

A N  
E P I L O G U E  
T O T H E  
T R A G E D Y of D O U G L A S,  
Spoke by the A U T H O R.

**S** H R O U D E D in glory; and with praise full blown,  
Permit your *Bard* his gratitude to own.

To mine *immortal genius* first I bow,  
And next, *great squire*, my thanks are paid to you ;  
By your example, and kind precept warn'd,  
No \* heavy moral has my plot deform'd :  
Thy signal too did teach the thoughtless crowd,  
When fit to weep, and when to clap aloud.

C——LE and C——PLES, all the favourite tribe  
Who on our Zion's top triumphant ride,  
My thanks receive ; nor fear the † bigots frown :  
Persist, and Edin's stipends are your own.  
O happy Edin ! who ere long shall see  
Each pulpit fill'd by such bright wits as we.

Permit me next, great J—G—s of the land,  
Who grace my audience, and respect command,  
To bow obeisance ; what tho' the laws controul  
The stage ? you scorn the antiquated rule.

To yonder box, where sits a humble throng, '  
Some gratitude and thanks must sure belong ;  
They are my flock, from ‡ A—NF—D they come,  
And stand around their pastor as a crown.

How warm my heart to every *beau* and *belle*,  
Ere long my muse to the dull world shall tell.

To thank thee, *Ward*, surpasses all my art,  
W——N and J——N, bear a friendly part ;  
For tho' she lately died Lord Barnard's wife,  
Your presence soon will quicken her to life.

And now in fame's loud horn each name shall rise,  
Who owns your Bard, and joins his works to prize.—

\* This ought for ever to silence these shallow critics, who have stated it as an objection against this play, that one is at a loss to know what moral sentiment it is designed to inspire.—According to the true sense of the word *moral*, as accurately defined by some late writers, many highly moral sentences might be quoted from it ; such as the beautiful adjuration used by one of the speakers, who is introduced swearing by *that died on the accursed tree to save mankind* ;—and the devout exclamation put in the mouth of another when just expiring, *I'll risk eternal fire*.

† This refers to that horrid insult offered by the presbytery of Edinburgh last Wednesday to wit and genius, by ordering letters to be writ to the different presbyteries which these ministers belong who honoured the play-house with their company on that occasion.

‡ The author sent a number of tickets to his parishioners, who came in a body to the house, and entered so much into the spirit of tragedy, that when met in the evening could scarce part without blows.

