

## Introduction to Cloacina

In May 1775 Henry Man, at the age of 25, published a twenty-three page verse drama called 'Cloacina, a tragi-comedy'. There is no record whether the piece was ever actually performed. It may well not have been intended to be. The editors of Man's posthumously published 'Miscellaneous Works' (in which Cloacina does not appear) commented on the play as follows:

'...he wrote many pleasing little poems for the amusement of his friends; but his principal work [for the year 1775] was a comi-tragedy of one act, called Cloacina [...] This was a satire on some of the best writers of that time, in which the peculiarities of their styles were imitated with a fund of humour, and in harmony of verses that deserved a much better subject.'



The work makes many allusions to contemporary political and literary figures which easily elude the modern reader. The copy of the play from which this PDF file has been created is that held by Harvard's library. This copy is said to have belonged to Horace Walpole (left) and thus the hand-writing that appears in it at various points is that of Walpole's.

Harvard's catalogue record for Cloacina reads as follows:  
'CLOACINA Horace Walpole's copy, with his ms. date of acquisition "May 1st." ...& his identifications throughout ... in a volume with Walpole's arms on covers, his ms. table of contents inside front cover, and labeled on spine: Poems. Geo. 3. Vol. 14.'

Walpole's 'identifications' take the form of filling in the blanks of the names of various public figures that Man lampoons.

The dedication to E\_\_\_\_\_ V\_\_\_\_\_ is Edward Venn. I read, but cannot recall where, that Henry was in love with Edward's sister. At the time this 'play' was written Henry was still bachelor. Two years after the work was published he married Eleanor Thompson.

David Man  
New York City  
August 2004.

C L O A C I N A ;

A

COMI-TRAGEDY.

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*For us, and for our Tragedy,  
Here stooping to your Clemency,  
We beg your Hearing patiently.*

SHAKESPEAR.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for GEORGE KEARSLY, at No. 46, near Serjeants-Inn, in Fleet-street.

M.DCC.LXXV.

*May 1st.*

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T O

E——— V———, ESQUIRE.

DEAR SIR,

WHEN I consulted your opinion on a little poetical stricture I published in a Morning Paper, in consequence of some late despicable dramatic productions, you encouraged me to extend my plan. You suggested, however, that the popular mistake of accommodating literary compositions to the foolish refinements and reigning prejudices of the times, was by no means confined to the Theatres; but that writings of every cast were tinged with that servile obedience to a specious and capricious taste, which must ever disgrace the character of the Muses, and subject their  
a freedom

freedom to suspicion. I sincerely respect your judgment, and shall be always thankful for its assistance. The Stage, Sir, I remember, you particularly remarked, in its present abject and declining situation, can never answer any rational purpose of national reformation and instruction for which it was originally instituted, while every indiscriminate and unwarrantable sacrifice is made to harmony of numbers, extravagant bombast, and florid declamation. Scenes judiciously drawn from Nature (you observed) will always interest the heart, as Philosophy awakens the understanding: but you insisted, that our modern Drama had neither Nature nor Philosophy to support it; that *sound* and *glare* were at present the predominating distinctions, and that no censure on its many absurdities could be absolutely unpardonable, while the *romantic insipidities* of the Opera were fervilely imitated on one hand, and the *gingerbread fripperies* of the booths of Bartholomew stupidly adopted on the other.

On these grounds, Sir, I have treated the Stage with freedom. An abler writer would have given additional

poignancy to the satire of this little piece; but no pen can be greatly at a loss, where the field for criticism is so extensive and luxuriant, the inconsistencies it attempts to expose in general terms so numerous and glaring, and the errors of Dramatic Writers so richly deserving the severest reprehension.

In departing, Sir, from the limits I originally prescribed myself, I have taken some freedom with literary characters in a separate line. I cannot be persuaded, however, that my exceptions to their mistakes betray either a singularity of sentiment or a confinement of understanding. Men of the most indisputable judgment have always condemned every *studied, affected* sacrifice to *mode*, both in speaking and writing; and I conceive it must be generally admitted, the two characters I have particularly distinguished in my *Temple of Cloacina*, labour under many ridiculous confinements of that nature. A Senator who engages to serve a people, has great and extensive obligations. If such a man consults the temporary entertainment of his hearers at the expence of sincerity and duty, there are views in which he  
must

must be considered a traitor to his trust, in spite of all flattering disguises. And if an Author of eminence indulges a pedantic prejudice for a mechanical stile, in preference to natural argument and liberal investigation, he *may* be charged with *neglecting* the *credit* of the schools, if his formality does not *disgrace* it. Respecting any licence I may have taken with an *empty treatise* on Education, or the works of Infidels and Sceptics, I appeal to the majority of mankind for their countenance and protection ; and remain,

S I R,

*Your affectionate and faithful*

*Friend and Servant,*

The A U T H O R.

*Colchester, 30th March, 1775.*

*P. S.* I begin my Play at the Vth Act, because I find it fashionable to make the four first Acts of no importance at all.

P R O-

P R O L O G U E

T O

C L O A C I N A.

AUTHOR *and* MANAGER.

AUTHOR.

