

EPILOGUE

TO PHÆDRA.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD, who acted ISMENA.

LADIES, to Night your Pity I implore
For One, who never troubled You before:

AN OXFORD-MAN, extreamly read in GREEK,
Who from EURIPIDES makes PHÆDRA speak;
And comes to Town, to let Us Moderns know,
How Women lov'd two thousand Years ago.

If that be all, said I, e'en burn your Play:

I gad! We know all that, as well as They:
Show Us the youthful, handsome Charioteer,
Firm in his Seat, and running his Career;
Our Souls would kindle with as gen'rous Flames,
As e'er inspir'd the antient GRECIAN Dames;
EV'RY ISMENA would resign her Breast;
And ev'ry dear HIPPOLYTUS be blest.

But, as it is, Six flouncing FLANDERS Mares
Are e'en as good, as any Two of Theirs;
And if HIPPOLYTUS can but contrive
To buy the gilded Chariot; JOHN can drive.

Now

Now of the Buffle You have seen to Day,
 And PHÆDRA's Morals in this Scholar's Play,
 Something at least in Justice should be said:
 But this HIPPOLYTUS so fills One's Head—
 Well! PHÆDRA liv'd as chastly as She cou'd,
 For she was Father Jove's own Flesh and Blood.
 Her aukward Love indeed was oddly fated:
 She and her POLY were too near related:
 And yet that Scruple had been laid aside,
 If honest THESEUS had but fairly dy'd:
 But when He came, what needed He to know,
 But that all Matters stood in *Statu quo*?
 There was no harm, You see; or grant there were:
 She might want Conduct; but He wanted Care.
 'Twas in a Husband little less than rude,
 Upon his Wife's Retirement to intrude—
 He should have sent a Night or two before,
 That He would come exact at such an Hour:
 Then He had turn'd all Tragedy to Jest;
 Found ev'ry Thing contribute to his Rest;
 The *Picquet*-Friend dismiss'd, the Coast all clear,
 And Spouse alone impatient for her Dear.

But if these gay Reflections come too late,
 To keep the guilty PHÆDRA from her Fate;
 If your more serious Judgment must condemn
 The dire Effects of her unhappy Flame:
 Yet, Ye chaste Matrons, and Ye tender Fair,
 Let Love and Innocence engage your Care:
 My

My spotless Flames to your Protection take;
And spare poor PHÆDRA, for ISMENA'S sake.

EPILOGUE

LUCIUS.

Spoken by Mrs. HORTON.

THE Female Author who recites to Day,
Trusts to her Sex the Merit of her Play.
Like Father BAYES securely She sits down:
Pitt, Box and Gallery, Gad! All's our Own.
In antient GREECE, She says, when SAPPHO writ,
By their Applause the Critics show'd their Wit.
They tun'd their Voices to her LYRIC String;
Tho' they cou'd All do something more, than Sing.
But one Exception to this Fact we find;
That Booby PHAON only was unkind,
An ill-bred Boat-man, rough as Waves and Wind.
From SAPPHO down thro' all succeeding Ages,
And now on FRENCH, or on ITALIAN Stages,
Rough Satyrs, fly Remarks, ill-natur'd Speeches,
Are always aim'd at Poets, that wear Breeches.
Arm'd with LONGINUS, or with RAPIN, No Man
Drew a sharp Pen upon a Naked Woman.
The blust'ring Bully in our neighb'ring Streets,
Scorns to attack the Female that He meets:
Fearless the Petticoat contemns his Frowns:
The Hoop secures, whatever it surrounds.

The