

A DESCRIPTION OF THE PLAY-HOUSE In Dorset-Garden.

W Here gentle *Thames* thro' stately Channels glides,
And *England's* proud Metropolis divides,
A lofty Fabrick does the Sight invade,
And stretches o'r the Waves a pompous Shade;

Whence sudden Shouts the Neighbourhood surprize,
And thundring Claps, and dreadful Hissings rise.
Here Thrifty Rich hires Heroes by the Day,
And keeps his Mercenary Kings in Pay :
With deep-mouth'd Actors fills the vacant Scenes,
And rakes the Stews for Goddesses and Queens.
Here the lewd Punk, with Crowns and Scepters grac'd,
Teaches her Eyes a more Majestick Cast ;
And hungry Monarchs, with a numerous Train
Of Suppliant Slaves, like *Sancho*, Starve and Reign.

But enter in my Muse, the Stage survey,
And all its Poms and Pageantry display ;
Trap-doors and Pit-falls from th' unfaithful ground,
And Magick Walls encompass it around.
On either side maim'd Temples fill our Eyes,
And intermix'd with Brothel-Houses rise.
Disappointed Palms in Order also stand,
And Groves, obedient to the Movers Hand,
O'rthade the Stage, and flourish at Command.
A Stamp makes broken Towns, and Trees intire ;
So, when *Amphion* struck the Vocal Lyre,
He saw the spacious Circuit all around
With crouding Woods and rising Cities crown'd.

But next the Tiring-Room survey, and see
False Titles, and promiscuous Quality,
Confus'dly swarm, from Heroes and from Queens,
To those that swing in Clouds, and fill Machines.
Their various Characters they chuse with Art,
The frowning Bully fills the Tyrant's part :
Swol'n Cheeks, and swagging Bellies, make an *Host* ;
Pale meagre Looks, and hollow Voice, a *Ghost*.
From careful Brows, and heavy down-cast Eyes,
Dull *Cits*, and thick-skull'd *Aldermen* arise ;
Whose Comick Tone, inspir'd by *Congreve*, draws
At ev'ry Word loud Laughter and Applause ;
The Mincing Dame continues as before,
Her Character unchang'd, and acts the Whore.
Above the rest, the Prince with haughty Stalks,
Magnificently in Purple Buskins walks ;
The Royal Robes his awful Shoulders grace,
Profuse of Spangles, and of Copper-Lace.
Officious Vassals to his Mighty Thigh
(Guiltless of Blood) th'unpointed Weapon tie.
Then the gay glittering Diadem put on,
Pond'rous with Brass, and Starr'd with *Bristol*-stone.

His Royal Comfort next consults her Glass,
And out of twenty Boxes culls a Face.
The Whitening first her ghastly Looks besmears,
All pale and wan, th' unfinish'd Form appears,
Till on her Cheeks the blushing Purple glows,
And a false Virgin-modesty bellows ;

Her ruddy Lips the deep Vermillion dyes,
Length to her Brows the Pencil's touch supplies,
And with black bending Arches shades her Eyes.
Well pleas'd at last, the Picture she beholds,
And spots it o'r with Artificial Moles ;
Her Countenance compleat, the Beau she warms
With Looks not hers, and 'spight of Nature's Charms.

Thus artfully their Persons they disguise,
Till the last Flourish bids the Curtain rise.
The Prince then enters on the Stage in State,
Behind, a Guard of Candle-snuffers wait ;
There swoln with Empire, terrible and fierce,
He shakes the Dome, and tears his Lungs with Verse.
His Subjects tremble, the Submissive Pit
Wrapt up in Silence and Attention sit ;
Till freed at length, he lays aside the weight
Of Publick Business, and Affairs of State,
Forgets his Pomp, dead to Ambitious Fires,
And to some peaceful Brandy-Shop retires ;
There in full Gills his Anxious Thoughts he drowns,
And quaffs away the Cares that wait on Crowns.

The Princess next her painted Charms displays,
Where ev'ry look the Pencil's Art betrays :
The Callow Squire at distance feeds his Eyes,
And silently for Paint and Washes dies ;
But if the Youth behind the Scenes retreat,
He sees the blended Colours melt with heat,
And all the trickling Beauty run in Sweat.
The borrow'd Visage he admires no more,
And nauseates ev'ry Charm he lov'd before :
So the fam'd Spear for double force renown'd,
Apply'd the Remedy that gave the Wound.

In tedious Lifts 'twere endless to ingage,
And draw at length the Rabble of the Stage ;
Where one for twenty Years has giv'n Alarms,
And call'd Contending Monarchs to their Arms.
Another fills a more Important Post,
And rises ev'ry other Night a Ghost ;
Thro' the Cleft Stage his Mealy Face he rears,
Then stalks along, groans thrice, and disappears.
Others with Shields and Swords, the Soldiers Pride,
More than a thousand times have chang'd their Side,
And in a thousand Battels they have dy'd.

Thus several Persons several Parts perform,
Pale Lovers whine, and blustering Heroes storm ;
The stern exasperated Tyrants rage,
Till the kind Bowl of Poyson clears the Stage.
Then Honours vanish, and Distinctions cease ;
Then with reluctance haughty Queens undress.
Heroes no more their fading Lawrels boast,
And *Mighty Kings* in *Private Men* are lost.
He whom such Titles swell'd, such Pow'r made proud,
To whom whole Realms and vanquish'd Nations bow'd,
Throws off the Gaudy Plume, the Purple Train,
And in his own Vile Tatters stinks again.