*H*oping, good Sir, your honour likes the Play  
I left last month, I humbly wait to-day.  
Some Critics say my plan's immensely fine!  
You read the piece? —

MANAGER.

No, dam' me, not a line.  
Think what I've felt who read your vile Address:  
Say what I've done to merit such distress?  
Dull as Divines who preach to empty pews,  
You torture Sense, and massacre the Muse;  
Oppress my nerves, and discompose my brain:  
Friend, I beseech thee, take thy piece again.



*Sooner shall ~~Murphy~~ write with Shakespeare's pen,  
 The bench of Bishops vote like honest men,  
 Declaiming Patriots seek to save the land,  
 Than Wits peruse vile plays by Dunces plann'd.  
 Sir, if your piece was wrote by classic rules,  
 Tho' cold as ice 'twould pass some critic schools;—  
 But then so quaint your Title-Page appears—  
 Here, take it back, and save my chandeliers\* :  
 Such gods as are with beans and bacon fed,  
 " Would keep a dreadful pother over head ;"  
 And damn the Play before the second scene,  
 Tho' Aldridge danc'd an Allemande between.*

## A U T H O R.

*Indeed, great Sir, I strive to please the town  
 With all that leads to profit and renown.  
 A March and Tempest raise my scenes in turn,  
 A Dirge, a Ghost, an Altar and an Urn.  
 Can fine description make the Critics roar ?  
 I've a sea-beach where surges lash the shore.  
 The pale moon riding thro' the sadden'd sky,  
 Will make men clap who know no reason why.  
 Then shield me, shield me with a patron's wing,  
 Be ~~Yates~~'s my goddess, ~~Smith~~'h my raving king ;*

\* English pronunciation.



*Let drums and fifes precede my dread close-stools,  
It runs nine nights my judgment to a fool's.*

## M A N A G E R.

*Thou think'st, perhaps, because I condescend  
To curse thy Play, I'll hear thee prate, my friend?  
No—cease thy jargon—Zounds! I'll hear no more:  
This is my house, and that, Sir,—that's the door.  
Sir, since you take such unbecoming airs,  
And doubt my taste, I'll shew you to the stairs:  
Sooner than let such half-starv'd wits prescribe,  
I'll write myself, and ruin all your tribe.  
Sir—no excuse, but leave me while thou'rt well;  
Hence to thy hut, and shrink within thy shell:  
And mark my words; if henceforth from this day,  
Thou dar'st, rash man, insult me with thy Play,  
Though all the Bards of Greece and Rome conspire  
To teach thy Muse some just dramatic fire,  
Boldly I'll act a part which none shall blame;  
Grasp—grasp it thus—and dash it to the flame.*

## A U T H O R.

*Sir, let me beg one word before I go,  
To calm this wrath—*

## M A N A G E R.

*I tell thee, fellow, no.*

*Plead thus again, I'll crush thee with a frown;—*

*The man withdrew, and thus address'd the town.*

“ Ladies and Gentlemen,

“ *When Sense and Nature yield to Epic song,*

“ *That man's awake who dreams the stage is wrong.*

“ *When drums and turbans, pageantry and glare,*

“ *Transform each proud jack-pudding to a play'r;*

“ *When wild grimace and barbarous starts controul*

“ *Each graceful art that once could win the soul;*

“ *Let Satire strike—assert her scourging pen,*

“ *And strive to laugh such Monsters into Men.”*

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C L O A C I N A.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

*The curtain draws and discovers* COMMON SENSE *in a languid, drooping posture, supported by* NATURE *and* PHILOSOPHY.

COMMON SENSE.

**G**IVE, give me hartshorn, quickly cut my stays;  
I'm sick, I'm faint, I'm stabb'd by modern plays.  
Expell'd the Stage, the Pulpit and the Bar,  
Taste broke my heart, and chain'd me to her car;  
Taste taught the world to treat my name with scorn;  
For taste I wander'd, desolate, forlorn:  
O'er desert wilds, bleak hills, and mountains bare,  
Sought bitter bread, and found a scanty share;  
Endur'd contempt, and poverty and pain,  
Nay begg'd an alms, yet bow'd my knees in vain.  
First I implor'd relief from sound divines,  
Critics who praise fat beef and dainty chines:  
They gravely shook their heads—then strok'd their bands,  
And wish'd me much success in foreign lands:  
Ask'd if I built my fame on classic ground?  
Confess'd their doubts, and left me as they found.  
Next I besought the sages of the law;  
They read my case, and pointed out the flaw;

Declar'd their pious zeal for pounds and pence,  
 And frankly told me, Cash was Common Sense.  
 My third rebuke 'tis needless to declare,  
 You felt my fate, and wept my fortune there:  
 Tortur'd by bards who trade in tragic rhyme,  
 Down—down I sink, and perish in my prime.  
 To distant times let weeping Nature tell,  
 " I lov'd her once, not wisely, but too well."  
 Preferr'd her charms to all the pompous lore  
 The schools prescribe, and school-taught men adore;  
 But false refinement, barbarous arts, controul'd,  
 And Common Sense was mix'd with common mould.  
 What have I felt from ev'ry classic clown!  
 Johnson found staves, and ~~Stanho~~pe knock'd me down.  
 Dramatic wits then smote me thick and thin,  
 And left me thus a victim to their sin.  
 Awhile my shade must linger here below,  
 To find if ~~Murphy~~ " knock'd so hard or no."  
 Awhile my shade must suffer grief in heav'n,  
 To think poor ~~Hee~~le can never be forgiv'n.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

