing character. (See Appendix H.)
Aesop. I must first be informed, Sir, for what Purpose you drink 'em.

Fine Gent. You must know, Philosopher, I want to forget two Qualities—My Modesty and my Good-nature.

Aesop. Your Modesty and Good-nature!

Fine Gent. Yes, Sir—I have such a consummate Modesty, that when a fine Woman (which is often the Case) yields to my Addresses, egad I run away from her; and I am so very good-natured, that when a Man affronts me, egad I run away too.

Aesop. As for your Modesty, Sir, I am afraid you are come to the wrong Waters;—and if you will take a large Cup to the forgetfulness of your Fears, your Good-nature I believe, will trouble you no more.

Fine Gent. And this is your Advice, my Dear, eh?

Aesop. My Advice, Sir, would go a great deal farther—I should advise you to drink to the Forgetfulness of everything you know.

Fine Gent. The Devil you would; then I should have travell'd to a fine Purpose, truly; you don't imagine, perhaps, that I have been three Years abroad, and have made the Tour of Europe?

Aesop. Yes, Sir, I guess'd you had travell'd by your Dress and Conversation: But, pray, (with Submission) what valuable Improvements have you made in these Travels?

Fine Gent. Sir, I learnt Drinking in Germany; Musick and Painting in Italy; Dancing, Gaming,
and some other Amusements, at Paris; and in Holland—faith, nothing at all: I brought over with me the best Collection of Venetian Ballads, two Eunuchs, a French Dancer, and a Monkey, with Tooth-picks, Pictures and Burlettas—In short, I have skim'd the Cream of every Nation, and have the Consolation to declare, I never was in any Country in my Life, but I had Taste enough thoroughly to despise my own.

Aesop. Your Country is greatly obliged to you,—but if you are settled in it now, how can your Taste and Delicacy endure it?

Fine Gent. Faith my Existence is merely supported by Amusements; I dress, visit, study Taste, and write Sonnets; by Birth, Travel, Educations, and natural Abilities, I am entitled to lead the Fashion; I am principal Connoisseur at all Auctions, chief Arbiter at Assemblies, profiss'd Critic at the Theatres, and a Fine Gentleman everywhere—

Aesop. Critic, Sir, pray, what's that?

Fine Gent. The Delight of the Ingenious, the Terror of Poets, the Scourge of Players, and the Aversion of the Vulgar.

Aesop. Pray, Sir, (for I fancy your Life must be somewhat particular) how do you pass your Time? the Day, for Instance?

Fine Gent. I lie in Bed all Day, Sir.

Aesop. How do you spend your Evenings then?

Fine Gent. I dress in the Evening, and go generally behind the Scenes of both Playhouses.
not, you may imagine, to be diverted with the Play, but to intrigue, and shew myself—I stand upon the Stage, talk loud, and stare about—which confounds the Actors, and disturbs the Audience; upon which the Galleries, who hate the Appearance of one of us, begin to hiss, and cry off, off, while I undaunted stamp my Foot so—loll with my Shoulder thus—take Snuff with my Right-hand, and smile scornfully—thus—This exasperates the Savages, and they attack us with Vollies of suck'd Oranges, and half eaten Pippens—

Aesop. And you retire.

Fine Gent. Without a doubt, if I am sober. For Orange will stain Silk, and an Apple may disfigure a Feature.

Aesop. I am afraid, Sir, for all this, that you are oblig'd to your own Imagination, for more than Three Fourths of your Importance.

Fine Gent. Damn the old Prig, I'll bully him—(Aside.) Lookee, old Philosopher, I find you have pass'd your Time so long in Gloom and Ignorance below here, that our Notions above Stairs are too refined for you; so as we are not likely to agree, I shall cut Matters very short with you—Bottle me off the Waters I want, or you shall be convinc'd that I have Courage, in the drawing of a Cork;—dispatch me instantly, or I shall make bold to throw you into the River, and help myself—What say you to that now? eh?

418. (loud) Q4; aloud W1, W2.
Aesop. Very civil and concise! I have no great inclination to put your Manhood to the Trial; so if you will be pleas'd to walk into the Grove there, 'till I have examined some I see coming, we'll compromise the Affair between us.

Fine Gent. Yours, as you behave—au Revoir!

(Exit Fine Gent.)

Enter Mr. Bowman (hastily)

Bow. Is your Name Aesop?

Aesop. It is, Sir—Your Commands with me?

Bow. My Lord Chalkstone, to whom I have the Honour to be a Friend and Companion, has sent me before, to know if you are at Leisure to receive his Lordship.

Aesop. I am placed here on Purpose to receive every Mortal that attends our summons—

Bow. My Lord is not of the common Race of Mortals, I assure you; and you must look upon this Visit as a particular Honour, for he is so much afflicted with the Gout and Rheumatism, that we had much ado to get him across the River.

Aesop. His Lordship has certainly some pressing Occasion for the Waters, that he endures such Inconveniencies to get at them.

Bow. No Occasion at all—His Legs indeed fail him a little, but his Heart is as sound as ever; nothing can hurt his Spirits; ill or well, his Lordship is always the best Company, and the merriest in his Family—

*(Mr. Bowman) Q4; Bowman is not included in the Dramatis Personae of any version of the play.

463. (across) Q4; cross W1.*
Aesop. I have very little Time for Mirth and good Company; but I'll lessen the Fatigue of his Journey, and meet him half Way.

(Going.)

Bow. His Lordship is here already--There's a Spirit! Mr. Aesop--There's a great Man!--See how superior he is to his Infirmities; such a soul ought to have a better Body.

Enter Mercury with Lord Chalkstone.°

Lord Ch. Not so fast, Monsieur Mercury—you are a little too nimble for me. Well, Bowman, have you found the Philosopher?

Bow. This is he, my Lord, and ready to receive your Commands. 31

Lord Ch. Ha! ha! ha! There he is, profecto!--toujours le Meme! (Looking at him through a Glass.) I should have known him at a Mile's Distance—a most noble Personage indeed!—and truly Greek from top to Toe. 32—Most venerable Aesop, I am in this World and the other, above and below, yours most sincerely.

Aesop. I am yours, my Lord, as sincerely,

°(Lord Chalkstone) Q4; The most popular of Lethe's characters, Lord Chalkstone was first announced in the playbills for March 27, 1756, as "a new modern character to be played by Mr. Garrick." Garrick himself always played the part of Lord Chalkstone. In the Dramatis Personae for the 1749 edition, Garrick is listed as playing the "Poet," the "Frenchman," and the "Drunken Man"; but in the 1757 edition and in all subsequent versions, he is listed in the role of Lord Chalkstone only.
and I wish it was in my Pow'r to relieve your Misfortune.

**Lord Ch.** Misfortune! what Misfortune?—I am neither a Porter nor a Chairman, Mr. Aesop—My Legs can bear my Body to my Friends and my Bottle; I want no more with them; the Gout is welcome to the rest—eh Bowman?33

**Bow.** Your Lordship is in fine Spirits!

**Aesop.** Does not your Lordship go through a great deal of Pain?

**Lord Ch.** Pain? ay, and Pleasure too, eh Bowman!—When I'm in Pain I curse and swear it away again, and the Moment it is gone, I lose no Time; I drink the same Wines, eat the same Dishes, keep the same Hours, the same Company; and notwithstanding the Gravity of my wise Doctors, I would not abstain from French Wines and French Cookery, to save the Souls and Bodies of the whole College of Physicians—

**Aesop.** My Lord has fine Spirits indeed!

(To Bowman.)

**Lord Ch.** You don't imagine, Philosopher, that I have hobbled here with a Bundle of Complaints at my Back. My Legs, indeed, are something the worse for wear, but your Waters, I suppose, can't change or make 'em better; for if they could, you certainly would have try'd the Virtues of 'em upon your own—eh Bowman! ha! ha! ha!

**Bow.** Bravo! my Lord, Bravo!

**Aesop.** My Imperfections are from Head to Foot, as well as your Lordship's.

**Lord Ch.** I beg your Pardon there, Sir; though my Body's impaired—my Head is as good as it ever
was; and as a Proof of this, I'll lay you a hundred
Guineas—

Aesop. Does your Lordship propose a Wager as a 525
Proof of the Goodness of your Head?34

Lord Ch. And why not?—Wagers are now-a-days
the only Proofs and Arguments that are made use of
by People of Fashion: All Disputes about Politics,
Operas, Trade, Gaming, Horse-racing, or Religion 530
are determined now, by Six to Four, and Two to One;
and Persons of Quality are by this Method most agreeably
releas'd from the Hardship of Thinking or Reasoning
upon any Subject.35

Aesop. Very convenient truly!

Lord Ch. Convenient! aye, and moral too.
—This Invention of Betting, unknown to you Greeks,
among many other Virtues, prevents Bloodshed and
preserves Family Affections—

Aesop. Prevents Bloodshed!

Lord Ch. I'll tell ye how—When Gentlemen
quarrelled heretofore, what did they do?—they
drew their Swords—I have been run through the Body
myself, but no Matter for that—36 What do they do
now? They draw their Purses—before the Lie can be
given, a Wager is laid, and so, instead of resenting,
we pocket our Affronts.

Aesop. Most Causistically argued, indeed,
my Lord;—but how can it preserve Family Affections?

Lord Ch. I'll tell you that too—An old
Woman, you'll allow, Mr. Aesop, at all Times to be
but a bad Thing—what say you, Bowman?

Bow. A very bad Thing indeed, my Lord.

Lord Ch. Ergo, an old Woman with a good
Constitution, and a damn'd large Jointure upon your 555
Estate, is the Devil—My Mother was the very Thing—and yet from the Moment I pitted her, I never once wish'd her dead, but was really uneasy when she tumbled down the Stairs, and did not speak a single Word for a whole Fortnight.

Aesop. Affectionate indeed!—but what does your Lordship mean by pitted her?

Lord Ch. 'Tis a Term of ours upon these Occasions—I back'd her Life against two old Countesses, an Aunt of Sir Harry Rattle's that was troubled with an Asthma, my fat Landlady at Salt-hill, and the Mad-Woman at Tunbridge, at Five Hundred each per Annum: She out-liv'd 'em all but the last, by which Means I hedg'd-off a damn'd Jointure, made her Life an Advantage to me, and so continued my filial Affections to her last Moments.

Aesop. I am fully satisfied—and in return, your Lordship may command me.

Lord Ch. None of your Waters for me: damn 'em all; I never drink any but at Bath I came merely for a little Conversation with you, and to see your Elysian Fields here—(Looking about thro' his Glass.) which, by the bye, Mr. Aesop, are laid out most detestably—no Taste, no Fancy in the whole World!—Your River there—what d'ye call—

Aesop. Styx—

Lord Ch. Ay, Styx—why 'tis as strait as Fleet-ditch—You should have given it a Serpentine Sweep, and slope the Banks of it—The Place, indeed, has very fine Capabilities; but you should clear the Wood to the Left, and Clump the Trees upon the Right: In short, the Whole wants Variety,
Extent, Contrast, and Inequality—46 (Going towards the Orchestra, stops suddenly, and looks into the Pit.)
Upon my Word, here's a very fine Hah-had!47 and a most curious Collection of Ever-Greens and Flow'ring-Shrubs—48

Aesop. We let Nature take her Course; our chief Entertainment is Contemplation, which I suppose is not allowed to interrupt your Lordship's Pleasures.

Lord Ch. I beg your Pardon there—No Man has ever studied or drank harder than I have—except my Chaplain; and I'll match my Library and Cellar against any Nobleman's in Christendom—shan't I, Bowman, eh?49

Bow. That you may indeed, my Lord; and I'll go your Lordship's Halves, ha, ha, ha.

Aesop. If your Lordship would apply more to the first, and drink our Waters to forget the last—

Lord Ch. What, relinquish my Bottle! What the Devil shall I do to kill Time then?

Aesop. Has your Lordship no Wife or Children to entertain you?

Lord Ch. Children! not I, faith—My Wife has, for ought I know—I have not seen her these Seven Years—

Aesop. You surprize me!

Lord Ch. 'Tis the Way of the World, for all that—I married for a Fortune; she for a Title.50 When we both had got what we wanted, the sooner we parted the better—We did so; and are now waiting for the happy Moment that will give to one of us

586. (upon) Q4; to W1, W2.
the Liberty of playing the same Farce over again—
eh Bowman! 51

Bow. Good, good; you have puzzled the
Philosopher.

Aesop. The Greeks esteem'd matrimonial
Happiness their Summum Bonum. 52

Lord Ch. More Fools they! 'tis not the only
Thing they were mistaken in—my Brother Dick, indeed, married for Love; and he and his Wife have been fatten
ning the five and twenty Years, upon their
Summum Bonum, as you call it—They have had a Dozen and half of Children, and may have half a Dozen more, if an Apoplexy don't step in, and interrupt their Summum Bonum—eh Bowman? ha! ha! ha!

Bow. Your Lordship never said a better Thing in your Life.

Lord Ch. 'Tis lucky for the Nation, to be sure, that there are People who breed, and are fond of one another—One Man of elegant Notions is sufficient in a Family; for which Reason I have bred up Dick's eldest Son myself; and a fine Gentleman he is—is not he, Bowman?—

Bow. A very fine Gentleman indeed, my Lord.

Lord Ch. And as for the Rest of the Litter, they may fondle and fatten upon Summum Bonum, as their loving Parents have done before 'em.

Bow. Look there! my Lord—I'll be hang'd if that is not your Lordship's Nephew in the Grove.

Aesop. I dare swear it is. He has been here just now, and has entertained me with his elegant Notions.

640. (very) Q4; "very" omitted W1, W2.
Lord Ch. Let us go to him; I'll lay Six to Four that he has been gallanting with some of the Beauties of Antiquity--Helen or Cleopatra, I warrant you;—Egad, let Lucretia take Care of herself; she'll catch a Tarquin, I can tell her that—he is his Uncle's own Nephew, ha, ha, ha,—Egad, I find myself in Spirits; I'll go and coquet a little myself with them—Bowman, lend me your Arm; and you, William, hold me up a little—(William treads upon his Toes.)—Ho—Damn the Fellow, he always treads upon my Toes—Eugh—I shan't be able to gallant it this half Hour—Well, dear Philosopher,—dispose of your Water to those that want it—There is no one Action of my Life, or Qualification of my Mind and Body, that is a Burden to me: And there is nothing in your World, or in ours, I have to wish for, unless that you could rid me of my Wife, and furnish me with a better Pair of Legs—eh, Bowman—Come along, come along.

Bow. Game to the last! my Lord.

(Exit Lord Chalk. and Bow.)

653-654. (He...ha) Q4; The 1777 MS. version of the Lord Chalkstone episode is identical to the published versions except at this point. Instead of approving of his nephew's flirtations, he reacts petulantly:

Lord Ch. He is a Puppy and a Macaroni!—and a Hundred such Fellows won't make the third of a Man; he has no Soul, no Spirit!—see, see there!—if he is not looking at a fine Woman with his eyes half shut and his Mouth open—

It is interesting to speculate on the reasons why Garrick made this change.

656. (William) Q4; This name does not appear elsewhere in the play or in the listing of the dramatis personae. 664. (that) Q4; "that" omitted W1, W2.
Aesop. How flattering is Folly! His Lordship here, supported only by Vanity, Vivacity, and his Friend Mr. Bowman, can fancy himself the wisest, and is the happiest of Mortals.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Tatoo.  

Mrs. Tat. Why don't you come along, Mr. Tatoo? what the deuce are you afraid of?  

Aesop. Don't be angry, young Lady; the Gentleman is your Husband, I suppose.  

Mrs. Tat. How do you know that, eh? What you an't all Conjurers in this World, are you?  

Aesop. Your Behaviour to him is a sufficient Proof of his Condition, without the Gift of Conjuration.  

Mrs. Tat. Why I was as free with him before Marriage as I am now; I never was coy or prudish in my Life.

(Mr. and Mrs. Tatoo) Q4; Mr. and Mrs. Tatoo first appear with that name in the edition of 1749. However, they are in the MS. of 1740, the first production, under the names of "Miss Lucy" and "Mr. Thomas," though the dialogue changed considerably between the 1740 and 1749 versions. The most interesting feature of the 1740 version of the "fine Lady" is her song, put into prose form in all subsequent productions. (See Appendix C.) Critics have noted that Garrick borrowed heavily from Fielding's ballad opera The Virgin Unmasked in creating his characters "Miss Lucy" and "Mr. Thomas." In the 1777 MS., the name "Mr. and Mrs. Tatoo" is changed to "Mr. and Mrs. Carbine." The dialogue remains essentially the same, except for the inclusion of a Fable—"The Robin and Linnet"—written for the Command Performance (See Appendix C) and a rather sententious piece of advice from Aesop to Mr. Carbine, before the latter's exit. (See Appendix H.)
Aesop. I believe you, Madam; pray, how long have you been married? you seem to be very young, Lady.

Mrs. Tat. I am old enough for a Husband, and have been married long enough to be tired of one.

Aesop. How long, pray?

Mrs. Tat. Why above three Months; I married Mr. Tatoo without my Guardian's Consent.

Aesop. If you married him with your own Consent, I think you might continue your Affection a little longer.

Mrs. Tat. What signifies what you think, if I don't think so?—We are quite tired of one another, and are come to drink some of your Lethaly—Lethily, I think they call it, to forget one another, and be unmarried again.

Aesop. The Waters can't divorce you, Madam; and you may easily forget him, without the Assistance of Lethe.

Mrs. Tat. Ay; how so?

Aesop. By remembering continually he is your Husband; there are several Ladies have no other Receipt—But what does the Gentleman say to this?

Mrs. Tat. What signifies what he says? I an't so young and so foolish as that comes to, to...

687-688. (I...one) Q4; The 1777 MS. reads: "I am old enough to be Married; and have been Married long enough to be tired of my Husband."

690-691. (Why...Consent) Q4; The 1777 MS. reads: "Why above two Months!—I married Mr. Carbine without my Father's Consent, and when I was promised to another."
be directed by my Husband, or to care what either he says, or you say.

Mr. Tat. Sir, I was a Drummer in a marching Regiment, when I ran away with that young Lady— I immediately bought out of the Corps, and thought my self made for ever; little imagining that a poor vain Fellow was purchasing Fortune, at the Expence of his Happiness.

Aesop. 'Tis even so, Friend; Fortune and Felicity are as often at Variance as Man and Wife.

Mr. Tat. I found it so, Sir—This high Life (as I thought it) did not agree with me; I have not laugh'd, and scarcely slept since my Advancement; and unless your Wisdom can alter her Notions, I must e'en quit the Blessings of a fine Lady and her Portion, and, for Content, have recourse to Eight-pence a Day, and my Drum again.

Aesop. Pray, who has advis'd you to a Separation?

Mrs. Tat. Several young Ladies of my Acquaintance, who tell me that they are not angry at me for marrying him; but being fond of him now I have married him; and they say I should be as

710. In the 1777 version, Garrick has Mrs. Carbine "retire" before her husband makes the next two statements. In view of the couple's relationship, this seems the more plausible situation.

713. (I...Corps) Q4; In the 1777 MS., Carbine was in the "Grenadier Guards," and he says he "left," rather than "bought out" of the Corps.

724-725. (have...again) Q4; The 1777 MS. reads: "and for Content, have recourse to Half-a-crown a day and return to my Corps again."
compleat a fine Lady as any of 'em, if I would but procure a separate Divorcement.

Aesop. Pray, Madam, will you let me know what call a fine Lady?

Mrs. Tat. Why, a fine Lady, and a fine Gentleman, are two of the finest Things upon Earth.

Aesop. I have just now had the Honour of knowing what a fine Gentleman is; so pray confine yourself to the Lady.

Mrs. Tat. A fine Lady, before Marriage, lives with her Papa and Mamma, who breed her up till she learns to despise 'em, and resolves to do nothing they bid her; this makes her such a prodigious Favourite, that she wants for nothing.

Aesop. So, Lady.

Mrs. Tat. When once she is her own Mistress, then comes the Pleasure!—

Aesop. Pray let us hear.

Mrs. Tat. She lies in Bed all Morning, rattles about all Day, and sits up all Night; she goes every where, and sees every thing; knows every body, and loves no body; ridicules her Friends, coquets with her Lovers, sets 'em together by the Ears, tells Fibs, makes Mischief, buys China, cheats at Cards, keeps a Pug-dog, and hates Parsons; she laughs much, talks loud, never blushes, says

733. (seperate Divorcement) Q4; The 1777 MS. is amended to read "inseparable Divorcement."

753-756. (ridicules...Parsons) Q4; In the 1777 MS. Garrick expands this to read: "keeps half a dozen Lap-dogs, never goes to Church, and hates the Parsons; let her Complexion be what it will, her skin's as fair as a Lily, her cheeks red as a Rose, and her Head's feathered like a Mackaw."
what she will, goes where she will, marries whom she
pleases, hates her Husband in a Month, breaks
his Heart in four, becomes a Widow, slips from her
Gallants, and begins the World again—There's
a Life for you; what do you think of a fine Lady now?

Aesop. As I expected—you are very young,
Lady; and if you are not very careful, your natural
Propensity to Noise and Affectation will run you
headlong into Folly, Extravagance, and Repentance.

Mrs. Tat. What would you have me do?

Aesop. Drink a large Quantity of Lethe to the
Loss of your Acquaintance; and do you, Sir, drink
another to forget this false Step of your Wife;
for whilst you remember her Folly, you can never
thoroughly regard her, and whilst you keep good
Company, Lady, as you call it, and follow their
Example, you can never have a just Regard for your
Husband; so both drink and be happy.

Mrs. Tat. Well, give it me whilst I am in
Humour, or I shall certainly change my Mind again.

Aesop. Be patient, till the rest of the Company
drink, and divert yourself, in the mean time, with
walking in the Grove.

Mrs. Tat. Well, come along, Husband, and keep
me in Humour, or I shall beat you such an Alarum
as you never beat in all your Life.

767. (What...do) Q4; At this point in the 1777 production,
Garrick introduces the second fable written for the Command
Performance: "The Robin and Linnet." (See Appendix C.)
782-783. (or...Life) Q4; 1777 MS. reads: "...or I shan't
mind what any of you say."
Enter Frenchman, singing.

French. Monsieur, votre Serviteur—pourquoi ne repondez vous pas?—Je dis que je suis votre Serviteur—

Aesop. I don't understand you, Sir—

French. Ah, le Barbare! il ne parle pas Francois—Vat, Sir, you no speak de French Tongue?

Aesop. No really, Sir, I am not so polite.

French. En Verite, Monsieur Esop, you have not much Politesse, if one may judge by your Figure and Appearance.

Aesop. Nor you much Wisdom, if one may judge of your Head, by the Ornaments about it.

French. Qu'est cela donc? Vat you mean to front a Man, Sir?

In the MS. version of 1777, Mr. Carbine remains to listen to Aesop's admonishment:

Aesop. A Word with you, Soldier;—you have all the appearance of a brave Man; why do you suffer that very young Lady to tyrannize over you so?—

Carbine. Alas, Sir! if you will please to Walk above, and take a turn in our Metropolis, you will see Thousands like myself, who would eat fire from the Mouth of a Cannon, yet have not spirit to contradict their Wives—Cowards are Tyrants, and Women will yield to those who are kick'd and despis'd by everybody else—Your Servant, Sir.—

The "Frenchman" first appears in the edition of 1749, and he was retained in all subsequent versions, including that of 1777.
Aesop. No, Sir, 'tis to you I am speaking.
French. Vel, Sir, I not a Man! vat is you take me for? vat I Beast? vat I Horse? parbleu!
Aesop. If you insist upon it, Sir, I would advise you to lay aside your Wings and Tail, for they undoubtedly eclipse your Manhood.
French. Upon my vard, Sir, if you treat a Gentilhomme of my Rank and Qualite comme ca, depen upon it, I shall be a litel en Cavalier vit you.
Aesop. Pray, Sir, of what Rank and Quality are you?
French. Sir, I am Marquis Francois, J'entens les Beaux Arts, Sir, I have been an Avanturier all over the Varld, and am at present en Angleterre, in Ingland, vere I am more honore and caress den ever I vas in my own Countrie, or indeed any vere else--
Aesop. And pray, Sir, what is your Business in England?
French. I am arrive dere, Sir, pour polir la Nation—de Inglis, Sir, have too much a Lead in deir Heels, and too much Tought in deir Head; so, if I can lighten bote, I shall make dem tout a fait Francois, and quite anoder ting.
Aesop. And pray, Sir, in what particular Accomplishments does your Merit consist?
French. Sir, I speak de French, j'ai bonne Addresse, I dance un Minuet, I sing des littel

801-802. (I...Tail) Q4; The 1777 MS. reads: "...I would advise you to expose your Ears and lay aside your Tail..."
819. (deir) Q4; their W1, W2.
Chansons, and I have—une tolerable Assurance; En fin, Sir, my Merit consist in one Ward—I am Foreignere—and entre nous—vile de Englis be so great Fool to love de Foreignere better dan demselves, de Foreignere would still be more great a Fool, did dey not leave deir own Counterie, vere dey have nothing at all, et and come to Inglande, vere dey vant for nothing at all, perdie—Cela n'est il pas vrai, Monsieur Esop?

Aesop. Well, Sir, what is your Business with me? 835

French. Attendez un peu, you shall hear, Sir—I am in Love vit grande Fortune of one Englis Lady; and de Lady, she be in Love with my Qualite and Bagatelles. Now, Sir, me want twenty or tirty Douzains of your Vaters, for fear I be obliged to leave Inglande, before I have fini dis grande Affaire.

Aesop. Twenty or thirty Dozen! for what? 840

French. For my Creditores; to make 'em forget de Vay to my Logement, and no trouble me for de future.

Aesop. What; have you so many Creditors! 845

French. So many! begar I have 'em dans tous les Quartiers de la Ville, in all Parts od de Town, fait—

Aesop. Wonderful and Surprising! 850

French. Wonderful! vat is Wonderful—dat I should borrow Money?

831-832. (vere dey) Q4; vere day W1.
833. (dey vant) Q4; day want W1, W2.
839. (want) Q4; vant Q1, Q2, Q3.
840. (Douzains) Q4; douzaines Q1, Q2, Q3.
Aesop. No, Sir, that any body should lend it you--

French. En verite vous vous trompez; you do mistake it, mon Ami: If Fortune give me no Money, Nature give me des Talens; j'ai des Talens, Monsieur Esop; vech are do same ting--par Example; de Englishman have de Money, I have de Flatterie and bonne Adresse; and a little of dat from a French Tongue is very good Credit and Securite for thousand Pound--Eh bien donc! sal I have dis twenty or tirty Douzaines of your Vater? Oui, ou non?

Aesop. 'Tis impossible, Sir.

French. Impossible! pourquoi donc? vy not?

Aesop. Because if every fine Gentleman, who owes Money, should make the same Demand, we should have no Water left for our other Customers.

French. Que voulez vous que je fasse donc? Vat must I do den, Sir?

Aesop. Marry the Lady as soon as you can, pay your Debts with Part of her Portion, drink the Water to forget your Extravagance, retire with her to your own Country, and be a better Oeconomist for the Future.

French. Go to my own Contre!--Je vous demande Pardon, I had much rather stay vere I am; I cannot go dere, upon my Vard---

Aesop. Why not, my Friend!
Entre nous, I had much rather pass
for one French Marquiss in Ingland, keep bonne
Compagnie, manger des Delicatesses, and do no ting
at all; dan keep a Shop en Provence, couper and
frisser les Cheveus, and live upon Soupe and Sallade
de rest of my Life--

I cannot blame you for your Choice;
and if other People are so blind not to distinguish
the Barber from the fine Gentleman, their Folly
must be their Punishment---and you shall take the
Benefit of the Water with them.

Monsieur Esop, sans Flatterie our
Compliments, I am your very humble Serviteur--Jean
Frisseron en Provence, ou le Marquis de Pouville
en Angleterre.

(Exit Frenchman.)

Shield me and defend me! another fine
Lady!

Enter Mrs. Riot.

A Monster! a filthy Brute! your

Mrs. Riot first appears in the edition of 1749. She
does not appear in the 1777 MS., despite the fact that
she was one of Garrick's more successful creations. She
was deleted, undoubtedly, to make room for the characters
added for the Command Performance.
Watermen are as unpolite upon the Styx as upon the Thames—Stow a Lady of Fashion with Tradesmen's Wives and Mechanics—Ah! what's this, Serberus or Plutus! (Seeing Aesop.) am I to be frightened with all the Monsters of this internal World?

Aesop. What is the Matter, Lady?
Mrs. Riot. Every thing is the matter, my Spirits are uncompos'd, and every Circumstance about me in a perfect Dilemma.
Aesop. What has disorder'd you thus?
Mrs. Riot. Your filthy Boatman, Scarroon, there.
Aesop. Charon, Lady, you mean.
Mrs. Riot. And who are you, you ugly Creature you; if I see any more of you I shall die with Temerity.
Aesop. The Wife thinks me handsome, Madam.
Mrs. Riot. I hate the Wife; but who are you?
Aesop. I am Aesop, Madam, honour'd this Day by Proserpine with the Distribution of the Waters of Lethe; command me.
Mrs. Riot. Shew me to the Pump-Room then, Fellow—where's the Company—I die in Solitude.
Aesop. What Company?
Mrs. Riot. The best Company, People of Fashion! the Beau Monde! show me to none of your gloomy Souls, who wander about in your Groves and Streams—shew me to glittering Balls, enchanting

900-901. (with...Wives) Q4; with Tradesmen and mechanics W1, W2.
Masquerades, ravishing Operas, and all the polite Enjoyments of Elysian.

