THE GENEROUS IMPOSTOR: A COMEDY, AS IT IS NOW PERFORMING AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE

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The Generous Impostor: A Comedy, as It Is Now Performing at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane by Anonymous

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THEATRE-ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

ATQUE NOVOS TENTAT AMICA DOLOS.

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[Price One Shilling and Six Pence.]



то

Mrs. GREVILLE,

AND

Mrs. CREWE,

THIS COMEDY

is respectfully inscribed,

by their much obliged,

and most devoted.

Humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

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W ______

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

The he states the flage looking upon a paper, and half addressing himself to the Author behind, from whom he is supposed to have received it.]

Tablis, Sir, the Prologue? Why this pitcous whine
Forebodes a catcall in each croaking line.
"The Author's first offence!"—"Implore!"—" befeech!"
Zounds! 'tis as difinal as a dying speech.
Will prove, itself, the piece's fure damasticus,
And give, like hawkers, by Anticipation,
"Life, birth, and parentage, and education."

Do you discover in this east of feature. The striking traits to suit the doleful metre? Give it to Parsons—his sad—tragic face. Such plaintive sentiments will aprly grace. The rueful meaning Moody may supply E'en from the fruitful river of his eye; Or with mute Pathos, walk about and sight.

Prologues are after'd fines that Gothic day,
When only hungry play-wrights wrote—for pay.
Then, while the bard—poor miferable finner!
Trembled behind—uncertain of his dinner—
Forth came in black—with folemn flep—and flow,
The after—to unfold the tale of woe.
But in these days, when e'en the titled dame
Glows with the passion of dramatic fame,
When as the fashion gains, it may indite
The card of compliments for a third night,
With slyle laconic, and in mensur'd strain,
"Lady Chararde sees friends at Drury lane."—

ROLOG

In those bright days-this literary age, When 'tis the tafte-the very thing-the rage To pen some lively morgean for the stage. When belles write comedies, and beaux have wit, The prologue too the sprightly ton must hit; Flippant and fmart in carelels easy rhimes, Reffect the gayest colours of the times, Cameleon-like, on falkion's air must live, And, like that too, each varying tint must give. [Returning to the paper, and supposed again to address the Author.] This will ne'er do (paufing) - Can't you contrive to fwell To thirty lines fome airy bagatelle? Or take your subject from some modify scenes-" Elections"-" Camps"-" Electrical machines!" That thought's not bad-Why then suppose you try, In metapher—the house t' electrify. Wind the conducting strains that may dispense The mild effluvia's genial influence, Or fill the charge, the powerful charge, that draws From you dread gods the thunder of applaule: Or if such potent virtue can't controul The angry critic's non-electric foul, The ladies court—the light'ning of these eyes, The apt allusion readily supplies .--From those bright orbs th' ethereal beam that plays, Will blaft the critic thorn, but spare the bays. Something like this may do-fome neat terfe thing,

With a few fmirks-and fmiles-and bows from King,

[To the Audience.]

Mean time the want of form for once forgive, And for this night allow the piece to live.