Tho' frantic scribes have dragg'd thee from thy throne,  
 Tho' CLOACINA hears their vows alone,  
 Do not, with sighs and sobs, and black despair,  
*Give to the howling winds thy scatter'd hair.*  
 My deep researches some relief may find,  
 Balm for thy wounds, and physick for thy mind.  
 Is thy pulse faint, and languishing and low?  
*Damp sheets will make thy fine secretions flow.*

Are

Are thy bones rack'd, thy nerves oppress'd with pain ?

*One drunken fillip brings thee round again.*

As some great Sage, when seas in tempests boil,

Calms their hoarse thunders—*with a quart of oil.*

*Enter POETRY in Chains, clad in compleat Steel; the GRACES with watchmens great coats and leather doublets, following at a distance.*

NATURE and COMMON SENSE start back, and wring their hands in an agony of sorrow.

N A T U R E.

Ah wretched sight, my friend oppress'd with chains !

Then all is lost, and CLOACINA reigns.

Is it for this, my dear, much-injur'd maid,

You left the hermit's grot and sylvan shade ?

Is it for this you fought the fields of fame,

To weep in bonds, and tinge your cheek with shame ?

A I R.

*I wak'd thee once at dewy dawn,  
Reclin'd in myrtle bowers ;  
Led thy sweet flocks along the lawn,  
And gave thee all my flowers.*

*You gather'd my roses in spring,  
In summer you danc'd in my ray ;  
And the Graces of autumn would sing  
When winter had swept them away.*

*Now taste and refinement contend  
To seduce with each plausible plea,  
But you never shall find such a friend,  
Nor so faithful a mistress as me.*

*My sedgy banks and fairy streams,  
That prompt such soft poetic dreams,  
In woods and vales retir'd;  
At eve my sweetly solemn calls,  
Near cloister'd cells and abbey-walls,  
Thy gentle breast inspir'd.*

*You wander'd far from busy towns,  
The sheep-bells on the distant downs  
Would charm thy ravish'd ear;  
The rock, the rill, the hoarse cascade,  
The sunny bill, and silent glade,  
Would draw thy footsteps near.*

*Smit with the charms of scatter'd farms,  
The wild notes of the spray,  
In ev'ry mead you tun'd the reed,  
And frolick'd life away.*

*At length I miss'd thy sylvan song,  
And mourn'd thy transformation long,  
Thro' each declining age;  
Then heard thy muse supply'd the stalls,  
Hung up her harp on Bedlam walls,  
And died upon the Stage.*

#### P O E T R Y.

Would I were dead, and free from savage men,  
Who mock my woes, and kill me with their pen;  
Then should I sleep with all the gentle train,  
Who lov'd my laws, and dignify'd my reign:  
Then should I fear no ills from savage foes,  
Who bind in verse, and execute in prose;  
Like specious ~~B~~—ke, who talks without design,  
As Indians paint, because their tints are fine;

Like



Like Guildhall wits, who take rank weeds for flowers,  
 Spell some wild phrase, and marvel at their powers.  
 Since taste first flourish'd, all my charms decay'd,  
 I chang'd my name, and liv'd in Masquerade.  
 Arm'd *cap a-pié* with pond'rous swords and shields,  
 Fierce as bold Knights who stalk thro' *Bunhill-fields*,  
 This nodding plume in martial pomp surrounds  
 My glitt'ring helm, that weighs a dozen pounds,  
 Dazzles the crowd, and makes the children stare,  
 While old wives bellow—*Lord, how fine you are!*  
 In wintry nights I pass my dread campaigns  
 'Midst fire and tempests, thunderbolts and chains;  
 In rumbling verse am oft obliged to tell,  
 How fields were lost, and heroes went to hell:  
 But then my rhimes in softer accents flow,  
 They leave the light, they seek the shades below.  
 Quench'd the warm heart, eclips'd the brilliant brain,  
 They bite the earth, they strew th' ensanguin'd plain,  
 Heave their last sigh, compleat their mortal sands,  
 Visit grim Styx, or hail th' Elysian lands;  
 In act the first are decently interr'd  
 To raise the plot, and rise again the third:  
 E'en *authors* thus can cheat old Charon's wherry,  
 And bring the scoundrels back alive and merry.

Suppose king Pontus (understand me right)  
 Suppose king Pontus swears by Jove he'll fight;  
 Suppose king Pontus is in battle slain,  
 I call king Pontus back to life again;  
 Then the war rages, then the potlids roar,  
 He's up! he's down!—he *skims* along the floor;



Then martial tumults rend the vaulted skies,  
 And thus he falls, and then *be dies—be dies!*  
 As some large jack, entangled with his bait,  
 Darts down the wave, and struggles with his fate,  
 Convuls'd with pain awhile he stands at bay,  
 Then starts, and pants, and gently fades away.