Aesop. This is a Language unknown to me, Lady --No such fine Doings here, and very little good Company (as you call it) in Elysium--

Mrs. Riot. What! no Operas! eh! no Elysian then! (Sings fantastically in Italian.) 'Sfortunato Monticelli! banish'd Elysian, as well as the Hay-Market!69 Your Taste here, I suppose, rises no higher than your Shakespears and your Johnsons;70 of your Goats and Vandils! in the name of Barbarity take 'em to yourselves, we are tir'd of 'em upon Earth--one goes indeed to a Playhouse sometimes, because one does not know how else one can kill one's Time--every body goes, because--because--all the World's there--71 but for my Part--call Scarroon, and let him take me back again, I'll stay no longer here--stupid Immortals!

Aesop. You are a happy Woman, that have neither Cares nor Follies to disturb you.

Mrs. Riot. Cares! ha! ha! ha! Nay, now I must laugh in your ugly Face, my Dear: What Cares, does your Wisdom think, can enter into the Circle of a fine Lady's Enjoyments?72

Aesop. By the Account I have just heard of a fine Lady's Life, her very Pleasures are both Follies and Cares; so drink the Water, and forget them, Madam.

Mrs. Riot. Oh gad! that was so like my Husband now--forget my Follies! forget the Fashion, forget my Being, the very Quincettence and Emptity
Aesop. You have a Husband then, Madam?

Mrs. Riot. Yess--I think so--a Husband and no Husband--Come, fetch me some of your Water; if I must forget something, I had as good forget him, for he's grown insufferable o'late.

Aesop. I thought, Madam, you had nothing to Complain of--

Mrs. Riot. One's Husband, you know, is almost next to nothing.

Aesop. How has he offended you?

Mrs. Riot. The Man talks of nothing but his Money, and my Extravagance—73 won't remove out of the filthy City, tho' he knows I die for the other End of the Town; nor leave off his nasty Merchandizing, tho' I've labour'd to convince him, he loses Money by it. The Man was once tolerable enough, and let me have Money when I wanted it; but now he's never out of a Tavern, and is grown so valiant, that, do you know—he has presum'd to contradict me, and refuse me Money upon every Occasion.

Aesop. And all this without any Provocation on your Side?

Mrs. Riot. Laud! how should I provoke him? I seldom see him, very seldom speak to the Creature, unless I want Money; besides, he's out all Day--

Aesop. And you all Night, Madam: Is it not so?

Mrs. Riot. I keep the best Company, Sir, and Daylight is no agreeable Sight to a polite
Assembly; the Sun is very well and comfortable, to be sure, for the lower Part of the Creation: but to Ladies who have a true Taste of Pleasure, Wax Candles, or no Candles, are preferable to all the Sun-beams in the Universe—\(^74\)

Aesop. Preposterous Fancy!

Mrs. Riot. And so, most delicate sweet Sir, you don't approve my scheme; ha! ha! ha!—oh you ugly Devil you! have you the Vanity to imagine People of Fashion will mind what you say? or that to learn Politeness and Breeding, it is necessary to take a Lesson of Morality out of Aesop's Fables—ha! ha! ha!\(^75\)

Aesop. It is necessary to get a little Reflection somewhere; when these Spirits leave you, and your Senses are surfeited, what must be the Consequence?—

Mrs. Riot. Oh, I have the best Receipt in the World for the Vapours;\(^76\) and lest the Poison of your Precepts should taint my Vivacity, I must beg leave to take it now, by way of Anecdote.

Aesop. Oh, by all Means—Ignorance and Vanity!

Mrs. Riot. (Drawing out a Card.) Lady Rantan's Compliments to Mrs. Riot.

SONG

1.

The Card invites, in Crowds we fly
To join the jovial Rout, full Cry;

1007. (Oh, I have) Q4; Oh, a have W1, W2.
What Joy from Cares and Plagues all Day,
To hie to the Midnight Hark-away.

II.

Nor Want, nor Pain, nor Grief, nor Care,
Nor dronish Husbands enter there;
The Brisk, the Bold, the Young and Gay,
All hie to the Midnight Hark-away.

III.

Uncounted strikes the Morning Clock,
And drowsy Watchmen idly knock;
Till Day-light peeps, we sport and play,
And roar to the jolly Hark-away.

IV.

When tir'd with Sport, to Bed we creep,
And kill the tedious Day with Sleep;
To-morrow's welcome Call obey,
And again to the Midnight Hark-away.

Mrs. Riot. There's a Life for you, you old Fright! so trouble your Head no more about your Betters—I am so perfectly satisfied with myself, that I will not alter an Atom of me, for all you can say; so you may bottle up your Philosophical Waters for your own Use, or for the Fools that want

1023. (Watchmen) Q4; Watchman W1, W2.
-Gad's my Life! there's Bill Butterfly in the Grove—I must go to him—we shall so rally your Wisdom between us—ha, ha, ha.

The Brisk, the Bold, the Young, the Gay,
All his to the Midnight Hark-away.

(Exit. Singing.)

Aesop. Unhappy Woman! nothing can retrieve her; when the Head has once a wrong Bias, 'tis ever obstinate, in Proportion to its weakness: But here comes one who seems to have no Occasion for Lethe to make him more happy than he is.

Enter Drunken Man and Taylor.°

D. Man. Come along, Neighbour Snip, come along Taylor; don't be afraid of Hell before you die, you sniv'ling Dog you.

Taylor. For Heaven's sake, Mr. Riot, don't be so boisterous with me, lest we should offend the Powers below.

°(Drunken Man and Taylor) Q4; The "Drunken Man" was included in the earliest stage production (1740) and is in all subsequent versions, including the 1777 MS. In all versions, he returns from the Grove with his wife, who is simply called "A Lady" in the 1740 MS., since the character "Mrs. Riot" had not yet been created. Until the appearance of Lord Chalkstone (1756), Garrick played the part of the Drunken Man, as well as that of the Poet and the Frenchman. The "Taylor" first appears in the 1749 edition. Since he is in neither the 1740 nor the 1777 MSs., repartee between him and the Drunken Man appears only in the 1749, 1757 and 1767 editions.
Aesop. What in the Name of Ridicule have we here!—So, Sir, what are you?

D. Man. Drunk—very drunk, at your Service.

Aesop. That's a Piece of Information I did not want.

D. Man. And yet it's all the Information I can give you.

Aesop. Pray, Sir, what brought you hither?


Aesop. I mean, Sir, have you any Occasion for my Waters?

D. Man. Yes, great Occasion; if you'll do me the Favour to qualify them with some good Arrack and Orange Juice.

Aesop. Sir!

D. Man. Sir!--Don't stare so, old Gentleman—let us have a little Conversation with you.

Aesop. I would know if you have any thing oppresses your Mind, and makes you unhappy.

D. Man. You are certainly a very great Fool, old Gentleman; did you ever know a Man drunk and unhappy at the same Time?

Aesop. Never otherwise, for a Man has lost his Senses—

D. Man. Has lost the most troublesome Companions in the World, next to Wives and Bum-bailiffs.

Aesop. But, pray, what is your Business with me?

D. Man. Only to demonstrate to you that you are an Ass—
Aesop. Your humble Servant.

D. Man. And to shew you, that whilst I can get such Liquor as I have been drinking all Night, I shall never come for your Water Specificks against Care and Tribulation: However, old Gentleman, if you'll do one thing for me, I shan't think my Time and Conversation thrown away upon you.

Aesop. Any thing in my Power.

D. Man. Why, then, here's a small Matter for you: and, do you hear me? get me one of the best Whores in your Territories.

Aesop. What do you mean?

D. Man. To refresh myself in the Shades here after my Journey---Suppose now you introduce me to Proserpine, who knows how far my Figure and Address may tempt her; and if her Majesty is over nice, shew me but her Maids of Honour, and I'll warrant you they'll snap at a Bit of fresh Mortality.

Aesop. (Any---Power) Q4; In the 1777 MS. Aesop responds, "What is that, Sir." This seems a more likely response, given the Drunken Man's Arrogance.

Aesop. (Why...Territories) Q4; For the 1777 Command Performance, Garrick tones the request down considerably.

Aesop. (and...Mortality) Q4; The 1777 MS. reads: "--or, if her Majesty is too much upon Ceremony, shew me her Maids of Honour, and I'll warrant you, they will be glad to simper, and crack a joke with an agreeable piece of fresh Mortality."
Aesop. Monstrous!

D. Man. Well, well, if it is monstrous, I say no more—if her Majesty and Retinue are so very virtuous—I say no more;—but I'll tell you what, old Friend, if you'll lend me your Wife for half an Hour; when you make a Visit above, you shall have mine as long as you please; and if upon Trial you should like mine better than your own, you shall carry her away to the Devil with you, and ten thousand Thanks into the Bargain.

Aesop. This is not to be borne; either be silent, or you'll repent this drunken Insolence.

D. Man. What a cross old Fool it is!—I presume, Sir, from the Information of your Hump, and your Wisdom, that your Name is—is—what the Devil is it?

Aesop. Aesop, at your Service—

D. Man. The same, the same—I knew you well enough, you old sensible Pimp you—many a Time has my Flesh felt Birch upon your account; 80 prithee, what possess'd thee to write such foolish old Stories of a Cock and a Bull, and I don't know what, to plague poor innocent Lads with? It was damn'd cruel in you, let me tell you that.

1102. (Monstrous) Q4; Aesop is not at such a loss for words in the 1777 version:

Aesop. The loss of your Reason is your only excuse for your impertinence.

1116-1121. (if...Bargain) Q4; The Drunken Man does not make this offer in the Command Performance MS. The entire sentence is deleted.

1128. (Aesop...Service) Q4; Aesop's tone seems unlikely in this response. In the 1777 MS., he says simply: "My name is Aesop."
Aesop. I am now convinc'd, Sir, I have written 'em to very little Purpose.

D. Man. To very little I assure you--But never mind it--Damn it, you are a fine old Grecian, for all that. (Claps him on the Back.) Come here, Snip--is not he a fine old Grecian?--And tho' he is not the handsomest or best dress'd Man in the World, he has ten times more Sense than either you or I have--

Tay. Pray Neighbor, introduce me.

D. Man. I'll do it--Mr. Aesop, this sneaking Gentleman is my Taylor, and an honest Man he was, while he lov'd his Bottle; but since he turn'd Methodist, and took to Preaching, he has cabbage'd one Yard in six from all his Customers; now you know him, hear what he has to say, while I go and pick up in the Wood there--Upon my Soul, you are a fine old Grecian!

(Exit D. Man.)

Aesop. (To Taylor) Come, Friend, don't be dejected; what is your Business?

1140. (Claps...Back) Q4; In the 1777 version, the Drunken Man exits at this point, with a speech of a narrow cruelty absent from earlier versions of the play.

Aesop. What makes you so merry, Sir?
D. Man. Merry! I can't help it; ha! ha!--you are a very fine ugly likeness of my old Horse, Cripple!
Aesop. I thank you, Sir.--
D. Man. And so you ought;--he is perfectly sound, never shambles or starts; but he has the worst forehand, Back and legs, that ever travelld the Road;--I'll change his Name directly, and call him Aesop as long as he lives: Cripple and Aesop forever!
Tay. I am troubled in Mind.
Aesop. Is your Case particular, Friend?
Tay. No, indeed, I believe it is pretty general in our Parish.
Aesop. What is it? speak out, Friend--
Tay. It runs continually in my Head, that I am--

Aesop. What?
Tay. A Cuckold—
Aesop. Have a Care, Friend, Jealousy is a rank Weed, and chiefly takes Root in a barren Soil.
Tay. I am sure my Head is full of nothing else—

Aesop. But how came you to a Knowledge of your Misfortune? Has not your Wife as much Wit as you?
Tay. A great deal more, Sir; and that is one Reason for my believing myself dishonour'd—
Aesop. Tho' your Reason has some Weight in it, yet it does not amount to a Conviction.
Tay. I have more to say for myself, if your Worship will but hear me.
Aesop. I shall attend you.
Tay. My Wife has such very High Blood in her, that she is lately turn'd Papist, and is always railing at me and the Government—The Priest and she are continually laying their Heads together, and I am afraid he has persuaded her, that it will save her precious Soul, if she cuckolds a Heretic Taylor.—

Aesop. Oh, don't think so hardly of 'em.
Tay. Lord, Sir, you don't know what Tricks are going forward above! Religion, indeed, is the Outside Stuff, but Wickedness is the Lining.

Aesop. Why, you are in a Passion, Friend; if you would but exert yourself at a proper Time, you might keep the Fox away from the Poultry.

Tay. Lord, Sir, my Wife has as much Passion again as I have; and whenever she's up, I curb my Temper, sit down, and say nothing.

Aesop. What Remedy have you to propose for this Misfortune?

Tay. I would propose to dip my Head in the River, to wash away my Fancies—and if you'll let me take a few Bottles to my Wife, if the Water is of a cooling Nature, I may perhaps be easy that Way; but I shall do as your Worship pleases.

Aesop. I am afraid this Method won't answer, Friend: Suppose therefore you drink to forget your Suspicions, for they are nothing more, and let your Wife drink to forget your Uneasiness—A mutual Confidence will succeed, and consequently mutual Happiness.

Tay. I have such a Spirit, I can never bear to be dishonour'd in my Bed.

Aesop. The Water will cool your Spirit, and if it can but lower your Wife's, the Business is done—Go for a Moment to your Companion, and you shall drink presently; but do nothing rashly.

Tay. I can't help it, Rashness is my Fault, Sir, but Age and more Experience, I hope, will cure me—Your Servant, Sir—Indeed, he is a fine old Grecian!
Aesop. Poor Fellow, I pity him.

Enter Mercury.

Mer. What can be the Meaning, Aesop, that there are no more Mortals coming over? I perceive that there is a great Bustle on the other side the Styx, and Charon has brought his Boat over without Passengers.

Aesop. Here he is to answer for himself.

Enter Charon, laughing.

Char. Oh! oh! oh!

Mer. What diverts you so, Charon?

Char. Why there's the Devil to do among the Mortals yonder; they are all together by the Ears.

Aesop. What's the Matter?

Char. There are some Ladies, who have been disputing so long and so loud about taking Place and Precedency, that they have set their Relations a tilting at one another, to support their Vanity: The Standers-by are some of them so frighted, and some of them so diverted at the Quarrel, that they have not Time to think of their Misfortunes; so I e'en left them to settle their Prerogatives by themselves, and be Friends at their Leisure.

Mer. What's to be done, Aesop?

1240. (What's...done) Q4; What is to be done W1, W2.
Aesop. Discharge these we have, and finish the Business of the Day.

Enter Drunken Man and Mrs. Riot.

D. Man. I never went to pick up a Whore in my Life, but the first Woman I laid hold of was my dear virtuous Wife, and here she is—

Aesop. Is that Lady your Wife?

D. Man. Yes, Sir; and yours, if you please to accept of her—

Aesop. Tho' she has formerly given too much into fashionable Follies, she now repents, and will be more prudent for the future.

D. Man. Lookee, Mr. Aesop, all your Preaching and Morality signifies nothing at all—but since your Wisdom seems bent upon our Reformation, I'll tell you the only Way, old Boy, to bring it about. Let me have enough of your Water to settle my Head, and throw Madam into the River.

Aesop. 'Tis in vain to reason with such Beings: Therefore, Mercury, summon the Mortals from the Grove, and we'll dismiss 'em to Earth, as happy as Lethe can make 'em.

1241-1242. (Discharge...Day) Q4; In the 1740 MS. there is a fairly lengthy discussion between Aesop and Mercury about the mortals left on the other side of the Styx. This is omitted in subsequent versions, with considerable improvement in dramatic effect.
SONG

By Mercury.

I.

Come Mortals, come, come follow me,
Come follow, follow, follow me,
To Mirth, and Joy, and Jollity;
Hark, hark, the Call, come, come and drink
And leave your Cares by Lethe's Brink.

CHORUS.

Away then come, come, come away,
And Life shall hence be Holiday;
Nor Jealous Fears, nor Strife, nor Pain,
Shall vex the jovial Heart again.

II.

To Lethe's Brink then follow all,
Then follow, follow, follow all;
'Tis Pleasure courts, obey the Call;
And Mirth, and Jollity, and Joy,
Shall every future Hour employ.

CHORUS.

Away then come, come, come away,
And Life shall hence be Holiday;
Nor jealous Fears, nor Strife, nor Pain,
Shall vex the jovial Heart again.

(Song. See previous page) In the 1777 MS., Mercury's song follows immediately after the Drunken Man's exit.

In the original MS. version (1740), instead of Mercury's song there is a rather intricate song performed by Mercury and Miss Lucy.

Mer. Be wise, giddy Creature.
Miss. 'Tis not in my Nature.
Mer. Be rul'd then.
Miss. I cannot Obey.
Mer. You're Wrong.
Miss. Who'll Correct me?
Mer. You're Weak.
Miss. Who'll direct me?
Mer. Be silent.
Miss. I must and will say

2

My Heart beats for Pleasure,
And Joys beyond Measure:
Unknown to you strange Folks below:
Your Godship's dull Preaching,
And all your fine Teaching,
Can't move like the Tongue of a Beau.

3

Mer. Be prudent, as Pretty,
Be Wise, as you're Witty.
Miss. Forever such Words I cou'd hear.
Mer. Then drink to each Fashion,
And each earthly Passion.
Miss. I'll do it, & drink without Fear.

Chorus.

Omnes. We'll do it, & drink without Fear.

1268, 1281. (Holiday) Q4; Holliday Q1, Q3; Holyday Q2.
During the Song, The Characters enter from the Grove.

Aesop. Now Mortals attend; I have perceived from your Examinations, that you have mistaken the Effects of your Distempers for the Cause—you would willingly be relieved from many Things which interfere with your Passions and Affections; while your Vices, from which all your Cares and Misfortunes arise, are totally forgotten and neglected.---Then follow me, and drink to the Forgetfulness of Vice---

'Tis Vice alone disturbs the human Breast.
Care dies with Built; be virtuous, and be blest.

FINIS.
APPENDIX A

CHARACTERS NOT INCLUDED IN 1767 EDITION

1. An Attorney

Aesop. Mercury, Charon has brought over one Mortal. Conduct him hither--If one may guess at his Cares by his Looks, he really wants the Assistance of the Waters.

Enter an Attorney.  

Attor. My Journey's finish'd! and my Cares will cease. Do you distribute the Waters, Friend?

Aesop. At your Service.

Attor. Then let me entreat you to give me Some immediately.

Aesop. Have you such a pressing Necessity to drink 'em, Sir?

---

*(Attorney) The "Attorney" appears in the 1740 MS. only. Elizabeth Stein suggests that the "episode is somewhat heavy and too decidedly didactic. It lacks the sprightliness and humor of the rest of the piece, and it is probably for this reason that Garrick abandoned it." (David Garrick, Dramatist, p. 33.) This would seem to be the case; and it is unfortunate that Garrick chose to revive the character for the Command Performance, substituting the "Jew" for the Attorney. The two episodes are essentially the same, each characterized by a joyless self-righteousness which is not the stuff of satire.*
Attor. The greatest that can be.

Aesop. Tell your Misfortune and you shall have immediate Relief.

Attor. My Case will appear very particular: I had one of the best Friends in the World, a worthy, generous Man, and one who had done me signal Services.

Aesop. I guess your Misfortune, Sir: that Friend is dead.

Attor. Would he was that I might be at Peace!

Aesop. He's ruin'd, then, and has not Sufficient to support him.

Attor. You have said, Sir; he is become very Poor and Necessitous; and what is worse, daily torments me with a Recital of his Misfortunes.

Aesop. If it is in your Power to assist him; why don't you ease yourself of that Torment, and make your Friend happy?

Attor. I would rather choose some easier Method to be at rest.

Aesop. Propose it, Sir.

Attor. I wou'd drink your Waters, forget the Obligations I have receiv'd from him, then his Complaints wou'd no more affect me than those of a common Beggar.

Aesop. A very easy Method, truly; and what such Men as yourself can easily follow without the help of the Waters.

Attor. You seem to dislike my Proposal; but I will assure you, no Man has more Humanity
and Charity in Theory than myself: But I have such an uncommon Indolence in my Nature, that I can never be persuaded to put it in Practice.

Aesop. Indolence! Call it Ingratitude:
Not think it a Crime peculiar to yourself;
'tis an Indolence almost every Man is inclin'd to: and oftentimes the Men who are the most Obliging are the most Ungrateful.

Attor. That's impossible: for how can a Man Oblige and be Ungrateful at the same Time?

Aesop. By neglecting those who have oblig'd him; and obliging Others from whom he expects greater Obligations.

Attor. 'Tis a necessary piece of Prudence: And when a Man may reasonably expect an Ample Return for his Services, he must be a very great Fool to be Idle upon such an Occasion.

Aesop. Even you, Sir, at such a Time, perhaps, might forget your natural Indolence and offer your Services.

Attor. O Sir, where my Interest is concern'd, I am as Active and obliging as any Body.

Aesop. Pray, Sir, of what Profession?

Attor. Study the Law, Sir: I am an Attorney, at your Service.

Aesop. Not at mine, Sir; for you will get nothing by me. But if you understand Law, I am surpris'd you shou'd have no greater
Regard for Equity than to forsake a Man in Distress who has once oblig'd you.  

Attor. Equity! why, Sir, I have nothing to do with it; my Study is Common-Law.  

Aesop. I wish you wou'd study common Honesty, and do something for your Friend! Pray, are his Demands unreasonable?  

Attor. You shall hear, Sir--His Father, at his Request, put me into an Office that brings me in about 300 Pounds a Year.  

Aesop. Very well.  

Attor. There is a small Place under me of about 50 Pounds per Annum at my Disposal: my last Clerk died a few Days since, and he begs to succeed him.  

Aesop. And can you deny him?  

Attor. If he has it, I shall loose the letting of it: besides, Sir, there is a Gentleman, a very good Client of mine, who is continually at Law, has made Interest to me for a favourite Footman of his upon my own Conditions.  

Aesop. All that won't excuse you; therefore if you have any regard either to your Character, or your Friend's Happiness; Drink first a Draught of Lethe to your Indolence, and if you wou'd drink another to your knowledge in the Law, you, perhaps, for the future might be more Humane and Equitable.  

Attor. I'll take a turn in the Grove and think of the Proposal; and if I can find out any way to let my Friend have the Place, and
not hurt myself, he shall enjoy it with all my Heart.

(Exit Attor.)

Assop. Your Servant, Mr. Attorney! A Student of the Law! If the World have many such Students, I shan't wonder to see Elysium crowded with Mal-Content Mortals.
2. A Jew

Jew. Dish very looky! (Looking about him.)
de grade Philosopher ish alone.--(Aside.)
Your Sarvand, Myn heer Aesop;--I addend yore
Vishdom, according to yore Broclamation.
Aesop. And who are you, Sir, if I may be
bold?
Jew. I be Garman by Pirth, a Proker
Brosession and a Chew by Religion.
Aesop. I meant not to examine you so strictly;--
What is your Business here?
Jew. I want to trink your Vaters directly.
Aesop. But for what, Friend?
Jew. Dat ish best known to myself; 'tis
a great sacred and you'd chuse not to dell it.--
Aesop. Then I shall chuse not to give you
the Waters;--so your Servant, Mr. Jew!87
Jew. I vou'd bay for dem vell.
Aesop. All your Money won't purchase a
drop of 'em, without real Wants, and with them,
you may have, if you please, half the River
for nothing.
Jew. Dat ish very goot!--I have grade
vants inteat;--I don't vant Healsh, I don't
vant Cretit;--I don't vant--vich is petter dan
all, de Moniesh!--de Moniesh, Mynheer Aesop;

0(Jew) The "Jew" appears only in the MS. of 1777 though,
as I have already indicated, it is little more than a
rehashing of the unsuccessful "Attorney" from the first
production over twenty-five years earlier.
Aesop. If you are possess'd of all these blessings, as you seem to think them, what can you possibly want with me?

Jew. (Looking about.) If I daught dat vee shout not pe inderrubded, I vou'd tell you all my Berblexities;--for vit Helsh, Cretit, and Moniesh, I have an obbression on my Spirrds, Mishter Esop; I am drubbled in moind.--

Aesop. For what reason, Friend?

Jew. Ise dell you de whole sdory.

Aesop. If you please.

Jew. You must know, ven I come furst to Ingland, I vas a liddle low in de Brockets;--I had not moche Moniesh;--by goot chance, I med wit a yonk Gentleman who lend me Moniesh to dry my Fortunes;--I work'd very hard and broshper'd very moche; he lend me again and again, and I touble and tribbled it; and paid my Frent very druly and honestly.--

Aesop. As it became you so to do.--

Jew. Dis yonk Man dat vas a liddle goot to me, vas not very goot to himself;--he spend his Moniesh in a tousand ridiculous vays and vagaries; no brudence, no right vay of dinking.

Aesop. Except when he lent You Money, Mr. Jew; don't forget that.--

Jew. Dere ish de ding, Mr. Esop; dat ish vat I vou'd forget, for it droubles my moinde moche; he ish in grate vant himshelf now; and his Necessities go to my very harte; oh! I am very dender harted, Mr. Esop; tho' I can't
bart with de Moniesh;--Now, if I cou'd trink the Vatersh.

**Aesop.** To forget that he ever was your Friend--

**Jew.** Yaw-yaw!

**Aesop.** And that he was the corner stone of your Fortune.

**Jew.** Yaw, Mynheer.--

**Aesop.** That, perhaps, all the Riches you are now possess'd of, were owing to him--

**Jew.** Yaw! (**doubtfully.**)

**Aesop.** And if you cou'd by drinking the Water, forget that ever you were Oblig'd to him, you cou'd see his distresses without any disturbance of Mind, as your Conscience than cou'd not upbraid you with Ingratitude.

**Jew.** Yaw, yaw!--Wat clear prains you have got!--O, you have a goot heart!

**Aesop.** I wish I cou'd pay your heart the same Compliment! And so, Mr. Jew, you wou'd make me accessory to this, your most unnatural Act of Injustice and Inhumanity?--

**Jew.** He vants twice as moche Money as I had of him; dere is no goot Justice in dat.

**Aesop.** Let him have twenty times as much;--and to encourage you to the deed, since your Conscience don't inspire you to be grateful, let me try the effect of a Fable.--
Fable.

The Leopard and Fox.

Aesop. There was a Leopard, kind, and thoughtless, though generous like your Friend, not faultless; as Mortals go, you'll scarcely find more Virtues e'en among Mankind; some spots he had within, no doubt, yet not so many as without; he was indeed but right in part; one Weakness had possess'd his heart; a Favourite there had taken root, a cunning, selfish, worthless Brute; it was a Fox!—No Statesman ever loaded his Tools with greater favour;—the Leopard sickens;—keeps his Bed; no hopes are left;—the Fox is fled;—to Nature, not to Physic debtor, tho' giv'n o'er, the Patient's better; when Doctors rashly judge by rules, Nature steps in and proves 'em fools; the Leopard strengthens; wants to eat a Chicken, or such harmless Meat;—he calls his Friend;—the Fox was ill, and can't obey his Patron's Will;—the Leopard's case requires the Air, and forth he walks;—his Love and Care conduct him to his Favorite's Door; Reynard was absent; but the floor
With Chickens, Turkies, Geese—was cover'd o'er.—

He stood and gaz'd; the Fox appears!—
His looks betray his Guilt and Fears;—
When thus the Leopard!—

If such as thee, our Forests breed,
Men well may call us Brutes indeed;—
No Beast before was e'er so hateful,
'Tis Man's alone to be ungrateful:—
And here with thee, thy Crimes shall end;
He said;—and crush'd his faithless Friend.

Jew. But he can't, nor shan't crush me; I have too moche Moniesh for dat; de Boor don't crush de Rishe.

Aesop. As your love of Money is your greatest Misfortune, you shall drink to the forgetfulness of that; so at once you will relieve your Friend, and your own Conscience; and by thus increasing your Credit, you may—what will please you more—increase your Wealth;—
Walk a little in the Grove, and consider of it.

Jew. Relief my Frient!—(musing.) relief my Conscience. Encrease my Cretit, and encrease my Wealth!—all goot, very goot!—I'll dink of it.

(Exit.)
Aesop. What Creature comes tripping this way, which seems to be neither Man or Woman, yet an odd mixture of both.

(Enter Fribble and Servant.)

Frib. Here, Jerry, take off my Coat and attend at a distance; (takes off his Coat.) I wish I was got back again with all my soul; what with the damp of the River, the nastiness of the Boat, the Vulgarity of the Boat-fellow, my Nerves are in a terrible flutter—and I have nothing to smell to, but my Essence of Roses!—There's another fright! (seeing Aesop.) What in the Name of Delicacy induced me to visit this lower World! when from a Babe I cou'd not bear the thoughts of being in the dark, or meeting Hobgoblins.

Aesop. Who are you?
Frib. William Fribble Esq.
Aesop. You seem to be agitated; can I be of service to you? what are your Wishes?
Frib. I wish I had no Nerves, Sir.—

(Fribble) The character of "Fribble" exists in manuscript form only. Garrick sent a copy of the scene for the Licensor's approval on December 26, 1771. Fribble is included in the 1777 MS., with — until the final moments — only minor alterations. The version I have chosen for this edition is that of 1771, since those few changes made in the 1777 MS. seem more for the sake of decorum than for dramatic effect, and because Fribble's hasty exit in the 1777 MS. produces a truncated version of the scene.
Aesop. If one cou'd suppose a human Creature to exist without 'em, I shou'd fix upon you as the happy Man.

