



N<sup>o</sup> 34<sup>I</sup>. Tuesday, April 1.

— *Revocate animos, mæsumque timorem*  
Mittite ————— Virg.

HAVING, to oblige my Correspondent *Physibulus*, printed his Letter last *Friday*, in relation to the new Epilogue, he cannot take it amiss, if I now publish another, which I have just received from a Gentleman who does not agree with him in his Sentiments upon that Matter.

S I R,

I Am amazed to find an Epilogue attacked in your last *Friday's* Paper, which has been so generally applauded by the Town, and received such Honours as were never before given to any in an *English* Theatre.

THE Audience would not permit Mrs. *Oldfield* to go off the Stage the first Night, till she had repeated it twice; the second Night the Noise of *Ancora's* was as loud as before, and she was again obliged to speak it twice: the third Night it was called for a second time; and, in short, contrary to all other Epilogues, which are dropt after the third Representation of the Play, this has already been repeated nine times.

I must own I am the more surprized to find this Censure in opposition to the whole Town, in a Paper which has hitherto been famous for the Candour of its Criticisms.

I can by no means allow your melancholy Correspondent, that the new Epilogue is unnatural because it is gay. If I had a mind to be learned, I could tell him that the Prologue and Epilogue were real Parts of the ancient Tragedy; but every one knows that on the *British* Stage they are distinct Performances by themselves, Pieces intirely detached from the Play, and no way essential to it.

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‘ T H E moment the Play ends, Mrs. *Oldfield* is no more *Andromache*, but Mrs. *Oldfield*; and tho’ the Poet had left *Andromache* stone-dead upon the Stage, as your ingenious Correspondent phrases it, Mrs. *Oldfield* might still have spoke a merry Epilogue. We have an Instance of this in a Tragedy where there is not only a Death but a Martyrdom. St. *Catharine* was there personated by *Nell Gwin*; she lies stone-dead upon the Stage, but upon those Gentlemens offering to remove her Body, whose Business it is to carry off the Slain in our *English* Tragedies, she breaks out into that abrupt Beginning of what was a very ludicrous, but at the same time thought a very good Epilogue.

*Hold, are you mad? you damn’d confounded Dog,  
I am to rise and speak the Epilogue.*

‘ THIS diverting Manner was always practised by Mr. *Dryden*, who, if he was not the best Writer of Tragedies in his Time, was allow’d by every one to have the happiest Turn for a Prologue or an Epilogue. The Epilogues to *Cleomenes*, *Don Sebastian*, *The Duke of Guise*, *Aurengzebe*, and *Love Triumphant*, are all Precedents of this Nature.

‘ I might further justify this Practice by that excellent Epilogue which was spoken a few Years since, after the Tragedy of *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*; with a great many others, in which the Authors have endeavoured to make the Audience merry. If they have not all succeeded so well as the Writer of this, they have however shewn that it was not for want of Good-will.

‘ I must further observe, that the Gaiety of it may be still the more proper, as it is at the End of a *French* Play; since every one knows that Nation, who are generally esteemed to have as polite a Taste as any in *Europe*, always close their Tragick Entertainments with what they call a *Petite Piece*, which is purposely design’d to raise Mirth, and send away the Audience well-pleased. The same Person who has supported the chief Character in the Tragedy, very often plays the principal Part in the *Petite Piece*; so that I have my self seen at *Paris*, *Orestes* and *Lubin* acted the same Night by the same Man.

‘ T R A G I .



‘ TRAGI-COMEDY, indeed, you have your self in a former Speculation found fault with very justly, because it breaks the Tide of the Passions while they are yet flowing; but this is nothing at all to the present Case, where they have already had their full Course.

‘ As the new Epilogue is written conformable to the Practice of our best Poets, so it is not such an one which, as the Duke of *Buckingham* says in his *Rehearsal*, might serve for any other Play; but wholly rises out of the Occurrences of the Piece it was composed for.

‘ THE only Reason your mournful Correspondent gives against this *Facetious Epilogue*, as he calls it, is, that he has a mind to go home *melancholy*. I wish the Gentleman may not be more grave than wise. For my own part, I must confess I think it very sufficient to have the Anguish of a fictitious Piece remain upon me while it is representing, but I love to be sent home to bed in a good Humour. If *Phyſibulus* is however resolv’d to be inconsolable, and not to have his Tears dried up, he need only continue his old Custom, and when he has had his half Crown’s worth of Sorrow, flink out before the Epilogue begins.

‘ IT is pleasant enough to hear this Tragical Genius complaining of the great *Mischief Andromache* had done him: What was that? Why, she made him laugh, The poor Gentleman’s Sufferings put me in mind of *Harlequin’s* Case, who was tickled to death. He tells us soon after, thro’ a small Mistake of Sorrow for Rage, that during the whole Action he was so very sorry, that he thinks he could have attack’d *half a score of the fiercest Moboeks* in the Excess of his Grief. I cannot but look upon it as an happy Accident, that a Man who is so bloody-minded in his Affliction, was diverted from this Fit of outrageous Melancholy. The Valour of this Gentleman in his Distress brings to one’s Memory the *Knight of the sorrowful Countenance*, who lays about him at such an unmerciful rate in an old Romance. I shall readily grant him that his Soul, as he himself says, *would have made a very ridiculous Figure, had it quitted the Body, and descended to the Poetical Shades*, in such an Encounter.

AS