Sharp are my pangs, and dreadful is the purge,  
 When long processions introduce the dirge ;  
 When queens so chaste and vestals of renown,  
 Who hold their favours cheap at half a crown,  
 Sing pious strains around some mournful bier,  
 What would I give that not a soul could hear ?  
 What would I give to see my tyrants dine  
 On musty steaks, and drink infernal wine ;  
 Converse with Hottentots, and shave with Jews,  
 Act their own plays, which actors all refuse,  
 Chaunt their base songs with bunters round St. Paul's,  
 Keep some blind shop, and paste them to the walls ;  
 With plays and ballads mend their fractured panes,  
 And scrawl in dungeons, while I droop in chains ?

In antient times, each actor would regard  
 Dramatic works, and strive to please the bard.  
 Now, sad reverse ! when first I shew my head,  
 One's sick abroad, and t'other's sick in bed :  
 This begs excuse, and vows he cannot play ;  
 That finds his genius lies another way ;  
 Protests each scene can entertain and teach,  
 But then the rhyme is much above his reach ;  
 So chaste, so rich, so soft, and so sublime,  
 He'd gladly play some part, some future time.

Such is my shame, my torture, my disgrace,  
 From slaves I feed—the dull dramatic race,  
 Who feast on Shakespeare's bright immortal dreams,  
 As insects flourish in the solar beams.  
 In health great Shakespeare pays their taylor's bills,  
 Supplies the sick with gallipots and pills ;  
 Redeems their pawns, or pays the surgeon's fee,  
 From spunging bailiffs sets the captives free ;  
 When drunk, will kindly treat them with a whore,  
 Ingrateful atoms ! can a bard do more ?

His wealth I gave him, gave without controul,  
 To charm the heart, and animate the soul ;  
 Subdue the passions with a master's skill,  
 Conduct bright fancy up th' eternal hill,  
 Direct the path fair Science loves to soar,  
 And fix his fame till time shall be no more.  
 Then *Sense* and *Nature* lov'd my tuneful laws,  
 Then fair *Philosophy* would plead my cause ;  
 His genuine works like Scripture-truths are plann'd,  
 Who runs may read, who reads must understand ;  
 His works great Nature and the Nine adorn'd,  
 But Shakespeare sleeps, and Poetry is scorn'd.  
 Now venal bards subvert my first design,  
 Debase the muse as vintners dash their wine ;  
 With *sounds* seduce a taste-corrupted age,  
 And build a brothel, where they sink a stage.  
 As ~~Sutton~~ left his ~~Charter House~~ to shade  
 Merchants distress'd, and gentlemen decay'd,  
 Now turn'd to dust can disregard their tears,  
 And feed the pimps of prostituted peers,

## N A T U R E.

Ill fare the man, if such a man there be,  
 Who robs the generous, and enslaves the free;  
 Steals from the muse a mercenary song,  
 And drags in chains the fetter'd line along.  
 Ne'er shall her smiles his clay-cold bosom fill,  
 Ne'er shall her smiles inform his venal quill,  
 Nor rustic song, nor proud heroic strain,  
 Shall bless the bard who sadly sings for gain.  
 'The day shall dawn, the lark salute the spring,  
 High noon advance, and groves and vallies ring;  
 At ev'ning shade the blackbirds notes prevail,  
 The bird of night shall cheer the lonely dale;  
 Nor morn, nor noon, nor night, shall charm the swain,  
 Shall bless the bard who sadly sings for gain.  
 Long have I mourn'd th' accumulated ills  
 You feel from moonshine verse, and savage trills;  
 From dull descriptions, spiritless and dry,  
 The pale moon riding through the sadden'd sky;  
 The sea-girt rocks, where foaming surges roar,  
 To wash the shells and pebbles of the shore;  
 But when the sea-fowls scream discordant strains,  
 I'm cut with grief, and murder'd to the brains.

## C O M M O N S E N S E.

Farewel to all that charms and mends the heart;  
 This night, my friends, we part, for ever part,  
 Weapons more fatal far than swords and guns  
 Dispatch my shade—dread CLOACINA's sons!

This night she counsels with her dark divan,  
 And ere to-morrow's dawn compleats her plan ;  
 That all who bend before her filthy shrine,  
 Shall write like men who boast a right divine ;  
 That all whose works her liberal praises sing,  
 Shall write like men, who write like any thing.  
 I faint—I fall—support me to a chair—  
 Take this last sigh—and—close my eyes with care :  
 When dead and bury'd, bear me still in mind.

A L L.

Oh grief of griefs! we will not stay behind.

## S C E N E II.

*A tumultuous Assembly of Conspirators of all Orders, Senators, Lawyers, Divines, Authors of many Denominations, and little Wits without Number, all caballing together. A vacant Throne erected for the Goddess, who rises from a Trap-Door in an unseemly Condition, amidst a formidable Body-Guard of Night-Men, with Links, Chamber-pots, and other Emblems of Dignity.*

*After Silence is proclaimed thrice, STANOPEPOSES harangues as follows :*

*At Chesterfield*

“ I beg leave to lay before this respectable, thrice honourable,  
 “ thrice elegant, and thrice graceful Assembly, a compleat System  
 “ of Education to qualify a gentleman for a court, whom no haber-  
 “ dasher will trust behind his counter.”