Frib. You do me too much Honour;—my Nerves were spun too fine, Mr. Aesop; and an accident lately has given 'em such a twitch, that I wonder half of 'em have not snap'd;—Wou'd you think of it, Mr. Aesop!—I paid my Addresses to a fine young Lady of great Fortune, and great Accomplishments; she was not Seventeen; delicately Nerv'd like myself; more of the Lily than the Rose;—slender, fair, and taper; with a very pleasing languor, and rather inclin'd to a Consumption; Parents were agreed and the happy Union was to be confirm'd for ever, last Monday was two Months; but wou'd you think it, Mr. Aesop, being confin'd to my Room for three days, with a pimple near my eye-lash, she took the Opportunity, during my Malady, of running away with a Horse Grenadier.—

Aesop. What is that, pray?

Frib. One of those Monsters in fur Caps; he rides a Black Horse as large as an Elephant; has a sword like a Scythe, and he cou'd hide his Wife in one of his Jack-boots.—

Aesop. There is no accounting for the Passions of the Fair Sex; but how can I serve you, Sir?

Frib. Indeed, I know of but one Remedy.

Aesop. And what is that?
Frib. To Cuckold him.--

Aesop. O fye, for shame!--

Frib. I know it is both a sin and a shame--but I must do it, and then mention it in all the papers. I shou'd not mind throwing away a few thousands upon a little Crim. con.--a Gentleman is nothing now, without that Feather in his Cap.

Aesop. Your Words are a contradiction to your appearance, and I can't believe in your Profligacy.

Frib. O, but I am very Profligate when I set my mind to it--when my Blood's up, I am the very Devil at a little Wickedness; my heart beats for Revenge, and my Ambition burns to add a pair of horns to the fur Cap of the Horse Grenadier.

Aesop. And are you come for my Assistance in this laudable undertaking?--pray, explain yourself.

Frib. I'll tell you, Mister Aesop--I want a little of your Advice about my Nerves; if I was to use your River Lethe by way of a cold Bath, by strengthening my Nerves, I may forget my terrors, and I might see the Monster of a Husband, without my cold sweats; what is your advice?

Aesop. Have you not inconsiderately taken up the Character of a Rake, to conceal, as you

50. (Cuckold him) The 1777 MS. reads:

Frib. Indeed, I know but of one remedy.

Aesop. And what is that?--

Frib. I wou'd run away with her; and leave the Horse Grenadier to fume and fret in his great Jack-boots.
falsely imagine, some contrary imperfection?—

Frib. Plain dealing is a Jewel, Mr. Aesop, and I must open my wounds to you, or you will not be able to probe me, and cure me.

Aesop. Should you deceive me, you cheat yourself, and will be the only sufferer in the end.

Frib. Gracious goodness, how charmingly you talk! you are a dear Man, and I will reveal my Soul to you.

Aesop. Then we shall come to a right understanding.

Frib. Born and bred too delicately, and never suffer'd to be out of the Sight of my Mama, I fear I had contracted some actions of the feminine Gender; asham'd and tormented with the names that our Brutes, with their nasty Liberty cast upon me—such as Pidpad, Ninkenpoop, Tiddydoll, Lackadaizy, Jack my Gill, Cockatoo, Frizzlerump, and a thousand impertinencies besides—what could I do?—I turn'd about and set up for a Rake; I learnt to Cuss and Swear, follow the Women, kept a Mistress, got drunk, broke Windows, was beat by the Watch and caught a purple fever by lying in the Roundhouse;—and yet, for all that, the Brutes still halloo'd me along the streets, as if I had had a Cannister tack'd to my Tail.

Aesop. And you continued to fret and they to be uncivil?

90-91. (feminine Gender) In the 1777 MS., Garrick substituted "Fair Sex" for "feminine Gender."
**Frib.** I was in such Passions—that positively losing my senses, and growing desperate, I resolv'd to marry.

**Aesop.** That was desperate indeed!

**Frib.** 'Tis wonderful I did not commit Murder, Mr. Aesop:—You know the rest of my Adventure—

I shall be laugh'd to scorn if I don't make my Rival a Cornuto—99 their Honey Moon is over and mine shall begin—that's my Spirit.

**Aesop.** And so you would plunge into Vice to get rid of your Follies—which is like taking poison to cure drunkenness.

**Frib.** You're a charming Man! Shall I take a gulp of your Lethe, and down with my inordinate desires?—

**Aesop.** A sight of that tall Gentleman in the Grove, will I believe more effectively cure you of your evil designs than all the waters of Lethe.

**Frib.** I protest, the very Man that has dishonour'd me—egad you are right, Mr. Aesop, he is a nasty huge Fellow, and he shall keep his Wife to himself for me—what a monstrous Hat, and a long Sword he has!—I feel I have no Occasion for the Waters;—I'll return hence again—Nurse myself after this Fatigue, and watch over my dear little Creature, whose time was up this very morning.

110. (Adventure) The Fribble episode is different in the 1777 MS. from this point on, since it involves the arrival of "Mr. Carbine," the "Horse Grenadier," and Fribble's hasty exit.
Aesop. The Murder's out--You do keep a Lady, then, it seems!

Frib. No poz Mr. Aesop--the dear little creature I speak of is a little Barbet she Dog of mine, that I expect to pup every Moment--and I would not be from her in the Time of Danger for all the World-- and so, Mr. Aesop, with unspeakable Gratitude for all Favours, I am yours.--Jerry, my great Coat--

(Exit Fribble and Servant.)

Aesop. Go thy ways for the most unaccountable Animal I ever beheld or heard of; 'tis beyond the power of Fable to describe thee!
4. Lady Featherly and Robin

Act 2.

Another part of the Elysian Fields.

Lady Featherly is discover'd sitting under a Cypress Tree, with a little Dog.

Enter Robin.

Lady Featherly. Well Robin, have you seen the Fabulist?—is he inexorable? what says he to my Card?

Robin. O, my Lady, he is very polite, and is coming to wait upon your Ladyship.—

Lady F. Horror and Deformity! what an object!—I must flatter the Monster, or I shall return as unhappy as I came.

(Enter Aesop.)

Aesop. Flattery has no effect upon me, Lady; nor shall your severe, tho' just observation upon my Person, in the least affect your cause.

Lady F. Pray, excuse an overburden'd Mind; I scarce know what to say;—But good Mr. Aesop, most wise Fabulist! shall I communicate my infelicity to you?

Aesop. I am all attention, Lady.

0 (Lady Featherly) "Lady Featherly" was written especially for the Command Performance and appears only in the 1777 MS.
Lady F. Here, Robin, take my Barbet, and let him walk about the Elysian Fields to divert him.

(Exit Robin with Dog.)

Now we are alone, Mr. Aesop, I will-tho' with great reluctance, divulge my cares, which are as particular, I fear, as they are irremediable, unless I am indulg'd with your Pity and kind Assistance.—

Aesop. The Physician, Lady, cannot prescribe, unless he is made acquainted with the disorder.

Lady F. Most judiciously remark'd!—You must know, Sir, that I was form'd, perhaps, in the most delicate mould; the texture of my Brain, the system of my Nerves, the whole economy of my Animal Spirits, are all together, a Model of refin'd Workmanship;—tho' a most miserable acquisition to the Possessor.—

Aesop. I am still in the dark, Lady.

Lady F. Delicacy requires a gradual approach of light upon the Object of my unhappiness;—I was forc'd into a second Marriage for convenience, with a Mortal totally the reverse of myself; without Breeding and without Sentiments.

Aesop. Is he a Man of Character?

Lady F. To robust Natures, who have the strength of Constitution to bear his Company; Worth and Honesty, to be sure, are very proper things in Business;—for I must confess, with shame and confusion confess, that he is in Business;—to which he is so bigoted, that he will talk of nothing else; this has such an effect upon my Nerves, that if I can't procure a remedy from
you at er s, I shall sink under and be crush'd by the weight of his Vulgarity. — Aesop. I am at a loss yet, Madam, to know your malady.

Lady F. You shall at once hear it, tho' I die with the repetition.—You must know, Sir, that I was conducted lately by my evil Genius, to a City Feast; my Son and I, had the greatest reason to believe Sir Peter wou'd not be there; but to our most undescrivable mortification, just before dinner he stamp'd into the room, star'd about him, sous'd himself down at the bottom of the Table, more frightful to me than Banquo's Ghost,—I can scarce describe my agitation of Mind; he began at first, by nodding and grinning at us; we wou'd not look at him; and my Son had presence of mind to say to those about us—"What Madman is that making faces at the bottom of the Table?"—at last, his spirits growing more violent by Liquor, he call'd to me from the bottom of the Table—"Lady Featherly! Stocks are rose One and a half;—I have made Five Hundred Pounds this morning of the Turpentine and Salt-petre."—I fainted away directly at his Salt-petre and Turpentine; and was carried away to my Chair, the most miserable of Human Beings;—the Brute did it on purpose.

Aesop. And what can I possibly do for you?—

Lady F. As Sir Peter's robust state of Health, rather ensures a continuation, than any relief from my misery, suppose I was to drink the Waters to forget that he is my Husband; for the next pleasure to his not existing, wou'd be to forget.
that he existed at all; I might then go to Public places, without sinking under such terrible
Apprehensions.--

_Aesop._ I shou'd imagine, Madam, by your dress and appearance, that you cou'd not be very much afraid of any thing;--that Plume of Feathers which nods so gracefully upon your head, is equal to any that ever wav'd in the terrible Helmets of our old Greek Warriors--

_Lady F._ Mr. Aesop?--I cannot suspect you, Sir, of insinuating any thing, that--

_Aesop._ I mean to insinuate nothing, Lady, but that it is impossible to imagine you shou'd have any fear with such a Warlike Appearance.

_Lady F._ Whatever is Fashionable, Sir must be right; that is a Maxim.--

_Aesop._ Indeed!--what, even to reverse the Nature of things, Lady?

_Lady F._ Totally, for instance now:--It was low and vulgar to _Swear a little_, and _sell Bargains_; but the Moment _We_ adopt them, they become Elegant! and if the Canaille in return, will adopt our cast off Modes, they—au contraire, become low and contemptible—the open Mouth and continual Grin, was heretofore accounted marks of Idiocy;—but the Giggle a _L'Enfantine_, and the dropping of the under lip, to shew the Teeth, are now the marks of superior Beings.—He! he! he!—There I at once shew you the Sourire Enfantin, and the Relaxation of the under lip, which cost me two Months hard study to bring to this Perfection.
Aesop. I thank you; but it is impossible that I can be of the least service to so compleat and happy a Mortal.

Lady F. O, dear Philosopher, the idea of Sir Peter clips my Wings wherever I go; for when I am flying away with my Vivacity as it were, rising to the raptures of Ton, then Sir Peter, with his Blunderbuss charg'd with Saltpetre and Turpentine, and brings me back to Misery and Mortality again.

Aesop. Poor Lady!

Lady F. What can I possibly do?—indulge me Consolation, Heavenly Philosopher!—or Life will be so insufferable, I must seek my remedy in desperation.

Aesop. Was not your Husband in Business, when you Married him?—

Lady F. To be sure he was;—my Story is this;—the refin'd Extravagance of my first Husband, Lord Featherly, (who was absolutely Mortal Perfection, Mr. Aesop) oblig'd me from pecuniary Deficiencies, to connect my Rank and Taste, to the Wealth and Vulgarity of Sir Peter Plumly, of (?) Lane, Alderman, and Cordwainer.—

(Enter Robin.)

Robin. O, Madam!—such a misfortune!

Lady F. What's the matter?—where's Daffodil? where's my sweet Barbet?

Robin. I did but set him down to air him, my Lady—

Lady F. Speak, speak, where is the dear Creature?—where is Daffodil, I say?
Robin. The moment I set him down, my Lady, away he run to the River of Styx, and jump'd in, and is now swimming away to the other side.

Lady F. O, Heavens! what an accident!—if he escapes with Life he will catch some cruel disorder;—Robin, you ought to be impal'd alive;—Mr. Aesop. I can have no misfortune equal to this, so I can't possibly stay to take care of the rest;—send after me I beg what is proper to forget my Husband, and I'll run after my dear little Dog, as fast as I can.—

(Exit in haste; Robin follows.)

Aesop. Ha, ha, ha! her Burden of Cares, her most exquisite Nerves, and all her delicate refinements, are at once forgotten in the greater and more consideration of her little Dog!—What a World must the Mortal one be! I have seen but two Ladies, who, tho' loaded with every Folly, seem to have no Cares to get rid of but their Husbands.—
APPENDIX B

FABLES WRITTEN FOR LETHE

1. "The Leopard and Fox" (Appears first as "The Lion and Fox" 1748. Folger Autograph. Revised for the Command Reading of 1777.) (See Appendix A: "The Jew")

2. "The Mimic Blackbird; A Fable" (Written as a prologue to the Command Reading of 1777. Three Folger transcripts.)

To Honour call'd, when the full heart
Beats all its feeling to impart.
And to its Gratitude give way,
The Tongue refuses to obey;
For needed most, we seldom find,
The Key that shou'd unlock the Mind.—
When Aesop, Lydia's King obey'd,
With Modesty and Diffidence,
(The best Attendants upon Sense,)
The Moral Truths in Tales convey'd.
More honour'd, tho' of little fame,
The humblest Copy of so great a Man,
Under the Shelter of his Name,
With trembling imitates his plan.—
To speak his Sentiments less able,
Like him, he has recourse to Fable.
FABLE.

The Annals of the feather'd Race
(No matter for the time and place)
Speak of a Blackbird's mimic Skill,
Who from his pliant throat
Cou'd imitate each Note,
The fullest swell, or piercing trill:
When perch'd upon his fav'rite Bush,
His Tricks began—now you wou'd swear
The Lark was soaring in the Air,
Now sung the Linnet, Bullfinch, Thrush;
Then in the Nightingale's sweet lay,
He'd all his softer pow'e display;
He was at all
Both great and small;
Nay, in his frolicks sunk so low,
To ape the Magpye and the vulgar Crow—

Whether he was right or wrong,
In Crowds the feather'd Audience throng,
The Mimic Bird surround;
Some mount and perch upon the Trees
Which represent the Galleries,
The bushes, boxes, and the Pit, the ground.—
With this small imitative Merit,
Done with certain Air and Spirit,
He gain'd some Reputation;
For Fame can, if she please,
Turn Trifles into Prodigies,
Which made the Birds of all degrees,
Loud clap their Wings with Approbation.
The Blackbird saw one fatal day,
His jetty feathers changing grey,
He thought—and thus he reasons;
I'm growing Old, and somewhat lame;
My Eyes, I see, are not the same;
All frolicks have their seasons.—

'Tis time for them and me to part,
I'll now give up the Mimic Art,
To private Shades repair,
There free from noise and care,
From Bush to Tree, from Tree to Bush I'll fly;
Whene'er the Sun breaks thro' a show'r,
I'll blythly sing away the hour,
And who so happy then as I.—

The Eagle saw with piercing sight,
What the old Blackbird wou'd delight;
Perhaps might yield some Sport,
So sent for him to Court;—
No sooner known, the Bird grew vain;
It turn'd his Brain!
He shook his feathers, swell'd his Crest;
Before the break of day,
He flew, his orders to obey,
And left the Hen to make the Nest.—

He never felt before such Pride;
Tho' crippl'd, old, and crack'd his Note,
The Royal Smiles each Want supply'd,
Gave him a new melodious Throat,
And Youth, and Health, and Fame!
Gave Spirit, Voice, and Art,
Gave Rapture to his loyal Heart,
Years to his Life, and Honour to his Name!—

3. "The Robin and Linnet" (A fable inserted in the revision for the Command Reading of 1777. Folger, transcript.)

Aesop. As I expected;—you are very young, Lady; and if you are not careful, your natural propensity to Noise and Affectation will run you headlong into Folly, Extravagance and Repentence.—

Mrs. Carbine. What wou'd you have me do?
Aesop. I wou'd not have you do as the Linnet in the Fable did.

Mrs. C. Linnet in the Fable! What's that?
Aesop. I'll tell you, Lady.

FABLE.

The Robin and Linnet.

A Robin once, an honest Bird
With tuneful throat and ruddy breast,
Was so amazingly absurd,
With his own lot he cou'd not rest;
In an unlucky minute
He met a young coquettish Linnet,
With eyes of Rapture view'd her,
Cupid, with keen tho' slender Dart,
Pierc'd thro' and thro' his little heart,
He sigh'd, he Visited, and Woo'd her.

Mrs. C. And so he did.—

Aesop. To Win her was another thing,
For she was vain, and she cou'd bring
A list of proud Relations;—

But to be free and have her Will,
Of Pleasure too to have her fill,
She did as finer folks have done,
Who, so be-devil'd with Bon Ton,
Oft give their hands, without their inclinations.

Poor Robin chain'd for better and for worse,
Instead of Blessings, found a curse;
A Modern, Modish Wife;
The torment of his Life!—

Domestick, he was fond of Home,
For Home, to Him, all Pleasure yields,
While Madam on the Wing wou'd roam,
To frolic in the Groves and Fiealds;
Among her former high life Cronies,
Wild Birds of Ton, and feather's Maccaronies.—

Carbine. And so she did, Sir.—

Aesop. Whene'er he chid his rambling Bride,
She chirp'd conceit, and swell'd with Pride,
To shew her Rank and Breeding;
She cou'd not bear, not She, a Spouse,
Who loung'd about the Farmer's House,
On Crums from Bumpkin's feeding;
It suited not a high born Dame,
To be so vulgar and so tame,
To hop about a Bush or two;
She vow'd for her it wou'd not do;
So peck'd her Husband, and away she flew.—

After this quarrel and disgrace,
Well known to all the Farmer's year,
And all the Gossips round the place;
The gabbling Turkey, cack'ling Goose,
Their tongues let loose,
Nor Bride nor Bridegroom spared;
The Sparrow, Swallow, Wag-tail, Wren,
Ne'er saw their hen-peck'd Friend again;
No thrilling Note
Now swell'd his throat.
He gave up Hope,
To pine and mope;
Grew sick beyond the pow'r of Art;—
Madam had ta'en so much upon her,
He cou'd not, as a Bird of Honour,
Survive his shame—so broke his Heart!—
SONGS NOT INCLUDED IN 1767 EDITION

1. "The Life of a Belle." (Huntington, Larpent 22, transcript) 1740. Introduced into the first version of Lethe, it appears in no published edition of the play.

_Aesop._ Pray, Madam, will you let me know what you call a fine Lady?

_Miss Lucy._ What, have you not heard the Song? You shall hear it, and be a Judge; 'tis call'd the Life of a Belle in Imitation of the Life of a Beau.

_Aesop._ I'll attend it with Pleasure.

_Miss._ ...Air...

What Lives are so happy as those of the Fair, Who scarcely a Moment from pleasure can Spare, But leave their Husbands Reflection and Care, Such, such is the Life of a Belle. All morning when others are up and Employ'd, She's dreaming of Pleasures the last Night Enjoyed Whilst Betty for Orders attends at her Side. Such, such etc.

She Breaksfast at Noon, just slips on her Gown, Calls Chair to the Door, and away round the Town, And just about Two in the Park is set down. Such, such etc.

Then trips up the Mall, and soon joins with the Rest,
Of each awkward Creature she meets makes a Jest, 
Kills 3 or 4 Beaus and away to be Drest. 
    Such, such etc.____
She seldom attends either High-Church or Low; 
But never is absent when other Belles go; 
Nor scruples to Pray, if the Fashion be so. 
    Such, such etc.____
Her Dinner and Dressing employs her 'till Eve; 
Some troublesome Tradesman to see her begs leave, 
But the Coach at the Door procures a Reprieve. 
    Such, such etc.____
All Evening she visits, drinks Tea, Plays her Fan, 
Collects all the News and the Chit-Chat she can 
And wonders her Sex can be fond of a Man. 
    Such, such etc.____
Plays, Balls, and Ridotto's each Night she attends; 
And sometimes Quadrille with a few female Friends; 
And sometimes in Secret—but here my Song ends. 
    Such, such etc.____

2. "Come, Mortals, Come, 
Unlade your Grief" (Huntington, Larpent 22, 
transcript) 1740. Introduced 
into the first version of 
_Lethe_, it appears in no 
published version of the play.

_Mercury_. Incomparable Aesop! Both Gods and men admire 
thee! We must now repair to receive these Mortals; and 
lest the Solemnity of the Place shou'd strike 'em with 
too much dread, I'll raise Musick shall dispell their 
Fears and embolden 'em to Approach.
Come, Mortals, come, unlaide your Grief;
Nor hope in Wine to find Relief:
What's the Grape to Lethe's Stream?
For tho' ye drink your Cares return,
You're Gay tonight tomorrow Mourn:
And find your fancy'd Bliss a Dream.
To Lethe all ye Swains repair,
Who woo in Vain the scornful Fair;
Attend and seize the happy Hour:
Ye still drink on, and still repine,
But Love that triumphs over Wine,
Can't withstand Oblivion's Flow'r.

3. "Come ye Gloomy Sons of Care" (Folger, autograph) 1748.
This song appears in no version of the play, published or unpublished.

"Mercury's Song Designed for Lethe"

Come, ye gloomy Sons of Care, 
Whose Brows eternal Wrinkles wear,
Who groan, or toil, or pine;
Come drink deep of Lethe's Wave, 
Sweet Oblivion shall ye have, 
Sought in vain from Wine.

He whom Debts and Duns molest—
He whom Conscience robs of Rest, 
Whose Bosom feels a Sting; 
Shall pay each debt, forget each crime,
And blot out every care, which Time
Would to Remembrance bring.

Statesmen here shall cease (?) to sweat
Beneath a Load of Public Debt
They know not how to pay;
Soldiers here shall rest from War
And every Wound, and every Scar
Be heal'd a washed away.

Slaves to Women, Slaves to Wine,
Shall here the Pox, the Gout resign:
    Nay, what is ten times worse,
The Husband doom'd to drag for life,
    In galling Chains, that Load a Wife,
    Shall drink and drown his Curse.

4. "I'll set it A-Float" (Folger, transcript, in the
    Command Performance revision
    for 1777.) It appears in no
    published edition of the play.

    Charon. Well, well, I'll do my best;--I'll be a
    Hypocrite for once and endeavour to appear merry, with an
    aching heart; and to put myself in tune, I'll give 'em a
    Song; if crossing the Water so often has not spoil'd my
    Voice.

        Song.

    I'll set it a-float, my old crazy Boat;
    O'er the Styx, I will sing as I row;
I'll beat time with my strokes,
Will crack Water jokes,
And call to the shore, Lethe ho! Lethe ho!

Tho' Vanity's light, yet so heavy is Sin,
   We may all tumble in!
The Ladies will shriek!
The Fribbles will squeak!
The vain ones will swim, the Wicked will sink;
   To the bottom they'll go,
Of Styx they will drink,
Enough to kill Care;—Lethe ho! Lethe ho!
APPENDIX D

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES TO LETHE

1. Prologue to the Command Performance version of 1777. "The Mimic Blackbird; A Fable" (See Appendix B)

2. Epilogue written for a 1740 production. Spoken by Mrs. Clive and Mr. Raftor, in the characters of "Miss Lucy" and "Mr. Thomas" (The "Mr. and Mrs. Tatoo" of the 1757 edition.) (The Poetical Works of David Garrick. New York, 1968, Vol. I, pp. 75-77.)

Thomas. Farewel my cares; farewel domestick strife; How blest the husband! when reform'd the wife!
Lucy. I'm not reform'd--
Tho. Not reform'd, my dear!
Lucy. No--
Tho. No!
Lucy. No! no! no! can't you hear?
Tho. Then all my hopes are gone!
Lucy. With all my heart;

You may go too--I'm ready, sir, to part.
Tho. Did you not promise, Lucy to reform?
Lucy. You promis'd too--and how did you perform?

You well may drop your lip and change your fancy tone!
Go, get you hence, you worthless drone!
Tho. Pray follow, Lucy, do.
Lucy. I'll follow straight,

My pleasures---not you---
When thou art gone, I'll ne'er on man rely;
Next time, by golly, I'll taste before I buy:
Contented now, the husband is retir'd;
Like other wives, I'll stay, and be admir'd.
And now I'll chuse a lover to my goust,
Irish and French I've try'd, but they'll not do,
I must have British fare, and one of you.
First, I'll beg leave to view the upper places—
Ha! ha! they grin so, one can't distinguish faces.
I'll pass the footmen; they're not worth my care;
I married one—and lazy rogues they are!
Next to the boxes let my eyes descend;
I surely, there, shall find some one my friend—
O lack! how fine they are! but we shall ne'er agree;
They like themselves so well—they'll ne'er like me:
Besides, of all things, I abhor a beau,
For, when try'd, 'tis doubtful, whether man or no.
Next, let me view my last resort—the Pit;
Here's choice enough; the Merchant, Soldier,
The surly Critic, and the threadbare Wit.
As for Rakes, they are too common grown,
For men, who strive at all, are good at none:
Nor will the Wit or surly Critic serve me;
For, one would beat me; and the other starve me.
The Merchant now and Soldier's left behind;
To both I feel my heart somewhat inclin'd:
Which shall I choose? Each has a noble soul!
Which shall I have? I'll have 'em both, by goll.
No doubt, you'll all approve my patriot passion;
My heart is fix'd for Trade and Navigation:
I hope you'll not refuse your gen'rous voice;
Applaud me, Britons, and approve my choice.
3. Epilogue written for a 1740 production. Spoken by Mrs. Giffard. (Folger, two transcripts, one with autograph alterations.)

Well Criticks is the youngster damn'd or no?
Must this Poetic Sprig be lopt, or grow?

But hold—Before you give the fatal word,
I beg a formal Counsel may be heard;
And what no Counsel ever yet has done,
I'll take no bribe, and yet plead Pro and Con.

May't please you Criticks of the Pit and Jury:
Put up your Whistles and restrain your Fury,
I grant our Author has but little merit,
His Piece has Moral—true—but void of Spirit;
Not one facetious Turn throughout the Scene,
In short he wants—you guess the thing I mean;

But this I promise, let him now get clear,
I'll teach him how to please another Year;
Poets like Foxes make best Sport when old,
The chase is good, when both are Hard and Cold,
Do you like other Sportsmen, then, take heed:
If you destroy the Whelps, you spoil the Breed;
Let him write or acquire some little Fame,
Then hurt him Criticks, he'll be noble game.
APPENDIX E

MANUSCRIPT VERSION OF LETHE. SUBMITTED TO THE LICENSER IN 1740.

(Used by permission of The Huntington Library.)
Lethe, or
Esop in the Shade.
A Dramatic Satire.
April 1766.
Scene.
A grove, so in the midst of it the river Nile.

CH: Philo, Philosopher, what grand affair is transacting upon earth? There is something of importance going toward; for Mercury's face over the edge this morning without paying me the usual compliments.

CH: Plato dispatched him at the request of Alexander, to let matters know they have the liberty to come to drink to-day; the Eleusis of Lysias was a sovereign remedy against their cares. Mercury in order to conduct them to Eleusis, you to Tigery they are to return to Eleusis, so I am placed here to deliver the letter.

CH: A very pretty employment it shall have of it timely. If her Majesty has often these columns for the future, I must obtain the court either to build a bridge over the Cluary, or let me resign my employment? Do her Majesty know the difference of weight between boats & saddles? However I'll obey their commands to the best of my power. I'll have my crazy boat over & meet 'em; but many of them will be relieved from their cares before they reach little.

CH: How do, Cheron?
CH: Why I shall leave half of them in the Ayg: & any Miter is a specifice against care, provided it be taken in quantities. Enter Mercury.

Mer: Away to your boat, Cheron, there are some Egyptians want to be ferried over; so there are some females among them will be very uneasy if you make no haste.
CH: I'll make what haste I can, rather than give them fair excurrs a touch for conversation.

Mer: If they bring any thing with them that will be ill-convenient for you to carry, you must insist upon their leaving their repugnacies behind them.
CH: I'll examine 'em closely in my way. I warrant you, do you, Cheron. examine them as closely in your.
Mr. Never fear, I am resolved to be as inquisitive & honest -
Mr. Another Distributor of Publick Charities.
Mr. But I'll be more impartial, Mercury, for I'll
immediately relieve St. Paul's: & only divert
myself with Prefenders.

Mist. As your Wisdom directs, & conformable to your hearty
character, we shall have few preturers.
Mr. I will retain my former judgments, & would have
every man have these; which are these: Never
to refuse Advice or Charity to those that want either.
Stability & Reading's should be equally avoided.
Folly's Vice, should never be practiced. By yielding
this, you may offend many; yet you will please the
beau Faw; and the Applause of one Voluntary Man
is more valuable than all the Compliments of
the Great & Guilty.

Mr. Incomparable Man! Both gods & men admire thee!
We must now repair to receive these Medals; & at
the extremity of the Place made a strike on with too
much ardor, I'll raise muscle shall disgust their
fears & embolden em to approach.

Come, Medals, come, unlace your gait,
You hope in time to find Relief.
What's the Page to Like & Dream?
For not ye drink your cares return.
Your duty to Night, tomorrow a Morn.
And find your fancy I Life a Dream.

To like all ye swear repairs,
Who was in vain the cheerful Fire.
Writ & strike the happy hour.
Ye still drink on, & still aspire.
But love, that triumphs over Wine,
Can't withstand Oblivion's Crows.

