

the hour was expired they renewed their call, and after continuing it some time, two of their leaders (persons of gravity and condition) rose from the pit and went off over the boxes—that was the agreed signal. A youth in the pit then stood up, and cried out, God bless his Majesty King George, with three huzzas; and at the end of the last huzza, they all fell to demolish the house, and the audience part was all in pieces in five minutes. After this execution, some moved to fire the house, others to attack the wardrobe. Accordingly a party leaped upon the stage, and with their swords and other instruments cut and slashed the curtain, which was finely painted, and cost a great sum of money; broke and cut to pieces all the scenes within their reach; and some attempts were made towards the wardrobe, but finding that place well defended, they retired; and some who went off through the box room dragged the grate full of burning coals into the middle of the room, there laid some of the broken doors of the boxes upon it, and left them there, in that condition they were found, and time enough to prevent the intended mischief.

Thus ended this memorable riot, which operated very fatally towards the fortune of Mr. Sheridan. Disgusted with the public behaviour, and not much satisfied with his theatrical situation, he published his case, and after letting his theatre for two years, he embarked for England.\*

\* During Mr. Sheridan's management, about 1752, he caused the play of the *Conscious Lovers* to be performed, and gave the whole receipt of it towards a fund for erecting a monument to the memory of Dear Swift. The prologue which he wrote and spoke on that occasion, we give below, and it may serve as a specimen of his poetical talents. Though something foreign to the present subject, we cannot but observe that the Managers of the London Theatre would do an act worthy of praise were they to open their benches in like manner for one night to raise a sum for a monument for Doctor Johnson. The very extraordinary proposal for a two-guinea subscription each, set on foot by the intimate and opulent friends of that excellent writer, having met with the neglect it deserved, an appeal to the feelings of the public on more liberal grounds, may probably be attended with more success. The booksellers who have enriched themselves by the sale of Doctor Johnson's works will be glad to be informed, when the opportunity offers, that one of their body Geo. Faulkner, on the above occasion gave 50l.

#### PROLOGUE.

WHEN public gratitude erects the bust,  
Where public worth has dignified the dust;

There he immediately entered into a negotiation with Mr. Rich, and (being desirous of compelling Mr. Barry to go over to Dublin) hastily made an engagement with him for a share of the profits on such nights as he should perform, without having weighed circumstances, or properly guarded against events. His first appearance was in the character of Hamlet, Oct. 24. He also produced an alteration, by himself, of *Coriolanus*, formed out of the plays of Shakespeare and Thomson, in which he introduced a magnificent spectacle of a Roman ovation. He performed also *Cato*, *Oedipus*, *Richard III.*, *Shylock*, *Lord Townly*, *Romeo*, and several other characters; but his gains, it is imagined, fell short of what he hoped for. As the successor of Barry, and the rival of Garrick; he by no means answered the public expectations. To many peculiarities in his manner, not of the pleasing kind, nature seemed to have forbid him by her parsimony ever to become a popular performer. Even those who were willing to praise, and could with justice applaud his skill and judgment, generally came away without that complete satisfaction which was to be found at Drury Lane Theatre, where Garrick and Nature carried every thing before them. These circumstances all combining, it will be no surprize to know, that at the end of the season, his engagement was not renewed. The leisure he now found, naturally led him to recur to

When nations strive the patriot's fame to save,

It speaks them worthy of the good he gave;  
It speaks a nobler trophy tho' unseen,  
Stamps on the heart a monument within!

Since wit unequal'd warms the wondrous page

Where vice still feels and owns his honest rage;

Since bounty to the wretched made him dear,

The good must love him, for they could not fear;

Confess'd by all, who taste his generous plan  
The foe of folly, but the friend of man.

This, this demands the honours you decree,

Sacred to Wit, to Worth, to Liberty!  
Here Virtue smiles, allows the Patriot's claim,

And while she emulates, protects his fame.

Nor you, ye Fair! your kind assent refuse,

Your presence here shall justify his muse;  
Bless'd with each grace he pointed to your view,

You're living satires on the faults he drew;