[*Here STANOPEPOSES consults that amiable equilibrium of position which Corporal Trim preferred when reading the Sermon to Dr. Slop and Mr. Shandy; and thus proceeds.*]

D

Dread

Dread sirs, — 'tis thus I--teach--the--world--in--prose ;  
 Young man of wisdom--never pick thy nose :  
 Nor hope to find thro' life propitious gales,  
 Unless thou cleanse thy teeth--and clip thy nails.  
 Important truths for polish'd wits to know,  
 That teeth will perish, and that nails will grow.

[ALL. *Excellent ! excellent !*

'Tis strange to think what learned lengths I've run,  
 To find sound maxims for a trav'ling son :  
 I taught the boy this grand, immortal creed,  
 When lips are greasy, wipe them while you feed ;  
 With taste sublime, O wash thy filthy face ;  
 And learn the *graces* with a *graceful grace*.

#### C H O R U S.

*Goddeſs ! bear this ſuppliant pray'r,  
 Take four volumes to thy care ;  
 Paper's ſoft as need to be,  
 Wortby him, and wortby thee.*

I taught my ſon to keep one foot before,  
 And one behind, when bowing to a w——e ;  
 To mind his ſink was not too quick, too ſlow,  
 Too long--too ſhort--too high--nor yet too low ;

[ALL. *Fine ! marvelouſly fine !*

To bend his body in a graceful line,  
 To dance, to dreſs, to drink, and to deſign.  
 My ſon, ſaid I, be crafty as a knave,  
 Cringe like a fool, and flatter like a ſlave ;  
 Conſult applauſe by mean, diſgraceful arts ;  
 Neglect all principle to ſhew your parts ;

Careſs.



Carefs the polish'd, spurn the vulgar race,  
And learn the *graces* with a *graceful* grace.

[*A general applause, clapping hands, rattling of sticks. &c.*

## C H O R U S.

*Goddeſs! bear this ſuppliant pray'r,  
Take four volumes to thy care;  
Books from common ſenſe ſo free,  
Worthy him, and worthy thee.*

I teach my boy in theſe perſuaſive ſtrains,  
“ Renounce your feelings, and confound your brains :  
“ If e'er you valu'd maxims wrote by me,  
“ Don't be a man, but only ſeem to be.  
“ To ſacred taſte religiously attend ;  
“ The wiſe are born for that important end :  
“ Externals only make a man divine ;  
“ Dreſs like a duke, and like a duke you'll ſhine.  
“ Taſte makes the courtier grace the poliſh'd ſphere,  
“ Taſte makes a puppy equal to a peer :  
“ To Taſte alone let Goſpel-truths give place,  
“ And learn the *graces* with a *graceful* grace.”

## C H O R U S.

*Goddeſs! bear this ſuppliant pray'r,  
Take four volumes to thy care;  
Volumes, all the wiſe agree,  
Worthy him, and worthy thee.*

STANOPEPOSIS *ſits down, and the volumes are laid in great ſtate  
upon the altar.*

*J. T. Johnson* JOHNSONODDLE *rises.* *An universal* "hear him! hear him!  
hear him!"

Admit, great Queen, a paucity of words  
On three grand subjects,--men--and beasts,--and birds,  
From one, who left a cultivated clime  
For savage lands--and thus employ'd his time.

[ALL. *Go it, go it, go it.*

Zounds! blood and thunder! rascals! what d'ye mean?  
The first who shouts shall witness to my spleen;  
I'll knock him down, by all the gods below,  
And gods above shall justify the blow.  
These sonorous thunders, heterogeneous firs,  
May, and must stagger deep philosophers;  
But still my mind is erudite and clear,  
And thus I publish each refin'd idea.

In warmth of period, native genius shines;  
I love short stops--and strict mechanic lines;  
Sharp as the thorn, and blooming as the rose,  
High as the Alps, and frigid as the snows;  
Firm as a rock, transparent as a spring,  
Chaste as a maid, and *perfect* as a king;  
Bright as the day, and dazzling as the sun,  
Sweet as a tart, and spicey as a bun;  
Fierce as a lion, bold as any bear,  
Ripe as a plumb, and mellow as a pear.  
Thus much premis'd, proceed we to our tour;  
The *land was barren*--as the *soil was poor*;  
Men wanted meat, and cattle wanted hay,  
Birds wanted roosts, and so they fled away.

[*He sits down with much solemnity.*



BUSKEBUSBO *comes forward.* *prob. S. Buske*

BUSKEBUSBO.

Thrice happy he whose rosy-finger'd hours  
Glide in cool grots and aromatic bowers;  
The vulture care shall ne'er corrode his breast,  
Nor green-ey'd jealousy his dreams infest;  
Nor envy wet her sharp, envenom'd dart,  
Nor pallid fear debilitate his heart;  
Nor dark despair provide infernal chains,  
Nor canker'd malice give tormenting pains;  
But tranquil hope shall all his thoughts supply,  
And dancing joy anticipate the sky.