Mr. Mercury charm, has brought over one Medals.
Conduct him better. If he may gain at his Care,
by his looks, he shall the Assistance of the Waters.
Enter an Attorney.

Mr. My Journey's finish'd! to my Essex will I return. Do you
Distribute the Waters? Friends.
Mr. All your Service.
Mr. Then let me intreat you to give me some immediately,
Mr. Have you such a pressing necessity to drink 'em, Sir?
Mr. The greatest that can be.
Mr. Tell your Physician & you shall have immediate relief.
Mr. My Case will appear very particular. I am one of
the best Friends in the World, a worthy, generous Man,
& one who had done me signal Services.
Mr. I quake your Physicians, Sir. That Friend is dead.
Mr. Would he was that I might be at Ease!
Mr. He's rid of them & has not sufficient to support them.
Mr. You have saved, Sir; he is become very poor & helpless.
As what is worse, daily torment me with a recollection
of his Misfortunes.

Mr. If it is in your Power to assist him, why don't you
ease yourself of that torment, & make your Friendship
more. I would rather have some easier Method to be at.
Mr. Propose it, Sir.
Mr. I would drink your Waters, forget the Obligations
I have received from him, then his complaint would
no more affect me than those of a Common-Beggars.

Mr. A very easy Method truly, & what such Men infirm.
can easily follow without the help of the Waters.
Mr. You seem to dislike my Proposal, but I will a piece of
no man has more humanity & charity in Scotland,
himself: But I have such an uncommon Indulgence
in my nature, that I can never be persuaded to put
it in Practice.

Mr. Indulgence! Call it ingratitude! No think it a custom,
perticular to yourself: This an Indulgence almost every
man is inclined to: So oftentimes the Man who are
the most obliging are the most ungrateful.

Mr. That's impossible: So how can a man Oblige &
be ungrateful at the same time?

Mr. By neglecting those who have obliged him;
& obliging
others from whom he expects greater Obligations.

Mr. It is a necessary piece of Indulgence, & when
A man may reasonably expect an ample return for his services; he must be a very great fool to be idle upon such an occasion.

A man, if you, in such a time, perhaps, might forget your natural indolence & offer your services.

But, Sir, where my interest is concerned, I am as active & obliging as any body.

A man, Sir, of what profession?

My study is the law, Sir. I am an attorney at your service.

But if you understand law, you are surprised you should have no greater regard for equity, than to frustrate a man in distress who has once obliged you.

Sir, why, Sir, have nothing to do with it;

My study is common-law.

Sir, I wish you would study common law & do

something for your friend! Say, are his demands unreasonable?

You shall hear, Sir, this gentleman put me into an office that brings me in about 300l. a year.

Very well.

There is a small place under me of about 100l. a year at my disposal: My last Clerk died a few days since, & he bought him.

And can you deny him?

He had it, I shall lose the letting of it; besides, he

is a gentleman, a very good client of mine, who is continually at law, has made several to me for a favour and man of him upon my own conditions.

All this won't excuse you, therefore if you have any regard either to your character, or your friends' happiness, drink first a draught of the like to your

indulgence; if you would drink another, if your knowledge in the law, you perhaps, for the future, might be more humane & equitable.

I'll take a turn in the gardens, think of the proposal, if I can find out any way to let my friend have the Place, I shall not hurt myself: he shall enjoy it with all my heart——[Exit Actor.

A man, your servant, Mr. Attorney! A student of the law,

if the world have many such instances, I don't wonder to see Elysium crowded with indolent nobles. But here comes something stirring this way, that seems to be neither man, woman, or child, & yet an odd mixture of all three.

Enter a Beau.

You, my dear friends! Do you want some wine?

Beau, young boy. Do you know where you are, or who you talk to!

Not I, damme, but it's a rule with me, where ever

I am, or whoever I am with, to be always easy & familiar.

Then let me advise you, young gentleman, to drink to

the Waters so you forget that you are familiar.

Why so, damme? Would you not have me well fed?

Yes, but you may not always, met with people so able as yourself, or so capable as I am; and if what you call drinking should be esteemed indispensable you may have a return of familiarity may make you repent your education as long as you live.

Will said, old drat head! You have a tolerable

smattering of old Téreau, faith! but to bribe—
you must know I shall take a large share of your

Waters; for I shall not only drink myself, but must make several more drinks with me.

And pray, Sir, with submission, what is it you wonder?

My friends & my fortune.

Keeps the tip only, is my word for it, you will be holden

with neither in the future.

Why, is there any virtue in the Cup?

Very little: but sufficient for your modesty, sir.

What, bribe, Sir? Tell you have fine courage.

Can I fight, Sir?

Five hundred more will say as much, it looks as fine

but Words & looks are no more a sign of courage

than learning. But pray, Sir, what has retained

your murdering disposition?

The fatigue of obligeing daily favours would be im-

probable.
Dear, it is not courage then, but the love of quarreling, that you choose to forget.

Why, rank in, Father, is there any difference?

No more than between drunkenness and sobriety. Felicity's reason: why, with courage as with wine, Adams talk little, think much; statesmen think little talk much. The first are always useful, always regarded; the last always important, always useless. In that, if it is equally honourable to live in the Roundhouse as gain a conquest to murder a thievish man as fight an enemy; if you can prove no difference between a Frenchman and the gallant Sydney, the Sphere's Papers, I will submit to you, as you shall be at great in reality, as you are in imagination.

Surely, sir, I have no quarrelling—will you let me have 20 or 30 dozen of your waters low or no?

20 or 30 dozen, for what?

For my creditors, to make me forget the way to my house; & be less troublesome for the future.

What have you many creditors?

Very few, in every part of these upon faith!

What is surprising? that I should ever have money?

A 56; but I am surprised at any body would lend you.

But certainly, sir, you must have a great many friends to get so much credit in the world.

Surely, there you are out again, sir; let me know but to whose name, & the place of his abode, & by the dint of address & a happy situation, I can make him out of a brace of hundreds in a lifetime than I can count it.

If you can get it no longer, I am afraid you are like the blower for your address collection.

Now Sir, on the old Pig, I don't like his conversation. Come, is the Point—Will you bottle off this 30 dozen of water?

It is impossible, sir, for if every modern fine gent., like yourself, who owes money was to make the same

Demand, we should not have water left for our other customers.

Dear, will you tell my what, and gentleman, I have not yet forgot my courage. If these have not my full notice, I shall make bold to throw you into the river, & help myself.

Very silly & dilettante! I have no great inclination to put your attention to the truth. If you please, you will be pleased to walk in the grave. I have examined some time gins coming, rather than put you to the trouble upon my account, we shall compromise the affair between us.

Bravo, yours as you behave! An error! God bless.

Take my Lucy & Husband.

Mip, why don't you come agrin, Mr. Thomas? Who's dead in you?

Don't be angry, lady, the gentleman is your husband, I suppose.

How do you know that, eh?

By your manner of addressing him.

Why was I as seen with him before marriage as I am now; I never was boy in my life.

Believe you, and how long have you been married?

You seem to be very young.

I am old enough for a husband; I have been married long enough to be tired of him.

How long, pray?

Why a month. I married Mr. Thomas without my Father's consent.

As you married him with your consent, lady, think you might continue you affection a little longer.

What signifies what you think, if I don't like it, Mr. Adams. We are come to drink some more little, to forget one another, & to be unmarried again.

The Waters can't divorce you now; you may part from him without the assistance of the Clergy.

By how, now do?

By remembering continually he is your husband; there are several ladies in the world who have no other consent. Out what does the gentleman say this?
What signifies what he says? don't immediately
forbid as that comes to, be directed by my husband.
I must insist upon hearing him.
I'll well, if you must speak up, & never be ashamed.
Hold up your head.
I was a footprint when I run away with that
young lady; I barely gained her consent & married
her. I did not doubt but my indulgence, submission,
behave to her, as the cause of my good fortune,
to make her a loving & a careful wife.
He was desirous in the worst of places.
When I found it was: for she being young, Inconstant,
without company; even grew tired of the described
to live & speak: the more I engaged her the more obdurate; till at last hearing of the fame of
these waters, she insisted upon coming with the rest of the Company; I attended hoping your Majesties
would alter her disposition, & save us both from ruin.
Who has advised you to a separation?
Several young ladies of my acquaintance, who tell
me they are not angry at me for marrying a footprint,
but they find a Husband to they say I should be
a fine, comely lady if I would procure a separate
maintenance.
Will you let me know what you call
a fine lady?
What have you not heard the song? you shall
hear it, & be a judge; it called the life of a kitten
in imitation of the life of a Beau.
I'll attend it with pleasure.
Sir,
What lives are so happy as those of the Fair,
who rarely a moment from pleasure can spare;
But lead their husbands, Children, & care;
Such, such is the life of a kitten.
Sense! when they are up & employ?
Thus dressing of Pleasures the last flight enjoyed
Whilst Bath for Orders attend at her side.
Such, such we—
The break fast at noon, just slips on her gown,
Casts chair to the Door, & away round the Town,
And just about two in the dark it's set down.
Such, such we—
Then trips up the Mall, & soon join with the Kith.
Of each awkward Creature, the mate makes just,
Kits 3 or 4 Beasts so away to be best.
Such, such we—
She seldom attends either High Church or Low;
But never is absent when other Beaux go
In company to Play, at the fashion's seat.
Such, such we—
The Dinner & elegant entertainment till Eve,
Some troublesome Tradesman to see her bags have,
But the Coach at the Door procure at Pieces.
Such, such we—
All evening the Books, Drinks, Tea, Plays, & so on,
Collect's the News & the Chat that the can
And wonders how she can be fond of a Man.
Such, such we—
Stay, Ball, & Colloque, each night the attack,
And sometimes Kitten with a few female friends,
Draw something in secret—but here my song ends.
Such, such we—
That is by no means the desirable Character you think
it is. You are very young Lady, & if you are not very
Careful, your natural propriety is liable to occasion
will ruin you headlong into extravagance, Gilly & T openly.
Why what would you have me do?
You was certainly indiscreet to marry the Man,
but do not add to your Indiscretion by ruins him.
Ruin him! I would have to know I have made him
a gentleman, & took him out of a Livery.
To throw him into a jaw.
He is not a gentleman.
But he'll be a Bigger by & by, if you continue your
thoughts of being a fine lady.
What shall I do? I shall be laughed at when I go a
Visiting.
Drinks a large quantity of Life to the health of such
Acquaintance, & do so, sir, drink & here to
forget this false stage of your life, for whilst you
remember her folly, you can never thoroughly regard
there! and whilst you keep good company, lady, as you call it, & follow their example, you can never have a just regard for your husband. So both drink to be happy.

Mrs. Well, give it me whilst I am in the humour, or I shall certainly change my mind again.

Cl. Be patient till the rest of the company drink to divert yourself with walking in the mean time.

Mrs. Well, come along, husband, I find our something to divert me in the wood here, or I’ll not mind what Mr. Grump says. 

Cl. And here come one who seems to have no occasion to make him more happy than he is.

Enter a Drunken Man Singing

Cl. Sir! what are you?

Drunk. Man. Drunk, very drunk, at your service.

Cl. What! a piece of information I do not want.

Drunk. Man. And yet it’s all the information I can give you.

Cl. Say, Sir! what brought you hither?


Cl. I mean have you any occasion for my waters?

Drunk. Man. Yes, great occasion; if you will me the favour to qualify them with some spirits & orange juice.

Cl. Sir.

Drunk. Man. Don’t stare so, old gentleman, I’ll assure you I am no informer.

Cl. You mistake me, Sir; I would have you have anything opposed your mind it makes you unhappy.

Drunk. Man. Why you are certainly a very great fool, old Gent; did you ever know a man drunk is unhappy at the same time?

Cl. Never otherwise, for a man who has lost his taste.

Drunk. Man. Has lost the most troublesome companions in the world next to wives & dem Baccyiffs.

Cl. But pray what is your business with me?

Drunk. Man. To demonstrate to you that you are an object to show you that whilst I can get such liquor as I’ve been drinking all night, I shall never come to yourWalker, the first against last Tribulation.

However, no gentleman, if you’ll do one thing for me, I don’t wish my name & conversation known away upon you.

Cl. Anything in my power!

Drunk. Man. There’s a small matter for you, & do you why then here’s a small matter for you, I’ll do why then here’s a small matter for you, let me hear me! get me one of the best wares in your Territories.

Cl. What do you mean?

Drunk. Man. To depress myself a little in the shade here for my daughter. Suppose you introduce me to Rosiny who knows how for my figure & address may tempt her, but if her Majesty is ever nice, & the me but her maid of honour, & it’ll warrant they’ll snap a piece of fresh mortality.

Cl. I forbid you.

Drunk. Man. Well, if her Majesty & Retreat are in very justice, say no more; but I’ll tell you what old friend if you think it worth your while to lend me your wife for half an hour, when you make a visit above, you shall have mine as long as you please.

Cl. If your infidelity upon sight should like mine better than your own, you shall carry her away to the Devil with you, 1000 thanks into the bargain.

Drunk. This is not to be bore. Either be silent, or you’ll repent this drunken impudence.

Cl. What a crip old fool it is. But you see, your an earthly female, I’ll go & be acquainted with her father for I am very well a pauper & he will neither think me mandrake a constable in proposing a very natural innocent Amusement. First.

Cl. Maid me to defend me another fine lady.

Enters a Lady.

Lady. The concern with which I address you, Sir, gives me such violent emotions, that were it not my Misfortune too great for modesty to bear, I could not possibly persuade myself to tolerate it.

Cl. Nor me hea’r em Lady, if they are of no more Consequence, than your compliments.
APPENDIX F

MANUSCRIPT VERSION OF LETHE. SUBMITTED TO THE LICENSOR IN 1748.

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Sir

Oct. 25th, 1748

This Farse, which was acted some few years ago, we intend to play, with some alterations at our Theatre, if it meets with the approbation of my Lord Chamberlain from a humble and obedient serf: D. Furnish. 

[Signature]
Lette,

Scene a Grove
Churen and Keep discooned

that, in the Philosophy, what good Office is keep

residing upon death &c. Or, something of the

postulate going round. I am come to here. I

may inform the Pope this hour will

and praying me the usual Compliments.

Prop. I'll see the Grove; this is the Anniversary

of the Pope of Papstine, on which day

Plato has permitted me to demand from him

something for the Benefit of mankind.

One, understand you; his Majesty's Patron

by a long persuasion added, and So, like

a Bear Modern; he must now balance his

Brandy, and sacrifice his Power to afford

for Repentance. But what has our Royal

Minister proposed in behalf of his favor

with Mortals?

Reg. Or Mankind you know, are ever compla-

cing of their lives, and dissatisfied with

their Condition the Generous Popesuline

Said of Plato, that they may have the

Bay, free Access to the Waters of Lette.
As a sovereign remedy for their complaints, the notices have been already given above.

And proclaimed, and Mercury is to conduct them to the Stage-Door. You are to carry him over to the Ship, and express the horse to return to Isis and the Fever. The horse to abide the water.

To very pretty employment, I shall have of it truly! If the Majesty has often then a whim, for the future, I must petition the Lord to Build a Bridge over the River, or let me resign my Employment.

So then Majesty has known the Difference of weight between Apollo and Bodie. However, I obey their Commands to the last of my Power; I bow my crazy head low and meekly, but many of them will be relieved from their cares before they reach Litter.

Now to Charon—Why I shall leave half of them in the Styx, and any water is a Specific against Law; provided it be taken in Punctuality.

Enters Mercury

Our lady to your Boat, Charon; there are some Mortal souls, and the Females among them.

"Will be very clamorous and uneasy if you make me wait."

"I'll make what haste I can, rather than give these poor Creatures a Thought for Constitution.

Noise within Boat, Boat, Boat, Boat"

Coming, you said you'd in a plaguing time come! No wonder these mortal souls have so many complaints, when their souls are among them, if they were good men and to be settled here for ever, they'd be damn'd alive. They'd make such a bust to come over the Styx, I suppose in this city, and yet they have drenched themselves with Litter, there will be no Quiet among them; therefore, be on to work, and so peace, dear, and Brother Mercury, good bye to you, Charon.

No. Now to my Office of Judge and Examiner, in which to the last of my knowledge I dealt with impartiality; for I took no secret, secretly relish the Object, and only deliver myself with pretexts.

Our Act as your best friend, and conformable to your Earthly Character; and we shall have few murmurers.
Prop. I'll relate one former sentiment, never to refuse dinner, to Greece, to those that could sit either. Blatant and prolix, should be clearly assured, today, and their should never be refund; and the by writing thus, you may offer many; yet you will please the better.

To, and the Approbation of one instance. Blind, is more valuable than all the noisy applause, and uncertain favour of the great and guilty.

The incomparable Drop. Both gods and men admire thee. We must now repair to desolate these mortals, and lead the inhabitants of the place, should strike 'em with too much dread. To raise him with state, minute their fears, and embolden us to approach.

My.

Be Mortals, whom fortune or fortune perchus,
When folly misguided, or imprudent,
What lives rarely know, what it is to be best,
Who rise without joy, or lie down without rest.

They the glad summmons to the repair,
Drink deep of this. Thean to forget all of Care.

Old minds shall forget what they wish for in vain
And young ones the Rover they cannot regain.

The Rake shall forget his last night in young;
And dies again to wish packets enjoyed.

Then the Summons to the repair,
And drink an Oblation to Trouble Ease.
Op. - Mercury, Chiron has brought thee one mortal, conduct him hither, if one may guess at his case by his looks, he may want the assistance of the waters.

Att. an Attorney hither.

Op. As you distribute the waters of Lethe, Jo-

Att. if it be yours.

Op. Then quick, quick then—give me a draught

Att. and let the be gone—haste proceed Sis.

Op. I am a Man of business, pray desire

Att. spake me.

Op. Let me know your complaint, and

Att. you shall have immediate relief.

Op. I don't know what's the matter with me

Att. in a grown a fool, I think—I can't

Op. Sleep a night;

Att. What criteria your will?

Op. I am at hand to tell you, I'm so overcome

Att. I have one of the best friends in the world, a generous worthy Man indeed,

Op. and to whose I must confide. I have two

Att. many obligations

Op. And that Friend is dead?

Att. were's the if—I might then rest in these

Op. wave, wave, Sir; this is very generously

Att. has built his circumstances and been fallen

Op. into despair, and the Flows can't keep his

Att. folly to lunacy, but must eventually be pre-

Op. vaging me with it— as if I had anything

Att. to do—

Op. You are obliged to him, you say—

Att. Here! I was bereaved— when I first

Op. set out in the world, but that was a great

Att. while ago, and those things you know

Op. wear out—and yet I can't quite forget

Att. neither. Come, the water, the water.

Op. If in your Power to assist your

Att. Friend why don't you relieve yourself,

Op. and make him happy.

Att. You look like too sensible a man

Op. to be in the earnest.

Att. Indeed I am, Sir, sincerely in earnest

Op. can there be a greater pleasure than to

Att. return an Obligation?

Op. Yes, faith, to forget it so pray give

Att. me the water.

Op. pray Sir, if it be not an imprisonment.
Lionel, what business may you be of?

Attorney: I am an attorney sir, at your service.

Proper: Not at my service for when I despatched you from your word, I left both my brain and business behind me. Suppose I should show you how you may ruin the

1st applicant of your friend to your own advantage.

Attorney: I do assure you sir, there is no mean new ready to serve the friends provided — if so be — that is — it may be done with safety, and — and with prudence; and, indeed, with some little attention to rich and poor services; for otherwise a man be

seen by time at least, upon which account my dear sir have not so just a value.

Attorney: Suppose you were to lend him a loan sufficient to pay his debts.

Proper: Suppose you were to give me the note.

Attorney: And suppose you could draw in

Attorney: Hey! what is that. "Draw in."

Attorney: I say suppose you could draw on

some person of substance to be bound for him, you say he is a very worthy man. -

This legal therefore may be good and. I

Lionel, therefore he may — at least if

you will lend him your assistance.

Attorney: Look sir, as for my assistance

why I don't care if I do lend — my sir;

Lionel — do you now you have mentioned it, there is the friend young. It would be

have lend and no money, an easy and good

natural fellow — it may certainly be done — I have it here — I'll see on

my friend sir — your sorrow, your sorrow, I have no ends of the ledger now

let me see my friend. Young

Proper: Nay pray Mr. Attorney take a sip of your generosity, and if you would let it another to your knowledge in the

law, you perhaps for the time might have some notion of equity and justice.

Attorney: Look sir, I'll drink to my generosity

— with all my heart, but I keep

the Law for my own sake, and the benefit

of mankind.

Proper: Walk in that grove sir. I have Dr.

ain in the rest; and you shall do as you please.
After: Pray don't be long bid, the game is now
setting. I have two Battles and Batties
at once, and if I don't promise some
bishops in a day of Prayer, my turn may
soon be lost to leave his Dear, so pray be quick,
pray be quick.

Aye — you know, Mr. Attorney! A Rea
clerience of the Law! If the Pope
abounds in such Pardalions, I shall
wonder to see Episcopacy crowded with mili
Convent Members, but here comes some-
something tricking their way, that seems to
be neither Man or woman and yet an
odd mixture of (Both).

Enter a Nurse.

Nurse: — Harkee, old Trunk! do you stand
trunk here?

Pop — drawers, young Top! Do you know
where you are, nor who you talk to?

Beau — Not I, Sir me! But 'twas said with me
wherever I am, or whatever I am with to be
always easy and Familiar.

Aye — Then let me advise you, young Gentleman.
fo drink the water and forget that care and
Familiarity.

Beau — Why so, Saby? would you not have me
with thee?

Pop — yes, but you may not always meet with
people so Pudgy as yourself; or as Eilie
as I am; and if what you call Brambles do
not be confined Importance, you may
have a return of Familiarity, may make
you repent your Education as longer you
live.

Beau — come, come, Old gentleman, give me a pluck
of your Water; and keep your Devices for
yourself.

Pop — I must first be informed for what
purpose you drink 'ere.

Beau — You must have known Philosophy, don't
at all forget two Qualities: Kindness and
Good Nature.

Pop — you lie — I have such a combustible
temper, that when a fine temper which
is often the case) spiders to my fingers,
I'd be driven away from her, and seem
to very good indeed, that when a man.
I am afraid, dear Sir, I am afraid you are come to the wrong purpose. Treading on Bath, would have done you more good. And so for your good Nature, take a large Cup of the forgetfulness of your fears. Your good Nature I believe will handle you no more.

Dear (and this is your) doctor, dear Sir! Expo. my advice. You would do a great deal further. I should advise you to drink to the forgetfulness of every thing you know. And, the Doctor you would, then I should have traveled to a fine purpose truly, you don't imagine perhaps that I have been there many times, and have made the Tour of Europe? Expo. you, sir, I wish you had traveled by your Draps and Conversations (but pray with submission) what valuable thing have you brought home with you? Shall I write convince you in a moment? I know not.
thoroughly to despise my own

Above your country is greatly obliged to you. But if you are settled in it now, how can your taste and abilities excuse it? how. Thus my existence is hourly supported by an importunity, I despair, and pity, weep, write letters, and run over all my past, present, and expected state and conduct. The audience, upon which the Gales, who have the reputation of one of us, begin to rise and cry off. A white-bunned horse appears to them, cold with my shoulder. This laboring with my right hand, and smile seriously—

Shoe—This superficial the stairs, and they attack with Vikings of weeks orange, and half eaten Piggin- 

Drop and you relish

Better without doubt, if I can relieve—

for orange and vinegar is the apple may disqualify a feature—

Hope I am afraid that all this, that you are obliged to your own imagination for more than third party of your importance.

Read—James the Old Pig, Ambassadors
cook, you old child, to be. I pray you let me have
your leave to stay in your house and
ignorance below here, that one notion
above Mists are too refined for you; so
we are not likely to agree. I shall tell
Waller very shortly with you. — Bottle
me off the Water I want, or you shall
be convinced that I have courage in the
writing of a cock; dispatch me in
calmly and without loss of time, or I
shall make bold to throw you into the
river and help myself — what say
you to that now?

Mrs. Tutt — Very Cock and Carrie! I have no
natural inclination, to put your brain
broad to the tryal, if you will be
pleased to walk within four yards
like I have examined some I see coming
will compromise the affair between us.
You — you as you behave, a Rover!

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Tutt.

Mrs. Tutt — Why don't you come along Mr.
Tutt? what the devil are you afraid of?
Convent.

Dear—If you married him with your own consent, I think you ought—consider your Affection a little longer.

[Miss—What signifies what you think, if I don't think so?—We are quite tied of one another, and are come to drink some of your life. Let's try— I think they love it, to forget one another, and be married again.

Dear—The water can't divorce you, madam, or you may easily forget him without the assistance of water.

Miss—Ah, how so?

Dear—By remembering continually he is your husband; there are no war.

Ladies have another Receipt—But what do the gentlemen say I said?

[Miss—What signifies what he says? I am so young, and so foolish as that come to, to be directed by my husband, or to care what either he says or you say:

Dear—Pray who has advised you to a separation?

Mr. Tutt—Several young Ladies of my acquaintance, who tell me they are...
...it was improved, but I was not conscious of it. I was a lady of rank and fashion, and thought it was proper for me to give some notice of the event.

The day was fine, and the air was invigorating. I walked to the *New* and found it in full swing. The *New* was a long, low, red-brick building, with a large, well-kept garden in front.

I went in and found the *New* filled with people. There was a dance going on in the main hall, and everyone was enjoying themselves. I joined in the fun and enjoyed the music and the company.
I pray, a large Quantity of the late
lot of your Acquaintance, and do you,
Sir, drink and do to forget the false step
of you... I pray whilst you remember,
but today you are never thoroughly good
for, whilst you keep good Company;
Ladies, as you eat it, and follow there;
example you can never have a just regard
for your Husband; So both Drink
and be happy.

Mrs. Tat — look give it me whilst I am in
the Mea sure or debate certainly,
change my mind again.

Ees, be patient... I'd the rest of the company
with, and direct yourself in the mean
time with walking in the Groove.

Mrs. Tat — look come along Husband, and
keep me in Measure or I think that you
and a Carum as you never heard in
your life.

Ees — Don't Tat.

And by a clock rising.

Ees — Monsieur, voici broujou — qu'as-
vy répondre vous par? Je dis, que je ris
vos sentiments.

Ees. I don't understand you Sir.

Ees. All Barbare, it is part from parents —
cat, sir no speak de French.

Ees. No really Sir, I am not so polite?

Ees. En verite, you have not much Fashion,
if one may judge of your breeding by
your Appearance.

Ees. Nor you much Wonder of one may
Judge of your Head, by the Ornaments
about it.

Ees. Least cela dense? d'ou do you mean to
appear a Man?

Ees. No Tie, His To you I am speaking.

Ees. All Lee? am not I a man? d'ou you
Take me for a Bed or a Horse, damn.

Ees. If you art upon it, Sir, I would ad-
divory you to lay aside your arrows and the
for they undoubtedly help in your Shrouds

Ees — upon my word, Sir, if you treat a for

—-ilhomme de mon Rang an
Diable comme ca, depend upon it, then
be a little en Cavalier with you —
Drop. Pay Sir, of what Rank and Quality are you?

Gent. Sir, I am a Marquis, a Gascon, Gentleman er Beaufort d'Athe, Sir, I have been an Excentricall over the World, and am at present in Angleterre, where I have more Honors and Markets than Ever I was in my own Country or indeed any where else.

Drop. And pray Sir, in what does your Honor consist?

Gent. Sir, I speak the French, I dance on Maleval, I sing des stoles Chassans, and I have an tolerable Appearance.

On brief Sir, my Honor consists in a Ladie foreigner — and on the other hand — onde de Anglesse be such Gods to love by Foreigner better than dama — dama, the Foreigner would be as some greater fool, and they not leave their own Country ever day have no Valuing at all, and come to Angleterre ever day want for nothing at all.

Drop. What have you so many Goudens?

Gent. So many? Began I have one grandour de Madama de la Vau, in all parts of the Town.

Drop. Incredible and Surprising!

Gent. Va, it is wonderful, that I should be so

Drop. No Sir, that any Body should end

Gent. Et voila c'est un tromper, you are deceived my friend. If fortune has given me no Money, Nature has given me der Talente wie ich de unme Sieg — par Exemple de English Ihre last de Mon — me, I have de Talente is bonne idée
and a little of dat from a French language
is very good (well and clearly) for a French
Pound. I'll be done, said have this.

Dear sir,

The impossible, sir.

It's impossible! pour quand sy a

Drop. Because if any fine gentleman who
doesn't know money, don't make the same de-
mand we should have no letters left
for any other gentleman.

What dat mean? Do dat sy?

Drop: Many the lady as soon as you can,

Buy your Debt, with part of the principle.

Drink the water to forget your往下.

You can get her to your own gun-

This, and be a better economical for the

Calls to my own country. I demand the-

dan, I had much rather stay once a

am, I cannot go, sir upon my word.

Which says my Friend

Give. Entre nous, sir I had much rather

pay for a French dinner, or lighter

keep bonne compagnie, management}

and do nothing at all. Then keep a ship on

Plymou, copper and silver to Charles, and

two upon ship and Stowe's. the rest of my

Life.

Drop: I cannot. Because you have your choice

and if others. People are to lend not to do

Squint at the Indians, for the first boat-

man, these settlers must be the blackest.

Then go up to the sea of the empire,

and you shall take the Benefit of what

with them.

Gay. Monsieur Drop sans hesitation un coup

l'oint. I am very sorry to have you.

— Jean François en Provence, etc.

Marguer de Bourdon, en Angleterre.

El-Gaston.

