

## From Charles Churchill, *The Rosciad*...

Pritchard, by Nature for the stage design'd,  
In person graceful, and in sense refined;  
Her art as much as Nature's friend became,  
Her voice as free from blemish as her fame,  
Who knows so well in majesty to please,  
Attemper'd with the graceful charms of ease?

When, Congreve's favoured pantomime to grace,  
She comes a captive queen, of Moorish race;  
When love, hate, jealousy, despair, and rage  
With wildest tumults in her breast engage,  
Still equal to herself is Zara seen;  
Her passions are the passions of a queen.

When she to murder whets the timorous Thane,  
I feel ambition rush through every vein;  
Persuasion hangs upon her daring tongue,  
My heart grows flint, and every nerve's new strung.

In comedy--Nay, there, cries Critic, hold;  
Pritchard's for comedy too fat and old:  
Who can, with patience, bear the gray coquette,  
Or force a laugh with over-grown Julett?  
Her speech, look, action, humour, all are just,  
But then, her age and figure give disgust.

Are foibles, then, and graces of the mind,  
In real life, to size or age confined?  
Do spirits flow, and is good-breeding placed  
In any set circumference of waist?  
As we grow old, doth affectation cease,  
Or gives not age new vigour to caprice?  
If in originals these things appear,  
Why should we bar them in the copy here?  
The nice punctilio-mongers of this age,  
The grand minute reformers of the stage,  
Slaves to propriety of every kind,  
Some standard measure for each part should find,  
Which, when the best of actors shall exceed,  
Let it devolve to one of smaller breed.

All actors, too, upon the back should bear  
Certificate of birth; time, when; place, where;  
For how can critics rightly fix their worth,  
Unless they know the minute of their birth?  
An audience, too, deceived, may find, too late,  
That they have clapp'd an actor out of date.

Figure, I own, at first may give offence,  
And harshly strike the eye's too curious sense;  
But when perfections of the mind break forth,  
Humour's chaste sallies, judgment's solid worth;  
When the pure genuine flame by Nature taught,  
Springs into sense and every action's thought;  
Before such merit all objections fly--  
Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet high.

Oft have I, Pritchard, seen thy wondrous skill,  
Confess'd thee great, but find thee greater still;  
That worth, which shone in scatter'd rays before,  
Collected now, breaks forth with double power.  
The 'Jealous Wife!' on that thy trophies raise,  
Inferior only to the author's praise.