[*A general laugh.*]

Sir, Mr. Speaker, gentlemen may laugh,  
I'll not regard it—I'm too wise by half:

And, Sir, *I say*, what old Dan Shakespeare *sung*,  
“ Let gall'd jades wince, my withers are unwrung.”

[*The laugh increases.*]

Sir, fools may jeer—but wits despise them all,  
*As* some large dogs make water on the small.  
Some members, Sir, give sly, satyrick wipes,  
*As* boys funk coblers with tobacco pipes;  
But, Sir, I heed such envious foes no more  
Than drunkards reck'nings round an alehouse door:  
*As* some fat butcher, bred in Leadenhall,  
Whose galligaskins serve for slate and all,  
Scores on the grease the profits of his trade,  
Then wipes the uncouth cyphers into shade.

[*An intolerable roar.*]

Sir, Mr. Speaker, men may smile and smile,  
Yet dread my wit, and tremble at my stile;

E

As

As Felix trembled at the speech of Paul  
 Whose sound oration play'd the deuce and all.  
 Ye laugh at truths ye have not sense to feel ;  
 Yet know, Achilles had a mortal heel ;  
 And David's pebble laid Goliath low,  
 Who laugh'd to scorn the threat'nings of the foe.  
 Have you not read how pigmy giants strove,  
 With impious aim, to scale the walls of Jove ?  
 Have ye not read (ye must have read it oft)  
 How Satan's legions tumbled from aloft ?  
 Have ye not read, that strength o'er craft prevails,  
 That Sampson's brush wood fing'd the foxes tails ?  
 Have ye not read, *to bring my periods square,*  
 Sampson got *shav'd*, and perish'd in despair ?  
 Thus kings are crush'd, and ministers are *shav'd*,  
 Who hurt the state, and have not well behav'd ;  
 Who sink a nation with assiduous zeal,  
 Who share the plunder of the common-weal ;  
 Who yet neglect the patriot's pious pray'r,  
 To pawn his soul—and triumph in a share.  
 Who takes a place, Sir, ought to go to hell,  
 When private pensions suit a slave as well.  
 But, Sir, I'm free from all such venal sin :  
 Sir, I'll keep out—'till, Sir, I'm taken in ;  
 And teach the crowd who love to hear me talk,  
 Men of sound wisdom choose the private walk ;  
 That *private* walk, where *shouting crowds* appear,  
 And sweaty nightcaps taint the atmosphere ;  
 That private walk which leads to public fame,  
 When patriots turn to dust, from whence they came.

*[Here his voice is drowned, and he sits down in a passion.]*

*Now*

*Now TRAGEDY in the Character of CATHERINE CODFISH, Cath. Macaulay  
raving to the extent of her lungs, puts the assembly into the most ter-  
rible confusion.*

CATHERINE CODFISH.

Yes, men and gods shall witness to my woe ;  
My voice shall ride upon the whirlwind's blast,  
And talk with stars that lend immortal light  
To high Olympus' brow. O night! dark night!  
Eclipse this earth with one eternal shade ;  
Drive back the sun with desolation's frown,  
And dash out all his beams. Come, death ; come, hell ;  
Let bellowing grief assist the howling winds,  
And direful shrieks at midnight's fun'ral hour  
Infest the troubled air. Hags, mount your brooms ;  
Ghosts, quit your clay-cold shrouds : Infernal sprites,  
Attend my tale of blood and civil broil.  
These eyes beheld it ; these tempestuous eyes  
Hung lowring o'er the scene, and shar'd the fate  
Of war. Where Thames' back stream in stinking state  
Salutes the muddy shore ; the water-nymphs  
Have fix'd their court, and Billingsgate's its name.  
There Mars in triumph drives his fiery car!  
There mutton fists in furious combat join!  
There drunken wh—s engage with harpy claws,  
While desolation reigns. Queens with short pipes,  
Who smoke Virginia's plant, and quaff the juice  
Of Calvert's malt, or British gin imbibe,  
With oaths obscene, and shrill discordant pipes,  
And martial sounds promote the general fray.  
Now bloody noses stream with sanguine floods,

And

And now black eyes unite with bloated gills,  
 And livid cheeks, and tresses stiff with gore,  
 To call deformity with all her snakes  
 To fancy's mental eye. Moll Mackrell fell  
 Beneath th' Herculean fist of Kitty Carp,  
 While Sukey Salmon dealt her blows about,  
 And drove two stumps from Philly Flounder's jaw.  
 Then Patty Plaice drove headlong on the foe,  
 Plumpt Dolly Dab o'er Sukey Salmon's stall,  
 And gnash'd her teeth with rage. Not Sally Soal,  
 With all her might, could quell the dreadful storm.  
 Witness, ye Gods, how many fought and fell,  
 Laid their opponents flat, and pegg'd them well;  
 What blows and bruises, kicks and cuffs prevail'd,  
 'Till strength was wearied, and 'till day-light fail'd:  
 Then gin and beer, and smutty jokes went round,  
 And all the battle ceas'd, and ev'ry care was drown'd.