Drop: Skold me and defend me another

This Lady

Entre-voi, M. Miol.

M. Miol: A Monster! A foolish brute. our

Watermen are as unjustly upon the lea-

upon the Thames now. A Lady of

Fashion with Taostman wives and

Mechanics. What's this Carleton

or Plutus Luminosus Care. I truly was had
with all the Ministers of this Inhuman God.

Do your what is the matter Lady?

Mr. Riot. Every thing is the matter, my friends are uncompos'd, and every circumstance about me is a perfect dilemma.

Do your what has disordered you then?

Mr. Riot. Your silly Budman, Scaramour, there.

Do your. Haron Lady you mean?

Mr. Riot and where are you, you ugly creature you? I see any more of you, I hate it with Tenacity.

Do your. The voice think me Sir, some Budman.

Mr. Riot. I hate the wire, but who are you?

Do your. I am Doop, madam, honored this day by presenting with the restoration of the laws of Letters commandments.

Mr. Riot. Now the Budman join fellow — where the company I die in solitude.

Do your. What company?

Mr. Riot. The best company, people of fashion! the Bear brigade, show me to some of your glorious lords whom do.

wander about in your Groves and dreams — show me to glittering lakes, enchanting stagnant waters, and all the polite Enjoyments of Egypt.

Do your. This is a language unknown to me, Lady. — No such fine company, and very little good company (as you call it) in Egypt.

Mr. Riot. What is opera? Oh! No question — then unfortunate Regis: indel. Your last one I suppose rises no higher than your Shakespeare and your Johnson, oh you gods and sages in the name of Bardy take care — to your selves, we are just off from this Earth — one goes indeed to a place — house sometimes, because one demands know how else one can sit and sin — everybody goes because all the world's there — but for my part — call Scaramour &c! But take me back again, we may no longer live — Royal Immortals.

Do your. You are an happy woman, that.
And yet out at Day upon Business
(Do not make a Night upon Reason, Do)

Mrs. Kell. I keep the best Company, Sir,
Our Day light is no agreeable light to a
polite Lady by day, The Sun is very wise and
Comfortable for the lower part of the Nation,
Not to Ladies who have a true Day of
Reason, Were indeed, are preferable:
(Drop. Proposition. Tumey.)

Mrs. Kell. And so most delicate speech, sir,
you don't approve my scheme what a
terrible Novelisation it must be, not to
have the apprehension of so fine a sublime
Madame,--Oh! you mighty devour
you! Have you the Vanity to imagine
Digne of Dignity will mind what you
say, or that to learn politeness and
Breeding, It is necessary to take a
(Do not make a Night upon Reason, Do)

Mrs. Kell. It is necessary to get a little re-
fection, some where, when those up-
stars leave you, and your senses are satisfied what must be the Consequence

(Mr. Post. Oh, I have the best receipt in the
World for the Leper, and lead the Day;
)
Mrs. Rich. I thought, madam, you had something to complain of.

Mrs. Rich. And, husband, you know, in my next to nothing.

Mrs. Rich. How has he offended you?

Mrs. Rich. The man talks of nothing but his money and my extravagance. He has no more in the city than he had when I died. He's left the money. My husband and I, madam, made me as great a brat as my husband.

Mrs. Rich. You have an husband? Then I have.

Mrs. Rich. I think so — well, and so I have. Come pick me some of your letters; I must forget something, I had so good forget him for he's grown insufferable late.

Mrs. Rich. And all this without any proof — call it on your side?

Mrs. Rich. Land, how should I prove it? I never saw him, my husband speak to him — no, I want money, money.
Drunk and unhappy at the same time.

Clop. Now, otherwise, for a man who has lost his sense.

All. Has lost the most troublesome Company in the World, next to War and your Baillifs.

Clop. But, pray, what is your Business to us?

All. To demonstrate to you that you are an Ass—

Clop. Your humble servant.

All. And to show you, that whilst I cannot get such Liquors as I have been drinking all night, I have none come for your Water Specifics against Gastric and Intestinal Complaints. However old Gentleman, if you’ll do one thing for me, I shall think myself done a conversation-thrown-away upon you:

Clop. Any thing in my Power.

All. Why, then, here’s a small matter for you, and do you hear me? Let me one of the best Whines in your Lassies.

Clop. What I’ve mean

All. To refresh myself the better here after my Journey. Suppose now you introduce me to Baillifs, who know my figure and Mop may consent to it. If the Majesty is ever so well-warranted you they’ll snap at a bit of fresh Mortality.

Clop. Monsieur.

All. Well, well, if it is Monsieur, I say to more of the Majesty and Religion are over Vilemen, I say no more.

But I’ll let you what, old Friend, if you lend me your Life for half an Hour, when you make a visit a-broad, you shall have mine as long as you please, and if upon Joyal you should like mine better than your own, you have care to lay her away to the Devil with you, and less thousand Thanks into the Baillifs.

Clop. This is said to be done, either be silent or you’ll repeat this Drunken Insolence.

All. What a Cups old Fool it is.
I presume Sir, from the information of your having, and the wisdom that your name is — it — what the Devil? Do.

Stop. Pop, at your service.

What? The same the same — I know you well enough you old sensible Pump you — many a time has my flesh felt. Throb upon your account; perhaps what you please to write, such foolish old stories of a Cock and a Hare, I don't know what, to plague your innocent Lady with; it was damned ridiculous; let me tell you that.

Stop. I am now convinced Sir, I have written to very little purpose.

Well, very little. I presume you — but now mind it — Damn if you are a fine old Greekian, for all that — come here, Sir — is not he a fine old Greekian? — and that he is not the handsomest, — oh, but dropped Man in the World he has the handsomest since than either you or I have —

Say: Pray may I introduce me.
Esop. But how came you to a knowledge of your misfortune, had not you the same with you?

Tayl. A great deal more Sir, and that is the reason for my believing myself dishonoured ever since I married, I am to have a child every year.

Esop. So?

Tayl. Secondly not one of them is like their father.

Esop. Not like you, you mean; so much the better.

Tayl. Thirdly, I don't think my Roman very agreeable.

Esop. Some of your opinion.

Tayl. Fourthly Dr. Gage the Secrecy, and Mr. Mairin; the Grece was so kind to me, that the I make their bills longer than those of my other customers, yet they always pay me to a penny I am used to coming to my House; and if I chance to be abroad, they always lay it to my wife the Dranne Home again, and do you think Sir, they do not think for the sake of my conversation.

Tayl. I am afraid not.

Tayl. And truly Sir—my wife harbors with very high Church Blood, in her, the she is lately turn'd Papist, and is always railing at me and the government—The Priest and she lay their Hands so often together that I am afraid he has persuaded her, that it will save her precious soul of the Church, a horseback Priest—

Esop. Oh, don't think so hardly of men.

Tayl. Lord Sir, you don't know what. Pleasure are going forward above, Religion indeed in the Outside Shell, but inside is the living—let but a Priest set a woman on Horse back to shall with to the Devill.

Esop. Why you are in a Papian Trance, if you would but keep yourself there, a proper time, you might keep the door from your Pavilley.

Tayl. Lord Sir, my wife has as much Passion again as I have, and when ever she's up, she burn's my Temper all down and says nothing.
Dropy. What remedy have you to propose for this misfortune?

Say. I would propose to dip my head into the River to wash away my Tincture—and if you'll let me take a few bottles to my Wife, if the water is of a cooling Nature, I may perhaps be easy that way; but I should cheer your Worship please.

Dr. I am afraid this method won't answer. Friend; suppose therefore you think to forget your suspicions for they are nothing more, & let your head drink to forget your visions—then confidence will succeed, & consequently mutual happiness.

Say. I have such a spirit I can never bear to be dishonoured in any way.

Dropy. The water will cool your head, and if I can but lower your Wiper the line, why it's done; but what will you do with your Friend, the Greek & the Scythian?

Say. I'd send it to the Hills & forbid in my House, & if ever I meet him with

my Wife again—Dr. Dr. let us the Town know it, so pair—

Dropy. We'll go for a moment to your Companion, & you shall drink presently, or do nothing rationally.

Say. I can't help it, rackings, is my head—so, out age & more experience, I hope will cure me—your account, he indeed he is a fine old Greek—

Dr. Taylor—

Dropy. Poor fellow, I pity him—

Doctor Mercury—

Say. What can be the meaning of this, there are no more mortal rackings over, & presently there's a great Pectoral on the other side the aye, & Charon has been in his Boat even without Elysian.

Dropy. He is to answer for himself—

Charon. —

Say. Oh! Oh! Oh!

Me. What dwells you so, Charon?

Charon. Why there's the head to do amongst mortal You'd see, they are do together the[...]

the Sea.
Mrs. What of matter?
Mr. There are some Ladies, who have been
Dispensing so long and so large about taking
Place and Precedency, that they have set
their Relations against one another, to support their family: There is not by
some of them so foolish and some of
them so distant at the present, that they
have not time to think of their Misfortunes, so I can tell them to settle their
inconveniences by themselves, and be friends
at their leisure.
Mrs. What is to be done? (Mrs.)
Mr. Without these, there we have and
I finish the business of the day
Mrs. Susan Maw
& Lady
Mr. I never went to pick up a Man
Where in my life, but of just two,
man I laid hold on was my father
dear virtuous wife, where she is
Disp. Do that, Lady your wife
Mrs. you live, you must if you please to accept
of her

(Disp. Mrs. she has formerly given too much
into fashionable Follies, she now repents
and will be more prudent for future
Disp. And what for what"
Disp. To recover your Fortune.
Mrs. I am impossible, sir, it has been
given over a long time, why it has been
in a Galloping Consumption for about
two years.
Disp. Riol. Did you ever hear such a story?
Mrs. It is possible a woman of any pre-
riety could be inhabitable to such a Bax-
Emat
Mrs. I am your Servant, Madam, by Care
and Economy to restore him to his
Savings, and receive his fortune.
Disp. Look, Mr. Mason, all you can
say will signify Nothing, and if you
had been wider than you are, you must
have known that when once we close
Hearts upon things, not all of widem-
y of Heaven or Earth put together can-
break them, as leaving you good Folks.
lo your Prudence & water drinking, &
Shall make the best of my way to lady
Pamela Assembly where I shall be-
'Un know not unhappy Lord, were we
Upon Earth, & that wise wisdom, Del-
stic & polichop can only be found
in the Virgin Shades. He, he, he,
—Here reason take me now again
So Mr. Rich
[Enter Reason, &c.]
Will, for Reason's sake where is Mr.
Rich? what has Mr. Rich left the
world?
Well, yes, sir, and if you'd leave us too
Mr. Rich would be equally happy
—but I suppose friend you are one
of the world, for you seem to be
more shadow than substance.
But what a damned disgraceful place
this is. Hark ye Mr. Drop— you have
not led me like a gentleman; I have
been cooling my heels yonder to no
Purpose, you needn't move away a lady
who was only vocable to think here, &
you have suffered that drunken melancholy
to affect me— for which may God
Cure all you are— may you drink
nothing but water of health.
This is your weekly dog song.
Here, sir, may you forget every thing
but the first Braggart, but your own brains,
and Wheelchair — and so — you know
able servant. Tol, tol, tol,
Eek! Eek
Mr. There goes another six of spirits.
Say Mr. Reason stand on End!
Drop? To return to reason with being
therefore Mercury let us finish the Bin-
ing of it Day. Summation of Mortals
from of Gene, and we're done with
to Earth, as happy as Lotta can make
me —
So Lotta's come, come follow me?
Come fellow, follow, follow me
To Death and joy and solitude.
Hark! fear the coat, come, come, and die.
And leave the career by Lotta's brink.
Always gone, come, come, come, away
And life shall hence be holiday
No secure from joy, nor fable nor pain
Make sure of Voltaire. Head again.
To Lellie's brisk then follow follow
To Pleasure come, obey the call
And will and cotility and joy
Make every future home company

Oh! Now Morals attend, I have previ
-ed from your examination that each of you

so mistaken of effects of your disposition for your cause. You would

itself by be relieved from many things which interfere with your Affections &

peace, while your own from others all your cares and your fortunes arise

are totally forgotten & neglected.

Therefore instead of copping off the

branches, let the axe be laid to the

wood.

Judice alone directs all human bad

Cure die with guilty caution & called

Fate.
If the following scene meets the approbation of the Lord Chamberlain, it will be introduced in the Force of Lethes performed at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, 26 Dec. 1771.
Enter Trindle & Servant.

Exit, you take off my hat - I am at a distance - (take off the hat). I ask you - I was going back again, with a strong soul - what with the damp of it. Over the mast, of the boat, the vulgarity of the boat fellow - my ideas are a thousand fluttered. I shone nothing to smell to - but my Scarecrow. - There's another fright. (wringing) what in the name of delicacy induced me to miss this lower wind. When from a lake, I shall not hear the thoughts of being in the dark, or meeting holy nebulae.

Servant: Who are you?

Trindle: Ah, Trindle spoke.

Servant: You seem to be a stranger - can I be of service to you? What are your wishes?

Trindle: I wish I had no trouble.

Servant: If one could suppose a human being exist without an I should ask you.

Trindle: A gentleman is nothing more, without that. Another in his bag.

Servant: Your words are contradictory to your appearance, how can I believe in your profession?

Trindle: But I am very peculiar when I set my mind to it - when my blood is up, I am the very devil at a little Richard - my heart beats for Revenge, my ambition has to add a pair of knots to the end of my name, gentlemen.

Servant: And are you come for my advice on this landable undertaking, pray explain yourself.

Trindle: I'll tell you, Mister. I want a little of your advice. I want a little of your advice. I want a little of your advice. I want a little of your advice. Here is a little of my advice. - By strengthening my stock, I may forget my bowels, but there the gentleman is without my advice, what is your advice?
You can see the happy woman.

Determinedly don't do anything else! Don't have another chance.

You see, the happy woman.

Of course, you do too much learning.

The happy woman.

On the one hand...
Jack my Gill, Cockatoo, Trifle and I, a
thousand importunities besides—what
could I do?—I vowed about & set up for a
Rake; I learnt to curse & swear, followed
the Women, kept a Mistress, got drunk, broke
windows was beat by the watch, I caught a
fever by lying in the Round-house,
Ves for all that the Rakes still follow
me along the streets, as if I had had a
bannister back'd to my Tail.
Asop. And you continued so fresh, they
to be more uncivil.
Trifle. I was in such passions—that
positively losing my senses, by growing
desperate, invoid to many.
Asop. That was desperate indeed.
Trifle. I'm wonderfull I did not commit
Murder Mr. Asop.—you know the rest of
my Adventure—I shall be laughtton
of I don't make my Rival a bunnette—this
honeymoon's ower & mine shall begin—
that's my Spirit.
Asop. And so you would plunge into Vice
to get rid of your follies—which is like
taking poison to cure drunkenness.
Trifle. You're a charming Man! Shall I
take a gulf of your Lethe, & down with my
inordinate desires—
Asop. A sight of that tall Gentleman
in the Grove, will I believe more effectually
cure you of your evil designs than all the
waters of Lethe.
Trifle. I protest the very Man that has
dishonour'd me—egad you are right Mr.
Asop, he is a nasty, huge Fellow, he shall
keep his Wives to himself for me—what a
monstrous hat! A long sword he has, I
feel I have no occasion for the wataer—
I'll return hence again— Nurse myself
after this fatigue. I watch over my dead little
creature, whose time was up this very morning.

Asop: The murder's out—You do keep a lady there, it seems—

Friske: No, peg. Mr. Asop—The dear little creature I speak of is a little Barbel she

Dogs of mine, that I expect to push every moment—If I were not in the time

of danger for the world. No. Mr. Esp, with unrepeatable gratitude for all favors

I am yours—Jany my great coat—(Exit.)

Asop: Go thy ways for the most unac

countable Animal I ever b left or heart

of—'tis beyond the power of fable to de-

scribe thee.
Letters
by David Garrick
A New Occasional Prologue.

To Honour call'd, the full heart
Beats all its feelings to impart;
And to its gratitude give way,
The Tongue refuses to obey;
For needy most, we seldom find
The Key that should unlock the Mind—
When Every Syria's King obey'd.
With Modesty & Diffidence,
(The best attendants upon Sense.)
The Moral truth: in Tales convey'd.
More honour'd, tho' of little fame,
The humblest copy of so great a Man,
Under the shelter of his Name,
With trembling imitates his plan—
To speak his sentiments life able.
Like Him, he has recourse to Table.

The Mimic Blackbird; a Fable.
With his small imitative Power,
Done with a certain Art & Spirit.
He gained some Reputation,
For Fame can if she please
Turn trifles into prodigies.
Which made the Birds of all Degrees
Loud clap their Wings with Approbation.

The blackbird saw one fatal day,
His jetty feathers changing gray,
He thought—and thus he reason'd,
In growing Old, and somewhat lame;
My eyes, I see, are not the same,
All frolicks have their reasons—

Tis time for them and one to part,
I'll now give up the Mimic Art,
To private Shades repair,
There free from noise & care,
From bush to tree, from tree to bush I'll fly,
Whenever the Sun breaks thro' a cloud it,
I'll blissfully wing away the hour,
And who so happy then as I!—
Loth.  

Scene, a Grove, with a View of the River.
This Power, to keep peace in the Family. But what has our Royal Master proposed, in behalf of her favourite Mortals?

Note: As Mankind, you know, are ever complaining of their Sares, and dissatisfied with their Conditions, the generous Power divine has begg'd of Plato, that they may have free access to the Waters of Lethe, as a sovereign Remedy for their Complaints. Notice has been already given above, and Proclamation made. I am to conduct them to the Pope. You are to Ferry 'em over to Elysium, and Appo is to distribute the Waters.

Char: A very pretty employment I shall have of it, truly! After Majesty has often these whims, I must petition the Court, either to build a Bridge over the River, or let me resign my employment. Do their Majesties know the difference of weight, between Souls and Bodies? However, I'll obey their Commands to the best of my power. I'll row my crazy Boat over, and meet 'em; but many of them will be relieved from their Sares, before they reach Lethe.

Note: How so, Sharon?

Char: Why, I shall leave half of 'em in the Styx.

and any Water is a specific, against Care, provided it be taken in quantity.

Note: But don't be peevish, Sharon; be cheerful, or the Mortals will be afraid to enjoy the Benefit of this Festival.

Char: Well, well, I'll do my best. - I'll be a Hypocrite, for once, and endeavour to appear merry, with an aching heart; and to put myself in tune. I'll give 'em a song, if pouring the Waters so often, has not spoiled my voice.

Song

I'll set it a float, my old crazy Boat. On the Styg, I'll sing as I row. I'll beat time with my strokes. Well crack Water jokes. And call to the shore, 'Lethe ho! Lethe ho!'

This Vanity is light, yet so heavy is Sin. We may all tumble in. The ladies will shriek! The Tribbles will squeak! The vain ones will weep, the Wicked will wink. To the bottom they go. If Hope they will shrink. Enough to kill Care. Lethe ho! Lethe ho!
Enter Aegop.

Aegop. Away to your boat, Sharon! there are some mortals arrived, and the females among them will be very clamorous, if you make them wait.

Sharon. I'll make what haste I can, rather than give these fair creatures a topic for conversation. 

[Noises within] Boat, Boat, Boat, Boat!

Cooming.
Cooming. Strain, you are in a plaguey hurry, sir! no wonder these mortal folk have so many complaints when there's no patience among them. If they were dead now and to be settled here forever, they'd be damned before they'd make such a rush to come away. but care, I suppose, is thirsty, and till they have drench'd themselves with lettuce, there will be no quiet among them. therefore, I'll go to work, and so, friend Aegop, and brother Mercury, good bye to ye!

Aegop. Sharon.

Sharon. How to my office of Judge and Examiner! in which to the best of my knowledge, I will act with impartiality, for I will immediately relieve real objects and only divert myself with pretenders.

Enter Aegop. Act as your Wisdom directs, and conformable to your earthly character, and we shall have few

Murmurers.

Aegop. I still retain my former sentiments, never to refuse advice or charity to those that want either. Folly and rudeness should be equally avoided, folly and vice should never be spared. and tho' by acting thus, you may offend many, yet you will please the better few. the approval of one virtuous mind is more valuable than all the noisy applause, and uncertain favours of the great and guilty.

Aegop. Incomparable Aegop! both men and gods admire thee! we must now prepare to receive these mortals, and lest the solemnity of the place should strike em with too much dread, Morne! Morne! shall dispel their fears and embolden them to approach. 

Long.

Ye mortals whom fancies disturb, 
Whose fickle guises and infirmities vex; 
Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest, 
Whose weep without joy and lie down without rest; 
Obey the glad summons to Lether repair, 
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.
Old Maids shall forget they dropp'd in vain,
And young ones the Rover they cannot regain;
The Bait shall forget the distempers of last night,
And the Bride her slighting, forget every slight:
Obey the glad summons, to set the repair
Drink deep of the stream & forget all your care.

The Coquettes at one draught may forget all their Sins,
And Wives with bad Husbands forget all their Laces.
The troubled in mind shall go cheerfull away,
And Yesterday's Wretch be quite happy to-day.
Obey then the summons, to set the repair!
Drink deep of the stream & forget all your care.

Loop—Mercury, Sharon has brought over one Mortal already, conduct him hither. 

Exit Mercury

Now for a large catalogue of complaints, without the acknowledgement of one single Piece, Here he comes! If one may guess at his laces, by his Appearance, he really wants the Assistance of Looker.

Jenius Poet.
my Performance to a level with his own.

Copp: Now, Sir, I am acquainted with your case, what have you to propose?

Poe: Notwithstanding the success of my first Play, I am strongly persuaded that my next may defy the severity of Critics, the sneer of Wits, & the Malevolence of Authors.

Poe: What! have you been hardy enough to attempt another?

Copp: I must eat, Sir, I must live—but when I sit down to write, and am glowing with the heat of my imagination, then—this damned whistling, or whizzing in my head that I told you of, so disorders me, that I grow giddy. In short, Sir, I am haunted as it were, with the Ghost of my deceased Play, and its dying groans are for ever in my ears. Now, Sir, if you will give me but a draught of Lethal, to forget this unfortunate Performance, it will be of more real service to me, than all the Waters of Hecate.

Poe: I doubt, Friend, you cannot possibly write better, by merely forgetting that you have written before; besides, if you drink too freely of your own Works, you should unluckily forget those of other People too, your next Piece will certainly be the worse for it.

Poe: You are certainly in the right.
What then would you advise me to?

RooP: Suppose you could prevail upon the Audience
to drink the Water; their forgetting your former Work
might be of no small Advantage to your future
Productions—however, if you please.

Bek: Ah, sir! I will not do that—but I am afraid
She will never go down with the Audience.

RooP: Well, since you are bent upon it, I shall indulge
you. If you please to walk in that Grove, which will
afford you many subjects for your Poetical
Contemplation, till I have examined the rest, I will
Dismiss you in your turn.

Bek: And I in return, sir, will let the World know
in a Preface to my next Piece, that your Politeness is
equal to your sagacity, and that you are as much
the fine Gentleman as the Philosopher.

RooP: Oh, your Servant, Sir!—In the name of
Miserly & Mortality, what have we here?

[Enter an Old Man, supported by a Servant.]

Old Man: Oh! La! Oh, bless me!—I shall never recover
the fatigue!—ha, what are you, Friend?—are you the
famous RooP—and are you so kind, so very good to give
People the Water of Forgetfulness for nothing?

RooP: I am that Person, Sir, but you seem to have no
need of my Water; for you must have already outlived your
Memory.

Old Man: My memory is indeed impaired, it is not so
good as it was, but still it is better than I wish it—at
least, in regard to one circumstance, there is one
thing which sits very heavy at my heart, and which
I would willingly forget.

RooP: What is it, pray?

Old Man: Oh! la! Oh, I am horribly fatigued!—I am
an Old Man, Sir, twent’ of Ninety. We are all Mortal,
you know, so I would fain forget, if you please—that
I am to die.

RooP: My good Friend, you have not taken the
Virtue of the Water: they can cause you to forget—
only what is past, but if this was in their power,
you would surely be your own Enemy, in desiring
to forget what ought to be the only Comfort of one,
so poor and wretched as you are. What, I suppose
now, you have left some dear loving Wife behind,
that you can’t bear to think of parting with!

Old Man: No, no, no!—I have buried my Wife, &

forgot her long ago.
A sop: What, you have children then, whom you are unwilling to leave behind you?
Old M: No, no, no. I have no children at present;—hush! I don't know what I may have.
A sop: Is there any Relation, or Friend? the loss of whom—
Old M: No, no. I have outlived all my Relations, and as for friends, I have none to lose.
A sop: What can be the reason then, that in all this apparent misery you are so afraid of Death, which would be your only cure?
Old M: O Lord! I have one friend, and a true friend indeed, the only friend in whom a wise man places any confidence. I have—get a little farther off, John. [Servant retires] I have, to say the truth—a little money—it is that indeed, which causes all my uneasiness.
A sop: Thou never spokst a truer word in thy life. Old Gentleman. [Aside] But I can cure you of your uneasiness immediately.
Old M: Shall I forget then, that I am to die, and leave my money behind me?
Mrs. Lambine: They don't come along, Mrs. Lambine,
what do you mean by it?
Euph: Don't be angry, Young Lady; the Gentleman
is your Husband, I suppose.
Mrs. L.: How do you know that?; oh... What, are all
Gentlemen in this World, are you?
Euph: Your behaviour to him is a sufficient proof
of his condition, without the aid of conjuration.
Mrs. L.: Why, I was as free with him before Marriage,
as I am now. I never was coy or Meddlesome in my life.
Euph: I believe you, Madam; pray, how long have
you been Married? I mean to be very young Lady
Mrs. L.: I am old enough to be Married and have
been Married long enough to be tired of my Husband.
Euph: How long, pray?
Mrs. L.: Why, above Two Years! I Married him
without my Father's Consent, and when I was promised
to another.
Euph: If you Married him with your own Consent,
I think you might continue your Affection a little longer.
Mrs. L.: What signifies what you think, if I don't
think so? We are quite tired of one another, and are come
to drink some of your De-Lethal -deathsly I think they
call it, to forget one another, and be Unmarried.

French: Ah, le Barbare! il ne parle pas Françoise!
Euph: No, Sir, you do not speak de French Tongue.
French: Eh, cousin. Monseigneur Euph, you have not
much Poldagese, if one may be judge by your Figure &
Appearance.
Euph: Nor you much Wisdom, if one may judge
of your Head, by the Ornaments about it.
French: Quoit, ce tia done? - vat you mean to front
a Man, Sir?
Euph: No, Sir, I am speaking.
French: No, Sir, I am not a Man... vat is you take me for?
vat !Vraut... vat! I blase... panblæ!
Euph: If you insist upon it, Sir, I would advise you
not to express your Wear and Waste your Tallow.
French: Upon my word, Sir, if you treat a
Gentilhomme of my Rank & Quality comme ça,
deprive upon it, I shall be a like en cavalier vite you.
Euph: Pray, Sir, of what Rank and Quality are you?

French: Sir, I am a Marquis Francois, -
Content's lez Beauce Arte, Sir; have been an
Adventurier all over the World, and am à present,
and de Lady. She be in love with my Qualité and 
Bagatelle; now, Sir, I want twenty or thirty douzaines 
of your Vaux, for fear I be obliged to leave England, 
before I have done my grand Affaire.

Loos: Twenty or thirty dozen! for what?

French: For my Crediteurs, to make 'em forget de 
Dey to my Legations, & no trouble 'em for de future.

Loos: What, have you so many creditors?

French: So many! Regar, I have 'em dans tous les 
Quartiers de la Ville, en all parts of the Town, fait.

Loos: Wondrouf! & surprising!

French: Wondrouf! vat is wonderful? dat I shoud 
sorrow Money?

Loos: No, Sir, that any body shoud lend it you—

French: En vertu, voic vous trompez, ya do mistake 
it, mon Ami. Je have no Money. Nature, 
gives one des Talens. Je have no Money. Monsieur Loos, 
vach are de same, par example,—de Englishman 
have de Money, I have de flatterie and bonne Adresse, 
and a little of dat from a French tongue, is very good 
Credit & Securite for Trust and Bound. Eh, bien done, 
Sir! I have die twenty or fifty douzaines of your Vaux?

Oui, non!
Compliments, I am your very humble Servitor, Jean Frierson, en Provence, ou le Marquis de Rubville en Angleterre.

Exit.

Eup: What creature comes tripping this way, which seems to be neither Man or Woman, yet an odd mixture of both.

Enter Rubble & Servant.

Fri: Here Jerry take off my boat & attend at a distance; (take off the boat) I wish I was got back again, with all my soul, what with the damp of the daisets, the nastiness of the boat, the vulgarity of the boat-fellow, my nerves are in a terrible flutter! and I have nothing to smell to, but the stench of Roses! There's another fright! (seeing Eup) What in the name of Delicacy induced me to visit this lower World, when from a Babe I could not bear the thoughts of being in the dark, or meeting Hobgoblins.

Eup: Who are you?

Fri: William Rubble Esq.

Eup: You seem to be agitated, can I be of service to you what are your Wishes?

Fri: I wish I had no nerves, Sir.

Eup: If one could suppose a human creature, to exist without 'em, I should fix upon you as the happiest...
Fri: I would run away with her, and leave the Horse-Grenadier to June & Tel in his great Jack-boots.

Ees: No! You run away with her!

Fri: I would positively, and then mention it in all the newspapers. I should not mind throwing away a few thousands upon a little coat. Can a gentleman be anything now, without that feather in his cap?