COMEDY bursts into an horse-laugh.

*Odds bottles and glasses, odds pistols and powder,  
 Let me first laugh myself, and the crowd will laugh louder.  
 Zounds! damn it, Col'nel, curse my cloth you'll win her, [She swears.  
 And virtuous worth can earn a daily dinner. [She preaches.*

*[She sobs as if her heart was breaking, and CLOACINA gives  
 orders to hiss her out of the assembly.*

*[Now every thing grows tumultuous, many members speaking together.]*

“ I rise to speak ” — “ I first address'd the chair ” —  
 “ Hip! hallo, waiter, bring some capillaire ” —

“ Madam, I’ll write large books in time to come”——

“ Ma’am, I stand forth to prove a vacuum.”——

“ What phantom’s that!——

*[The ghost of Common Sense rises in the midst of them.]*

“ Good heav’n forgive our sins!

“ It moves! it speaks! hark! hark! it now begins.”

C O M M O N S E N S E.

Bethink ye, scoundrels, of your crimes,

Most vile of all offences;

Ye stabb’d me many thousand times

By murd’ring Moods and Tenses.

I’m COMMON SENSE, ye stupid dogs;

Why stand ye thus affrighted,

Like monkish drones, and learned logs,

Or Gothic slaves benighted?

The filthy goddess you adore,

Delights to plague Apollo;

But tho’ she sent my shade before,

All, all your works shall follow.

*[Exeunt omnes in direful confusion, tumbling over each other, scattering wigs, tearing ruffles, demolishing upper garments, shouting, raving, screaming, kicking, shoving, elbowing, &c. &c. amidst the smoke and thunderings of CLOACINA’S throne, which envelops the whole assembly.]*



## S C E N E the Last.

*Enter APPLECARTIBUS, weeping.*

Ah woe is me! no tears can now avail!  
 In vain my sighs are wafted on the gale!  
 Thro' streets and lanes in vain my voice I try;  
 Fain would I sell my fruit, but none will buy.  
 Who can describe a wretched maiden's case!  
 Who paint the sorrows of her fallen face!  
 Who with waste paper shall supply her stall,  
 Since CLOACINA now engrosses all?  
 There was a time (ye list'ning gods draw near,  
 Attend a tale "that knows nor art nor fear")  
 When wit and wisdom flourish'd in their prime,  
 For clean waste paper, gods, there was a time!  
 Then Plays and Poems all my wants supply'd,  
 Within this barrow would young Ammon ride;  
 Old Clytus self, with martial fifes and drums,  
 Would lend a leaf to fortify my plumbs.  
 Yes, happy days! in all the pomp of storm,  
 Dread Dionysius kept my codlings warm.  
 When summer's sun to distant climes retires,  
 Great Teribazus kindly lit my fires.  
 Heroes and demi-gods my cabbage boil'd,  
 Dryden and Lee in fun'ral state were pil'd,  
 Apollo clapp'd his hands, and Shakespeare's spirit smil'd.

*Enter MAGGOTMONGOROS, in a passion.*

Where shall I hide me? whither shall I run,  
 For cart-rope, poison, pistol, sword or gun?

Around

Around this globe, this congregated ball,  
 Let thunders rattle, red-hot lightnings fall;  
 Be pole and centre in one ruin hurl'd,  
 And *shadowy* darkness *sackcloth* all the world.  
 Then may no ray of silver light be seen  
 To lead the fairy revels o'er the green,  
 To call the sportsman to the early chace,  
 To wake the warblings of the feather'd race,  
*To teach the little fishes how to swim,*  
 Since man's unblest, be all as curst as him.  
 And as for me, by Jove's brown beard I swear,  
 I'll stamp, and rant, and kick, and fling, and stare;  
 From morn 'till night I'll sing some direful strain,  
 'Till clean waste paper's plentiful again.  
 Like some tall steeple rock'd with tempests dire,  
 As high as Sarum's pinnacle, or higher;  
 When winds and clouds, and hail, and rain, and snow,  
 Knock down the chimneys, lay the pantiles low;  
 Or like some mount with flames internal torn,  
 Too strong, too fierce, too mighty to be borne;  
 Like *all these things* my breast must writhe in pain,  
 'Till clean waste paper's plentiful again.  
 Curs'd be the goddess, CLOACINA nam'd,  
 She seiz'd the plays which ~~Hoo~~-le and ~~Franklyn~~ fram'd:  
 What learned tribes bow down beneath her yoke!  
 See ~~H-o~~-me and ~~Murphy~~ on her altars *smoke*!  
 E'en B——te himself, sweet bard, of pious skill,  
 Adores her shrine, and worships with good will.  
 In days of yore, reflection still can please,  
 Dramatic writers wrap'd my rotten cheese;



My bacon slices greas'd each learned line,  
 My rank salt butter taught *their* scenes to *shine!*  
 But, sad reverse! those happy times are o'er,  
 Cheese, bacon, butter, now in vain implore  
 For plays to wrap them round, as heretofore.