Ees: Your words are, a contradiction to your appearance, and I can't believe in your profligacy.

Fri: Oh! but I am very profligate when I set my mind to it; when my blood is up. I am the very devil at a little wickedness; my heart beets for revenge, and my ambition burns to add a pair of horns to the fur cap of the Horse grenadiers.

Ees: And are you come for my assistance in this laudable undertaking? Pray, explain yourself.

Fri: I'll tell you. Mister Esop, I want a little of your advice about my horse, if I was to use your River Lethe by way of cold bath, by strengthening my horse, I may forget my terror, and I might see the Monster of a Husband, without my cold words, what is your advice?

Ees: Have not you inconsiderately taken up the character of a rake, to conceal, as you falsely imagine, some contrary impertinence?

Fri: Gracious Goodness, how charmingly you talk!
you are a dear man, and I will reveal my soul to you...  

Coop: Then we shall come to a right understanding.

Fris: Born and bred too delicately, and never suffered to be out of the right of my Ma./ I fear I had contracted some actions of the F[rightful] - a harlot & torment with the names that our Brides, with their nasty liberty, cast upon me, such as, Rопад, Надев, Кедди-1, Lackaday! Jack my gall, Lookato, Frizzlerump, and a thousand impertinences beside, what could I do? I swore about, and set up for a Rake; I learnt to lie and swear, fellow the women, kept a mistrey, got drunk, broke windows, was beat by the Watch, and caught a purple fever, by lying in the Round House; and yet, for all that, the Brides still called me along the streets, as if I had had a conscience lack'd to my tail.

Coop: And you continued to fret & they to be more uncivil.

Fris: I was in such passion, that losing my senses, & growing desperate, I resolved to marry.

Coop: That was desperate indeed.

Fris: This wonderful! I did not commit Murder, if I did, I shall take a gulp of your athe, and down with your inordinate devices.

Coop: A sight of that till Gentleman in the Grove, will I believe, more effectually cure you of your evil devices, than all the Waters of Lethe.

Fris: I protest, the very man that has dishonour'd me.

Coop: The wonderful I did not commit Murder.

Mr. Coop: shall I take a gulp of your athe, & down with my inordinate devices? As I live, Mr. Coop, yonder comes the huge nasty fellow that has dishonour'd me! I protest, I won't meet him! What a monstrous Hat, is a long sword he has! I have no occasion for the Water's! I have forgot every thing! I shall go round the Grove, another way, pass the Bye, again, and get home as fast as I can. Mr. Coop, your servant! Yerry, my boat! I am in a terrible flurry! / Exit.

Coop: Go thy ways for the most accountable Animal I ever beheld or heard of; it is beyond the power of Fable to describe thee!

Enter Mr. & Mrs. Carbine.

Mrs. Carbine: Why don't you come along, Mr. Carbine? What the devil are you afraid of?

Coop: Don't be angry, young lady: the Gentleman
to your Husband, I suppose!
Mrs. L. How do you know that, eh? what, you art all
Conjurors in this World, are you?
Eose: Your behaviour to him is a sufficient proof
of his condition, without the gift of conjuration.
Mrs. L. Why, I was as free with him before Marriage
as I am now; I never was coy or prejudish in my life.
Eose: I believe you, Madam; pray, how long have
you been Married—you seem to be very young, Lady.
Mrs. L. I am old enough to be Married, and have
been Married long enough to be tired of my Husband.
Eose: How long, pray!
Mrs. L. Why, above Two Months!—I Married
Mr. Farvine without my Father's consent, & when
I was promis'd to another.
Eose: If you Married him with your own
consent, I think you might continue your affection
a little longer.
Mrs. L. What signifies what you think if I don't think
so? we are quite tired of one another, & are come to think
some of your de-dainty—deshily, I think they call it—to forfet one another & be unmarried again.

Eose: The Waters can't divorce you, Madam, and
you may easily forget him without the Assistance
of Lethe.
Mrs. L. Ay, how so?
Eose: By remembering continually, he is your
Husband: there are several Ladies have no other
Receipt.—But what does the Gentleman say to
this?
Carb: Why, Sir—
Mrs. L. What signifies what he says!—I am too
Young and so foolish, as that comes to, to be directed
by my Husband, or to care what he says or you say.
However, talk to one another if you will, I have no
objection, for settle matters how you please, I will
have my own way. I shan't cease!
Carb: Sir, I was in the Grenadet Guards, when
I fell in Love & ran away with that Young Lady;
I immediately left the Corps, and thought myself
made for ever; little imagining that a poor vain
fellow, was purchasing Fortune at the expense
of his Happiness.
Cowper: Yes even so, Friend. Fortune & Felicity are as often at variance, as Man & Wife.

Old: I found it so, Sir: this high life, as I thought it, did not agree with me. I have not laughed, and scarcely slept, since my advancement; and unless your Wisdom can alter her notions, I must enquire if you have the blessings of a Fine Lady and her Portion, for content, have recourse to Half-a-crown a day, & return to my Corps again.

Enter Robin A Servant.

Robin: A Card from Lady Featherby to your Honour.

Cowper: A Card! and to my Honour! Neither understand the Title or the Message, Friend.

Rob: No, your Honour; that is very extraordinary. I read the Card, and I believe you'll find her Ladyship stands in no want of Wit or Words to explain herself.

Cowper: Read, Lady Featherby presents her compliments to the Grecian Fabulist, and sends

"I deem it as a very particular favour, if he would indulge her with his company under the great Cypress Tree in Queen Dido's Walk, as she cannot passibly from her fright & fatigue proceed any further; the particular necessity of her situation urges her to request an immediate Conference."

"Now of Keds indeed.--These orders are to receive the Company here, the Lady's commands shall be obey'd. I will attend her." Excl. Rod. But harkee Young Lady—pray, who has advis'd you to a separation!"

Mrs. B: Several Young Ladies of my Acquaintance who tell me they are not angry at me for marrying him, but being fond of him now I have married him, and they say I should be as compleat a Fine Lady as any of them, if I would but procure an inseparable Divorcement.

Cowper: Pray, Madam, will you let me know what you call a Fine Lady?

Mrs. B: Why, a Fine Lady, and a Fine Gentleman are two of the finest things upon Earth..."
Mrs. G.: A fine Lady before marriage, lives with her Papa & Mama, who breed her up till she learns to despise 'em, and resolves to do nothing they bid her—this makes her such a prodigious Favourite, that she wants for nothing.

Eup.: So, Lady!

Mrs. G.: When once she is her own Mistress, then comes the Pleasure.

Eup.: Pray, let us hear &c. &c.
Mrs. C: What would you have me do!

Lorp: I would not have you do, as the dinnet in the Table did.

Mrs. C: Dinnet in the Table! what's that!

Lorp: I'll tell you, lady.

Table

The Robin & Linnet

A Robin once, an honest Bird
With tuneful throat & ruddy breast,
Was so amazingly absurd,
With his own lot he could not rest,

In an unlucky minute
Himet a young coquettish Linnet;
With eyes of Rapture view'd her,
Lured, with keen the slender dart,
Perch'd thro' the little heart,
The night, he Kistied, & Wood her.

Mrs. C: And so he did.

Lorp: When he'd chid his rambling Pride,
The thing'd consent, and wedded with Pride,
To shew her Rank & Breeding.
She could not bear, nor he, a Dire, nor the thing about the Farmer's House,
On Scenes from Dampkin's feeding;
It suited not a high born Dame,
To be so vulgar & low.
To hop about a trough for hay,
She could not bear, it would not do,
So pack'd her Husband, and away she flew.
After this quarrel & disgrace, and all the reproaches round the place:—

"The gabling Turkey, cackling Goose, their tongues let loose.

Poor Bride, nor Bridegroom spared.

The Sparrow, Swallow, Wasp laid Kron.

No tear was their her friend's friend again.

In thrilling voice,

He gave up Hope.

To pine and moan:

Grew sick beyond the power of Art—

Maddam had seen so much upon her.

He said not, as a Bird of Honour,

Survive his shame—so broke his Heart—

Robin: What a charming Man you are! and a fine Person.

Now, I am half cured already, did your Worship know

What my Name was Robin, too.

Exe: Not indeed, Friend, I twit you.

Robin: Robin Whimper—

Exe: Well, Robin Whimper, let me now go to your friend,

and whatever success I may have with her, I will warn you for the future, against the false allurements of

Mrs. Trippery; so come along, my poor Robin Redbreast."

Exe: A Word with you, Soldier, you have all the appearance of a brave Man; why do you suffer that very young Lady to tyrannize over you so?
Dear, Alas, Sir! If you will please to walk a while in our Metropolis, you will see thousands like myself, who would eat fire from the mouth of a cannon, yet have not spirit to contradict their Wives. Women are by nature slow and have less spirit than men. Ocassions will yield to those who are held and despised by every body else. Your servant.

Exit

Dess: Soldier, I am yours. Now for the lady.

Featherly!

Exit

End of Act 1
Act 2.

Another part of the Elysian Fields.

Lady Featherly is discovered sitting under a Cypresses Tree, with a little Dog.

Enter Robin.

Lady Featherly. Will Robin, have you seen the Thistle?—

Robin: My lady, I am the Thistle, and he is coming to wait upon your ladyship.

Lady F. Horror & Deforation! What an object!—I must flatter the Monster, or I shall return as unhappy as I came.—

Exit Suop

Suop: Flattery has no effect upon me, lady; nor shall your severe, the just observation upon my Person, in the least affect your cause.

Lady F. Pray, excuse an overburden'd Mind; I scarce know what I say.—But good Mr. Suop, most wise Turkis! shall I communicate my infidelity to you?

Suop: I am all attention, lady.

Lady F. Here Robin, take my Parrot, and let him walk about the Elysian Fields, to divert him!—Robin to Dog.

Now we are alone, Mr. Suop, I will...
reluctance, divulge my cares, which are as particular, I
year, as they are inordinate, unless I am indulged with
your Pity & Kind Assistance.

Lady: The Physician, Lady, cannot prescribe, unless he
is made acquainted with the disorder.

Lady F.: Most judiciously remarked!—You must know,
for, that I was formed, perhaps, in the most delicate
mould; the texture of my brain, the system of my
Nerves, the whole composition of my Animal Spirits,
are all together, a Model of refined Workmanship,
this most miserable acquisition to the Physician.

Loos: I am still in the dark, Lady.

Lady F.: Delicacy requires a gradual approach of
light upon the subject of my unhappiness. I was
forced into a Marriage for convenience, with a Man,
totally the reverse of myself: without Breeding and
without Sentiments.

Loos: Is he a Man of Character?

Lady F.: To robust Natures, who have strength of
Constitution to bear his Company, Wit & Honesty
to be sure, are very proper things in Business; for
I must confess, with some confusion, confess that
he is in Business—to which he is so bigoted, that he
will talk of nothing else; this has such an effect—

upon my Nerves, that if I cant procure a remedy from
your Waters, I shall sink under the crush'd by the weight
of his Vulgarity.

Loos: I am at a loss yet, Madam, to know your malady.

Lady F.: You shall at once hear it; the distress
in my breast; You must know, for, that I was conducted
lately by my own genius, to a little Feast; my Son & I
had the greatest reason to believe, Sir Peter would not
be there; but to our most unlook'd for mortification,
just before dinner, he stum'd into the room, start'd
about him, bowed himself down at the bottom of the
Table, more frightful to me than Banquo's Ghost. I
can scarce describe my agitation of mind, he began
at first, by nodding and grinning at us; we would not
look at him, and my Son had presence of mind to say
those about us. That Madman is that making faces
at the bottom of the Table?” at last, his spirits gaining
more violent by degree, he call'd on me from the bottom
of the Table—Lady Featherly! lovely! he spoke so sweetly
half an hour, I have made Five Hundred Pounds this morning
if the Turpentine & Zellulipetra. I painted away directly
at his Zellulipetra & Turpentine, and was carried away
to my Chaise, the most miserable of Human beings—
the Brute did it on purpose.

Loos: And what can I profitably do for you?
Lady: As Sir Peter's robust state of health, rather ennui as a continuation than any relief from my misery. Suppose I was to drink the waters to forget that he is my husband, for the next pleasure to his not existing, would be to forget that he existed at all. I ought then to go to Public Places, without sinking under much terrible apprehensions.

Elop: I should imagine, Madam, by your drooping appearance, that you could not be very much afraid of anything, that Plume of Feathers which rode so gracefully upon your head, is equal to any that ever ward in the terrible Helmets of our Greek Warriors. Can it be possible to fear that, and be afraid of anything?

Lady: Oh dear Philosopher! the Idea of Sir Peter clips my wings wherever I go; I had not this close on my mind, my fancy would indeed fly away with me, but when I am kept taking things, and my studies steer nigh to a little dreaming, I am happily indulging myself with the Giggle a/anentine. I have dropped my tender lip to discover my teeth, then comes poor blakderb, charged with salt petre & Lurpenynt, brings me back to Anarchy & Mortality again.

Elop: Poor lady!

Lady: What can I possibly do—indulge me with Convolution, Heavenly Philosopher? or Life will be so insufferable, I must seek my remedy in desperation!

Elop: Was not your husband in buying when you saw old Mr. Coop? I cannot suspect you, sir, of invinuating anything, that—

Elop: I mean to invinuate nothing, lady, but that it is impossible to imagine you should have any fear with such a Warlike Appearance.

Lady: Whatever is fashionable, sir, must be right; that is a maxim.

Elop: Indeed!—what, even to reverse the nature of things, lady?

Lady: Totally: for instance now, it was low & vulgar to wear a little, I sell Bargains, but the moment we adopt them, they become elegant! and if the canaille in return, will adopt our cast-off Modes, they are more than becomem low & contemptible; the open Mouth & continual grin, was heretofore accounted marks of Idiocy, but the Giggle a/anentine, & the drooping of the under lip, to shew the Teeth, are now the marks of superior beings.

Elop: Can it be possible!

Lady: If our grandmothers had worn feathers as we do now, they would have been luck'd up in Bedlam, but now, if we wear 'em so high, as will oblige us to stoop to go into a Church Door, supposing that we ever try the Experiment in Taste, Elegance, supreme Genius & Refinement. Shall I trust you with a secret?
Euph. As you please, Madam, you have treated me with many things I did not know, or could conceive.

Lady. Then I shall astonish you more! You see on my head here several objects of trees, temples, churches, candles, obelisks, &c. These very objects shall all be illuminated at our next ball.

Euph. I am in the dark, Lady—illuminated!

Lady. I have, by the assistance of an exquisite装扮者, contrived a set of lamps in proportion to these objects, with which I shall make my first appearance at our next ball. My son, who has great wit & humour, has given me the appellation of the Leader of the light-headed Aragons. He, he! he! There I am once more—your tour [in]er Infant, and the relaxation of the idle lip, which cost me two months hard study to bring to this perfection.

Euph. I thank you, but it is impossible that I can be of the least service to you complete & happy a mortal.

Lady. O, dear philosopher, the idea of Sir Peter slips my tongue wherever I go; for when I am flying away with my vanity as I were, rising to the highest of Sir, then comes Sir Peter, with his blunderbuss, with salt petre & tarpentine, & brings me back to vanity and mortality again.

Euph. Poor lady!

Lady. What can I possibly do! indulge me with patience, heavenly philosopher; or you will be so inconsiderate, must seek my remedy in despair.

Euph. Was not your Husband in business, when you married him?

Lady. To be sure he was; my story is this. Perfidy, extravagance of my first husband, who was absolutely mortal, Perfection, my love oblig'd me from pecuniary deficiencies, to connect my rank & taste, to the wealth and acquisitiveness of Sir Peter Drummond, of dad lane, Alderman, Lord-warden.

Robin. O, Madam! such a misfortune!

Lady. What's the matter! where's Daffodil! where's my sweet Daffodil!

Robin. I did but set him down to air him. My lady—

Lady. Speak, speak, where is the dear creature! where is Daffodil, I say!

Robin. The moment I set him down, my lady ran to the river of Tyne, and jumped in, and is now swimming away to the other side.

Lady. O, heavens! what an accident! if he escapes cruel death, he will catch some disorder. Robin, you ought to be impartial, do not in your heart rejoice. Sir, I cannot possibly stay to take care of the next; let him come what is proper to forget my husband, and I'll run after my dear little Daffodil as fast as I can.

Euph. Ha, ha, ha! her burden of cares, her most exquisitiveness, and all her delicate refinements, are at once forgotten in the greater! so be it.
I don't want Realsh, I don't want Credit. I don't want aish is pletter dan all. de Monieish. de Monieish. Myne, Myne.

Ewp: If you are poore of all these Blessings, as you seem to think them, what can you possibly want with me?

Jew: Looking about. I sought Dat vee, shout not pe endorsed. I vould tell ye all my Perplexities.

Ewp: For what reason, Friend?

Jew: I se dell you the whole story.

Ewp: If you please.

Jew: You must know, ven I come fust to England, I was a Little low in de Pocket. I had not on the Monieish. by good chance, I met a vork Gentleman, who lend me Monieish to dry my Fortunes. I would very hand and brook. I had very mickle, he lend me again and again, and I tobole and dribbled it, and paid my Friend very truly and honestly.

Ewp: As it became you so to do.

Jew: New York Man dat vas a Little good to me, was not very good to himself. he spend his Monieish in a thousand ridiculous ways & vagaries. no business, no right way of doing.

Ewp: Except when he lent you Money. No, Jew, don't forget that.
Table.

The Leopard and the Fox.

Loos: There was a Leopard kind and thoughtless,
This generous like your friend, not faultless.
As Mortals go, you'll scarce find
More Virtue even among Mankind:
Some spots he had within, no doubt:
Yet not so many as without.

He was indeed but right in part,
One Weakness had possessed his heart:
A Favourite there had taken root.
A Cunning, selfish, worthless Brute,
It was a Fox—no Statesman ever
Lodged his Toes with greater favour.

The Leopard Wickens—keeps his Bed.
No heavy are left—The Fox is fled—
To Nature, not to Phynic deator,
The Lion out, the Patient's beliot,
When Doctors rashly judge by colors.
Nature judges in the inward souls.
The Leopard strongest know'st to treat
As Chicken, or such harmful Meats.

He calls his Friend, the Fox was ill,
And can't obey his Patron's Will—
The Leopard's care requires the Art,
And forth he Walks—his love & care
Conduct him to his favourite's Nest:
Reyward was abroad, but the Nest
With Chickens, Turkeys, Goose was smother'd.
He stood & you'd, the Fox appears!—
His look betrays his guilt & fear—
When thus the Leopard!—
Much as thee, our Forest breed,
Men well may call us Brutes indeed—
No Beast before was ever so hateful.
As Man's alone to be ungrateful—
And none with thee, thy Crimes shall end,
He said, and crushed his faithless Friend—

Easp: But he can't, nor shall't crush me, I have too much
Monieth for dat; de poor don't crush de Riche.

Easp: As your love of Money is your greatest misfortune,
you shall drink to the forgetfulness of that; so once you
will relieve your Friend, and your own conscience, and
by thus increasing your credit, you may—what will
pleasure you more—increase your Wealth, Walk a little
in the Grove, and consider of it.

Easp: Relief my Friend!—squawking relieved my conscience.
Increase my credit, and increase my Wealth—allogy
very grot!—I'll drink of it. / Exit.

Enter a Fine Gentleman, Muffled.

Easp: He look at each other for some time without
speaking.

Easp: What, are you dumb, Young Gentleman?
Fine G: No, I am not, Old Gentleman, but I hate to talk.

or to hear others talk.

Easp: That is very particular.
Fine G: I shew to be particular; I hate every thing that
common, and am soon tired with what is unconsidered,
I hate the Hype, your Deity, your Boatman, your
Elysian fields, and every thing in your World, as
well as in ours; not excepting, you or myself.

Easp: You are sincere at least, Sir.—Pray, what
are you, Sir?

Fine G: I am, what is called, a Man of Fashion, a
Man of Taste, a Man of Pleasure, without enjoying
any—of the World, [the Beau Monde I mean] and
was, before I took to Gaming; a Man of Fortune,
too!—in short, Sir, I am one of the Deafest Kinds!—a
Superior!—what the Vulgar call—a Maccaroni!

Easp: What's that?

Fine G: It would fatigue me too much to tell you,—
that's a part of the Character.

Easp: What do you come here for?
Fine G: Upon my soul, I can't tell; I was tired of being
above, and so I took a Walk below, and now I'm tired of
being below, I'll take a Walk back again, and for the same
reason. You've! say.

Easp: The word more, Sir, if you please.
Fine G: Let it be but one word then, for I hate a Pore.
Easp: Hate! what's that!
To me, I say, I have no joy in the world, but ill health, ill humour, ill fortune, and universal Depair, it is best to quit the world, which is done. If you have sacrificed your health, fortune, constitution, and principles, without fear, you would end the peace tragically, with an act of cowardice.

Fenice: 1.5. How do you spend your evenings then?

Fenice: While my hair is dressing, I have a post relation to read the scandal in the newspapers.

Lox: Why, what would you do?

Fenice: When I have nothing left in the world, but ill health, ill humour, ill fortune, and universal Depair, it is best to quit the world, which is done. If you have sacrificed your health, fortune, constitution, and principles, without fear, you would end the peace tragically, with an act of cowardice.

Fenice: LoL, loL, do, noL, loL, loL! Did you say anything, Mr. Lox?—Severeitly!
upon two legs. So totally lost to the end of his creature, as neither to be able to enjoy existence, nor to continue it. What a Happiness it is, that their follies must perish with them. But here comes one who seems to have no occasion for Lethe, to make him more happy than he is.

[Enter Drunken Man]

D. Man: Drunk! very drunk, at your service.

Loe: That's a piece of information I did not want.

D. Man: And yet it's all the information I can give you.

Loe: Pray, Sir, what brought you hither?

D. Man: Curiosity, & a Hackney Coach.

Loe: I mean, Sir, have you any occasion for my Fates?

D. Man: Yes, great occasion; if you'll do me the favour to qualify them with some good Arrack and Orange juice.

Loe: Sir!

D. Man: Sir! don't stare so, Old Gentleman; let us have a little conversation with you.

Loe: I would know if you have any thing opposes your mind, and makes you unhappy.

D. Man: You are certainly a very great fool, Old Gentleman. Did you ever know a third drunk and
unhappy at the same time!

E. Man: Never otherwise, for a man who has lost his senses.

D. Man: Has lost the most troublesome companions in the world, next to Waves and Bum-Ballips.

E. Man: But pray, what is your business with me?

D. Man: Only to demonstrate to you, that you are an A.

E. Man: Your humble servant!

D. Man: And to shew you, that whilst I can get such liquor as I have been drinking all night, I shall never come for your water specimens against care & tribulation.

E. Man: As you have no care, you have no further business with me: [going]

D. Man: Not in such a hurry, old gentleman, tho' I won't drink your waters, you may do me a very particular favour.

E. Man: What is that, sir?

D. Man: As I am come a great way to pay my respects to you, and as I have taken some pains in dressing myself a little handsomely, pray let some of your fine ladies of antiquity give me a cup of tea; I am rather inclin'd to be dry, and being somewhat delicate in my constitution, I am a little troubled with a vomiting in my head; suppose now you was to introduce me to Queen Proserpine, tho' I presume her Royal Apartments are rather too hot to hold one; or if her Majesty is too much upon Ceremonies, shew me her Maids of Honour, and I'll warrant you, they will be glad to simper and crack a joke with an agreeable piece of fresh Mortality.

E. Man: The loss of your reason is your only excuse for your impertinence.

D. Man: What a cox's old fool it is! I presume, Sir, from the information of your Hump and your Wisdom, that your Name is--is--What the devil is it?

E. Man: My Name is E. Man.

D. Man: The same, the same, I knew you well enough, you old sensible Bump you, many a time has my flesh felt brisk upon your account. By jove, what porpess'd thee, to write such foolish old stories of a Cock and a Bull, and I don't know what--and in such a pothercock Language too.
To plague poor innocent Lads with!—it was a damned cruel in you, let me tell you that.

Elop: I am now convinced, Sir. I have written 'em to very little purpose.

D. Man: To very little, I assure you, but never mind it; damn it, you are a fine old Grecian, for all that; elops him on the back! And tho' you are not the handsomest, or best dressed Man in the World, you have ten times more sense than I have,—And so you ought to be sure; you have it in Wisdom and in figure, Ha! ha! ha! ha! —

Elop: What makes you so merry, Sir?

D. Man: Merry! I can't help it,—ha! ha! you are a very fine ugly likeness of my old home, cripple!

Elop: I thank you, Sir.

D. Man: And so you ought,—he is perfectly sound, never stumbles or stumbles, but he has the worst broken back & legs, that ever travelled the Road,—I'll change his name directly & call him Elop, as long as he lives, cripple & Elop forever!—Upon my soul, you are a fine old Grecian!—

Exit.
Dot: Do not your Lordship go through a great deal of pain?

Lord G: Pain—ay, and Pleasure too, eh Bowman?

Dot: When I am in pain, I love to wear it away again; and the moment it is gone, I love no more; I drink the same Wine, eat the same Dish, keep the same hours, the same Company, and notwithstanding the gravity of my own Doctors, I would not abstain from French Wine, and French Cookery, to save the Souls & Bodies of the whole College of Physicians, eh, Bowman?

Dot: My Lord has fine spirits indeed, I know.

Lord G: You don’t imagine, Philosopher, that I have holded here with a bundle of Complaints at my back—my legs, indeed, are something the worse for wear, but your Waters, I suppose, can’t change or make em better; for if they could, you certainly would have tried the Virtues of them upon your own, eh, Bowman, ha! ha! ha!

Dot: Bravo, my Lord, Bravo!

Dot: My imperfections are from Head to foot, as well as your Lordships.

Lord G: I beg your pardon there, Sir; though my Body’s impaired, my head is as good as ever it was; and as proof of this, I’ll lay you an Hundred Guineas...
Esgo: Does your Lordship propose a wager, as a proof of the goodness of your head?

Lord C: And why not? Wagers are now-a-days, the only proofs & arguments that are made use of by People of Fashion; all disputes about Politics, Opera, Trade, gaming, Horse-racing, or Religion, are determined now, by One to Two, Two to One, and Persons of Quality are by this method, most agreeably released from the hardship of thinking or reasoning upon any subject.

Esgo: Very convenient, truly!

Lord C: Convenient, I say, and Most too, this invention of betting, unknown to you Greeks, among many other Virtues, prevents Bloodshed & preserves Family Affections.

Esgo: Prevents Bloodshed?

Lord C: I'll tell ye how; When Gentlemen quarrel'd heretofore, what did they do? They drew their swords, I have been run through the body myself, but no matter for that. What do they do now? They draw their Pens, before the lie can be given, a wager is laid, and we proceed of preventing, we pocket our Affronts.

Esgo: Most cannically argued, indeed, my Lord; but how can it preserve Family Affections?

Lord C: I'll tell you that too. An Old Woman, you'll allow, Mr. Esgo, at all times; to be but a bad thing, what say you, Bowman?

Bow: A very bad thing, indeed, my Lord.

Lord C: Esgo, an Old Woman with a good constitution, and a damned large jointure upon your estate, is the Devil—my Mother was the very thing—and yet, from the moment I pitted her, I never once wished her dead, but was really uneasy when she tumbled down stairs, & did not speak a single word for a whole fortnight.

Esgo: Affectionate indeed!—but what does your Lordship mean by pitted her?

Lord C: Twas a term of ours upon these occasions; I backed her Life against Two Old Countesses, an Aunt of Sir Harry Battoe, that was troubled with an Asthma, my Fat Landlady at Salt Hill, and the Mad-Woman at Tunbridge, at Five Hundred each, per Annum. She outlived em all but the last, by which means I had'd off a damned jointure, made her Life an Advantage to me. I've continued my filial affections to her last moments.

Esgo: I am fully satisfied, and in return, your Lordship may command me.

Lord C: None of your Waters for me, damn'em all, I never drink any but at Bath. I came merely for a little Conversation with you. To see your Physician's field, here looking about for his goods. Which, by the bye, Mr. Esgo, are laid out most deceivably: no taste, no fancy in the whole World. Your River there, what do ye call it?

Esgo: Hyde!
Lord: Ay, Sire, why, is not strict as Fleet-ditch,
you should have seen it a dry-bottomed swamp, &c. to the
Banks of it, the Place, in fact, has very fine capabilities,
but you should clear the Word to the left, &c. leading the trees
up on the right, in short, the whole wants Variety. Sontent,
Contrast &c. Inequality; going towards the orchestra, stoppe
suddenly look into the Bk. Upon my word, here's a very
fine Ha-ha!- and a most curious collection of ever-
greens & flowering-shrubs.

Scep: We let Nature take her course, our chief
Entertainment is Contemplation, which, I suppose,
is not allowed to interrupt your Lordship's Pleasures.

Lord: I beg your pardon there, no Man has ever
studied, or drank harder than I have, except my
Chaplain, and I'll match my Library & Cellar against
any Nobleman's in Christendom, haven't I, Bowman, eh?

Bowman: That you may indeed, my Lord, and I'll go your
Lordship's halve, ha, ha, ha!

Lord: If your Lordship would apply more to the gnat
and drink our Waters to forget the last-

Lord: What! relinquish my Bottle! - what the
Devil shall I do to kill time then?

Scep: Has your Lordship no Wife, or Children, to
entertain you?

Lord: Wife! not I, faith, my Wife has for right
I know, I have not seen her these Seven Years.

Scep: You surprise me!