*Enter SAUSAGESTIS.*

*A pair of bellows, a charcoal pan, a link of hog puddings, marching in solemn procession.*

S A U S A G E S T I S.

Why do ye wander far from house and home?

B O T H.

To weep the fate of dullness and of Rome:  
 We weep to think our trickling tears descend,  
 Without—or guide—or counsellor—or friend.  
 Adown our cheeks fast flow the dewy drops,  
 Because we want waste paper in our shops,  
 Because our plays nine nights can rant and roar,  
 Then sink to rest, and cram the common shore.

S A U S A G E S T I S.

Hear me, sweet friends, your ears awhile incline,  
 Share all my griefs, and mingle tears with mine.  
 Since cold December rul'd with iron sway,  
 Fast barr'd the floods, and bid their currents stay,  
 With frosty finger check'd the rough cascade,  
 And scatter'd bleak winds thro' the sylvan glade;  
 On ev'ry cottage, barn, and house and land,  
 Bid blust'ring Boreas take his nightly stand:  
 Since these events, my nights have pass'd in pain,  
 And still shall pass, 'till Sol returns again.

In Newgate-street a wrinkled mansion stands,  
 Whose age denotes it rear'd by antient hands,  
 Near which I once (compell'd by famine's call)  
 In wintry days long kept a sausage stall.  
 There in sweet peace I fed the vagrant clans,  
 There lousy beggars lick'd my greasy pans.  
 The minstrel quaint who plays in low degree,  
 Would rest his wooden leg, and dine with me.  
 When ev'ning shadows veil'd the face of things,  
 My fine black puddings fed dramatic kings :  
 Clear paper lanterns which the stage supply'd,  
 Shed a kind gleam to light me while I fry'd.  
 For me great bards sublimest plays would write,  
 My farthing candles brought their works to light ;  
 My farthing candles shew'd the path to fame,  
 Warm'd their cold thoughts, and taught them how to flame.  
 Oft have I read (may heav'n forgive the crime)  
 With transport read of Queens who died *in rhyme* ;  
 Oft have I read (with spectacles on nose)  
 Of bouncing blades, who cut and thrust in prose ;  
 Men who could dance a march, with sword and shield,  
 And drive plain English frighten'd from the field.  
 Thrice happy times ! (and thrice forlorn my lot,  
 To feel those times can never be forgot)  
 When learned wits could wintry nights prolong,  
 And ev'ry stall grew brighter for the song.  
 Now CLOACINA (strange tyrannic days)  
 Claims ev'ry leaf of all our modern plays :  
 Extends her sceptre o'er the realms of wit,  
 And sends each page to darkness and the pit.

The weeping muse, with weighty woes o'ercome,  
 Confines her favours to the Critic's bum :  
 As some large fishes swallow up the small,  
 Dread CLOACINA thus engrosses all.

*Enter CLOACINA.*

*A long procession following; Authors in black coats and grizzle wigs,  
 two and two; Stage darkened; many obstreperous explosions behind  
 the scenes; solemn musick, &c.*

C L O A C I N A.

Avaunt, I say; avaunt, ye mongrels vile,  
 Or this right hand shall scourge ye rank and file.  
 Ye think, perhaps, ye base infernal crew,  
 Ye make me mad; but curse me if ye do.  
 By all the thunders of my dread close-stool,  
 I'll make ye read the play of Master H—,  
 And gripe ye all with strong convulsive throws,  
 If once compell'd to class ye with my foes.  
 Ingrateful slaves! own CLOACINA's kind,  
 Tho' much she takes, how much is left behind !  
 Have I not left (nay doubt it if ye dare)  
 Have I not left the speeches of a *May'r* ?  
 He's my dear son, and one I scarce can spare ;  
 Yet, Sirs, accept the genius of a *May'r* :  
 Great thoughts unfinish'd, small ones half begun,  
 Squib, poem, essay, paragraph and pun,  
 Refin'd epistles, wrote in foreign tours ;  
 Accept all these, for these, my friends, are yours.  
 Nor these alone I give. To me belong  
 Sweet-scented novels, forty thousand strong ;  
 Sermons and travels rear'd beneath my smiles,  
 And one *big section* of the Western Isles :

Tho' Hobbs and St. John give my soul delight,  
I'll not be rash, perhaps they are *your* right.

(*To APPECARTIBUS*)

Voltaire's White Bull is your's with all my heart;  
The paper's good, and suits an apple cart.  
And as for you (*to SAUSAGESTIS*) be still black pudding fry'd,  
By sad soft sermons *about* SUICIDE.  
They make good lanterns.

S A U S A G E S T I S .

Yes, I've try'd a few.

C L O A C I N A *to* MAGGOTMONGOROS.

And, what is more, will hold salt butter too.  
All these I grant ye, wheresoe'er ye find,  
Rotting in heaps, or scatter'd in the wind:  
But if ye rashly dare provoke my rage,  
By all that stinks, an oath both sound and sage,  
On my brown altars ev'ry work shall glow,  
She spake, and speaking fought the shades below.

*CLOACINA descends in smoke—a rumbling noise as before.*

T H E E N D .