Lord: 'Tis the Way of the World, for all that; I married
for a Fortune, but for a Title, which we both had got what
we wanted, the women we parted the better, we did, &
we are now waiting for the happy moment, that will give
us one of us, the liberty of playing the same game over
again, eh, Bowman?

Bow: Good, good, you have puzzled the Philosophers.

Lord: The Greeks esteem Matrimonial happiness,
their Summum Bonum.

Lord: More fools they! - 'tis not the only thing
they were mistaken in, my Brother Dick, indeed,
married for Love, and he & his Wife have been fastening
these Thirty & Twenty Years, upon their Summum Bonum,
as you call it, - they have had a Boy and half of Children,
and may have half a dozen more, if an Apoplexy don't
step in and interrupt their Summum Bonum, - oh! Bow-
man! ha! ha! ha!

Bow: Your Lordship never said a better thing in your
life.

Lord: 'Tis lucky for the Nation, to be sure, that there
are People who breed twice as fast as one another; one Man
of elegant Notions is sufficient in a Family, for which
reason, I have bred up Dick's eldest Son myself; and a
fine Gentleman he is! - is not he, Bowman?

Bow: A very fine Gentleman, indeed, my Lord!

Lord: And as for the rest of the letter, they may
Then the fatton upon Summer Romanum, as their living Parents have done before it.

Boz: Look here, my Lord! I'll be hanged if that is not your Lordship's Rephee in the grove.

Cop: I dare swear it is, he has been here just now, and has entertained me with his elegant notions.

Lord C: He is a Rappy ke a Macaroni! and a Hundred such Fellows won't make the third of a Man; he has no soul, no spirit—see, see there! if he is not looking at a fine Woman with his eyes half shut, his mouth open—come, come, I'll be among'im myself, I'll gallant it with some of the Beauties of Antiquity, Helen or Cleopatra, I warrant you!—

Edw: Let me see, I think she'll catch a Tarquin, I can tell her that, ha, ha!—Edw, I find myself in spirits, I must go & coquet a little with them, Newman, lend me your arm, & you Williamson, support me a little & remember in Ok, damn the fellow! he always treads upon my toe!—ugh! I shan't be able to gallant it this half hour. Well, dear Philosopher, dispose of your Water to those that want it. There is no one action of my life, or qualification of my Mind & Body, that is a burden to me; hold me, Newman, and there is nothing in your World or in ours I have to wish for, unless that you can't rid one of my Wife & furnish me with a better pair of legs, eh Newman!—come along, come along!

Boz: Grace to the last, my Lord!—De L I R Newman.
squalling, running, ranting, roaring, hallowing, the
devil to do—as I am not fond of a storm, I pitch'd
off my boat soberly, and kept the mad fools to settle
their differences by themselves.

Loop: What unaccountable beings are these
Mortals! who rather than not keep up their little
insignificant, empty Vanities, have lost an opportuni-
ty to free themselves from their cares & Follies, and in
consequence perhaps, from their Vices, Miseries &
Misfortunes.

Mcr: What's to be done, Loop?

Loop: Discharge these we have, and finish the
business of the day. Enter D. Man. & Mrs. Riot.

D. Man: I scarce went upon my frolicks in my life,
but the first Woman I laid hold of was my dear Virtuous
Wife: and there she is!

Loop: Is that Lady your Wife?

D. Man: Yes, Sir, and yours if you please to accept
of her.

Loop: Leave your impertinent Profligacy! she
she has formerly given too much into fashionable
follies: she now repents, and will be more prudent
for the future.

D. Man: Look! See, Mr. Loop, all your Preaching and
Morality signifies nothing at all—but since your
Wisdom seems bent upon our Reformation, I'll tell
you the only way, Old Boy, to bring it about, let
me have enough of your Water to settle my head &
throw Madam into the River.

Loop: 'Tis in vain to reason with such beings.
Therefore, Mercury, summon the Mortals from
the Grove, and we'll dismiss 'em to Earth, as happy
as Lethe can make 'em.

Sng.

Mcr: Come, Mortals, come! come follow me!

Come follow, follow, follow me.

To Merriment, and Joy & Jollity;
Hark, hark, the call;—come, come & drink
And leave your cares by Lethe's brink.

Chorus.

Away then come, come, come away
And life shall hence be Holiday:
Nor jealous fears, nor strife, nor pain,
Shall vex the jovial Heart again.
To let's drink then follow all,
Then follow, follow, follow all,
Trees pleasure courts, obey the call.

And Mirth & Jollity & Joy,
Shall every future hour employ.

Chorus
Away then come, come, come away
And life shall hence be Holiday.
Nor jealous tears, nor stripe, nor pain,
Shall vex the jovial Heart again.

During the song the characters enter from the forest

PROLOGUE: Now, Mortals, attend... I have perceived from your examinations, that you have mistaken the effect of your discontents for the cause; you would willingly be relieved from many things which interfere with your Passions & Affections; while your Vices, from which all your cares & misfortunes arise, are totally forgotten & neglected; Then follow me & drink to the forgetfulness of Vices.

Yes Vice alone disturbs the human breast,
Gore dies with guilt, be Virtuous & be Blest.

FINIS.
COMMENTARY

1. (the Benefit of Mankind) As a recompense for his having abducted her from her mother, Ceres.

2. (atone for Deficiencies) Garrick is conceiving Pluto in the image of the "fine Gentleman."

3. (any Water is a specifick) "A specific remedy."

4. (taken in Quantity) This rather grim joke, in keeping with Charon's bilious nature, is the only instance in the entire play of what might be called "black humor."

5. (Sir...myself) "The Poet's Prayer"

"If e'er in my flight I found favour, Apollo, Defend me from all the disasters which follow: ...From servile attendance on men in high places, Their worships, and honours and lordships, and graces: From long dedications to patrons unworthy, Who hear and receive, but will do nothing for thee."


Fielding also treats of the subject, in his satirical farce, Pasquin.

"Fustian. Before the rehearsal begins, gentlemen, I must beg your opinion of my dedication; you know, a dedication is generally a bill drawn for value therein contained; which value is a set of nauseous fulsome compliments, which my soul abhors and scorns; for I mortally hate flattery, and I have carefully avoided it.

Sneerwell. Yes, faith, a dedication without flattery will be worth the seeing.

Fustian. Well, Sir, you shall see it. Read it, dear Trapwit; I hate to read my own works.

Trapwit. (Reads) 'My Lord, at a time when nonsense, dullness, lewdness, and all manner of profaneness and immorality are daily practised on the stage, I have prevail'd on my modesty to offer to your Lordship's protection a piece, which, if it has no merit to recommend it, has at least no demerit to disgrace it; nor do I question at this, when everyone else is dull, you will be pleas'd to find one exception to the number...I might here indulge myself with a delineation of your Lordship's character: but as I abhor the least imputation
of flattery, and as I am certain your Lordship is the only person in this nation that does not love to hear your praises, I shall be silent — only this give me leave to say, that you have more wit, sense, learning, honour, and humanity, than all mankind put together; and your person comprehends in it everything that is beautiful; your air is everything that is graceful, your look everything that is majestic, and your mind is a storehouse where every virtue and every perfection are lodged; to pass by your generosity, which is so great, so glorious, so diffusive, that like the sun it eclipses, and makes stars of all your other virtues — I could say more —'

Sneerwell. Faith, Sir, that's more than I could—

Tranwit. But shall commit a violence upon myself, and conclude with assuring your Lordship, that I am, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient, most devoted, most obsequious, and most obliged humble servant.'

Fustian. There you see it, Sir, concise and not fulsome.

Sneerwell. Very true, Sir, if you had said less it would not have done.

Fustian. No, I think less would have been downright rude, considering it was to a person of great quality.

Sneerwell. Pr'ythee, Tranwit, let's see yours.

Tranwit. I have none, Sir.

Fustian. How, Sir, no dedication?

Tranwit. No, Sir, for I have dedicated so many plays, and have received nothing for them, that I am resolved to trust no more; I'll let no more flattery go out of my shop without being paid beforehand."


6. (tickled into Generosity) The institution of patronage was gradually disappearing as a result of the growing size of the reading public and the resultant financial independence of the writer.

7. (I can bite as) The poet carries to the point of ridiculous exaggeration the eighteenth century predilection for the balanced phrase.

8. (my Piece was unfortunately damn'd) "Not that there was always as much as a shadow of a reason for the bludgeoning of a play. Bands of author-baiters existed, and the unhappy playwright who was powerless to raise a formidable party
of players in his support was wholly at their mercy.
All the malcontents had to do, after unnerving the players
by adroitly administered disapproval, was to prevent the
announcement from the stage of the repetition of the play.
Even if this were done on the second night, the destruction
was complete: the author received no benefit. Not a penny
accrued to him: the copyright of a damned play was useless."

p. 171.)

9. (the whole Audience) Compare Thomas Davies' description
of the first night of Mrs. Griffith's The Platonic Wife
(Drury Lane, January 24, 17650: "The audience, under the
influence of a few tremendous criticks (though not very
formidable persons, except on account of their extreme want
of candour), who took upon themselves the trouble of judging
for all the rest of the spectators, treated this comedy...
with uncommon severity...The criticks were so exceedingly
clamorous, that the writer gave up her play for lost.
Holland and Powell, who acted the principal parts in it,
and had not been used to the sound of catcalls, hisses,
groans, and horselaughs, the most powerful instruments in
the exploding of a play, were so much intimidated, and so
forgetful of their duty, as to thrust their heads on the
stage from behind the curtain, and to entreat these merciful
gentlemen, called the Town, to put an end to the play that
very night, that they might be no longer exposed to such
terrible mortifications. But the absurd counsel of these
actors did not prevail; the good-natured part of the
audience, esteeming this opposition and uproar to be a kind
of cruel interlude, acted by these very gay gentlemen at
the expense of the author, managers, and actors, insisted
on the play having the chance of a new tryal."

(Quoted in Harry William Pedicord, The Theatrical Public

10. (satisfying your Curiosity) From Letter VII, The
Tricks of the Town Laid Open (1747) comes this account:
"The Pit, where sit the Judges, Wits, and Censurers, or
rather the Censurers without either Wit or Judgment.
These are the Bully-Judges, that damn and sink the Play at
a venture: 'tis no matter whether it be good or bad, but
'tis a Play, and they are Judges, and so it must be damn'd,
curs'd, and censur'd in Course."

(Tricks of the Town Laid Open. London, 1928, p. 38.)
11. (my Brother Authors) The cruelties of professional rivalry touched Garrick in a most personal way. In George Selwyn and His Contemporaries, J. H. Jesse recounts Garrick's ill-fated performance as Othello.

"It is remarkable that Garrick failed so entirely in the part, that this was the only occasion that he ever acted in the character of Othello. Quin (James) had rendered himself famous in it at the rival theatre; and consequently, when so great an actor as Garrick entered the lists with him, it was natural that he should be jealously alive to his success. Determined to judge for himself in regard to the merits of Garrick's acting, Quin, on the night on which his rival was announced to perform Othello, secured himself a place in the pit of the rival theatre. About this period had been published Hogarth's famous prints of "Marriage a la Mode," in one of which...is introduced a Negro foot-boy entering the apartment with a tea equipage. To the quick fancy of Quin, (naturally on the watch to turn his rival into ridicule) it may readily be imagined that there appeared a ludicrous similarity between the appearance of the foot-boy and the blackened face and diminutive figure of Garrick. Accordingly, when the latter made his reappearance in the third or fourth act, Quin suddenly exclaimed, loud enough to afford amusement to half the pit, 'Here is Pompey, but where are the tea-things?!' The effect produced on the mind of Garrick (sensitively alive as he is known to have been, both to praise and censure) by the notoriety given to this anecdote, may be readily imagined."

(London, 1882, p. 59.)

12. (who writes himself) Garrick is, of course, alluding to himself.

13. (I grow giddy) There are any number of vivid accounts of the noise and tumult of the eighteenth century theater. Walpole writes in a letter to Lord Lincoln, October 1, 1741: "I went to the play t'other night for the first and last time (in the town of Berks, six miles southeast of Reading). Such actors, such an audience, such noise! How would you be surprised, my dear Lord, to see the Gossin or Dangerville (leading French actresses of the day) pelted, and desire leave to harangue the pit, as Mrs. Clive did that night I was there; 'Hear her! Hear her!' 'Gentlemen, they have flung an halfpenny at me; it might have cut out my eye, and I can't stand to bear that.'"

(Horace Walpole, Correspondence. New Haven, 1961, p. 26.)
This remarkable statement appeared in a London newspaper on January 25, 1740, less than three months before Lethe was first performed:

Daily Advertiser, 25 Jan.:  
On Wednesday night last a Disturbance happen'd at Drury-Lane Playhouse, occasion'd by one of the principal Dancers not being there to dance at the end of the Entertainment, and after most of the People in the Pit and Galleries were gone, several Gentlemen in the Boxes pull'd up the Seats and Flooring of the same, tore down the Hangings, broke down the Partitions, all the Glasses and Sconces, the King's Arms over the middle front Box was pull'd down and broke to Pieces; they also destroy'd the Harpsichord, Bass Viol, and other Instruments in the Orchestra; the Curtain they cut to Pieces with their Swords, forc'd their way into the lesser Green-Room, where they broke the Glasses, etc. and after destroying everything they could well get asunder, to the amount of about three or four hundred Pounds Damage, left the House in a very ruinous Condition."


Finally there is this apparently ordinary incident involving Boswell:

"Boswell, one night, entertained the Drury Lane audience 'prodigiously,' by lowing in the pit, like a cow. 'Encore the cow!' cried the galleries, till, finally, the Rev. Dr. Hugh Blair found it necessary to restrain his young friend's 'very inferior' imitations of other animals by the caustic recommendation, 'My dear Sir, I would confine myself to the cow.'"

(Quoted by Mrs. Florence Mary Parsons, Garrick and His Circle. London, 1906, p. 108.)

14. (an odd Mixture of both) "And to say the Truth, the Pretty Gentleman is certainly formed in a different Mold from that of Common Men, and tempered with a purer Flame. The whole system is of a finer Turn, and superior Accuracy of Fabric, insomuch that it looks as if Nature had been in doubt, to which Sex she should assign Him."

(Nathaniel Lancaster, The Pretty Gentleman or Softness of Manners Vindicated. London, 1747, p. 26.)

15. (stand Drawer here) "stand Drawer": to draw liquor or beer at a tavern.
16. (would...bred) "The Pretty Gentleman: to give him his due, he has no attachment to any One Opinion in the World, but that of preserving the Rules of Good Breeding."
(The Pretty Gentleman. London, 1747, p. 15.)

17. (run away from her) Malcolm gives much the same account of the Beau's virility: "He shows...his delicacy in not so much as bearing a breath of wind to blow on him, and his innocence in being seen with ladies at all hours, and never once being suspected of doing an uncivil thing."
(Malcolm, p. 169.)

18. (a fine Purpose, truly) Johnson thought little of travel for its own sake: "Time may be employed to more advantage from nineteen to twenty-four almost in any way than in travelling; when you set travelling against mere negation, against doing nothing, it is better to be sure; but how much more would a young man improve were he to study during those years...How little does travelling supply to the conversation of any man who has travelled?"

19. (Tour of Europe) "The Modern Traveller"

"From the Grand Tour, thro' Paris, Florence, Rome, The travell'd Youth returns accomplish'd Home: Learned in each Gout, and vers'd in every Fashion, He comes to teach, and to adorn the Nation."
(The Complete London Jester or Wit's Companion. London, 1782, p. 134.)

20. (your Dress and Conversation) "Garrick voices another of his numerous protests against the Englishman who, in his travels abroad, learned to ape the extravagant mannerisms and absurd fashions of his foreign neighbors in general, and of France and Italy in particular."
(Elizabeth P. Stein, David Garrick, Dramatist. New York, 1938, p. 252.)

21. (nothing at all) "Portrait of a Beau"

"Harangue on fashions, paint, and lace, On this one's errors t'other's face; Talk much of Italy and France, Of a new song and a country dance."
"With smartest airs he sparkles thro' the Town,
And views with scorn the Academic Clown.
A modern Wit, extremely read in French,
Can sing and dance, and dress, and swear, and wench:
Accomplishments like his demand Esteem,
He knows the World—ay, and the World knows him."


22. (to despise my own) from Fielding's Pasquin:

Sir Harry. Those were glorious days when honest English hospitality flourish'd; when a country gentleman could afford to make his neighbors drunk, before your damn'd French fashions were brought over; why, Mr. Mayor, would you think it? there are many of these courtiers who have six starved footmen behind a coach, and not half a hogshead of wine in their house; why do you think all the money is spent?

Mayor. Faith, I can't tell.

Sir Harry. Why, in houses, pictures, lace, embroidery, nicknacks, Italian singers, and French tumblers..."

(Complete Works, pp. 284-285.)

Garrick pursues the same theme in The Male Coquette:

Sophia. I presume, Sir, you were never out of England--

(picking her teeth).

Tukely. I presume, Sir, that you are mistaken -- I never was so foolishly fond of my own Country, to think that nothing good was to be had out of it; nor so shamefully ungrateful to it, to prefer the Vices and Fopperies of every other Nation, to the peculiar Advantages of my own.

(Quoted in Stein, p. 252.)

"The Man of Taste"

"Who'er he be that to a Taste aspires,
Let him read this, and be what he desires.
...Those who of courtly France have made the Tour,
Can scarce our English awkwardness endure;
But honest men who never were abroad,
Like England only and its Taste applaud."

(A Collection etc. 1773, p. 393.)

23. (supported by Amusements) "A Gentleman here is in the main a Creature that's compos'd of nothing but Pleasure and Idleness, that, like the Leviathan in the Deep, thinks he
hath little else to do in the Town, but to take his Pastime in't."

(Tricks of the Town, Letter V 1747, p. 27.)

24. (and write Sonnets) "Some of it (Beau's time) is spent in the idle Pursuit of Modes and Fashions, in contriving his Clothes, and putting them on with the most Advantage; another Part of his Time is consum'd in admiring himself, or projecting to be admir'd by others, and the rest in the hearing of Flatteries, and reflecting and reminating upon them."

(Tricks of the Town, Letter VI 1747, p. 31.)

25. (Sir) The following observation is taken from a letter to the Right Hon. Sir R. Brocas, Lord Mayor of London, by a citizen (R. P. Hare), 1730:

"Gentlemen who have no employment may sleep whole days and riot whole nights...Compare the life of a careful honest man...with your mechanick of pleasure who is to frequent the theatre...He must be a fine gentleman, leave his work at five at the farthest...that he may be drest and at the playhouse by six, where he continues till ten and then adjourns to a publick house with fellows as idle as himself."


26. (of both Playhouses) "both Playhouses" refers to Drury Lane and Covent Gardens, the only London theaters allowed to remain open by the Licensing Act of 1737.

27. (disturbs the Audience) From an anonymous publication, The Actor (1775):

"One thing there is that hurts the truth of the representation more than all, the suffering a part of the audience behind the scenes. The keeping up of the illusion of carrying on an appearance of reality is the great merit of theatrical representation, but that is impossible under this disadvantage. Let the decorations of the house, the dress and deportment and recitation of the players be ever so proper, this destroys all. The head of some cropped beau among a set of full-bottomed conspirators destroys all the look of reality."

Garrick attempted to abolish this custom at the beginning of his co-management of Drury Lane in 1747, but a complete reform was not effected until 1764.

(Turberville, Vol. II, p. 183.)
Mrs. Clement Parsons, in her work *Garrick and His Circle*, writes:

"The greatest reform Garrick with difficulty effected was to exclude the public from the stage."

(Parsons, p. 92.)

This description, written nine years before *Lette* first appeared on the stage, comes very close to the Fine Gentleman's statement:

"I cannot pass over in Silence, a Species of Animals... whom I look upon as the Hermaphrodites of the Theatre; being neither Auditors nor Actors perfectly, and imperfectly both; I mean those Gentlemen who pass their Evenings behind the Scenes, and who are so busy in neglecting the Entertainment, that they obstruct the View of the Audience in the just Discernment of the Representation..."


Garrick's Epilogue to The Beggar's Opera, spoken by Mrs. Woffington, Sept. 15, 1747, the night he first drove the audience from behind the scenes:

"Sweet Doings truly! we are finely fobb'd!
And at one stroke of all our Pleasures robb'd!
No Beaux behind the scenes!--'tis Innovation!
Under the specious Name of Reformation!
Public Complaint, forsooth, is made the Puff,
Sense, Order, Decency, and such like Stuff."

(Drury Lane Calendar, edited by Dougal Macmillan. Oxford, 1938, p. xviii.)

28. (the Galleries) "In our Playhouses at London, besides an Upper-Gallery for Footmen, Coachmen, Mendicants, etc., we have three other different and distinct Classes."

(Tricks of the Town, Letter VII 1747, p. 37.)

29. (and half eaten Pippens) The violence of which the eighteenth century audience was capable shocks the modern reader, accustomed to the restraint and decorum of the contemporary theater.
James Ralph's *Taste of the Town* includes this most graphic account of an evening in a London theater:

(Referring to those in the first gallery) "I must caution them in the two following particulars: if they find it necessary to whet their Judgements, or set the Teeth of their Understanding on Edge, by dealing in such Trash (rotten apples and green oranges); that they would not be so liberal of their Fragments of Peel and Core to the Stage and Pit: or that their lovely Females would not so often mistake the various-colored Inhabitants of the Boxes for Beds of Tulips, and water them so plentifully, perhaps in a wrong Season; but refrain from everything Liquid, that warm Showers may not descend."

(*Ralph, Taste of the Town.* London, 1731, p. 146.) Admiration for a pun in the face of violence suggests that such happenings were common-place:

"There being a very great Disturbance one Evening at Drury-Lane Playhouse, Mr. Wilkes, coming upon the Stage to say something to pacify the Audience, had an Orange thrown full at him, which he having took up, making a low Bow, 'This is no Civil Orange, I think,' said he."


It should not be thought that only the untutored gallery was given to violence. Horace Walpole, in a letter to Sir Horace Mann (April 29, 1742), calls "ridiculous" what today would be unspeakably scandalous for men of such stature.

"We had a great scuffle t'o'ther night at the opera... Lord Lincoln was abused in the most shocking manner by a drunken officer; upon which he kicked him, and was drawing his sword, but was prevented... I saw the quarrel from the other side of the house, and rushing to get to Lord Lincoln, could not for the crowd: I climbed into the front boxes, and stepping over the shoulders of three ladies, before I knew where I was, found I had lighted into Lord Rockingham's lap -- it was ridiculous."

(*Horace Walpole, Correspondence.* New Haven, 1961, Vol. 30, p. 32.)

The 1777 MS. omits this description of the theater entirely. Due largely to Garrick's influence, such riotous behavior had diminished greatly.

30. (and Ignorance below here) "The Man of Taste"

"Thus would I live, with no dull pedants curs'd, Sure, of all blockheads, scholars are the worst.
Back to your universities, ye fools!
And dangle arguments on strings in schools."

(A Collection etc. 1773, p. 404.)

31. (receive your Commands) Frank Arthur Hedgcock, in his book David Garrick and His French Friends, suggests that Lord Chalkstone was founded on Lord Foppington in Cibber's Careless Husband, and later developed into Lord Ogleby of the Clandestine Marriage, by Garrick.

(London, 1912.)

32. (from Top to Toe) Lord Chalkstone is reflecting the popular penchant for adoring all things ancient or continental.

33. (the...Bowman) "At the end of the previous century, owing to the prohibition of French imports, the headier wines of Portugal began to displace the lighter French clarets; and this was strengthened by the Methuen Treaty of 1703 with Portugal, which admitted her wines into England at an especially low rate. Port drinking spread the ravages of gout, which is the characteristic malady of the eighteenth century. Its numerous victims succeeded in persuading themselves that its tortures, however unpleasant, were rather beneficial to general health than otherwise."


34. (Does...Head) "The practice of Betting is tolerably prevalent at present, and by no means confined to any particular class of the community. In short, I am afraid it might be traced very far back in the history of our customs; but it will be sufficient for the information of the reader, that I present him with an article from the London Chronicle for 1768, which I think will remind of some recent transactions in the city.

...though gaming in any degree (except what is warranted by law) is perverting the original and useful design of that Coffee-house (Lloyd's), it may in some measure be excusable to speculate on the following subjects:

"Mr. Wilkes being elected Member for London, which has done from five to fifty Guineas per cent.
"Alderman B____d's life for one year, now doing at seven per cent.
"On Sir J____H being turned out in one year, now doing at twenty Guineas per cent.
"On John Wilkes' life for one year, now doing at five per cent -- N.B. Warranted to remain in prison during that period. "On declaration of war with France or Spain in one year, eight Guineas per cent.

"And many other innocent things of that kind.

"But when policies come to be opened on two of the first Peers in Britain losing their heads within a year, at 10s. 6d. per cent, and on the dissolution of the present Parliament within one year at five Guineas per cent., which are now actually doing, and underwrote chiefly by Scotsmen, at the above Coffee-house; it is surely high time for administration to interfere, and by exerting the rigour of the laws against the authors and encouragers of such insurances (which must be done for some bad purpose) effectually put a stop to it."

(Malcolm, p. 212.)

35. (upon any Subject) Walpole writes in a letter to Sir Horace Mann:

"The gaming at Almack's, which has taken the pas of White's, is worthy the decline of our Empire, or Commonwealth, which you please. The young men of the age lose five, ten, fifteen thousand pounds in an evening there. Lord Stavordale, not one and twenty, lost eleven thousand there last Tuesday, but recovered it by one great hand at hazard: he swore a great oath, -- 'Now if I had been playing deep, I might have won millions.' His cousin, Charles Fox, shines equally there and in the House of Commons."


36. (no Matter for that) Though not allowed by law, duelling was still practiced in the eighteenth century.

37. (Jointure upon your Estate) "Jointure": 'The holding of property to the joint use of a husband and wife for life or in tail, as a provision for the latter, in the event of her widowhood. Hence, by extension, a sole estate limited to the wife, being 'a competent livelihood of freehold for the wife of lands and tenements, to take effect upon the death of the husband for the life of the wife at least.' (Coke upon Littleton, 366)

(Oxford English Dictionary)

38. (pitted) i.e., bet.
39. (I...Bath) A ballad popular in the eighteenth century:

"To fashion our healths, as our figures, we owe;
And, while 'twas the fashion to Tunbridge to go,
Its waters ne'er failed us, let all us what would;
It cemented crack'd bones, and it sweeten'd the blood.

When Fashion resolv'd to raise Epsom to fame,
Poor Tunbridge did nought, but the blind or the lame,
Or the sick or the healthy, 'twas equally one,
By Epsom's assistance their business was done.

Unrival'd by any, Bath flourish'd alone,
And fail'd not to cure in gout, colic, or stone,
Till Scarborough waters, by secret unknown,
Stole all fam'd qualities Bath thought her own."

(Walpole, Correspodence, Vol. 30, p. 235.)

A stronger statement in the same vein:

"Bath, Its Beauties and Amusements," by --- Ellis, Esq.

"...Bath, the divine Hygeia's favor'd Child,
Where pigs were once, and princes now are boil'd,
Where arts and elegance have fix'd their seat,
And graces ply, like chairmen--in the street;
Where free from ling'ring education's plan,
By which the brute is polish'd into man,
We learn a shorter and more pleasing road,
And grow (like beef) by stewing -- ala-mode.

(The New Foundling Hospital for Wit. London, 1784, p. 92.)

40. (in the whole World) Lord Chalkstone proceeds to conceive the Elysian Fields as the fanciful and often bizarre eighteenth-century garden.

41. (Fleet-ditch) "Fleet-ditch": an open sewer intersecting the Field Lane District of London.

42. (a Serpentine Sweep) Walpole's "Essay on Modern Gardening," published in 1785, is most instructive.
"Having routed professed art, for the modern gardner exerts his talents to conceal his art, Kent (Nathaniel), like other reformers, knew not how to stop at the just limits. He had followed nature, and imitated her so happily, that he began to think all her works were equally proper for imitation. In Kensington Gardens he planted dead trees to give a greater air of truth to the scene — but he was soon laughed out of this excess. His ruling principle was that nature abhors a straight line — his mimics for every genius has his apes, seemed to think that she could love nothing but what was crooked."

(Quoted in George, p. 212.)

43. (the Banks of it) "The Man of Taste"

"I'll have my gardens in the fashion too,
For what is beautiful that is not new?
...Does it not merit the beholder's praise,
What's high to sink, and what is low to raise?
Slopes shall ascend where once a green-house stood.
And in my horse-pond I will plant a wood."

("The Man of Taste," A Collection etc. 1773, p. 398.)

44. (Capabilities) "Lancelot 'Capability' Brown (1715-1773)...popularized an entirely different type of garden, one which aimed at reproducing the wildness of uncontrolled nature and which converted the garden into a luxuriant wilderness. But the fashion was carried to absurd extremes."

(Turberville, English Men and Manners in the Eighteenth Century, p. 358.)

"Capability Brown himself laid out the grounds of Garrick's country home, Hampton House, connecting the garden around the house with the lawn on the riverside by a tunnel which had about it the romantic flavor of a grotto...Johnson, upon being told of Capability Brown's intentions of constructing a tunnel, remarked that what could not be overdone, could be underdone."

(Margaret Barton, Garrick. London, 1948, p. 156.)

Boswell, in his Journal of my Jaunt (Friday, October 8, 1762), writes:

"Sir William and I walked about the place which, as Lord Chalkstone says, has great Capabilities (sic)."

45. (the Right) The most exhaustive disquisition on the subject is W. Mason's The English Garden.
"For as clumps and acute divisions are there said to form a disproportionate contrast, so here the very same defect would result from formal extremities or circumscribed interruptions of wood, when opposed to the general hue of the foliage."

(W. Mason, The English Garden. York, 1783, p. 137.)

46. (In... Inequality) The remarkable degree of complexity which was part of the eighteenth-century gardener's parlance is evident from Mason's tortured phrasing:

"...The best portion of the distant scene may be selected, and beheld from between the stems of the trees, which should be so situated as sometimes by affording lateral limits to reduce the view even to the strictest rules of composition; --and thus from the varieties of the foreground the general scene is also perpetually varied."

(Mason, p. 134.)

47. (Hah-hah) "Charles Bridgeman is credited by Horace Walpole with the invention of the Ha-Ha, or sunken fence, whereby the turf of the lawn could be separated from the dropped grass of the park by an invisible barrier which kept the cattle at bay without apparently confining the eye."


"But the capital stroke, the leading stage to all that has followed from the garden at Moor-Park, was (I believe the first thought was Bridgeman's) the destruction of walls for boundaries, and the invention of fosses -- an attempt then deemed so astonishing, that the common people called them Ha! Ha!'s to express their surprise at finding a sudden and unperceived check to their walk."


48. (Flow'ring-Shrubs) "With these evergreens, it is further recommended to blend such indigenous shrubs as are of early bloom..."

(Mason, p. 168.)

49. (I...eh?) "I doubt not but England is at present as polite a Nation as any in the World; but any Man who thinks can easily see, that the Affectation of being Gay and in Fashion, has very near eaten up our good Sense and our Religion. Is there anything so just, as that Mode and Gallantry should be built upon exerting ourselves in what is proper and agreeable to the Institutions of Justice and Piety among us? And yet is there anything more
common, than that we run in perfect Contradiction to them? All which is supported by no other Pretension, than that it is done with what we call a good Grace."

(Richard Steele, The Spectator (March 10, 1710), Selections from "The Tatler" and "The Spectator". New York, 1957, p. 69.)

Defoe rather piously comments on the state of learning among the gentry:

"With what obstinancy will some of our ignorant gentlemen argue against learning; with what contempt do they treat the bookish part of the world, insist upon it that their dogs and their horses, their sport, and their bottle are the proper business of the gentlemen..."

(Daniel Defoe, The Compleat English Gentleman. London, 1890, p. 64.)

50. ('Tis...Title) John Hervey, in his interesting piece of key-hole peeping, describes just such a morality:

"He reaped so much Benefit from his Intrigues, which were not few, as to become perfectly sensible to the Levity, Vanity, and Avarice of the B__h Females, and of the Indifference to his Person, that it induced him to make a D__h Lady the Partaker of his Bed; whom he wedded more for her immense Fortune, than any real Affection that he could have for her Person, or any Love that he expected she could bear to his. The Batavian Ladies, as I before hinted, are seldom the most agreeable Bedfellows; and perhaps Pyropies, who had been used to be more briskly entertained, in that Place, in the Course of his Amours, than what he found himself at present by his rich Spouse, was grown so weary of her Indolence, that he sought Diversion and Refreshment elsewhere."

(John Hervey, baron, The Court-Spy or Memoirs of St. J-m-s's. London, 1742, p. 29.)

51. (eh Bowman) The eighteenth century attitudes and laws regarding divorce contain little of the freedom of our own age. Boswell writes in his Life of Johnson:

"On Friday, May 7, I breakfasted with him at Mrs. Thrale's in the Borough. While we were alone I endeavoured as well as I could to apologize for a lady who had been divorced from her husband by act of Parliament. I said, that he had used her very ill, had behaved brutally toward her, and that she could not continue to live with him without having her delicacy contaminated; that all her affection for him was thus destroyed; that the essence of conjugal union being
gone, there remained only a cold form, a mere civil obligation; that she was in the prime of life, with qualities to produce happiness; that these ought not to be lost; and that the gentleman on whose account she was divorced had gained her heart while thus unhappily situated. Seduced, perhaps, by the charms of the lady in question, I thus attempted to palliate what I was sensible could not be justified; for, when I had finished my harangue, my venerable friend gave me a proper check: "My dear Sir, never accustom yourself to mingle virtue and vice. The woman's a whore, and there's an end on't."

(Boswell, Life of Johnson, pp. 536-537.)

52. (Summum Bonum) This is something of an inaccuracy. Plato, in his Republic, rejects the conventional family for a communal existence. Aristotle, in his Politics, associates women with slaves.

53. (his Friend Mr. Bowman) The zeugma was a most popular figure for the eighteenth-century poet; it was generally used for comic effect.

54. (out of the Corps) A man could, by paying a fee, be exempt from, or released from, military service.

55. (She...Night) "Their Amusements seen contrived for them rather as they are Women, than as they are reasonable Creatures; and are more adapted to the Sex than to the Species. The Toilet is their great Scene of Business, and the right adjusting of their Hair the principal Employment of their Lives. The sorting of a suit of Ribbons, is reckon'd a very good Morning's Work."

(Addison, The Spectator. Monday, March 12, 1710, p. 73.)

The following, from a literary miscellany published 1734, parallels very closely Garrick's description of the life of a "fine Lady":

"To the Editor:

Sir,

Dining at Lady Ramble's the other day, it was proposed after dinner, by her Ladyship's sister, to hear Miss, who is a fine girl about eleven years of age, concerning some points she had been instructed in relative to her duty in life; which being agreed to, her Ladyship desired Miss to stand up, and then asked the questions, and received the answer following: and as they may be of service to other young Ladies of Quality, I have transmitted them to you.

Socratissa
L.R. My dear! pray tell me what you was brought into the world for?
Miss. A husband.
L.R. O my dear! you should say to be admired.
Aunt. Well, I vow I think my niece has given a better answer; as she came to the point directly, and brought the matter home at once.
L.R. What is the duty of a husband?
Miss. To please his wife.
L.R. What is the duty of a wife?
Miss. To please herself.
L.R. What are the principal objects on which a fine lady should fix her attention?
Miss. Dress and admiration.
L.R. What is the chief use of a fine lady'd eyes?
Miss. To stare and ogle at men.
L.R. What is the business of a fine lady?
Miss. To pay her devotions at court, and make her curt'sies in the drawing room.
L.R. May a fine lady ever go to church?
Miss. Very seldom; and then she must be sure to sleep there, or to talk very loud, and slander some of her acquaintance.
L.R. Which is the best book in the world?
Miss. Hoyle on Quadrille.
L.R. From whence come the politest fashions, and the best silks?
Miss. From France.
L.R. Who make the best servants?
Miss. The French.
L.R. Very well, my dear! you don't forget, I find.
Aunt. I vow my niece is very perfect in her education, and will make a fine, accomplished woman."

(The New Foundling Hospital for Wit. London, 1784, Vol. VI, pp. 156-158.)

"The tradesman's daughter confides to her diary that she got up at eleven, rather fatigued with last night's entertainment; breakfasted about twelve, when Mr. Crochet, the music master, came to give me a lesson on the harpsichord; desired him to call tomorrow, being indisposed; drest myself by three to dine with my papa and mama; at half past four retired to my room to rest myself a little; at a quarter before five began to dress for the play; made a shift to get into the front boxes by half past six; from thence set off for Mrs. Draper's rout; lost about five Guineas at quadrille; and I believe it might be three at whist; came home at three in the morning, not a little chagrined at my loss."

56. (coquetts with her Lovers) "To make her an agreeable Person is the main Purpose of her Parents; to that is all their Cost, to that all their Care directed; and from this general Folloy of Parents we owe our present numerous Race of Coquetts."

(Steele, *The Spectator*. Wednesday, May 16, 1711, p. 116.)

57. (buys China) Compare Addison's description of a "Lady's Library":

"That part of the Library which was designed for the Reception of Plays and Pamphlets, and other loose Papers, was inclosed in a kind of Square, consisting of one of the prettiest grotesque Works that ever I saw, and made up of Scaramouches, Lions, Monkies, Mandarinese, Trees, Shells, and a thousand other odd Figures in China Ware."

(Addison, *The Spectator*. Thursday, April 12, 1711, p. 79.)

58. (il...Tongue) Pierre Jean, in *A Tour of London*, describes his reception by the English:

"I met with the same civility and complaisance amongst all the shopkeepers, whether great or little. The tradesman sent his son or his daughter to me, who often served me as a guide, after having first acted as an interpreter; for some years past the French language has been taught as universally as the English, in all the boarding schools of London; so that French will soon be, by choice, the language of the people of England, as it was by constraint and necessity, under the Norman Kings."

(Peter J. Grosley, *A Tour to London; or, New Observations on England and Its Inhabitants*. London, 1765, p. 64.)

59. (Nor...it) Despite the aping of French customs by elegant society, English critics of France were many.

Johnson: "The French are a gross, ill-bred, untaught people; a lady there will spit on the floor and rub it with her foot. What I gained by being in France was learning to be better satisfied with my own country."

(Boswell, *Life of Johnson*, p. 416.)

The following is taken from a letter from Thomas Scrope to George Selwyn (January 12, 1752):
"You must understand that I went directly to Paris, where I spent two or three months neither very agreeably nor very much to the contrary. By what I could see of the French, in that short time, they are a people that I very much dislike. They have a vanity and self-sufficiency enough to destroy, or make one overlook, much better qualities than ever I could yet find in them; and as to their good breeding (which, if you take from them, I don’t know what will remain), I think we have so much more -- I mean what is really so -- in England."

(Quoted in H. H. Jesse, George Selwyn and His Contemporaries. London, 1882, p. 149.)

In another letter to Selwyn, Walpole writes:

"...There was no soul in Paris but philosophers, whom I wished in Heaven, though they do not wish themselves so. They are so overbearing and so underbred!"

(Walpole, Correspondence. December 2, 1765, p. 204.)

60. (eclipse your Manhood) Aesop is alluding to the elaborate wig and excessively ornate dress affected by the French and imitated by the English "fine Gentleman."

The following song was quite popular in the latter part of the eighteenth century:

The Macaroni.

Ye belles and beaux of London town,
Come listen to my ditty;
The Muse in dancing up and down
Has found out something pretty,
With little hat, and hair dress’d high,
And whip to ride a pony;
If you but take a right survey,
Denotes a Macaroni.

Along the streets to see them walk,
With tail of monstrous size, sir,
You’ll often hear the grave ones talk,
And wish their sons were wiser.
With consequence they strut and grin,
And fool away their money;
Advice they care for not a pin,—
Ay, that’s a Macaroni!

Five pounds of hair they wear behind,
The Ladies to delight, O;
Their sense give unto the wind,
To make themselves a fright, O.
This fashion who does e'er pursue,
   I think a simple-tony;
For he's a fool, say what you will,
   Who is a Macaroni.


61. (any vere else) Macky, in his Journey Through England (1724), observes:
"...But the general way to dine here is to make a party at the coffee-house to dine at a tavern, where we sit till six, then we go to the play; except you are invited to the table of some great man, which strangers are always courted to, and nobly entertained.

I know abundance of French, that by keeping a pocket-list of tables, live so almost all the year around, and yet never appear at the same place above once in a fortnight. By looking into their pocketbook in the morning, they fix their place of dining, as on Monday with my Lord ..., and so for two weeks, fourteen Lords, Foreign Ministers, or men of quality; and so they run around all the year long, without notice being taken of them."


62. (Tought in deir Head) This is a reference to the popular conception (still widely held) of the sombre and melancholy Englishman.

Walpole to Mann (November 28, 1773):
"However, bating every English person's madness, for every English person must have their (sic) madness..."

(Walpole, p. 175.)

Walpole to Selwyn:
"I have bought a great quantity at the Quay de Feraille, and so many other baubledoms, that I should be ashamed, if I did not know that la nation anglais is not quite si sage as it is reckoned here."

(Walpole, p. 217.)

63. (have noting at all) "Our great people break through all the sacred authority of law, lose all sense of what is decent in pursuit of French diversions, and are surrounded by French tailors, French valets, French dancing masters, and French cooks."
George Lyttelton voices the English view of the social condition in France in 1728:

"The abject slavery they are in, the number of hands that are employed in the military service, the swarms of idle ecclesiastics, and above all the chimeraic distinction between a gentleman and a merchant, will always keep their traffic low; and the country will continue in the poverty I see now, which is more miserable than I could ever have imagined."

(Quoted by Sydney Castle Roberts, An Eighteenth Century Gentleman. Cambridge, 1930, p. 73.)

64. (Because...Customers) "The Man of Taste:

"To give is wrong, but it is wronger still,
On any terms to pay a tradesman's bill."

(A Collection etc., p. 402.)

65. (Watermen) Men employed in ferrying passengers across the Thames.

66. (Mechanics) Edith Morley suggests that "English poetry in the eighteenth century differs in one respect, at any rate, from that of any other period. It is dominated as never before or since by what would today be called class-consciousness."

(Edith Morley, Eighteenth Century Ideals in Life and Literature. London, 1937, p. 117.)

67. (am...World) Critics have noted that in the mispronunciation of her words, Mrs. Riot anticipates Mrs. Heidelberg in Garrick's and Coleman's The Clandestine Marriage, and in her misuse of them she heralds the approach of, not only Mrs. Heidelberg, but also of the better-known Mrs. Malaprop, in Sheridan's The Rivals.

68. (Beau Monde) From Pasquin:

Miss Mayoress. Yes, Mamma, and then we shall see Fairbelly, the strange man-woman they say is with child; and the fine pictures of Merlin's cave at the play-houses; and the rope dancing and the tumbling.

Pustian. By Miss's taste I believe she has been bred up under a woman of quality too.
Lord Place. I cannot but with pleasure observe, Madam, the polite taste Miss Shews in her choice of entertainments; I dare say she will be much admired in the Beau Monde..." (Fielding, Pasquin, Vol. III, p. 275.)


Many resented the enormous success of Italian opera in the London theaters, particularly when it was realized at the expense of the English drama.

"About this time (1698) the English theatre was not only pestered with tumblers and rope dancers from France, but likewise dancing masters and dancing dogs; shoals of Italian squallers were daily imported and the Drury-Lane company almost went broke."

(Thomas Betterton, The History of the English Stage. Boston, 1814, p. 119.)

All Ladies. Was you at the Opera, Madam, last night?

2nd Lady. Who can miss an opera while Farinello stays?

3rd Lady. Sure he's the charmingest creature.

4th Lady. He's everything in the world one could wish.

1st Lady. They say there's a lady in the city has a child by him.

All Ladies. Ha, ha, ha!

1st Lady. Well, it must be charming to have a child by him.

3rd Lady. Madam, I met a lady in a visit the other day with three.

All Ladies. All Farinello's.

3rd Lady. All Farinello's, all in wax.

1st Lady. O Gemini! Who makes them, I'll send and bespeak half a dozen to-morrow morning.

2nd Lady. I'll have as many as I can cram into a coach with me.

Sour. Mr. Medley, Sir, is this history? This must be invention.

Medley. Upon my word, Sir, it's fact, and I take it to be the most extraordinary accident that has happen'd in the whole year, and as well worth recording. Faith, Sir,
Let me tell you, I take it to be ominous, for if we go on to improve in luxury, effeminacy, and debauchery, as we have done lately, the next age, for aught I know, may be more like the children of squeaking Italians than hardy Britons.

(Fielding, The Historical Register for the Year 1736, Vol. III, p. 354.)

70. (and your Johnsons) From Pasquin:

"Playhouses cannot flourish, while they dare
To nonsense give an entertainment's name,
Shakespeare, Jonson, Dryden, Lee, Row
Thou wilt not bear to yield to Saddler's-wells."

(Fielding, Pasquin, Vol. III, p. 314.)

Addison's Prologue to his Phaedra and Hippolitus:

Long has a race of heroes fill'd the stage,
That rant by note, and thro' the gamut rage;
In songs and airs express their martial fire,
Combat in trills, and in a fugue expire;
While lull'd by sound, and undisturb'd by wit,
Calm and serene you indolently sit;
And from the dull fatigue of thinking free,
Hear the facetious fiddles repertee:
Our home-spun authors must forsake the field,
And Shakespear to the soft Scarlatti yield.

*A celebrated Italian singer.

(Quoted in Betterton, p. 14.)

71. (all the World's there) Garrick's Epilogue to Virginia:

May I approach unto the boxes, pray--
And there search out a judgment of the play?
In vain, alas! I should attempt to find it--
Fine ladies see a play, but never mind it--
'Tis vulgar to be moved by acted passion,
Or form opinions, 'till their fixed by fashion.


72. (a fine Lady's Enjoyments) From Pasquin:

Queen Common Sense. What means this hasty message in your looks?

Officer. Forgive me, Madam, if my tongue declares News for your sake, which most my heart abhors; Queen Ignorance is landed in your realm, with a vast power from Italy and France of singers, fiddlers, tumblers, and rope dancers.
73. (and my Extravagance) In The Prompter (March 14, 1735), Popple observes:

"Private gentlemen with families, that hitherto could live agreeably and partake of public diversions of the town reasonably, are forced to pinch and decrease the figure they make, to send a wife and three or four daughters to hear Farinello twice a week. A lady can't find half a guinea on a Saturday morning for a poor shoemaker, whose family will be supported a whole week by it, that at night will untie her purse strings, and with greediness bestow it at the Opera. Fashions descend, and the follies of the great reach the lower class."

(Popple, The Prompter, No. 37, p. 39.)

74. (Sun-beams in the Universe) Compare Addison's opinions regarding the activities proper for a woman:

"As our English Women excel those of all Nations in Beauty, they should endeavour to outshine them in all other Accomplishments proper to the Sex, and to distinguish themselves as tender Mothers and faithful Wives, rather than as furious Partizans. The Family is the proper Province for Private Women to Shine in."

(The Spectator. June 2, 1711, p. 130.)

75. (or...ha) "I know no evil under the Sun so great as the Abuse of Understanding, and yet there is no Vice more common. It has diffus'd itself through both Sexes and all Qualities of Mankind; and there is hardly that Person to be found, who is not more concerned for the Reputation of Wit and Sense, than Honesty and Virtue. But this unhappy Affectation of being Wise rather than Honest, Witty than Good-natured, is the Source of most of the ill Habits of Life."

(Steele, The Spectator. March 10, 1710, p. 67.)

76. (Vapours) "The Vapours": a) In older medical use: Exhalations supposed to be developed within the organs of the body (esp. the stomach) and to have an injurious effect upon the health. b) A morbid condition supposed to be caused by the presence of such exhalations; depression of spirits, hypochondria, hysteria, or other nervous disorders.

(Oxford English Dictionary)
77. (Hark-away) "Hark-away": A term used in hunting.

78. (Arrack) "Arrack": 'A name applied in Eastern countries to any spiritous liquor of native manufacture; especially, that distilled from the fermented sap of the coco-palm, or from rice and sugar, fermented with the coco-nut juice.'
(Oxford English Dictionary)

79. (Bum-bailiffs) "Bum-bailiffs": 'Bum and bailiff; i.e., the bailiff that is close at the debtor's back, or that catches him in the rear. A bailiff of the meanest kind.'
(Oxford English Dictionary)

80. (felt Birch upon your account) He had been beaten as a student for being unable to translate Aesop's Fables from the Latin.

81. (cabbag'd) "cabbag'd": 'Cabbage - to pilfer surreptitiously: originally said of a tailor appropriating part of the cloth given him to make up into garments.'
(Oxford English Dictionary)

82. (A Cuckold) "'Everybody in this society,' Congreve had written in 1700, 'was born with budding antlers'; and it was only less so in 1728, when Gay made Mrs. Peachum, in The Beggars' Opera, ask her husband about her daughter, 'Why must our Polly, forsooth, differ from her sex, and love only her husband?...All men are thieves in love, and like a woman the better for being another man's property.'"
(Will and Ariel Durant, The Age of Voltaire. New York, 1965, p. 65.)

83. (High Blood in her) i.e., She has an affinity for the High Church of England.

84. (the most Ungrateful) Garrick happily refrains from such sermonizing as this in the published versions of the play.

85. (Study...Service) Robert Robson, in his book The Attorney in Eighteenth Century England, suggests that the legal profession was generally held in low regard in the eighteenth century.
"Lawyers were agents and nothing more. They were, in the opinion of many besides Swift, 'A society of men bred up from their youth in the art of proving, by words multiplied for the purpose, that white is black, and black is white, according as they are paid.' It was assumed that they were not over-fastidious in accepting cases and clients, or very seriously concerned that justice should prevail. As one writer remarked in 1747, 'attorney and knave are very near become terms synonymous.'" (Cambridge, 1959, p. 136.)

"On a Black Marble Statue of a Slave, Standing in One of the Inns of Court.

In vain, poor sable son of woe,
Thou seek' st a tender ear;
In vain thy tears with anguish flow,
For Mercy dwells not here.

From cannibals thou fly'est in vain:
Lawyers less quarter give;
The first won't eat you till you're slain,
The last will do't alive."

(The New Foundling Hospital for Wit. London, 1784, p. 222.)

86. (But...you) Garrick's distrust of lawyers evidently went fairly deep:

"David Garrick, Esq., Some years ago, had occasion to file a Bill in the Court of Chancery, against an Attorney at Hampton, to set aside an agreement surreptitiously obtained for the purchase of a House there; and while the Late Edmund Hopkins, Esq. was preparing the Draft of the Bill, Mr. Garrick wrote him the following lines.

To his Counsellor and Friend, Edmund Hopkins, Esq.

Tom Fool sends greeting.

On your care must depend the success of my Suit,
The contest I mean 'bout the house in dispute:
Remember, my friend, an Attorney's my foe,
And the worst of his tribe, though the best are so so.
In law, as in life, I know well 'tis a rule,
That a knave will be ever too hard for a fool:
To which rule one exception your client implores,
That a fool may for once turn the knave out of doors."

(An Asylum for Fugitive Pieces in Prose and Verse. London, 1785, p. 65.)
87. (Then...Mr. Jew) It is difficult to reconcile the almost vicious anti-Semitism of this piece with the kind and forbearing nature of its author. But this was an age when intolerance was more a duty than a disgrace. The cruelly repressive laws against Catholics in Ireland, the mistreatment of dissenters in England, the denial of citizenship to Jews: this had the full sanction of law and tradition.

An attempt to legalize the naturalization of Jews -- the Jewish Naturalization Bill of 1783 -- was so violently opposed that it had to be withdrawn. Even the Mayor and Corporation of London petitioned against the Bill.

88. (Fribble) The name "Fribble" means 'a trifling, frivolous fellow, one not occupied in serious employment, a trifle.' It derives from the verb meaning to waste time in a foolish way.

(Oxford English Dictionary)
The following description is taken from a short poem, entitled "A Modern Morning," written in 1757:

"Then Coelia to her toilet goes,
Attended by some fav'rite beaux,
Who fribble it around the room,
And curl her hair and clean the comb,
And do a thousand monkey tricks
That you would think disgraced the sex."

(Wright, Caricature History of the Georges, p. 253.)

89. (Grenadier) "Grenadier": 'Originally, a soldier who threw grenades. At least four or five were attached to each company...Though grenades went out of general use in the eighteenth century, the name "Grenadiers" was retained for the tallest and finest men in the regiment.'

(Oxford English Dictionary)

90. (Jack-boots) "Jack-boot": 'A large strong boot the top of which came above the knee, serving as defensive armor for the leg, worn by cavalry officers in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.'

(Oxford English Dictionary)

91. (Crim. con.) "Crim. con.": 'Abbreviation of criminal conversation, i.e., adultery.'
Criminal Conversation: adultery, in the legal aspect of a trespass against the husband at common law.'

(Encyclopedia of English Language)

92. (Jack my Gill) "Jack my Gill": Thus, neither boy nor girl.

93. (Frizzlerump) "Frizzle": 'To adorn with frills and ruffles.'

(Encyclopedia of English Language)

94. (for a Rake) Thomas Wright accurately describes the pattern which Fribble is about to detail:

"In England, the common life of a man of fashion presented a strange mixture of frivolousness and brutality -- the day spent over the toilette, or at the boudoir of women of fashion, whose principles were no more delicate than their own, lisping scandal and gallantry, and trifling with a pantin (a puppet of pasteboard, strung together so that at every touch of the finger it was thrown into a variety of grotesque attitudes), or some other equally childish plaything, ended commonly in tavern debauchery and street riot, the object of emulation being --

To run a horse, to make a match,
To revel deep, to roar a catch,
To knock a tottering watchman down,
To sweat a woman of the town."

(Wright, Caricature History of the Georges, p. 251.)

95. (the Watch) "the Watch": Before the introduction of a civil police force, these were men hired to guard the streets.

96. (purple fever) "purple fever": 'An old name for pupura; but also applied vaguely to other fevers attended with purplish cutaneous eruptions.'

(Encyclopedia of English Language)

97. (Round-house) "Round-house": a jail

98. (a Cannister tack'd to my Tail) As one might mistreat a dog.

99. (a Cornuto) "Cornuto": Italian word meaning "horned," i.e., "cuckolded."
100. (little Barbet) "Barbet": 'A little dog with long curly hair, a poodle.' 
(\textit{Oxford English Dictionary})

101. (for all the World) This statement is made in reference to Beau Brummell:

"Perhaps he was too much of a woman to care much for women. He was certainly egregiously effeminate. About the only creatures he could love were poodles."

(Grace and Philip Wharton (pseud.), \textit{Wits and Beaux of Society}, Vol. II, p. 251.)

102. (Lady Featherly and Robin) Mary Knapp suggests that the Queen's dislike for feathers inspired Garrick's creation. ("Garrick's Last Performance," \textit{The Age of Johnson}. New Haven, 1949, p. 69.)

103. (a little Dog) "What woman but has a dog? some dear, pesky little dog, that sleeps with her, that eats in her plate, that feeds on venison steak, pullets, and pheasant wings; a spaniel or pug-dog that reigns over pillow and cushion, a white wolfhound or some bitch of a lap dog recalled, when she is no more, as 'My poor dear dead Diane or Mitonette!'"


104. (Weight of his Vulgarity) About the man of business in the eighteenth century, Dorothy Marshall writes:

"The next great layer in society (after the aristocracy and the gentry) is perhaps best described by the contemporary term 'the middling sort.' As with all eighteenth century groups, it is difficult to draw a clear line of demarcation between them and their social superiors and inferiors. No economic line is possible, for a man with no pretensions to gentility might well be more prosperous than many a small squire...Here the dividing line was one of manners and behavior."


105. (old Greek Warriors) Aesop is, of course, alluding to the prodigious headress topped with feathers, from which Lady Featherly gets her name. There are innumerable accounts of this rather absurd fashion of the latter half of the eighteenth century. It was simply too bizarre to ignore.
"The...toilettes and coiffures were of costly splendour. Tall black merabout feathers, or black artificial flowers (this is for a funeral), were worn in the hair, which was puffed out in big curls, threaded with pearls, powdered, and surmounted with small, light turban-shaped head­resses, or with small tiaras set with black stones."


Even allowing for hyperbole, these headdresses were of awesome size:

"At all elegant Assemblies, there is a room set apart for lady visitants to put their feathers on, as it is impossible to wear them in any carriage with a top to it. The lustres are also removed upon this account, and the doors are carried up to the height of the ceiling. A well-dressed lady, who nods with dexterity, can give a friend a little tap upon the shoulder across the room without incommoding the dancers. The Ladies' feathers are now generally carried in the sword-case, at the back of the carriage."

Times, December 29, 1795:

"A young lady, only ten feet high, was overset in one of the late gales of wind, in Portland Place, and the uppermost of her feather blown upon Hampstead Hill."

Times, December 30, 1795:

"...The Ladies now wear feathers exactly of their own length, so that a woman of fashion is twice as long upon her feet as in her bed."

(John Ashton, Old Times: A Picture of Social Life at the End of the Eighteenth Century. London, 1885, p. 75.)

At least one man attempted to defend the style, whatever might have been his motives:

"To her Grace, the Duchess of Devonshire, In Answer to all the Absurd and Illiberal Aspersions cast on the Fashionable Feathers by Churlish Old Women, Ridiculous Prudes, and Brutish Censors.

By the Earl of Carlisle

Wit is a feather: this we all admit: But sure each feather in your cap is wit; 'Tis the best flight of genius—to improve The smiles of beauty and the bliss of love.
Like beams around the sun your feathers shine,
And raise the splendor of your charms divine;
Such plumes the worth of mighty conquerors show,
For who can conquer hearts so well as you?
When on your head I see those flutt'ring things,
I think that love is there, and claps his wings.
Feathers help'd Jove to fan his am'rous flame;
Cupid has feathers; angels wear the same.
Since then from heav'n its origin we trace,
Preserve the fashion—it becomes your Grace."


106. (a Warlike Appearance) From Wright:

"But above all the rest
A bold Amazon's crest
Waves, nodding from shoulder to shoulder;
At once to surprise,
And to ravish all eyes,
To frighten and charm the beholder."

(Wright, p. 255.)

"With warlike crest let heroes move!
Men are not bullied into love;
Nor Cupid perch'd upon a feather,
Trembling, can join two hearts together."

(An Asylum for Fugitive Pieces in Prose and Verse. London, 1785, p. 64.)
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Approval Sheet

The dissertation submitted by James A. Luotto has been read and approved by the director of the dissertation. Furthermore, the final copies have been examined by the director and the signature which appears below verifies the fact that any necessary changes have been incorporated, and that the dissertation is now given final approval with reference to content and form.

The dissertation is therefore accepted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Signature of Advisor

Date 5/22/74